Trying something new

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Trying something new

by Blakartoffel

Summary

Cobb and Scott have been together for quite a while when one night they decide to try something new. Something that leaves Scott in need for everything said to him to be dummed down.

Notes

Rare tag with an even rarer ship. I have been getting into the writing flow recently and feel like I might write more with dumbification in the future. Also this flow has made me write so much so quickly I have temporarily kinda overwhelmed my Beta-Reader :c, so I might have to slow down a little bit. :^

See the end of the work for more notes

Cobb arrived home after work to find Scott had made dinner and was already sitting at the dining table with both plates filled, waiting patiently.

"Hello darling," Cobb said after closing the door behind him.

"Hello love," Scott answered, he stood up to give Cobb a hug before both sat down to eat their dinner.

At first it was silent as both were eating, mouths too full to talk without sending the pieces of food flying at each other's face.

"Darling," Cobb started after finishing his plate, he always finished his meal first. Scott wasn't that quick of an eater after all. "Want to try something new. After you finish eating of course."

"What was your idea?" Scott asked curiously as he swallowed a piece of his food. He shifted a bit closer toward Cobb, bowing forward just a little to prevent hanging in his food. "It is something fun I hope."

"It will be," Cobb answered, something clicking below the table before he put something down on the table between them. Lifting his hand Scott could see what it was, a pair of handcuffs. Cobb looked at Scott to see his reaction.

Scott looked between Cobb and the handcuffs, trying to take a bite of food, the utensil completely missing his face. After an awkward silence he regathered himself before answering. "Yes"

He was turned on, didn't know Cobb's exact plan, if he wanted to bind his hands to each other or one to one of Cobbs, or one to the bed. He didn't understand exactly what, but he knew he wanted it, and that was all that mattered.

Cobb watched him eat, waiting for him to finish. He had picked up the cuffs again and now played with them in one hand. Twisting it around his fingers and clicking them open and closed again and again.

When Scott finished he quickly stood up to clean up the table, dumping the dishes in the sink, he would wash those later. Too excited to see what Cobb had in store for him to do these dishes immediately.

When Scott turned around he took a step back in surprise. Cobb had stood up and was now standing right infront of him. "Someone is impatient today, —needy— excited perhaps." Cobb said, leaning forward he carefully stroked a strand of lost hair out of his face.

"Yes," He responded softly.

Scott was the first to walk to the bedroom, Cobb following him closely behind, shutting the door closed behind him.

"Why don't you lay down," Cobb responded as he firmly pushed Scott towards the bed. Scott smacking his knees against the edge and falling over onto the bed facing forward.

Cobb laid down next to him as he turned Scott over onto his back. Leaning on one of his hands Cobb hung above Scott, the other hand closed around his shirt.

"May I?" Cobb asked, just to be sure as he tugged at the shirt, making sure Scott understood what he was aiming at.

Scott nodded, and lifted up his arms so Cobb could pull off his clothing more easily. Once his chest was bare he took out the handcuffs from before again, using them he cuffed he cuffed Scotts hands to one another behind his back.

With his face next to Scott's he whispered, "Let me know if it gets too much, if you need to stop, if you need a break." Scott nodded.

Cobb started showering Scott in kisses, starting at his collarbone, —where he left a couple of hickeys,— before moving down along his body. Pushing kisses at every part he was able to reach as Scott squirmed under him like a big worm.

When Cobb reached the edge of Scott's trousers, he went along his belly until reaching the point where the button of his pants and his closed belt were. Making quick work of the belt, he threw it to the ground, roughly pulling down his trousers and tossing them after the belt once Cobb had finally gotten his feet free. Afterwards he pulled down Scott's underwear as well, being tossed onto the pile of clothing.

Cobb continued to spread kisses all over Scott's body, going over his hips and thighs. Little sounds escaping Scott when Cobb's hair bristles against his dick.

When Cobb finishes with the kisses he lifts himself up to get a good look at Scott's expression. Scott having a pleased, calm look on his face, likes he's in the mood just enjoying it. It makes Cobb smile, he doesn't mind the lack of response out of Scott as long as he can see Scott is happy.

Cobb went down again, laying his head on Scott's thigh, mouth extremely close to his dick. Laying still for a moment before lifting his head up just a little so he was able to tease Scott's tip with his mouth.

A loud moan escaped Scott's mouth when Cobb started, instinctively he tried to reach out with his hands, but because his hands were still cuffed together he failed. Instead he ended up lifting up his leg to pierce Cobb's head between his leg and chest. It wasn't tight, not at all, if Cobb would want to move away his head he would have easily been able to.

Eventually Cobb put Scott's dick in his mouth, bobbing his head up and down. One hand resting on Scott's stomach and the other gripping around his leg. The hand leaning onto Scott's stomach pushed the air out of him even more than it already had, and the tight grip was sure to leave behind marks.

Scott didn't warn Cobb before he came, he just did. It's not like Cobb expected him to, he knew Scott was mentally too far gone to properly produce any coherent thought. Cobb swallowed all the cum that Scott spilled into his mouth before lifting up his head and licking his lips.

He freed his head and laid himself down on top of Scott. Laying his head down against his shoulder, "You're doing wonderfully," he spoke into his neck.

"Hmm?" Scott answered absently.

"You good, you did good." Cobb repeated, attempting to simplify his words.

Scott didn't respond with words, but instead just smiled. The smile still on his lips when Cobb raised his head again. "Want me to fill you up?" Cobb asked, voice gentle as he tried to suppress his own want out of his voice.

"Wha?" Scott mumbled confused.

"Want me to fill you up, put my cock deep inside you?" He asked again, trying to clarify.

Scott still kept the confused look on his face, any sentences with even slightly complicated words, were a little too long really didn't seem to get through to him.

Cobb sat upright again, starting to undress himself and adding his clothing to the pile that had already formed on the ground. It taking longer than required because of how distracted Cobb kept being just looking at Scott. His boyfriend let out noises of which Cobb was unable to make out if they meant anything.

When he had finally gotten himself naked he moved back over to Scott, sitting down on his chest as Cobb made sure his cock was in Scott's sight whenever he lifted up his head.

He bowed over and grabbed a handful of Scott's hair in one hand to pull his head up so Cobb's dick was surely in his field of sight. Scott trying to reach over with his hands again, once more being held back by the cuffs.

"Want my cock-" He started, gesturing towards his cock once he mentioned it. "inside you?" He hoped the words would get through. Really didn't want to make use of his absent state to do anything he might not be okay with just because Scott was unable to actually protest.

"Hmmm," He said at first, but the tone wasn't confusing like before, it was more of a thinking tone. "Yes."

"Great," Cobb responded before lifting himself up, turning Scott over onto his back below him before sitting back down onto the back of Scott's legs.

He stretched over to reach out to the nightstand. Opening the top drawer he quickly found the bottle of lube laying inside. Pulling out the bottle he squished some of it onto his right hand, spreading it across his fingers before pushing one against Scott's entrance. It took him a bit of massaging around his entrance before he let the fingers in.

Cobb prepared him gently, first one finger him open, before adding the second, already getting hard himself hearing his moans knowing soon he would be allowed to put his dick inside of there soon again. His left hand reached over to find a point to lean on, in the end Scott held Cobb's hand with his cuffed hands.

Once Cobb was able to comfortably fit two fingers inside of Scott he pulled them out. Still holding hands he scooted forward so that his dick was positioned at Scott's entrance this time. Quickly pulling out the lube again and massaging it onto his dick he couldn't help but moan already, the excitement and other feelings inside him had made him really impatient and his cock extra sensitive to stimulation.

Once he slid inside, as slowly as he could bring himself to, he couldn't make out who moaned harder. Though if he had to guess, his guess would have to be that it were his own.

At first, when he started thrusting into Scott, he tried to do so gently, but quickly his patience broke. His pace quickened and he got less gentle then he had been so far. His balls slapping against Scott's ass with every thrust.

His empty hand gripped tightly around Scott's hip, squeezing when he came inside of Scott. He let his cum flow deep inside his boyfriend, rocking back and forth for a bit.

Once he went soft again he pulled out. Saying "Be right back" before disappearing to get a damp cloth, a towel, and a glass of water.

Once he returned he cleaned Scott, removing all the cum. Afterwards he put on his own pants before helping Scott with his, and help he did need, Scott still being unable to use his hands, and though his mind was slowly returning he was not yet completely back.

Once that was finished he laid down next to Scott and took off the cuffs, throwing them into the pile of clothing.

When Scott moved his hands in front his body he stared at Cobb, putting his hands on the Marshals chest as he slightly pinched his nipples. Cobb letting him as he reached out to Scott's hands to massage the where the cuffs had dug into his wrists.

Scott hummed for a bit, moving to sit upright and enjoying the silence and closeness between them.

Eventually he spoke, "Did I do good?" he asked in a small voice.

"You did amazing, very good, very obedient. You were a good boy." Cobb said with a smile on his face, leaning forward so that their foreheads were against each other.

Scott's face flushed red at being called a good boy. Needing a moment before being able to properly bring out words again. "I was far gone, wasn't I?"

"Very far," Cobb confirmed, nodding as he spoke. "You needed words simplified and with some visual aid if possible."

"I'm sorry..." Scott said, looking down as he felt a little guilty that he had just drifted off and let Cobb do all the work.

"No, no, don't worry darling. I don't mind, I really don't."

"Not even a little?"

"No, it's nice seeing you like that. Just so... worryless." He reassured Scott.

Scott let go moving forward her let Cobb pull him into a hug the two fell over onto the bed. There, Cobb would massage his shoulder blades gently. Eventually they both fell asleep.

They had tried something new, and were sure they would do it again soon enough.

End Notes

I hope you enjoyed! Feel free to leave a kudos and comment if you did. :D

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