

## Decide

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/11640315) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/11640315>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warnings:	<a href="#">Graphic Depictions Of Violence</a> , <a href="#">Rape/Non-Con</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a>
Fandoms:	<a href="#">Ivar - Fandom</a> , <a href="#">Ivar the Boneless - Fandom</a> , <a href="#">Vikings - Fandom</a> , <a href="#">Modern AU - Fandom</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Ivar</a> , <a href="#">Original Character</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Abuse</a> , <a href="#">Kidnapping</a> , <a href="#">Torture</a> , <a href="#">Knife Play</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2017-07-28 Completed: 2017-10-29 Words: 4,369 Chapters: 3/3

# Decide

by [VerumPeccator](#)

## Summary

Friday Night Heathen Prompt Game: Predator!Ivar, Stalker!Ivar and SerialKiller!Ivar

## Notes

Here it is, my first work. I hope I don't embarrass any of you. This is a one-shot, but I am contemplating on continuing it if you all like it enough. In this, Ivar has full use of his legs. Inspiration came from Jamey Johnson's rendition of "You Are My Sunshine", Alex Høgh Andersen's photo shoot and you incredible sister wives. It's dark. So, please forgive me. Warnings: Torture, talk of death and some serious knife play are in this.

# Chapter 1

You knew it. You knew it the whole fucking time. The fact that you pushed caution to the side and kept going on put you in this very position. The sobbing and screaming didn't deter him, but only encouraged him to continue on with the pain.

The dark haired, blue eyed Devil... You once thought he was the most beautiful man you've ever seen; and now you loathe him with every fiber in your being. Ivar... How you regretted ever meeting him. 'Why the fuck did I ever walk into that coffee shop?' You screamed at yourself.

That day was so clear in your mind's eye. After ordering your coffee, you ended up sitting in the corner patiently waiting. Feeling eyes on you, you looked up and that's when you first saw him. Dark, hauntingly blue eyes. Tapping on his cup, he stared shamelessly at you. You couldn't believe how almost unnaturally beautiful this guy was. The corner of his mouth lifted, he got up and approached you.

"Is this seat taken?" He asked you. All you could do was shake your head to answer him. Taking it, he sat and began talking. And this is how it started.

You ended up exchanging numbers and talked almost every day. Although he was younger than you, you admired his playfulness and determination to win you over. And he did. The two of you became exclusive after three dates and you thought it would be a relaxing and fun relationship. Oh, how wrong you were...

A year later you're locked inside a Goddamn basement. You lost count on how long you've been down here. With your lip busted, body bruised and beaten, he had you chained to a metal pipe; and all you could do was cry.

"What did I fucking tell you, Y/N?" Ivar screamed. "Hmm? I warned you that if you ever left me, you would fucking regret it. Now look at you... You stupid, fucking bitch."

Ivar pulled his hair back into a bun, squared his shoulders and squatted down to look at you eye level.

"You brought this all on yourself. If you would've just stayed none of this would be happening. And your 'little' friend, Matt, would still be alive."

"You motherfucker... Did you killed him?" You choked, finally able to put words together.

With a low, raspy chuckle, he nodded. "Would you like to know how, Y/N?"

"Why?! What did he ever do to you, Ivar?! We were done! I left you because I couldn't handle your crazy shit anymore!" You screamed out. Yanking on the chains, with the little energy you had left, you wanted to strangle him.

Suddenly, his right hand was around your throat and he stared deep into your eyes. “Let me tell you again, since clearly you didn’t understand me the first fucking time, Y/N... You. Are. Fucking. Mine. Once I saw you talking to that little shit, I had to end it. Enough is enough. And now, I have no fucking choice. I warned you and now you have to decide... It’s either me or the end of everything you love.”

Ivar paused and stood up. Walking over to his jacket, he pulled out his favorite knife. Examining its sharpness, he smirked and walked back over to you.

He pulled off his shirt and squatted back down again. That’s when you noticed that above his heart, still healing, he had carved your name into his body.

You remembered how much you loved his tattoos and body; you remembered the times all you wanted was for his strong arms to hold you and now all you thought was how he used his same body to break you down.

Shaking your head, you began to whimper. Bringing the blade to your hips, he started to cut into your skin. You screamed and he just laughed.

"Oh, my love, this is just the beginning... All you have to do is decide... All you have to do is say it. Say that you are mine, and all of this will end.”

Biting your lip and holding back tears, you didn’t know what you wanted. Live the rest of your pathetic days with Ivar, or let him take you out of your misery. He finally stopped his butchery and you looked down.

Your blood screamed across your hips and upper nude thighs. “IVAR” He carved his name into your skin. Forever marked and claimed. Looking back up, those beautiful blue eyes looked for your answer.

“Well? What’s it going to be, my love?”

# Decision

## Chapter Summary

You give your answer

## Chapter Notes

Warnings: verbal and physical abuse; torture; dubcon sex, breeding and talk of death.

'Breathe, Y/N. Just breathe.' You told yourself. You can feel the tightness in your chest- your body numb and on fire all at the same time. After Ivar carved his name into your hip all you could do was nod.

"Please... Ivar." You said to him right before you blacked out. Your mind and energy completely drained.

When you finally came to, you saw that Ivar had unchained you from the metal pipe and moved you onto a mattress in the back corner of the basement. You can finally feel your blood circulating back into your arms and hands again. You also noticed that you were completely nude- stripped of everything except for the markings on your skin adored by him.

"Do you have any idea on how much restraint it took me not to have ravish you while you were out?"

You jerked your head to the direction the raspy voice came from. Ivar slowly came out of the shadows in nothing but a pair of jeans on. Broad shouldered and his hair neatly pulled back. His sinister blue eyes almost glowing in the darkness. The only light coming in was from a small, fogged out window above you.

He slowly made his way towards you and knelt on the mattress on the right side of you. You were able to see that your name cut into his chest was starting to scab over. Ivar moved his right hand and began to caress your face.

You jerked your head away from the deviant affection and glared at him. He lowly chuckles.

"Ah, ah, ah, Y/N... My feisty little whore. You should be grateful that I took mercy on you and let you rest." He stated as he whispered in your ear.

"Don't you fucking touch me. Just let me go, Ivar. We can pretend that this never happened. I won't go to the cops... I won't tell a soul. Just, please, let me go." You retorted back.

"Why would I let you go, Y/N? I don't think you fully grasp the situation you have put yourself in. You are fully and completely mine, but I don't trust you. You have a lot of making up to do, my love. And this is how we're going to start with the rest of our lives together..."

Ivar suddenly grabbed you by your throat and pulled you into a suffocating kiss. His tongue pushed past your lips. He moved his hands and held your head to remind you who was in charge. You tried to push against his chest to get him off of you, but he wasn't budging. His hard and muscular body pushed you down.

Sex with Ivar was incredible. The stamina the boy had put the few men you had been with in the past to shame. Ivar had awoken a dormant beast inside you; and you were always willing to play along. It made you feel guilty now. When his possessiveness crawled outside of the bedroom and started to affect your daily life, with friends, coworkers and family, that red flag was raised and you knew you had to get out. But at this moment, you couldn't control the moan that whimpered out of your lips when Ivar was on top of you.

"Mmm, Y/N, see how your body responds to me. I haven't even touched your pussy yet. I can feel your heart pounding against my chest. You want this as bad as I do. Don't fight it, my love."

Ivar's heavy breathing and dirty talk in your ear was always a way to get you to be a moaning, useless mess. He knew this.

'God, please help me.' You thought to yourself. You can't do this. This monster not only kidnapped and tortured you for days, but also admitted to killing a friend of yours. And here you are, lying underneath this demon and allowing him to touch you.

You finally snapped. Wiggling your right arm free and using as much force you could muster, you punch him right on the left side of his face. He stopped his assault and cut his eyes directly into yours.

He rolled his jaw and chuckled. "Mmm, Y/N, I knew you liked it rough, but I didn't know you liked it like this. Two can play that game, baby." Ivar then slapped your face so hard your vision shifted and you screamed.

"That's right, baby, fight back. Nothing gets my dick harder for you than you trying to resist me." He intentionally grinds himself against you. Ivar then grabbed your jaw in one hand and your hair in the other. He slammed your head as hard as possible against the mattress.

"Look at me." He tells you.

"Fuck you, Ivar." You scream back.

"Oh, baby. You will. Open that pretty mouth of yours for me."

Pulling at your hair, you couldn't help but open your mouth to scream. He then takes the opportunity to spit in your mouth.

"Swallow it, baby. It won't be the only thing you'll swallow tonight." You tried to spit back at him, but with his hand at your throat now, you couldn't help but swallow.

"That's it, my little whore. Swallow it. Fuck, you got me so hard right now. You want it, don't you? I know you miss my hard cock inside your little pussy... I bet your dripping wet for me. Let's take a look shall we?"

Ivar slowly dragged his hand in between your breasts, down your stomach and finally to your core. 'Please, please, just stop. Don't give in.' You screamed to yourself.

"Jesus Christ, Y/N. I've never felt you so wet. You love this shit, don't you?" Pulling away from your pussy, Ivar puts his fingers in his mouth. He moans and your eyes roll back. No matter the pure nausea and hatred you had building up inside of you, you couldn't control how much you loved the sounds he made.

"You taste so fucking good, baby. Here, have a taste. You're my piece of Heaven right here on Earth."

Before you had a chance to turn your head away, Ivar's fingers were inside your mouth. You tasted the betrayal your body had done to you. You had to get out of here somehow. You had to make this end.

"I can't hold it anymore, baby. Enough of the games." Ivar moaned in your ear as he nipped at your neck. The next sound you heard was Ivar's zipper being pulled down and his grunt once he freed himself from its restriction.

"You have no idea how much I missed you underneath me. How much I missed your voice going hoarse from your screams. I missed the way you said my name as I took you out of yourself. And, now that I have you back, my love. I'll never have to miss it again."

At that moment, Ivar drove himself inside you. Stretching you thin. You had forgotten, just for a split second, how big he was. Your hands went immediately to his back and began to claw at his skin.

"That's it, baby. Stretch for me. Ugh... Goddamn, your pussy and body was meant for me. Can't you feel it? You and I are meant to be."

You couldn't help but pant and moan as he pounded into you. With his right hand holding himself up to look down at you, his left hand was at your throat, gently squeezing it; constantly reminding you of the Hell that you were in.

Guilt and hatred danced with your body and heart, and your soul was slowly losing. Every second that dragged on, the more you were losing yourself.

"Ivar, oh, fuck, please... I can't." You spoke out in between pants. Your lower half was acting with a mind of its own. You felt that hot coil building inside your stomach.

"I know, baby. That's it. Are you getting close? I can feel your pussy squeezing me. Fuck, Y/N... I'm getting close."

Ivar reached his hand in between your bodies, and started to rub circles on your clit. "No, Ivar, fuck. I can't. I can't take it anymore." You screamed out.

"Cum for me, baby. Fuck, Y/N, I need you to cum. Feel my cock hitting your cervix? Feel how fucking deep inside you I am?"

Without even realizing it, you lost. You came so hard that it felt as if your soul left your body. You spasmed and moaned. Tried gasping for air.

As you came down, it hit you that Ivar never put a condom on and you weren't on birth control. And here he was pounding into you; close by how his chest was shaking.

"Ivar, no! Stop! Pull out! I'm not on the pill!" You screamed. You tried pushing his chest. You tried to kick and push him off of you, but he didn't budge.

His grunting and panting got louder and louder. His thrusts became so animalistic, your sore slit began to throb.

"Oh, my love, I know. Do you have any idea how much I love you? Even after all the torment and pain you put me through, there's nothing I want more than to see you carry my child. Fuck, yes... This is how you will redeem yourself. I will cum inside you and you will have my baby. Ugh, fuck... You understand me? Y/N... I'm cumming, baby!"

You couldn't believe it. You pulled and scratched at him. Screaming and crying out. "No, God, no! Please... I can't do this! Ivar!!!" You cried out.

Ivar roared and shouted in your ear as you felt every shot of his essence hitting your cervix. You started to cry. Hearing this, Ivar lifted his head and brought his lips to yours, kissing you tenderly.

"Don't cry, my love. This should make you happy. We'll finally be together and we'll have beautiful children. Our lives will be perfect." Ivar gently rolled you over so he can spoon you from behind. His right hand protectively caressing your stomach as if imagining the life growing inside already. Moving your hair away from your ear, he kissed and licked on your neck and ear.

"Y/N... I want you to rest now. I'm nowhere near done with you. You will become pregnant, this I promise you. Do you hear me? You are going to be a beautiful mother. I love you so much, Y/N."

You silently laid there and nodded. This was to be your life now. And, God help you if a child is conceived. Your mind rambling trying to put together the pieces. But, you knew one thing for certain, if you didn't plan a way out, Ivar will be the death of you.

# Phases of One

## Chapter Summary

Struggling to make it out alive when you are fighting against your capture and yourself.

## Chapter Notes

NSFW/EXPLICIT- torture; kidnapping; split personalities; peeping Tom;dubcon; dirty talk/derogatory name calling and breeding kink.

Thank you and shoutout to Ivars-Heathen for the push and ideas to make this as unnerving as possible.

It felt like forever since you slept in an actual bed. The cool sheets and soft comforter covered your body. You felt his hot breath on your neck. Ivar. You laid in this soft bed with your kidnapper; your homicidal ex boyfriend. The man that has kept you begging for death for weeks now. You were moved out of the basement a few days ago and was able to make periodic phone calls to family to keep their worry and suspicions down, but you were never left alone. Ivar was always an arms length away to keep you in check.

You felt Ivar's arm tighten around you. He was going to wake soon. Today was the day to test if you were pregnant. Ivar's onslaught on your body never stopped. Ivar was going further and further down a dark hole and he was dragging you down to Hell with him. You cringed. You didn't want this life and especially if you were pregnant.

You were late, but you hoped it was because of the stress and fear that ransacked your body. Ivar kept you hydrated and fed properly. Anything he could do to make sure you were healthy enough to carry a child. His child. You felt your stomach turn and twist with that idea.

"Good morning, my love. How'd you sleep?" Ivar groggily asked. He nuzzled his face into your neck breathing deeply and eerily affectionate. As he stretched, you felt his hand press against your backside. The bile you were trying to keep down rose to the back of your throat.

Coughing, you answered him, "Fine. I slept fine." You hope he didn't detect the lie. You have almost forgotten what a full night of rest felt like. What peace of mind was like.

"Mmmm, that's good. Today's gonna be a special day, Y/N. I know it." Ivar turned you over to face him and he raised himself above your naked body and started grinding himself on you. "I think a little morning celebration is in order, don't you think, baby? God, you have no

idea how excited I am to see if you're carrying my baby. We're gonna be a happy little family."

"Ivar, please... I'm so sore." You hoarsely said. You couldn't take another round with him. Ivar was insatiable and you were twistedly starting to crave that touch that lit your soul on fire; all the while hating yourself for it. This internal battle you have been waging was stretching you thin.

"Uuhhuuh... Well, you might be sore, baby, but your body is telling me otherwise." Ivar rubbed the head of his cock against your clit and you couldn't suppress the moan that fell from your lips.

He knew just how to push you to make you hate yourself. How to make you beg with want and need. And as if he could read your mind, he slowly eased himself inside you. Ever so gently rocking himself deeper and deeper inside of you.

Ivar gripped your thighs to lift them over his hips, as he, creepily enough, made love to you. You moaned and grabbed at his arms to steady yourself. To tried to think of other things to pass the time; to get your mind off of the horror of what your reality was. You wanted to die, but there was a small part of you that enjoyed how Ivar was making you feel.

"Fuck, Y/N... You have no idea what you do to me. The way your body melts into mine. The way your pussy clenches my cock. And nothing turns me on more than the idea that my baby is growing inside you."

And all too quickly it was over. Ivar yet again gave you an earth shattering orgasm and he loomed over you panting and coming back down from his high. He snapped his eyes to yours and smiled; as if this was how you two always were. Like the Ivar you met two years ago.

"That was amazing, baby. What a perfect way to start a happy day. Come on, let's head to the bathroom and get you to take this test." Ivar gently pulled himself out of you and you hissed. Standing up in all his glory, he smiled down at you to help you stand.

You stood and achily wobbled into the adjoining bathroom. The cold air in the bathroom raised goosebumps on your skin and when you looked over you found the unopened pregnancy test on the bathroom counter. Ivar lifted the lid of the toilet and had you sit down. Opening the package, he handed you the test.

You stared it and began to shake. Here it was, the moment that made your skin crawl. Ivar leaned against the wall in front of you and stared you down. Not wanting to raise his anger, you took the cap off and proceeded to place the test in between your legs and start. After counting 5 seconds, you pulled the test, you put the cap back on and placed it on the counter.

You could feel your heart in your throat and pounding in your ears. You cleaned up and flushed the toilet. As you stood up, Ivar approached you and held you tight. The heat of his body burned your skin.

"Alright, baby. Let's shower and when we get done, we'll find out." Turning over, he turned on the shower and escorted you and followed you in. The water was blissfully hot and

relaxed you. Ivar made sure to wash your hair and body sweetly and gently. You couldn't help but stare at your name fully healed on his chest. Ivar took your hand and lovingly placed it on your name. He scared you. He could change personalities at the blink of an eye. Smiling gently at you, he held your hand on his chest, "You have no clue how much I love you, Y/N... You're my world. And soon," Ivar began to caress your lower abdomen and where he had carved his name, "Soon, I will love our child. This is the beginning of our future together, my love." Ivar leaned down, and captured your lips underneath the spray of water.

After you both were clean, Ivar jumped out of the shower and wrapped a towel around himself. As he turned to face you, he smiled.

"It's time, baby. Come."

Ivar wrapped a towel around you and walked you back to the counter. You didn't want to look; you didn't want to know. But as soon as you heard that gasp and small chuckle your stomach dropped.

"Positive. It's fucking positive! Baby! You're pregnant!" Ivar cheered out grinning ear to ear.

You dropped and began to cry. Covering your face you bawled. 'No, no... Please, God, why?!' You didn't even care anymore what Ivar thought anymore.

"Baby? I know you're scared, but don't worry! I'll take care of you and the baby and everything! Be happy! You won't have to want for anything. Say something, Y/N." Ivar crouched down in front of you and pulled your hands away from your face.

"I fucking hate you." You whispered.

You looked up at Ivar and he just stared. And then, you saw the snap. He shifted. From the overly sweet boy to the monster you knew he was.

"What did you say, Y/N?" Ivar bore his colbot eyes into your soul.

"I said, I FUCKING HATE YOU, IVAR! I don't want this. I never wanted any of this. You took everything from me, you piece of shit!" You broke. You could no longer control the loathing you had for Ivar and mostly, the hatred you had for yourself.

Before you saw it coming, you were down on the cold tile floor. Ivar had struck you so fast, so hard that you felt your head bounce off the floor. He quickly jerked you up and carried you into the bedroom.

Your head was spinning. Everything was moving way too fast.

"The fact that you are pregnant is keep me from breaking you apart right now, you fucking bitch! This is it! We're going to be together and we're going to be happy. Do you understand me?!" Ivar was back on top you griping your face tightly.

"Y/N! Do you fucking hear me? Say it! Say that you understand me?!"

“Let me go, Ivar! Stop! I fucking hate you!” You screamed out. Ivar struck you again and lifted you over his shoulders and carried you down the hall. Suddenly, he threw you down into what looked to be a closet. Quickly turning around, he locked you inside. It was pitch black and confining. You charged to the door and started to pound at it.

“Ivar! Let me out! Get me out of here!” You screamed. You tried to shimmy the door but it wasn’t budging.

“When you decide to accept the inevitable, Y/N, we’ll talk. But, until then, you’re going to stay in there till I say. I guess I let my emotions get the better of me, Y/N. That’s what happens when you try to be nice, ain’t it, baby? Again, you took advantage of my kindness and love for you.” You can hear Ivar walking away.

You yelled and screamed till you felt lightheaded. You dropped to the floor and cried till your eyes burned. ‘This can’t be it...’ Your thoughts ran wild as what seemed like hours passed. You were able to find the small cord that connected to the lightbulb that lit the closet. Now, at least, you could see what was around you.

“Please, God, if You can hear me, please, I’m begging You, just help me get out of here. I...” You placed your hand on your pelvic area, “We... Can’t go on like this.”

Time passed, but you weren’t quite sure how long. You could tell from the lighting under the door that it was almost sundown. You laid in the fetal position and began to hum.

Ivar smirked. On the other side of the wall, Ivar looked into the small hole to see you lying there holding your stomach. ‘She’ll come to her senses.’ Ivar thought to himself. ‘She’ll see what life I can provide for her and our baby.’ Ivar smiled wildly at the thought. ‘Our baby...’

When you woke up, you saw that you were no longer in the small closet, but back in Ivar’s bed. The bedroom was dark and cold. And you had this chill that passed over you. ‘Where is he?’ You thought to yourself.

You turned your head to the side and looked at the corner of the room. There Ivar sat just staring at you. His once beautiful blue eyes glowing in the darkness.

“Now, my love. Are you going to be a good little girl, and behave?”

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