

Freudian Slip

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Freudian Slip

by [raphae11e](#)

Summary

Laurie's occasional wallflower tendencies usually don't get him into any trouble. They do, however, when they involve alcohol, and illicit crushes, and the company of powerful men.

But, well, at least something transactional goes both ways. Right?

Notes

Uh oh, Laurie is quickly becoming my new personal meow meow. Chalk it up to the fact that Call of Cthulhu as a setting allows for a lot of my favorite horny things, and also the fact that my DM makes very good horny characters even when he isn't trying to.

For context-- although it isn't necessary to enjoy the fic-- this theoretically takes place near the start of the campaign, at a conference for the "meeting of the minds" of metaphysics. Hence, Crowley, and Jiddu, along with several other fictional NPCs like Deimos. Neat stuff! I hope nothing bad happens at the ritual they have planned. :^)

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

If Laurie had to admit, he had expected this conference to be more like a-- well, *conference*, and less like a--

“Wait, why did they pour *your* drink so goddamn strong?”

“I don’t know! Ask the bartender!”

-- less like a fraternity party.

Laurie freezes up as a man bowls past him, making a beeline to the bar, with his friend close on his heels. He’s left blinking in the wake of their raucous laughter.

Cradling his glass in his hands, he breathes a sigh of relief. Miraculously, no one’s drinks end up all over the floor or their clothes-- though he can still feel the eddying of the crowd about him like a vast sea of white robes. He’d been given a set, too, but they do feel rather silly.

... Or he supposed they would, if everyone in the place hadn’t also been wearing them. Now *he’s* the one who sticks out like a sore thumb in his sweater and slacks.

With dinner convened, he’s lost his comfortable spot at a table with the few people he’s actually seen before tonight. Frau Jundt is nowhere to be found; his fellow newcomers have dispersed as well. He’s certainly glad that *Crowley* has made himself scarce, but where has Jiddu gone? He can’t have already lost the only person who seemed eager to speak with him.

“Ridiculous,” he mutters. It shouldn’t be possible to still feel this nervous while halfway to drunk.

In lieu of standing around all by his lonesome, he decides to explore. The lounge and dining hall are the most crowded; some of the people here are still having intelligible conversations, albeit frenetic ones. He catches snatches of all sorts of things: psychology, philosophy, the upcoming ritual planned for the night. For every unusual discussion, though, there are just as many people making small talk about their lives and jobs and mutual friends. Laurie finds himself pausing to listen in more than once.

Other guests are gathering in small groups throughout the halls, and he follows their path as they filter up onto the higher floors of the hotel. Each landing seems to bring a whole new niche of humanity, all in various states of inebriation, talking and laughing and-- on occasion-- fighting. He’s reminded all too much of the Corpsstudenten and their often destructive celebrations. The ones where he finds himself standing at the fringes, nursing a drink, talking to no one.

Speaking of: the drink he’s been nursing in the here and now is finally empty. He has also, incidentally, finally reached the floor where his own room is situated. It’s a pocket of quiet away from the cacophony going on both above and below.

Laurie sighs. Where to go from here? Maybe he ought to just return to his room. Maybe he ought to go get another drink. Maybe he ought to... he doesn’t know.

Moving on auto-pilot more than anything, he makes his way down the hallway, musing on whether he'd feel more or less awkward if he were dressed like a wizard. That is, until a door to his left swings open and sends him hop-skipping out of the way-- or, really, it's more like an energetic stumble. He's more off-kilter already than he'd realized.

And that feeling only worsens when it turns out the man in the doorway is, of course, Deimos Soleil.

"Oh." Deimos frowns at him, nonplussed. He's dressed in the vestiges of his dinner attire, dark beard and hair still impeccably groomed. "I thought you might be room service," he says.

"Ah, no, I-- sorry, no, I was just. Passing through, sir." Wonderful. Not in the *least* bit awkward. The older man quirks a brow at him, moves like he's going to close the door, and-- Laurie panics. "S-Sorry," he says again, "Um-- we met only briefly, I think. I'm-- Laurie Metzger."

That does get Deimos to pause. He leans forward, and the angle draws attention to the swath of tanned neck and chest framed by his unbuttoned shirt. Laurie's mouth is suddenly *very* dry. "Metzger," the man repeats, eyes narrowing. Then his face lights up. "Ahh of course! Albrecht's boy, yes?"

"Um--" Truth be told, Laurie had more been referring to when they'd been introduced mere hours earlier, but... "Yes, exactly."

"Your father's reputation precedes you, I must say. But I mean that only as a compliment!" Deimos opens the door wider. "Come in, come in."

"Oh! Ah, thank you, sir." It's not as though he has anything else to do, after all, and he *had* wanted more of a chance to talk to Deimos at dinner.

The room's interior is in disarray: a suit jacket thrown over a chair, a gutted suitcase on the floor, myriad glasses and an overflowing ashtray covering the bureau-- but it's nowhere near the mess Laurie had glimpsed on some of the other floors. Less of an assault on the eyes and ears, which he is sorely thankful for.

"Here--" His heart jumps as Deimos reaches out, swiping Laurie's empty glass from his hand with a deft touch. "Let me top you off." The handle of whiskey he grabs from the desk glints and clinks merrily as it's poured. "And sit, sit! Go on, no need to be shy."

Laurie picks one of the two chairs in the small sitting area to perch on, trying not to fidget too visibly with the fraying sleeve of his sweater. In here, the smoky air and relative quiet act like a blanket, muting his senses. Every once in a while he catches the scent of expensive cologne, as well, and has to prevent himself from inhaling too deeply. It still sends his head spinning all the same.

"Now," Deimos says as he hands over a drink and takes a seat, "how *is* your old man these days?"

“He’s well, thank you. Very determined to, you know, instill good character in me and all that.”

“I don’t doubt it. He did the same thing to me when we worked together during the war. Always critiquing my approach to things-- which was his right, I suppose, seeing as he ranked higher than I.”

“He outranks me, too,” Laurie says with a smile, and Deimos snorts. “He’s-- well, he’s rather upset that I joined the Corpsstudenten upon entering university.”

“Hmm. I can see that. Albrecht was never one for posturing.”

“No, certainly not. And, I mean... I’m not, exactly, either. I joined on a whim, really.” He shrugs, rubbing a thumb along the rim of his glass. “Was rather a stupid decision, now that I look back on it,” he says quietly. “But leaving would be unwise, so-- here I am.” He looks up, suddenly aware of the morose turn he’s taken, and the way Deimos is watching him carefully. All in a rush, he adds, “I’m not half bad at mensur, though!” before taking a hurried sip of his drink.

“That’s where the scar is from, isn’t it?”

“Mm. Yes, sir.” The way this whiskey makes his mouth prickle is awfully distracting. “In my first bout, too! It was *nerve*- wracking, but-- I was proud of it, in a way? My parents weren’t exactly pleased, though. It’s a bit more than a split lip.”

When he goes to take another drink, he’s greeted by the bottom of his glass. Deimos leans over the divide to pour him another several fingers. “I can’t blame them, really,” Laurie continues, matter-of-fact. “Mother was mostly exasperated, but she did insist on cleaning me up herself. And Father was *furious*.”

“Well,” Deimos says as he sits back, “if there’s one thing I could never accuse your father of, it’s being nonpartisan. It’s what made him so indispensable as an ally, really-- always told you what he really thought. Definitely succeeded in scaring me straight on more than one occasion.” He winks. “Mostly.”

Laurie tries and fails not to choke on his drink. “I-I’m sorry, sir?”

“Oh, you know: look at us both. At this conference that most onlookers probably view as... certainly less than above board, if not downright degenerate.”

“R-Right.” He scrubs a wrist over his eyes and hopes they aren’t watering *too* badly.

“It’s why I opted to forgo the robes. They’re comfortable, but prone to making one look like part of a seance. Or orgy.”

“I think both of those things are going on as we speak,” Laurie mutters into his glass.

Deimos laughs. “You aren’t wrong! Ah, you didn’t venture onto Crowley’s floor, did you? Wouldn’t want to leave you scarred. Inwardly, that is.”

“Briefly. Even that was, erm... too stimulating, perhaps.”

“Hmm. Good thing, too,” Deimos muses. “Crowley would love to get his hands on you, I’m sure.”

This time, Laurie is at least prepared enough that he doesn’t choke, although he does feel heat rise to his face all the same. “I-Is that so?”

Deimos gives him a look like he’s being intentionally dense. Then he rises, moving to the bureau to grab a matchbook and half-smoked cigar. “If you’ve spent so much as a second with the man, you’ll know his proclivities are no secret,” he says as he puts it between his teeth and lights it. “And you’re young, and bright, and queer. The perfect trifecta to draw his affections.”

It’s said casually enough that Laurie almost forgets to be surprised. Once his addled brain makes sense of it, though, he swears the blood rush to his head is enough to make him dizzy. “Wha-- surely you don’t-- I-I mean. A-Are you implying, sir, that I--”

“Oh, I’m not implying anything,” Deimos’s voice says in his ear.

Laurie reels out of the way, almost enough to overbalance and send himself over the opposite side of the armchair. The older man just laughs, soft but *dark*. He’s still bent at the waist, cigar in hand, and Laurie can see the slight sheen of sweat that’s gathered on his skin. He wants to press his tongue to the hollow of Deimos’s throat. He wants to--

“Leave,” he blurts out. He’s already on his feet, legs boneless beneath him, the world spinning. “I-I should-- leave.”

“And why is that?”

“I-I’m not--” He’s not in his right mind, surely. He’s also on the verge of panic. “I’m sorry,” he says instead, “I-I think I might have overstepped, sir--”

“The *sir* isn’t necessary, I assure you.”

“Oh! S-Sorry, um, Herr Soleil, I--”

Deimos *tsk s* at him. “I didn’t say I wanted you to *stop*. ”

Laurie can only stare at him blankly, mouth agape. He feels like Deimos is running circles around him. When the older man extends a hand, he has to stop himself from startling like a deer.

A thumb rubs over his scar, starting at the midpoint beside his nose and traveling downwards. When it travels over his lips, he trembles. Then his jaw is cradled in one large, warm palm, fingers pressed to one side and thumb to the other.

“I’m sure you’re typically a straight-laced boy,” Deimos tells him, “but you’re quite transparent like this. You didn’t think I’d notice the way you look at me?”

“I-I wasn’t--” His voice gets stuck in his throat as he’s pulled closer, so close that they’re sharing air. Golden eyes study him thoroughly, sliding over his open mouth, his flushed cheeks, his fluttering lashes behind round-rimmed spectacles. Laurie squirms, humiliated somewhere beneath all the booze.

Then the older man leans back to take a pull of his cigar and exhale. Laurie’s head spins as the cloud engulfs him. He breaks down coughing, his eyes streaming, as Deimos says, “You’re lucky I’m an indulgent man.”

Before Laurie’s even caught his breath, a mouth is pressed firmly against his own, and his world is sent spinning all over again. All the sensations smear together: beard against skin, tongue against teeth, fingers against the hinge of his jaw. Then he’s released, and finds himself leaning heavily against the armchair to prevent his legs from giving out.

“Now,” says Deimos, casual as could be, “I can’t imagine you’ve had much practice with this sort of thing. Especially as a fraternity boy.” He pauses. “Well, then again, perhaps that’s the perfect place to learn. They’re an awfully *belligerent* group of young men, that much is certain.”

“I-I--” Sharp glances cut his way, eyes alight with sudden understanding. A face twisted up in disgust. “N-no, sir. I haven’t-- not with any of them.”

“Ahh. But elsewhere, is that it?” Deimos moves to take a seat in his own chair again, legs casually splayed. His smile is easy in a way that makes Laurie envious. “Hopefully you’re not going anywhere too seedy for your pleasures.” His voice is light, teasing-- his gaze, though, burns *hot*. “You have a look about you, son,” he intones. “It’s hard to resist the urge to see you debauched.”

Laurie bites his lip hard enough to draw blood. He can’t stop himself from glancing downwards to see the tent in the man’s well-fitted slacks, and want curls thorny in the pit of his stomach, so strong that it’s nearly crippling.

Deimos beckons to him, gesturing to the space between his spread legs. “Here.”

Hesitant, but too drunk on lust and liquor to stop himself, Laurie stumbles forwards. He can’t quite bring himself to meet Deimos’s eyes. The older man raises a brow at him.

“Go on. You’re a smart lad.”

His face burns as he lowers himself to his knees, until he’s sitting eye level with Deimos’s crotch. Above him he hears another draw of the cigar, but he receives no further instruction.

For a moment, Laurie wonders faintly how he’d gotten himself into such a situation. Then his uncoordinated fingers find the zipper and buttons, and his train of thought is quick to slip through his hands.

His mouth waters as he pulls Deimos free of his pants. The man is only half-hard but already larger than what Laurie’s used to, which is rather... intimidating. He blinks at it owlishly,

trying to picture where to begin. Nerves grip his lungs with icy claws, and he wonders if maybe he ought to--

“No need to be shy.”

A hand slides into his hair, grabbing a fistful near the back of his head and holding tight. Its numerous rings catch on the strands and make his eyes prick with tears, but...

“Very good,” Deimos purrs above him. The praise turns Laurie’s mind and blood and bones to honeyed whiskey.

Somewhere between one blurred second and the next, his mouth is guided to the head of Deimos’s cock, and he swallows it as best he can. That earns him a satisfied groan that only makes him all the more eager to please. Shuffling closer, he rests his shaking hands on the thighs bracketing him in and relaxes his throat.

He’s-- well, he’s not *entirely* new to this, but he hasn’t had *much* experience either. When the tears in his eyes begin to gather in earnest, he has to pull back before he starts to cough. Deimos lets him, but doesn’t loosen his grip.

“Come on,” he says, almost-- *impatient*, and Laurie’s face burns with misplaced guilt. “You can manage this. Just follow my lead.”

The pressure on his head increases, and this time, he tries to better prepare; this time, the cock reaches almost the back of his throat before he feels his body tighten up.

This time, Deimos doesn’t let him go.

“Don’t panic,” barks the older man. “Breathe through your nose-- there you go. You’ve got it.”

It certainly doesn’t *feel* that way. Each inhale still catches in his throat, and after a few tense seconds, he still isn’t able to prevent himself from coughing. The tight grip on him flexes, and he watches through watery eyes as the man bares his teeth in pleasure.

“Jesus *Christ*. Such an unpracticed thing, aren’t you?” Deimos’s laugh is all smoke. “It’s rather wonderful.” Inside, Laurie burns-- from want or shame, he isn’t sure. It’s all too blurry to tell the difference.

When Deimos pulls him off his cock next, he thinks he can see the man watching him hungrily through his swimming vision. Laurie takes in great lungfuls of air, mouth hanging open and eyes lidded, as a voice tells him, “I think you deserve a reward.”

A shoe nudges its way between his thighs, pressing ever so casually against the strain of his own trapped erection. Lightning pipes its way straight down his spine. Then Deimos laughs, full and throaty, and Laurie realizes it’s because he’d moaned, wanton, body gone ramrod straight in response to the barest amount of relief.

“Good God,” Deimos says, humor still coloring the words, and Laurie can’t *breathe* around his embarrassment, “that’s all it takes, is it?”

He doesn't have time to string even two words together before his head is forced down again. Pressing his tongue to the cock's underside, he tastes the salt of sweat and precome and swallows it greedily, spurred on by the pleased noises he hears above him. This time, he's distracted enough that he nearly takes Deimos all the way to the root. Short, hurried breaths through his nose stir the dark hair at its base, smelling of soap and musk.

"*Fuck*," Deimos hisses, "Stay right here, that's a good boy."

The world around Laurie starts to fade. A few points of pleasure still remain clear and bright: the pressure between his legs, the weight in his throat, but all else is gauze and darkness. Somewhere deep at the back of his mind he's sure his hindbrain must be panicking, but he can barely hear its warning call. The rut of his hips is a soothing, regular motion. The hand in his hair runs blunt nails over his scalp and his eyes nearly roll back in his head.

He's shocked halfway into consciousness when the hips in front of him suddenly buck, and this time, he truly does *gag* around the intrusion. Throat convulsing, he tries to pull away, but Deimos still has a hold on him, and bucks again and again as he chases his pleasure.

Now, the panic manages to break through. But before he can do anything about it-- before it reaches a fever pitch-- Deimos stills with a sudden groan, and Laurie's mouth is flooded with his spend.

Half of the mess is sent so far down his throat that he can't even taste it, but then he chokes, and the salty-bitter taste coats his tongue and makes his eyes sting. At the same time, the polished shoe against his dick has begun to walk the knife's edge of pain, yet he can't seem to still his body, until-- keening like a wounded animal, raw, shameless, *pathetic*-- he falls over the edge himself.

Finally the vice grip on him is released, and Deimos sighs, slumping backwards in his chair. Laurie takes that as a sign that he's allowed to move as well; for the first time in minutes, his mouth is no longer full. He sits back on his heels, hair falling in sweaty curls over his forehead, arms hanging limp at his sides.

"Not half bad," Deimos says after several long moments. The heavy rise and fall of his chest is almost hypnotic. When Laurie tears his eyes away, he's met with an easy, lopsided smirk and lidded gaze. "And now you've another notch in your belt," the older man says with a breathless laugh. "Tell your future bedfellows I said, you're welcome."

Laurie opens his mouth to reply, but then realizes: he doesn't know what to say.

He still can't quite hold onto any thoughts for that long before they're submerged again, so he doesn't bother trying. Focusing all his energy, he instead braces his hands against Deimos's thighs and pushes himself to his feet. When he wavers slightly, Deimos shifts as though preparing to catch him, but he finds his balance quickly enough.

Aimlessly, he straightens his glasses and adjusts his slacks. Already he can feel the way his underwear are growing tacky, and his face prickles with heat again. "Um--" He stops to swallow thickly as his throat *throbs*. "I-I should go change, probably," he says, voice cutting out around each syllable.

Deimos hums, understanding. His eyes are directed elsewhere now as he grinds out his cigar on another nearby ashtray. “A wise idea, I’m sure. And perhaps I’ll see you later this evening for the ritual, hm?”

It’s a clear dismissal if Laurie has ever heard one. His heart sinks. “Y-Yes, sir,” he agrees. “I don’t doubt you will.”

Trying stubbornly not to show how shaky he is on his feet, he takes blurry stock of the room, making sure not to trip over anything. He glances back when he reaches the door. Deimos gives him a wave, and a smile. Perfectly impersonal.

As he steps out into the silent hallway again, bereft, Laurie is sorely thankful that his own room is barely a stone’s throw away. He doesn’t know what he’d say if he had to explain himself.

End Notes

Bonus feature: this time, the fic comes with [art!](#) Enjoy, my friends. ;^)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!