

Use Me and I'll Use You

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1423) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1423>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Star Trek: Deep Space Nine , Mirror Universe
Relationship:	Kira Nerys/Kira Nerys (Mirror)
Character:	Kira Nerys , Kira Nerys (Mirror)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2024-03-03 Words: 2,627 Chapters: 1/1

Use Me and I'll Use You

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Summary

Kira learns to use people like the tools they are. A lesson The Intendant is glad to impart.

Notes

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Kira Nerys is a religious woman. Maybe not quite of the same level of faith as Vedek Bariel or Vedek Winn, but she holds the Prophets in the reverence they deserve. They got her through the occupation, and through the harsh change in reality as Starfleet took over the old Cardassian space station. When the violence of her past haunts her, the Prophets are there, waiting for her, healing her soul.

So why is it, that as she has passed through their Celestial Temple into this strange universe that reflects in a twisted way her own, she no longer feels their presence? Her heart is hollow and her soul weeps for this loss. This loss is compounded with the sheer violence of this side. Bajor working with Cardassia and the Klingon Empire? Subjugating and forcing into slavery humans? And to see herself at the head of it all, gleefully sentencing slaves to torture, brave men to death? It's truly heart wrenching.

She doesn't know who she is, not here anyway. She's only just started to discover herself before being thrown into this confusing, yet so familiar universe. She has blood on her hands in every life. She just wishes this one wasn't so happy about it.

Kira sits, cross legged on the floor of the quarters the Intendant gave her. Her hands rest on her knees and her eyes are shut. Even if she can't feel the Prophets here, she can pray to them. She takes slow carefully measured breaths, counting every heartbeat as her chest rises and falls. Her mind clears, and her heart opens.

The Prophets will-

"Hello, Nerys~" The Intendant purrs from behind her, startling Kira from her meditative trance. "There are chairs in this room, if they aren't to your liking I can have someone fetch a different one. No need to sit on the floor."

"No." Kira snaps, before remembering the Intendant is how she and Bashir are going to get out of her. "Thank you, Intendant. I just prefer to sit on the floor. It grounds me."

"It grounds you? Oh dear, Nerys. There are better ways to ground yourself." The Intendant places her hand in front of Kira, offering her a hand up. Kira looks up at her, before taking her hand and accepting the help up. "I prefer to ground myself in people. They make the most delicious anchors, and sometimes they are ships taking me to the stars. There are so many people here at your disposal. *Use them.*"

Kira shivers at the seductive purr the Intendant speaks with. She doesn't use people. She doesn't know that she ever could. Well- that's not true. Guilt burrows into her chest, tightening her heart. How many people has she used? How many people has she sent to their deaths? How many people-

"You think too much. It's going to put a line in your pretty brow." The Intendant traces a finger along Kira's eyebrow. They're so very close now.

"I just- " Kira swallows heavily. "We've caused so much pain."

The Intendant nods, her face now solemn. "I don't like it either. It pains me to hurt the Terrans so, but they did the same to us for so many years. They deserve it. I will not let my feelings weaken me." The Intendant's finger drags down the side of Kira's face. "You should do the same, Nerys. You say the Cardassians oppressed your Bajor for 50 years? Subjugate them. Lead your Bajor against them. Deal with them as they would have dealt with you."

Kira stands, her mouth agape. Is this what she could become? Someone so callous, so bent on revenge that she can't see she is hurting Bajor just as its oppressors did?

"I see this isn't working. How about this, Nerys." The Intendant takes Kira's chin between her thumb and forefinger. "I can make you forget about the pain we've suffered, and the pain we've caused. I can make you forget your universe, if only for a short time. Maybe then you'll see where I am coming from." Their lips are so close.

Kira's body is still as stone, her eyes widen slightly as she looks at the Intendant's lustful gaze. "I--"

"What's the problem, Nerys? I know you're curious. About our differences, our similarities. I certainly am." The Intendant's lips brush against Kira's ever so slightly as she speaks.

Kira has been- curious. The way the Intendant seems to ooze pleasure and sex appeal had almost enraptured her when she first met her counterpart. "I'm a little scared." What if they are more similar than Kira fears?

"Then you fear yourself." The Intendant murmurs. Her lips press gently into Kira's, and Kira feels herself melt into this familiarity.

"I fear that I could be what you are." Kira whispers before returning the Intendant's kiss.

The Intendant's soft hands take Kira's face in her hands. "You could be so much more. We could rule this universe, and yours. Side-by-side."

"I--" Kira hesitates. Her body is warm, and an embarrassing amount of need drips from between her legs.

"Shush." The Intendant presses her lips to Kira's jaw. "It's time for your first lesson. Pleasure."

Kira's head tilts back slightly, allowing the Intendant further access. The vulnerability almost makes her sick as she feels the Intendant's teeth, impossibly sharp, against the tender flesh of her throat.

The Intendant's thumb moves up from Kira's chin, to her bottom lip. She traces Kira's lip before slipping her thumb between Kira's lips. Kira tastes her, her tongue darting out to touch the thumb, her teeth grazing against this familiar finger.

Kira can feel the Intendant breathing hot against her neck. Her hands move tentatively to find the identical curves of her hips in front of her, her thumbs stroke against that soft spot she knows she likes touched.

The Intendant moans softly against her neck, her breath tickling down the neck of Kira's white undershirt. Two fingers replace the Intendant's thumb in Kira's mouth, and pull the corner of her mouth sharp and the Intendant's hungry lips press to Kira's once more.

Kira finds herself backed onto the simple bed, softer, more comfortable than the Cardassian beds of her universe. The Intendant goes down with her, fingers keeping her mouth pried open as the Intendant tastes her.

They taste the same. Kira's tongue gives in to the Intendant's as she keeps Kira's mouth open. It's clear the Intendant is getting something more from practically fucking her mouth with fingers and tongue.

Kira can't help but cry out as the Intendant moves on from her mouth back down her throat. She moans out as the Intendant's fingers slip from her mouth and trail hot saliva down her and encircle her neck.

The Intendant's fingers tighten, her palm pressing into Kira's windbox. Her teeth sink into Kira's flesh, her tongue slowly tracing, tasting. Kira's hands trace over the warm leather that clings tight to her counterpart's body. Her fingers find the clasp of her chest harness and with a click the straps droop and slide down the Intendant's arms.

The Intendant pulls back for a moment, releasing her grasp on Kira's neck to toss her harness to the side. She pulls the shiny silver top off, leaving just the leather jumpsuit. She tugs at Kira's white undershirt, pulling it over her head. Kira's stomach churns as the Intendant appraises her.

"My my, how different we are my beautiful Nerys." The Intendant murmurs, her fingers trace along one particularly large scar gouged into her ribcage. "You've experienced such violence. You show so much- power." The Intendant whispers, her hands moving from scars to the solid form of muscles visible at Kira's abdomen. Her fingers splay out on her stomach. "We are truly beautiful."

Kira's throat is dry, and words escape her. Her skin crawls as the Intendant's soft fingers trace the evidence of her life, of her struggles. It's a story no one has seen, outside of Barel. Oh Prophets, Barel. This is cheating, isn't it? Even if it is with herself. Her chest tightens and guilt floods her.

"I know that look, Nerys. I wear it myself. Whatever you feel guilty about? Don't. This was meant to be. *We* were meant to be." The Intendant slips a hand behind her back and unzips her jumpsuit, shifting tugging to get it off.

Kira watches as the Intendant slips out of the tight leather with more ease than Kira would think possible. The heat in the pit of her stomach burns at uncomfortable levels.

The Intendant straddles her, her bare cunt settling over Kira's warm, scarred abdomen. Kira can feel how wet she is. The Intendant leans back down, her lips and fingers returning to Kira's neck.

Kira lets out a startled moan as the Intendant's hips begin to move. Her cunt moves in slow strokes, grinding against Kira's stomach. The Intendant's fingers tighten around Kira's throat and she whispers into Kira's ear.

"I am going to use you, Nerys. And then, under my *guidance*, you are going to use me." The Intendant's breath is hot against her ear. Her

teeth grab at Kira's earlobe and tug.

Kira nods once, her mind all too focused on the heat that is soaking her stomach. Her cunt throbs as the Intendant's hips start to pick up pace. The Intendant's nails dig into Kira's chest as she sits up. Her palm presses Kira down further into the soft bed as she rolls her hips, grinding hard against Kira.

Kira's hands move to the Intendant's hips, moving with her. She can feel the muscles moving, the joints rolling, she can feel so much as the woman who looks almost exactly like her has her head flung back and her eyes shut. The Intendant is loud. Her moans fill the room, mixing with the wet sounds of her grinding.

The Intendant looks- softer than Kira. There is no tone of muscles in her abdomen, instead it is soft, and just a bit rounder. The stomach of someone who'd never had to worry over food. Who'd never had to kill for a meal. She also has no scars. Her skin is perfect. Unmarred. Clean. Kira's hand moves from one side of the Intendant's hips and slides across the soft abdomen. She could've had that- she could've been soft, unbroken. She could've been someone different.

The Intendant's moans grow louder as her hips move faster. Kira's stomach is soaked and she can feel beads of fluids slowly rolling down her sides. Her eyes move from the Intendant's too perfect abdomen to her chest. That is something with no differences. The right is slightly larger than the left. Her hands move up to feel the Intendant's breasts. Soft, warm, and so familiar.

Her thumbs run softly over the Intendant's nipples. They perk in the same way Kira's do. She rolls them between her thumbs and forefingers. Her palms graze roughly against the meat of her breasts. This feels like her chest. It is her chest. But it isn't.

Her chest rises and falls in the same rhythm Kira's does, matching speed, height, all of it. Her throat, with the same strong musculature and veins visible, bobs with each swallow and each moan.

And then there is her face. Kira knew she was attractive. She'd been told as much by many unwelcome men. She never really had *seen* herself. Now, as she gazes at her counterpart with her face flushed and sweat slowly rolling down her temple drawing attention to the perfect red O of her lips, she feels- intoxicating. It's no wonder she's had so much attention since the end of the occupation. Now that she eats three regular meals almost every day her face has filled out, her cheeks are full and lively. She has changed since the end of the occupation. She just hopes she didn't change for the worse.

The Intendant lets out a loud, obnoxious moan and falls forward. Kira can feel her cunt throbbing against her stomach. The Intendant, with her face flushed red and sweat gathering on her brow, presses a kiss to Kira's lips.

"You feel wonderful, Nerys." The Intendant murmurs. Her breath is hot against Kira's face.

Kira squirms, unsure of how to respond. Her mind had been so focused on examining her counterpart, she'd forgotten for just the barest of a moment what they were doing. What was happening. The Intendant used her body, rutted against her, offering nothing in return, until she came. Kira's mind returns to the heat at her core, now burning with a need so intense.

"Use me, Nerys. As I have used you." The Intendant has a cruel glint in her eyes, and a sort of hidden desperation behind it.

Kira's eyes close for a moment, before she tenses and flips them over. Her body locks The Intendant down onto the bed with no resistance. She isn't sure if it's because of her strength as compared to her mirror-self, or if she just wants to be used. To use herself. As if she is nothing but a toy, or a tool. Something to achieve an end.

That's what this is about, isn't it? Showing Kira how to use someone as a tool. Anger simmers in the pit of her stomach for a moment, but then the Intendant's fingers find their way between Kira's thighs, sending sparks of heat through her core. It drains every thought from her mind.

The Intendant thrives off of pleasure. Kira has never known the sheer strength of what pleasure can be. Maybe she could- It wouldn't hurt to experience it. To know how it feels. To try it. To have just a-

Taste. The taste is overwhelming. Kira can feel the pleasure in her tongue as The Intendant pulls Kira to hover over her face. Kira lowers down, feeling The Intendant's fingers dig into her thighs. Feelings have taste and tastes have feeling and sounds envelop her.

Kira moans. Loudly. The loudest she has ever moaned. Her hips rock and rut against the Intendant's face and tongue. Every thought of who she is, who she was, and who she could be dissolves in the sweat thickened air. All she knows is the woman below her bearing her face, but not bearing her burdens is working *magic* with her tongue.

Kira presses harder, faster. Her hips move quicker, her fingers curl into her palms and her fist land against the wall, a reverberating blow ringing up her arms. Trembles. Shivers. Tingles. Everything. It all races up her arms to her chest. From the humming and rumbling between her legs sharp and sweet daggers pierce into her cunt. Teeth.

Kira cries out, her head thrown back and her eyes squeezed shut as she feels her rupture. It's the most powerful orgasm she has ever had. Her breath catches in her throat. Trapped.

She slides off the Intendant's face and rolls to the side. Her chest heaving with breaths. The Intendant next to her smiles, slick covering much of her face. Something about that smile sickens her.

"Well done, Nerys."

Something roils in her stomach and she jumps from the bed, rushing to the matter recycler. Hot bile pours from her mouth and she collapses to her knees. Her body shakes. She hears something behind her. Something in the back of her mind recognizes that noise as the doors opening and closing. She can't move.

Eventually she turns to gaze out into the room. It is empty. The Intendant got what she needed and left. Kira curls her knees up into her chest and a dry sob rips from her chest. Loud and painful, almost a scream.

Kira fears what she could become. Was this the first step?

End Notes

kira is such a fascinating character to me. the dichotomy of her and her mirrorverse counterpart is just so
she's like dukat
but also such a good inverse of Kira
an excellent view of what she could've become had she not chosen kindness and justice idk
i have a lot of fun with these two

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