

Payback

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by [InterstellarSiren](#)

Summary

Ash Tyler enjoys seeing L'Rell in her bonds while Discovery holds her as a prisoner. Kink in this one is milder than some of my other works, but I was running out of steam at the time I wrote it.

Notes

This was written for Kinktober 2020. I am a big fan of mild or implied kink in most of my works.

Ash Tyler had seen enough in his time as a captive to know what was coming the moment L'Rell approached. Somehow he had become the Klingon warrior's pet project. He didn't know why L'Rell seemed to care so much for him. Often he questioned if he was being used.

Now, the tables had turned and L'Rell was in the brig of the U.S.S. Discovery, the ship that had rescued Ash from the Klingons after what was believed to be seven months of captivity. L'Rell sneered at him, bold and fearless as ever, even when she was being held as a prisoner of war.

"Do you know, Tyler. . . How different this feels for me? How much I wish you could feel what I feel right now?" Ash winced, trying to steel himself. He was oddly attracted to the bonds that restrained her. There was something about the helplessness she exuded now; the once powerful Klingon warrior reduced to a prisoner. He loved the sight of her in the restraints— whether this was what he wanted or a manifestation of his past, Ash could not be sure. He wondered how Voq might have reacted to this, if a part of the Klingon in his brain was aroused by seeing her in the bonds of a Starfleet prison.

"I don't care much about what you feel, L'Rell. You captured me, tortured me for months. You broke me, and I hope you rot."

"That isn't true. I think we both know that you enjoy seeing me like this. You enjoy hurting me. I suppose you are not the man I loved, after all. Voq would never have done this to me."

Ash didn't want to think about Voq and L'Rell's relationship, and he hated to admit that she was right. Somewhere in the deepest parts of him, the Klingon warrior remained. He hated the feelings that stirred in the pit of his stomach, the desire to see her struggle free of her bonds. He could not let her get the better of him this time.

L'Rell refused to break. She would not beg for her freedom from a man who had betrayed her. Even if she had loved V'oq, the man standing before her had taken on a completely different identity now. She wondered how it would have felt if he had put her into the restraints himself.

"Now you know how it feels. You tortured me. You deserve this, L'Rell, more than any Klingon I have ever met. I relish it. It's slightly attractive."

"How can you say that? Knowing how I loved you?"

"You didn't love me. You loved V'oq. Not me, and when you couldn't have him, you forced him on me to keep his memory alive!" Ash shouted at her, not meaning to raise his voice. The anger had gotten the best of him. There was a part of him that loved seeing her like this, as though the bonds justified what he had been through. A sudden and involuntary rush of heat washed over Ash as Voq's memories came back. He had been kept by L'Rell, and much as he had wanted to refuse it, he was bound to her in more ways than one. He enjoyed seeing her in pain. It might have made him no better than her, but at least she would understand why he refused to release her.

Even Ash did not understand why he kept coming back to the woman who had tortured him and broken his bones to force V'oq's memories

into a human body. But he supposed that seeing her this way was a twisted form of payback that he could never have imagined even in his wildest dreams. He wondered how long he was going to be able to keep her restrained. But until she broke free, at least he could enjoy the view.

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