

Bad End

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Bad End

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Strade/Reader

You go to a community get together and find that you've taken a liking to the man throwing the party. That's unfortunate.

Notes

If it feels like you've read this one before its because this was available for awhile before I took it down. I'm tired of looking at it so here ya go. It honestly still feels rushed to me. If you have any suggestions, I'd appreciate it. Much thanks for reading!

Being the good guy to get someone's attention? Hasn't anyone told you your kindness will get you killed some day?

You thumbed over the slim piece of paper that had been placed on your doorstep, seems you had been invited to some community get together. You thought, *awe hell it's free food! Why not?* Food overall trumped not knowing any of your neighbors so you ended up going over after work. As expected, no one knew who you were, you weren't exactly the most sociable neighbor. Everyone had assumed you had just wandered in, politely saying this was a community gathering, but you explained to them where you lived and they got the picture eventually. After a solid 20 minutes of having to explain this to every person who caught your attention, you were thoroughly over it. Plopping down in a plastic lawn chair you asked the man at the grill what he was cooking. He smiled at you and explained the various meats and gestured to the rest of the food on the table, offering you to help yourself. You smiled back and proceeded to do just that. You found that if you stuffed your face, people would be less inclined to talk to you. A welcomed change of pace after such a busy day. As the sun started setting lower people started to leave or more like stumble away in a drunken stupor. You find that to some people 'community get-together' means 'excuse to get smashed'. You weren't excused from drinking but you recall only having about 2 of the cold beers with your food, maybe two and a half. Turning to throw your plates away you are greeted with a familiar smiling face.

"Glad to see you brought your appetite." You couldn't help ogling him earlier while he was cooking. It wasn't unpleasant that you two ended up alone together. You could finally get to know the host without everyone trying to cut in.

"You were the one who offered." You smile back, enjoying someone not jumping down your throat for once tonight. This guy seemed so easy going, as if he had done this before. You feel bad that you had missed the opportunity to come over before.

"I don't think we've met before..." He said wiping off his hands, anticipating a proper greeting. You agree telling him your name and offering a hand out for him to shake. Perhaps if you hadn't flustered yourself with how big and strong his hands were, you would have noticed all the scars.

"Name's Strade." He said shaking your hand. His grip was brutal; you feel the bones in your hand shift on top of each other as he crushed your hand in his. That little gesture should have been enough, should've been a warning, but not to you. You only figured he was showing off, taking it more as him being a jerk than anything monstrous.

You look around and notice there was quite a bit of mess left behind from everyone leaving so abruptly. You offer to help clean or at least throw some things away. Strade tells you he can handle it and that it's getting late but you insist on helping. You insist on making a good impression to the only person in this neighborhood that you like, furiously digging your own grave.

As you clean you exchange friendly conversation, he asks where you live, you ask about his job. Friendly neighbor talk. Strade invites you inside for a drink and you joke, 'only if you

promise not to murder me'. He laughs with this genuine smile spread wide across his face. That smile of his was so contagious, it seemed you both had the same sense of humor.

"No promises." Strade says with a wink that sends a delightful tingle down your spine. You can hardly believe he's hitting on you, or you hope that he's hitting on you anyway. You enter the house, it's not the best you've seen but you can't say anything without being a hypocrite. Your house is far messier and you think maybe his house is bigger than yours. A light skittering of claws on hardwood above you catches your attention from ogling the rest of the house.

"Do you have a dog?" You ask staring up at the ceiling expectantly. Strade stares at you for a moment like he's surprised you asked him.

"Oh, yeah! He's a good boy, doesn't like company though. He's been known to bite so I keep him in the bedroom." Strade gives the ceiling his own sort of knowing look, waiting to see if you bought it or not. You settle on the couch and tell him about the dog you used to have and how you were planning on getting another one. It was the topic of conversation for a while until you looked at the time, he was so easy to talk to that you hadn't noticed it was dark outside.

"It's uh, getting pretty late. Think I should get going before I over stay my welcome. Thanks for everything." You say politely, hoping that he wasn't expecting too much from you. Getting up from the couch you stretch a little before heading towards the front door.

"Oh, so soon? You sure? We were just getting to know each other." You hear Strade get off the couch but it doesn't stop you from reaching the door. Perhaps you should've tried the backdoor that you came in earlier. Would things have been any different?

It's locked. You turn expecting him to open it for you but instead you receive a hard blow to the head. You remember it felt like he had hit you with a beer can but it was probably just the weight of his fist.

Now you're here. Tied up in a totally different room, in the dark with a warm throbbing sensation in your temple that screams of pain. You grunt and wiggle trying to get free of whatever bindings you're in. They feel like plastic zip ties and some parts feel like duct tape. You could just hop off whatever, table, counter thing you're on but with your legs tied together the way they are you end up face first on the floor.

You can't tell if it's morning or still night. Hell, you could've been here for days for all you know. The concept of time was the last thing on your mind the longer you sat awake in anticipation. You were much more concerned about what he was going to do to you. What would happen to you here?

You hear a door open and the sound of heavy footsteps on stairs. Strade rounds a corner and seems pleasantly surprised to find you awake.

"Glad you're up buddy."

"Is there anything that doesn't make you glad?" You hiss, deciding to be in a foul mood instead of sniveling. You could probably fight your way out of this, despite never having been in a fight in your life. "I'm getting kind of sick of that smile."

"T'awww, sure! I'm sure you could find lots of ways to disappoint me but I'm sure you don't want to. Wouldn't be any fun that way." Strade flashes you a wider smile, letting it fall to a smirk as he rocks on his heels excitedly. You wince as Strade lifts your face to look at him, his hands are covered in a fine grit that feels like sand on your face as he caresses it. He pulls out a knife and proceeds to cut off the duct tape around your elbows and knees, giving you a small amount of freedom. You huff irritably as you try to break the zip ties hes chosen to keep on your wrists and ankles. The more that you struggle more they feel stronger than plastic. You slowly piece together that your handcuffed and clipped to the table to keep from moving around to much. As you sit there and squirm Strade eyes you over, enjoying your struggle. Its only when you turn to him to try and scoot off the table that he flashes something dangerous.

"Just what do you think you're going to do with that? You get some kind of sick kicks doing this!?" You say bitterly, tears already welling at your eyes as you eye the knife in his hand. "I guessed it, I motherfucking guessed it huh? You're ACTUALLY going to murder me." You bite your lip; a laugh that sounds more like a gross snivel that rips through your throat.

"I'm not going to try and kill you." Strade sounds so empathetic and it makes you sick. "Whether you die or not is totally out of my hands! I just want to see how long you last."

You take some deep breaths to try and sooth yourself but a scream jumps from your throat. The knife is plunged into your leg unforgivingly. He waits a moment for you to maybe get enough air in your lungs to yell or scream before digging the tip deeper against the bone. You wheeze doubling over, coughing as you inhale your own saliva. You can only make horse cries between trying to catch your breath.

Strade laughs sitting you back up. "Cute!" He licks his lips and stares at your wound as if deciding what to do next. "Oh, you know I actually wanted to try something, stay still for me ok?" He says leaving your field of vision.

You continue to sob, shaky hands reaching for the knife. The wound is absolutely bubbling over with blood. You wince and grab the knife but you don't have it in you to pull it out, your hands too shaky to work up any strength, not to mention the bad angle since their still behind you. You give up and lay back down on the table. Just as you think that the pain is starting to dull, Strade walks back in. He takes advantage of your position and rips the knife from your leg. You yelp initially at the feeling but let out a blood curdling scream when he douses the gash in alcohol. With quick precision, he stiches you up despite how horribly your leg is quivering, the quick movements make the pain blur together horribly. By the time he sits you back up you feel light headed and are reduced to hiccuping sobs.

"Awe c'mon don't stop now." Strade wipes a hand over your eye to get rid of some tears but he's still covered in fine grit and only makes things worse when it gets in your eye. It burns terribly and you blink frantically to try and get it out. "Oh, did the grease get in your eye?" He said wiping off his hand on his shirt. "I can get it out if you want." Strade almost purrs,

his hot breath painting the side of your neck. It makes you want to puke. You nod slowly, just wanting him to back off you.

Before you have time to realize it the knife is up to your eye and he plunges it in. It's so unfathomably painful you only gurgle in response to it. His smile falters a moment.

"Hey now, don't you go into shock buddy, this is SUPPOSED to hurt." Strade twists the knife and you let out another blood curdling scream. Your mind is nothing as he yanks back and cuts. Your body thrashes now left to wallow in pain. Your blood is so warm on your face; you can feel it pooling under you and saturating your shirt. Strade looks deeply lost in thought as he holds something up to your now empty eye socket. All you can feel is a white-hot burning sensation, you can't register what it is but it's worse than before and its making a popping sound. And the smell. The smell is fucking awful. You want to puke; you want to but your body refuses. Your body can't do anything but make horrifying whines and devastating moans. Letting out a scream only when you manage to take in enough air. You try to focus your eyesight on him as he steps back but you've got double vision with the loss of your eye. His face looks red and he's panting like whatever he's done is the best thing he's ever seen. You sit up trying to look at what's in his hand, it looked so much like a knife, but it seems to be plugged in somewhere. It takes a moment for it to all come together for you.

A hot knife. He cauterized it. You groan in agony. You can't believe this is happening this is all some bad dream; it has to be.

You close your good eye and let what happens next happen. You feel your clothes torn from you and your head smash back against the table as he pulls your hips forward. You're like putty to him, your body so tired from all the previous activities. You were always good with pain but not this; nothing like this. He enters you roughly, if you weren't losing so much blood you probably would've reacted with more than the pathetic whine you give. You feel his fingers dip in your stitches, is other hand is probably on your throat for how light headed you feel but you could still be forgetting to breath. Everything feels heavy. You lurch forward as he tears the stitches out of your leg and repositions himself. Your reaction is absent as he shoves his cock into the gash on your leg. He doesn't seem to appreciate that and grabs your cheek to make you look at him, his thumb buried into your empty eye socket for better hold. You cry out at the intrusion which he seems to enjoy. He sounds like an animal; but you only hear half of it before you black out. You feel like a mess. You can hardly feel anything once you come to again, you're covered in blood from when he gouged your eye out, you've practically cried your other eye out. The only thing you really feel is disgusting.

"You've been fun ya know." Strade moves out of your view and all you can do is try to catch your breath, laying back on the table. You can't cry any more. You feel like all your energy has been squeezed out of you. You try to move your arms but your body refuses your commands. "But you're looking a little worn out and I was kind of expecting more." He unclips you from the table and hoists you over his shoulder to you over to the corner of the room. "I'll put you out of your misery ok?"

"NO!" You shriek.

"No?"

"I don't I-I don't want to die. Please. Please just, don't..." Your words are wheezing and stuttered but you get your point across. Even though its pointless to try pleading for your life after all of this, it's all you have left.

"Oh? You really are a fun one after all! Ok, so I had this idea to see how many holes I could put in you with a hot knife-"

"Fine." You spit bitterly, his words jumbled soup to you at this point. Your head is spinning from blood loss. "If I make it past thirty you have to let me go."

Strade scoffed but he seemed to enjoy your enthusiasm. "You won't, but whatever you have to tell yourself buddy." You sit up straight while he plugs the knife back in. It takes a minuet for it to heat up to where he wants it, he tests it on your leg wound every so often. You flinch once but bare through the rest.

Strade moves closer to you, pressing the hot knife into your stomach.

"One."

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