Gagging for it
by Ramadii

Summary

At a visit to the fight club you accidentally break one of the rules. Anatoli decides to bring out a new toy to help make sure you learn your lesson.

Prompt:
8. Gagging

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
You really hadn't meant to talk to the man at the bar when you'd collected your winnings after the fight.
You'd really only meant to get the money, maybe get a quick drink in you and return to Anatoli's side.
Simple as that.
But the man at the bar had pushed you to open your mouth, informing him that you could buy your own drinks.
The air shifts as you're heading back to the ring where Anatoli is waiting for the next fight to start. His eyes are not on the fighters warming up, but rather at you and you can see the rage in them from there. You put an easy smile on your face, watching one of his tattooed hands disappear into pocket of his trousers.
Little jolts of electricity rush throughout your body as you move towards him, you know you've made a mistake, but you refuse to let it show.
"Here you are, baby." You say softly, handing him your winnings.
The unspoken tension between you is cold and has you shivering in your pretty dress, and you press yourself to his side. If it's for warmth or in submission you're not sure, these days the two are tend to blend together. The hand not in his pocket grips your waist, pulling you closer but there's little comfort to be found in the touch.
You want to ask him who his next fighter is going to be but know better than to bother him with your questions now. He's already on edge and you don't want to give him an excuse to cause a scene, not that he's ever needed one.
The next fight has begun but you can't focus.
Anatoli's eyes may be on the fighters but his hold on you makes it clear he's aware of your every move, and you can't stop a chill from running down your spine at the thought.
It's a bloody but quick bout. Nowhere near long enough to lose yourself in the violence, and once again Anatoli's eyes are back on you but this time you can't keep the nerves from getting to you. You try not to make it obvious you're putting some distance between you and him, about to excuse yourself to go to the bathroom when the hand on your waist moves to catch your wrist in a death
"Иди сюда." He orders and as he pulls you away from the fight you have no choice but to comply, dreadful anticipation burning in your chest.

He nods at the men at the door to the private rooms and they let you through without a word, you know the shame is clear on your face and do your best to avoid eye contact as Anatoli drags you past them, pushing you into the first available room.

It looks more like a run down brothel than anything else. The tip off to its only purpose is the bed and the ratty couch in the middle of the room, the rest of the room is bare.

Once behind closed doors he rids himself of his jacket, throwing it over the back of the couch before once again latching onto you, pulling you hard enough for you to crash into his chest.

"Прости." You mumble as you do your best to avoid his gaze. It's the only Russian you speak, you understand more but have always struggled with pronunciation so not wanting to insult anyone you usually keep your mouth shut. But knowing how to apologize is never a bad thing, even though it doesn't seem to matter much to Anatoli at the moment.

"You broke the rules." He says, his accent making the words even more chilling.

You know no amount of apologizing is going to make a difference, so instead of making an excuse you admit to your mistake and nod.

"You need to be punished." He says, his scent positively enveloping you and it's making your head all fuzzy.

You make to drop to your knees but a hand at the base of your skull stops you. You tear your eyes from the eagle adorning his throat, that thing never ceases to fascinating you, and the question is clear in your eyes.

What's wrong?

The smile he gives you is bone chilling, the look in his eyes downright sadistic as he digs into his trouser pocket to retrieve a metal contraption you've never seen before.

"Open your mouth." He orders, but your mind is fogging up, fear and exhilaration poisoning your bloodstream.

Pain blossoms across your face as his hand meets skin, the force enough to whip your head to the side without breaking the skin.

"Open. Your. Mouth." He hisses as he stares you down, not caring about the tears threatening to fall from your eyes.

You do as he says but it's not enough.

Eyes locked in yours he reaches up, slips a finger into your mouth and pulls until your lower jaw can't go any further.

"Don't move." He says, tone of voice one that so many people have feared, and you have grown to worship.

You struggle to keep quiet as he moves the contraption into your mouth, the way the metal catching on your lips before he can maneuver them out of the way forces a whimper out of your throat.

He stops to look at you and you're not sure you've ever seen him this alive.

He grins darkly as the metal settles between the roof of your mouth and your molars which forces you to remain wide open for him. And it gets even worse when his long fingers reach inside once again, fiddling with something that forces your jaw impossibly lower.

The strain is unbearable and you find yourself panicking.

You try to move away, crying and fumbling at your mouth in an attempt to remove the device but his hands easily catch yours and wring them back behind your back.

"Stop." He growls in your face and as he secures you against him you can feel how hard he is, sparking a new round of resistance. "Достаточно!"

You're not sure why but the Russian command soothes you, making you go limp in his arms.

"I know how to punish you." He says and you know that's as much reassurance he's going to give you tonight so you allow the panic to fade.
When he does push you to your knees you know what's coming, you're prepared for it. The gag may be a new addition that makes you cry of shame, but you know what he wants and that he trusts you to give it to him.

The front of you dress is soaked with saliva and cum when you leave the room some time later and you hide your flushed face in shame when the men at the door give you a knowing look. The metal contraption is safely back in Anatoli's pocket and your pussy clenches as you wonder when it will be used next. Though you can't help but wish it's someplace a little less public and a little bit closer to home, Gotham is too cold this time of year to walk around in wet clothes.

End Notes

Hello! I'm not in any way fluent in Russian so if anything is wrong please don't be mad at me, I'm trying my best.
Идти сюда = Come here
Прости = Sorry
Достаточно = Enough

Also the gag is Letos Mouth Lock, a very unique gag that sits behind the front teeth and on the molars forcing the jaw open without any external parts showing.

Have a great day my lovelies!

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