

**he, beast.**

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/13296810) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/13296810>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Rape/Non-Con</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a>
Fandoms:	<a href="#">BioShock</a> , <a href="#">BioShock Infinite</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Elizabeth/Atlas</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Elizabeth (BioShock)</a> , <a href="#">Atlas (BioShock)</a> , <a href="#">Frank Fontaine</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Rape/Non-con Elements</a> , <a href="#">Rape</a> , <a href="#">Angst</a> , <a href="#">Death</a> , <a href="#">Name-Calling</a> , <a href="#">Slurs</a> , <a href="#">Slut Shaming</a> , <a href="#">elizabeth comstock deserves better but does not get it</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of <a href="#">godiva and apollo</a> .
Stats:	Published: 2018-01-07 Words: 1,354 Chapters: 1/1

# **he, beast.**

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## Summary

my sweet songbird — you should be so grateful for this.

## Notes

anywyz lets b clear i dont ship this but but im still going to hell for this!!!!

A wounded heart can never truly recover from trauma. She's made of guts and gore, her bloodied body curled into itself. She lay, stasis in darkness / dead hands and she's pierced from wounds. He caved her head in, skull indented and black blood mouthfuls. She rattles, the knot within. Her body, her ivory. Ungodly and unheaven. This is her funeral. Her funeral. The rose in her archive, she's waiting and laying in the ground. the scar's on her body, she remembers the wrench and his boot on her ribs. Atlas, *no*. Fontaine. He was alive and she was nothing more than a puppet. He was the king and she was a pawn. *His* pawn. It disgusted her and she's sour inside, trying to move away from him as he edges closer to her, wrench in hand.

Death's bell, dead girl. His fingers curled to her cheeks, bending down to skim her lip. She's in the dirt now, lightless death and the ground cold beneath her. No one will come for her. A withered flower, small as a doll in her own skin. "You found my Ace..." His thumb scrapes over her cheek, catching on her lip; lipstick smudging on it. He is a paperweight and she, barely tissue. Face becoming nothing as she sank with the void itself. One who annihilates and it is left to ask, is it her or him?

"Oh 'Lizabeth, sweet Songbird..." All inside, she wishes to vanish. Succumb to her wounds and die before he can place another hand on her. She's skin and bones, bloodied body and when she breathes, her ribs ache. The tip of of his steel-capped boot presses against her ribcage, pressure building and it's like someone is sucking the oxygen from her body. "... S'okay, I'll let you go. *Soon*."

It cannot be helped, the cry that comes from her lungs. He presses harder, drawing more pain from her. She's valuable to him, his *sweet sweet Songbird*. Cohen's claim to her name was long buried. *His* Songbird found him the code to use the Ace. She melts to a shriek, a morning song with voices echoed. He releases her, her body gaining oxygen; his hand cupping her jaw. Her face easily fits within his palm and perhaps, in another life, this could have been sweet and kind. Pink roses, flat and she just wishes to hide in the shadows for safety. But she's bitter when his fingers touch to her lips, waxed red. "I *wish* I didn't have to kill you, Songbird. You're so... — " Atlas, *no*, Fontaine, never finishes his sentence. Horror lingers in her eyes, the only thing now to come is the ocean to swallow her whole. Sweet girl, titanium became porcelain.

"*Beautiful*." In dilute light, tilting silver with flicker guilt. Fingers knot into her blouse, dragging her from the slumped position to pressed against a wall. Fading in and out of consciousness, bright eyes disillusioned. The Lamb, she has nothing. No heart, no words, no tears. All she can do is lay. "Oh no, no, no no! You keep your eyes open, darlin'!"

She wants to fight, to push him away and run but — she's numb now. A hole in her head and broken ribs, she's dead inside and not outside. He's rough with her, *ripping* the buttons from the bloodied fabric. When he kisses her, she's *gone*. Every piece of her body is screaming, begging, aching. But nothing helps. Nothing happens. No tear opens, no one comes to save her. In her wake, her eyes focus on him. Everything brings sickness to her. He's *smiling*, her blouse pulled away and bra undone; tugged off. In honesty, he's *soft*. His voice near calming as his teeth dig *deep* into her neck. Dark water glows from above, creatures lingering and the sound of Splicers laughing / she's in her own personal hellfire.

Archaic bones and his right hand touches over the dent in her skull, pressing a wet kiss to her collarbone with a whisper, "My sweet Songbird, I wish I didn't have *ta* do that to you..." Only a whimper escapes from her lungs and she *tries*, so desperately tries, to pull away from him. Hands knot into her hair, drawing a screech as he tugs.

Departure, she falls from vision again but his hands still touch her. While she sees nothing, she feels it. His lips against her skin, hands peeling away her skirt and his hand is resting on the inside of her thigh. *He's waiting for her eyes to open.* "Come on pretty bird, open those blues for me." A substanceless blue, his fingernails dig into her tender flesh and all she wants is the sweet embrace of death to kiss her before he can touch her again.

It doesn't work.

Rough fingers scrape over her clit, pressing his aching body up against hers. Allow her to melt, to become less. It would only take a moment, all he would have to do is bring his hands to her neck and crush it. He doesn't have to force this on her / but he wants this. He wants her last moments to be filled with disgust. Allow her to unpeel, remove her skin so that she is nothing. Fingers press into her, forcing her open. Split in half, rip her apart. There is blood in poetry and death in herself.

"Are you grateful? Do y'know *how lucky* you are for this? Do y'know *how many* girls in Rapture would kill for this?" When she doesn't respond, his hand rips at her hair again. Her blood is like blackberry, dripping down from the wound and over her face; she's *so sure* that it must be coming soon. Just a moment, just a moment and she'll be in the void. Choking on her own blood, slick and slipping from her mouth when she stares wide to him. Bluebell clear and Rapture's faux heat layer her body as he presses deeper and deeper. "Answer me, *slut*. Open 'yer damn eyes and answer me!"

Even if she had the strength, the oxygen and power, she wouldn't. Dying is her art but she's failing so; a charge to see her corpse. His fingers are slick ( and God, how she's disgusted in herself. How despite in death, her body responds and there is without a doubt, something about this that Fontaine adores ) and she considers it a miracle when he's wiping his fingers on his pants. *She's free.*

**NO.**

Her miracle is gone. He's inside of her, dragged her legs around his hips and her head *slams* against the cold floor. Hands clasp around of her ribcage, forcing her to *move* around his cock as she's so deeply cold and numb. Even if she wanted to, she couldn't.

"My good, *oh my good sweet Songbird.*" He pauses, withdrawn from her and the tip of his cock pressed against her clit. "You could at least have the decency to look at me, *whore.*" Fingers twist in her hair, the wound being drawn open even more. Blackberry juice spills, she's going — finally becoming close to death. The dead girl walking, puppet created and she wishes to melt. Another scream comes, body aching with pain from the twist / a suicidal idealization perhaps. "*Oh? Darlin'!* You shoulda' told me that you liked being called names..."

It's a lie and both know it. Sweet mouthfuls of blood, his lips come to her mouth and coating his own in her blood. *Songbird, my sweet whore. My lovely slut, my cock slut. Perhaps I'll keep you alive, let everyone in Rapture fuck you from the Ace to the Splicers...* She drifts in and out of his words, and when he comes, his hand digs into her hair and teeth sink deep into her neck; drawing blood. Slick and dripping down her breast, his come dripping from her cunt. He drags her underwear up, *sealing* his come into her as he redresses her. "I'll never forget your cunt, Songbird. Best I've ever had."

When he finally brings the wrench down against her skull again, she feels the tug of a tear inside of her chest.

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