

Puppet Strings

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/912) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/912>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Rape/Non-Con
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Star Trek: The Original Series
Relationship:	James T. Kirk/Spock
Character:	Spock , James T. Kirk , Parmen
Additional Tags:	TOS S03E12: Plato's Stepchildren , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Aliens Made Them Do It , Angst
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-09-09 Words: 1,830 Chapters: 1/1

Puppet Strings

by [lah_mrh](#)

Summary

The Platonians try a different way to break Kirk and Spock.

Notes

Written for LeFeuNoir in the 2018 Nonconathon exchange. Originally posted on AO3.

Spock is attempting to meditate when he feels the familiar – *hated* – sensation of Parmen exerting control. Against his will, his body rises, propelling him towards the doorway on legs that are not his own. Out of the corner of his eye he can see Kirk is in the same position, grimacing in effort as he fights for control.

It is only once they arrive in the antechamber and the compulsion momentarily eases that Spock realises McCoy did not accompany them. He and Kirk are alone in front of the Platonians, Parmen glaring down imperiously from his seat.

"Captain Kirk," he greets, ignoring Spock. "Have you reconsidered our offer?"

Kirk glares back stubbornly. "McCoy will never stay with you."

"You are his leader. You could order him to."

"I could," Kirk admits. "But I won't."

Parmen shakes his head. "A pity," he says. "I had hoped you would have come to your senses by now. But no matter." He snaps his fingers. "Alexander. Go keep the doctor company."

Alexander's eyes skip from Parmen to Kirk and Spock, and Spock sees what might be pity flicker in his eyes before Parmen flicks a hand. "*Now*, Alexander."

Alexander flies out of the room, the doors slamming shut behind him. Spock glances at Kirk, wondering what kind of horrors the Platonians could have in store for them this time.

He doesn't have long to wonder. "Now," Parmen says, "Let's see exactly how far you are willing to go for your principles."

Kirk drops to his knees, grunting as he hits the ground. Spock instinctively moves to assist him, but finds he is frozen, unable to do anything but watch as Kirk turns to him and shuffles forwards, until he is kneeling at Spock's feet.

"You are a stubborn man, Captain Kirk," Parmen says. "But if there is one thing I have learned over the centuries, it is that all men have a breaking point. It is merely a matter of finding it."

Spock sees a look of horror cross Kirk's face as his hands begin to rise, but does not realise the reason behind it until Kirk's fingers reach the clasp of his uniform pants. In one motion Kirk's hands undo the fastening and pull down both Spock's pants and underwear, exposing his sheath. Spock inhales sharply as he feels his penis begin to fill, and tries in vain to stop it.

Another of Parmen's tricks, he thinks bitterly. It is difficult to think of a less arousing situation than this one, and in any case, his Vulcan

training should allow him to suppress any such reactions. Unfortunately he is no less powerless against this than anything else the Platonians have thrown at them. He grits his teeth as his penis emerges from his sheath, rising up towards Kirk's face. It seems there is no limit to the Platonians' cruelty.

"Last chance, Captain," Parmen calls. Kirk's face flushes, but he remains silent. "Very well."

Kirk leans forwards, his mouth opening, and Spock shuts his eyes as his erection is encased in warmth. Kirk is a very attractive man, and he would be lying if he said he has never imagined the two of them sharing intimacy, but not like this. Never like this.

He can feel Kirk's emotions through their contact; shame, embarrassment, guilt, and an almost overwhelming anger. Not too dissimilar to what Spock himself is feeling, and he finds himself trembling with the strength of it.

He keeps his eyes closed, attempting to shore up his controls, to meditate and in some way remove himself from this situation. Every fibre of his being aches to do something, to fight back in some way, but he is unable to do anything but stand there and be subjected to attention that he does not wish to receive and Kirk does not wish to give.

It seems to take hours, but eventually he feels himself approaching orgasm. Kirk pulls away suddenly, and Spock opens his eyes, glancing down as Kirk reaches up to take him in hand.

Kirk's eyes are shut, and Spock wonders if he, too, is attempting to distance himself from the situation. The significance of the change from mouth to hand dawns a second before orgasm hits him, coating Kirk's face with his emissions.

"Ah, Bravo, Captain. Bravo." A surge of pure anger shoots through Spock at Parmen's voice. His gaze flickers over to see the Platonian smiling, the cruel look in his eyes removing any hope that their misery is over.

"I think our dear captain deserves a reward after a show like that," Parmen says, turning to his wife. "What do you think?"

"Perhaps we should ask him," Philana replies.

Parmen smiles. "An excellent idea, my love." He turns back, fixing his gaze on Kirk. "Are you ready to submit, Captain?"

Kirk doesn't answer. His eyes are still closed, his body tensed against the next attack.

"Answer me!"

"Go to hell," Kirk snarls.

"Very well." Parmen sits back in his chair and waves a hand, pulling Kirk to his feet. A second later Spock feels his own body moving again, walking him over to a pillar, and pressing his hands and forehead against the stone.

Something approaches from behind, grasping his hips and pulling his pants and underwear down. They fall around his ankles, leaving him exposed, and he digs his fingers into the stone at the knowledge of what is to come.

"I'm sorry, Spock," Kirk whispers, and the anguish in his tone makes Spock ache. "I'm so sorry."

"It is not your fault," Spock manages.

"Silence!" Parmen orders, and Spock's jaw clamps shut with a click.

Something slick and wet begins to run down between his buttocks, making him shiver, before a blunt object presses against his anus and slips inside. He has never been penetrated in this way before, and the pain of it would make him gasp if he were able. Kirk's emotions rush into him, an overwhelming flood of *shameguiltangermisery*, and Spock squeezes his eyes shut and focuses on blocking it out. Blocking everything out.

His world narrows to Kirk's breath on his neck, Kirk's hands on his hips, Kirk's shaft thrusting away inside him, scraping him raw.

Finally, after what feels like hours, Kirk orgasms, sending a rush of heat through Spock's bowels. All at once the compulsion vanishes, so unexpectedly that it takes Spock a second to notice. Kirk pulls out gently with another whispered apology, then abruptly turns and charges at Parmen. A useless gesture, of course, but Spock can appreciate the impulse.

Spock pulls up his pants, caught between attempting to shore up his emotional controls and suppressing the pain in his body. He turns to see Kirk caught once more, held in place by Parmen's power.

"Do you see now, Captain?" Parmen asks. "*We control you.*"

Kirk's face is red with anger, his eyes narrowed to slits. "I see," he says, voice laced with more venom than Spock can ever remember hearing, "And all you've done is make me more certain that I will never, *ever* let McCoy stay here. You'll have to kill us first."

For a moment Spock thinks Parmen might actually do so, but then he leans back in his chair, feigning disinterest. "I tire of this game," he says. "Leave now. We'll see how confident you are after you've had time to contemplate your situation."

He waves a hand and Kirk and Spock are pushed across the hall and through the doors into the hallway. The doors slam shut behind them and they are finally, *finally*, back in control of their bodies.

Kirk scrubs his face vigorously with his shirt before running his hands through his hair. He is shaking, whether from rage or adrenaline Spock doesn't know. "We have to get back to the ship," he says. "We have to-"

"We will," Spock interrupts softly, and Kirk turns to look at him.

"Are you okay?"

"I will be," Spock replies, because anything more would be a lie.

Kirk nods. He looks for a moment as if he wants to say more, but instead turns and begins making his way down the hallway. "Come on," he says bitterly. "Let's figure out a way to get out of here."

* * *

Spock hesitates at the door to the private observation deck. He does not wish to intrude on Kirk's time alone, but he knows they must speak of what happened lest it destroy them. With a deep breath, he steels himself and enters the room.

Kirk does not look up as he approaches, his eyes fixed on the stars. Spock sits down beside him on the bench, close but not touching, and follows his gaze. He is still trying to decide how to begin the conversation when Kirk speaks.

"Part of me wants to go back and destroy that whole cursed planet from orbit."

Spock's first instinct is to point out that such an act would not solve anything, but of course Kirk already knows that. Instead he goes for another, more personal truth. "I, too, have found myself wishing harm towards them."

Kirk glances at him in surprise. "I wouldn't have thought revenge was very logical, Mister Spock."

"It is not," Spock replies simply, and one corner of Kirk's mouth twitches upwards briefly before he looks away.

There is silence for a few moments before Kirk speaks again. "Alexander settling in okay?"

"Indeed," Spock replies. "Mister Scott seems particularly fond of him."

"That's good," Kirk says, then, "He apologised, you know. For what they did. Like he wasn't as much a victim as anyone."

"He is a man of good character," Spock replies.

"Yeah." Kirk rubs his hands absently on his pants, then blurts, "There's a part of me that feels like I need to apologise too."

Spock frowns. "For what reason?"

"I wanted you. Before." He rushes on before Spock can respond. "Not like that. I'd never want to make you uncomfortable, and I'd certainly never do anything you didn't want. But I'd be lying if I said I'd never imagined us... being together, and I feel like Parmen picked up on that somehow. That maybe that's why he did what he did."

Spock does not have words for the emotion welling in his chest. "That is not why," he replies quietly. "You proceed from a false assumption, Jim. You are not the only one to have imagined intimacy between us."

Kirk's eyes widen as he turns to him. "Really?"

Spock nods.

"And do you... is that still something you want?"

"I do not know," Spock replies honestly. He knows that Kirk would never hurt him, that it would be nothing like the violation the Platonians forced on them, but the memories of assault are still fresh, and painful. "Perhaps we could discuss the matter further once we have had time to heal."

Kirk smiles briefly. "Yeah," he says. "Perhaps."

He moves closer, pressing his shoulder gently against Spock's, and together they watch the stars go by.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!