

A God cannot feel a pain this outdone

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/40847385) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/40847385>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Rape/Non-Con
Category:	Other
Fandom:	Apex Legends (Video Games)
Relationship:	Bloodhound/Revenant (Apex Legends)
Characters:	Bloodhound (Apex Legends) , Revenant (Apex Legends)
Additional Tags:	Rape , Degradation , Verbal Humiliation , Death Threats , Breaking and Entering , Hair-pulling , Blood and Violence , Nosebleed , Choking , so much choking , Transphobia , Misgendering , Mentioned Boone , They/Them Pronouns for Bloodhound (Apex Legends) , Bloodhound Speaks Icelandic , broken bones mention , robot fucking , Revenant Is Vile , Dacryphilia , Size Difference , Psychological Trauma , Dead Dove: Do Not Eat , AFAB Bloodhound (Apex Legends) , Transmasc Bloodhound , Pet Names , weird ones , Hurt No Comfort
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-08-08 Words: 5,615 Chapters: 1/1

A God cannot feel a pain this outdone

by [black_nails](#)

Summary

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This time, it was to not appear afraid.

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Bloodhound gets their shit rocked by a certain simulacrum.

Notes

hi!

i have been working on this for way too long. i hope someone finds enjoyment in it ^^

I headcanon Bloodhound as AFAB and transmasc and that's how they're written in thisss

any kudos or comments are so appreciated i giggle like a maniac whenever i get confirmation that someone actually read my stuff!!!!!!!!!!

enjoy <3

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

The night was falling, soft chimes of wind ringing out through the deep woods where Bloth resided. Spring had come early this year, bringing longer days, new game, and slowly melting snow from the mountains as it trickled down and branched into streams. Bloth could spend hours admiring the patches of flowers decorating the forest floor, colors so bright they were bordering luminescence. They spent nearly all their time outside, but not this evening.

They were indulging in another one of their hobbies, tinkering with gadgets. It was calming to them; hearing the noises of metal gently clinking together and using their tools precisely to create perfection.

They were in the process of repairing an old radio, mumbling to themselves in Icelandic while not once taking their eyes off the fine string they were tuning. Bloth froze halfway through the action. There had been no noise, but a small change in the air immediately alerted them. *Something* was inside their room.

It all happened so fast.

They scrambled, imbalanced and dizzy as familiar adrenaline began to fill their veins. They reached out for their hunting knife, but their fingers were met with a jarring emptiness.

Realization hit them; it had been discarded on the cutting table beside their latest kill.

The chair they had been sitting on tipped over behind them, but Bloth barely noticed.

Their mind was busy, focused solely on the familiar terror towering over them.

He had moved at a frightening speed, slender mechanical digits wrapped tightly around their throat before they could do as much as blink.

He was all red cloth and metal joints, skeletal build so large that he must have had to duck under the door frame to enter.

They had been far too slow.

A thousand questions were racing through their head. What did he want from them? What was the purpose of his actions? Who else was with him?

How he had found their cabin in the first place was not relevant at that moment, but Bloth still felt a sharp pain stab at their heart. They had been betrayed.

"I can feel your pulse, skinbag."

His taunting voice was low like gravel, jagged on all edges.

Revenant's sharp claws were resting right on top of their carotid artery; one wrong move and they would be lying on the floor drowning in their own blood.

They had to stay calm. They knew that lack of oxygen would eventually cause anyone to panic based on pure instinct alone; they couldn't let that happen.

They would not show fear.

"I suggest you release me immediately, eða þú munt örugglega sjá eftir því."

They had been going for a threatening tone but suspected the effect might have been ruined by the wheezing marking the end of their sentence.

They just needed to bide their time, try to understand the intruder's motive.

If he came here to kill, I would be dead already.

"Talkin' business huh?"

The simulacrum's golden eyes were softly glowing, his face twisted into a wicked grin.

It was the first time Bloth had seen him smile, and it made their stomach churn.

They could clearly see the demonic resemblance that Loba had always spoken about.

"What if I don't?" His index finger briefly met his chin, exaggerating his movements in feigned curiosity.

"No one would miss you. That bird of yours would feast on your corpse."

His right hand roughly grabbed at their hair, the sound of strands ripping making them cringe.

"Do not grace my hár with your blood-tainted hands, nīðing. Now, we can at least discuss whatever matter you found to be so pressing that you felt the need to break into my house,"

They let out a low wheeze, not enough air reaching their lungs. They suppressed the overwhelming urge to cough.

"...But I refuse to be treated this way. Either let go or vanish, endra."

Their tone was harsh, voice raspier than usual due to the rough treatment.

They noted that their accent was beginning to border on incoherence. Bloth loathed the way it grew more prominent when they were upset.

What right did he have to break into their house, to threaten them in their own home? White-hot rage was blinding them, pooling in their gut; Revenant would not get away with this disgraceful act. Once they were in a more favorable position they would strike, and they would strike hard.

Cool steel met soft flesh.

Bloth stumbled, the undeniable expression of shock written all over their face as they stumbled backwards. Crimson blood was gushing from their nose, quickly coating the lower half of their face.

"Learn your fucking place, bitch."

He snarled, hand returning to their hair, this time far more agitated. Their scalp was burning as he tilted their head up, forcing them to meet his eyes.

The amber gaze felt too intense, as if it was burning holes into their skin.

It was fine. They had been through far worse.

"You think you're the one in control here? Think you can order me around, huh?"

They considered the possibility that he might not be out for information, but going off the way he was examining their face and roughly gripping their jaw, perhaps he was just not in a hurry.

It was much too like him, wanting to humiliate his victims until nothing remained; they had seen it before in the games.

Admittedly, his touch felt disgusting. The hand of the *thing* that had ended the lives of so many was parodying a caress of their face, actions taunting and excruciatingly gentle.

He was rubbing their warm blood into their bottom lip, mockingly wiping it with his thumb. They could feel it quiver underneath his fingers.

His claws were scraping against their throat, carelessly, as if to remind them of how easily he could break skin and skewer their neck.

"I'll show you who's in control."

The words were barely audible under his breath.

His claws had moved on to drag at their cheek, and they could feel a warm liquid trickling down their face; settling right on top of the cracking mask of already drying blood.

Despite the throbbing pain in their nose and how painfully uncomfortable they were, Bloth kept their face an expressionless mask.

If he thought impersonal, inaccurate insults or shallow pain would affect them he had severely underestimated them. They could have laughed.

Poor scare tactics weren't going to work on them.

The grip on them tightened as Revenant's gaze trailed lower, dragging over their body before slowly wandering back up again. A light shiver traced Bloth's spine. They couldn't deny that they felt exposed without their mask and gear; they were all too used to not being seen.

Revenant finally tore his gaze away from their chest, pulling them closer and leaning in too far. They could feel low vibrations radiating off the metal, a buzzing sensation that made them shudder.

“You're going to tell me,” He started, voice dripping with sickly sweet venom, hand trailing over the small of their back. “Where Loba is. I know that you know, you feral fucking dog. Don't play dumb with me.”

Predatory glowing eyes were boring into them and Bloodhound stared back, dark eyes seething with rage. They were well aware that they were challenging him; their pride was far too great to submit to someone like him.

“Never. Even if I am dead and buried, you will never have your wish fulfilled.”

The punch was instant, leaving them sputtering as all air was forced out of their lungs. The complete lack of oxygen sent their brain into a frenzy, they needed air, why were they not getting air?

They didn't even feel the impact of the blow anymore, desperately clawing at the grip on their throat. Terrible nausea engulfed them.

Another blow; this time it knocked them to the floor. At least the hand on their neck was gone.

“Fucking pathetic. This whole pride and honor facade will cave any second now.”

He was laughing again, the sound of it mocking and hollow as he circled them. Bloodhound heaved, writhing on the cold wooden floor.

They were handled like a doll, picked up as if they weighed nothing, and once again met with a hand pressing against their windpipe. They had never considered themselves short, but this machine made them feel so *small*. He must have been at least a foot taller than them with those freakishly long limbs.

"Truly a coward you are," They coughed, a mad laugh taking their voice. "In a fair fight, I would-"

"Tell me where the fuck she is or I'm ripping your throat out."

Revenant's claws were digging into the skin of their neck, a silent threat.

They briefly quieted, glaring at him.

"Make it quick then, ragr." They rasped, fists tightening.

He pulled them towards him, closing the grip on their throat.

"You're foolishly stubborn. I'll let you in on a little secret; it doesn't matter to Syndicate if you live or die. They don't give a shit; your *precious* life is entirely in my hands. I'll enjoy every last second of killing you."

He was *purring*, like a cat who caught its prey. They shoved against his torso, overwhelmed with hate, but it was entirely fruitless. It only served to bring them closer to him, cheek pressed against metal.

"No need to worry. I'm going to put you to use first, all the way up until you *break* ."

The last word was whispered into their ear, and it sent a wave of goosebumps all over their arms. A puzzled look settled over the fury on their face, and they pressed their lips tightly together. This was far from an ordinary interrogation, it was all a façade with something sinister lurking behind it; something that made the hair on the back of their neck stand up.

Bloodhound was not afraid of death. They knew their gods would be right on the other side ready to welcome them, but to fall at the hands of someone like Revenant was unacceptable; there was no honor in a death like that.

Revenant edged closer to them, all the way until the back of their thighs were pressing up against the table. Bloth tilted their head upwards, trying to maintain eye contact, although it was not out of pride like before. This time, it was to not appear afraid.

Artur had once taught them how to scare off a predator, many years ago during a particularly bloody hunt for prowlers. They allowed themselves to be back with him for a brief moment; the low sound of his voice, the smell of pine and cedar, and the crisp, cold air of a morning in the woods.

Bloodhound wished they could be back with him once more.

No, they wished to be *anywhere else* .

They needed to regain control.

Both their hands were once more fruitlessly gripping at the mechanical fingers, tugging and bending. They hadn't budged, not even an inch.

They gave a quick prayer, and with their face twisted in a grimace, they did what they had hoped to avoid.

"Let me speak. I-if I may."

It was a simple request, but the directness of it didn't conceal the pleading tone or their quivering voice.

Both parties knew they were begging him.

The simulacrum wore an amused look on his face, fingers tracing their bloody features.

He seemed satisfied, victorious almost, and the grip on their neck slowly loosened. They shivered with disgust, shame burning bright inside of them.

"Let me make this clear. Whatever sadistic game you have planned I am not interested in."

They could sense that they would not get another opportunity like this. They had to convince him, offer anything it would take to get him off of them. The pressure was getting to their head.

"I am not dishonoring myself for you, and you do not dare to put your hands on me. Kill me now, as a warrior. Þú munt þjást að eilífu fyrir glæpi þína, sál þín brennur í hreinsunareldinum það sem eftir er af ömurlegu lífi þínu. The gods will not show mercy for you, hurry it up."

It felt as if they had forgotten how to speak English, head spinning, but they hoped he had gotten the message.

There was a pause, perhaps consideration of what they had just said.

The simulacrum laughed, for longer than he should have, all while staring them down as if to show them how stupid and insignificant they were. Bloodhound's hope faltered.

"Hilarious. You could just do as I say, follow some easy instructions, but no. At your core, you're a disobedient, dumb mutt. You need to be tamed by me, taught to *follow orders*."

Revenant leaned forward, looming over them with his hand steadily holding them in place. Bloth moved with him, feeling utterly pathetic as they *looked up* at him.

Their neck was completely exposed in this position, and they instinctively resented it. They continued bending over backwards until their field of view was reduced to a rather bland spot of ceiling.

Their arms were dangling beneath them, brushing against the table. They slumped slightly, blindly fumbling around, looking for anything to be of help.

"You don't know what you're in for."

The moment he muttered those words, their fingertips met the handle of a screwdriver. They wasted no time, slamming it full force into Revenant's chest with no hesitation.

His hand didn't budge.

Bloth's feet left the ground as he lifted them by their throat, holding them up at eye level.

They had been expecting him to let go of them. They had been expecting *anything else*.

Bloodhound kicked and trashed, so reminiscent of the animals they used to trap an eternity ago. Every breath was agonizing; it felt like razor wire had been wrapped around their lungs. Revenant truly looked like a nightmare at that moment, with fire in his manic eyes and that same twisted grin plastered across his face. Sparks were dancing around the screwdriver, glowing light gold and dark blue.

He was speaking, they realized, but the ringing in their ears was far louder.

They were unsure if they were dreaming, vision clouded with clusters of black dots. Bloodhound was choking, a horrible gurgling noise rising from the back of their throat. In their dazed state, they noticed that their upper body was exposed. Dark patterns were swirling in front of their eyes and they could *feel* their slowing pulse beating against the metal of his claws.

He is going to kill me.

The realization struck their frenzied mind, scattered thoughts racing in pace with their heartbeat. They were too weak to even claw at his grip around them, fists uselessly opening and closing. Their eyelids fluttered shut.

Hands left them and they crashed to the floor.

At once, he was on them.

They had landed on their hip; perhaps fracturing it, they faintly noted, but they felt no pain. Bloth's ears were ringing, vision blurred as a fuzzy feeling began to overtake their mind. They were coughing up specks of blood on the floor, but the machine seemed to pay no mind.

He was easily pushing them around, molding them, ripping at their clothes.

Any resistance left in them had been ground down and crushed by the overwhelming lack of air. The floor felt like it was rocking beneath them, like they were floating on a lifesaver in the middle of the sea.

They were aware of hands on them, but the touch felt disconnected from their being, as if it was happening to somebody else and they were merely observing.

Despite everything, they were still writhing against what must have been Revenant's knees, firmly planted on their forearms. It felt like trying to move a mountain, and claustrophobic panic flared up in their chest.

The artificial strength was overwhelming; holding them firmly in place seemed no hard task for him.

Helplessness was the first word that they could think of.

It tasted bitter on their tongue.

They squeezed their eyes shut, trying to tune out the way he was roughly grabbing at their chest. The treatment would surely leave red lines in its wake, more marks to decorate their already scarred upper body.

“Let go,” They rasped, mostly for the sake of it. They knew deep in their heart that we would not, and overwhelming nausea washed over them. He licked a long stripe down their neck, making them jolt; they weren't even aware that he had a tongue.

They steadied their breathing, trying to ignore the burning pain from the claws leaving gashes in their skin. It would surely leave a mark; so would the tight grip around them as well as the earlier fall. They winced at the thought, being forced to carry the reminder of their failure for weeks. They were weak.

They could still feel his hands around their throat, the ghost of his fingers pressing down. They were trying to calm their frenzied mind, but it was hard when every fibre in their body was screaming at them to run. They made a sour face. The best thing to do would be to just observe. If Revenant thought they were complying they could lull him into a false sense of security and then attack.

Revenant was swirling his digits in the blood trickling down their sides, dabbling in it as if it was paint. The liquid felt hot on their skin, and it would surely stain the floor. Without warning, he pried their jaw open and forcefully pushed his fingers into their mouth. The expected taste of their own blood was entirely overshadowed by the overwhelming tang of metal, of steel and machine oil.

Digits were padding at their tongue, pushing further until there was no more space in their mouth and his fingers were down their throat. Bloth gagged, reflexive tears spilling from their eyes as they let out a panicked, muffled noise. They *loathed* having their airflow restricted, the most basic function stripped from them, being treated like a privilege instead of a right. They vaguely recognized the burning sensation as similar to that of accidentally inhaling water through your nose.

"You're so *tiny* ." He purred into their ear as the nonbusy hand ran down their wounded side. He was almost gentle in his movements, stroking their face and chest, nibbling at their

collarbones. It stood in stark contrast to the fingers fucking their throat, and it repulsed them to their core.

Bloth had expected him to be done there, satisfied with debasing them so thoroughly, but when he finally retrieved his fingers the torment continued. His hands were exploring places no one had ever seen, touching where he had no right to.

The most secret, private thing Bloth had was their body, their vessel; always hidden under many layers of clothing. The few who had seen their full face were all dead, frozen bodies buried deep beneath the avalanche that once flooded Talon.

Everything they had worked so hard to conceal was stripped and laid out before the person they despised the most. The simulacrum in question let out a low, dark chuckle as he shifted more of his weight onto their arms. Bloth could only pray that they would not snap in half.

They let out an involuntary gasp as the cruel hands trailed downwards once more, way further than anyone had ever gone before, fingers running over their stomach and roughly grabbing at their hips. They bit down on their tongue, not wanting to give him anything that wasn't forced out of them.

Their pants were roughly pulled down, and another wave of nausea hit them.

The simulacrum was so *cold* ; the sensation felt strange, but not entirely unpleasant. His thumb was rubbing against the fabric of their underwear, his other hand clawing at their thighs; surely drawing more blood.

Bloth felt their body betray them, felt the way they started to get sticky from the friction. They reminded themselves that it was merely a physical response, a bodily function, nothing else. No one in their right mind would enjoy this violation.

They knew that, but at the same time, they had to stop themselves from grinding back into the touch. This had gone too far. They had to voice a complaint, offer him any possession, answer any question, do *anything* for the torment to end; anything except betraying their friend.

"You can have anything, I am certain we can work it out but I can't, I-"

They were met with a slap that left their ears ringing, surely bruising their cheekbone. He took their jaw in a tight grip, tilting it up and forcing eye contact.

“You had your chance to speak. Come on, *pet*, you don't want me to break each and every one of your fingers, do you now?” His tone was sickeningly sweet, and the mockery in it had them gritting their teeth. He was cocking his head, staring them down, clearly expecting an answer.

“No.” They breathed out, too quietly, too weakly. They felt so small in comparison to him, so humiliated by having to play his games.

"Then behave." Cool liquid landed on their cheek, added humiliation onto an already horrifying event. Bloodhound quietly swore to their gods that they would make Revenant suffer, distracting themselves with mindless daydreams about ripping his head off.

He had spat on their face; they could feel it slowly dribbling down their chin, mixing with the nosebleed and providing a diluted mixture that ran down their neck. They could not even wipe it off, hands trapped as they were.

Revenant was tugging and pulling at their underwear, exposing their privates to the chill air, making them shiver and squirm beneath him. When his hand made contact with *that* area they hastily drew in a breath, jolting back as far as he would allow them. No words could explain how *wrong* it was, how exposed and vulnerable and guilty they felt. They didn't want his touch, they loathed it, why wasn't he *stopping* ...

And it was still... It felt.. It was a new sensation for sure, one that was strangely pleasant and left them hungering for more. He was running his fingers across their crevice, rubbing up and down, teasing and light. They longed to bury their head in something as their face was on full display, the pleasure they were holding back certainly written all over it.

"You're so wet for me... stop acting like you don't want this, fucking whore."

He sounded so sure of himself, and the possibility of him being right made their stomach churn. He was laughing at them once more, and it felt jarringly different now that he was doing *that*. They felt so small.

They let a whiny moan slip when he circled their clit and their eyes widened in horror as they realized what they had done. Their attacker was sporting a smug expression, one that they would have paid all the money in the world to wipe off of his face.

They cursed themselves for lacking self-control, burning cheeks mingling with shame and involuntary arousal as they came undone underneath his fingers. They urged themselves to put up a fight, but their limbs were lead and Bloth stayed in place.

They wanted him to stop being so gentle, to stick with the bloody torture because it was familiar, it was honorable and it didn't feel... like this. Taking abuse was one thing, enjoying it was another.

“Pretty girl. No need to hide under all those layers.”

He muttered under his breath.

They felt like he had punched them once again.

His comment was baseless and yet they welcomed the growing, dark sensation spreading in their chest; the feeling of dread.

Bloodhound had always been indifferent towards what was said about them.

Their soul was split; their spirit was the earth and the forest, it was storming seas and silk brushing against skin.

It was who they were and they felt it to their core, they always had.

So why did his words feel like icicles, each one plunged right into their abdomen?

They let out a low noise of pleasure, bucking up against the cruel fingers as he continued to rub at them.

Perhaps their discomfort stemmed from the fact that Revenant knew the truth about their physical being, toying with their exposed body at that very moment.

One of his hands was wandering upwards, leaving a trail of blood as it went.

Revenant was groping their breasts again, cold steel brushing against warm skin.

They desperately wanted to cover themselves, willing themselves to ignore the way their breathing was growing increasingly heavier.

Exhausted and humiliated they allowed their head to rest, looking up at the ceiling of their home. They let their mind wander, focusing on the burning scrapes across their skin. They were envisioning what plants would heal the wounds the quickest, where to forage for them.

A lump was forming in their throat at the thought of Talon. They missed the silent lakes and falling snow, they missed the glittering stars and the echoing mountains.

They missed Boone.

A foreign sensation interrupted their train of thought, making them lift their head to look at their attacker.

“Do you like my spit, puppy?”

A luminescent, cool liquid was pooling on their chest; the same one that was still drying on their face. He was swirling it around their nipples, toying with them as if they were merely an object. They shuddered in disgust and let their head fall back down.

They swore to themselves that they would survive and that they would make Revenant suffer.

He had moved on to kneading their flat chest. They felt too feminine in the position, splayed out on their back with everything on display for him. The familiar feeling of dysphoria clouded their mind and they wanted to scream. Their mouth was forced open by slender fingers once more and they thrashed, fearing the worst; they genuinely would not be able to handle *that*, their throat was already so sore, and-

He spat directly in their mouth. It landed flat on their tongue and they shamefully swallowed, trying to gain his favor and hoping, praying, that he wouldn't do what they were expecting him to. It tasted like defeat.

"So eager for me.."

There was an underlying tone of surprise in his voice; perhaps he had not expected them to comply so easily. It seemed like their wish had been granted however, because his fingers continued to wander, exploring their pliant body, violating their very being.

They hated themselves for feeling grateful.

Bloth felt like sobbing as they felt his hand snake between their legs again. They silently and shamefully wondered what the Allfather thought of what was happening. Why was he not interfering while their soul was being torn to shreds?

A broken cry was ripped from them as they felt cold steel prod at their entrance. They had grown slick from all the stimulation, allowing the finger to easily slip in and out. They had started to hyperventilate, struggling harder than ever. Panicked protests fell from their lips as they stumbled over their words. It was all so futile, too meaningless against the strength of a machine. The digits were hastily pushed inside and Bloth screamed.

They were slowly losing their mind, desperately trying to tune out that the fingers felt *good*, electrical sensations spreading throughout their stomach. They didn't, no, they *couldn't* care; they just wanted to not feel anymore and to not be there. Their struggling had ceased and they were laying unmoving, weakly mumbling the word "no" over and over again.

"Stay in place or I'm breaking your spine."

He growled. He put his free hand on them and pushed them back. It left their arms free, and they could have cried out of happiness.

Their forearms were prickling from numbness, but they made no attempt to move; they never wanted to be trapped like that again.

As one finger became two, desperate noises echoed through the room; each one forced out of them as the fingers hit a spot deep inside of them that made them see stars. They brought a gloved hand to their face, hesitating before biting into the soft leather. Its familiar scent filled their nose, giving them something to focus on, something to ground them.

Revenant didn't seem to notice or care, and they felt eternally grateful for the small privilege of being able to cover their mouth. A brief spark of hope flared up as they felt the fingers exit

them and they carefully lifted their head, glancing at their attacker. It flickered out as fast it came when they felt a foreign, cold sensation settle between their legs. The head of his cock was teasing their entrance, slipping in for a second just to hastily be taken out.

Bloth was trembling, weakly grasping at their attacker. This was horror unlike anything they had ever experienced.

Perhaps that was the reason why Bloth did something they had thought they would never do. Bloodhound begged.

"Please.. please do not do it there, I have never-" Their voice failed them and they buried their face in the crook of their elbow. They couldn't cry, not in front of him. Bloth had never felt so utterly pathetic. The simulacrum extended his hand, pulling their arms off and slowly caressing their bloody face.

"Is this really the high and mighty Bloodhound begging for me? What a sight," The robot purred, rubbing Bloth's chest.

"So scared to keep their holy innocence, I suppose. Let the Allfather know that I'm going to wreck his best warrior until the only God they worship is me."

They couldn't hold it in anymore, wrecked sobs shaking their lithe frame. They were gasping for air in between, desperately trying to calm themselves.

They didn't want it. They didn't want it. Why wasn't it over?

His hands felt so disgusting on them and his grip was far too strong.

Bloth wept.

Pleasure was ripped from them, forced upon them without their consent. They had never engaged in intercourse, always too focused on their goals, and a small voice inside their head pondered if they had been missing out. Revenant was talking, way too much for their liking, but their brain mercifully tuned it all out. Their plan of escaping was long gone, and the thought of it made them sob even harder. The thing pushing into them was too big, too thick, filling them to the brim.

They had never felt so damaged.

The monster's hands halted for a moment, grabbing Hound by the waist and flipping them over effortlessly. They frowned; they had much preferred seeing what their attacker was doing.

They shuddered at the feeling of their insides being stirred around.

They carried a feeling as if they were free falling, light-headed and with a deep pit in their stomach.

They buried their face in the crook of their elbow once more, welcoming the darkness and trying to dream of a place far away.

A night in the woods with Boone. Soft kisses, gentle hands, the whisper of wind in the treetops. Perhaps Artur would be there as well, wings folded and curled up in their lap.

A hand yanking at their hair pulled them from their thoughts, forcing their neck to bend in an uncomfortable position.

"You don't get to go like that."

Of course. They had to stay conscious and present, they had to experience each touch, every traumatizing action. It was so terribly cruel. He slammed their face back into the ground and their suffering carried on.

They just wanted it to be over, not caring what happened to their vessel. The fact that they would have to live with *remembering* for the rest of their life broke them. Even though bruises would fade the memories would not.

He made an almost animalistic sound above them, thrusts growing more erratic. The slow, heated build-up they had tried so hard to disregard was becoming impossible to ignore, and they made a laughable, futile attempt to crawl away.

The hit to their head left them shaking, dipping in and out of consciousness.

They were limp on the ground, their cheek roughing against the wood with each agonizing thrust; Revenant's pace never let up, not even slightly.

"You tightened right up for me. Perhaps you like the pain."

Bloodhound silently disagreed, letting their disgust show through their expression.

It didn't matter much, considering their face was pressed into the ground, but it made them feel somewhat better.

He hit a spot deep inside them, and they let out an embarrassingly high-pitched noise.

It only seemed to spur him on.

"That's it, be pliant, you dumb fucking whore. The only reason you're still breathing is that the pathetic noises you make amuse me. You love this, you're so fucking soaked."

They were choking on tears, whispering incoherent prayers, but no God came to their aid. There was a tight coil in their stomach about to snap, the ultimate humiliation edging closer with each passing second.

And as they inevitably came undone beneath Revenant's fingers, Bloodhound understood.

They were as good as trash, tainted, unworthy of serving their gods. This was their punishment, delivered by the Allfather. If they truly did not deserve it he would have stopped it, he would have given them the strength to fight back. The message was crystal clear; Bloth was no longer his servant, they were no longer welcome.

Their heart ached at the realization, and they wept once more.

End Notes

placeholder for translations

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