

Belt-Fed Cock

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/3319031) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/3319031>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Sherlock (TV)
Relationship:	Sherlock Holmes/John Watson
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship , Military Kink , BDSM , Consensual Gangbang Fantasy , Dirty Talk , Oral Sex , Anal Sex , Top John , Bottom Sherlock Holmes , Johnlock Roulette
Language:	English
Collections:	Come at Once (if convenient) , Johnlock(bottomlock topjohn)
Stats:	Published: 2015-02-09 Words: 4,059 Chapters: 1/1

Belt-Fed Cock

by [Vulgarweed](#)

Summary

Some babies are born with hair, or with teeth. Some with a caul, some with a tail. Sherlock Holmes was born with an [olive drab bandana in his right pocket](#).

Written in about 7 hours for the [Come at Once](#) 24-hour porn challenge, Mildredandbobbin tagged me with the prompt: “retribution”. The title is a British and Canadian military slang term that refers to long, hard, punishment or hardship, particularly when disproportionate to the infraction.

HUGE thanks to Winter_of_our_discontent for the very fast beta (in-person in a coffee shop, no less)!

Sherlock arched off the bed with a loud, sharp cry. One of his clutching hands wrenched the fitted sheet free of its corner; the other cradled John's head, shaking, trying not to grab and push as hard as he wanted. He shivered and trembled as all his muscles clenched in ecstasy as John shoved his three fingers hard into him and sucked down almost all the hot, bitter come that shot from him.

John, who'd already climaxed twice, finally collapsed in exhaustion as Sherlock settled down, head pillowed for a moment on the lean flesh of Sherlock's thigh, smiling broadly and gently caressing his softening, wet cock.

"Oh, John," Sherlock moaned as John crawled up towards his face. His arm lay crooked over his eyes as if the dim, dark room was too bright for him. He got so sensitive to everything after an orgasm like that, his usually keen senses overcooked, overheated, overwhelmed, and he craved darkness and quiet and John's gentle embrace, at last relaxed enough to take a few hours of restoring sleep. This had the bonus effect of relaxing John too, since it meant Sherlock was getting some much-needed Earthling care, and there probably wouldn't be any explosions or noxious smells or indoor target practice or violin music that veered towards the avant-garde. At least for a few hours. Usually.

But this problem of Sherlock's was a big and bad and complicated one, and sometimes his mind simply would not consent to shut itself down for as long as he needed.

John woke up less than an hour later to a sound of ruffling papers and books slammed to the floor, furniture falling over, and Sherlock's voice bellowing abuse to some poor representative of legitimate law enforcement over his mobile.

Damn it, John thought. I tried this time. I tried so hard.

A day or two later, Sherlock showed surprising contrition for his most recent tantrum - once he'd figured out that that half-mad Goth girl wasn't really a vampire cultist at all: she was actually sucking poison out of the poor baby. And he'd figured it out before she fell victim to the older child's devious plot herself, so lives saved, well-done, rewards earned.

But even his better mood didn't quite explain the way he lay on his back on the couch, draped his long legs over the arm, and laid his head on John's lap. "I know I've been . . . difficult," he said softly.

"Yeah. You have. Thanks for admitting it."

"I would never want you to feel - what's the word -"

"Inadequate?" John blurted and blushed red. "Not that I really think that. It's just that. Well. Sex usually settles you down a little."

"Yes," Sherlock said, closing his eyes as John stroked his hair. "It usually works very well. I don't know why - Well no. That's not true. I do know why. Sometimes it - the noise in my

head, the *clutter*; just builds to a point where I need . . . “

“What do you need?” John asked, a building fear growing in his gut, hoping to hell he wouldn’t have to call Mycroft and search the flat *again*. But if Sherlock was being upfront about it, that was a good sign, wasn’t it?

”*More.*”

Oh. “More what?” John thought it was really important to have this clarified.

Sherlock heaved a deep sigh and squirmed a little on the couch, his thin t-shirt riding up and his loose pyjama bottoms riding down to show a pale, lightly-haired strip of his belly.

Something in John’s lap that wasn’t Sherlock began to think about squirming too.

Sherlock bit his lip and looked almost diffident. “Please, understand, John, I am in *no* way unhappy with the sexual aspect of our relationship. Please don’t think for *one moment* that you don’t satisfy me, because you do, always.”

“You’re being unusually concerned about my feelings, Sherlock. I’m starting to get worried.” John said, half joking. Well, three quarters joking. Okay, roughly a third.

“Well -” Sherlock said, and froze. Except for his eyes, which were blinking so hard John could feel his head shaking with it.

“Come on now,” John said, trying to keep his voice steady. He slowly slid his hand down Sherlock’s chest and began to caress him in a way that was meant to be soothing. “Spit it out. As long as you’re not telling me that you want to fake your own death again, I think I can handle it.”

“It wouldn’t be as much fun if I *told* you,” Sherlock said, smiling, and jumped when John tweaked his nipple in retribution. Okay, that made him straighten up and fly right, at least a little, right up against John’s flies. “All right. Well. You know that I have, well, a certain predilection towards men in the armed services.”

“I sure do. I found your magazine stash.”

“I know. I meant for you to find it.”

“Of course you did,” John traced affectionate little circles on Sherlock’s chest. “So . . . any old soldier would have done it for you, right? Didn’t have to be me.”

“It absolutely had to be you,” Sherlock said, laying his hand over John’s. “But . . . “

“But . . . “

“Sometimes I need . . . to be completely overwhelmed. Well. I have this fantasy, sometimes. I suppose it’s only fair that you know about it. Though. To be honest. I wish you could *observe* as well as I can. So I wouldn’t have to *say* it.”

“Where’s the fun in that?” John said, his other hand tugging through Sherlock’s curls with a little more authority. “So go on. You were saying. You’ve got a military kink. Nothing wrong with that.”

Sherlock gave a frustrated little whimper, one that sounded so much like the one he emitted when their activities were quite a bit further along that he went straight to John’s groin, and John made a little push with his hips that let Sherlock know he was getting rather more viscerally interested in Sherlock’s revelation. “And . . . all right. You know I’ve never served myself, I’m hardly psychologically fit for the . . . regimentation and the order-taking and all of that.” He fluttered a hand contemptuously, and then laid it back to rest on his thigh.

“Oh God, you’re right. You wouldn’t last a week.”

“But. All right. I started to speculate on what my experience might be like if I *did* enlist. If I were exactly myself as I am, but subject to the discipline and control of, er, many large, strong men who are well-trained for combat and not the least bit afraid to take things in a, er, physical direction.”

“Oh God,” John said, his head falling back against the couch. He had a feeling he knew exactly where this was going. “What do you think would happen?”

“It’s a *fantasy*, John. It’s not what I really *think* would happen.”

“Tell me,” John said, sounding even more breathless than he was afraid he would. His fingers curled a little on Sherlock’s chest, scratching him through the thin cotton of his t-shirt.

Sherlock closed his eyes. “I am . . . insubordinate. I can’t help it. Repeatedly. My commanding officer - he. Says terrible things to me. Tells me I’m useless, and hopeless, and even *stupid*. That all my brainpower won’t do me any good in a fight. That I’d be a waste of space. My brains aren’t good for anything here except getting blown out, and he’d do it himself to put me out of my misery.”

“Christ,” John said.

“They say things like that when they’re angry, don’t they?” Sherlock said, looking worried for a moment that his kinky wank fantasy might not be the height of realism.

“Yeah, sometimes,” John admitted.

“So he gets furious with me. He grabs my hair and pushes me down to my knees.”

“They’d never let you keep that,” John said, clutching his hands a little in Sherlock’s beautiful hair.

“It’s a *fantasy*, John,” Sherlock said disdainfully. Good, Sherlock’s sense of verisimilitude was selective. That was helpful.

“So you’re on your knees awaiting punishment, and then--”

“He hits me. Slaps my face. Hard. It hurts. He orders me to hold still and rise up on my knees, and then he starts *caning* me.”

“Oh wow,” John said. “You really are public school.”

“Shut up, John,” Sherlock chuckled. But the laughter was a little strangled, and the loose fabric at the crotch of his pyjama trousers had taken on a different configuration. John was getting a little breathless too, though he hated to admit it. “He’s cruel. He’s *very* angry. But I still, I can’t help it, even though I’m in pain and my eyes are watering, I still say something smartarsed, I set him off again. He knocks me down on my front and places his boot on my back while he whips me. I’m struggling, trying to get out from under him. He holds me down.”

John’s hand was moving on Sherlock’s chest almost of its own accord, running his palm over the hardening peaks of Sherlock’s nipples, now no longer caring if Sherlock felt John’s erection growing beneath his head.

“He moves his foot away, gets his boot under my ribs, orders me to turn over. I don’t want to. I’m afraid to. Because my cock is so hard, and he’ll see. I’m not ashamed exactly. But I’m terrified.”

“Mmmm, Sherlock. You should be,” John said slowly. When had that little note of menace crept in there? “He’ll see that you get off on that. God only knows what he’d do to you then.”

Sherlock, there on the couch, was definitely also getting hard for real. John couldn’t take his eyes off it, watching it grow, watching Sherlock start to shiver a little, the hand on his thigh starting to clench in the fabric compulsively and nervously. “I know what he’d do. He does it, he kind of kicks me until I roll over, and he sees it. I’m just wearing very thin trousers and it stands out, they’re so tight and uncomfortable, and I have no control over it at all, and I’m a little bit ashamed of that.”

“You? Ashamed?”

“Not really. In the *fantasy*.” Sherlock said, rolling his eyes.

John pulled his hair hard. “Don’t roll your eyes at me, you fucking sprog. Face forward. Tell me the rest.”

Sherlock *whimpered*. *Oh fuck*, John thought, *I’m done for*.

“He presses his boot against my cock. He just hold it there, about to step on me, and he tells me I’m disgusting, I’m perverted, I’m a sick freak. But he’s rubbing me with his boot sole, and it feels good, and I’m just getting more and more aroused, and he can see it. He can tell. He spits on me. And then he opens up his trousers, and he takes his cock out, and John, it’s so big. And it’s getting hard too, because he’s thinking about what he’s going to do to me, what he’s going to order me to do. He tells me to get back up on my knees and take all my clothes off, and I do, I obey his orders so fast, suddenly, it’s as if I want to be good for him now. ‘Got a use for you now,’ he says, and he rings a little bell on the table, and four or five other guys come in.”

“Oh wow, Sherlock, more than one?”

“Oh yes,” Sherlock said, panting a little now, clearly desperate to touch himself at the very thought of it. “A lot of them. The whole unit, eventually.”

“Fuck,” John moaned. “That shouldn’t turn me on as much as it does.”

“Oh,” Sherlock said happily. “Oh, it does arouse you. I was so hoping it would.”

“God help me, it does. Go on. Then what happens?”

“And so all these men see me, naked and kneeling in front of him, bruised, and they’re watching as he grabs my hair and shoves his cock into my mouth. He tells me to suck him and do a good job and if I bite him, he’ll kill me. I know he really would. But I’m good, I try to do my best even though he’s choking me, his cock is so big and he’s fucking my face so hard, and I’m trying not to gag, my eyes are watering, and out of the corner of my eye I start to watch the other men. They’re yelling things at me. Filthy things. Calling me names. Cheering my CO on as he pumps it in and out of me. They like to watch too. Some of them are starting to fondle themselves. At least one guy takes his penis out and starts to stroke it, and it’s huge, it’s even bigger than the one I’m trying to suck.”

John moaned, bit his lip and began to rut against the back of Sherlock’s head, and Sherlock nuzzled back, leaning his cheek against it through the rough denim of John’s jeans. John pushed his head aside for a moment and loosened his belt and his flies, letting the shaft bend out through his cotton briefs. Sherlock started to reach for his own cock, and John grabbed his hand. “Not yet. Keep talking. Tell me more.”

“And eventually, my CO is getting close, and he pulls out and shoots a truly unrealistic amount of semen all over me, on my face and my neck and my chest and my hair, and he puts his boot between my legs and pushes at my balls, and everyone can see how hard I am. He sneers at me and tells me I’m a filthy fuckpig, and he bets I want even more. He orders me to answer him and I tell him yes, yes I do. I want a lot more, I want everything they can give me, everything they can do to me.”

John was surging hard and struggling to keep his cool, but he was still relieved at that. At least Sherlock’s fantasy was a *little* bit sort of consensual, so he didn’t have to feel quite as guilty about getting off on it too. “Then what happens?”

“Then all the men kind of cheer, and my CO grabs me and throws me up on the cot, and then he tells all the men they heard me say it, they can do anything they want to me. The first one spansks me hard, it hurts. My CO is trying to coordinate things, he gets whips and a crop and rope and lube, and . . . “

“Fuck,” John whispered as Sherlock’s face rubbed hard against his erection through the thin fabric. *I want him to suck me off but not until he’s done telling me this fantasy, because wow.* Still, to relieve the pressure he pulled his jeans and pants down, letting his hard, moistening cock feel the air. Sherlock wriggled pathetically, his own hand mere inches from his own cock, clearly desperate to stroke. “Go on.”

“He orders the man with the biggest cock to fuck me first, so I’ll be so tight and it’ll hurt, and I’ll be more slick and loose after he’s shot his huge load into me, and while he’s doing that - so hard, John, he’s pounding me so hard, I can’t stand it, I feel so split open, so helpless, and the other men are cheering while they’re waiting their turn, and another man can’t wait, so he grabs me by the jaw and shoves his giant cock into my mouth, and then they’re both just pummelling away at me-”

John moaned so loud. “Is anyone doing anything for you? Giving you a reacharound, anything?”

“No. They never do.”

“Can I? Can I touch you right now?”

“Fuck yeah, please, please,” Sherlock cried, pushing his pyjamas halfway down his tense thighs and showing John just how hard and red and wet he was. John reached over and grabbed it, squeezing slightly, and Sherlock bucked up into his hand, great rasping moans coming out of him.

“Tell me more. You’re getting spit-roasted, and...

“And the first guy comes inside me, fills me up with it, and it hurts when he yanks it out, and then another man comes to take his place while the one in my mouth shoots down my throat. They all take their turns with me, fucking my arse and my mouth. They pull my hair and pinch my nipples until they’re almost bleeding, they whip my bollocks and my arsehole with a riding crop, and everything hurts, and god help me, I love it so much, I can’t get enough of it. God, John, harder, please, yeah-”

John sped up his hand working Sherlock’s cock for the filthy wet slapping sounds, but not enough to get him there, not yet, though he was pretty damn close already.

“I’m so filthy. I’m so full of come everywhere. I just let them all use me, again and again, and oh, God, John, fuck me. Fuck me right now. Good and hard. No lube, just use spit. Be rough with me.”

“Sherlock,” John said, his voice gone deep and hungry. “I don’t want to really hurt you.”

“Do it, John, please,” Sherlock whined, jumping up onto his knees and bending over the couch arm and presenting his arse.

“Oh yeah, fuck yeah, I’ll do it,” John moaned, pulling his cock all the way out and spitting copiously into his hand to slick it up a little, plus he was leaking wet too, that helped, and roughly he spread Sherlock’s cheek open and spit on his hole, and then he was pushing forward, pushing in, hearing Sherlock’s hungry moans. When he was sure Sherlock had adjusted around him - so tight, so awfully, wonderfully tight - he began to thrust, giving him the occasional spank to enhance the sensation, huffing and puffing and cursing to make himself sound like he was being rougher than he was. Sherlock writhed upon him, starting to make those high, breathy gasps he got when he was close.

“Got a use for you now, crow,” John snarled. “Guess we’ll keep you alive as long as you’re a good fucktoy. Got a nice hole, that’s all you’re good for until you’re all fucked out. Take it. Take it all.”

Sherlock cried out like he was dying, coming apart and coming untouched, splattering the couch with white wet strands of spunk, shaking and clenching. John gave him a few more brutal pokes and shot his load inside, grasping Sherlock’s hips hard enough to bruise as he pumped his come into Sherlock’s body.

Sherlock slumped down, wiping his face, hiding his eyes for just a moment again.

John hoped Sherlock didn’t mind having the mood broken now, because all John wanted to do was wrap up this gorgeous, brilliant, vulnerable man in his arms and kiss the daylights out of him, and he did, raining tender light kisses across Sherlock’s nape and shoulders and spine until he was able to maneuver him down into an embrace. He was shaking, flushed, looking completely stunned. John stroked him until his head settled down on John’s shoulder.

“That’s probably not the grossest thing that’s spilled on that couch, is it?”

Sherlock laughed softly. “Not by a long shot.”

“Mmm. We’ll get cleaned up in a bit. Just let me . . . hold you a little, okay? You’re amazing.”

“Of course, John,” Sherlock said indulgently. *Sure. He doesn’t like cuddling at all, he just does it to please me. Let him tell himself that,* John thought, sickeningly shot full of love.

At long last, Sherlock stirred a little, and said. “Thank you, John.”

“For what?”

“For not being repulsed or offended. By listening and being even willing to play along a little. You really are an excellent lover, and I feel very fortunate.”

“Wow, Sherlock. Sure you didn’t hit your head on the wall when I was pounding you?”

Sherlock laughed.

“Likewise, Sherlock,” John muttered into his hair. “I love your filthy mind. You can’t disgust me.” Then he froze. “I mean, don’t take that as a challenge or anything.”

Sherlock smiled against John’s chest. “You know I can’t help myself.”

“Would this really work for you, do you think? Help put your mind at rest for a little while.”

Sherlock nodded. “It’s the coming-down that really does it, I think. Sweet oblivion.”

“Mmm,” John agreed. They really did need to get cleaned up, and try to do something about that couch. But the sounds Sherlock was making informed John that he had, in fact, fallen asleep.

Several days later, Sherlock shuffled down into the kitchen where John was pecking away at his sex-fantasy-free blog, and brought it up for the first time since it happened.

“John, I just want to tell you that I really hope my - imaginings - don’t offend you, and, well, urgh - I’m . . . all right, sorry-”

“You’ve got nothing to apologise for, Sherlock,” John said. “For once.” He rubbed the side of his face and grinned. “That fantasy of yours is the hottest thing I’ve heard in years.”

“Really?”

“Yes, really. Now - I had a little coincidence, isn’t that interesting? Ran into my old Army buddy Rashid on the Tube, he’s back in town. We stopped off and had a pint. Or two.”

“Three,” Sherlock said with certainty.

“Probably,” John said. “I’m not a lightweight like you. So. I dropped some hints. Emphasised some words. And then he mentioned he had Grindr and FetLife profiles.” John pecked at a few more keys on his laptop. “Here he is. ‘Experienced Military Top. 100% Authentic.’, he says. I can vouch for him. Take a look.”

Sherlock’s blinking rate had increased exponentially. When he looked at Rashid’s pictures, his breathing did as well. He leaned on the table suddenly.

“What do you know,” John said with utterly false calm. “Turns out he reads my blog. Thinks you’re gorgeous. If I let him know you’re interested in this kind of play, he’ll think it’s his birthday and Christmas come at once. Well, if he celebrated Christmas. And he’s got buddies. Don’t know if they’re as fit as him but it’s worth a try.”

John fixed Sherlock with a steady, smiling gaze. “No pressure. You can keep it just a fantasy if you want. That’s fine. But you don’t have to.”

Sherlock narrowed his eyes, trying to get some equilibrium back. “You’re calling my bluff.”

“I don’t think you’re bluffing. Are you?”

“No.”

John nodded, still smiling. “You don’t have to decide right now. Sometimes it’s better to keep things just in fantasy, I know that. And of course you’d want to meet him first and all that . . .”

“You’d really do this for me?” Sherlock said, a little stunned. “In reality?”

“Yeah,” John said, nodding. “I would. Absolutely. Well . . . not *just* for you,” he squirmed a little. “Kept getting hard just thinking about it all day. Kind of embarrassing at work.”

Sherlock chuckled and a little of his tension seemed to drop. “You don’t feel jealous at the idea?”

“Nope, not really,” John said assuredly. “I’ve thought about it. Given it a lot of thought. And I know this -” and his voice suddenly dropped in timbre, growing clipped and authoritative. “I am your medical officer, Sherlock. I will set this up for you, and I’ll make the rules. I make sure everyone is clean and everyone has a good time and no one gets hurt in a way they don’t want. And you are *mine*. You want to get loaned out to a whole patrol, well, that’s all right. I can share my toys. I get to clean you up and take care of you after they’re done with you. They get to use you - but I get to *keep* you. Are we understood on that, soldier?”

“Yes,” Sherlock gasped, his voice suddenly gone rather weak.

“Yes *what?*”

“Yes, SIR.” It was more than a bit breathless. John had never thought of Sherlock as the type to *swoon*, but that was looking like a possibility.

“At ease,” John said, “Better have a seat.” He indicated his lap, and Sherlock managed to fold his lanky self down on him, balanced on one thigh. John wrapped his right arm around Sherlock’s waist, and with his left he began to tap away on the keyboard again.

He opened up a chat window to send a private message. Sherlock eagerly nodded agreement.

“Do it,” he whispered.

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