

## the mortifying ordeal of being known

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## the mortifying ordeal of being known

by [TechnicolorRevel](#)

### Summary

La'an blurts out an embarrassing fantasy.

### Notes

This one is... a lot. I'm quite proud of it, but heads up, this one is kind of dark.

Thank you so much to Emmy for betaing, and to Mia for the title!

"Tell me what you want," Una whispered into La'an's ear. She had a hand down the back of La'an's pajama bottoms, pulling the younger woman up against her front. Her breath was hot across the top of La'an's head, and her thigh was solid against the seam of La'an's knickers.

"You," La'an groaned, and she was trying to get closer, mouthing at Una's throat, trying to get as much skin to skin contact as possible, heartbeat to heartbeat. Una's heart beating against her own, Una's hard nipple against her breast, slippery with both of their sweat.

Una's fingers slid along the cleft of La'an's bum, and she dug her teeth into La'an's ear, a rough pinch that made her shake.

"What do you think about when you masturbate?" Una was kissing down now, along La'an's throat. Another pinching bite, to La'an's shoulder. "Tell me what you fantasize about. Tell me what you *want*."

La'an froze. What was she supposed to... say? There was shame, deep and painful in the depths of her belly, her heart beating faster as panic seized her.

"You," she repeated, and then Una was rolling them over - Una looming over her now, pinning her wrists down to the bed, her hair curtaining around the both of their faces. Her eyes were very blue in the low light, and her knees were making the bed sink down on either side of La'an's knees. She was so *big*, and it sent an all new shiver down La'an's back.

"Do you want me to order you as your superior officer?" Una's tone was teasing, but there was a hint of... something to it, making La'an rub her thighs together.

"You could," La'an said haltingly, and that was... close to it, wasn't it?

Sort of?

"But do you want me to?" This was turning into a tennis match. Una closed her eyes, took a deep breath. "I am asking you as the person who's in your bed," she said. "And... as someone who has known you for a very long time."

*Ouch.*

"You... could make me," La'an said, and she was avoiding Una's eyes now, speaking to a spot over Una's shoulder. "If you wanted to. Since you're bigger than me, and my superior."

One hand left La'an's wrist, and was holding on to her chin. She was being forced to meet Una's eyes now, and a hot, throbbing pulse of arousal worked its way through her.

"You want me to make you," Una said slowly.

La'an didn't want to say anything, but Una's eyes were still boring into her.

"Well?"

"Yes," La'an said, her voice thick. "I do."

Una's fingers dug into the hinge of La'an's jaw, and she shuddered. "Well?"

"I want you to make me," La'an said, but that wasn't all of it, was it? "I want you to make me..." La'an licked her lips. "Put your fingers in my mouth," she said, because that would save her from some of... this.

Una's fingers were in La'an's mouth, two fingers pressing down on La'an's tongue. She sucked on them, her teeth scraping along the knuckles, and she let the tip of her tongue probe into the web between them.

*What if she forced me into this before she bent me over and just took me?* Another shiver, violent enough it almost hurt. *She made me demonstrate my skills before forcing me to my knees.*

The problem was... the problem was, La'an *knew* it was wrong. What she wanted, what she daydreamed about, what she thought about when she made herself come under the shameful cover of darkness.

Una was a moral person, a kind person, a person who would never do the wrong thing. She'd forgiven La'an for the crime of being a descendant of Khan Noonien-Singh, forgiven La'an the crime of surviving, of being pathetic and needy and small. She was too good a person to even consider... any of the horrible things that La'an had fantasized about, the horrible things that made her wet, made her come, made her shake and moan silently into her own pillow.

And now she was being asked to... share them?

Una's head dropped down, balancing precariously on her elbows. Her breath was in La'an's ear, her hair ticklish along La'an's bare collar bone. "That can't be all," she breathed. "Tell me."

"Make me," La'an gasped, but that wasn't it... exactly. "If you want," she added, garbled and stiff around the fingers in her mouth. "I don't want to make you... do anything you don't want."

Una withdrew her fingers, stroked La'an's cheek with her damp, warm fingers. "I wouldn't ask if I didn't want to know," she scolded.

"That isn't what I... meant," La'an said. "What if... what if I wanted you to want to make me." Was this getting circuitous?

It was hard to think, when she was this horny. It was making her want to blurt out... who even knew what?

"You want me to want to..." Una paused, clearly connecting the dots.

Maybe.

Or was La'an putting too much faith in how much sense she was making?

She grabbed Una's wrist, pulling Una's hand down to her throat, pressing the warm, wet fingers under the hinges of her jaw. "Make me," she said, her voice low enough that Una probably felt it more than heard it.

"I'm making you now," Una said. She was cupping La'an's throat, and she *had* to feel the way La'an's pulse was racing. "Tell me."

"I want..." *She could squeeze until I passed out*, La'an thought dizzily. *She could choke me unconscious and then fuck me, and I couldn't do anything about it.* "I want you to make me."

"I *am* making you," Una repeated, and she was starting to sound aggravated. She descended down, and they were kissing - wet, sloppy kisses, Una shoving her tongue into La'an's mouth, sucking the breath from La'an's lungs. When she pulled back, the hand on La'an's throat was on the bed, dipping the mattress beside La'an's ear.

*Take me*, La'an wanted to beg. *Make me small and helpless. Use me and discard me.* She was so wet it was dripping down her bum, slippery between her thighs. Her heart beat in her temples, her clit, in her ribs.

Una sat up, looking down at La'an. Her hands were on either side of La'an's head now, and she was staring down, not saying a word.

"Rape me," La'an burst out, and she was looking into Una's eyes, which made this a million times *worse*, fuck. "I want you to fill me up, I want to die with your baby clawing its way out of me, *please*, like what happened to everyone else, like it *should* have been, I shouldn't have gotten out, I just..." She trailed off, dry mouthed with shame - Una was still staring down at her, blue eyes impossible to read.

The silence stretched out between them, and La'an broke the eye contact, her eyes sliding shut. There was a hotness behind them, a lump in her throat - her heart in her throat, her stomach twisting up.

She was going to be sick.

There were tears dripping down her temples, into her ears, and she *had* to apologize, do some kind of damage control, she had to -

Una was holding on to her hips. Holding on, and then there was a very frantic, complicated moment, and she was teetering on top of Una's hips. She was *acutely* aware of her bare breasts, of the way her nose was running, the tears dripping down her jaw to puddle under her chin.

"You wouldn't die from having my baby," Una said, and her voice shook. Her fingers dug into La'an's hips, hard enough to bruise.

*She's an Illyrian, La'an thought. She's so strong...*

"You wouldn't die from having my baby," Una said again, and she was bringing her hands down to her thighs. She was *squeezing*, and the pain sent more tears dripping down La'an's face. "I wouldn't let you."

"Let me?" La'an's voice cracked.

"If you want me to rape a baby into you, I'm not letting you go," Una said, and her voice was rough now - almost as rough as the fingers being shoved into La'an's knickers, her fingertip harsh against La'an's clit.

La'an gave an ugly, hiccuping sob. "Would you?" She gasped as she was penetrated - a jab inside, her thumb grinding against La'an's clit.

"I wouldn't *ever* let you go," Una said, and the movement of her arm was forcing La'an to ride her. "You'll have my baby, and I'll keep you safe. So safe for you as you get bigger, as your body changes for me, because of me..." More rough thrusts - La'an's breasts were bouncing with it, and she had her eyes squeezed shut.

*She wants to put a baby in me, La'an thought, and it was a distant thought. "What if I don't want it?"*

"It doesn't matter what you want," Una said, and she sounded more sure of herself. There was a brief, weightless moment, and then La'an was on her back again, legs up around Una's hips, the whole bed rocking with each thrust.

"I can't..." La'an trailed off, and she was sinking into the pleasure. The shame was wringing her out. "I can't want this."

"Why not?" Una's voice was sharp, and so were her teeth as they dug into La'an's shoulder. Her cunt fluttered around Una's fingers at the pain, at the fact that Una *knew*... all of this.

"I can't... it's..." La'an was trying to get her words out in a way that made sense, as Una's thumb kept passing over her clit. Her hips were trying to jerk forward, impale herself further - she could hear her own wetness, pruning up Una's fingers and puddling under her bum.

"Tell me," Una said, and then she was biting again, on the ear this time. The pain was enough to make La'an cry out, and there were more tears dripping down towards her ears, mixing with the sweat dampening her temples.

"I can't want it!" La'an burst out. Her voice broke - what did she even *mean* by that?

"Why not?" Una's fingers were withdrawn from La'an's cunt, and they were sticky and wet when they grasped La'an's chin, the scent of arousal making La'an's mouth water.

"Because..." La'an was panting, still empty, trembling. She wanted to reach down between her legs and run herself to orgasm. But she didn't have it in her to *move*, when Una was keeping her in place. "Because..." More tears, wet and hot and shameful. Mixing with her own arousal, sticky salt on sticky salt. "Because it shouldn't have been me. I shouldn't have..." Her stomach twisted up. This was more disgusting than vomiting, and unspeakably more humiliating.

Una was still just *looking* at her. Her eyes were full of understanding, and it was making La'an... what, angry? Ashamed?

"I shouldn't have survived," La'an finally said. "I shouldn't... I didn't..." She gave an ugly, snotty sob. Then she couldn't say anything, because Una's tongue was in her mouth, Una's fingers in her hair. She was utterly helpless beneath Una, pinned to the bed as the Illyrian's weight kept her firmly in place.

"I'm going to fuck you because you want me to," Una said against La'an's lips. "You're going to want it, because you deserve it." Her thigh down between La'an's own, the rough seam of La'an's knickers sending hot, sharp shockwaves through La'an's whole body.

"No," La'an moaned. "No, please, I don't want to... you can't... I don't deserve..." She was trembling, humping feebly into Una's leg.

"You're not going to come until you admit it," Una said. Her voice was a rough croon that vibrated across La'an's skin. She was grinding her leg forward, and La'an's whole body was tensing up, centered on all their points of contact. "Admit that you deserve it."

"I shouldn't have..." Another blubbing sob, what did she need to do to *stop*?

If only her cunt would stop throbbing every time she gave another sob, and Una was still *looking* at her.

"You deserved to live." At least Una didn't sound... sympathetic. If there had been any hint of pity in her voice, La'an would have gotten up and left, no matter how horny she was.

But Una was just... stating it. Matter of factly, because it was a basic fact of the universe.

"Please," La'an begged, and what was she asking for? To be raped? To be bred? To be forgiven? To be allowed to come?

"I'll do whatever you want," Una said, and she was hissing in La'an's ear. "You have to say you deserved to live, and I'll do *whatever* you want."

La'an gave a gasping, coughing sob, her eyes streaming, her nose running. "Please," La'an said again.

"You wanted me to make you do something you didn't want," Una said. She let go of La'an's chin, her nails dragging across La'an's chest, grabbing La'an's breast. "Tell me you deserved to live."

"I..." La'an's throat worked. Another sob burst out, and Una moaned in her ear, twisting her nipple. Another starburst of pain, and her hips jerked forward, upwards. She let her thighs spread wider, squeezed her eyes shut as she panted. She could smell Una, smell herself - sweat and fear and arousal, pheromones and tears.

"Say it," Una said, and now she sounded... breathless. That familiar note when she was trying to hide how turned on she was.

*She likes this*, La'an thought deliriously. "I deserved..." The words stuck in her throat.

"You deserved to live," Una repeated. She let go of La'an's breast, dragged her nails down La'an's side, over her ribs. "Say it, La'an."

And *this* was more a violation than every rape she'd dreamed up to make herself come, and she was more aroused than she'd ever been in her life. Her skin was on fire, her hair wet with sweat, her clit sending desperate pulses through her.

"I d-deserved to live," La'an stuttered out. Her voice was rough from crying. "Please, Una, I want... *I need...*"

Una had her by the hips, and she was being lifted up - her bum was off of the bed, and Una was sitting back enough to grab her waistband, yanking down La'an's bottoms, her knickers. There was a complicated moment where they were both trying to figure out where La'an's knees belonged, and then Una was throwing them over her shoulders, burying her face in La'an's cunt.

La'an couldn't even moan. She'd been hovering on the edge of her orgasm for so long that she was already nearly there. She dug her heels into Una's sides, curling forward and trying to remember to *breathe* as Una sucked on her clit. She only managed to open her eyes enough to meet Una's, and then she had to close her own again - Una was still just *staring* at her.

It was so... much. Her chest was hollowed out and empty from all those feelings, her head aching with an emotional hangover. And then the orgasm washed over her like a wave, a throb that started in the depths of her belly and worked its way outwards. The heat and the tingling made its way outwards, and the relief of pressure was almost *painful*.

Her hips juddered upwards, wetness drooling out of her, Una's moans vibrating up the line of her. She was sobbing again as Una pulled off of her, but at least Una had the good grace not to say anything, just make eye contact while she wiped her mouth on the back of her hand. She should have been making an excuse, but she was just... lying there, panting.

Trying to think was like wading through treacle, and she seemed to be floating a little to the left of herself. The bed dipped down beside her, and Una was stretched out on her side, her head propped up on her arm. She was looking at La'an with a thoughtful expression, her eyes bluer than blue even in the dim light.

"Y'know," Una said, after the silence had stretched out enough to be painful, "I have to say, I'm feeling a lot less self conscious about wanting to give you an over the knee spanking and dress you up in my clothes."

La'an covered her mouth with one hand to keep the laughter at bay, but it was too late. The hiccuping giggles spilled out between her fingers, into the open air, and then Una was joining in, and La'an was still giggling when Una's mouth pressed against her own in another kiss.

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