Trapped

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Summary

When the elevator suddenly jolted and screeched to a halt, Tamsin's blood ran cold. She panted heavily as the lights began to flicker.

They were trapped.

Notes

Written for one of my Situation Prompts on Tumblr, in which Bo and Tamsin are trapped in an elevator. Two-Shot. Enjoy!
Chapter 1

Tamsin helped Bo into the elevator as quickly as possible, the Succubus leaning heavily on her and limping. The stab wound in Bo’s side bled profusely, soaking through Tamsin’s hand as she pressed it heavily to the wound.

They had been ambushed and outnumbered in this creepy-ass old hotel that she should have known was a nest as soon as they entered the place to find the electricity still running, and for the first time in a long time, Tamsin was terrified. Her own body was beaten and bloody, gaping scratch and cut wounds stinging and weeping crimson along her flesh, and she was barely keeping Bo on her feet.

She collapsed to the floor of the elevator, taking Bo down with her, and rapidly tapped the button to close the doors before any of their enemies could catch up to them. When the doors slid closed, she breathed a little easier, but her heart raced as Bo slumped against her, her own breathing ragged and shallow.

Tamsin’s nerves felt like burning fuses all over her body, spiraling toward an explosion. She was scared because she was drained, and Bo was slipping, and she needed to get them both somewhere safe so that Bo could feed and they could get the help they needed.

She checked her cell, but the signal was muted by the elevator, and she flung the thing angrily against the elevator wall before reaching for Bo.

"Okay," she grunted as she shifted Bo more fully into her lap and pressed harder on the gaping wound in Bo’s side. "Okay, Bo, just breathe. Just breathe and stay with me, okay?"

Tamsin knew Bo needed to feed, but she was terrified that with as hurt as she was herself and with as little energy as she already had, Bo feeding off of her would drain her entirely and she would be unable to survive it or to ensure that Bo got out safely afterward. She would go from being the one saving their asses to the one who needed rescuing, and unlike Bo, Tamsin couldn’t just suck face and heal. She would have to go into a coma-like sleep to restore her body, and there was no way she could do that presently.

Still, Tamsin knew she would do what needed to be done to save Bo, even if it cost her her life.

"Tamsin," Bo whispered raggedly, squeezing the Valkyrie’s arm as hard as she could as her head lolled in Tamsin’s lap. "Can’t … breathe."

Tamsin’s chest seared with pain and her eyes stung with tears. “Okay, okay,” she said, the words coming out in a rapid stutter. “Feed off me then.”

Bo shook her head lazily. She knew Tamsin was weak, and she wasn’t willing to risk it.

"Do it!" Tamsin commanded, and Bo tried to protest again.

The elevator was moving at a glacial pace, and Tamsin’s panic was spiking with every second. This was too much, and she didn’t know if they were going to make it to the first floor, and even if they did, she didn’t know if she could get Bo out of the building and safely somewhere and to someone she could feed from before Tamsin, herself, collapsed.

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"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" she shouted as she reached up and smacked at the buttons, their glow fading and then disappearing entirely. "This isn’t happening. This is NOT happening!"

Bo erupted into a fit of coughs in Tamsin’s lap then, and Tamsin’s eyes stung harder, tears building, when blood spurted out onto Bo’s lip with the force of her coughing.

"Okay, Bo, you need to feed off me," Tamsin told her. "Right now."

Bo tried to protest again, but Tamsin shook her head and screamed in the Succubus’s face. “Right NOW, Bo!” Without another word, Tamsin pressed her face to Bo’s, crashing their lips together with painful force.

Bo resisted at first but Tamsin pressed and pressed, her tears dripping onto Bo’s dirt-streaked face until Bo’s nature finally kicked in and she sucked Tamsin’s chi like her life depended on it.

One long, drawling gasp had Tamsin choking as her mouth wrenched open for the blue stream to escape her body and nourish Bo’s. She held onto Bo tightly, pressing into Bo’s wound, which she could already feel getting smaller with that one great feed, but her own body felt like it was rapidly being drained.

Her body screamed in protest as Bo sucked and sucked and never seemed to stop, and then finally the Succubus broke the connection, and Tamsin erupted into loud spluttering coughs. She sagged against the wall of the elevator and her vision went blurry as a wave of dizziness rolled over her.

"Tamsin," she heard Bo say, the Succubus’s voice much clearer than before.

"I’m good," Tamsin whispered, though she knew she wasn’t.

She felt Bo shift in her arms and then suddenly Bo’s face was hovering in front of hers, the Succubus having healed enough to move and shift fully into Tamsin’s lap so that she was straddling the Valkyrie’s hips. Tamsin tried to hold onto Bo’s hips, but her grip was lazy and loose, and that scared Bo more than her own injuries had.

Bo grabbed onto Tamsin’s chin and pulled her face closer. She breathed a reviving stream of chi into Tamsin, enough to pull Tamsin back toward consciousness but not quite enough to threaten the injuries Tamsin had just sacrificed her own health to heal.

Both their wounds were still in dire need of healing, and Bo could only think of one way to heal hers, and she hoped Tamsin could stay with her long enough to do so, because if she could get herself to best shape again, then they had at least half a chance of escaping this place.

Tamsin shook her head as her vision cleared and her heart rate leveled out a bit. She ached in ways beyond words but the moment steadily came back to her as the warmth of Bo’s chi spilled into her, and then they were kissing.

Bo pressed to her chest, her mouth devouring Tamsin’s, and Tamsin felt an explosion of sensation erupt in her body and along her flesh. Bo’s fingers spilled little ripples of charm into her, and suddenly Tamsin ached in ways outside of her pain and much more in the realm of pleasure.

Her grip grew in strength as she latched onto Bo’s hips and jerked her in. She panicked when she felt a fresh wave of blood spill from Bo’s side wound and over the top of her hand, but Bo held her steady.
Bo’s lashes fluttered rapidly but she pressed harder into Tamsin still. “Just stay with me,” she whispered into their kiss, and Tamsin nodded.

Their lips locked together again, tongues dipping in and tangling, and each kiss tasted metallic with blood. Bo’s hands raked down Tamsin’s back, over the tattered material of her jacket and shirt and over bleeding cuts and scratch wounds. She blocked out the ache and fear that instantly flooded her mind and forced herself to stay in the moment, stay in the pleasure, fight the pain.

Bo pulled her hands around and pushed at Tamsin’s tattered jacket until the Valkyrie scooted her back enough to pull it off herself, along with her shirt. She then yanked Bo’s over the Succubus’s head, hating the pained gasp that ripped from Bo’s lips when she did so, but she forged ahead regardless. She pushed through her pain and through her exhaustion and through her worry, because she had to do this. This was what Bo needed. This was going to save her.

She had to save her.

It could save them both.

Tamsin pushed Bo back until she lay on the floor of the frozen elevator, topless, and she worked to pop open the button on Bo’s pants with trembling, aching fingers. She yanked the material halfway down Bo’s legs before dipping to pull the material of Bo’s bra aside with her teeth and then latching onto a rigid nipple while those same trembling fingers slid through the already building moisture between Bo’s thighs.

Bo let out a harsh breath followed by a moan that Tamsin thanked the gods was of pleasure rather than pain, and she held tight to her consciousness as she grit her teeth and pushed through her exhaustion.

Bo pulled Tamsin up to her mouth again and kissed her fiercely as Tamsin slipped inside her, one finger, two, three, and pumped as vigorously as she was able with the pain in her body fighting against her every second.

Tamsin breathed harshly against Bo’s lips as she hovered over her, their eyes locked and filled with need, with fear, with pain, with something undefinable or perhaps just unspoken. Her gaze scanned over Bo’s face, bloody and dirt-streaked, and Tamsin still found her so fucking beautiful that she nearly said it aloud.

But then Bo swiped her thumb across Tamsin’s bottom lip and said something Tamsin thought she would never hear in all her lives, not from this woman, this fucking goddess of a woman.

"I love you," Bo whispered, and Tamsin’s heart slammed painfully against her ribs.

Her brows furrowed as she looked down at Bo, reading the sincerity in the Succubus’s eyes. Her throat tightened. Her eyes burned and burned and new tears built there.

They had been sleeping together on a regular basis for a while now, but Tamsin had thought it emotionless, nothing more than the need to feed or the desire to fuck. She thought Bo couldn’t see her, didn’t see her as bright and shining and full in color as Tamsin saw her, as worthy of love and affection and devotion. She thought it an impossible dream.

Tamsin stilled above Bo, heart pounding, fingers buried knuckle-deep, and breathed, “What?”

Bo held onto her a little tighter. “I should’ve told you sooner,” she whispered and pulled Tamsin in closer. She kissed her fiercely and moved against Tamsin’s hand, urging the woman to resume motion.
Tamsin shifted inside her and then began a steady rhythm again, but her eyes never left Bo’s. Her heart never stopped pounding, and suddenly, with those words swimming in her ears and in her head and in her bones and in her soul, she felt more alive than ever before. She sucked at Bo’s bottom lip and at her jaw and at her neck and pressed into her with the skill of a familiar lover, knowing Bo’s body as well as she knew her own, until Bo clenched around her and shouted her climax.

Tamsin collapsed against her, spent and exhausted and hurting all over, and though she knew it hadn’t been enough to fully heal Bo, it had certainly been enough to close her wound.

Black spots dotted her vision and Tamsin felt her mouth go dry. She blinked rapidly but the spots wouldn’t fade, wouldn’t disappear, and she knew she was on the verge of losing consciousness.

"Bo," she whispered. She wanted to say it back before she couldn’t, before she passed out, before she lost her chance. She wanted to say it right there, right then, with all the feeling she had hidden beneath the surface for far too long. She wanted to say it.

But then everything went black.
Bo’s heart hammer ed against her ribcage, trembling in protest, as Tamsin’s eyes fluttered closed and the Valkyrie went limp atop her chest.

“Tamsin?” Bo whispered, the breath shaky as it skirted across her lips. She latched onto Tamsin’s arm and jostled it. “Tamsin?”

Tamsin said nothing. She didn’t move, and the weight of her limp body on top of Bo’s seemed to grow heavier and heavier, more and more daunting with every passing second.

“No, no, no,” Bo muttered, grunting as she shifted to roll Tamsin off of her and onto the elevator floor. She rolled easily into a sitting position, in much less pain than before and feeling much more energized, and pulled her pants up. She smacked at Tamsin’s cheek. “Tamsin,” she urged, “wake up.” She smacked her cheek a little harder, slapping the pallid flesh in an effort to pull Tamsin from unconsciousness once more. “Come on, babe.”

Tamsin’s head lolled, but the Valkyrie didn’t wake.

Bo hated the itch in her throat, the stinging in her eyes. She hated the dread filling her gut. She refused to accept it.

“Tamsin,” she urged again, slipping her hand under the Valkyrie’s head to lift Tamsin’s mouth closer to her own. “Come on,” she whispered as she pulled on Tamsin’s chin until pale lips parted and then breathed one long stream of chi into the Valkyrie, the pink mist curling out of her own lips and through Tamsin’s.

Tamsin sucked in a sharp gasp that echoed harshly inside the small space of the elevator, but in that moment, Bo thought it was the most incredible, soothing sound she had ever heard. Light eyes fluttered open and then Tamsin’s hands shot up and gripped onto Bo’s.

“Bo,” she wheezed between spluttering coughs.

“It’s okay,” Bo assured her, squeezing Tamsin’s hands. “You’re okay. Just breathe.”

Tamsin felt brittle and weak, like her bones were on the brink of crumbling beneath her skin. Her breath felt heavy and thick in lungs. Her head pounded and throbbed, and pain stung behind her eyes and in every inch. “Thanks,” she whispered.

Bo shook her head and squeezed Tamsin’s hand again. “You never should have tried to cast doubt on those things,” she bit out. “There were too many, Tamsin, and now you’re too weak.”

Tamsin gasped in pain as she forced herself into a sitting position. She leaned on Bo, their foreheads pressed together, and smirked as she rasped, “It got us out of there, didn’t it?”

“Yes, and stuck in a shitty old elevator that won’t move,” Bo chuckled, because for some reason, this entire scenario just seemed so extreme, so terrifying, that it was funny. It was ridiculous, the way this felt like it might be too much. It felt like it might be the end.

Tamsin laughed raggedly, closing her eyes as she rested against Bo, and whispered, “Well excuse me for not thinking of the possibility that the elevator could break down when I was too busy worrying about those damn things chasing after us, and you know, you weren’t really helping with the whole bleeding-out-in-my-arms thing.”
Bo chuckled again, fueling Tamsin, until they both dissolved into a fit of laughter. They sat on the elevator floor, heads pressed together and bodies aching, and they laughed. They laughed like it was the last thing they would ever do.

When they finally quieted, their laughter slowly dissipating before disappearing altogether and leaving nothing behind but their harsh breaths and heartbeats, Bo closed her eyes and squeezed Tamsin’s hand. Their foreheads brushed together as they scooted closer and Bo whispered, “Tamsin, there’s no way out, is there?”

Tamsin sighed, closing her eyes as well. She tilted her head until her cheek brushed against Bo’s and she pressed a barely-there kiss to the Succubus’s ear. “I don’t think so,” she answered honestly, and she felt the air shoot from Bo’s lungs even as the Succubus nodded her acceptance against Tamsin’s shoulder.

Tamsin ran her fingers through Bo’s hair as she glanced around the small elevator car. “We could try to pry open the door,” she offered, “but I think we’re somewhere between the third and fourth floor. There would be no way o—”

“Tamsin?” Bo said when Tamsin’s words stuck in the Valkyrie’s throat and died. She pulled back to see Tamsin’s head tilted back just a bit, eyes fixed on the ceiling. Bo followed her gaze and realized what Tamsin was looking at.

The roof of the elevator appeared to have a window or door of some sort in it. The cracks around its opening were just visible, and the possibility of an escape made Bo’s heart race, but the small door seemed sealed tight and there was no handle in sight.

“It’s sealed,” Bo said, and Tamsin nodded.

“Maybe,” the Valkyrie replied.

Tamsin pushed to her feet, Bo helping her, so that she could get a better look at the small door. “Maybe we can get it open,” she tried, and Bo sighed.

“Even if we did, wouldn’t we just be stuck in an open elevator shaft?” Bo asked.

Tamsin shrugged, the action causing a ripple of pain to roll down her back. “Better than being stuck in a closed elevator,” she countered with a grunt. She cracked her neck to both sides and shook out her limbs before bracing her body, but Bo grabbed her shoulders.

“Tamsin, no, you’re too weak,” the Succubus said. “You should let me do this.”

Tamsin shook her head and pulled Bo’s hands from her shoulders. “I’ve got this,” she assured Bo. “Trust me.”

Bo bit her lip but then just nodded. She started when Tamsin’s face suddenly went cloudy and dark, eyes sinking in and fading to black, and then it was as if the Valkyrie’s entire body flexed, the muscles along Tamsin’s arms and chest and stomach and legs visibly rippling with one harsh inhale. Tamsin’s wings burst from her back and beat rapidly at her sides, batting against the walls of the elevator, too near and too small to allow her wings to spread to full span. Still, they beat rapidly, creating short but strong gusts of wind that actually made Bo brace herself on the wall.

A moment later, Tamsin kicked off the floor of the elevator, arm spread above her head and poised with a fist that slammed heavily into the metal of the small door overhead.

Bo’s jaw dropped when Tamsin lowered back to the floor, leaving behind a massive dent in the
metal of the small door. “Wow,” she whispered, before jumping forward when Tamsin breathed heavily and swayed on her feet. She caught Tamsin around the waist, fingers ghosting over soft feathers, and held the Valkyrie up. “Okay, that’s enough,” she said.

“No, I can do this,” Tamsin promised, pushing Bo gently back, but Bo only held tighter.

“Tamsin, please,” Bo whispered. “You’re going to kill yourself.”

Tamsin braced one hand around Bo’s cheek, running her thumb over the length of Bo’s jaw. “I’m going to save you,” she whispered in return, eyes still the color of night, and then without another word, her wings began to beat again and she pushed Bo away from her once more.

Gusts of wind jumped up from beneath their feet and then Tamsin kicked off again as hard as she was able, fist flying over her head. When she punched into the metal this time, the small door ripped clean off the elevator with a loud clamor and Tamsin shot right through the hole and into the elevator shaft.

“Tamsin!” Bo shouted, moving under the now-open door and peering up. She couldn’t see the Valkyrie and panic ripped through her gut, but then Tamsin’s face, back to normal, suddenly popped over the open door, a weak but beautiful smile painted on her lips.

She thrust a hand down toward Bo. “Come on,” she rasped.

Bo quickly grabbed their shirts off the elevator floor. She pulled her own on and then tossed Tamsin’s up to her. Tamsin placed them aside on the elevator roof and reached down for Bo once more.

Bo backed against the wall and then ran hard against the opposing wall. She jumped at the last second and kicked off the wall to get as much height as possible, her body screaming in protest with the action. She latched onto Tamsin’s hand and used her momentum to help Tamsin jerk her up high enough to grab onto the edge of the door before swinging fully up and out.

They collapsed on top of the elevator with Tamsin’s wings beneath them. They lay there, panting, with their hands still clasped tightly together when Bo chuckled and whispered, “Now what? How do we get out of here?”

Tamsin was silent for a long moment, simply staring up into the dark shaft as it stretched high above them. She was silent so long that Bo started to worry. Just as she shifted to make sure Tamsin was still awake and with her, the Valkyrie’s arm extended into the air and Tamsin whispered, “We fly.”

Bo followed Tamsin’s pointing finger, and realization sunk quickly in. High above them, at the top of the elevator shaft, there was light … sunlight. The roof of the shaft was made of glass, and glass was easily broken.

“If we can get out there, in the sun,” Tamsin whispered, “we’ll be okay. They won’t go in the sun, and we won’t be trapped inside anymore.”

Bo couldn’t help the spark of hope that ignited inside her chest, but her mind was a mess of all the ways this plan could go wrong, specifically for Tamsin. The Valkyrie was already so weak that she could hardly breathe without wheezing and had already passed out twice. She didn’t know how much more Tamsin could take, and flying them out of the elevator shaft meant carrying not only her own weight, but Bo’s as well, not to mention crashing through a glass ceiling.

“No,” Bo said, already having internally talked herself out of the idea. “No.”
“We’re doing it,” Tamsin told her matter-of-factly.

“We can’t,” Bo argued, sitting up and turning to look at Tamsin, careful not to hurt the Valkyrie’s wing. “You can’t, Tamsin.”

“Bo,” Tamsin sighed.

“No!” Bo protested, smacking Tamsin’s thigh. “I told you I love you. Don’t you get that? I love you. Contrary to what your warped Valkyrie brain might think, Tamsin, that doesn’t mean I want you to be a self-sacrificing warrior for me. You can’t do this. You’re too weak, so I’m saying no.”

Tamsin carefully sat up and reached for her shirt. She sighed as she retracted her wings, pulled on her shirt slowly, avoiding as much pain as possible, and followed with her tattered jacket. Once she was fully dressed again, she forced her body to move as she shifted her legs under her, grabbed Bo’s hand, and pulled them both onto their feet. Her wings shot out again and spread out and fluttered behind her as she squeezed Bo’s hands and took several long, deep, steadying breaths.

“I’m not doing this because you love me, hot-pants,” she rasped, chuckling at herself.

Bo hated the dark rings under Tamsin’s eyes and the way Tamsin’s body seemed to hunker down and in on itself, like she could hardly bear standing, but Tamsin was stubborn. She always had been, and she was immensely strong. She would fight Bo tooth and nail if it meant getting the Succubus out alive.

Tamsin slipped her hands around Bo’s waist then, pulling the Succubus closer until their chests pressed together and their breath mingled in the small space between their lips.

Bo barely registered the gusts of wind whirling around their feet as Tamsin’s wings began to beat harder and harder and harder around them, because she was caught in Tamsin’s fierce gaze.

“I’m doing this,” Tamsin whispered, arms wrapping tighter and tighter around Bo’s middle, “because I love you.”

Before Bo could breathe a word, Tamsin’s face sunk in once more, going dark, and then the Valkyrie kicked so forcefully off of the elevator that Bo was certain she left a dent behind.

Everything happened so fast that Bo hardly registered it. They shot higher and higher in the elevator shaft, whirling in spirals as Tamsin’s wings began to close in around them, curling over Bo’s body and head like a barrier until she saw nothing but dark and heard nothing but the rushing wind and Tamsin’s harsh breathing. She felt nothing but the warmth of Tamsin’s arms locked around her waist, holding her steady and close.

And then the sound of shattering glass ripped through the air around them, and Bo felt Tamsin’s body tense even harder around her own. She held her breath and waited for whatever would come next, and a moment later, she felt her feet hit solid structure too fast and she and Tamsin tumbled down atop the roof of the old building.

Sunlight spilled into Bo’s eyes as she rolled out from under Tamsin’s wing and out of the Valkyrie’s arms. She blinked rapidly as she fought to adjust to the light and scrambled back toward Tamsin, who lay in a heap on the roof.

“Tamsin,” she panted, crawling nearly on top of her.

Tamsin breathed sharply as Bo’s hands slipped around her cheeks. She looked up at Bo, the sunlight dancing around the shadow of Bo’s head like a halo, and she smiled without thinking
before everything faded away, and once again, all was black.

Tamsin barely registered the muffled sounds at first. They sounded so far away, almost muted like her head was underwater or like someone had clamped their hands around her ears, but then the sounds slowly began to define and clarify until Tamsin could make out that they were voices.

“Bo, you need to calm down.”

Who was that? Was that Lauren? Tamsin’s mind was still a bit hazy, but she had definitely heard Bo’s name. Bo was there, wherever they were. Bo was there with her.

“I can’t!” Bo snapped, and Tamsin registered the worry in the Succubus’s voice. It stabbed at her heart. “It’s been three days and she still hasn’t woken up!”

Were they talking about her? Tamsin tried to open her eyes but her eyelids felt too heavy. She tried to move, but her body was sluggish and felt frozen in place.

“That’s how Valkyries heal, Bo.”

Yeah, that was definitely Lauren. Tamsin breathed softly, trying to will her body to wake fully from the coma-like state it had been in for the past three days. She hated healing slumbers. As awesome as they made her feel, waking up from them was like trying to claw her way through concrete. *Listen to the doctor,* she silently commanded Bo, but all she could hear was Bo’s panic as the Succubus rambled on.

“Well, why hasn’t she healed already?” Bo asked. “Three *days* isn’t enough time to heal?”

“She exhausted herself nearly to the point of no return,” Lauren told Bo, “not to mention the injuries she sustained. It takes time, Bo.”

“Succubi have never been very patient,” Tamsin drawled, only realizing after the fact that she had actually said the words aloud. She wanted to pat herself on the back for managing to get them out.

Tamsin heard Bo gasp and then there were hands around her cheeks, warm hands, the same hands she had loved for what felt like ages now.

“Tamsin?” Bo whispered, patting the Valkyrie’s cheeks.

Tamsin tried again to open her eyes and sighed in relief as they fluttered and then light poured in and Bo’s worried face slowly came into focus. “Stop smacking me, woman,” Tamsin drawled sleepily, and her heart kick-started into a frantic rhythm when the most beautiful smile blasted across Bo’s face.

And then Lauren came into view as well. “How are you feeling?” the doctor asked, and Tamsin nodded despite how heavy her head still felt.

“How did we get here?” Tamsin asked, and Bo chuckled.

“One of us didn’t throw her phone at the elevator wall and smash it to bits,” the Succubus teased, and Tamsin rolled her eyes. “I called for help once you got us out of there.”

“D-man?” Tamsin mumbled, and Bo nodded.
The Valkyrie glanced to Lauren then and asked, “Could you give us a minute?”

When Lauren stepped out of the room, Bo wiped at a stray tear that escaped and poked Tamsin’s shoulder. “That was one hell of a nap,” she chuckled, the sound raw in her throat, and Tamsin slowly lifted her arms to wrap them around Bo’s waist and pull her closer.

She held Bo’s soft, watery gaze as she whispered, “You said you love me.”

Bo smiled, slow and stunning, and whispered, “Yeah, well, you said it back.”

Tamsin pulled Bo down closer until their noses brushed. She pressed the softest of kisses to Bo’s lips. “I meant it,” she told Bo, the words hardly more than breath. Her voice cracked after she kissed Bo again and said, “I’ve never meant anything more.” She held Bo’s gaze and ran her hand down the Succubus’s back. “Not in any of my many lifetimes.”

Bo sighed against Tamsin’s lips and pressed their foreheads together. “Are you always this romantic when you wake up from a coma?” she whispered, and Tamsin chuckled raggedly.

“Only for you,” the Valkyrie promised and kissed Bo again, new strength and hope humming her in veins.

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