

## cheap shot

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# cheap shot

by [TheyReapWhatWeSow](#)

## Summary

"The whistle blew, the puck dropped, and all conversation disappeared as the two competitors battled around each other to reach for the piece of black plastic that determined the fate of the rest of the night- a night that didn't end at the rink for Evan Buckley and Eddie Diaz. "

OR

A smutty Buddie Hockey!AU

## Notes

ohhhhh hsb spinoff 911 server friends my beloved

y'all are the real ones (and by real i mean incredibly filthy and i love u to bits)

here is a GIFT from me to also me

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# Chapter 1

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“Hey, 27. You hold all your sticks that loose or are you just bein’ easy for me?”

Number 27 on the LA Legionaries looked directly past his opponent, Number 72 on the Austin Ashers, standing cross-shoulder to him as they waited for the puck to drop. He gritted his teeth and breathed out quickly, trying to block out the voice drawling right next to his ear.

“Aw come on, what, you aren’t gonna react? You can try all you want, but I’ll have you begging for mercy soon enough, and everyone’s gonna watch.”

A shudder shook through 27, and out of the corner of his eyes he glowered at 72- but the gaze was filled with something far stronger than athletic rivalry. 72 smirked in victory, rolling his mouthguard across his teeth in a move that shouldn’t at all be as attractive as it was, and 27 huffed out another bothered breath.

The whistle blew, the puck dropped, and all conversation disappeared as the two competitors battled around each other to reach for the piece of black plastic that determined the fate of the rest of the night- a night that didn’t end at the rink for Evan Buckley and Eddie Diaz.

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Buck stood panting as the game came to a momentary pause- two players were getting into it. As much as Buck wanted to jump in and cover his teammate's back, his coach would kill him if he got anywhere close to the real action. Instead, he, and the rest of his team, froze in their positions, hands closed tightly around their sticks as they waited for the referee to pull the brawlers apart.

A strong pair of arms wrapped around Buck, and he jerked for a second before he registered the number written on the sleeves around him. The red and white '72' led up to Eddie's grinning face, and Buck held back his own smile as he let himself sink slightly into the hold.

"I'm not doing anything, yanno?" Buck said, cocking his head to where Ravi was being pulled off Lena.

"I know that," Eddie hummed, "I just wanted to check something though-" he cut himself off to tighten his grip on Buck, applying enough pressure that Buck felt the sparks of pain even under all the layers of padding. It wasn't the arms around him that hurt though- it was the bruises and rope burn beneath his layers, the ones that had been pressed into his skin the night before, in just the right places so that every single strap of his gear would irritate the marks over the course of the sixty minutes he would wear it.

A choked groan forced its way through his lips, and Buck shot his head up to see if anyone had heard him.

They hadn't, everyone's attention glued to the insults that Ravi and Lena hurled at each other even as they skated to their boxes, but Buck's face flushed in the hypothetical.

"No one else needs to buddy up Eddie-" It was true; the hold that Eddie had trapped him in was a tactic used to make sure that the teams kept themselves accountable and out of the fight if things got too heated, but none of the other members of their teams had grabbed onto one another, only him and Eddie.

"Well, everyone knows your *history*, Buck. They won't blame me for being cautious. Not with the way you used to make an absolute mess of yourself at the slightest inclination. You threw yourself into every single fight: no hesitation, no holding back. There wasn't a game you would walk off the ice without a messed up face and a dirty sweater." Eddie said with a completely straight face, arms still in a vice around Buck.

"Enough to drive a guy wild. Can't blame me if I wanna make sure that the only person that gets you messed up and dirty now is me, huh?"

Buck shot Eddie a look, one full of hatred and promise and desire all wrapped up into one, as the refs called them back into position before he could respond.

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As the Ashers and the Legionaries lined up across one another to shake hands, Eddie stood at the end of his line, while Buck headed his.

The outcome of the game, however, a victory for the Ashers, meant a lot more for two of the players than the rest of them could ever imagine.

The line of athletes shaking hands and smacking gloves together slowly wound across the ice, Captain Evan congratulating every player with a firm grip and wide smile. When the second to last Asher shook Buck's hand and moved on, he reached for the outstretched hand of the last player.

Eddie pulled into the handshake, forcing Buck to step into his chest, or else risk being pulled completely off-balance.

"That was an excellent game, Captain."

"Thank you, Diaz. You as well, of course."

"No, thank *you*, Buckley. You've just won me a very valuable bet." Eddie purred, stepping away from Buck, who had to swallow past the sudden swirling of lust that had arisen in the pit of his stomach.

He moved away from the position he had frozen in as Eddie had captured his attention but nearly fell face-first onto the ice as Eddie's gloves smacked hard across his ass, lighting the marks that had been painstakingly placed there on fire. The arena erupted into laughter and

cheering, and Buck had to force himself upright, face blooming with heat as his so-far elegant skating turned into a limping shuffle off the ice.

As he stepped onto the carpet, clicking on his skate guards, Buck smiled to himself. He may have lost the bet tonight, but he knew that whatever Eddie had planned to smile at him like that, Buck was bound to be a winner at the end of it all.

After all, Eddie had bought new knee pads last week, and Buck was excited to help him break them in.

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# Chapter 2

## Chapter Summary

Buck and Eddie get to play, and it turns into a game of wills.

## Chapter Notes

**NEW USER: I used to be muchadoaboutnothing!! am now TheyReapWhatWeSow**

ALLLLL the love for Lore, who beta'd this for me and didn't even know the fandom.

im paraphrasing but my favorite edit comments included "nod nod pretty slut" and "OWO THYE MIGHT BE KINKY"

I hope y'all enjoy this as much as I liked writing it lol

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this so very BARELY has a reference to the AU it's set in, but it IS set in the hockey AU

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“When I first saw you, on that shitty recording of one of your first games, I never thought you’d go down for me so pretty, Buck.” Eddie drawled, running a calloused hand over the ropes keeping Buck locked in his position.

Buck was bent over a small rocking stool, face down and off-balance unless he used his one free hand to lean forward to secure himself there. His other hand was wrenched behind him, rope wrapping all the way from his wrist to his elbow, securely trapping his arm against his back far higher than was comfortable. There was no way for him to move a single inch except for the infernal back and forth swaying.

The stool he was strapped to- bound chest, ass, and thighs- meant that Buck had no leverage or give beyond letting his arm take his entire body weight for moments at a time. His mouth was stuffed full of fabric held into place with a piece of black material; Buck thought he

could recognize the logo for Eddie's team on it but he didn't know exactly what his gag was made of.

He knew what it was made *for*, though. While Buck's mouth was a big reason that Eddie was attracted to him, he knew that part of what got Eddie going was controlling *when* he got to run his mouth.

"Did you run out of the press room with a hard-on? I saw the way you kept shifting at the interview, Buck. Like you couldn't wait to get away from your adoring fans, to get on your knees for me."

Eddie liked watching Buck struggle to speak, liked demanding answers when Buck couldn't give responses, liked tearing the sounds right out of Buck's throat through whatever obstacle he decided to put in between his lips. As he knelt in front of Buck, Eddie yanked his head up, pulling up on his hair with the firm strength that would have sent Buck to his knees if he wasn't already bound there, a filthy moan falling out of his lips.

"Oh, aren't you desperate today? You went down so easy, I almost didn't have to do anything." It was true- Buck had been drooling for it the minute they'd slipped into their room, and he'd fallen into his headspace so much faster than usual.

The older man grinned down as Buck mumbled angrily through his gag. Even if he *had* been easy today, Buck was a fighter- on the ice and in their beds. He couldn't let the accusation stand.

Buck knew exactly what he sounded like when he begged; it was a sound only made all the better muffled behind a gag. That didn't stop Buck from trying to growl out an answer, fighting the ropes around him useless, letting the friction set tiny fires across his skin.

He wouldn't get in trouble for struggling.

After all, that *was* the game they played.

“Aw, are you trying to tell me you’re not easy, baby?” Eddie mocked, tracing slow circles across his skin in the places that made Buck attempt to arch away from the insensitive teasing. His partner’s hands pressed into his skin, a mockery of a massage that made use of Eddie’s knowledge of every spot on Buck’s body that set him alight.

Buck had no distraction from the gentle torture as Eddie trailed strong fingers across his skin, veering very near but never touching Buck exactly where he wanted him to, leaving him a throbbing whining mess as Eddie pulled away, finally satisfied.

Panting through the gag, Buck glared daggers into the carpet, trembling slowly as he wished that Eddie would do *anything* else. His patience was thin at most times, but after a week of rough practices and no time in their schedules to meet up, Buck was at the absolute end of his rope.

“Don’t you just look absolutely delicious, baby? The way you’re squirming all over the place like that- well, maybe I shouldn’t drag this out too long, huh? Maybe you can’t take it?” Eddie’s taunts set off another round of struggling from Buck, trying to rock back far enough to make eye contact as he made muffled noises through his gag.

Eddie pressed against the foot of the rocker, pulling Buck upward and onto his knees, the stool coming with him, jutting out against his body rather obscenely.

Buck’s dick was hard and dark and angry with the pent-up tension, and Eddie traced the curves of it with hungry eyes roaming over his body, smirking up at the frustrated desperation in Buck’s gaze.

“Well, if you can last the rest of the session while being a very good boy, I think that’ll be enough to get you a prize. How about that?” Leaning over Buck’s shoulder, Eddie forced him to crane his neck backward to look him in the eyes. Drool soaking the mysterious gag reminded Buck that he only had one way to communicate with him. He made his eyes big and wide and whined in the way that he knew Eddie loved hearing before he gave Buck what he wanted.

Sighing indulgently, Eddie gripped Buck’s neck in a strong hold and pulled back even tighter, arching his back against his bonds. Buck swallowed slowly, his Adam’s apple fluttering to work under Eddie’s hand as he closed his fist even tighter. The movement was measured and

careful, as Eddie always was, but it sent a zing of pleasure rocketing throughout his body as Buck's next breath hitched on the way in.

Pressing a kiss underneath his jaw, Eddie pulled his hand away, much to Buck's unhappiness. The grip moved to the rope running just under Buck's chest, holding the part of the loop that sat against his back, and slowly Buck was lowered back to the ground, the stool settling beneath him, and he was set rocking yet again with a small push of Eddie's toe.

Buck's breath shuddered in and out a few times as the sound of leather whipping through air suddenly surrounded him. Eddie was warming up with the crop; first for himself, and then for Buck. The anticipation raked through him as he could almost feel the *swish* of air displaced by the implement. Buck debated whether he wanted to rock with the strikes or bear the pain in his arm for as long as Eddie worked him, and as the first flash of pain cut across his skin, marking a vicious line across his ass, he gyrated downward and let the motion sway him to hold his weight against the floor.

The initial strike was always less painful than the rest. It wasn't weaker or lighter by any means- Eddie never pulled his punches with Buck. But Buck was usually so out of his mind with eagerness, his focus scattered in a million places, that it wasn't until the first impact that everything suddenly froze, Buck's mind halting its spiraling and clearing him of everything except the awareness of Eddie behind him. The pain didn't register until the second strike.

Noise was expected. They always accounted for their space before they pulled each other into closets and fumbled into hotel rooms. Their scenes weren't the type that could be done within thin walls, and Eddie's eyes would darken with intent at the way Buck sounded as Eddie lay into him. Sometimes though, half the fun was trying not to alert their teams in the rooms around them as Eddie flogged Buck up and down with conspicuous marks that he'd have to explain away in the locker room.

"Sweetheart, I know you don't want to add on to what you're already getting. Where'd you go off to?" Eddie stopped his strokes, pulling Buck out of the rhythm he was rocking against the stool. Buck watched Eddie's shoes enter his line of sight, coming to a stop right in front of him, and the slim leather crop swished along his side as Eddie twirled it with every step.

The leather, warm from the assault on his ass, pressed under his chin and forced him to crane his head up to meet Eddie's eyes. From his disadvantaged angle, Eddie looked every bit the

huge, intimidating hockey star he was, and Buck only let his eyes trail down his body once before the crop smacked against his cheek, redirecting his attention.

*“Focus* , Evan. You can do that much, can’t you? What have I told you about rubbing yourself off without permission? Did you forget that you’re not allowed to cum until I tell you to?” Eddie sneered at him, and Buck shook his head desperately. “I know it’s been a while since I’ve had you down for me like you need to be taken, but I didn’t think I’d have to waste my time going over the ground rules again.”

While they ran through every individual scene before they started, there were the ground rules they had decided on the very first time they’d finally talked out the tension between them as something more than athletic rivalry. Eddie had walked Buck through thorough protocols and limits between them and made sure that Buck understood what he expected from him, and what Buck could expect from him, before he ever even touched him. Suffice to say, it wasn’t a discussion that Buck would forget anytime soon.

But now, Buck had a decision to make.

Eddie was handing Buck a choice to make: confess to forgetting the rules they’d set, or confess to breaking this one on purpose. Both confessions came with their own set of punishments- one a set standard, and one for Eddie to decide as he saw fit. Buck knew Eddie’s plan for the night, and as much as he loved feeling the crop set his ass and thighs on fire for him to feel for the next week, Buck wanted to see what else Eddie could bring down on him with the right temptation.

“Well, what is it, Buck? Did you forget our ground rules?” Irritation flashed across Eddie’s face, and Buck made up his mind with an internal smirk.

Slowly, he shook his head back and forth, raising his eyebrow at Eddie, daring him. It was a bad decision that Buck leaped into with his eyes wide open.

Eddie stared down at him, the anger of Buck’s disobedience flashing into pure, heavy lust for a second before he resettled into his role. With a rough grip, he grabbed Buck’s face and pulled it close to his own. Buck stared into his eyes, deep and dark with his pupils so far dilated that he could barely see the brown. He was sure his own eyes mirrored the attraction in Eddie’s.

“Oh baby, if you wanna play stupid games with me, you’re about to win very stupid prizes.” Eddie bit out, almost growling, and his voice flowed across Buck’s skin in a new wave of goosebumps.

The game just got a whole lot more fun.

Eddie released his hold on Buck’s face after a second longer, and Buck let his head drop again. The ball was in Eddie’s court now.

The relationship between Buck and Eddie was nameless. Buck trusted Eddie more than he did almost anyone in the world, and in return, Eddie took care of Buck like no one else. While Eddie was careful about communication and checking in- and Buck trusted him to be able to read Buck while he was incapacitated or down- Buck still found it impossible to ask Eddie for what he really needed sometimes. Instead, he resorted to pushing every big red button Eddie put in front of him in the hopes that Eddie would take control of the scene and let it spiral into the unhinged fucking that Buck desperately craved.

After, Eddie would kiss across Buck’s shoulders, massage bruises off his skin, and chastise Buck quietly for not just asking for what he really wanted, but right now Buck knew that he was about to be thrown into the deep end, and Eddie was his only life-line.

“Well, I think the best way for you to remember the rules is a good little pop quiz.” Eddie’s voice came from behind Buck, and he startled a little he felt Eddie’s hand caress his ass. “It’s not a very hard rule, baby: you don’t get to come until I say.” Cold fingers covered in lube probed around his hole, and Buck shivered as two fingers pushed in, rough and fast. Eddie worked quickly, widening his fingers and pressing against Buck’s sensitive walls unrelentingly even as the bound man whined at the near-painful stretch he’d begged for.

By the time the third finger was worked in, Buck was hard as a rock and cutting his fingernails into his palm as he tried to resist the temptation to grind down on the wood beneath him. Eddie finally let up, clearly deciding that Buck was loose enough to take whatever he wanted Buck to take- he could only hope it was Eddie’s dick.

But when Buck flinched at the press of heavy cold metal, the intrusion almost burning against the heat of his insides, he realized that Eddie wasn't going to let him off that easily.

As the plug settled inside him, Eddie ran a hand down Buck's side, hushing the wretched moans falling out of him as the weight of the plug pushed against his most sensitive spots. Buck fought to regain his breath, but Eddie's hand strayed from his side and pushed down on the plug, jamming it against his prostate and Buck began his symphony of sounds all over again.

"All this drama, and I haven't even gotten to the good part yet, sweetheart." Eddie's tone was full of amusement as he watched Buck writhe beneath him, and without further ado, he flicked a switch at the base of the plug, sending incessant pulses of vibrations into Buck. The vibe was slow and low but continuous and directly against his prostate, and Buck could feel the overwhelmed tears begin to gather in his eyes.

He started to whine- broken, shattered sounds that usually broke Eddie's steel demeanor for a moment of comfort- but Eddie just laughed, stepping away from Buck entirely. Buck felt the loss like a lash all its own, the missing heat against his body ached in emptiness.

In the next moment, the metaphorical lash turned literal as Eddie dragged two quick strokes against his thighs, and Buck jerked so hard he was sure that the bruises from this session would last at least a fortnight.

"Thirty-eight more, baby. If you can remember the rules until I finish, I'll fuck you until your voice gives out." The promise was one that Eddie could and would make good on if Buck could last the rest of the session, but as another strike caught the edge of his asscheek, pressing Buck's dick against the stool in reaction, he didn't know if he'd be able to make it all the way through.

Eddie was never one to make things easy though, and that held true as ever, because the crop flew another four times, cross-handed, marking both sides of Buck's ass and making sure he wouldn't be able to sit comfortably at *any* angle for the next couple days. "But if you fail? Oh baby, well let's just say that's the last time you're gonna get off until next week."

Buck and Eddie had played with orgasm denial, but it was usually a matter of self-control on Buck's part and incessant teasing on Eddie's. If Eddie was promising denial as a punishment,

Buck could only imagine the number of toys he could use to make Buck's life -and orgasms- impossible.

Eddie didn't give Buck a chance to respond- the agreement was implicit. It had been since Buck had folded himself to the floor at Eddie's feet, locking his own arms behind his back and waiting for his next order to move another step.

Breathing in deep, Buck let his body fall limp for a second before he flexed his entire body- hoping that the tension in his muscles would be enough to keep from rubbing against the stool beneath him as Eddie methodically layered mark over mark, lining his ass and thighs with bright red welts that would darken into deliciously uncomfortable bruises by tomorrow morning. The press of the vibrations only increased in intensity and Buck felt nearly out of his mind with stimulation.

Buck was never made to keep his own count when it came to impact play. Eddie had realized that Buck was always too tense about keeping track to fully release like the exercise was meant to do, and Buck liked the uncertainty that came with him falling into subspace under Eddie's careful handling. However, not counting strokes also meant that during measured tests like this one, Buck could never tell if he was close to being done or not.

"How's it going, baby?" Eddie crooned, stopping the steady rhythm of strikes. Buck panted as he let his body relax, trying to ignore the way his cock pulsed with the throbbing pains on his backside. The cycle between pain and pleasure was solidly clocked on the side of pleasure, and as the stool rocked with Buck's released weight, he couldn't help but rub against the furniture, trying to bite back the moan that escaped him as the plug shifted again.

"That good, I see." Buck could hear the derision in his tone, but the sheer euphoria that flooded through him at the firm contact on his dick overpowered everything else in his orbit at that second. He rocked again, flexing his ass to press harder into the wood when the pain of what Eddie had been doing to him earlier rippled, and Buck froze as reality flooded back into him, sending shocks up his spine along with the tremors that the vibrator pulled out of him.

Eddie clearly clocked his reaction, because he chuckled slowly, "By all means, keep going, Buck. Just don't come begging me to take off your ring next week when you're blue and hard and helpless." The threat visualized in Buck's brain- no way to relieve stress or the way that he felt when Eddie did his stretches across from him at the gym- and he immediately

regretted his moment of relief. Buck shook his head as hard as he could move it, grunting in his fear that Eddie wouldn't let him complete all his strokes because he was misbehaving.

Nearly making himself dizzy with motion, Buck was forced to stop his denial as hands wound through his hair and pulled his head up.

“Sure you're done?”

Buck nodded so hard Eddie's grip probably yanked a handful of strands out of his scalp, but he didn't care.

“Okay, I'm gonna finish then- let's see if you can keep your promise.”

Buck's muscles ached from the time he'd spent tensed and stiff, and he decided to let the pressure go, falling limply to the stool and letting the crop fly across his ass in a blur of motion. His body jerked with every strike, but the motion was involuntary. Even as each shift rubbed Buck's dick against the stool, he was no closer to coming as his mind emptied itself of everything except the feel of the leather strap falling against him, striping lines of hot fire searing themselves into what felt like his very soul.

Floating away was easy- the increased threat of the punishment kept him from even trying to get some relief, and it was easier to just let his mind turn off, leaving only the basest reactions behind. It was why he didn't register when Eddie stopped the strikes- pressing punishing kisses into the burning bruises he'd left along Buck's bare ass and thighs. He grunted a little when the vibrator had to be cycled from its lowest setting to its highest, his body arching at the peak speed pressing against his walls, but even after it was finally removed, Buck didn't stir.

The next thing that Buck registered was a warm hand carding through his hair and a comfortingly suffocating weight across his whole body. He stirred slowly, blinking his eyes open to the low light of the bedside lamps and the vibrant city outside the hotel room window.

“Back with me yet sweetheart?” Eddie asked softly, and Buck followed his hypnotic voice up to see his face smiling down at him from his perch against the headboard. Shifting to see Eddie at a better angle, Buck realized that he was laying in the other man’s lap, and something warm bloomed in him at the revelation.

He nodded slowly and Eddie’s hand lifted away as he turned to the side, and Buck had to choke back a whine at the loss of contact. It wasn’t quick enough though, because Eddie instinctively slipped his hand back into Buck’s curls even as he reached across the bed to carefully balance a covered cloche with one hand.

Buck must have fallen deeper into subspace than he’d expected if Eddie was pulling him all the way out. The weighted blanket kept the soothing pressure spread across him even after he was released from his restraints and the intimate contact was a reassurance that Eddie was right there and couldn’t leave Buck alone easily. It was slightly disappointing that Buck had never made it to the reward he’d worked so hard for, but Buck would never admit that he liked these soft come-downs just as much as he loved a good, hard fucking. They left him with the same floating feeling of satisfaction, saturated in happy endorphins as Eddie’s presence set off every positive feeling in his head at once.

Eddie slipped a bit of soft honeydew into his mouth. Buck chewed slowly as he listened to Eddie talk him through what had happened in the rest of the scene.

“I think we really lost you around thirty-five. I didn’t notice until I started undoing you from the stool. I thought you might like your reward somewhere more comfortable, but I guess the plug and the crop together was too much for you.” The petting and feeding didn’t stop as Eddie explained, and Buck was only half listening as he tried not to fall right back asleep under the fond caresses.

“Wasn’.” Buck tried, words stuck under his heavy tongue.

“Wasn’t too much? You passed out the minute I pulled the plug.”

“Hah, pulled th’ plug,” Buck muttered almost deliriously. “I’da taken you all night- Bobby-” His voice broke around a yawn, “Bobby kicked m’ass today.”

“I’m sure he did.” The fond laugh was comforting, and Buck decided that he’d take a quick nap and *then* demand his reward.

“You s’ve your energy. Y’can fuck m’voice out when I wake up again.” Consciousness was leaving Buck again, and he smacked his hand around until he found Eddie’s face and patted him consolingly.

As Buck settled onto Eddie’s thighs, spreading out and letting himself fall comfortably where he lay, he felt the distant ache of a good session's marks striped along his ass. He knew that after Buck would wake Eddie with a blowjob sometime in the night when his energy came back to him, the pain would radiate into invigorating sensations that would shoot straight up his spine as he rode Eddie until he did in fact lose his voice.

But that was for later.

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## End Notes

okay so there was a LOT of porn plotted out for this one- but im only getting juicy with it if y'all give me the incentive....

trust me, it's pwp worthy.

feed me comments and i'll give u all what i know you want (you read the tags i know what you're looking for)

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