

## Rien Ne Va Plus

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# Rien Ne Va Plus

by [whimwitch](#)

## Summary

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## Notes

Part of the Battleshipex for 2023. I hope you like this, Leechy! I had a lot of fun with this and got really carried away. Focusing only on this was worth not being able to make any strategic plays for Team Tower :p.

Claimed tags: Dad Jokes, Under-Negotiated Kink, Relationship Reveal, Courtship, Color Symbolism, Recovery, Humor, Mistrust, Edging

“It’s your turn, Mr. Crawford. What would you like to bet on?”

The night was relatively young, at least for Vegas, and Jounouchi felt especially lucky as a dealer tonight with the knowledge that he was in the presence of a high roller who seemed to have a thing for the excitement of the roulette table. The white haired gentleman was at his table for nearly two hours now, the time marked by the number of empty wine glasses that waitresses retrieved from his side.

“Please, call me Pegasus,” the man winked at him as best he could with only one eye, the other obstructed by an odd, golden fake just as ornate as the rest of his outfit. Jounouchi was used to seeing eccentric types like him from time to time—the foppish sort of men that tended to tuck their phone numbers between folded bills at the end of the night. But Pegasus had an energy unlike the others—a child-like giddiness once the roulette wheel spun before returning to a haunting sort of stoicism as he pondered the board while stroking his prosthetic. In this particular moment, he was gleefully fluttering his fingers against his chin as he deliberated. “Put it all on 13. I’m feeling lucky~” He waggled his rear as he pushed forward a pile of multicolored chips toward Jounouchi.

Jounouchi spun the wheel and released the ball, clacking rhythmically over each red and black groove before finally fitting into its place. "Thirteen. Black. This round goes to the man in red." Pegasus cheered, downed the rest of his cup, and whispered something to his suited associate as he eyed Jounouchi. He stood, and, before cashing out, slid a pile of chips toward the younger man; his wine stained lips pursed before leaning over the table and boldly whispering an unusual but not unexpected proposition into Jounouchi's ear. Usually, Jounouchi would be appalled at the gall of treating him like something as winnable as the cheap, plastic coins he dished out, but he found the allure of being able to pay off his debt to his roommate, Honda, a little too irresistible. Maybe he’d even be able to buy himself his own car instead of bumming rides off his buddy every shift. Besides, there was something intriguing about Pegasus’ capricious nature that made the offer hold weight. Jounouchi was fully aware of all of the ways this could go wrong, but he was already used to making the most of his bad ideas.

Pegasus' penthouse suite was adorned with all of the typical luxury hotel finishings: everything a shade of gray that dulled the golden accents of twinkling chandeliers and the decadence of trickling in-room waterfalls that had the same sort of vacillating excitement of splashes as their host. And room after room had this same sort of shallow extravagance that felt very lonely shared only between the two of them. Sure, there was a suited man that could be assumed to be a bodyguard that led them here, but Pegasus insisted he wait outside the door. They were alone together, as Pegasus requested, and Jounouchi had the vaguest idea what plans the older man had for the evening. He clenched his legs a bit, embarrassed at the arousal that budded from handing over control. Roulette is a game of chance, and so was this late night rendezvous.

"How careless of me to invite you in and not offer you a drink!" Pegasus warmly placed a hand on Jounouchi's cheek. "You do drink, don't you, Joey-boy? I can't imagine working in Vegas and abstaining." He poured him a drink without waiting for an answer: tawny port the same color as his suit. Jounouchi accepted it with a smirk. Sure, he drank, but this glass alone

had to cost the same as a typical night's tips. And the wine went down smoother than any of the beers he smashed back, the one habit he inherited from his father after late night shifts.

Pegasus studied his lips pressed to the glass, watching the alcohol slide down his throat and leaving a blushing wetness on his lips after each sip.

"This is the first time I've been here, believe it or not," Pegasus replied without being asked. "You see, I've spent so much of my time exploring other parts of the world that I haven't spent much time here at home—"

"You're from Vegas?" Jounouchi interjected. "What are you, some kind of magician?"

The older man let out a full-bodied chuckle at this question, and without giving any direct answer, he put one arm around Jounouchi and with the other refilled his glass, this one filled much more generously than the last. "Magicians have a thing for secrets, don't they? I suppose I do share that love with them."

Pegasus swayed over to the bar, each step revealing just how much he'd drunk throughout the night despite how much his posh demeanor hid this, and fumbled with a remote. The walls rumbled and whirred mechanically in response, separating at the middle and parting the stream of water down the middle. Jounouchi watched and downed the rest of his second glass, his vision beginning to double.

"Magicians also have a thing for rabbits. I won't beat around the bush too much, so I'll just cut to the chase—I brought you here to be my rope bunny tonight." Pegasus sauntered toward the bed that slowly emerged from the opening in the wall and plopped himself childishly down onto the mattress, giggling playfully for a moment before lunging upward and, stone faced, said, "I sure hope I'll know how to do this."

"You've never done this before?" Jounouchi remembered the times he'd been tied up before, always as punishment for falling out of line with his former gang members. He remembered being pushed down, hogtied, suspended, switchblade held at throat, anything to force him into submission and fall in line with Hirutani. But his mind was too foggy to think about it too much. Besides, this was something he led himself into, and he could just as easily walk himself out the door. As if defying his former boss, he stepped forward and stopped at the foot of the bed to look down at Pegasus. He was pouting a bit at Jounouchi's remark, returning to his more childish side, and grabbed Jounouchi's shoulders, making him lose his balance and fall onto Pegasus. They were nose to nose, breath hot, and could feel each other's hearts beating through their chests.

"Don't doubt me, Joey-boy~. I fancied myself a boy scout in my early years, but never could earn a badge!" Pegasus nudged his thigh between Jounouchi's legs. "Will you help me earn my knot badge tonight?"

Jounouchi laughed at the question, but eased into the other man's forward advances. "A magician? A boy scout? A world explorer?...You messing with me?"

"Of course not!" The older man scurried out from under him and hurried over to a hallway that led to an unknown number of rooms. "Don't run away now, my little funny rabbit. I'll be

right back~"

After a few drunken stumbles and bumps, Pegasus disappeared. Jounouchi stood and went for a third glass, nearly finishing the bottle on his own. But once the drink was finished, he stood uncomfortably in the bedroom, far too elaborate to ever really be intimate. It wasn't too long before he heard uneven footsteps of Pegasus' leather soled loafers. He reappeared, no longer wearing his red suit jacket, and exposing his ivory white jabot dress shirt still tucked into his pants. Jounouchi could see much more of Pegasus' form now, unobscured. His shoulders were broader than he expected, and his trousers hugged his body in a way that accentuated his masculinity in contrast to his effeminate upper half. He blushed a little, embarrassed at himself for eyeing another man so closely. Or was it just the wine?

"Well, are we ready for the main event then?" Pegasus asked as he played with the rope, folding it in half and slapping it into his other hand. Each snap of the rope made Jounouchi throb.

Jounouchi snapped out of his stare and nodded, beginning to strip out of his all black work uniform. He got down to his boxers before Pegasus stopped him.

"No, no, no! Leave them on! I'm a married man!" He giggled boyishly and hid his face in his hands.

Jounouchi snorted at the comment. "A wife, huh?..." The idea of a man like this being monogamous, let alone interested in women, was more amusing than any of Pegasus' other theatrics.

"Let's not get into it..." Pegasus' face darkened, signaling to Jounouchi to drop it. "All I need you to do is what I'm paying you for."

"But, I thought we were gonna... So uh— how do you want me or whatever?" Confusion mixed with the wine made Jounouchi feel woozy, and he braced himself on one of the poles that jutted from the bedframe.

"Right there's a good start. Just sit down and hold yourself there."

Jounouchi kept his hands on the pole, sliding down while keeping his arms extended over his head.

"Now don't move. I'll do the undressing. Doing it yourself makes me feel like I'm paying you for something dirty." Pegasus reached for Jounouchi's boxers and tugged at the waistband. "I'm just arranging you, is all. You'll be my living canvas."

Jounouchi could feel heat radiating from their bodies, hovering just beyond touch. How Pegasus touched him felt almost clinical—touching only with functionality in mind—and he felt perverted that each graze over his pubic hair and pass over his hip bones as Pegasus adjusted what little was left of his decency was making him hard.

"Oh my~ What a surprise this is!" Pegasus tugged at Jounouchi's cock, unhooding the tip, and contemplated it in his hand. "Small... but this still feels improper." Pegasus put his hands in

front of his face, creating a square with his index fingers and thumbs, and visually framed Jounouchi's cock from a few different angles. "I'm going more for Baberini's Faun, not Priapus."

Jounouchi blushed and his eyes widened. He didn't know whether to be embarrassed or offended as Pegasus handled his penis with the same kind of attention as one might when arranging fruit for a still life.

"It's not small!" He drew his arms down to cover himself but was met with a curt, backhanded slap.

"I told you not to move."

Jounouchi froze. This kind of action coming from Pegasus wasn't totally unexpected, but this wasn't what he'd agreed to when Pegasus made his original offer. Still, the sting on his cheek was what put him back into his place, and what'd really sting is was the realization that if he didn't listen, he'd go through all of this humiliation for no payout in the end. *It'll just be a couple more hours, he reminded himself, then you'll never have to feel this bastard's hands on you ever again.* Jounouchi walked his hands back up the pole and gripped it, grimacing as he made himself prone to Pegasus' touch once more.

"That's good, Joey-boy. You really are the obedient type. *Someone* certainly trained you well..."

Jounouchi scoffed and mumbled profanities under his breath, which Pegasus didn't grace with acknowledgement more than a light chuckle as he continued. "Now, where was I..." Pegasus blushed a bit, as if it finally dawned on him what would need to happen in order for Jounouchi's cock to shrink down to the petite, relaxed state that would become the centerpiece for his work.

"I hate to admit it, but I'm a bit out of practice with this," Pegasus said demurely. He brought his hands to his cheeks and closed his eye, reminiscing about the last time he'd been intimate with his wife before her passing: she was a vision in white, her breasts barely visible through her thin, linen chemise. And it was perfect even though they'd been intimate many times before—they'd exchanged kisses in stairways, sneaky fondling under mahogany dinner tables, and clandestine touches with hands and mouths that blurred the line of preserving their chastity for their wedding night, but this moment, totally alone and uninterrupted, was what the two of them only ever dreamed of. Unfortunately for Pegasus, his first time would also be his last time up to this point, and so he decided to preserve her memory, he needed to get these urges out with men instead.

Pegasus opened his eye and stared down Jounouchi's throbbing cock and up at his snarkily waiting face.

"Well, it's not gonna suck itself if that's what you were thinking—"

Jounouchi winced from the red, throbbing sting that scorched the left side of his face. This time, Pegasus used the full force of his open palm to shut him up, which had its intended effect. Jounouchi clenched his thighs and hung his head low. He wasn't sure what boundary

he'd overstepped, but his past made him very good at shutting up and taking blows from those with authority. And this reflex embarrassed him—how his past still held control over him despite his best efforts to distance himself from it. And his cock hardened even more from the rope finally meeting his skin, this black nylon being much smoother than the scratchy jute he was used to. It was much easier for him to lose himself to the sensation of it tightening around his wrists, fastening him to the pole, giving no option for him to back out at this point. Pegasus was quick, yet firm with his work, pulling knots tight enough for Jounouchi's skin to pucker a bit from under the rope. He pushed one of Jounouchi's legs toward his chest and wound the rope around his thigh and shin to keep it permanently bent against him. Jounouchi could feel the cold air on his ass, feeling much more exposed than he'd already been. He squirmed a bit under the rope. The knots held much more securely than he expected from Pegasus.

"Lucky for you, I'm all out of rope now, Joey-boy. But don't worry," Pegasus held a hand under Jounouchi's chin and jerked his head up to meet his eyes. "The fun has just begun!" From his pocket, Pegasus pulled out a silver, metal plug with a white bunny tail attached to the end.

Jounouchi was too drunk to speculate how long he'd been carrying this with him, but had enough clarity of mind to know where this was headed. He squirmed in his bindings. "Wait just a minute—you really think you can fit that in there?" This unexpected question coaxed a laugh from Pegasus, already back in good spirits.

"How very practical of you. Of course it'll fit! And here I thought you were about to refuse my little plan for the evening." Pegasus smiled and mussed Jounouchi's hair. He sat on the bed beside him and pulled a few sachets of lube from his other pocket and fanned them in his hands like playing cards. "If there's a will, there's a way, and I've got plenty for both of us."

Jounouchi throbbed as Pegasus squirted the contents of multiple packets onto the bulb end of the buttplug. He'd never done anything anally before, and assumed that if he ever did he wouldn't be here on the receiving end. But the cold of the steel pressing against his asshole quickly ended any reservations that would lead him to back out.

"Relax, Jounouchi." Hearing his full name gave him chills. "I wouldn't have picked you if I didn't think you could do it."

Jounouchi panted as blood rushed from his cheeks to his loins as the metal swirled slick, rimming his hole. "And just what's that supposed to mean? You think I'm easy?"

Pegasus laughed again, this time giving himself hiccups. "Now look at what you've done." Pegasus continued, chuckling. "Goodness, Joey-boy, you're a riot." He shifted, sitting on his heels, and began pushing the plug in. "Here, have a carrot."

Jounouchi clenched his toes as it entered him; just the tip was enough to make him moan, and this just excited Pegasus more. He sat observing his every action with the enthusiasm that radiated from his smile.

"Very good, that's it," Pegasus praised Jounouchi. His hole widened quicker than either of them thought it would, loosened just like their inhibitions from the wine. "Now, my muse,

we've got to get this silly, little thing to soften up," Pegasus said as he gripped Jounouchi's dick with his free hand, pumping it forcefully so that his foreskin blanketed the pink tip with each upstroke. Jounouchi lost himself to each tug and thrust on and into his body and let go to allow Pegasus to carve him into his vision. Reflexively, he matched Pegasus' rhythm, pushing himself lower and lower onto the plug until it finally slid in, its satisfying fullness weighing heavy inside of him.

"What an adorable bunny!" Pegasus cooed as he pet Jounouchi's little, white tail. But Pegasus' hand leaving his cock made Jounouchi groan with a different kind of desperation. He was wound tight, needing release, and he continued bucking his hips into the empty air, making his cock bounce lightly against his pelvic bone.

"Now, now, don't lose yourself to animalistic urges just because you have a cotton tail. Have you forgotten your manners?" He flicked Jounouchi's dick and watched him wince and buck involuntarily. Pegasus clicked his tongue and traced Jounouchi's desperate urethra with the tip of his finger. "Can't you say please?"

Jounouchi shot a half lidded glare at Pegasus, annoyed but unable to move to do anything to relieve himself.

"Fuck you."

Pegasus gasped campily and pretended to faint on the bed, still toying with the tip. He raised a hand to his forehead and pretended to cry. "Oh my goodness! Poor little 'ol me! I put together this little evening, offering honest work for honest pay, and this is the thanks I get?" With his other hand, he yanked the plug out.

The throes of orgasm rumbled through Jounouchi's body in a way he'd never felt before as cum leaked from him in a dribbling flow onto his thigh and the duvet. He tightened his grip on the pole as his cock, handsfree, bounced up and down with each contraction of ecstasy before finally settling softly against his sack. Jounouchi managed to catch his breath, some clarity returning to him, though still fogged by the port.

"That's it, stay right there," Pegasus patted Jounouchi's knee and stood to marvel at his work. Jounouchi's expression was still furrowed with orgasmic intensity, resembling the Faun just as Pegasus hoped. He grabbed a camera from the bar and snapped a few shots of Jounouchi's still tied up body limp from afterglows hanging from the bed pole.

"Thanks for the comp, Joey-boy. I'd expect nothing more from the resort service here." Pegasus slid the camera into his pocket and yawned. "I'll have to develop this later for my scrapbook." He sleepily sauntered to the door as he began unbuttoning his shirt. "Croquet, I need you to see our guest gets a ride home. I need my beauty sleep before my flight home." The bodyguard opened the door and walked in without giving Jounouchi more acknowledgement than was necessary. Having the other man's hands on him to tidy up his boss' mess made Jounouchi feel dirtier about the night than he anticipated, especially when the last interaction between him and Pegasus was a nod and a dismissal of the hands accompanied with the toss of a billfold.



Jounouchi picked his winnings up from the bed and tucked them into his underwear as he scrambled to find the rest of his clothes, feeling the lube still on his ass glide wet as he fumbled into each pant leg.

"Does this guy do this much?" Jounouchi asked, feeling like there was no point in denying what happened in the room while Croquet was in the hall.

The bodyguard stiffened under his suit but felt like the same honesty would make the situation much less awkward. "Mr. Crawford has been fairly secluded as of late. This is the first time he's been out of the house this year."

Jounouchi looked back to the echoing hallway that carried Pegasus further into the black until he disappeared.

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