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“Welcome to the playroom, darling.”

Elias pulls Dimitri through the door, smiling. For as often as they have fucked, Elias had never brought Dimitri to the second room on the top floor. It had always been him preparing things long in advance or leaving Dimitri tied up or otherwise occupied to retrieve things. As such, it was pertinent to give the blonde a tour of the space, not only to show off his collection of sex toys but also to familiarize the other with the space in case he needed to fetch something.

Dimitri raised his eyebrows at the room, letting out a low whistle as he took in the floor-to-ceiling implements and the various sex benches and X-crosses strewn about the floor. “My prince, when you said you had a collection, I didn’t think it would be this grand. But you’ve always had a way of surprising me!”

Preening at the praise, Elias lets out a hum of acknowledgment before leading Dimitri deeper into the room. The tour is a bit long, though educational as Elias tells Dimitri the various history behind the toys as well as his organizational system. He takes care to show Dimitri the contents of various drawers and hidden pulleys. Eventually, they stop before a shelf filled with various fantastical dildos and plugs. From beside him, Dimitri lets out an appropriate ‘oh’ and ‘ah’ before reaching out to touch.

Elias lets him, watching quietly. This is how he pinpoints the exact minute Dimitri’s face turns from fascination to lust, the blonde biting his lips as his hips and tail sway. “*Elias,*” Dimitri breathes out, suddenly whiny. “Why haven’t you let me use any of these on you?” He holds up the one in his hands, a dark red silicone dildo with a delicious length and a wicked curve. It was funny that Dimitri had managed to pick the only normal-looking one in his collection, Elias mused.

“Furthermore, you haven’t used any on *me!*” Dimitri pouts. Chuckling, Elias cups Dimitri’s face, rubbing his thumb across the other’s cheekbone. “Well, my sweet thing, do you want to remedy that?” He purrs out, watching as a shiver wracks up Dimitri’s body. “Yes.” The blonde croaks out, pupils already dilated.

He pats Dimitri on the cheek, ever delighted by his partner's enthusiasm to get down and dirty. Still, Elias wants to drag this out a little longer. “What do we say when we want something?”

Dimitri, ever willing to offer his submission, begs. *“Please master, I want to be a good boy for you. Please fill me up.”*

Ah, so Dimitri knew how to play dirty after all. *“As you wish.”*

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Elias takes in the sight of Dimitri below him, legs spread wide and waiting from his tied-up position on the sex bench. Cute moans escape from pink lips as Elias slips the first toy into Dimitri’s awaiting hole. It is on the smaller side in terms of girth but is long enough that it easily stimulates the prostate. There is an exaggerated coronal ridge just below its tip, with thick veins and subtle ridges traveling the rest of the length. This one is black, and it stands out against Dimitri’s pale skin.

*“A-ah! R-right there, master!”* Dimitri pants out, as Elias expertly maneuvers the toy in and out. Hearing this, Elias deliberately slows down the pacing of his thrusts, making the slide slow and torturous just to see the frustrated tears pool in Dimitri’s blue eyes.

He slides his fingers into Dimitri’s mouth before the other can protest, pushing the digits down on his tongue. Dimitri lets out a few choked noises and pitchy whines but Elias largely ignores it to continue at his own leisurely pace. Occasionally, he pushes the dildo’s tip into Dimitri’s prostate, grinding until the blonde lets out strangled groans. Dimitri’s cock is left ignored even as copious amounts of pre-cum drip down.

Elias retracts his fingers from Dimitri’s mouth, giving him a sly grin. *“Want to try another one?”* He asks, though it isn’t really a question. He already knows the answer. Dimitri nods fervently. *“Yes, master.”* He says, eyes darting excitedly to the next toy in Elias’s lineup. This time the girth is more substantial, the tip protruding oddly. It has a scale-like texture with two lines of little ridges that poke out along its length, making it reptilian-like. With a pretty blue and shimmering coloration, Elias thinks that it matches Dimitri’s eyes.

Picking up a new bottle of lube, Elias applies it liberally to the toy. It was a special water-based cooling lubricant that he thought would pair well with the overall theme of the dildo. When he works it into Dimitri’s hole, he watches as the blonde’s toes curl at the temperature.

*“M-master!”* Dimitri mewls, eyes widening when Elias gives the toy a mean twist.

*“It’s cold. O-oh! The ridges! Hng!”* There is a lewd squelch as Elias pushes the toy further in, running the textured dildo across Dimitri’s sweet spot. When Dimitri whimpers and cries at the stimulation, Elias brushes away the tears sliding down his cheeks. *“You are doing so well, darling. So good for your master, taking it so nicely. Tell me how much you love being filled up.”*

Dimitri mumbles out a string of half-coherent words that Elias acknowledges with a kiss to the other's forehead.

Then with a pop, Elias pulls the toy out. The blonde gives a weak groan, tail jolting as the toy leaves. His hole flutters, waiting for the next one. Elias pats Dimitri's rump, smirking as Dimitri lets out a huff at the action. He uses the same cooling lube on the third dildo: two lavender and green tentacles intertwined together. It has a spiraling shape with a spade-like tip and supple suckers jutting out at neat intervals. The base of the dildo is thick, something that Elias had enjoyed greatly when he first purchased the toy. He thinks that Dimitri will like it just as much, if not more.

Knowing that Dimitri is suitably stretched, Elias shoves the toy all the way to the base without too much pause. It leaves Dimitri gasping, muscles flexing and twitching at the size. "Master! P-please, I'm going to cum!" He warns, only to let out a choked noise when Elias clamps a hand firmly around the base of his dick. With how he is secured to the sex bench, all Dimitri can do is weakly thrust his hips up, rutting into Elias's palm, desperate to chase his release.

"Did I say you could cum, your naughty pup?" Elias growls out, smacking his free hand into the meat of Dimitri's ass. It makes a satisfying impact as Dimitri moans, conflicted by the burn of his ass and the chill of the toy stuffed in his hole. Hungrily, Elias swallows the noises up into his own mouth, biting at Dimitri's bottom lip as punishment. When he pulls back, he fixes Dimitri with a stern gaze. "I am going to let go. Do not even think about release until I tell you so."

Dimitri nods his assent, whimpering when the heat of Elias's hand leaves his neglected member. "I'll be g-good for you master; I-I promise." He murmurs out and Elias graces the blonde with a smile. "Good boy." But, he is mean to the core, setting a brutal pace with the toy just to see if Dimitri will cum. He licks his lips as his mind conjures up various punishments, half of them involving riding crops and paddles.

To Elias's disappointment, Dimitri holds on, though the other writhes at his ministrations. Drool coats the blonde's chin as he is unable to swallow, too busy moaning and panting. "Feels good! Full." Dimitri manages to get out with surprising coherency, which only makes Elias fuck him harder. He makes sure to press the suction cups against Dimitri's clenching walls, wanting his partner to feel the delectable textures the toy has to offer.

When he thinks that he has bullied Dimitri enough with the tentacle dildo, he pulls it out to replace it with the last toy. Saving the best for last, Elias chuckles darkly, eyes glinting. This particular dildo had been gifted to him by one of his more expensive and eccentric clients and Elias looks upon it fondly. This one has many layered ridges, each crest delivering a wave of

stimulation. Its shape is fun too, tapering inward before bulging out into a hefty ridged knot at the base.

Dimitri, who is still reeling from the last toy lets out a questioning noise when Elias gets out yet another bottle of lube, only to pull at his restraints and wail when the toy enters. He sputters when his hole struggles to take in the knot, but with some encouragement from Elias, even that is swallowed. Elias looks on, thrusting the toy gently, feeling his own arousal grow as he takes in Dimitri's pretty crying face. The lube he had chosen was a warming one, with an added tingling sensation. He'd always wanted to try temperature play, after all, and now was as good of a time as any.

"Master! M-master, please! I want to cum!" Dimitri pleads, looking at Elias with watery blue eyes. "I've b-been good, haven't I? M-master!" Elias hums nonchalantly, not denying, but also not agreeing. When Dimitri begins to cry in earnest, he sighs. Letting go of the toy, he reaches up to untie Dimitri's hands from the sex bench, letting the blonde wrap his trembling arms around him and bury his tear-stained face into the crook of his shoulder. "Alright, you have permission."

With a shudder, Dimitri's cums, the force of it splatting white between them. Elias has half the mind to mourn the loss of his nice dress shirt, which will most likely have permanent stains. Then his attention focuses back onto the sniffling blonde in his arms. He draws back slightly, pressing reverent kisses upon Dimitri's cheeks. "My dear. You were so good for me. Thank you for letting me bully you so. I am going to clean you up now. Let me take care of you."

Later, in bed, when the two of them are snuggled up together, Dimitri pips up. "Next time, I'm using them on you." Then the blonde promptly falls asleep as Elias laughs, carding his fingers through blonde strands.

"Anything for you, darling."