

Blasphemy

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Blasphemy

by [darktiger57](#)

Summary

Kira commits blasphemy with herself

Kira Nerys had never had time for herself. Not in the resistance, not aboard DS9, and certainly not here, in this off-kilter universe where everything is so close to the same yet so different. And by herself, it really is herself. A twisted mirror version of herself, who seems to derive pleasure from the suffering of others and is content to live a hedonistic lifestyle as a dictator.

Could she have become this? Could she have become so cruel? So self-absorbed? So blatantly horny?

The Intendant is just- always horny. It makes Kira wonder. What kinds of pleasures could she have been seeking all these years? While most of the Intendant's traits were despicable to Kira, there was her attitude towards sex. Kira has always been rather reserved, she never really explored sex outside of a quick rut with some nameless stranger from a different resistance cell. It had been terrible and nearly turned her off the idea of sex in general.

The Intendant on the other hand? Prophets does she fuck. She fucks as if pleasure is her religion. She fucks in the way Kira prays. In a way it's her own kind of- dedication. The Intendant serves pleasure as Kira serves the Prophets. While Kira doesn't agree with that, she can respect it.

It's the only respectable thing about the Intendant. It's also the only thing keeping Kira from tearing her flesh apart with self hatred as the Intendant's lips crush against hers.

Kira feels years of pent up *need* pour out of her. Her lips fight back against the Intendant's with just as much fervor. Her hands find familiar hips, as familiar hands tug into her hair. The same grunts and groans fill the air as matching lips and identical tongues fight for dominance.

Sharp teeth sink into Kira's lip and she relents, letting herself be taken. After a rough shove she feels herself falling backwards onto a too soft bed. The Intendant's bed is large, far too fluffy, and excessively soft. From the gleam in the Intendant's eye, she's glad for the extra comfort, as she's about to be pounded into the sheets.

The Intendant's soft hands pull off Kira's uniform, throwing each piece to the side, stripping her down like a piece of meat. Like a fish being gutted. Kira doubts the Intendant has ever gutted a fish.

The hunger in the Intendant's eyes sends a shiver down Kira's spine as she is appraised by her counterpart. Has Kira ever had that *hunger* in her eyes? She'd been with Bareil for several months now, but he was all soft, nothing rough, the perfect Vedek. It's gotten to be rather boring. She doubts she'd looked at him like that.

A flush warms her face as she thinks of Dax, and the drinks they'd had together, the night they'd nearly- Maybe she has had that hunger in her eyes before.

The Intendant's knees bury into the bed on either side of Kira's hips, pressing her into the bed. She traps Kira's hands above her head, her fingers tight, and cutting off blood flow. Kira's arms twitch, her strength could easily overpower the Intendant. She has years of fighting, while the Intendant has years of being catered to. Something heavy curls around her core as she imagines pinning herself down and fucking her.

The Intendant's lips trace down Kira's neck, her teeth sinking in. Pleasure and pain mingle in her veins as the Intendant's teeth sink deeper, nearly breaking skin. Kira's chin pushes up, exposing her neck further. She wants. She needs. She's *hungry*.

“My my, Nerys. You’re soaked, just for little old us. How delightful.” The Intendant’s knee slides between Kira’s legs and presses hard into her cunt. It’s almost painful. Sweet sharp sensations shoot through Kira’s body. A moan escapes from Kira’s throat as The Intendant’s fingers dig deeper into her wrists, the pain alights her skin.

“Oh you like the pain? Lovely.” The Intendant hums “I can make that happen sweet Nerys.”

Something akin to a whimper leaves Kira’s lips as the Intendant pulls back. Her knee withdraws and her hands release Kira. There’s a shuffling noise as the Intendant leans to the side. The sound of something lighting, and a new scent of melting wax joins the sweat and slick.

The sick grin on the Intendant’s face sends an excited jolt through Kira’s body, followed by a flush of shame. Why is she so enthralled by this twisted version of herself? Why is she- Her mind goes blank the moment it happens. A drip of hot wax lands on her stomach and everything flutters. The pain quickly fades into pleasure. Sharp sensations, hot sensations, it all blends together, sending pulsing waves of need to her core.

Kira’s stomach flexes as another drop of wax lands, right next to the previous one. The spread of warm pain is joined with a mingling of pleasure. The Intendant moves the candle, dripping wax along Kira’s abdomen, up between her breasts. Each drop is another wave of sharp heat, warmth, then pleasure. It feels as though her flesh is tingling, the heat and moisture between her legs quickly becoming too much

A final drop hits at the base of Kira’s neck in the hollow of her throat, it pools there, still warm to the touch. Then the Intendant sets the candle to the side. Kira’s body is now decorated with wax drops. There’s a sharp noise and the Intendant resurfaces with a gleaming knife. It’s curled at the tip, with a wide blade. One side looks to be sharp, while the other is dull. The handle is ornate, with patterns carved into the butt of the handle. The grip itself is wrapped in black leather, a staple of the Intendant’s accessorizing.

The cool blade presses into Kira’s flesh, sending a shiver through her. It’s nearly a shock. The Intendant slowly slides the blade across her stomach, and begins to peel off the wax. Each pass of the blade, each touch of the cool metal, sends a fresh shiver through Kira and her entire body feels alight.

The blade is tracing her, touching her, and Kira wants more. Something flashes in her mind and she craves the blade pressed to her throat. The sharp point digging into her flesh as the weight of the Intendant buries her beneath the soft bed. Prophets, Kira has never felt this aroused.

Kira writhes beneath the Intendant, soft gasps escaping from her lips. She needs more. More touch, More feeling. She needs the Intendant. A sick feeling burrows into the pit of her stomach that is quickly replaced by another shock of arousal and the Intendant’s blade traces along Kira’s breast.

A thin white line imprints itself into her flesh. The sharp pain of it seeps through her, her mind is so aware of how much danger she’s in, but her body keeps reacting with such pleasure she can’t bring herself to stop this. She wants this. Why does she want this?

Suddenly the knife is against her throat, and the Intendant’s hand is between her legs. The sharp blade digs into her flesh as the Intendant presses her into the bed. Kira’s eyes can’t focus. Her legs tremble, her mouth hangs open, moans filling the air.

The Intendant’s skilled, knowledgeable fingers feel just like her own. She knows exactly where Kira needs to be touched. She knows exactly what to do with her fingers. And it’s driving Kira crazy. Her body is moving, her mind is blank, her hands grip into the sheets, into the Intendant’s hair, into her back. She needs to touch everything.

The Intendant giggles against Kira’s lips as Kira’s nails dig into her back. “Such violence, Nerys. It looks beautiful on you.”

Kira hates that, almost as much as she hates the wave of need it sends through her, making her body even more receptive to the Intendant’s knowing hands. She can feel her fingers massaging her clit working her over. Every touch is a fresh wave of *everything*. Kira feels as though she could speak to the Prophets. So she does. She prays.

“Please-” Much of the prayer is silent, and Kira isn’t sure who she’s praying to, the Prophets or the woman who in so many ways is her, yet isn’t her and is knuckles deep inside Kira.

The knife digs in deeper to Kira’s neck, starting to hint at cutting off her breath. The Intendant’s hips move with her hands, pressing Kira deeper into the bed as she works. Then suddenly all sensations stop, and Kira is left squirming on the bed feeling utterly empty.

“If you try to touch yourself, I will never let you finish.” The Intendant has pulled away, her body separating from Kira’s and leaving that threat in the air. She stands from the bed, and crosses to grab something. Kira can’t even lift her head off the bed to see what it is, her body is filled with need, her hands held as still as possible. It’s a difficult task.

When the Intendant returns to Kira’s view, her mouth dries up completely. The Intendant has strapped to herself a large cock. Almost too large. Kira has certainly never seen anything that big. She’s nervous now. It adds to the excitement in the pit of her belly.

There is no warning, no slow push, no prep time. The Intendant, with one quick push, fills Kira. The stretch is painful. Each pulse of pain, sending fresh heat to her core. The knife is back, slowly carving up and down her body, tracing her curves, her scars, circling her tits. It sends shivers through her that she can barely feel over the tremors of the Intendant pounding into her.

Everything is an overload of sensation. Kira feels every inch of her body. It’s overwhelming. Everything shakes, her mind is in overdrive, and tears begin to well at the corners of her eyes. It’s too much, but she can’t bring herself to ask to stop. She doubts the Intendant would listen to her anyway.

“Break for me, Nerys.” The Intendant growls into her ear as she presses her into the bed. It’s her own voice, sounding so unfamiliar. How

can she say no to herself?

A heavy moan rips from Kira's chest, and the overwhelming sensations finally come to a boil. Bright white flashes in her eyes and her entire body presses up into the Intendant. She can feel her orgasm in every inch of her flesh, in her mind, in her throat, she can feel the heartbeat in her cunt pounding around the Intendant.

The Intendant does not stop, her own moans fill the air alongside Kira's. Clearly she's getting something out of pounding herself into the bed. Every inch of Kira is twitching and trembling. She can't control her own body anymore. Not that she needs to, the Intendant seems content to just use her.

The Intendant pounds into her, her fake cock pushing and pulling everything out of Kira, her moans, her tears, a second orgasm. She can't think, she can only feel, only pray. Each whispered prayer is blasphemy, as she directs her worship to whatever gods of pleasure drive the Intendant. Her Prophets lay forgotten with her uniform. They have abandoned her here in this universe, much as she has abandoned them here in this bed.

Finally, the Intendant finishes. Her moans are spectacular and showy. The opposite of Kira's heavy moans, forcefully pulled from her body. Kira trembles and whimpers as the Intendant pulls out. Her body protests, feeling empty.

"Isn't someone an overachiever?" The Intendant taunts. Her fingers drag along Kira's swollen and battered cunt. The smear of fluids sends a fresh wave of shame through Kira. "Perhaps later, Nerys. You stay here. Wait for me." The Intendant slides back off the bed. "For now, I have an execution to oversee."

Kira watches her counterpart get dress, and leave the room with such glee for the death of another. Kira feels sick.

The vomit is taken care of quickly by the station's waste system. Kira rinses her mouth, and stares at the pile of clothing on the floor. She could get dressed, find Bashir, and flee the station.

She could.

Instead she settles back onto the bed, her body aching for touch. Her hands roam her own body, feeling the slightly waxy residue leftover from the candle. She is a religious woman. She can pray to the gods of pleasure one more time.

Kira Nerys lays back against the backboard of the bed. Her cunt drips onto the bed. She awaits the Intendant.

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