

Please

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by [jamaharon](#)

Summary

It's illogical to want to be humiliated, but here Spock is.

There's nothing logical about wanting to be hurt, to be humiliated. But Spock kneels beneath the desk at Kirk's feet anyway, his hands tied behind his back, his cheeks flushed a warm shade of green. His jaw aches; the scent of Kirk's human arousal is thick in his lungs, the short hairs at the base of his cock tickling Spock's nose. Saliva wets Spock's bottom lip, trickles helplessly to the floor as he keeps his mouth open, Kirk's cock resting heavy on his tongue.

He shouldn't want to be ignored. He shouldn't like to be used like this, to be teased, his own pants tight with arousal, his own needs unsatiated. But he does. Somehow, irrationally, the very thought of being used like this unfurls a fresh, thick heat between his legs: nothing compared to the real thing, to the tangible feeling of the deck beneath his knees, the discomfort, the stinging in his eyes, the fire burning just beneath his skin.

He shouldn't like this. He shouldn't want this. He shouldn't *beg* for it. But there's a knot of pressure building at the base of his cock, and he sucks his lips over his teeth and mumbles around Kirk's erection: "*Please*."

And casually, without even glancing down, Kirk shifts in his seat and says, "Please what?"

Spock's cheeks burn. It's so undignified to speak with his mouth full. The whole *situation* is undignified. But...

"Please, *sir*."

Kirk smiles: not at Spock, but at his padd, absent and affectionate and patronizing. "Alright, then," he says distantly. "You can suck, if you like. But nothing more."

And it's truly pathetic — truly illogical — that this small act of grace makes Spock groan.

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