An Unwelcome Visitor

by goth_on_ham

Summary

Ed visits Jim to enlist his help in tracking down the Red Hood Gang. Jim isn't pleased to see him.

Notes

I had a dream recently of Ed visiting Jim’s new home and Jim grabbing him at the door, pulling him over his lap and giving him a hard spanking. I padded it out a bit and tried to add a bit more context. This is very much a non-consensual, revenge type spanking, rather than an overtly kink related thing. I hope some of you enjoy it. It takes place during 3.05.
Chapter 1

It was true that his return to the GCPD had garnered somewhat mixed results… But Ed remained undeterred. It would take more than a punch to the jaw from Doctor Thompkins to keep him from parading his newfound status in front of his old ‘friends’. He was about to press the doorbell to Jim’s new home, when he saw the grime and thought better of it. Instead, he rapped a clean(ish) spot on the door with his knuckles and waited impatiently for him to open it, practically bouncing on the balls of his feet as he did so.

Jim kept him waiting for nearly two minutes and when he finally opened the door he looked like he had just climbed out of bed. However, seeing Ed standing in front of him seemed to wake him up.

“Hello there, Jim. May I come in?” A wide smile came across his face at seeing Jim’s reaction.

Jim was surprised. More than that, he was clearly furious that Ed had the gall to show up unannounced on his doorstep, but he was also startled and suspicious as to what had brought him here. Before the unshaved former detective could give a response, Ed pushed passed him nonchalantly and walked into his home. He looked over it, quickly taking in the less than elegant surroundings. He compared it to where he was living and felt extremely pleased with himself. Jim, who had been so self-righteous and determined to do good, was in this dingy, squalid little hole, while he was second to the Mayor and living in a mansion.

“What the hell do you want Ed?” Jim asked harshly, his voice low and his fists clenched by his sides.

He clearly wanted to punch the unwelcome guest right in his smug face, but he restrained himself. Only because he was sure there must be a good reason why Ed would risk getting his nose broken (or worse) by choosing to suddenly visit him.

“I hear you’re a bounty hunter now.” Ed began, that smug smile still on his lips as he spoke. He was looking down his nose at the shorter man, making no effort to hide how superior he felt to Gotham’s former white knight cop. “I wanted to employ your services to help find the Red Hood gang. They’ve caused quite a lot of trouble for the Mayor recently, no doubt you’ve heard about the statue incident.”

“I heard.” Jim replied, folding his arms across his chest. He was wearing a white tank top, the same one he’d worn yesterday (and the day before), quite the contrast to Ed’s perfectly tailored suit. “The answer is no.”

“Mayor Cobblepot would pay you double your usual commission if you are able to apprehend their leader. Triple, even.”

“It’s not the money.”

Ed raised an eyebrow skeptically, then chuckled disparagingly. “Really? By the looks of things… I would have thought you were in desperate need of the mone-“

Ed’s smarmy words were cut off when Jim grabbed him by the wrist and pulled him forwards. He sat down on a chair and tugged the lanky man sharply over his lap.

“What- What are you doing?! Unhand me at once!”
Maybe it was because of the hangover. Maybe it was because Ed caught him in a particularly bad mood. Or maybe it was just because Ed was wearing that goddamn cocky smirk on his face… But Jim couldn’t stop himself. He couldn’t break the nose of the Mayor’s Chief of Staff, that would just get him arrested. However, he had a funny feeling that Ed wouldn’t be telling Oswald, or anyone else for that matter, about this.

Jim snorted as threats flooded from Ed’s mouth and tugged down the other man’s pants and underwear. He heard him gasp, and he began to struggle all the more.

“You can’t be- I- LET ME GO!” Ed seemed to be on the verge of throwing a full blown tantrum, but Jim wasn’t about to dignify his outbursts with a response.

Instead, he locked a leg over Ed’s, put an arm around his waist, and began laying into the upturned ass with the palm of his hand.

Smack after smack landed on the pale target, quickly turning the skin pink. Jim didn’t hold back on him, and in response, Ed yowled and squirmed for all he was worth. Yelping out threats that did nothing to dissuade his former colleague. He was taking the spanking appallingly, not that that was much of a surprise to Jim.

“Harv told me you made quite the entrance back at the GCPD. Let me guess, that wasn’t enough for you? Had to come round and rub your freedom in my face too?” Jim was, annoyingly, right on the mark with his assessment of Ed’s motivations for being here.

The proposition that he help track down the Red Hood gang had just been a ruse, an excuse to come visit Jim and taunt him a bit. He’d wanted him to be infuriated, to be outraged, but he hadn’t wanted this!

“Even before you became a criminal, you were always crying out for attention. Am I right? Well now you’re getting it.”

His hand didn’t falter once, he continued to beat out a severe rhythm on Ed’s backside, the pink hue gradually growing darker.

Ed cried out in frustration, as well as pain. He tried to kick his legs, but Jim kept them well pinned. He attempted to get up, to raise his torso up, but he was kept down with seemingly little effort.

“Y-You’ll regret this, Jim! I’m not a man to be- Ow! Oww!” He yowled as the smacks grew harder. Somehow. “Let me finish!” He complained, the words coming out as a desperate whine, rather than an authoritative command.

Jim smirked a little. “Nah. I think I’ve heard enough of your arrogant little speeches to last me a lifetime, Ed.”

That declaration earned another frustrated growl from Ed, but it was interrupted with a sob as Jim’s hand continued its warpath. “S-Stop it! Whatever i-idiotic point you were trying to make, I assure you, it’s been made!”

Jim rolled his eyes. He moved Ed so that he was back to his original position over his lap, his struggling had made his body shift forward a bit. “Somehow I doubt that.” He remarked skeptically.

He wasn’t so naive to think that a simple spanking could teach Ed much, apart from maybe not to
push him too far. He’d still be an egomaniacal, murdering bastard at the end of this. Jim just wanted a little payback on the man who had tried to ruin his life, had framed him for murder, and had put Lee through so much. It wouldn’t make them even, not by a long shot, but it was better than nothing.

Jim looked up at the clock. Quarter past one. He was expecting Harvey to come round at half past. They were going to their usual haunt for lunch and drinks. He had paused the spanking as he rearranged Ed on his lap and to look up at the clock, giving the man a brief opportunity to catch his breath. He could hear him trying to collect himself, trying to gather the pieces of his pride back together again. He even made a move to try to get up, but Jim kept a strong hold on him.

“We’re not done.”

Ed felt his stomach sink in dread. How much longer did Jim intend to torture him like this? Before he could stop himself, he let out a frustrated whimper, his hands attempting to break free from Jim’s vicelike grip on his wrists and to go back to shield or at least soothe the inflamed skin. Unfortunately, Jim had no intentions of letting him, and his efforts were rewarded with a few particularly sharp slaps to his ass.

“A-Ah! Jim, please!” Ed blurted out the plea before his pride could stop him. it seemed to hurt even worse after he’d been given a short break. He just wanted it to stop at this point. “This is too much!”

“After all you’ve done to me, you think this is too much?” Jim snorted in disbelief. “You should be thankful I don’t just kill you.”

Ed found it impossible to be thankful for Jim’s self asserted ‘mercy’. He felt tears roll down his cheeks, his mind desperately trying to think of a way out of this, but every five or six seconds there was a sharp flick of Jim’s wrist and his scheming was interrupted and he was back to square one.

“Oww! Jim…! Jim, stop!”

He hated that he was reduced to merely begging for a reprieve, but he saw no other way. Jim was right, after all he had done to him, this was relatively lenient. He had no logical incentive to stop before his arm tired, Ed simply had to rely on some semblance of pity to be provoked in Jim’s heart.

Jim really wasn’t hitting him all that hard by this point. He didn’t need to. Ed had passed his limit, even light swats were enough to provoke whimpers and begs.

His hand was beginning to hurt. A cursory glance at it and he could see that it the palm had gone rather pink, although it was nothing compared to the red shade that he’d worked Ed’s ass into. He knew that he should probably wrap this up.

“I wonder what Harv’s gonna make of this. You know, he’s not so great at keeping secrets.”

It was twenty past one.

Ed’s eyes widened in horror at the suggestion that Jim would tell Harvey about this. His struggles picked up again and his spindling form twisted over Jim’s lap in protest.

“Y-You wouldn’t!” He pleaded, voice clearly portraying his dread.

Jim let him believe that he would for a minute or two, desperate pleas spilling forth from Ed’s lips,
his voice warbling in a way that Jim hadn’t heard from the other man before.

“Please, Jim! Please don’t!” Jim’s hand landed on Ed’s ass a last time, making the man wail pathetically.

“Fine. I won’t. But if you ever so much as think of crossing me again—”

“I won’t! You have my word!”

Jim had a feeling that once Ed’s wounds had healed, the weight of his threat might lose some of its bite to the former forensics expert. However, for now, he seemed quite sincere. Besides, he wasn’t opposed to ‘reminding’ him of this should the occasion call for it.

“In that case, you better hurry up and get out. Harvey will be here in less than ten minutes.”

Ed scrambled off of Jim’s lap the instant that his old colleague’s grip slackened, the fast movement causing him to wince in pain. Jim shook his hand, trying to remove some of the sting from it while he watched Ed pull up his clothes and practically run out of the door. Not so much as a goodbye, after coming in so full of himself.

It was worth the sore hand.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

A short 'what happened next'.

I couldn’t stop thinking about the idea that Jim actually ended up telling Harvey about what happened between him and Ed, and Harvey being Harvey, he can’t resist bringing it up.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The next morning, Ed went into the GCPD to confirm the closing details of the Red Hood investigation. He could still feel the after effects of his visit to Jim’s. He probably would be feeling them for at least a couple more days. Luckily, this visit didn’t include any long meetings where one was required to sit on an unforgivingly hard and uncomfortable plastic chair.

“Hey there, Ed.”

It was Harvey. Ed continued filling up a small plastic cup at the water cooler. He wasn’t in the mood to chat with the slovenly detective. He would much rather just get what he came here for and leave.

Besides, Jim still frequented the GCPD in order to collect paycheques, and he had no wish to run into him. Ed would have been gone already, but not everyone was efficient or organised as him and he was being made to wait.

“So Ed, got a riddle for you. What’s red and not a hood and also caused you a lot of grief yesterday?”

Despite Harvey’s less than elegant phrasing, Ed knew exactly what he meant. He turned around sharply and stared at the detective, dark brown eyes filled with defensive, indignant rage.

“What did Jim tell you?” He asked, cutting to the chase.

“Jim mentioned that you and he had a bit of time together yesterday, and that that time had you bawlin’ like a little brat.” The older man replied frankly, an amused grin on his face.

Ed’s jaw clenched and his expression darkened considerably in warning for Harvey to back off, but it was difficult to be intimidating towards a man who had just heard all about you getting a spanking.

“He’s lying.”

“Was he?” Harvey shrugged. “I guess he might’ve been.”

Ed narrowed his eyes then turned back to the water cooler, signifying that he was done talking about this.
Then, without warning, a sharp -smack!- landed on Ed’s ass.

Ed yelped, rather loudly, and his hands shot back to cover the struck area. He turned around to see that Harvey was already making his way out of the room. The detective figured that Ed’s reaction was enough evidence for him to conclude that Jim had been telling the truth.

“Catch you later, Ed.”

Chapter End Notes

I am actually really enjoying writing something that has Jim interacting with Ed after everything that has happened between them. So perhaps there will be a part three to this. I haven't quite decided yet although I have a few ideas. If I post a third chapter, it will be longer than this. This was just intended as a short thing to stop my fingers from itching.
Jim had been right. Harvey was terrible at keeping secrets.

“So then Jim tells me he pulled Ed over his knee and—”

“Harvey,” Lee raised a hand up to stop the detective. “Are you seriously asking me to believe that Jim Gordon, the Jim Gordon, took our former colleague, former Arkham inmate, now Chief of Staff to the Mayor, over his knee and spanked him?”

“Yeah! That’s exactly what I was saying before you interrupted me.” Harvey insisted.

The M.E. raised an eyebrow, clearly not entirely convinced by the detective’s tall tale. Although, she had to admit that the mental image the story conjured up made it difficult to keep a straight face.

“I didn’t know Jim had such a strange sense of humour.” She said, trying not to let herself sound too amused.

“He doesn’t. It’s the flat out truth. Proved it myself.”

“How?”

“I just bumped into him upstairs, he was waiting to get some documents on the Red Hoods. I slapped him on the ass and the geek practically jumped twenty feet in the air. Either Jim’s telling the truth or my hands’ve been swapped for super strong robot ones or something.” Harvey explained.

Unlike Lee, he made no effort to hide that he found the scenario pretty entertaining. He also had no qualms with spreading it around a bit. As far as he was concerned, embarrassing rumours were the least that Ed deserved.

“Harvey…” Lee knew that she shouldn’t, but she found herself laughing a little even though she tried not to. “You really shouldn’t have done that.”

“Aw come on, doc. You know you’d have done the same. You were the one who punched him on the jaw, Barnes mentioned that to me by the way.”

“Oh God,” Lee shook her head in somewhat amused resignation, “Can’t anyone in the GCPD keep a secret?”

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Later that afternoon, Jim returned after a long day. He had earned a black eye from an overenthusiastic bounty that he’d turned in, and while the money made it worth it, he knew he’d be feeling the knocks he’d gotten tomorrow morning.

With a groan of discomfort, he put on some instant coffee and then sat down on one of his old, beaten up armchairs that he’d gotten from a flea market. If he’d been asthmatic, the former detective would have never been able to sit in it. As it was, it coughed up dust whenever he used it,
but the way it sunk slightly underneath his weight and moulded to his shape made up for it. His relaxation was interrupted by a familiar rap of knuckles on his front door.

Jim answered the door to see Ed standing there, looking far more annoyed and tense than he had when he’d first come to visit the day before.

“I told you not to come back here,” Jim reminded him. However, he already had an inkling as to what had brought Ed back.

“Why does Detective Bullock know about what occurred yesterday? You gave me your word that you wouldn’t.” Ed snapped back. It was obvious that he would have liked to add to the black eye that Jim had acquired.

“I wasn’t intending to tell Harvey, but he noticed the redness on my hand and asked about it.” Jim shrugged, not feeling particularly apologetic about breaking his promise. Besides, he was telling the truth, he had planned to keep his word to Ed. However, he’d be lying if he claimed that he hadn’t gotten some enjoyment out of spilling the beans.

He turned his back on the other man and went over to pick up his mug of instant coffee. His dismissal only served to infuriate Ed further.

“Couldn’t you have thought of a suitable excuse?” The taller man asked, practically growling the question. He followed Jim into the room, he wasn’t planning on leaving until he got the answers he wanted.

“I wasn’t going to lie to my old partner for your sake.” Jim replied frankly. He sighed gruffly and finished his last dregs of instant coffee. “But you don’t need to worry about that happening again. This time I’m not using my hand.”

“Wait, what do you mean ‘this time’?” Ed asked, the scowl on his face being replaced by a more worried look. He started to back towards the door but he only managed a step before Jim put down his empty mug and grabbed his wrist.

“Jim! T-This is- I haven’t even done anything this time!”

Jim ignored the other man’s protests and dragged him over to the same chair that they’d used previously. It was only a matter of seconds before he had Ed over his lap again in an all too familiar position.

“You really think you ‘didn’t do anything’?” Jim scoffed, undoing Ed’s belt buckle and pulling it from his wriggling hips. It was a bit thin, but Jim figured that it would work just fine as an implement. He yanked down the struggling man’s pants and underwear, seeing that his handiwork from yesterday was still very visible, although the colour had faded a bit. “Even discounting the
fact you’re a cop killer who framed me for murder, you also broke your word.”

He doubled up the belt in his hand so that he could use it as a strap.

“I told you not to cross me again and yet here you are, Ed.” Jim had to admit, he hadn’t thought he’d be doing this again so soon after the first time. He supposed that he’d underestimated Ed’s arrogance. The man was smart, but it was a fool’s move to come back here when it had only been one day since he’d gotten his ass smacked for doing the same thing. Jim guessed that Ed’s bruised ego and the need for answers had overrode his critical faculties. Either that, or he had been under the misapprehension that Jim wouldn’t take him over his lap again so soon.

Ed struggled for all that he was worth, trying his utmost to twist off of Jim’s thighs. He caught sight of his belt being doubled up in Jim’s hand, the action only increasing his apprehension. “No, no, no! Jim! Jim wait, I’ll go! I’ll go! You don’t need to- Ahh!”

The belt cracked down on Ed’s upturned ass, thanks to yesterday’s marks, the leather stung even more that it would have normally. The belt swung down again and again, Jim not showing any lenience despite Ed still aching from the day before.

It only took a few strokes for the pain to seem unbearable to Ed and it was useless for him to try to hold back his cries of pain and frustration. He couldn’t believe that he’d gotten himself into this same position twice in two days!

“J-Jim! Oww! Jim, y-you’re making a mistake! I-I can have you kille- Ow! Ow! Stop it!”

“You’re really trying to threaten me? Even now? I guess that I went too easy on you last time.” Jim remarked, much to Ed’s horror.

“No, no! No, I didn’t mean- Aah! I’m sorry! Please stop!” Ed could feel part of his mind rebuking him for being so quick to bawl out apologies and begs, but he had no choice. He couldn’t take any more of this, and yet Jim acted as if he was only getting started.

“You’re not sorry. I know you’re not, Ed. You probably regret being stupid enough to make the same mistake twice, but you’re not sorry. Not really.” Jim replied, his voice stern and matter-of-fact. His words were met with tearful whimpers and more desperate pleas. If Ed hadn’t done so much to him in the past, Jim might have felt pity for him.

As it was, he felt conflicted. He had enjoyed taking out some of his anger on Ed, and he had no doubt that he deserved it. However, as much as he hated the man that Ed was now, he had once been a colleague. Perhaps not quite a friend, as he had once tried to claim, but he had been someone Jim had never thought would harm anyone. He had been odd, awkward, and if Jim was honest, annoying. But he hadn’t been cruel. He hadn’t been so bitter and arrogant and manipulative.

The thoughts of the man he had once known persuaded Jim to stop, the belt landing a last time, half heartedly, on Ed’s ass, now bruised and red. His back was heaving with sobs. He hadn’t taken the last spanking well, but he had taken this one far worse.

Jim’s jaw tightened and he let out an aggravated sigh. Partly at himself. He probably shouldn’t have gone as far as he did. Even if Ed’s crimes were far worse than anything that he could do to him.

“Get up.” He ordered, pulling the other man’s underwear and pants back up for him.
Ed swallowed, moving himself off of Jim’s lap, his hands going up to his eyes to rub away some of his tears. He looked a mess. Jim wasn’t sure he’d ever seen the lanky man look so dishevelled before, even when he’d seen him in Arkham.

He held out the belt for him to put on again and Ed took it wordlessly, his breath heavy and his hands shaking as he did. His hands were shaking so much that he struggled to fasten the buckle. Jim stood up and ran a hand through his hair with a groan.

“You want a glass of water or something?”

He didn’t know what compelled him to offer it. Last time he had been happy to let Ed scurry off but seeing him, seeing anyone, in such a state made his decency demand that he at least offer him that.

Ed looked taken aback by the offer, but he refused it. He didn’t trust it.

“No… No, I’m going.” He replied, his voice somewhat hoarse.

Jim leaned against the kitchen countertop. He supposed that he should have expected that reaction. “Fine. Don’t come back, if you know what’s good for you.”

Ed didn’t need to be told that. He left promptly, not looking behind him and hoping that the people he passed on the street didn’t pay too much attention to his bloodshot eyes or his somewhat crumpled suit or his out of place hair.

Yes, he didn’t need to be told by Jim not to come back. The next time he would see Jim Gordon would be after he had found a way to kill him.
Chapter 4

He was slammed against the wall and Jim’s hand pressed against the back of his neck to keep him there. Ed groaned in protest, but the other man shut him up with a growl that almost sounded more animal than human.

“Quiet.” The detective’s other hand tore down his pants and his underwear, exposing his ass. He whimpered, shifted, tried to get away. Jim wouldn’t let him. “You need this.”

“I-“ He began to speak, but a hard smack on his ass stopped him, replaced the words with a cry of pain.

Jim didn’t hold back, he meted out the slaps in a severe rhythm. Ed squirmed, then gasped as tears began to roll down his cheeks. “P-Please…”

“Please what?” Jim leaned forwards, pressed his body against his. One of his calloused hands reached around and began to stroke his cock. The movements were a little too rough, they were uneven and almost hard enough to hurt. But Ed bucked his hips into them, eager for more.

“Please…” He whimpered again, but it wasn’t good enough. Jim wanted more than that. He wanted specifics. The other man kept stroking him, the touches growing slower, not faster, and it was torturous.

Suddenly hot, wet lips suctioned onto his neck, kissing deep and hard and leaving marks almost as pink as his ass probably was. Ed moaned more loudly than he’d ever heard himself moan. “Please fuck me.”

—

Ed sat up suddenly, soaked in sweat and the front of his pyjama bottoms soaked with another fluid entirely. His heart pounded in his chest and he took deep gulps of air as he tried to compose himself.

“Whoo! That was quite the dream, huh?”

Ed ran a hand over his face, trying to ignore the voice. He got up and made his way to the ensuite bathroom. He needed to wash. He needed to get on with his day and forget all about that dream.

His other self followed him into the bathroom. “This must be the sixth, or maybe the seventh, time we’ve woken up like this in two weeks. It’s like we’re a teenager again or something.”

“Be quiet.” Ed muttered, tugging off the stained pants and tossing them into the laundry basket. He began to unbutton his shirt, deliberately not looking at the version of himself that had appeared, seemingly just to make fun of him.

“You’re going to have to do something about this. It’s getting ridiculous.”

“I told you to be quiet.”

“You said that you were going to kill him. Whatever happened to that plan?”

“Oswald needs me. I can’t do anything that might reflect badly on him.”

“Aw. That’s sweet.”
Ed stepped into the shower and turned the water on. He shut his other self out with the shower curtain, but a second later he appeared behind him, also naked and apparently not planning on leaving him alone anytime soon.

“You know, we really do have a great ass.” It felt strange to be ogled by someone who was technically you.”I bet Jimbo wouldn’t mind fucki-“

“I said be quiet!” He turned around quickly, reached out and tried to throttle him, but his hand passed right through. Of course it did. He wasn’t real.

“Geez. Calm down. I’m just trying to help us with our little problem. I mean, if you’re not going to kill him anytime soon, what are you going to do?” He chuckled. “Or are you happy to keep having those dreams for the rest of our life?”

Ed turned his back on him again, squirted some shower gel into the palm of his hand. He tried to ignore the feeling of eyes on him, running down his back. “I’ll think of something.”

—

 Apparently ‘thinking of something’ meant acquiring a gun and waiting in Jim’s house for him to come home that night.

It was simple. Too simple almost. But his other self had been right. This couldn’t go on without him doing something about it, and fucking Jim Gordon wasn’t an option. Killing him was the only alternative.

Ed sat in the dark, picturing the scene over and over in his mind. He knew what he would say. He knew what he would do. All he had to do was wait.

“You know, it’s not too late to go for the other option.”

“Yes it is.”

“We could just undress, lie down in his bed-“

“I framed him for murder and had him sent to Blackgate. I think it’s too late for that.”

His other self smirked slightly. “But otherwise you would, wouldn’t you?”

“Be quiet.” Ed heard the faint sound of footsteps approaching the front door. “I hear him coming.”

—

It had been another long day for Jim. His muscles ached and all he wanted to do was take a shower, maybe have a drink, and then hit the hay. He took out his keys and unlocked his front door, having no idea what was waiting for him on the other side.

He shut the door behind him and took a couple of steps in, then froze. Someone else was here.

The artificial light from outside shone through the window and a ray caught the barrel of a gun, making it gleam for a second before it disappeared into the darkness again.

“Whose there?”

Ed’s hands were trembling.
“I’m sorry it had to come to this, Jim. I was planning on something more interesting for you, but I decided that sometimes simplicity is best.”

“Ed.” Jim’s eyes were growing used to the dark, he could see the other man more clearly now. “You’re going to kill me?”

“You really are a detective.” The taller man replied, snickering slightly.

“Ed, listen to me-“

Ed scoffed, waved the gun derisively in his general direction. “You’re really going to try to talk me out of this? I expected better from you, Jim.”

“I expected better from you too.”

“What?”

Jim rushed forward, tackling him to the ground like a football player. Ed fired, the shot was deafening, but hit nothing. It would have been easy for Jim to pull back his fist and knock Ed senseless, but instead he straddled him, wrestling the gun out of his grip. It only took him a moment to see that there were no bullets in it. Confusion passed over his features for a moment, before anger replaced it.

“You’re coming with me!” He commanded, hauling the lanky man up onto his feet again.

Ed struggled for all he was worth, cursing and trying to wrench himself away from the detective who soon lost his patience. Jim slammed him against the wall, he handcuffed his hands behind his back then pressed his own hand against the back of Ed’s neck to keep him there. Being reinstated had its perks. Ed gasped. This was ringing an all too familiar bell.

“Jim-“

“Quiet.”

Ed shuddered, then stilled in Jim’s grasp.

“Why was the gun empty? What were you planning?” Jim demanded, his voice rough and impatient.

Ed’s eyes widened. He didn’t understand. He had definitely loaded that gun. “Empty? But… No, that doesn’t- That’s doesn’t make sense.”

“Don’t play dumb with me, Ed. It doesn’t suit you.”

“But-“ Ed squirmed again, and he caught a glimpse of his other self in the corner of the room. He looked far too pleased with himself. Ed understood. “No!” He exclaimed, twisting about in another useless attempt to free himself.

Jim still didn’t know why the gun had been unloaded, but he sensed that whatever the reason, that development hadn’t been part of Ed’s plan. So he had planned to kill him.

“Fine, have it your way.” Jim muttered, close enough that Ed could feel his breath against the his neck. He grabbed the back of the taller man’s collar and began to drag him over to the couch, where he sat down and pulled him over his lap. Ed cried out in protest, but also fear, he didn’t trust himself. He didn’t trust his body. Not after he had been haunted by so many dreams of Jim doing
“Wait!” He tried, but Jim tugged down his pants and underwear, immediately began to lay into his ass with his open hand. “A-Ah! No! Please don’t!”

Ed hadn’t begged so quickly the previous times this had happened, but Jim rationalised it by thinking that he probably just knew better what he was in for this time. He wasn’t going to stop. Not until he got some answers.

Jim’s hand struck him over and over, quickly turning the skin pink, making it bounce and sting underneath his palm. Ed gasped and struggled, eyes squeezing tightly shut and his hands unable to defend him in the handcuffs.

“Stop! You have to stop!” He begged.

“Like hell I do, you just tried to kill me! You’re not getting up for a long time.” Jim reminded him, his words provoking a mournful moan from the man over his lap.

He increased the pace, not feeling much compassion for his would-be assassin. He would spank him until he got some answers then take him to the GCPD. His hand slapped the same spot over and over, until Ed was squirming, whining, trying to shift away, then he moved to another spot. He occasionally had to stop to rearrange him on his lap, Ed made such a fuss that he kept nearly falling off.

“Stop…!” Ed wailed again, during one of the brief breaks where Jim moved him back into place. Tears had began to spill from his eyes and he wasn’t sure how much more he could take before other, even more embarrassing reactions would begin to become apparent. It was painful, humiliating, degrading, yet being so vulnerable and so exposed held a certain carnal appeal, an appeal that his dreams had made it impossible to ignore any longer.

Jim ran his hand over the hot, red skin, and Ed’s breath hitched in his throat. He whimpered desperately, “Jim, please…”

The detective raised his hand, smacked him on the tender spot where his ass met his thighs. Ed bucked against his lap, a little too roughly to disguise his growing erection.

Jim stopped.

Ed whimpered and wished that he could cover his face with his hands in shame. His cheeks burned to a colour that almost matched his ass.

“Are you…”

Ed sniffled, but said nothing. What could he say? He couldn’t very well deny it.

“Is this why you came here? You like this?” Jim’s tone became accusatory, suspicious, and Ed flinched because he half expected Jim to start spanking him again.

“That’s not why!”

“Don’t lie to me.” Jim’s hand squeezed one side of his ass, and it took all Ed had to stop from moaning. “Is that why you came back the second time too?”

“N-No… No, I- I didn’t realise I…” The words were near impossible to get out. How could he be expected to speak when Jim was touching him like that? He felt so very aware of his firm lap
beneath his stomach, his strong arm around his waist, his slightly calloused hand gripping his ass.

“Didn’t realise what?” Jim swatted him. Made him moan. It wasn’t even close to a yelp this time, or a wail, or a whimper. It was unmistakably a moan. Jim cursed underneath his breath. It was a more attractive sound than he had wanted to admit. His hand rubbed over Ed’s aching skin. He let the question hang in the air in favour of provoking more of those wanton sounds.

Ed had stopped squirming, but he hadn’t calmed down. On the contrary, his mind was a blur of conflicting emotions, the loudest one being pure and simple lust. He leaned into Jim’s hand as well as he could, his breath shuddering impatiently and catching in his throat whenever Jim paused or gave him a light smack.

“Please…” He moaned, no longer caring how debauched he sounded. Jim knew now, and from the way the detective had gone quiet, he guessed that he was feeling some confusing emotions of his own.

There was a faint clicking sound and his wrists were freed, he let them fall down limply in front of him. Jim loosened his grip around his waist too.

“Go to the bedroom. First room on the left.”

Ed didn’t even think of disobeying, and he could hear his other self chuckling in victory from across the room.

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