

## Some Way Out

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/9075055) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/9075055>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warnings:	<a href="#">Graphic Depictions Of Violence</a> , <a href="#">Rape/Non-Con</a>
Categories:	<a href="#">F/M</a> , <a href="#">M/M</a> , <a href="#">Multi</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Boyfriend to Death (Visual Novel)</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Ren/Strade (Boyfriend to Death)</a> , <a href="#">Self/Strade (Boyfriend to Death)</a> , <a href="#">Self/Ren (Boyfriend to Death)</a> , <a href="#">Self/Ren/Strade (Boyfriend to Death)</a> , <a href="#">Rire/Strade (Boyfriend to Death)</a> , <a href="#">Self/Rire (Boyfriend to Death)</a> , <a href="#">Self/Rire/Strade (Boyfriend to Death)</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Strade (Boyfriend to Death)</a> , <a href="#">Ren (Boyfriend to Death)</a> , <a href="#">Rire (Boyfriend to Death)</a> , <a href="#">Self</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">NSFW</a> , <a href="#">BDSM</a> , <a href="#">Kidnapping</a> , <a href="#">Self-Insert</a> , <a href="#">Violence</a> , <a href="#">honestly? whatever, fuck all y'all, this is my first fic so get ready for a rampant shitshow, rire will get crammed in here later, to add plot, and because they are both my filthy husbands so you know what?, why not</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2016-12-27 Completed: 2019-09-08 Words: 20,886 Chapters: 12/12

# Some Way Out

by [orphan\\_account](#)

## Summary

Did Strade trap me or did I trap Strade?

(hint: probably the first one)

## Notes

Shout out to darqx & gatobob for liking my sketch of Rire & Strade. I got a wonderful scanner for Christmas, so expect some more (and higher quality) art!

# Brainstorming

It's been a week since he decided to keep me.

The collar around my neck was heavy and rubbed my skin raw and even though I couldn't see it, I could tell that a rash was forming.

My captor, Strade, kept me and one other "pet" named Ren. I tried my best to look out for him in hopes that he would do the same for me.

We mostly kept to ourselves until Strade came home. Every now and again he'd bring some poor soul with him and drag them down to the basement, and it was our job to clean up the mess afterwards.

It wasn't long until I decided that I needed to make an escape attempt.

When I had my turn in the basement there was no way to get out, but now I had the whole place to sift through.

I slowly unreeled my plan to Ren by suggesting that we should tidy up the house next time Strade leaves, that way he'll be in a good mood when he comes back. Ren was hesitant.

"He - he doesn't like his things touched." Ren said softly.

"Well... Okay." I muttered. "Maybe... Hey, tell you what. If he gets angry, I'll take all the blame. You don't even have to worry about it."

His ears perked up for a minute, but then immediately dropped back down. His tail slid between his legs.

"He might hurt you, or - or worse." Ren whispered.

I sighed and looked around the musky living room. Anything would be better than this, even death.

"How about we start small?" I offered. "Sweeping? Dusting?"

He looked like he'd cry at any moment. I let out a frustrated sigh.

"Oh no, oh - please don't get mad! I'm sorry, I'm sorry - I didn't -"

I dismissed it with a gentle wave of the hand. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have rushed you. I'll try tidying up the place myself, and then we can see how he reacts. If he throws a fit, I'll take the beating. If he likes it, I'll share the credit. Is that alright?"

He rubbed his hands together timidly. "I... I guess that would be okay." He said.

I got to work immediately. I tried my hardest to avoid disturbing his things when I searched for the broom that I soon found in a dark closet, covered in cobwebs.

As I swept up the living room, I felt a tiny bit better about the situation. Just this touch of normalcy brought me back to the outside world. What my life was like before this. I closed my eyes and tried to bring myself back to that happy place doing the chores I once hated, but the strong scent of dust and metal served as a dire reminder of my situation. I ground my teeth and got back to work.

Strade came in when I was finishing up. I hadn't realized how much time I'd spent sweeping, savoring the tiny chore that occupied my mind.

He didn't have anyone with him. That meant he wasn't going to be happy.

An intense grin on his face, he asked with a clenched jaw, "What do you think you're doing?"

I took a deep breath and clutched the broom handle. "I - I hope you don't mind. I thought you'd like it." I hesitated as he stared me down, his expression impossible to read.

"I... I just wanted to make you happy..."

His eyes twitched upward a bit. It seemed as though he liked my response.

"If you really want to make me happy," he said, "Ask permission first."

With that, he walked off behind me and into the kitchen. Just as I let out a breath of relief, I felt a swift blow to the back of my knees.

I dropped to the ground and turned to face him, biting my tongue to avoid making any noise.

"Is there anything else you want?" he asked, stepping on my wrist. I squeaked and tried to wriggle away, but his muddy boot held fast.

He pressed down a little firmer, maniacal grin on his face. "Well?" he asked. "Is there?"

I shook my head vigorously. "No, no, I'm sorry, I won't do it again!"

He grunted and eased off me a bit. "No, you'll clean. You'll make this place spotless."

I nodded but said nothing. He seemed appeased and walked into the kitchen to grab a drink, then dismissed me. I walked into another room, rubbing my wrist gingerly.

Ren was cowering in the corner, trembling. I shut the door behind me and looked around our tiny room.

I'd scoured this closet-sized area at least once every day since my capture, but I figured that one more time wouldn't hurt.

The gray cement walls were barren of any cracks or crevices, and the floor was the same. The tattered brown rug on the ground was paper-thin and scratchy. There was a ratty twin sized

bed against the wall with holes chewed in the mattress and claw marks on the wooden posts.

I looked back at Ren, ears down and tail between his legs.

“He liked it.” I said softly.

His ears perked up and a sweet smile spread across his face.

“Really?” he asked, a little too loudly.

I whispered, “Yes, yes, we should definitely clean more tomorrow.” I eyed the door as loud footsteps grew near. Ren whimpered and scurried over to my side. I crouched down next to him and licked my lips in fearful anticipation.

Strade burst into the room, beer in his hand. He mumbled something in German and tossed the half-empty can onto the floor.

“You were... Talking about me...” He slurred, saliva dripping from his lips.

Ren was trembling, eyes wide in horror. It looked like it was up to me again.

“We were - we were just talking about what we were going to do tomorrow - to - to clean the house --” I clamped my mouth shut so I didn’t wind up digging my own grave.

Strade’s smile bloomed and he squinted his bloodshot eyes together.

“Don’t... don’t you lie t’me now...” God, he seemed exhausted.

Ren and I shook our heads vigorously.

“We aren’t, I swear!” I cried, feeling my composure slipping away.

“You guys...” he trailed off, his words mumbling together.

Ren’s ears perked up and I cast an uneasy glance at him. He seemed slightly relaxed for once.

Then Strade stumbled toward us, his weight straining in every step. I tensed up and felt Ren do the same, but to a much lesser extent than I had anticipated.

Strade wrapped his arms around us in a tight bear hug. We both stood with our arms clamped to our sides awkwardly, unsure of what to do. Was he... crying?

“Yer the best.” He said between sniffles. Almost instantly, he pulled himself together and teetered backwards.

“Le’s get food.”

I furrowed my brows in confusion, then looked down at Ren’s trembling frame. He nodded slowly, then eased his way over to Strade.

“W-what is it that you want to eat?” he asked.

Strade dropped down suddenly, his ass hitting the ground in a loud “whump” noise. He cringed and rubbed his behind tenderly.

“S’mplace that delivers. No way in hell ‘m I about ta let you punks make a break for it, not after all the hard work I put into gettin’ ya.”

He let out a hearty laugh, the same one that made me feel so at ease in that bar a week ago.

“I can call a pizza place, if you want.” I offered quietly.

Strade waved a hand in approval, then gestured for Ren to sit next to him. He obliged and Strade set a hand on his head, rubbing between his ears.

I backed into the kitchen and opened a phone book. Tony’s would do. I dialed up the number and waited for someone to pick up, darting my head around the corner every so often. Strade was having Ren give him a blowjob. Perfect.

“Hi, this is Tony’s Pizza. What can I do for you?” some kid droned.

“Uh, hi,” I began timidly. “I’ll take a large pepperoni, please.”

“Uh-huh. Is that all?”

“Yes, yes. Thank you so much. You may be hearing from us every now and then. Keep this address somewhere, please.” And with that, I gave the address to him and hung up.

I could call them and tell them to send police, that there’s been a kidnapping.

I walked back into the room I shared with Ren just as they were finishing up.

Strade shot me a look that must’ve been a mix between a pout and a scowl.

“Y’misssed it. Could’ve used something to toy with.”

He wiggled his filthy hands at me tauntingly and laughed again. God, that fucking laugh.

I looked at him as apologetically as I could muster and said, “I’m so sorry. But the pizza should be here soon, if that makes you feel any better. Want me to get the door you when it gets here?”

Strade scrunched up his nose and glared at me.

“‘M nah’ stupid. Of course yer n’t gettin’ the door.”

His words were falling together even more now, barely coherent.

“You aren’t, I’m sorry. I’ll wait in here when the delivery comes.”

He grunted and pulled himself up, barely able to stand. I was worried that he’d collapse on the ground and accuse us of sabotaging him when he woke up. If he woke up.

Push him over. Knock him out. Kill him. Call the police.

“Hey.” Strade said, yanking me out of my trance. He couldn’t even stand up straight, that’s how bad he was teetering.

“When th’ pizza comes... When it ge’s here, uh...” He sat back down for a moment. “Then i’ss yer turn t’ get to work.” He gestured openly to his crotch.

I nodded submissively and scratched at my metal collar.

Before long, the doorbell rang. Strade barely made it to the door without tumbling over, but somehow he managed to make the transaction fairly smoothly and set the box down on his living room floor, shoveling slices into his mouth, chomping and smacking the whole time. It was disgusting.

The sound of a can hissing open brought me back to the situation. Ren, who was clinging to the tattered rug, looked up at me with glassy eyes.

Strade yelled vaguely and we both made our way to him.

# Promises

## Chapter Summary

Gettin' steamy.

“Hey, you already had yer turn, Ren.” Strade mumbled. His eyes were barely open but his smile never faltered.

Ren blinked in shock but backed away, shooting me a mixed look of jealousy and pity before returning to our room.

I stepped towards Strade anxiously. His gut was stuffed to the point of bursting, grease stains sprinkled on his army green shirt. He was already half-hard when he unzipped his pants, the alcohol inflating him more than anything else. He slid his pants and underwear down to his knees and propped his elbows onto the couch cushions so that I could do what he wanted.

I kneeled in front of him and pumped his shaft generously, allowing it time to grow to its full potential before I took a seat.

Strade groaned under his breath, then grabbed me by the hair to pull me in closer.

I yelped but leaned forward, staring him in the face. His sloppy, drunken grin stirred something inside me - something I did not want to be feeling.

He smacked me across the face and pressed a hand around my throat, just above my collar. I let out a hoarse cry, but that didn't stop him. He increased the pressure and used his other hand to rub at my crotch.

“My li'l schnecke.” He hissed, drawing me in closer.

I felt my face turn pink from the lack of oxygen. Still, he pulled me towards him and onto his lap, rubbing his now fully-hard cock between my thighs.

Strade released my throat and I gasped, partly out of pain and partly out of pleasure. God, how I'd love to wrap my hands around his throat, but I wouldn't let him have that exhilaration of a breath. I'd never let go, even after his body turned to lifeless stone.

Strade slapped me across the face again, drawing my attention back to him. I'd been spacing out relentlessly, deep in thought at the most random moments, completely unsure why.

I wiggled out of my shorts, the same pair I'd worn to the bar. They were high-waisted and hugged my hips in a flattering way. I'd gone to find somebody to allure, maybe even spend the night with, but I guess I should have been careful what I wished for.



They slipped off with relative ease and I set them on the floor. I could tell Strade was growing impatient, so I just slid my underwear to the side to allow him access to my intimates.

He massaged me harshly, spreading my natural lubricant along my thighs and onto the head of his dick.

His fingernails dug into my hips like talons as he pulled me down, roughly forcing me to envelop his entire length.

I whimpered and whined in protest, but it only excited him more.

“Y’ can take it from ‘ere.” He said as he released me, one hand digging in his pant pocket still around his knees and the other stretching absently for his beer.

I nodded and squeezed my eyes shut, trying to go fast so that I could get this over with, but not so fast as to make it more painful than need be.

Strade took a sip from his can and looked up at me with his sadistic eyes, his other hand inching out of his pocket. He handed me the handle of his pocket knife.

“S not my favorite one, but it’ll do fer now.” he said between grunts. “Y’know th’ drill.” His eyes twinkled and his smile spread back across his face. “Yer thigh seems t’ have healed decen’ly. Open it back up a bit.”

My fingers explored the handle of the knife, then flicked it open to find that it was a stiletto. I would have found it beautiful if I didn’t have to use it to maim myself.

Cutting yourself is hard when you’re bouncing up and down. I had to slow my pace in order to slice my skin without hitting a major vein. Still, the cut came out sloppy and I spilled more blood than I wanted to.

Strade loved it, rubbing his hand across the wound. He licked my blood off his fingertips, savoring the taste of iron.

He dragged his fingers in the blood, pressing into my warmth. I cried out again, but he still didn’t care. He dug in a bit deeper, popping his fingers into my thigh muscle.

I begged him to stop, unable to continue my bouncing.

To my surprise, he listened. He drew his fingers out of my leg, only to push them on my clit. He rubbed it forcefully, making me tremble and quake. I cried out once more, but it wasn’t from pain. He smacked my ass with his other hand, definitely leaving a welt.

“Giddy up.” he murmured.

I obliged, disgusted with myself for enjoying it. His smile twisted wryly when I let out a few stray moans, unable to contain myself any longer. When he retrieved his knife and dragged it along my hip, however, his smile stretched into a lustful grin.

When I used to intentionally injure myself - almost two years ago - I'd done it because it felt good. It was dangerous and exciting, and there was no doubt I'd done it to get off. It's been more than a week without antidepressants, and my mind was already reverting to that severely masochistic behavior. I tried to fight it, but that hurt more than the blade itself.

Finally I just let go. I came screaming his name, enjoying myself more than I cared to admit. He followed shortly afterwards, releasing himself inside of me.

I thanked myself for choosing an IUD over birth control pills last year. If that monster got me pregnant, I'd kill myself without a second thought.

He pulled out and tossed me to the side. As I began to stand up, he yanked me back towards him. Strade was sprawled out on his belly, dragging himself over me. I laid on my back, various fluids dribbling down my legs. He draped his body on top of mine and fell asleep almost instantly, using my chest as a pillow.

Oh, I don't think so.

I wiggled out from under him in defiance, determined to clean myself off. Nothing was more tempting than a warm shower.

Limping into the shared room with my shorts in hand was a struggle. Ren was cowering in the corner as usual, desperately waiting for the noise to pass.

When he saw me, he let out a tiny gasp, immediately covering his mouth afterwards. I mustered up a slight smile.

"He passed out." I explained in a rough voice. "I think - I think I'm going to take a shower. Maybe a bath. Hell, both. Do you want to come with me?"

He gulped and nodded. We walked to the restroom together, Ren allowing me to lean on him a bit so that I could favor my side with the open wounds.

I sat on the closed toilet seat while Ren began to fill the tub.

My vision was blurring in and out. This couldn't be it. This couldn't possibly be my life  
(my life)

for years to come. Fuck, if I didn't get out,  
(get out get out)

I'd probably die by Strade's hand, or maybe my own. I could rip the pleasure away from him, I could kill myself so that he couldn't get to me. Sadistic fuck would love it. He'd kill me with that smile on his face, that laugh booming from his gut.

I could do it. I could do it right now. He had a toaster stowed away in the kitchen and an outlet

(outlet outlet let out let me out)

by the tub. So easy. So unbearably easy.

Ren was looking at me. I jerked my head up, inhaling sharply. He jumped back in fear and wrung his hands.

“The - the water is warm, if you still want the bath.” he offered.

I blinked and oggled the half-full tub. Sure enough, a slight steam hovered in the air above the water, tempting me forward.

I stripped off my underwear, shirt, and bra, then stepped into the water. It burned but I couldn't care less. It was clean.

As I was rubbing the caked grime from my body, Ren asked if he could step in, too.

“Oh - I'm sorry, dear.” I said, having completely forgot his presence. “Of c-course you can. Here.”

I pulled my knees to my chest so that there was room for the two of us. He tugged off his musky tank-top and boyshorts, his little sex dangling between his legs.

We'd grown an odd relationship over the past week. I went from viewing him as a resource to aide my survival to more of a little brother, maybe even a son. I've always been overly-maternal and protective of little things. As I washed him between the ears, I closed my eyes and remembered my family. My younger siblings and I were lucky that we all got along - more or less. God, what if one of them were in Ren's shoes? Would I treat Ren the same way that I would treat one of them? I rinsed his hair and decided that I would. I would care for him as if he were family, because god only knows how much he needed that.

He picked up a bar of soap to wash under his arms and across his chest. Once finished, he handed it to me so that I could do the same.

This was all so surreal. My hands looked so far away, but the bottom of the tub looked so close. The gray tub was fading into yellows and greens, the hues varying as the seconds passed.

“Um, are you okay?”

I blinked rapidly to clear my head and stared at Ren. He looked awfully concerned.

“I-I'm sorry.” I said. “How, uh, how long was I...” I wiggled my fingers by the side of my head and crossed my eyes, finishing the look by letting my tongue dangle from my mouth.

He giggled. “Oh - oh, thirty seconds. Maybe forty-five”

Fuck, that was a long time.

“I'm sorry.” I explained as I soaped myself up. “That happens when my, um, my mind wanders off. Things kind of change colors, if that makes sense? It's, well... I'm a little bit sick, and I haven't had my medicine in a while now.”

Ren nodded sympathetically. “I get that too sometimes. Th-the color thing.”

I exhaled in relief, then checked the tub. Still gray.

“Thanks so much, Ren.” I said.

“For what?”

“God, I don’t know. Everything. When I was trapped downstairs, I didn’t think I’d ever get out. You helped me survive. I can’t thank you enough.”

He blushed and shook his head, avoiding eye contact. “But - but you’re taking so much of his cruelty for me now.” His brows knitted together suddenly. “You shouldn’t have to do that.”

“Oh, please.” I said. “We can look out for each other. It won’t be easy, though.” My voice shifted and I spoke a bit more sternly. “I’m sorry, but it can’t be all up to me. I guess you were kind of right, just don’t take the hits when you don’t need to.”

I regretted that as soon as I said it, but I stood by my word. Ren flicked some water droplets from his ears and looked at me from under his red bangs. I planted a little kiss on his forehead.

His eyes widened in shock then he lunged forward, throwing his arms over my shoulders in a hug. I paused before hugging him back, making sure that I didn’t bump any of his recent injuries.

Ren was crying. I just rubbed his back, trying my best to soothe him.

“I’ll get us out of here.” I promised. “I’ll find a way.”

# Setting the Trap

## Chapter Summary

ahahaaaaa ahahahahaha haaaaaaaaa

It surprised me when Ren protested an escape. He went on about how we could never do it and even if we did, what would we even do after that? Wander around the city aimlessly?

I knew what Stockholm Syndrome looked like, but I didn't think it'd be this frustrating. I kept track of time by drawing a hash mark on the wall for each day that passed. Week two came and went quickly, then week three. Week four, (weak week)

and before I knew it, two months had gone by. Ren hadn't changed; he'd grown used to this life for god knows how long. But me? I was a wreck of depression and mania, all back to back and spastic.

Strade came into our room when I was sitting in the corner, staring at all of my marks on the wall. I heard him enter, but I didn't move. I didn't care anymore.

"Why so glum?" he asked me.

My eyes were fixed on the hash marks I'd created.

When his boot collided with my spine, they all seemed to blur together in a mesh of black. My face hit the floor directly in front of me and my bottom lip bust open, right down the center. The metallic taste filled my mouth and I was brought back to my family, the dinners we had at the Basque restaurant downtown with the cow tongue I've always hated. It seeped into my mouth.

I turned on my back, pulling myself up in a mound of frustration. He laughed when I bared my bloody teeth at him.

"What's wrong, buddy?" he asked tauntingly. "You look like you aren't very happy."

He squatted down so that he was eye level with me, sneering.

"Do you not like me? Aww, that hurts my feelings." he straightened himself up, tugging my wrist with him. I stood with only a little resistance.

Strade pressed a finger against my bloodied chin, wiping some of the drops away.

"You're in luck!" he said. "I know just what you like. I'll lift your spirits for you."

He pinched my cheeks patronizingly and called for Ren, his eye contact never wavering. I could only stare back without feeling. Numb.

Ren skittered into the room. His ears were already down and his tail was curled back anxiously. Strade hasn't even done anything yet, I thought.

"On your knees. Both of you." Strade commanded, releasing my wrist.

We did as told and kneeled beside each other. I noticed Ren casting me anxious glances, but I just kept my eyes glued to the hardwood floor.

"Stay." Strade said as he walked into the basement  
(god the basement cold and damp)

"Hey-" Ren whispered. "D-don't worry. Just try to stay calm, okay?"

He was the one consoling me now? Had I gotten that bad  
(bad bad man)

? I swear, I just got here, didn't I? How could I have spiralled already? Why was the floor getting closer? Oh no, why was it so far away? My eyes, my eyes, blurring in and out, in and out close far close far so close too close Cold floor on my face my cheek smushed against the wood, Ren trying to get me up but I can't I can't my eyes I can't at least it's clean from all my scrubbing He is Here with a big knife it's in my face but I'm ripping and pulling and scratching he's on the ground Bite! Bite, bite, bite! Rip through his flesh and scratch at his face and use that knife against him don't stop don't stop don't stop until there's nothing left! Nothing left! Nothing left!

"He's coming back!" Ren hissed. "Sit up! Please!"

I jerked myself back into the kneeling position and rubbed the side of my face. My vision was still coming back so everything was blurry and uncomfortable. I blinked rapidly at the handle of Strade's hunting knife. I took it with trembling hands.

He pointed one of his thick fingers at Ren. I looked down at him in a daze and crawled towards him.

I saw him whimper but couldn't hear anything, only sharp ringing. My hallucinations weren't ever auditory before. I didn't like it.

I especially didn't like it when I heard everything all at once, Ren crying about the knife deep in his shoulder. Did I do that? I must've tripped, I would never hurt him. Never ever. I'd rather die.

Strade yanked me back and away from Ren.

"Not that deep, you son of a bitch!" He snarled.

Shit, it looked like that was me after all.

Strade removed the blade and ordered me to fetch a first aid kit. I obliged as quickly as possible and sat in terror as he stitched up Ren's gash.

Strade was giving me the nastiest stare I've ever seen from him. The sudden realization of the consequences my mistake caused rushed upon me at once and I broke down crying, begging for forgiveness.

He was done. Now it was just a matter of when he'd dispose of me.

All three of us were on edge for the next few days. Strade wanted me dead, and Ren didn't trust me anymore. Even when Strade left for the day, the air was tight in my lungs.

When I found out that the two of us had free reign over the entire house, I drew back in disbelief. We were allowed to use the computer and everything.

"He monitors our searches, though." Ren mumbled, unable to meet my eyes. Whenever he spoke to me, his hand instinctively wandered to his shoulder. That hurt more than any of Strade's toys.

My friends had always told me that I had an unhealthy obsession with the occult. My browser history before being abducted was filled with the names of demons and gods long forgotten by time, and I'd always wished I had the courage to summon one. I was never desperate enough.

I stared at the screen with glazed eyes. I was flicking through names of demons on some underground site when I stumbled upon the image of a humanoid figure completely surrounded by what appeared to be black tentacles.

He drew me in. I couldn't explain it if I tried, but something about him seemed... alluring. I jotted down his name and sketched out the image as quickly as I could, always in fear that Strade was lurking over my shoulder.

Rire. Rire. The name struck a chord in me. Did it mean something?

A quick search revealed its definition.

"To laugh" in French.

"Oui oui, mon ami." I mumbled, a little smile curling around my lips.

I did as much research as I was able to with Lafayette's lines stuck in my head. Much like everything on the internet, the information on Rire was scrambled and differed on almost all accounts. The only consistencies were his yellow eyes and thick coils behind his back.

Finally, I just picked the site with the least grammatical errors. It seemed fairly trustworthy.

Along with his name and drawing, I sketched the symbols that should bring him to me.

"MUST be written in human blood! NO EXCEPTIONS" read the website.

I rolled my eyes at the cliché and scrolled down a bit further to find more information.

“WARNING: he is a TRICKSTER! Make sure your requests are free of ANY and ALL LOOPHOLES”

I bit at the corners of my mouth, a nervous habit of mine. That sounded easy enough, I've always been good at finding loopholes in rules. It shouldn't be too hard to find flaws in my own deals, right?

Still, I wrote down a list of important things I needed from him. My heart pulsed in my chest. This was it. This was my way out.

It seemed like quite a leap, but the idea of freedom was too tantalizing to resist.

I wasn't going to use my blood to draw the intricate designs, and I sure as hell wasn't about to hurt Ren again.

That meant I'd have to go to the basement. Cold and damp. Strade had a fridge filled with severed body parts and pints upon pints of human blood.

I looked down at my scraps of paper and got to work, refining my “wish list”.

Hours passed. Strade wasn't home yet.

The basement was calling me.



# Our Father

## Chapter Summary

ah yes, sugar daddy Rire finally gets here

I couldn't bring myself to do it just yet. I went through my list over and over again in panic, doing my absolute best to clear it of any flaws. I did some research on "asshole genies" to prepare myself.

It seemed about right, but when I made my way to the door I was overwhelmed with dread. There was no way I could go back down there, but at the same time, there was no way I could stay put in this godawful house.

My Catholic upbringing was holding me back more than anything. Even though I'd long since abandoned that strict faith, it still affected my day to day life.

I actually tried praying first. I hadn't done that sincerely since I was in the seventh grade, begging for forgiveness from my sins.

"Our Father, who art in Heaven," I droned, my eyes fixed on the doorknob. "Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come." Its cold metal in my hand. "On Earth as it is in Heaven." Click. Ease down the stairs. "Give us this day our daily bread;" Open the fridge. "And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." Remove a container of blood. "And lead us not into temptation," Paint the symbols with my hands. "But deliver us from evil." The blood began to glow and drip together, looking like a whirlpool of gore. "Amen." I whispered, the tall dark figure appearing before me in a thick of black fog.

It took me days to prepare myself. I'd printed out artists' renderings of him and kept them under my bed. A few of them were rather... explicit. Thankfully, Ren stayed on the second floor at night after our little incident. As long as I made sure to keep my mouth clamped shut, I could have a great time on my own, rocking into my hand with my eyes glued to his coy smirk.

I viewed him as my knight in shining armor, so to speak. I put on the "damsel in distress" guise, cleaning myself up to the best of my ability so that I could treat him kindly when he arrived. I shaved and everything.

I'd recited my requests over and over again until I practically had them memorized. I was as confident that there weren't any loopholes, as long as I did it right. I felt like a freshman in highschool again, giddy at the chance to see my crush in the hall.

All of my notes were splayed out in front of me when he arrived. I kneeled there with someone else's blood on my hands, my lord and savior standing over me.

“What do you need?” He asked without a trace of good humor.

“Oh- Oh, god, Jesus, hang on--” I stammered, digging through my piles of paper scraps. He bent over coolly and plucked a piece from the mound.

His lips twitched up a bit. “Is this me?” he asked, showing me the rough sketch I’d done when I first saw an image of him.

“Uh- ha, ha ha, yeah - I mean, clearly it doesn’t d-do you any justice, but, um, I tried my best in a short timeframe.” I was babbling like an idiot. A nervous smile spread across my cheeks and I felt a blush coming on. His pupils narrowed to slits. He was looking at me. Not just looking at me, he was downright examining me.

“Well?” he asked, folding my doodle and putting in his back pocket.

“Right, right. Sorry. H-here,” I said, my shaky hands holding a list.

I cleared my throat. “Please, i-if you don’t mind. Could you... See, there’s a man named Strade.” I ground my teeth together. “I want you to make him suffer the worst death imaginable.”

He nodded and smiled. My heart melted.

“That sounds doable.” he said.

“Ah- there’s a bit more I need.”

He hesitated, then nodded at me to continue.

“I’d like you to take me away from here.” I added hoarsely. I looked down bashfully to avoid his cold gaze. “I-I want you to keep me safe, warm, content, and happy.”

I jumped a bit when he brushed my hair out of my face. His scrutiny was gentler now, but still apparent.

My final request came out in a teary-eyed whisper. “I don’t want anyone else to touch me ever again.”

Rire’s eyebrows jerked upwards. “Is that your final request?”

I nodded eagerly. “Please.” I added for good measure.

“Well...” He started, “We must discuss the decision of payment. You can’t get something for nothing, you know.”

I nodded again.

“The only way to get what you want,” Rire continued, “is to become a demon yourself.”

I trembled and stared at him wide-eyed. “You... You can do that?”

“My dear, sweet child. It’s what I do.” He leaned down so that we were eye level.

“It’s what I live for. To help poor, unfortunate mortals like yourself. Poor humans with no one left to turn to.”

I pulled at my hair in panic. “I d-don’t have anythi-”

He clicked his tongue and straightened up, looking down at me. “I’m not asking much. Just a token, really, a trifle. What I want from you is... “

Rire paused dramatically. I held my breath.

“Your soul.”

“M-my - my soul?” I stammered. “But... if - if I sell my soul, I’ll never see my parents or siblings again.”

“That’s right.” He said with a smile on his face. He then gestured openly to himself. “But you’ll have your man.” A sly chuckle slid from his throat. “Life’s full of tough choices, isn’t it?”

Strade was home. I could hear his boots thumping against the floor above us.

“Well?” Rire asked, extending a hand.

I squeezed my eyes shut and shook it without a second thought.

# Cautious Curiosity

## Chapter Summary

Ya'll ready for this?  
"Step back, relax. Don't you want to come in?  
When I start rappin' the girlies want to come in.  
Into my house, into my room,  
That's the part where it goes "boom! boom!"  
Name here is Ray, the group is 2 Unlimited,  
We've got a lot to say to you, ah yeah and your other crew, if it is  
A  
Dream, boom see boom!" - the space jam theme

He told me to stay put in the basement. I held my breath and curled up in the corner.

Rire ascended the staircase swiftly. His hand lingered over the doorknob as he cast me a final glance.

Strade was jauntily marching around upstairs, shouting about his new toys and how much I'd love them. He was interrupted quietly by Rire's stare.

Strade was left in awe, which quickly turned to blind fury.

"Who are you?" he bellowed. "How did you get in here?"

Rire held up his hands to signal that he meant no harm.

"I'm only here on business, don't worry."

And with that, his black tentacles unfurled themselves and loomed over Strade. He froze in terror but was willing to put up a fight. With a swift yank, his hunting knife was out and he was lunging at the demon, slashing in rage. Rire countered with a simple step to the side.

"So sloppy." he murmured. He slid one of his tentacles to Strade and wrapped it around his ankle, yanking him to the ground and cracking his nose.

"The worst death imaginable..." Rire mused. "Let's see now if I can find something to work with..." He glanced at Strade's pathetic struggles against his black coils. "You said you got new 'toys', did you not? Based on the looks of that poor thing in the basement, I don't think they're the type of toys you'd give little kids."

His tentacle tightened around Strade's ankle, breaking it with a clean snap. His screams of agony filled the house.

“Where are they?” He asked. Strade only struggled harder in attempt to reach his knife. It laid in the distance, barely out of his grasp.

Ren came downstairs cautiously. Rire looked him up and down briefly before turning back to Strade.

“Another? My, you’re a selfish one, aren’t you? Ah, I suppose that’s alright. I know how fun it is to have multiple things to play with.” He twisted the tentacle up Strade’s leg, stopping at his thigh.

Strade barked and screamed at Ren to do something, but he only stood there.

Rire used a second tentacle to pick up the knife and passed it to Ren with a sly smirk.

“It’s your turn. Revenge is delicious, don’t you know?”

Ren couldn’t take it. The blade wavered in front of his face tauntingly, almost mocking his cowardice.

Rire’s patience withered away and he replaced the knife with Ren’s arm. He dragged Ren to stand next to Strade, who was still writhing in his grasp.

“Kick him.” Rire commanded as he dropped Ren next to Strade. “Just a little kick in the side. Baby steps.”

Ren did as he was told - barely. It was more of a nudge than anything else.

Rire clicked his tongue in disappointment. “Tsk, tsk. Okay. Go get the ‘toys’ Strade mentioned earlier.”

Ren obeyed with haste in desperation to save his hide. He brought back a black bag filled with construction tools and miscellaneous BDSM paraphernalia. Rire gave him a petty rub between the ears as he pulled the bag towards himself.

“Working on construction?” Rire asked Strade, who had frozen by this point.

“No, no, that can’t be it,” he continued. “What use do blindfolds and ring gags have in a construction site? Odd to have them side by side with power tools, don’t you think?”

Strade tried to push himself away from Rire, but was unable to move. The tentacle on his thigh quickly snaked up and around his cock, gripping it painfully. Strade screamed in protest but Rire only laughed. God, that fucking laugh.

Rire used a few other tentacles to suspend him in the air so that he could adjust the ring gag to fit his mouth just right. Poor Ren was still there, but was completely forgotten. Or so he thought.

“Ren, was it?” Rire asked. He had to speak a bit louder to be heard over Strade’s nonsensical garbling.

The fox boy didn't move.

"Ren, why don't you give me a hand? You seem to know your way around here fairly well."

Still he stood, frozen. He shook and trembled. Absolute panic muddled his brain. He could do nothing. Nothing. Nothing.

"No?" Rire asked, jerking Ren out of his dissociative state. "Well, it seems you leave me no choice, then."

On that note, he unleashed another black tentacle and allowed its thick width to grasp Ren by the throat. Pathetic noises of strangulation escaped him, enticing Strade to scream louder. Rire looked only at Strade when he squeezed the life out of the child. His yellow eyes focused on every detail in his suffering, watching him go through the stages of grief all at once for very wrong reasons.

Ren's body hit the ground with a dull "whump" noise. I heard it from the basement.

Strade struggled as hard as he could when Rire fit his dick through the ring gag. No one else heard his struggles. No one else would've cared.

But I did.

Curiosity killed the cat, but satisfaction brought it back. Strade was the cat, but I would never, ever let him come back.

I had to see it for myself.

The stairs were beyond daunting. They wavered in and out of focus, blurring together with unholy

(UNHOLY! UNHOLY!)

sounds in the background, the squelching and gagging and coughing

(cough cough coughing coughin' coffin)

the stairs, the stairs, one way up One way Up to be with Him! Him! Him! Not the Him I was ever taught about but the one I sought on my own accord, the one I just gave my soul to, the one I knew nothing about, the One, the One, the One

The doorknob was staring at me.

# Death Cab for Cutie

## Chapter Summary

aaaaaaaaaaaaahahaa

## Chapter Notes

I used the song "The Ice is Getting Thinner" by Death Cab for Cutie in this chapter, as well as a line from Macbeth. Please don't sue me.

“We don’t talk to strange men, sweetheart.” My mother told me. “You never know which ones might be icky. Okay?”

I smiled up at her with innocence. “I know! And I don’t let them talk to me, either!”

My teary-eyed reflection stared at me, warped by the curve of the door handle.

“Okay, one more time, sweetheart.” she cooed.

“Hail Mary! Full of grace, thy Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy, um...”

“Thy womb, baby. The fruit of thy womb.”

Strade’s gargled choking called me from the Other Side. The metal was cold against my hand. Still I lingered on the handle. He told me to stay put. Dare I disobey his orders? Really, was it worth it? I didn’t know what kind of horrors I’d find on the other side - I didn’t know if I wanted to.

Still, I squeezed my eyes closed and twisted the handle, opening the door just a bit.

It instantly slammed shut. I almost lost my fingers.

“I told you to stay down.” Rire growled between pants.

I apologized profusely and ducked back into a corner.

Already off to a rocky start. I cursed my disobedience and listened intently to the grotesque sounds above me.

Rire was essentially balls deep when I tried to peek through; he loved Strade's menacing glare. The saliva dribbled down onto his chest, leaving wet spots on his army green shirt.

He heard the door creak open and used one of his tentacles to slam it shut.

Strade jumped at this and attempted to shift away only to be met by a harder, faster thrust from Rire. Strade looked up at him almost pleadingly. Rire grinned back at him, all of his pointed teeth showing.

He pulled out suddenly and without warning to move Strade into a new position with his tentacles. Now to find the most demeaning position possible...

Doggy would do.

Rire flipped Strade over and used his tentacles to tear the seat off of Strade's pants, exposing his bare buttocks much more than Strade wanted. He wiggled in protest some more, but all resistance was futile at this point.

Rire used his hands to spread his ass cheeks and reveal him even further, to push him apart and dig inside.

"What's it like, being on the other side of this?" he asked. "Surely you don't experience it often, and you won't ever experience it again. Let's make the most of it."

Rire pushed the head of his cock against Strade's opening gently at first, then shoved it in all at once. He screamed with the ring gag still in his mouth; his blood served as a thick lubricant. Its metallic smell filled the room along with the sounds of Rire's grunting and moaning. His pelvis slammed against him with loud, rhythmic slaps but Strade could do nothing to stop the pain. Nothing but submit and pray for it all to end soon.

Strade struggled to say anything coherent with the gag in his mouth. All that resulted from his crying was more and more saliva oozing out of him.

Rire's curiosity got the better of him, so he unclasped the gag to let him speak, all while pounding into him harshly.

Strade did not hesitate to bellow false threats and promises at the top of his lungs.

"Listen-- we could- make a deal--!" he shrieked.

Rire pushed his member into Strade slowly and painfully, letting it rest in him for a bit.

"I'm afraid I have a prior engagement." he growled. Almost instantly, he went back to rapid-fire thrusting, determined to finish quickly and move on with the next phase of his torture spree.

Strade writhed in his grasp, still in agony. Tears streamed down his face, then snot and even more drool. Rire finished with a grunt and a sigh, dropping Strade to the ground unceremoniously. As Rire was pulling himself back into his pants, Strade was attempting desperately to make a getaway. A getaway into the basement.



Thump. Drag. Thump. Drag. Thump. Thump. “Fuck.” Drag. Thump, drag, stretch, click, squeak. “You-- you did this--” Thump. Slide. Drag. Thump, thump. “I’ll kill you, you son’uvabitch! I’ll kill you!”

I did what I was told and sat in my corner, quiet as a mouse. Still, he came for me. He hunted me down to his very last breath.

Rire followed nonchalantly, enticing hurried panic from Strade.

“Where is that fuckin’-- Don’t touch me! Get away!”

Rire wasn’t touching him. Just hovering slightly behind like a shadow.

My heart was pounding in my ears. We had a deal. He had to stop him - Right? That’s what I told him to do? God, it was all blurring together so so quickly. So so quickly - but not as quickly as Strade’s golden-brown eyes as they darted across the room, so rugged and ready to kill, to kill me. Every day for months, waiting for me to upset him just enough to push him over that delicate little edge. I was treading on thin, thin ice from the moment I’d walked into the bar, and it only got thinner from then  
(what song was that? What song? My dad would play it in the car, it was one of my favorites from the album)  
on out.

Rire stepped lightly, aware of the ice surrounding us all. The ice, the ice, the icy cold of knives and razorblades and betrayal in Ren’s little face when I followed orders. When I did what I was told. When I hurt him.

(We’re not the same, dear, as we used to be./The seasons have changed and so have we./There was little we could say, and even less that we could do/To stop the ice from getting thinner under me and you./We bury our love in the wintry grave/A lump in the snow was all that remained./But we stayed by its side as the days turned to weeks/And the ice kept getting thinner with every word that we’d speak./And when the spring arrived/We were taken by surprise when the floes under our feet bled into the sea/And nothing was left for you and me./We’re not the same, dear,/And it seems to me/There’s nowhere we can go/With nothing underneath./And it saddens me to say/What we both knew was true/That the ice was getting thinner/Under me and you./The ice was getting thinner/Under me and you.)

Strade didn’t see me, but Rire did. I crouched in the darkness unknown and waiting for my next command.

Rire snaked a tentacle towards Strade gently. A startled grunt escaped Strade’s mouth when it jerked his ankle backwards. His face hit the ground again.

Rire had him hostage, but this time he held Strade upright so that he faced me. For once, he kept his mouth shut. Rire paced around him, then glanced at me to gesture that I ought to come forward.

I did as told with few reservations. Almost silently, I took the knife Rire handed me.

A high pitched shrill filled my ears and nothing else. I stepped forward. His golden-brown eyes had always been so beautiful to me. It was no wonder why I'd taken a liking to him back in the bar. It was no wonder why it was so easy for him to take advantage of me.

No one needed to tell me what to do. I stared into his eyes as the knife slowly pressed into his stomach. Slowly, slowly, I drew it out for as long as I could. His face twisted and he desperately kicked to get away, but Rire was there to stop him.

There was a sick wet pop as his skin broke. His warm blood coated the blade and my hands, (What, will these hands ne'er be clean? Clean? Clean?) my hands shook as the knife slid across his stomach sloppily but not without precision, no, If only he knew how I'd romanticized his death on a day to day basis, if only he knew how long I'd planned something as beautiful as this for his long, slow, drawn out demise. If only he knew.

The freak would probably jack off to it.

I looked over my shoulder at Rire to see a smirk on his face. This was his little way of encouragement, I thought. I could keep going.

Strade's eyes were still burning - but they were beginning to falter. The light was leaving them almost as quickly as the blood was leaving his body, so slick and warm now up to my forearm. Some had splattered onto the rest of me. It was like a Jackson Pollock painting but with only one color.

The sounds rushed in at once. Strade was screaming at me, but he was so worn out. It was all in his eyes, the light that was fizzling, fizzling away.

My lips turned upwards. "All out of jam, buddy?" I asked.

He ground his teeth, let out his last few whimpers, and that was it. The air left his body in a deep, almost relaxing sigh. Rire dropped him to the ground and I dropped the knife right afterwards - then I dropped my last meal, all out of my mouth along with spit and cries of... remorse? Terror? Disgust?

I was shutting down. I could feel it when the walls started closing around me - when colors appeared in front of my eyes where there weren't before. Everything was fading, fading, fading in and out in, and out 1,2,3 1,2,3 blur blur breathe a big breath take it easy! Easy! Death was so easy!

Rire watched me collapse to my knees and vomit, he watched me clutch the sides of my head as it all spun out of control.

"Is this your first time?" he asked.

All that came out of me was more panicked gibberish. He sighed and gave me a light tap on my shoulder.

I whipped around, everything going so fast and so slow. His mouth moved and his hand was outstretched.

“Are you ready to go?”

What did he say? My brows knit together in confusion, but I looked down at his long, slender hand. I half-relaxed and brushed my bloody fingers over it.

I woke up to the smell of freshly brewed tea.

# White Lies

## Chapter Summary

we in this biiiitch

## Chapter Notes

i can't figure out how to italicize words on this site for the life of me, so some of the sentences may be weird if emphasis isn't placed on the right word. sorry. enjoy, you thirsty hoes

The sofa underneath me was soft and comfortable. I rose delicately to view my surroundings, attempting to gain some understanding of what was going on.

Describing the room as huge would be an understatement. Its ceiling curved at its peak; its walls were floor-to-ceiling bookshelves stuffed to bursting. I eyed one of the shelves curiously and stood, walking over to it.

My eyes flicked over the titles delicately printed on the spines of each novel. I took a breath and placed a finger onto one - Dante's Inferno - to take it out and flick through the pages.

The fully-illustrated epic jumped out at me, especially one particular picture. It showed a devil enjoying his meal, a young girl. He'd eaten most of her already so that only her naked bottom half was exposed. I shuddered and switched pages only to be met by the "suicides and squanderers" depicted as long, barren trees in the shapes of warped human bodies. The faces attached to them were twisted in agony.

I decided to close the book in the hope of avoiding any more nightmare fuel. I placed it back where it came from delicately and turned on the sole of my foot to be met by Rire, holding a teacup in each hand.

He chuckled lowly when I jumped back a bit, clearly caught off guard.

"I- I'm sorry, I was only looking--"

He interrupted me smoothly, "It's fine. Here, sit back on the couch. We've much to discuss."

I sat hurriedly. I stared down at my hands clamped between my legs. My eyes widened.

"Hey-- where are my old clothes?"

My shorts and shirt had been replaced with a flowy nightgown type of garment that cut off just above the knees. Not only that, but my hair was washed and my skin was free of any blood stains.

He placed a teacup on the coffee table in front of me and took a seat in the large armchair to my right.

“You’ll have to forgive me.” He said. “You were quite messy. I didn’t want you to stain anything.” Rire gestured toward the cup while taking a sip out of his own.

I lifted the cup tentatively and swirled around the tea. Its steam filled my nostrils, relaxing my senses.

“So... Let’s talk business.”

I looked up at him.

He gave me a reassuring smile as he went over our deal. “You wanted Strade to suffer a horrible death. Check.”

I nodded my head.

“You wanted to be kept - and I quote - ‘safe, warm, content, and happy’, yes?”

Again, I nodded.

“Last but not least,” he continued, “you said that you didn’t want anyone else to touch you again.” He smiled maliciously. “Is that correct?”

I gulped but agreed with him.

“I’m going to need a verbal answer.”

“Y-yeah. Yes. All of those things, yes.”

His eyebrows jerked upwards. “Good, good. Now that I’ve held up my end of the bargain...”

Rire made a big show of unfurling his tentacles.

“Really, you don’t need to be here anymore.”

I froze on the spot as he loomed over me, tentacles thick and dripping.

My mouth spoke without me telling it to. “But you said you’d turn me into a demon.”

He stared at me. “... Aren’t you... scared..?”

“Ahh, I, um, I th-think I’m still in shock, actually.” I admitted.

He pulled his tentacles back and moved so that he sat next to me on the sofa, devouring me with his eyes.

“Did I really say that, about turning you into a demon?” he asked.

I nodded. “Yes, uh, you said that it was the only way I could get what I wanted. To ‘become a demon myself’.”

He pursed his lips slightly.

I continued, “B-besides, the ‘safe, warm, content, and happy’ thing is ongoing. By saying that you need to ‘keep’ me that way, it, um, it sort of implies that I have to stay alive. And that it’s your responsibility.”

He eased himself off of the couch slowly and paced the tile floor a bit. He stroked his goatee as he did so, clearly deep in thought.

I couldn’t help but smile a bit as I took another sip from my cup - was he really this used to people being so stupid? I’d gone over my requests until they were the only thing I thought about. Doesn’t it make sense to think these things through before signing souls over to demons?

Although I was more than confident in my request, there was an inkling of doubt that fogged my mind. There was no way I could’ve forgotten anything, was there..?

My throat closed up a bit.

“Hey, um, w-was there anyone else that you ran into when you were, uh... Taking care of the first part of our deal?”

He stopped his pacing. “Why do you ask?” he said.

“Just answer the question. Please.”

His lips curled upwards inhumanly, all of his pointed teeth bared in my direction.

“A little boy.” He murmured. “He was more trouble than he was worth.”

The cup slipped from my hands and shattered below me.

“Don’t worry,” he said. “I made it as quick as possible.”

The next few moments passed by rapidly. I lunged at him and beat his chest with my fists, tears streaming down my face, hoarse threats crawling out of my mouth.

“I hate you!” I shrieked. “Just fuck off and die!”

He took the hits without flinching, waiting for me to tire myself out. But when I snatched his glasses and broke them against the ground, he hoisted me up over his shoulder and wrestled me into his bedroom, determined to shut me up.

I kicked and screamed the whole time. Still he thought nothing of it. He dropped me onto the carpeted floor and glared down at me, hoping that I’d feel some sort of shame for my actions.

“You will stay here until you learn to behave yourself.”

He slammed the door and locked it behind him.

I didn't even bother to get up. My sobs came out in broken hiccups. Eventually I found the strength to pull myself together (the best I could, anyways) and explore the room.

The bedsheets were of a satin-like material, as well as most of his clothes. The master bedroom had an off-bathroom that I meandered into, trying my best to leave his things undisturbed.

I stared at my reflection. God, I'd gotten thin. Almost dangerously so, although the fat I still had clung to my breasts and hips, just like it had before I lost all this weight.

There was a scale near the bathtub. I stepped on it to see how much I'd lost.

Over thirty pounds in only two months.

I returned to the mirror and lifted the nightgown up to my bellybutton to see what malnourishment looked like on me.

My hip bones protruded violently against my skin, almost threatening to tear it. My thighs had shrunk to nearly half of their original size.

“If thick thighs save lives,” I mumbled, “then I guess I'm not saving any lives anymore.”

I dropped the fabric and leaned in to see my face.

The dark circles under my eyes looked like someone might've taken a sharpie and drawn them. My cheekbones looked much like my hips had - pushing up against the skin in an attempt to break free. My cheeks were hollow underneath them. I looked like I'd just walked out of a Tim Burton movie.

Curiosity ebbed at my conscience. I looked at the cabinets and argued with myself on whether or not I should go through them. Would that be a breach of privacy?

He killed my friend and stripped me down to bathe me, along with who knows what else while I was unconscious. Going through his stuff wouldn't be too bad.

There were typical toiletries in the cabinets beneath the sink. Disposable shaving razors, q-tips, band-aids - those sorts of things. I was getting bored until I saw some bubble bath soap tucked away in the back corner. It was mine now.

I'd forgotten how nice big bathtubs were. I dug around to find a towel while the hot water poured from Rire's faucet. When the tub was half full, I dumped in a generous amount of the soap and checked the temperature with my toe. I set the towel on the ground and slid my clothes off, gently sitting myself down in the tub. The water lapped around me, the bubbles concealed my scarred body. After a short while, I began to doze off.

“I'm glad to see you're making yourself comfortable.”

I jerked forward at the sound of Rire's voice. He stood over me with his hands behind his back, his expression smug. The water was cool by now.

"How long have you been standing there?!" I demanded, making an effort to cover where the bubbles had dissipated.

He chuckled lowly. "Don't worry, it's nothing I haven't already seen. As for how long I've been here, well..." He leaned over a tad. "I'm concerned that dinner might be cold now."

I glared up at him in disgust. "Creep."

He tucked a loose strand of hair behind his ear. "Don't make yourself so vulnerable if you don't want me to take advantage of it."

I grimaced and drew my knees to my chest.

"Can you leave so that I can dry myself off? I'll... I'll be out in a bit."

"No. Step out of the tub."

My expression went back to a glare, although duller this time, as I unplugged the drain. The water slid out in a small whirlpool, taking some stray bubbles with it. Still I tried to keep my decency.

Rire patted my back to signal that I needed to stand up. I did so quietly, my hands covering my chest and crotch. He brushed them to the side easily once I stepped out, then approached me with the towel. He patted my shoulders and chest with surprising delicacy, as if he thought I would break if he applied too much pressure.

He bent over to pat my ankles, then he worked his way up my legs, massaging my calves, my knees, making his way to what was left of my inner thighs. He must've seen my hands fidget anxiously once he reached... there. But he only patted the outer lips gingerly and continued his way up the rest of my body. He stopped at my face and smiled a bit.

"Flustered, are we?"

I caught a glimpse of my face in the mirror. I'd never blushed harder in my life.

I took the towel and covered my body quickly, as if that would make my embarrassment go away.

He dismissed my anxiety with a wave of his hand, like he could solve every problem that easily. He pushed my hair off of my forehead to get a better look at my face.

"I think you ought to wear something more appropriate for dinner than that loungewear you were in earlier." He said. "Let's find something you like."

Confusion muddled my mind, but I complied. He sauntered back into his bedroom, four pre-chosen garments laid out on his bed.



They were clothes from my wardrobe back at home.

I gripped the towel tighter and looked up at him, terrified. He only gestured towards the clothes again.

Carefully, I chose my little red dress from my options. I saw him smile out of the corner of my eye.

“I was hoping you’d pick that one...” he said as he bent over to pluck some undergarments - my undergarments - from the bed.

He took the towel from me and hooked my bra on, then slid the dress over me.

“Ah- don’t I get any, um..?” I gestured towards my crotch.

“No.” he said, zipping me up. “I hate to break it to you,” he continued, “but you’re going to have to trust me whether you want to or not. Really, you’ll find that I’m not all bad...” He danced his fingertips along the base of my neck, sending a chill down my spine. He saw me shudder and smiled in response. “Dinner should still be warm, I believe. Shall we?”

I took his arm, riddled with anxiety. It was all too... intimate. Soft. Suspicious.

He pulled out the chair for me to sit. I did so and thanked him, eyeing the plate in front of me. Filet mignon decorated with herbs and spices. One of my favorites.

He sat next to me at the head of the table. His eyes darted from me to my plate, tempting me to take a bite.

I stared him down instead. It was like we were at a stalemate, daring each other to make the first move. In staring him down, I got to fully examine his facial features. I memorized them down to each hair that traced the outline of his cheekbones.

His eyes were very pretty.

Finally, he was the one to break the unnerving silence.

“Being stubborn just for the sake of being stubborn will get you nowhere. Eat, or you’ll starve.”

As much as I hated to admit it, he was right. It all looked so good, but I didn’t want to give him any satisfaction whatsoever.

When he rose abruptly, it seemed as though he’d given up. I relaxed for a moment until he reached out from behind me, simultaneously cutting my food and trapping me between his arms.

“You told me to take care of you,” he said. “But I can’t do that if you refuse to accept what you need.”

He lifted up the first slice of meat delicately and brought it to my lips. At first I resisted, but his impatient foot tapping warned me of possible consequences for my resistance. Dangerous consequences.

I took the bite. It was quite possibly the best thing I'd ever eaten.

But he wasn't allowed to see that, oh no. I kept my poker face up - the same one I kept after a shot in the bar - and hoped that he wouldn't see how much I loved it.

He did, of course. The eyes of hunters are constantly in tune to find weaknesses in their prey.

"Do you like it?" He murmured against my ear. I crossed my legs more tightly and clutched at the hem of my dress.

He leaned further forward to set my utensils back down, his hair tickling the back of my neck as he did so. His expensive cologne invaded my nostrils. It smelled lovely, but...

"Ahh- Rire, excuse me, I need to--"

He held me in place, seeming to think that this was an escape attempt.

"No- no, really- I--"

Realizing that this would get me nowhere, I snatched up the napkin from underneath my knife and held it to my nose. A series of high pitched sneezes came out one right after another. When I looked up through allergy-watered eyes, I could see his arms shaking slightly.

Anxiety welled in my chest. Neither of us moved. After a good while of my terror building, he finally broke away. I could see outlines of laughter in his eyes.

"What?" I asked, my anxiety melting into frustration. "What's so funny?"

He returned to his seat next to me and shook his head. "Finish your meal, then I might tell you." He smiled. "Might."

I tried my best to look like I didn't want to be eating it, but based on his smug expression as he leaned back in the chair, I'd say I probably failed.

"Is it good?" he asked.

I nodded sheepishly. The plate looked like I'd licked it clean, which I probably would have if no one was watching.

"Oh, good." He cooed. The curl of his lips gave me butterflies in my stomach that were hard to ignore. "I was only laughing about how terribly naive you are."

"Naive?" I asked, struggling to mask the malice in my voice. "W-why do you say that?"

He smiled a bit. "Trying to pretend like you have the upper hand here. You're only lying to yourself - we both know you're desperate to survive."

My poker face was back on. "Oh?"

Rire stood again and pushed his chair back under the table. He paced some more, intentionally trying to scare me into submission. My hands were shaking, but I kept them concealed in my lap. His eyes were on me. I could not falter.

"As for turning you into a demon," he said, now standing directly across the table from me. "That can be arranged."

"How so?" I asked, my voice coming out with surprising smoothness.

"Easy." He purred as he sauntered back towards me. "And it can work to both of our advantages..."

I eyed him as he inched towards me.

"You want me to take care of you," he continued. "But you're defiant. This is a dilemma, don't you think?"

No response from me.

"Truly, how can I help you if I don't know how? I believe you humans have a phrase - 'consent is key', is it?"

I nodded slightly.

"It's obvious when you want things, but you refuse to tell me what they are... But," he paused, lifting an index finger for emphasis, "your eyes say it all." Again with that inhuman grin of his. "What if you had an eye that couldn't lie to me, even when you force your face into neutrality?"

My shaky hands grew clammy as he stepped even closer and squatted down so that we were eye level. This time, I couldn't maintain eye contact. My eyes darted around the room.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I-I, I don't know--"

"Yes you do." he said. "And I think I know what it is too."

Rire pressed his lips firmly against mine. Panic flooded me at first, but I found myself slowly melting in his grasp. His hands clung to my waist a bit too roughly for my liking at first, but when he felt me fidget he handled me more gently. Gently! He actually moved with my body language, unlike the brute that just took whatever he wanted. Rire was willing to play the game at my pace - at least for the time being.

He pulled away, leaving me lingering.

“Hey- w-wait--”

He cocked an eyebrow at me. “So you do know what you want?”

I froze again, this time out of a more frustrated shock.

“Okay.” I said. “You’re clever, I’ll give you that.”

“Alas, I admit it.” he said with slight mockery. He stood up slowly and took my face in his hands to get a clear look at me.

It was like he was in a produce market trying to decide whether or not I was a fruit good enough to eat. I grew self conscious under his gaze, especially after I’d scrutinized myself in the mirror so harshly.

But he smiled down at me, turning my insides to liquid. He grazed his thumbs over my eyelids and I closed them at his subtle command. I felt his hands wander to my hairline, then to my... forehead?

He pressed into the center of my forehead with both of his thumbs.

It didn't hurt, but it was uncomfortable. I started to say something when the pressure increased but he stopped me by removing one of his hands to press a finger to my lips.

The pressure rose until something broke from it. I screwed up my face in discomfort.

“You can open your eyes now.” Rire said.

I did. My hand flew to my forehead and I felt a painful jab there, not unlike poking myself in the eye.

“What-- What was that!?” I asked.

“The eyes don't lie,” he said. “But you force them to. So I gave you one that tells me what you want - even when you don't want me to know you want it.”

I furrowed my brow at him. “What..? What do you mean?”

He let out an impatient sigh and led me back into the bathroom.

His hand held my waist delicately. I had to force myself to remain calm.

My hand nearest his side clutched at his silky shirt and my other was practically glued to his hand around my waist.

He looked down at me and smiled. I smiled back at him, noticing his eyes lock onto my forehead for a moment. He chuckled.

“This will work out perfectly.” he said.

I didn't know what he meant until I was face to face with the mirror, staring at the terrified third eye on my forehead.

# A Mosquito, My Libido

## Chapter Summary

"a mosquito, my libido" is a line from Smells Like Teen Spirit by Nirvana. idk, i thought it worked well.

## Chapter Notes

wow, wow, wow. BTD2 is beyond anything i could've dreamed it to be. it's given me some ideas on where to go in my fic, too. if you haven't played the game yet, do it as soon as possible.

I poked and prodded at it. The thing moved like it had a mind of its own, but I could definitely feel when I touched it.

“Ow.” I said. “Ow.”

“If you touch it again, you will yield the same results.” Rire said under his breath.

I pursed my lips at him. From the corner of my regular eye, I could see my new one roll upwards dramatically.

“Wait-- what?” I leaned in again to see my new eye widen in shock and curiosity. As I studied it further turned to confusion, then to concentration.

“Do you like it?” Rire asked me.

“I...” My eye curved as if it were bent by a smile.

He grinned. “I’ll take that as a yes.”

“Oh, this is going to go sour very quickly.” I predicted, going back to studying my reflection. “Are all of my emotions just out on the table now?”

“Essentially, yes.”

“What? Why?” I turned toward him slightly.

He eased himself closer. “Do you have something to hide?”

He was so close. His cologne wafted into my nose again, but I'd grown used to it by now. Rather than sneezing, I inhaled softly so that I could better appreciate it.

"Of course not." I mumbled, my eyes darting to the side.

Rire studied my face cautiously, then raised a hand to cup my cheek. I blinked in surprise and drew back, but he held me in place firmly. With purpose.

He moved his fingers from my cheek to my chin, then trailed them smoothly down my neck. My knees were quaking against each other, but I forced myself to stay calm - or at least look the part.

His lips curled upwards delicately as he continued to trace the edges of my collarbone, then trail off so that he gripped my waist.

"Why are you resisting when you want this?" he asked me.

I fidgeted in my uncertainty. Everything was too fast, too fast, too soft and kind, unnervingly so.

He saw my tension and reluctantly drew back. There was something he wasn't telling me, I was sure of it.

"Would you like to sleep with me or on the sofa?" he asked.

I swallowed. "S-sofa, please."

He turned without another word and began to walk off. Meagerly I followed him, unsure of what else to do. Even his footsteps were elegant with their rhythmic clicks against the tile. He laid out a blanket and a few pillows onto the couch, then turned back to me.

"I assume you want something else to sleep in?"

I looked down at my dress. "This doesn't really pass as a nightgown." I observed.

My little quip seemed to amuse him. I wondered if maybe, maybe it would be less awkward if I could appeal to his sense of humor? Let my silver tongue goad away the rough edges of our mutual unease?

"There might be something for you to wear back in my room." he said.

"Oh - uh, thanks a bunch. I'll... be in here."

He nodded and left.

I looked around the library again, scanning desperately for anything that could make the guy laugh. It was too tense. I knew a shitty joke would be awkward, but it was my best shot at making him like me. It'd all been a blunder so far. I popped my knuckles and furrowed my brows.

“Why so angry?”

I turned around abruptly to see Rire behind me yet again.

“We really ought to get you a little bell.” I offered, a nervous smile ebbing at my lips.

He responded without a moment’s pause, “Or, rather, we ought to get you a hearing aid.”

My jaw dropped slightly.

“So sassy!” I gasped in fake astonishment. I could do it. I could play the jester.

He smiled curtly and laid a garment on the back of the sofa, the same garment I’d worn earlier.

“This should be much more comfortable, I’m sure, than sleeping in that dress. Speaking of which...” He gestured for me to stand, and I obeyed.

His nimble fingers plucked at the buttons on the back, then pulled down the zipper. Naturally I tried to defend my decency, but my hands were brushed to the side just as before.

As he draped the soft gown over me, he murmured into my ear, “You have to trust me. If you want this to work, you have to trust me - fully and completely.”

I grimaced a bit but tried to loosen up.

He folded his hands behind his back in a professional manner. “Are you set for the night?”

I nodded and sat on the couch, legs folded tightly.

“Good night, then.” he said.

“G’night.” I responded.

When sleep came it was in chaotic waves of nightmare, one right after the next. Squealing pigs and babies in fire pits, people hanging themselves with their own intestines, teeth falling out to be thrown as confetti, Ke\$ha playing in the background the whole time. Ren looked at me and wept. I reached out to him, again, again, in slow motion, missing each time, like a computer glitch glitch glitch gl gl glitch that never stops, like a scratch on a record player that repeats the same half a second over and over until someone snaps, again. again. again.

I jerked up abruptly with a yelp, my face wet from tears and sweat. My hair clung in stringy strands to my forehead as if they were afraid of being alone. Rire was sitting on the couch with a book, glancing up when I woke violently. I was breathing hard and deep, like I was trying to suck all the air from the world.

“Nightmare?” he asked me.

I could only nod. Everything was shaking and walls seemed to be changing shape and color and closing in--



“Stop that.” Rire commanded. He closed his book. “It was only a bad dream. It can’t hurt you.”

I stared blankly, not entirely convinced.

“Besides,” he continued, “I’m the scariest thing here. And I’m not allowed to let anything bad happen to you.” His last words slid out like he hated saying them. I wasn’t sure how much I could really believe him.

Either way, my brain was still shutting down. My limbs quaked uncontrollably, my sobs came out in hiccups. Without thinking, I shifted my position and laid my head on Rire’s thighs. He was surprised but didn’t seem shocked.

Eventually I calmed down, but numbly. I spaced out towards the open room, empty save for the two of us. Rire had set a hand on my head, then continued to read.

“Why did you kill Ren?”

He paused before closing his book. It took a little while longer for him to respond.

“You didn’t tell me that I couldn’t.”

I stayed silent. He wasn’t wrong. I... I didn’t feel anything anymore. My little baby, my little baby, he was dead and gone. The tears began to flow again, this time without emotion. They just... came.

“To be fair,” Rire continued, “His life would have still been miserable, had he survived all of that. Mortals’ minds can only take so much...”

I closed my eyes gently. This time when sleep came, it was nothing but black.

# Cloud Nine

## Chapter Summary

this chapter is almost entirely self-indulgent ok. it was fun to write - i hope it's fun for you guys to read!

Rire must have fallen asleep too, since his book had landed softly on my face. He was snoring slightly with a little whistle to mark every exhale of breath. His hand twitched subconsciously in my hair, lightly grabbing at the curls.

I closed my eyes. He was far less threatening when he wasn't awake.

However, with my head in his lap, I began to notice a... private problem of his. I wanted to move, but if I woke him up on accident, he might get angry. I laid there, frozen and exhausted. I tried inching the book off of my face - slowly, slowly - until it slid quietly onto the floor with a light click. He snorted for a second before dropping off again. I let out a breath of relief that he didn't wake up, then tried to ease his hand from my hair. It had become entangled through the night, his little twitches wrapping the strands around his fingers until it was all a mess. His fingers were nimble, but mine were too; I blindly plucked around my hair until it began to come loose in his hands. Once freed, I lifted his hand off of me and shifted so that I could stare up at him.

I set his hand on my chest for the time being. No one looked good at this unflattering angle, not even him. Especially with his head bowed - it gave me the illusion that he had two or three chins.

A little smile grew on my face. I lifted his hand to study it. I'd never been great at reading palms, but a little absent-minded practice couldn't hurt anything.

His life line was long and deep. His love line, however, was fragmented and broken, and the places that were visible at all were faint.

I rested his hand back on my chest but held my fingers over it. I began thinking of ways to move away from his crotch without waking him up.

Thinking...

Thinking...

... Thinking...

He shifted with a slight grunt, then slowly withdrew his hand to stretch his arms over his head. When he turned back to look at me, I smiled sheepishly. He pursed his lips in response.

“You’re still here?” he taunted.

I sat up slowly and inched away from him so that he could have some space. He popped his back and rubbed his neck, presumably sore from sleeping at such an odd angle.

Rire glanced at the grandfather clock nearest the two of us.

“It seems as though there’s still a few hours before I have to get up for the day...” He rose and began to saunter off, picking up his book as he did so.

I froze for a moment. “Um, c-could I go with you this time? It might help with the nightmares.”

He paused. “I don’t see why not.”

I skittered behind him as he went into his room. The blankets were unbelievably warm and inviting, and they drew me in without a moment of hesitation. Rire followed suit with a mischievous smirk.

I was about to ask him what the smile was about, but he slid in behind me and snaked his arm around my waist before I had the chance. When I tried to pull away, he drew me in closer, rubbing his thumb in a circular motion on my hipbone. Subconsciously, I let out a slight whimper. This encouraged him - he danced his hand around me, his other one used to prop his head up. His fingers ran along the fabric, then the skin of my collarbone. Jaw. Lips. He spread them and slid his fingers inside, my tongue goading them further. I looked only into his eyes but I saw something else, something thick and black twisting near my ankles. I stole a glance at the tentacle and felt my eyes widen a bit, but Rire pulled my attention back to him.

“Easy now...” He purred. “It’ll only hurt if you panic. Otherwise...” He leaned in, his lips brushing my ear, “It will be quite enjoyable for the both of us.”

I turned to lay fully on my back, then tugged at the hem of my nightgown.

“I don’t think I -- Well, can I, um, see it first? Is that okay?”

The anxiety in my voice was apparent. He paused for a moment before sliding his tentacle up so that it was directly in front of my face.

“Oh,” I said. “Hello there.” A nervous giggle slipped out of me.

Rire sighed. “It doesn’t respond as its own organism, it’s still a part of me--”

I reached out, pulled it in, and gave it a little kiss.

This caught him off guard for a moment, but no more than that. I looked up at him to see him smiling and... blushing? Ever so slightly, around the edges of his cheekbones?

“Since you seem to enjoy using your mouth so much...” He opened my mouth again gently with his fingers, then slid the tentacle in. In and out, back and forth, grazing the back of my

throat with little to no effort on my part. He pulled it out slowly so that I could catch my breath.

“You aren’t too bad at that.” Rire said tentatively. “In fact...”

I grew uncomfortable when he shifted so that he was above me. He saw this in my eye(s) and fought irritation.

“C-can we take it slow? I’m, I’m not really...” My legs were shaking together yet again. He backed up so that he kneeled near my feet, then placed a hand softly on each of my knees. Still they quaked in his grasp.

“Easy, easy...” he said, as if he were talking to a frightened animal. “I’m not going to push you too far.”

I swallowed my fear and my pride, letting him ease my legs apart. He pressed his lips to my left leg, just above the knee, then sucked gently, trailing down, a little more pressure until he reached my inner thigh; then he gave a slight nibble - very slight, since his teeth were so sharp he could’ve drawn blood - and then the tiniest, tiniest ounce of a kiss onto my labia. That little kiss alone sent sparks up my spine. I let out a little squeak and covered my mouth immediately afterwards. He looked up at me but I refused to meet his eye. Why was I so embarrassed?

Like butter on warm toast, he soothed me with one word.

“Relax.”

And so I did.

He went back to my thighs to warm me up even more, not that I needed it. This time his pecks were a touch more aggressive, more needy - animalistic, even. I let myself make little noises and relax into it.

My hips began to swirl and rotate seemingly on their own accord, moving in time with his rhythmic nips. This time when he pushed his mouth against me he used tongue and good god, that was the first spark in a wildfire. I drew in a sharp breath as my hips bucked against his mouth, riding his tongue as it put pressure on my most sensitive areas. The way I was moving almost made it seem like I was attempting to get away from him, twitching and writhing in the opposite direction of his mouth; but he held me in place firmly by my thighs, digging his fingers into the soft flesh. I began to whimper and moan at each gentle application of pressure. One of my hands found its way into his hair and clung to it as if my life was at stake. He groaned at the touch and those little vibrations tickled me into more hip-bucking.

More pressure, faster faster faster! He snuck his hand between my hips and let a long, lean finger find its way inside of me. I accepted it outright, going so far as to demand one more. He happily obliged, rubbing inside, relaxing my muscles, twirling his tongue gently.

My legs began to twitch and spasm. I knew this had to come to an end, but I didn’t want it to. He saw my body language change and upped the pace just a bit, grazing his fingertips against

my g-spot, adding some suction to my clit - and that was all it took. He didn't speed up or slow down, he rode out my orgasm at the same pace he'd been holding, letting me enjoy myself before he took his turn.

Finally he pulled away. I laid there, defeated and panting, as he rose to remove his pajama bottoms.

"Tired already?" Rire asked me. "Don't tell me you're giving up now..."

With the release of his drawstrings, his cock sprang upright - and so did I. Exhaustion still plagued me, but it seemed as though fighting it off for a little while longer would be worth it.

He kneeled over me. I slid back, righted myself, and crawled forward like I knew he wanted me to.

He murmured, "You were good with the tentacle. Let's see what you can do here..."

A gasp escaped his lips as I enveloped his entire length hungrily.

"E-easy, easy..." he said again, although this time it seemed like he didn't want me to listen.

I withdrew only to plunge in again, and again, and again. I made sure to rub the head of his cock with my tongue to entice slight moans from him, adding to the hisses slipping from between his teeth.

This didn't last long. He pulled away before he finished so that he could prop me onto my back, push my legs apart, and enter me without a moment's hesitation. I yelped in protest at first but he only had to look at my third eye to tell him to move forward, to keep going, to push the limits of what was allowed. His pounding wasn't entirely merciless. He let me prop my legs up on his shoulders so he could bump the back of my cervix, allowing me to come a second time. And then a third.

The mattress slammed against the frame rhythmically, counting each thrust as he pounded through, almost finished for the night.

Rire groaned as he came, filling me warmly. I let out a slight whimper as he pulled out to fetch his pajama bottoms, then pull them on.

"Ahh - I'm sorry, could I get a towel..?" I asked.

He nodded, tucked a loose strand of hair behind his ear, and sauntered off into the bathroom.

By the time he returned, I could feel myself beginning to fall asleep. He patted my leg to wake me up and I cracked my eyes open.

I rubbed my face and thanked him as he cleaned up our mess, presumably because he didn't want to stain his sheets. He tossed the towel to the side and slid into bed. I tugged my nightgown back over my thighs and curled up next to him, gently pressing my lips against him wherever I could.

There were no nightmares.

# Good Morning, Sunshine

## Chapter Summary

"It's not even my birthday  
But he want to lick the icing off  
I know you want it in the worst way  
Can't wait to blow my candles out

He want that cake, cake,  
Cake, cake, cake, cake, cake  
Cake, cake, cake, cake, cake  
Cake, cake, cake

Ooh baby, I like it  
You so excited  
Don't try to hide it  
I'mma make you my bitch  
Cake, cake, cake, cake  
Cake, cake, cake, cake  
Cake, cake, cake, cake  
Cake, cake, cake

I know you wanna bite this  
Its so enticin'  
Nothin' else like this  
I'mma make you my bitch" - Birthday Cake by Rihanna

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

I had no idea how he managed to get out of the bed without waking me. The imprint of where he had slept was still warm, so it couldn't have been long since he'd gotten up. When I shifted to find him my whole body screamed at me to lie back down - especially my legs.

An ugly noise escaped my throat when I tried to get up. The muscles felt like they were going to burst out of my skin. I decided against standing and laid on my back in the soft blankets, quietly screaming with my mouth clamped shut the whole time. The warmth began to lull me back to sleep...

A cool hand pressed itself to my cheek. I cracked an eye open to find Rire standing above me, his expression neutral.

"I take it you slept well?" he asked me.

I nodded and placed my hand on top of his. He held it there for a moment before drawing away.

“It seems as though I can't go to work today.” Rire said.

“Why's that?”

“I don't have my glasses.” He continued, tapping his foot as he did so. “Because you broke them. So I've ordered a new pair. A pair that cost money.”

I grimaced up at him. “I... I'm sorry...” I mumbled.

Rire only gave me a “mm-hm” of agreement with his lips pressed firmly together.

He continued, “Come on. Let's get you up for today.”

I groaned loudly and complained about my legs, but he only smiled in response, and even then the smile was tight-lipped, without affection. In attempting to stand, I toppled over and landed near his feet.

“Oh-- shit, I'm so sorry, I'm still super sore from last night.” A wave of memories came flooding back to me. I looked up from my position on the floor to find a grade A view, then considered staying there to stare at him for the rest of my life.

He looked at my third eye and sighed. With his hand outstretched, he consoled me by murmuring, “Maybe later, if you're good.”

I swallowed hard and took his hand. It was a bit of an effort for me to get up, but Rire helped me without an issue.

“Let's get you in the shower, shall we? Maybe the warm water will relax your muscles...”

The subtext made me shudder but I painstakingly made my way into his bathroom, with his guidance. He stripped me of my nightgown and had me sit down on the floor of his shower. I hugged my knees to my chest and crossed my ankles together shyly, attempting in vain to cover the deep scars on my body.

Rire sauntered off for a bit. Was he just going to leave me there? I strained my head out of the shower to glance around for him.

It only took him a moment to return, two towels and a few shampoo bottles in his hands.

“What, you didn't think I'd abandon you, did you?” He said with a smile. He handed me the bottles and gestured for me to sit back where he'd put me.

I shifted to set the bottles on the shower floor. When I turned back around, he was removing his work clothes. He'd already stripped himself of his shirt, and he was taking his sweet time on his belt buckle. I fidgeted anxiously on the cold tile. Long since had I abandoned any hope of keeping myself covered up. He would take what he wanted either way, it seemed. No-- no, no, I was calling the shots this time. He wasn't like the other man



(other man)

that broke me down. He was better, right? Right? He didn't keep a collar on me, he gave me a gift, a blessing, a tool that the both of us could use. He was there for me. Because I said so. I called the shots. I called the shots.

I gulped before speaking. "Stop teasing me."

He tilted his head with some amusement. "Teasing you? How am I doing anything of the sort?"

The anxiety was coming back again, this time harder and faster. Still I held my ground.

"You know what you're doing. Leaving me on the tile, all cold. Watching me and trying to make me uncomfortable. All that!"

There was a moment of silence as he stood with his hands reaching backwards to undo his hair tie. A slight glare permeated his neutral expression.

"You are not a grateful houseguest."

"You're right." I said. My courage grew now that I could see his emotions more easily.

"Probably because you keep mocking me. Mocking me, belittling me, and trying to get me to squirm underneath you. Well, it's not going to work."

Rire cocked an eyebrow. "It worked last night."

My draw dropped. I began to say something, then closed my mouth again to consider my options.

"While you aren't wrong," I started, "I don't need you to be so condescending towards me." I hauled myself upright, my hands gripping the sides of the shower as I did so. My legs were beginning to function decently. I couldn't walk, but I could stand firmly.

"Ah, so you can get up." Rire said, finally stepping out of his slacks. He folded them and set them near the towels. "Do tell, why do you think you can speak to me that way?"

He took a few steps forward as his tentacles emerged from his back. I could only cling to the wall. Nowhere to run

(run run)

and nowhere to hide.

I cringed and drew back when he bent towards me. Rather than hit me, he used his tentacles to slide off his boxer-briefs and toss them on the bathroom floor. He closed the glass shower door and flicked on the water in one smooth movement. It was absolutely freezing at first. This totally shocked me, but he didn't seem to care.

I averted my eyes from his nudity, but I could feel my third eye going nuts. It felt like the eyelids were practically flung open, and I knew exactly what it was looking at.

"Interesting." Rire said. "Even when you're scared? What a strange sex drive."

I stammered out, “I’m n-not scared.”

“You’re right,” he said, correcting himself. “You aren’t scared, you’re absolutely terrified. And after how well I’ve treated you, too.” He let out a dejected sigh. “I’d absolutely ravish you if I could. But no, you did this to yourself. I could destroy you, you know. But that clever wordplay defends you. Which is a shame...”

“Why’s that?” I asked, attempting to swallow my fear.

He sniffed the air near my ear and grinned with all of his razor-sharp teeth.

“I feel like your soul is absolutely delicious.

I shuddered and clamped my knees together.

He took this as an opportunity to patronize me. “Ohh, are you tired again? Why don’t you take a seat on the floor? You seemed to enjoy looking at me from that angle this morning.”

I hated to agree with him, but I did as told. Still I tried my best not to stare at his crotch, but it seemed like he was flaunting it.

He turned to grab a bottle of shampoo.

“Would you like something for brunch once we’re out?”

I knew before I said it that I definitely should not say it, but I did anyways.

“I’d prefer some of that cake.”

This didn’t seem to phase him. He picked up the bottle and said, “I don’t believe we have any cake. You may be high maintenance, but I’m not going to bake anything for you today.”

“It’s- It’s human slang, but that’s fine.” I mumbled, desperately fighting laughter. “Hey, wait a second! I’m not that high maintenance. Just because I won’t let you vore my soul doesn’t make me difficult to tend to.”

He let a dollop of shampoo fall into his hands, then turned back to me. He looked down on me both literally and figuratively. After a moment, he began to... grow.

“Oh my god, dude-- Will you get it out of my face, please.” I asked, unable to fight off a few giggles.

“You could always stand up, you know.”

“See, except I can’t.” I argued. “You kind of made my legs not work.”

Rire rolled his eyes with a little smirk. “How articulately spoken.”

He pulled out his tentacles yet again, this time to lift me up with little to no effort on my part. He used two to wrap around my thighs, and three more to hold my arms and torso. I was

totally frozen for a bit out of both fear and arousal.

“Really?” Rire asked, his eyes glued to my forehead.

“Oh my god, will you stop it?” I asked, attempting to bury my face into my shoulder.

He watched me intently for a moment. “Are... Are you trying to hide? When I have you spread out in front of me?”

I gave up trying to bury my face. “Come on, stop teasing me! Er, please. If you... If you don’t mind.” I cleared my throat and averted my eyes. “That would be swell.”

Rire chuckled and rubbed the shampoo into my hair. I closed my eyes so they wouldn’t burn, even though I didn’t want to blindly trust him. The way he massaged my scalp felt... good. Quite relaxing, actually. So relaxing that I let my guard down for a moment.

The tentacles holding my legs moved slightly, the tips of them gently pushing into the flesh of my inner thighs. I shifted uncomfortably but didn’t open my eyes.

He began the rinsing process. The warm water trickled down my back as the shampoo was washed out of my hair. I was breathing more easily now, learning to ignore the way his tentacles seemed to explore my body.

“There we are.” Rire said, pulling my hair out from my eyes.

I opened my eyes sleepily. A tiny smile was on my face, and I was too lazy to force it down. There was a brief moment where we just stood there, staring at each other, before I leaned in to kiss him. I was lucky that he met me halfway, pressing his lips softly against mine. He ran his hands across my back and down my sides, fitting them snugly onto my hips. This little moment of peace left me refreshed from my inner turmoil, if only for just a moment.

He broke the kiss and looked at me, a twinge of excitement(?) in his eyes.

“It looks like you’re ready.” Rire purred.

Just as I was opening my mouth to question him, a tentacle slid between my legs and inside of me. Involuntarily, I let out a gasp and a moan - my eyes opened wide in shock and I tried my damndest to get my legs clamped shut but they were so sore, and his tentacles were so surprisingly strong.

“R-Rire! Sto-- ah~! Stop!”

I began to move my hips in time with the appendage making its way in and out of me without intending to. I squirmed and put up a fight, but Rire held my face firmly in his hand. A moan slipped past my lips, but I muffled it to the best of my ability.

“You want this.” He told me in a deep voice. “I can see that you want this. Stop resisting.”

My body twitched in the mass of writhing tentacles. I tried my best to relax, but I still wasn’t entirely comfortable. It was so... inhuman.

The pounding grew harder and faster as I got more into the groove of things. Rire was right about the hot water relaxing my muscles. I was still sore, of course, but it didn't hurt like I thought it would. My moans came out louder and louder as I grew more comfortable around him, more comfortable in my own skin, for once in my life not worrying about the fact that someone was staring at me.

Rire's tentacle found its way to my g-spot and I almost lost my damn mind. The tentacles around my arms let go so that I could cling to him, scratching his back and biting into his shoulder roughly. I felt his erection against my stomach. He was determined to ram the soul out of my body, it seemed.

He let out a deep hum when he pushed himself inside of me. I was more than happy to hear him make some noise.

"K-keep doing that." I encouraged, barely audible.

He gave me a look of curiosity, then pulled my legs apart even further and moved against me slowly. I complained a bit.

"N-no, some- ah~! Some volume? M-make some noise for me?"

He whispered in my ear, "How do we ask..?"

I gulped hard. "Please? I-I need it."

Rire happily obliged. He quickened the pace abruptly, hitting my g-spot again and again and again. I did my best to keep my mouth clamped shut so I could hear his pants and groans. When this failed, I bit along his neck and shoulders, determined to fill my mouth with something so that I could hear him better.

An idea popped into my mind. Rather than drawing blood on his back, I moved one of my hands into his hair and pulled. Hard.

A long, satisfied moan fell out past his lips.

Between needy whimpers, I managed to say, "Th-that's much better."

Rire mumbled something in discontent, like I'd found a secret of his. I smiled and gave another tug. The moan was muffled this time, but still there. I giggled a little bit, then went on to explore different areas of his hair to find more reactions from him.

I moved back to the initial spot - the lower-back of his head - and gave one final, rough pull. This moan practically reverberated throughout the entire house. He came shortly afterwards and moved to set me down. My legs, of course, absolutely collapsed underneath me, and my rear hit the tile much harder than anticipated.

"Ah, my mistake." Rire said, a coy grin on his face. He was still panting a bit.

"I.. I'm thinking you did that on purpose."

“Who, me?” he asked as he turned to open the shower door.

I went to stop him. “Hey, the water is still on. Where do you think you're going?”

“To dry off.” Rire answered. “Clean yourself up, then it'll be your turn.”

I clicked my tongue but agreed. Cool air hit my face when he opened the door.

As he stepped out and bent over to pick up his towel, I gave him a little explanation of mortal vernacular.

“Cake often refers to one's ass or thighs.”

He stood slowly, his shoulders shaking with slight laughter.

“Well,” he said, “then thank you for the compliment.”

## Chapter End Notes

i'd planned on putting plot in this chapter, i swear..... sorry if it gets sloppy towards the end, i finished it in a hurry.

# Terms and Conditions

## Chapter Summary

oh it's fightin time babyyyy

## Chapter Notes

okay. so like. i almost abandoned this fic. sorry about that. college is crazy. but y'all have been leaving such nice comments that i figured i'd jump back into it. i've finally decided that i'll only have 12 chapters, so i should be wrapping it up pretty shortly!

I stood barefoot, staring at the souls trapped inside their bottles. I felt my third eye twitching around, but I took a deep breath to steady it. A record played in the distance - some classical song that I couldn't tell you the name of if you put a gun to my head - and the open window blew warm air into the room. The sun was setting. He hadn't returned from work yet, but it was alright. If no one was there to read my thoughts then did they really exist? Always there, always gone. Turbulence unlike any other.

The front door clicked open, drawing me away from my trance.

"Hello, Rire." I called.

He responded with a formal, "Hello" and nothing more. He wasn't in a bad mood, it seemed, but he wasn't in a good one either.

I made my way to the main living room, staring at the bottles and bottles of trapped souls as I passed by them. They all seemed so content to flicker away into vacancy. Simple decorations. Nothing more, nothing less. How odd to think they were people once.

"How was work?"

Rire looked at me from his sofa. He'd thrown himself onto it in an over-dramatic fashion, laid there sprawled out on the cushions in clear exhaustion.

"Stressful," he grumbled. "The incompetence of my coworkers is something otherworldly."

I snickered quietly as I moved to sit next to him. "How so?"

He let out a frustrated sigh and moved to rest his head on my lap. This would have made me blush months ago when I'd still been getting used to staying with him, but now it was merely

a normal sign of intimacy. Trust, even.

I undid his hair tie and ran my fingers through his dark locks.

“Things need to be done by a deadline. That’s not a difficult concept, right?”

I nodded sympathetically.

He loosened his cravat with one hand and set his glasses to the side with the other.

“Shipments need to be sent out, money needs to be sent in. Laws have to be kept in order. Documents need to be arranged. I can’t do all of it, but it looks as though if I don’t, it’ll never get done. Or worse- it’ll be done poorly.”

He sighed and sat up. I remained in my spot while he made his way to the kitchen, massaging the base of his neck as he did so. A question was burning in my mind. It had been for weeks. I chewed on the corners of my lips before speaking.

“Am I a burden?”

There was a soft clank as he set a glass down, followed by a chuckle and a sigh. I didn’t turn around.

“Well,” he started, “to put it simply, yes.”

I cracked my knuckles and fought frustration. “Elaborate?”

He sighed again, probably annoyed.

“It’s sort of like how one would keep a pet.” I heard his shoes click against the floor as he took strides towards me. “Just as it’s a burden to keep a cat or dog around the house. That’s not, however, to say that I dislike the company. There are parts of this relationship that I like and parts that I don’t, but I’m contractually bound to grin and bear it through the rougher portions.” He set a hand on my shoulder. “Feeling self conscious, are we?”

Rather than answering him, I asked another question. “What are the parts you don’t like? What-- what things do I do that make you... You know, less than happy” My voice wavered as I trailed off.

“When you ask questions you don’t want the answers to.”

I gave him a gentle smack on the back of his hand and tried not to smile.

“Genuinely,” I prodded. “What about this do you hate?”

Rire paused to think for a moment or two. “Your... episodes, they can be difficult after a while. Especially when you try to injure me as I attempt to help you-- something that I’m, again, contractually bound to do. That gets frustrating.”

I nodded, remembering bad nightmares and panic attacks that caused me to lash out violently.

“Yeah, I’m not too fond of those either.”

He laughed a little bit. I started to feel better.

After another moment, Rire spoke again. “I do wonder whether or not owning your soul is worth the work sometimes.”

I grimaced at the low blow. “You already own it, asshole. Just as long as you keep up your end of the bargain. We’ve talked about this. Keep me-”

“Safe, warm, content, and happy. I know.” Rire interrupted. “Like you said, we’ve talked about this.”

“As long as you *keep* me that way, it’s yours.” I said with a sigh. “Dick.”

He inhaled sharply through his nose. I felt his grip on my shoulder tighten slightly.

“I let the first one slide,” he said. “Stop with the rude behavior.”

“No and fuck you.”

He raised his voice ever so slightly, “This is another one of the things that I strongly dislike, by the way. When you’re stubborn for the sake of being stubborn. It gets neither of us anywhere and is only fun for so long.”

My teeth were grinding together as my anger grew. What had gotten into me?

“I.. I shouldn’t have asked any of those questions.” I mumbled frustratedly. I was going to say more, but I held my tongue and stared at the floor.

He squeezed my shoulder and walked back into the kitchen. Rire moved some pots and pans around to prepare something to eat while I just sat there, twiddling my thumbs and feeling like a jerk.

There was a long moment of silence as dishes clinked around. I cleared my throat in hopes of getting his attention.

“What are... parts that you *do* like..?”

Another long moment of silence.

“The sex is good.”

“Oh my *god* , you are *awful* .” I said between stifled chortles. He chuckled in response and set a plate down. I heard him make his way over so me again. At first I tensed up, but I let myself relax when his fingers slipped into my hair.

“I’ll admit that I didn’t like you being in my home at first.” He said. “But I suppose there is something pleasant about knowing there’s someone here when I get back. Of course, I could have anyone I want, but I do enjoy you, despite your frustrating attitude.”



I sighed and shooed his hands out of my hair. “*Anyone* ? You sure about that? Awfully cocky of you, my friend.”

“Hmph. Yes, any mortal. Any human mortal, that is.”

I shrugged and shook my head in amusement. “I knew some pretty sturdy lesbians back home. Wouldn’t even sway for the most beautiful fellas. And straight guys so homophobic they’d choke on their water the second anyone even briefly mentioned anything *remotely* gay. Trust me. You can’t get *everybody* , no matter what kind of curveballs you throw at them.”

I didn’t look up at his face, but I knew he was pursing his lips in a disapproving way. I could feel it. After a few seconds of silence he turned on his heel, trotting back to the kitchen in clear offense. I couldn’t help but laugh a little bit.

Food was ready shortly afterwards. We ate quietly with little snippets of conversation in between bites. I made sure to thank him for the meal. Once we were done, I cleaned the dishes and put them back myself while he sauntered into a different room.

“Hey, Rire?” I called out as a test of his hearing.

“Yes?” he responded from somewhere in the bedroom.

“I’m... Well, sorry for being a jerk earlier. I was just frustrated. I’ve spent a lot of time lately just.. thinking. About stuff. So your answers to my question sort of threw me off there.”

There was a long pause.

“I just-- I got defensive.” I continued, assuming he could still hear me. “I’ve been struggling with, uhh, i-internal stuff. And. Well.” I lowered my voice to an absolute whisper before saying, “I... appreciate what you do. Or whatever.”

I let the water run but I stopped scrubbing the bowl I’d been working on. A few seconds ticked by... no response. A pent up sigh escaped my chest as I heard the shower turn on from his bathroom. I finished putting the dishes in the washer as quickly as I could and made my way into the bedroom.

The steam from the shower crept into the room. I went to a side drawer - *my* drawer, I suppose - and pulled out my basic nighttime necessities. A few moments later and I was in the bathroom, scrubbing my face and brushing my teeth. The shower door clicked as Rire opened it and fumbled for his towel. I smiled around my toothbrush and spit out the paste, rinsing it down the drain.

He patted himself dry and wrapped the towel around his waist. “I’ve been thinking.”

“What’s up?” I asked.

“I’ve noticed that you’ve been irritable lately. Why do you think that is?”

“Hmm.” I furrowed my brows and spat out the rest of my toothpaste. “Stir crazy, maybe? I haven’t been outside in a good while, you know.”

Rire set a hand on my shoulder. "That's what I was thinking," he said. "I have an idea for a project of sorts that could benefit both of us."

"And what might that be?"

He pulled a hairbrush out of the drawer below the sink and began to coax the water out of his hair.

"Well, I'll admit that you *did* make an interesting point earlier. About the sexualities that exclude me. Those people would, technically, find you much more... what's the word, palatable? You could be the worm on my fishing hook, so to speak. Lure them to me. That way I can have my fun while you can get out of the house."

My face twisted up in horror. I couldn't think of any reason to do something so awful to *anyone*, let alone perfectly innocent strangers. My thoughts were flying past me too fast for me to articulate any logical argument against him - all I could do was sputter out,

"*NO!*"

He looked a bit shocked. "No? You aren't dying of boredom here?"

"N-no. Just no. I can't ever bring myself to do anything like that to another person. I can't. The guilt - the guilt would kill me. Besides, if I'm your "worm" or whatever, doesn't that mean they'd have to bite me first? You'd put so much at risk here. How..."

My rage swelled up in my chest, rising up into my throat and eventually pouring out of my mouth.

"How *dare* you?! Treating me like a *toy* ! Comparing me to an *animal* earlier! You can be so despicable at times, you know that?! Mister "Boo-hoo, Work Is So Hard, I'm Gonna Take It Out On Innocent People"! What *vile* cowardice! You have no conscience! No feeling! All you ever feel is lust and rage - that's *it* ! You have no compassion, no mercy, and *certainly* no *heart* !"

Rire began to say something but I cut him off yet again.

"No! Absolutely not! You're just gonna go on your "you have to trust me, I do everything for you, blah blah blah" spiel! I don't care! You're so manipulative, so violent - I don't want to help you ruin peoples' lives!"

Suddenly I was painfully aware of how much bigger than me he was. He took a threatening half step forward, but I wasn't finished being angry. I ducked around him and stood on the rim of the bathtub to give me a few more feet in height. For the first time in our living together, I was able to look him directly in the eyes.

He stood inches away, staring at me, waiting for me to say something again. I puffed my chest out and held eye contact, trying my best not to waver.

"Coward." I said again. His left eye twitched. "Relying solely on violence to solve your problems. You know what we "*mortals*" call that back at home? A little lesson on "*modern*"

*vernacular* ”?” I enunciated each word mockingly. “You’re a fucking *pussy* .”

His jaw muscles moved aggressively, I could practically hear him grinding his teeth together.

Rire opened his mouth and this time, I let him speak.

“Don’t talk to me like that,” he spat. “Don’t you *dare* forget who initiated this relationship. *You* came crying to *me* . Stop acting like a child.”

In a quick solid movement he grabbed my wrist. Didn’t pull or yank or tug. Just grabbed it and held it there.

Meanwhile I had been transported, at least in my mind, into a sleazy bar. I was alone, looking rather sad, but I knew something bigger was playing out. Subconsciously, I knew.

“Hey, let me buy you a drink.”

I looked up to see a figure, any figure, it didn’t matter, standing a little too close to me. A figure leaning his elbow on the counter, facing me, displaying his cockiness. Flirting?

“So, where you from?”

I was a little startled. “Oh-- err, California.” A little smile crept along my lips. “The Golden State.”

He smiled and nodded. “Oregon. Guess we’re neighbors, huh?”

We laughed politely and talked more about nothing. He seemed okay. The more we talked, the closer he got. When I laughed again, he rested his hand on my sleeve for a moment. It wasn’t too bad. Our drinks arrived. I held it nonchalantly, scanning the area out of boredom.

I took a sip. It was.. Salty.

Rohypnol. Rophy. Rope. Roofie. The infamous date rape drug.

I excused myself immediately. I had to leave as soon as I could - my brain was already fogging up, I could barely stand straight. I stumbled into the restroom, the door slamming behind me.

I shoved my fingers down my throat, trying desperately to throw up the drug.

*Knife, knife, I always have my knife.*

When vomiting didn’t work, I reached for my pocket knife - of course it wasn’t there, I was wearing a fucking dress. Why was I wearing a dress? I never wear dresses, what’s happening, where am I again? Sorry, who are you? Hey-- don’t touch me! Get *off*!

The figure loomed above me, hand over my mouth, waiting for me to pass out. I could barely move anymore.

Something grabbed him and pulled him off of me, violently dropping him onto the ground. This same something picked me up and held onto me tightly, making sure I didn't accidentally injure myself in the process. The figure was dragged, unconscious, by his ankles alongside the two of us. He would later find himself in his own bedroom under the assumption that he got drunk and lucky, he just had a hangover from last night. I would wake up in Rire's bed safely, if a little woozy. Rire, well, he would be waiting for this figure to wake up on his own. Waiting patiently for his new plaything to come to life.

I was back in the bathroom.

"That's who I would hunt. Imagine if *that* lived a full life. How many girls would he destroy? How many lives would you be saving by helping me end just that one?"

I felt my morals bend enough to hear him out this time.

"If Strade died before he gathered so many victims, they would all be living normal lives. We can get rid of the lowest kinds of people to save those innocent bystanders."

My mouth was dry. "I... I don't know. I don't-- god, I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry."

All sorts of rotten emotions came out then, I choked on sobs and confessed all of my feelings that I'd been bottling up - the PTSD from what happened to me, the depression and constant anxiety, why I was so defensive around him, the overall terror of what I'd done. How I would dream about my family. How he made me feel so pathetic all the time.

He listened without any emotion in his face. His hand moved from my wrist to my shoulder.

"This doesn't change how furious I am with you."

I gulped and another wave of sobs ran through me.

He straightened himself upright. His hair had completely finished drying.

With a deep sigh, he told me to go to bed. I nodded meekly and collapsed on my half of his mattress. He shuffled around in the bathroom, then in the living room, then some more in the library. It seemed like he wasn't planning on sleeping at all.

Probably trying to relieve his frustration, I thought. At least he's not taking it out on a person this time.

After a few moments of silence, I made the decision to write up a new contract the next morning. One with a little more wiggle room for the both of us.

# Finally

## Chapter Summary

might as well have some closure to this monstrosity

Alright, here we go.

The fact that this fic has been sitting on this site completely unfinished for the past couple of years has been nagging at the back of my brain. I had a plan for it, but I've gotten sidetracked by school and jobs and other projects I've worked on. If anybody has stuck around this long and is excited for this update, thank you so much! And I'm sorry, but you're not getting it.

What you *will* get, however, is a vague summary on what my plans for this chapter were. I hope that will suffice, because once I post this, I won't be coming back to add any more again.

SO. Now I have to remember how I planned on ending this. Basically, my idea was to propose a new contract in which my soul is still technically his, but I am allowed to return home. To make it work in his favor, I would also take him up on his previous offer of luring in creeps for him to then fuck with - but ONLY if they were very clearly about to sexually assault me. He wouldn't be allowed to interfere with my lifespan or try to kill me off early, he'd have to let me run my natural course - but once I actually died, my soul would be his. In return for *that*, though, I'd probably have to like, swear I'd never take another lover or something. I dunno. It was going to be really emotional and raw, but I just don't have the time.

Again, thank you guys so much for your support on this piece. It means a lot to me. If you liked my writing and also happen to be a fan of Gravity Falls (the hunkles in particular), might I suggest my most recent fic? It's a lot more tame than this one - quite vanilla in fact - but it's still smut. What can I say? Stan really boils my noodles.

Anyways. Yeah. Bye.

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