You wandered down to the basement out of boredom and a desire for attention that you weren’t going to receive from anyone else, shivering from the cold and trying to ignore the faint smell of aged, coppery blood that had yet to be hosed away. The door to the study (well, what else were you going to call it?) was slightly ajar, and you could hear the faint sound of the television and Strade’s gruff laughter from the other room.

You nudged the door open with the tip of your foot and peered inside curiously.

Strade was watching one of his previous stream recordings, depicting a young male victim that you didn't recognize who seemed to be getting a knife to the eye. The scrape and crunch of the knife's edge hitting bone, followed by a piercing scream, made you grimace and quickly look away. Unsurprisingly, Strade was just laughing to himself, a dark brown bottle in his hand, the rim gently resting on his smiling lips. A dense smell of cheap, greasy takeaway filled the study and a couple of beer bottles littered the coffee table in front of him, which meant he was probably drunk, or at least quickly on his way to it.
"Hey, buddy!" Strade called over to you, and you jumped at the sudden, unexpected sound of his voice. He seemed happy to see you, though he was always happy to see you, and he patted the space on the sofa next to him. "You wanna watch the rest of this with me? We haven't even gotten to the good parts yet."

You frowned a little at his morbid suggestion, though that didn't stop you from taking him up on his offer and sitting with him, legs crossed and bored eyes blinking at the television screen. The man's face was damp with tears, blood and intraocular fluid, the mess of shredded skin and eyeball taking up the majority of the screen, and the screaming was a bit off-putting, but you couldn't help but detach a little, seeing the brutal torture as if it were just a scene in a grindhouse flick or something, at least like the ones Strade had shown you. That detachment made it a little easier to stomach, you supposed.

It made it easier to deal with.

"You got anything other than beer?" You asked him as he took another swig from his bottle.

"You liked beer the first night we met." He replied with a wry smile and a curious tilt of his head that you scoffed and rolled your eyes at.

"I liked you more." You said with a shrug.

"Cute." He chuckled, turning his attention back to the television screen. The knife in the man’s eye was now being used to drag his face closer to an erect, blood slicked cock, and you couldn’t help but be vaguely intrigued at where this would go. "But no, just beer. Got plenty of it, though you might struggle to keep up~" He finished the end of the sentence with a sing-song quality to his voice, and perhaps that might have unnerved you at the beginning of your captivity, but however many months in, it just made you grin at the concept of a challenge.

"Fuck you, old man, I can drink you under the table." You insisted, sitting up a little.

"Oh really?" He raised an eyebrow at you, and the look on his face is attractive in a way that set a shameful fire in the pit of your stomach. You nodded, attempting to swallow past the sudden spell of dry mouth and his easy smile split into a sharp-toothed grin. "Alright, you're on. Just have to grab some more bottles from the basement fridge." He stood to his feet, giving you the rest of his bottle. "But I'll give you the chance to catch up a little first, ja?"

The bastard knew how much him speaking German got to you.

You nodded again, a little dumbly, and he gave you a friendly pat on the shoulder with an easy smile before leaving the study to get more promised bottles.

Maybe he was just glad to have someone to drink with.

You can’t imagine that Ren would be a very good drinking buddy.

You curiously eyed the dark liquid in the bottle for a second, swilling it around, wondering for a moment if he was using this opportunity just to roofie you, before you thought “fuck it” and threw it back like a shot. You immediately grimaced at the bitter taste and tried to fight back the desire to retch.

Even during your rowdier university years, where you must have been drunk most nights, you had hated beer because of the awful, bitter taste and how weak it often was. And while this particular brand was just as foul as any other, right now, you were desperate and you probably weren't going to find any other kind of alcohol in this house.
So you would take what you could get.

You opened another one of his bottles and drank from it while you waited for him to come back. Idly watching the torture-porn (though more porn than torture at this point) on the screen like you would a horror movie at a party.

It's halfway into the second bottle that you remember you hadn't touched alcohol in nearly four months.

Fuck.

- 

You’re about six drinks in when you finally stop complaining about how bad the beer tasted.

“Eins, zwei, drei! Getränk!”

You tipped your head back and threw half of your (now) seventh drink down your gulping throat like it was barely any effort, using the one skill that you had perfected during university for its true purpose, while Strade drunkenly and loudly cheered you on in a slurred mixture of English and German.

You had no idea how many drinks he was on at that point, but the flush on his cheeks and his enthusiasm and affection towards you had grown exponentially within the last hour or so.

So you could only guess he was about as drunk as you were.

You kept chugging at your drink for about twenty more seconds before finally slamming the empty bottle on the coffee table and holding your arms up in victory, unbothered by the trickle of warm beer down your chin.

“What was that, forty seconds?” Strade said with a low whistle, patting you on the back as you hacked uncomfortably at the taste. “That’s pretty impressive, buddy!”

“Mate, your taste in beer is absolute shit.” You mumbled, wiping your chin with the back of your hand and falling back into the soft cushions of the sofa. The alcohol had put a pleasantly familiar haze on your brain, and you couldn’t help but let a delirious string of giggles fall from your lips between each sentence. “Next time we do this, we’re getting something decent, alright?”

“Ja, ja, of course.” Strade agreed with a nod, taking a heavy gulp from his own drink, though he seemed to enjoy it far more than you did. You liked that he agreed there would be a next time. That, at least, meant he wasn’t planning on killing you any time soon. “I just get what I can also find in Germany.”

“Well, Germany has shit taste in beer too then.” You replied with another giggle.

“What would you recommend?” He asked with a drunken smile, giving your shoulder a gentle nudge and affectionately pulling your heavy body to rest against his. He’s a lot more comfortable to lie against when he’s drunk, you thought.

“I dunno.” You mumbled, letting your head loll back against his soft stomach. “When I was in uni, I just drank everything I could get my hands on. If it had alcohol, I was there.”

“Mm, I’ll keep that in mind.” He said softly, resting his bottle near your head.
Even being as drunk as you were, you could still understand just how strange, if not disturbing this was. If someone saw you doing this, getting drunk, playing drinking games and singing songs, cuddling up to your captor, they'd think you were insane. And maybe you were a little, especially when you took such pleasure in being so close to him.

You let your head turn to face the television screen. His free hand drifted up to your ear and he gave your scalp a little scratch. It felt nice, and you keened against his touch with a sigh of pleasure.

In between the drinking chants and meaningless conversations, Strade had put another one of his tapes on in the background. This victim was a young woman, probably younger than you, with red hair and glasses. She was a little skinny but pretty looking in a subtle kind of way that you envied. A ring gag kept her mouth open while an off-camera Strade held an industrial-looking wood clamp to keep her tongue out. A familiar-looking drill whirred threateningly near her head, and she mumbled panicked pleas as it inched closer and closer to her drooling tongue.

You didn't look away. You didn't even blink.

"Were you going to do that to me?" You asked casually watching as blood and shredded muscle bubbled from the bloody wound and down her chin. The only off-putting thing, again, was her sobbing, her screaming.

"I thought about it." He replied, just as casually and still scratching your scalp. Fingers subtly stroking through your hair. "But you made me feel something I hadn't before. It was..." He paused for a moment, looking for the right word.

"Interesting?" You offered.

"Compelling." He said instead as he took another drink from his bottle. "You intrigued me, and I wanted to see what else you could make me feel."

"Hm. Makes sense." You mumbled softly, letting your eyes drift shut as he kept petting your hair. The drunken haze on your brain made you enjoy his soft touches more than usual and filtered the screaming on-screen to be little more than background noise. A white fuzz in your fucked-up brain.

"But for what it’s worth.” He continued, and when you felt the brush of his lips against your ear, your body prickled with excitement, and the faintest hint of arousal burned a fire in the pit of your stomach. “Ich bin froh, dass ich dich behalten habe.”

You didn’t have the time to ask him what he said before you threw your arms around his neck and dragged him into a kiss.

And though his body stiffened with surprise for the first few seconds of your intense affection, he quickly acclimated to the kiss. Pressing his fingers into your hair and effortlessly shifting both of your bodies so that he was straddling your hips and looming over the top of you.

He tasted like the shitty beer you had been drinking all evening and an unidentifiable smoke flavour when his tongue pressed against yours, though you didn’t have the time to properly appreciate it when he was on top of you, pinning you down to the sofa, straddling your hips and pressing your groins together. Your clit was erect and aching underneath your thin shorts and had been for at least half the time you had been drinking with him, and even through the multiple barriers of fabric, you could feel how hard his cock was too.
Your mouth watered for it.

His level of intoxication made his kisses sloppy, too much saliva practically pooling down your chin, but for some sick reason, that just turned you on even more. His typical groping hands travelled up the front of your loose shirt, which had now been pushed up to your chin, kneading at your shuddering chest and toying with your piercings as he did it.

You managed to pull away from him for a breath which quickly turned into a sharp cry as he dipped his head and tongued at your nipples, taking the pert nub between his teeth and biting, hard. His hands went down to your hips and firmly groped your ass, pulling your body closer to his, trying to align your crotches together so he might give himself the stimulation he seemed so desperate for. His teeth teased the metal hoops as he took full advantage of just how sensitive the new piercings made you.

The rush of intense sensations, the pain and the pleasure, made you dizzy. All you could do was writhe underneath him, buck your hips and cry out as he kept biting, leaving more and more bites across your chest, claiming you for his own.

“Oh god, fuck!” You drawled with a needy whine. “Please-AH!” A bite on your collar bone made you cry out again. “Please, Strade, please…” Your begging words fell apart into a string of desperate whimpers. “Please, fuck me, I need it so fucking bad, please.”

“How can I refuse when you ask so nicely~?” He purred with a sick smirk, dragging his tongue over an especially bloody bruise that marked your skin.

He knelt up over you and roughly grabbed your hips, dragging your body down the sofa and towards him. He pushed a hand into his greasy hair with a breathless chuckle, looking down at you with an intense hunger burning in his amber eyes.

It’s so fucking attractive; you almost couldn’t stand it.

You hurriedly pulled down your shorts and flung them to the side of your tangled bodies. You parted your thighs with a subtle but desperate jut of your hips. Wordlessly offering your body to him to do with as he pleased, begging for it in body language alone. He looked at you like a piece of meat, a wolf about to descend on his prey, and you were the rabbit who was foolish enough to consent to their capture. You could see his mouth water as he gazed at your body, and it offered you a faint sense of power over him, though you know that won’t last long.

“Köstlich.” He mumbled, just loud enough for you to hear (and you knew what that one meant), licking his lips hungrily as his hands descended to your thighs. He ran an almost affectionate touch over the myriad of healing scars which drifted upwards with a harsh, red scratch towards the pre-cum smearing the inside of your thighs.

You tipped your head back with a hiss of pain, clenching your teeth and your eyes shut, but they quickly snapped open again with a wordless gasp when he easily pressed two fingers inside of you.

“Already so wet.” He said, his voice somewhat soft but deeply arousing, though that softness was counteracted by the rough grip he had on your thighs and a punishingly deep thrust with his thick fingers that made your cunt clench tightly around him and a desperate groan lurch out your throat. “So easy for me to take, liebling.”

“So take me.” You replied, a drunken and deeply aroused edge to your voice as you looked at him, eyes half-lidded and glazed over with pleasure. “I’m yours, so just...take me. Please.” Your own shaking breaths of pleasure matched up with the shuddering sobs of the girl on the television.
screen, and you couldn’t help but feel smug that you were alive and she was dead.

Because you were his, and he would never take someone else the way he did you.

He grinned fervently as he pressed a third finger inside of you, easily thrusting them in and out as the pad of his thumb teased your twinging clit. The burning pleasure made your brain race even more than the alcohol had, and you sat up to desperately fist his shirt, pulling it open and dragging it down his freckled shoulders as you caught his lips in a hungry kiss.

Strade accepted the kiss with an eager groan against your lips, deep and dangerous and so perfectly masculine, and he removed his fingers roughly, wiping them on his trouser leg to hurriedly yank his shirt off.

His black undershirt was sleeveless and showed off his muscled arms, perfectly defined from years of physical labour and strenuous activity. Your hands descended his arms, indulgently relishing in his warm, tan skin and every swell of muscle, delicately tracing the tattoo on his left bicep. You allowed yourself some moments to marvel at his body, to properly enjoy just how handsome he was, as he unbuckled his belt and unzipped his trousers, tugging them down with his boxers and exposing his hard, weeping cock as it grazed against your thigh.

He bit your lower lip and tugged at it, letting out an eager growl before he pressed his tongue between your lips and pushed himself deep inside your tight heat.

Drunk sex was different from sober sex in a myriad of ways.

Already you could tell that drunk sex was faster, more erratic and less thoughtful, but surprisingly, a lot less painful. Drunk sex was for a single satisfaction, after all, while sober sex had to scratch every one of Strade's itches. And if one of those itches was sadistically inclined, that would have to be thoroughly scratched.

It's very similar too, of course.

He was as rough with you as ever, forcing your legs to your chest as he pushed deeper into you, barely giving you room to think about each sensation. One strong hand drifting to your neck so he could see you struggle to breathe, could watch you gasp on his name, your begs and pleas for more. Mumbling slurred praise and violent dirty talk in between thrusts and drunken hiccups.

But there wasn't a knife waiting to be pulled out, no video cameras blinking in the corner, no twisted mind games or broken promises.

It was just the two of you, taking advantage of one another, in a frenzy of arousal and desperation.

You thought that idea fit you both perfectly.

With a particularly ruthless thrust, he had buried himself deep inside you when a barely-there heave slipped from his lips, between the drunken hiccups and slurs of English and German. You opened your eyes to see that his thrusting had stilled and he had allowed his head to hang slightly, his long, tangling hair covering his sweating face.

"Strade..." You managed to say. "You okay?"

"'S just gas escaping..." He mumbled though he didn't sound very sure of himself.

Then he heaved again, which was followed by a retch and a barely suppressed burp that made his entire body shudder. A hand quickly went up to his face as he retched again, a strange noise of
nervous apprehension at the back of his throat falling from his lips before he had the chance to notice. It’s a weirdly vulnerable gesture and sound from him and you can’t deny that it’s appealing in a sadistic kind of way. It was at that point that you attempted to sit up, and ask what was wrong again.

You couldn't even blink before he vomited down your front.

You managed a disgusted shout of outrage as you attempted to wriggle away from him, though his hold on your body was as firm as ever. The vomit was thick and almost heavy, both in sensation and scent, since it smelled of fowl beer and half-digested take out. The greasy feel of it clung to your skin and despite how still you were trying to be, it dripped down every sensitive area of your body and each of your shuddering curves.

You cringed, looking down at your shaking stomach now painted in puke, trying to suppress the urge to vomit yourself.

"Ha!" Strade's bark-like laugh snapped you out of your disgust momentarily, and you looked up to see a typical sharp-toothed grin spread on his face, any kind of vulnerability he’d had before quickly shaken off. Though this grin was smeared with vomit, and a vile string of bile and thick saliva trailed down his stubbly chin and to his hairy chest. You had no idea how he could stand something so disgusting. "Can't say I've ever done that before."

“Let me up.” You said firmly, glaring at him, though all he did was smirk at your anger and rock his hips a little, pressing himself deeper inside of you, since he was still as hard as he was before, for whatever reason. It felt good, of course it did, but that didn't get rid of the fact that you were still absolutely covered in his vomit. "S-Strade, I mean it." Your voice had lost a bit of its edge though, and your quivering lip wasn’t going to be intimidating anyone soon.

"Ah, liebling~" Strade drawled drunkenly in an almost affectionate way, bringing his flushed face close to yours. You could smell the sour scent of sick on his breath and it made your stomach clench. "All the things I’ve done to you. All the times I’ve made you scream, made you bleed...and this is where you draw the line?" He grinned again and the vomit-saliva mix on his chin dripped down your chest, making your body lurch underneath his. He chuckled at the outraged look you gave him, and the hand now slick with vomit and drool came up to roughly cup your chin, squeezing your cheeks and keeping your head still as he brought his face closer. "No, I don't think so."

He kissed you hard, his tongue immediately pressing between your lips, and you're forced to taste the vile, acidic remnants of bile and vomit on his lips, his tongue. You squirmed and wriggled underneath him, trying to shove him away, but your refusal and the way you fought back against him seemed to only excite him more, as he started to thrust in and out of you again, with a new kind of vigour.

The combined sensation of the crushing kiss and his tongue in your mouth, and the aching stretch of your cunt around his thick cock made you moan involuntarily against his lips. You could hear every one of his pleased sounds too, as he fucked into you harder, pressing your chests together and coating himself in his own vomit.

It’s fucked up. It’s so fucked up, but you can’t deny how arousing it is knowing that he’d fuck you, even when you were covered in vomit and when you smelled like shit.

You could feel your cunt clench tight around him as the burning shame in the pit of your stomach made you moan even louder against his kiss. Your eyes rolled back into your skull, and, dizzy with sickening pleasure, you allowed yourself to press your fingers into his tangling hair and let him
It’s sick. He’s sick. But you’re so much worse for wanting it so bad that it ached.

You wrapped your legs around his waist, digging your clenching toes into his back, and his hands go down to roughly grope your hips. He scratched deep, red lines down your skin as he bit at your lips, so hard that you could taste the blood from your split lip coating both of your tongues. You wonder, for maybe a second, if Strade had plans to cover you in any more of his fluids, but the shameful twinge that idea gave to your clit quickly put it out of your mind.

One fucked up fetish at a time.

The sickly, sour smell of Strade’s vomit now permeated the room, so much so that it was almost tangible, much like the continued screams of the stranger on the television that seemed to perfectly align with both of your shuddering moans and gasps. You’re sure that the Pavlovian link between sex and violence for you had its roots in something fucked up and Freudian, but when you were half-drunk, stuffed with cock and covered in the vomit of a man you should have hated but probably loved, you couldn’t really examine why you were so aroused that it was causing you actual, physical pain.

Strade pulled away from the kiss momentarily, drooling a vile mixture of blood, bile and saliva over your gasping lips with a slack tongue and a dangerously eager look in his eyes. Just looking at him do it was enough for you to clench tighter around him, your greedy cunt taking his cock like it was what you were born to do, but seeing his eyes roll back in pleasure, his jaw drop and the shaking moan fall from his lips is what pushed you even closer towards your edge.

You dug your sharp nails into his shoulders and dragged them down his back, underneath his undershirt, listening to his hiss of pain. His skin was so warm, even slightly damp with sweat, and the reminder that he was there, that you could touch him, that he chose you over everyone else was so overwhelming that you had to bury your face into his shoulder to stop yourself from whimpering drunken admissions of love.

The pain you inflicted seemed to have only encouraged to fuck you harder, faster, and deeper. He groped your ass hard, digging his fingers into the soft flesh, before he effortlessly pulled you into his lap so that you were kneeling over him, riding his cock as he fucked into you. You matched his jutting hips by pressing down on him, gasping and swearing into the crook of his neck as you got closer and closer to climax. Coagulated vomit dripped down his stomach and into his lap, staining his trousers, and you couldn’t help but be a little satisfied that he was now as messy as you were.

“So good, so good…” You mumbled like a mantra against Strade’s lips. He brought your foreheads together in a gesture that's almost fond, a sticky hand reaching up to cup your cheek.

“You do as you were told, and he immediately pressed two thick fingers down your throat, with a roughness that immediately makes you heave. When you tried to pull back from him, he gripped your hair tightly with his free hand and kept your head still with a (frankly) arousing amount of strength. He pressed his fingers further, against your tongue, the back of your throat, your bobbing tonsils, and whispered words of encouragement through a kind smile.

You tried, desperately, to swallow around his fingers, blinking streaming tears out of your eyes, and filling the room with disgusting heaves and retches. But it’s only another minute or so of uncomfortable gagging before you’re vomiting down his front, staining his skin as he had done to
A thick string of saliva and bile hung from your lips, and the sight of it was enough to make you puke again.

“Ah…wunderschönen~” A manic smile came to his face as he continued to breathlessly fuck into your shaking, sweating body, his smile only getting wider as he listened to your heaving sobs, your whimpers and whines for a moment to adjust and breath that he wasn’t going to give you. But for some reason, neither your discomfort or the sudden wave of nausea and dizziness that washed over your brain did anything to diminish your own aching arousal, and you felt yourself clench even tighter around his pounding cock.

“Finish inside me.” You mumbled feverishly, letting your head droop down and rest your forehead against his chest, and it feels even better that he let you have that ounce of affection. “Please. Want it. Want it so fucking bad…”

“So filthy, liebling.” He crooned, in an almost comforting way, and you couldn’t help the delirious little giggle that slipped from your lips as a response. If he thought that was filthy, what did he think about the two of you spewing your guts all over each other? Maybe that’s what affection was to him. “But if that’s what you want…”

He gripped your thighs roughly, pressing himself deeper inside of you and filling you with a few final rough thrusts that you attempted to move in time with, though to little success. Your drunken body seemed to have finally caught up with your mind, so you could mostly just cling onto him as he fucked you sloppily like a well-used sex doll, using your aching, stretched hole however he pleased.

Shit, even that fucked up train of thought was making your clit twinge. You doubted that you would need any help getting off when your brain was still so active.

He tensed up a little underneath you, enough that it was noticeable, but he quickly buried his face into your shoulder before you questioned it. Harshly biting down on the flesh in an attempt to suppress a throaty (and incredibly attractive) groan as he came inside of you, claiming your insides like he had claimed your outside. The feeling of him filling you so beautifully distracted you from the burning pain of the bleeding bite on your shoulder.

Funnily, it’s when he slowly pulled out of you, running a teasing finger over your burning clit and so easily sliding it inside of your cunt, plugging you full of the cum that was already leaking out of you, that you finally reach climax yourself. An arched back, a gasp of his name, your nails dug deep into his shoulders and back.

And then the entire fucked-up affair was over.

The two of you inelegantly detangle from each other and fall back onto the sofa together, mostly naked, sweaty and covered in more of each other’s bodily fluids than you ever wanted to be.

“I knew you were interesting,” Strade mumbled breathlessly with a low chuckle, stroking through your hair affectionately.

“I thought I was compelling.” You replied with your own huffed laugh, keening up against his touch.

“Intriguing.” He offered instead with a smirk. “At least I know why I kept you now.”

You’d take that.
You curled up against him, desperate for his attention, and he pulled you into his arms, resting his stubbly chin against your head and pressing his nose into your sweaty hair. It's almost a kiss. He mumbled sweet words to you, so quiet that you can barely hear him over your heaving breaths, and you drifted off into an easy slumber to the sound of his voice, totally enveloped in him.

You couldn’t imagine anything more perfect.

End Notes

this is basically me gushing about how hot strade is and how much i want him to puke on me for 10+ pages. hope others can enjoy this garbage. also i google translated the german cus duolingo hasn't taught me horny speak yet, don't @ me

my requests are open, please ask me to write more strade porn I'M DYING

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