Skin-to-Fish Contact

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Skin-to-Fish Contact

by InvertedPhantasmagoria

Summary

When your friend suggested that you go to a restaurant together, this is not what you expected. Yeah, you'd anticipated that it would be something fancy. You and your social group are rich enough to buy and sell people, after all. Only the most extreme delicacies are enough for the kind of people that you associate with... whether you like it or not.

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The weird Nantaimori fic that exists solely because I had a flashback to a fic I read in my teen years and couldn't shake the idea. Aka, Dice winds up as a living sushi plate under some very unfortunate circumstances.

Notes

Well, the first thing I'll say is that I really hope that this is as hot to other people as it is to me. >3> The idea struck me out of nowhere and wouldn't leave me alone— and a friend volunteered Dice as my (un)lucky victim! I'd honestly love to do some similar fics with other characters, but I guess that depends on how well this one goes over and if the interest lasts?

Anyway, the main warning this time is that the whole situation is heavily non-con. No sex happens beyond a little bit of groping, but everything is creepy and violating and Dice is not there willingly. Non-con Nantaimori is a thing now, apparently? There's also a slight mention of violence/cannibalism, but it's not bad.

Overall, this is just a random whim of a fic that struck me and wouldn't go away. o3o Leave a comment if you enjoy it, and I hope that it's a fun read!!

When your friend suggested that you go to a restaurant together, this is *not* what you expected. Yeah, you'd anticipated that it would be something fancy. You and your social group are rich enough to buy and sell people, after all. Only the most extreme delicacies are enough for the kind of people that you associate with... whether you like it or not.

Honestly, you find the decadence to be annoying. You have to blend in with everyone else for appearance's sake, you so you don't complain. But at the same time, you don't go out of your way to make stupid choices.

This isn't the first time you've been hauled off to somewhere weird by someone from your friend group. This is, however, the first time you've seen a restaurant quite like this one. It occupies the back half of a high-class hotel's lower floor. There are no signs outside, no indication of what kind of business it is. It's invite-only, your friend had told you, and that alone says enough about what kind of place this is going to be. If it's not advertised to the public... then it's likely doing things a little bit below the law.

You wind up in a group of ten people, yourself and your friend included. They're all women--the kind with too much makeup and heavy jewelry that shimmers in the glittering lights of the restaurant. All ten of you are guided inside by an older man in a crisp, black suit.

"So," you whisper to your friend, "can you tell me what kind of place this is yet? I don't even know what we're eating."

"Sushi," she smiles. "The best sushi available... with a special twist."

Ugh. That sounds ominous. You have no idea what's going on, but that kind of line from a person like her means that it's nothing good. You can't help but wonder what sacrifice is being made for your dinner tonight.

The waiter stops your group outside of a black curtain, on the other side of which is likely another room. You can hear... voices.

"Thank you all for being here today," the waiter says with a bow. "Your patronage is deeply appreciated." Okay, normal so far. "Our centerpiece for the day was taken in five days ago, obtained in the usual manner. It was thoroughly cleaned every day in our care, and has been left unfed up until now in order to ensure maximum aesthetic and compliance."

What. The. *Fuck?*

You tense. This is already getting weird. You don't know what kind of animal they're talking about, but it sounds like you're going to be eating something *live*. This is quickly going beyond what you can tolerate.

"The centerpiece is carefully restrained, but not gagged, as we wanted to leave its face on proper display. If its speaking becomes an annoyance, call for a waiter, and it will be dealt with. You all are free to eat what you choose and do what you please. You've paid graciously for this event, so of course, everything will be catered to your liking."

With tittering agreement from the women around you, the waiter pushes the curtain aside, allowing your group to enter the room.

Instantly, you feel your chest go tight at the sight inside.

The first thing you see is a long, low, rectangular table with ten chairs surrounding it-- four to each long side, and one at the head and foot. The disturbing part is that there's a *man* tied to the table. He's completely naked and bound with black cloth at five places along his body; ankles, thighs, waist and wrists, chest and upper arms, and throat.

He's handsome. Or more accurately, *pretty,* with wild, loose, dark blue hair, stunning red eyes, and a sharp-featured face. His body is long and lean, maybe a bit too much so. Just as the waiter said, he looks dizzy and weak, like he's been starved. There are dark circles under his eyes, his ribs stand out a bit too much, and there's a panicked look etched across his face that instantly makes your blood run cold. He's *not* here by choice.

And, in a finishing piece of humiliation, there's sushi decorating every surface of the man's body. Nigiri, maki, sashimi, and even inari, all resting on leaves and small cloths spread across his naked form. There are flowers and petals surrounding him where he lays, as well as small pieces of ginger and smears of wasabi scattered along his bare skin.

The look in the eyes of the women with you is chilling. They take their seats at the table next to him. Your friend drags you along after her with a quick whisper not to make her look bad. You take your seat as well.

"H-Hey! One of you, get me out of here!" the man shouts, twisting at his bonds. He's tied down well enough that he doesn't manage to so much as squirm. Even the sushi remains undisturbed. "I'm serious! This is fucked up, you hear!? C'mon, j-just let me out of this--!"

The man sounds like he thinks he's going to die. Which is probably fair, considering that he's been done up like *he's* the meal.

But the women don't pay him a bit of mind. Talking amongst themselves, they pick up their chopsticks, adjust their plates, and pour small amounts of soy sauce into the little dipping saucers at their places.

"Doesn't it look good?" your friend asks you, eying the sushi with sparkling eyes. "This is so cool, huh? It's about as fancy as it gets!"

"Y-Yeah..." You know better than to disagree. Now that you're here, you have to play the part and eat just like everyone else, no matter how much this whole situation disgusts you. You're part of this too.

One of the women reaches for a piece of tuna nigiri arranged along the man's abdomen. As soon as her chopsticks get close, the man makes a sharp sound high in his throat. He tries to jerk away, but once again gets nowhere. More desperate protests spill from his lips. He's thrashing like a caught animal, but the restraints mean that he's getting nowhere.

“This isn’t fair!” he screeches. “I’m fucking starving here, and you psychos are p-putting *food* all over me!? Who does that!? C’mon, lemme go--!” The noises he’s making are pathetic, but... he has a point. The waiter *did* say that they haven’t fed him in five days... at least.

The man is shivering all over in the chilly air of the restaurant. You figure that that’s necessary in order to keep the sushi cold, but... he really is naked. *Down there,* he’s thankfully soft, but it’s uncomfortable to look at. They even have a few strips of sashimi framing his perfectly shaven groin. The women are picking pieces of sushi off of his body one by one, chattering amongst themselves like his protests don’t mean a thing.

“Go on,” your friend nudges you, her mouth full of salmon and rice. “Try some. It’s *really* good. This place uses only the best, y’know?”

You don’t have a choice. You’re sitting in one of the upper-middle seats-- as in, closest to the man’s chest and face. So far he’s been glancing back and forth between the noisier guests, but now, he looks at you.

Trying not to grimace, you pick up your chopsticks and take a small piece of tuna roll off of a leaf draped along the man’s shoulder. You give him what you hope is an apologetic look as you do, and fuck, the man is making *direct eye contact* with you. This is getting creepier and creepier.

“H-Hey,” he says, looking right at you. “You’re a good person, aren’t ya? C’mon, at least give me a piece of that... They haven’t fed me in l-like a *week*... I know I’ve been noise, but just-- please? I’ll shut up. I’ll be good. J-Just feed me *something*.” His pleading makes you sick. You know that there’s nothing you can do right now, but... maybe after the meal. Your options are limited, but it’s not like you can’t throw your money around.

Hoping that no one will notice, you shake your head, keeping your expression neutral. The man lets out a miserable little whine.

...which quickly turns into a sharp inhale as one of the women drags a piece of wasabi-coated salmon sushi right over his nipple.

“Oops,” she says, smirking through maroon lipstick. “My hands have been *so* shaky lately. My apologies.” Of course, she’s not directing that apology at *him*, no, she’s dismissing her actions to the rest of the group-- who all know what she’s doing, if their amused expressions are any clue.

The man tenses up even more. He grits his teeth. You can see his fingers twitching. That has to burn *just* enough to be uncomfortable.

You chew your first piece slowly. It tastes bitter, but that’s probably just the guilt. Watching the man whimper and squirm on the dining table is quickly making you anxious. The whole situation is *sick.* You wish that you could just get up and leave, honestly. The shine of panic in the man’s eyes makes you feel nauseous. All of this is being done to a living person who’s terrified and doesn’t want to be here. Who knows how he got here.

A second piece goes past your lips, then one more. You honestly feel sort of sick. The man hasn't quit begging. He's sounding more and more scared. The note of panic in his voice is turning your stomach.

As much as you hate that you're even noticing it, you can tell that he's starting to get hard. It's probably from fear, coupled with the fact that ten people all have their eyes right on him. You want to politely avert your eyes and pretend like nothing's happening, but looking away won't solve a thing. Instead, you chew your sushi and try to focus on the table instead.

Not another five minutes pass before one of the women asks your friend to pass her the dish of ginger sauce on her side of the table. Your friend obeys with a smile, but as they pass the dish between them, the woman's hand *slips*-- spilling the sauce all over the man's hips and groin.

He sucks in a sharp gasp when the cold sauce meets his skin. All eyes flicker down to the point of the spill... and where his cock is swelling.

"Oh, clumsy me," the woman laughs. You don't see what's so funny. "I'm *so* sorry. Here, let me clean that up."

She reaches for a warm, damp hand towel from beside her placemat, then drags it across the man's hips, groin, and thighs. From the way he stiffens up, from the stuttering little *noise* that slips out of him, you can guess that she's lingering far longer than is appropriate on what's between his legs. The man tenses up all over. His toes curl, his head thrashes to the side, and when you see the woman actually wrap the towel around his cock to clean the underside, he lets out what amounts to a pitiful, stifled moan.

When she, at last, pulls away, the man is now more than halfway hard. His cock is bobbing in the air on full view of everyone in the room. And, of course, the women look nothing but pleasantly amused.

"Fuck--!" The man squawks, looking down at himself. "Ah, sh-shit, no--! Why's it have to do that *n-now*!?" Between curses, he lets out a humiliated little keen. You can see the way that he tries to struggle, but once again, the straps holding him down don't let him budge.

The women are looking at him with sick entertainment. Even your friend is giggling behind her hand as she stares.

"S-Stop *staring* at it!" the man shouts. "You're all f-fucking *sick--!* This is so fucked-up, shit, c'mon. Just stop--!" Despite all of his attempts to twist free, he doesn't so much as manages to dislodge a single piece of sushi.

"Ah, it's getting quite loud..." one of the women comments when the man's protests don't die down. "Didn't the waiter say that we could have something done if it started making an annoyance of itself?"

"Yes, he did," one of the others comments, then rings the small, sharp-toned service bell at the head of the table.

In seconds, the waiter ducks through the curtain and into the room.

“It’s speaking up too much,” the first woman informs him-- to a background of the man spitting desperate, terrified protests.

“Of course, ma’am. I’ll take care of that right away.” The waiter bows. He then opens a drawer under the table, standing back up with a black-leather ball-gag. “Pity. It has quite a lovely face, but if it won’t quiet itself and behave, then we’ll simply have to sacrifice that.”

“Wh-What!? No! No no no *no*--”

The man’s panicked begging ends in the gag being roughly shoved into his mouth and strapped around his head. Now, with his jaw held at an odd, open angle, the man can do nothing but moan helplessly and wordlessly around the thick intrusion. A thin line of drool runs out of the corner of his mouth, shining in the room’s bright lights.

For a moment, he stares right at you-- as if having singled out that you’re the one person in the room that might care.

Then, he starts hyperventilating, making every effort to thrash on the table and try to get away. Of course, he gets absolutely nowhere. All that happens is that his relentless squirming and clenching muscles make his cock bob pathetically in the air, still hard and reddened at the tip.

The man’s thrashing takes on a frantic edge. He looks terrified. The guilt of sitting here and doing nothing is starting to eat you alive.

Eventually, the most intimidating-looking of the women leans in.

“You,” she whispers in his ear, just loudly enough to be heard by everyone else, “are going to be very quiet and very still. Right now, you’re ruining my meal, and let me tell you, if you continue to do so, I’ll buy you myself and make *you* into my next dinner. I’ll have your belly made into sashimi if you don’t settle down. Understand?”

There’s no doubt that she’s serious. People like this buy and sell humans like playthings. The man’s eyes instantly take on a wet, horrified sheen. He swallows hard enough that you can see it and slowly nods. The women at the table all titter with amusement and return to their chopsticks. The one who spoke plucks a piece from very close to the man’s throat. You’re starting to feel downright nauseous. This is *evil.*

Things settle down. The man doesn’t struggle anymore... you can see why. He just lies there, a terrified expression etched across his face, drooling through the gag, and letting out small, tense sounds every so often. Despite the fear, he’s still half-hard, but the women seem to have lost interest in that part of him for now. They’re more preoccupied with gossip, it seems.

At some point, you see tears spill down the man’s cheeks. You have to bite the inside of your mouth to keep yourself from doing something you shouldn’t. You know that you have to wait just a bit longer.

Eventually, the rest of the sushi is consumed.

The women, including your friend, seem to be finished. One of them calls the waiter over, the bill is passed around, and everyone stands to begin to leave. You stay seated longer than the rest, staring at the man. He's closed his eyes by now-- and his eyelashes are shining with tears.

"Wasn't this fun?" your friend asks as she stands up, brushes off her dress, and grabs her bag. "So *exotic*, you know? It was thrilling!"

"Y-Yeah, it was..." you say just to pacify her. "I'm going to stay behind, though. I have some questions for the waiter. You go on without me; I'll get in touch tomorrow." You smile like absolutely nothing is wrong.

"Mhmm, see you later, then!"

And then, you're alone with the waiter. Time to try your best to *fix* this situation-- even though you know it's already gone much too far.

"Excuse me. How much for the man on the table?"

As soon as you say it, you feel the man's eyes lock onto you. You can only imagine how scared he looks at the prospect of being *bought.* Despite the guilt, you keep a neutral expression and press on.

"You wish to purchase it?" the waiter asks.

"Yes, I do. His looks are... charming." You give the smile that conveys nothing but vapid, sadistic interest in something new and entertaining.

"I see. Do know, it's merely one that we pulled in off the streets. No outstanding history or anything of the sort. Its purpose is to be a centerpiece, fine decoration, not to hold any particular value to one such as yourself." The waiter looks more amused than suspicious. Probably assuming that you're just some silly young person with too much money to spend.

"I understand, but I want him. Now, name your price."

One exchange of money later, and the man on the table is in your possession. At this point, you could kill him, and you doubt anyone would care. You order the waiter to fetch you a blanket and a fresh plate of the best sushi that they have, and while he's gone--

"I'm sorry," you tell the man, snatching a knife from a station at the far side of the room. The man looks at you like he expects you to follow through with the sashimi threat that the other lady made earlier.

Instead, you cut the cloth tying him down with neat, quick motions. Ankles first, then thighs, and up one strap at a time. When the man is free, he immediately scrambles to his haunches, leaves, flowers, and a couple of forgotten pieces of sushi falling onto the table as he does. He looks like he's ready to try to run just to get away from you. It makes sense. He has no idea what you're trying to do. He doesn't know that you want to help.

“Here, hold still.”

He flinches when you get close, but you manage to get the ball-gag off of him. It leaves his mouth with a trail of saliva attached. The man works his jaw for a moment to try to shake the stretched, uncomfortable feeling.

“What do *you* want from me?” he asks, his voice a distrustful hiss.

“Well, by these people’s standards, I just bought you. However, my intention is to help. I couldn’t stand watching this all happen to you, so I’m stepping in. I have the money to do so, as you can tell.”

The man looks at you with tear-wet eyes, his blue hair falling into his face. There’s a tense silence between you until the waiter returns-- a soft, red blanket folded over one arm and a tray of the sushi you requested held out on the other. He sets the tray down on the table in front of the man and drapes the blanket over the chair closest to where you’re standing.

“Thank you,” you say before he can speak. “That will be all. I’ll take him out of here myself, so don’t disturb me from here on.” You use your best ‘commanding’ voice; the one that makes it very clear that you’re just as important as anyone else who’d been at the table tonight.

“Oh, so you’re gonna dangle food in front of the starving guy too?” the man grumbles once the waiter has left. He’s staring at the tray of sushi helplessly. You can actually *hear* his stomach growl.

“No, I’m not. That’s for you to eat.”

The man looks over at you so quickly you’re surprised that you don’t hear his neck crack. The look he’s giving you is pure *hope.*

“R-Really!?”

“Yes, I bought it for you--”

Before you can even finish your sentence, the man is stuffing the sushi into his mouth so quickly you doubt he’s even tasting it. Or chewing, for that matter. He’s letting out sobs of relief in-between bites, and yeah, you’re feeling more guilt than you would have thought was possible.

The man devours the entire tray of sushi in under ten minutes. You watch him eat every bite for the sole reason of reminding yourself that you watched his suffering happen. That you didn’t do anything to help until now.

When it looks like the man is almost done eating, you unfold the blanket, shake it out, and drape it over his shoulder. He flinches at the touch, once again looking at you with wide, disbelieving eyes. He also shoves another bite of sushi into his mouth, which does a little bit to make the moment feel less intense. He really must have been starving.

“Thank you!” he shouts once all of the food is gone, tugging the blanket in closer. “I thought that you were just one of those rich assholes, but you’re actually pretty decent. Guess I got lucky today... sorta.” He then grimaces, probably at the recent memory of being spread out on a table for an uncaring audience to eat off of. “So... what are you going to do with me? You said you, uh, *own* me now, right...?”

“Yes, technically. However, my only intention is to get you out of here. We’ll go back to one of my residences, get you cleaned up, and get you some proper clothes, then I’ll send you on your way like nothing ever happened. That’s it.”

“...what’s your price?” Once again, not a shred of trust.

“Nothing. Or, I suppose, absolving my own guilt. I don’t like seeing people be *used.* Just consider it a turn of good fortune in your direction that a bleeding-heart like me was invited today.” You try to smile, even as you know that it’s coming out sort of forced. You’re still furious with yourself for not stepping in sooner, but at the very least, you’re doing something now.

The man stands up, the blanket still around his shoulders. After eating the whole tray of sushi, his stomach is visibly swollen. You’re mildly concerned, but... he seems to have been through worse.

“Lucky me, I guess,” he smirks. “Lady Fortune came through after all! This week’s been shit, so get me out of here already.”

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