

put your fingers in my cage (I will bite you)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/50741944) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/50741944>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Lifesteal SMP
Character:	Mapicc (Video Blogging RPF) , SpokelsHere (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Muzzles , Conditioning , Starvation , Mind Break , Dehumanization , Vomit , drugged cigarettes as a plot device , heavy Saw influences , Whumptober 2023
Language:	English
Series:	Part 17 of Whumptober 2023
Stats:	Published: 2023-10-17 Words: 5,182 Chapters: 1/1

put your fingers in my cage (I will bite you)

by [immolxtion_stxtion](#)

Summary

So now he's standing on cold fucking tiles, porcelain-white and covered in blood splatter, metal tracing his lips every time he tries to make an expression. Bark like a dog. He's not going to fucking do that. He's not a dog, he's a goddamn human. He's not loyal, not submissive, not goddamn subservient.

“You're the lump in my throat and the knot in my chest.”

Collar | Touch Aversion | “Leave me alone.”

Notes

So, imagine you took the bathroom scene from Saw (I have not yet seen Saw), and then changed it around a bit before pairing it with dehumanization, starving, and captivity. Whumptober has been a love letter to horror for me so far, and I would not have it any other way.

I warned for vomit in the tags already, but I would like to clarify: vomit has a very central point in the plot of what is happening, and it is not pleasant.

Title is from Dying Dog by gizmo, but I Wanna Be Your Dog by Mephisto Walz, and Cheri by Akine were both key in helping the fic develop as well. Dehumanization via dogs and dog behaviours is so delicious, and so fun to work with.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“Bark like a dog,” Spoke commands, full of haughty arrogance and undeserved confidence. Instantly, instinctively, Mapicc recoils. No. Fuck no. That is not happening.

Spoke watches him, catches the grimace that pulls at his face and the anger in his eyes, and simply laughs. He doesn't dare to get any closer than he is, though. It's one of the many downsides of him knowing every little detail of the room, down to exactly how long the various chains Mapicc's had on him are.

He wouldn't have missed the ones he had at first if he didn't have to deal with Spoke's latest game, his stupid fucking obsession with trying to make Mapicc into a dog, a loyal, submissive beast. A too-tight shackle locked around his ankle connected to a long chain was so much fucking better than the choke chain around his neck, made in a clever enough way that he can never make it loose enough to slip free from. The few times he tried, it ended with a new, modified choke chain, dull spikes welded onto the inside, pointing to his throat.

A muzzle sits on his face, strapped way too fucking tight around his head, and locked in ways that prevent him from removing it himself. It's one more thing that strips his humanity from him, another indignity shoved on him.

First, it was the bed being taken away, Mapicc left with just a pile of blankets on the floor. Then, it was the food only coming in bowls, the regular chains switched out for ones only used on a dog, the way Spoke refuses to call Mapicc by his own goddamn *name*.

Now he's got metal shoved through his goddamn face, piercing balls that sit just above his top lip, with sharp, vicious points attached to the bottom. His *canines*, Spoke said, cheerful and mocking. Mapicc was so high off his goddamn ass that he couldn't do anything, couldn't fight the needles shoved through his mouth with brutal force. All he could do was lay there, let Spoke pet his hair and a stranger stab him stupid, put piercings through his body that he never fucking wanted in the first place.

He tried to rip them out the second he was lucid, ignoring the swelling and the steady ache to try and unscrew the balls.

Spoke came in the instant Mapicc brought a hand to his lip, forced him to submission on the ground and kept him like that, pinned and barely able to breathe. He came back with a muzzle, shoved it onto Mapicc's face before he could fight against it, and tightened it far too tight.

So now he's standing on cold fucking tiles, porcelain-white and covered in blood splatter, metal tracing his lips every time he tries to make an expression. *Bark like a dog*. He's not going to fucking do that. He's not a *dog*, he's a goddamn human, and nothing Spoke tries will change that. He's not loyal, not submissive, not goddamn subservient.

Mapicc looks Spoke in the eyes, and snarls, bares the fucking fangs he never wanted to get. No. Fucking. Way.

“Bark like a fucking dog,” Spoke enunciates in return, taking one singular step closer. “Or starve. It's the only way for you to get food. Better get to it!”

“Fuck you.” Mapicc will starve. He's not going to debase himself like that. Spoke can play whatever games he wants, but Mapicc won't join in.

“Suit yourself!” Spoke says cheerily, turning to the door. He's halfway out when he stops, turning back around. The glimpse of freedom visible around his body has Mapicc's heart racing, chest

hurting with such a painful type of yearning that he almost doesn't register what Spoke says next. "Remember, *dog*, all you need to do is bark for me. I'll be waiting."

Mapicc sneers, flips Spoke off, and then he's gone, the wall-that's-not-a-wall slamming shut again, the lock loudly clicking. The noise is adding insult to injury, another reminder that Mapicc is *trapped*, caged, stuck in a room with nowhere to go, nobody to talk to. He's paced every inch of the floor he can reach, kicked walls and left the sink water running until there was no more water left, rattled the old metal bedframe until he was given the human equivalent of a dog bed, no other form of comfort available.

He's memorized the blood on the tiles, how it sticks in some places and flakes in others, how the almost-blue fluorescent lights buzz and hum and cast everything in a sickening, ghoulish shade. He's shivered, and shook, and buried himself under blankets, tried to keep his clothes clean through beatings and harsh words.

Mapicc has tried his damndest to remain sane, to remain himself, and if that means starving, then he'll starve. He's not a goddamned toy for Spoke to play with, and he'll prove it.

Two days in, Mapicc starts to feel shivery.

He's used to the cold by now, used to how the tips of his fingers can never quite get warm enough. He's in some kind of underground bathroom, and he's always fucking freezing, and that's *fine*, except for the fact that his body won't stay still. There's a faint tremor in his hands, a shaking feeling that starts somewhere in his chest and branches outwards until he feels like a leaf in the wind.

Standing up is harder than it should be, legs threatening to wobble and collapse, but Mapicc is *strong*. He can make it through this, can deal with a little hunger. His stomach can scream, and growl, but he's started to tune it out, started to get used to the ache. Weakness can go and fuck itself, because Mapicc is in charge.

The ache in his chest, the heaviness of his body, the way his nerves start to grate with every sharp movement, driving him angrier and angrier? He can cope with that. He can deal with that. He can yell at the walls until his throat hurts, stay buried under blankets to fight off the chill. Mapicc is so painfully, achingly hungry that it claws at his chest, threatens to ruin him from the inside out, but he will not give in. He will not submit.

He kicks at the walls with weak legs out of pure frustration, hands too shaky to properly turn the taps of the sink. He's tried to use the disgusting water to chase away the hole in his chest, the gnawing pit that begs for him to give in, but it tastes like shit, doesn't touch the hunger at all. It doesn't stop him from trying, and now, failing. The simple act makes him so frustrated that he can't *help* but kick things, trying to break something other than himself.

Mapicc learnt rather early on that every single thing in the room was tightly secured, bolted into the walls or the floor with reinforced metal, strong enough that not even the strongest tug on the chain that was once attached to his ankle would do anything.

Maybe that's why it's surprising when a tile breaks under the tip of his shoe instead of sending a solid, reverberating ache up an already weak leg. Surprise flicks through his veins, weak like his body, but he holds onto it, feeds the flame just enough to keep it from dying. Carefully, mindful of the chain on his neck, Mapicc crouches down, picks the shards of tile out of the wall.

None of them are big enough to be used as a proper weapon, but behind the tile is a little, tiny

cubby, and Mapicc pulls out a single cigarette and a lighter from it. The whole thing is suspicious, strange, weird, but he shoves them into his pockets regardless, unwilling for Spoke to force his way in and take more things from Mapicc.

He's not a smoker, but the cigarette calls to him for some stupid reason, a strange desire to light it up and breathe it in. Maybe it would make him *calm*, take the restless, frantic buzzing in his head and slow it down for a bit, make the prison he's in feel less like a prison. Could it take him out of these four stupid walls, turn down the buzzing, humming blue of the janky lights above him, and make things feel light again? Could it make him feel free?

Or could that be exactly what Spoke wants of him? Did Spoke plant the cigarette there, waiting for Mapicc to find it?

He doesn't know, and it's painful.

With the cigarette and the lighter burning a hole through his pocket, Mapicc walks back to his bed on shaky legs, practically collapses to the ground, the pile of blankets barely dulling the sting. They're not warm, not soft by any means, but he burrows into them nonetheless, finding the pile he uses as his pillow, and letting the heaviness in his eyes take over.

When Mapicc wakes up, he feels like he's been run over by a train. Cement fills his body, heavy and unrelenting, blending with exhaustion until the thought of getting out of bed feels like torture. His stomach has long given up on growling properly, reduced to a low, constant ache that threatens to eat Mapicc alive. It's driving him up the wall, strong enough to override the anger that's been near-constant since he first woke up in this godforsaken room until all he has is the refusal to debase himself and do what Spoke wants.

Instead of barking, of dropping to his knees and begging for food, Mapicc fumbles around in his pocket, pulls out the cigarette and the lighter. Maybe it's a bad fucking idea, but he's past the point of trembling, hand shaking uncontrollably as he tries to light the lighter, failing attempt after attempt. He pushes himself into a sitting position, puts the cigarette on his lap to better focus on the lighter, flicking the mechanism over and over again until sparks catch, and a little flame flickers to life.

Mapicc treasures the flame, the little warmth it provides, glowing orange in a blue room. For a few seconds, he just stares at it, watches how it bobs back and forth before using his free hand to fumble for the cigarette. Gently, he touches the tip to the flame, waits until something catches and the tip starts glowing before extinguishing the lighter, dropping his shaky grip on the button.

He lets the lighter tumble to his lap, more focused on how the cigarette glows in the dim light, a warmth that comes from within. It sits awkwardly between the grate of the muzzle when he takes the first drag, acrid smoke pooling in his mouth and catching in his lungs.

For a second, it's like the warmth has transferred from the cigarette into his body, until he starts coughing uncontrollably, weak body jerking back and forth with no say on his behalf. The smoke *burns*, shoving its way out between Mapicc's teeth with each heave of his chest, dissipating into the air.

Dizziness settles into Mapicc's head, blending with the sting of smoke against his eyes. It smells about as pleasant as it tastes: like shit. He takes another drag regardless, more careful on the inhale, and finds it burns less. The smoke feels warm in his lungs, scatters out of his mouth like a low-hanging cloud. It's kinda nice, actually. He waits a couple of seconds before taking another inhale.

He's not quite sure how long it takes for nicotine to kick in, which is annoying, but he's always

annoyed these days, so it's whatever. His body is still heavy, arms taking longer to reach his mouth than they should. The lit end of the cigarette glows through each movement, a light that flickers but does not go out, pulsing like a heart each time Mapicc inhales.

He breathes in, breathes out. The world swirls around him a little, a mess of sliding colours. His veins feel light, almost warm, and the next time Mapicc inhales, he keeps the smoke in his chest for longer. It brings him up, up, up, into a little nice place where he doesn't have to worry about breathing or hunger. Sparks dance in the smoke when he breathes out, and his eyes feel heavy in a pleasant way, like he could slip under the covers of a nice, warm bed, and go to sleep for a while.

His head tips backward, hits the wall with a dull thud but no sting, simply more support. The cigarette burns between his fingers smells like smoke and rot and a little twinge of happiness, warm in his chest like he swallowed a lighter. Maybe Mapicc *should* get into smoking, if it makes him feel this warm. People said it was bad, yeah, but nobody ever said it would be *good*.

The cigarette gets put out somewhere beside him, and Mapicc simply stares up at the ceiling, at the lights that hum and sway and dance a pretty little tango for him to watch. It's light, pleasant, a break from the shit he's had to deal with. He leans into it, grabs the feeling with outstretched hands, and that's when everything starts going wrong.

Dark patches flicker through the room, hiding in the corners and moving out of sight when Mapicc turns to look at them. They look like Spoke, coming closer and closer only to disappear and find a different angle to walk in from. Threats spill from their lips, words Mapicc can't quite pick up on but *knows* aren't good. The walls press into his back harshly, but he's not close enough to them, not safe enough.

Spoke is fucking *everywhere* and there's no escape. The chain on Mapicc's neck tightens to the point of choking, cold metal searing down to his bones. Spoke set this up. This is how Mapicc is going to die. Spoke is going to kill him here. He's got a chain around his neck, chains around his ankles, metal over his goddamn mouth and he's a fucking beast, an animal, dangerous and horrible and unsafe to be around, a violent fucker who does what he wants. How many people has he hurt? How many people *will* he hurt? Why is Spoke so obsessed with him?

The room spins, a dizzying mix of light and colours and deep, dark, unending shadows that force their way into Mapicc's vision, into his eyes, into his *body*. He has no escape from it all, no escape from Spoke and his reach, from the demons he's created and brought into this room. When he looks down, there's blood on his hands, blood on the floor, blood on the bed, coating blankets that he could have sworn were clean a minute ago, and the blood is coming from his neck. His hands fly up to find the wound, pressing the spikes of the choke chain deeper and deeper into his neck until he can barely breathe, fumbling around for some sort of off switch, a way to stop the bleeding.

Spoke watches from every corner, every crack, every little place of the room, and Mapicc feels violated, ruined, so fucking trapped that he's sick with it. He can't escape Spoke. He can't escape himself. He can't escape the brutal death incoming, and he can't escape how time stands still, holds him in this moment with Spoke all around, until there's nothing left.

He shakes for the better part of an hour, hands trembling and heart racing and mind completely fucking out of it, until there's nothing he can do but fall over; fall asleep. His heart beats in jerks and stutters the whole time.

By the end of what feels like two weeks, but could be two *months*, Mapicc is done. He's jumping at shadows, sleeping all day, barely able to get out of bed. He's shaking on the floor, collapsed on

his hands and knees, too fucking weak to do anything.

He doesn't want to die like this.

Mapicc doesn't want to die like this, weak and scrawny and wasting away from the inside out.

Cheek pressed to the cool tile of the bathroom floor, he manages to bark. It's weak, shaky around the edges, but he manages to do it, a humiliating noise that echoes through the room.

Once the first noise makes it out of his throat, past the barriers of pride and confidence, he can't stop. His throat hurts, aches, burns, but Mapicc finds his voice, and barks again, tries to make it sound authentic. It's what Spoke wants, the only way for him to get food.

He barks, and barks, and barks—keeps doing it until the wall-door across the room slides open with a heavy noise, and Spoke walks in. He's saying something, words that sound both mocking and happy, but Mapicc can't hear them, can't really hear anything over the sound of his own breathing and the barking he hasn't been able to stop.

Spoke crouches in front of him, ruffles his hair with one hand while putting down a bowl of something with the other hand. Mapicc scrabbles to reach it, tries to push up on weak arms, but Spoke stops him, a hand to the chest. Surprisingly, he lets himself be stopped, lets Spoke trace a hand around the side of his head before undoing the lock of the muzzle, letting it fall away.

Mapicc doesn't look a gift horse in the mouth, beelining for the bowl. He sticks his face in it and eats ravenously, spilling bits on the floor and smearing them on his cheeks, but he doesn't have the energy to care about anything other than getting food in his mouth, swallowing down what he's been denied for so long.

Halfway through the bowl, his stomach turns, complaining, but Mapicc's already used to that. He keeps eating, the weeks of hunger in his bones spurring him on and on and on until he's licking the bowl clean, sitting back on his haunches to breathe. Air hiccups through his chest, fights with the way he licks his lips clean, tries to make sure he got everything he possibly could. There's nothing that matters but the pleasant fullness in his stomach, the fullness that threatens to burst over.

He gets to enjoy being full for a few minutes before his body revolts against it. Mapicc tries to hold it in, to breathe through it, but he starts heaving regardless, bile building up in the back of his throat. It tastes like what he just ate, the leftover residue of a good meal ready to be bastardized and made unwelcome. His chest spasms, throat closing up, and then Mapicc is doubling over and retching, barely-digested food spilling out of his mouth and burning in the back of his nose

It sits vile on his tongue in the few seconds between waves of vomit, the smell just as nauseating as the taste, the knowledge that the food he worked so hard to get is now on the floor, and he's back to square one. Mapicc vomits, and he feels the overwhelming, gnawing ache of starvation once more.

Regurgitated food sits murky on the floor, dampening the knees of Mapicc's pants with brown stains. Drool hangs from his mouth, heavy and disgusting, and Mapicc looks at the mess he's made, the weeks of starvation made futile. Spoke won't feed him again, he knows. His little game was completed—he won and Mapicc lost, and now he has to wait until Spoke comes up with something else to use as torment.

Mapicc really doesn't want to starve again. He works his brain, tries to figure out a way around it all while his body rights itself, and settles on the one and only option there is left.

Mapicc will not have food for god knows how long. On the floor, however gross, is some form of

food. Desperate times call for desperate measures.

His piercings scrape the floor when he bends over to start licking his own puke up, metal dragging against tile in such a deeply unpleasant fashion that Mapicc almost wants to throw up again despite the taste of it fresh on his tongue. He forces himself not to gag, though, because he's already lost his food once. He won't let it happen twice.

The taste is more noticeable this time, sharp and putrid and deeply unpleasant, chunks of food mixing with liquidy parts that are harder to lick up. It's gross, and it's disgusting, but it's all Mapicc has, so he gets to it. He eats his own vomit, licks it off of the floor and suppresses the instinctual shivers of disgust his body makes. This is his meal. This is his food. This is what he humiliated himself for, so he better make use of it.

It's only once he's licked the area around him clean and the damp spots on his pants are starting to dry that Mapicc sits back up. His head spins a little, but his stomach is full, despite some of the leftover vomit on the floor, and that's good enough for him.

Footsteps echo off to his side, and Mapicc's head jerks up. Spoke saw all of that, didn't he?

There's no coming back from this one, from the torment and the torture and the humiliation Spoke will lay on him because of it, so he simply drops his head, and lets Spoke approach. He is Mapicc, confident and strong. He is Mapicc, brought lower than man, licking his vomit off of the floor. He is Mapicc, the plaything for Spoke's darkest whims.

"Good boy," Spoke coos, running his hand through Mapicc's sweaty hair. The touch disgusts him almost as much as it comforts him, a small hint of warmth and kindness in this cold, lonely hell. "It's okay, it's okay. Good boy."

Something like happiness very promptly bursts in Mapicc's chest, a dull, blooming thing that he immediately tries to smother, because he's not supposed to like this. He's supposed to endure until Spoke gets bored of him, lets him go. He's not supposed to enjoy the gentle way Spoke touches him, rubbing the back of his neck and combing through his hair, uncaring of the streaks of vomit on the ground, the way it clings to Mapicc and smears around his mouth.

He's gross, disgusting, shaking with sweat and reeking of bile, the bitter taste permeating his mouth. Mapicc is no better than a fucking dog, and it's nauseating. He wants to throw up again, to cover the bloodstained floor with vomit and hope that this time, Spoke gives him something better to eat, something kinder.

Spoke touches him regardless, gentle and kind. He brushes Mapicc's hair out of his face, pulls it into a neat little ponytail with an elastic pulled out of nowhere. His hands never quite leave Mapicc, switching place and position, but never stopping in the gentle petting. Warmth coasts up and down Mapicc's back, running over his sweater and sinking into his bones.

"You did so good for me," Spoke says, and Mapicc hates that he doesn't hate it. He hates that he presses into the warmth of Spoke's body, that he accepts the gentle touch. "What a good dog."

The warmth suddenly leaves him, and Mapicc feels the loss like a gunshot. He can't help the low whine that slips from his throat as he looks up at Spoke, now standing. There's a faint amusement on his face, an undeniable warmth in his eyes.

His hand comes back to land on Mapicc's head, a faint pressure. "I'll be right back, okay boy? I'll come right back. You just stay right there."

Mapicc nods in response, does it again to make sure that Spoke knows he understands. He sits on his haunches, knees damp, and watches Spoke leave, sliding the door shut but not locking it. The muzzle sits discarded somewhere across the room, and Mapicc's more glad than expected to have it off. His face is free, mouth and jaw able to move and bite again. He bares his teeth experimentally, flexes his jaw and feels nothing but relief and uninhibited movement. He does not touch the piercings.

Spoke returns soon enough, this time with fabric and something else in his arms, dangling a couple of inches from the floor. He glows with pride when he sees Mapicc still in one place, and Mapicc can't help but tip his head and grin a little, because Spoke is happy with him, and that's a good thing.

"C'mere," Spoke says, crouching down. He's not near the pool of vomit, which Mapicc appreciates, because the smell is starting to make his eyes water again. "Come here, like a good dog."

Mapicc does as asked of him, three seconds away from standing up before he catches the disappointed look on Spoke's face. Instantly, he drops back to the ground, cracking his kneecaps in the process, but it's okay, because Spoke looks happy again, grins widely. It's awkward, hands and knees scraping over the indents between tiles, but Mapicc crawls to Spoke, sits back down on his haunches once close.

As a reward, Spoke runs his hand through Mapicc's hair again, another kind touch that has him melting. "You wanna do a trick for me, boy? Can you stand up quickly?"

He's not sure why Spoke wants him to stand up, but Mapicc does, still shaky around the edges. He's a little shorter than Spoke, which almost doesn't feel real, because Spoke's managed to be so imposing and controlling that he feels like a giant, like a man of myth.

Instead, he's just the person who holds Mapicc's arm until he's steady enough to not fall. He's the person who pulls Mapicc's vomit and drool-splattered hoodie off his head and puts it in a separate pile on the ground, far away from what he's brought in. Spoke is the person who gently pulls Mapicc's pants off and replaces them with clean, unstained ones in just the right size. For some reason Mapicc can't quite get his head around, Spoke is *caring* for him, and he craves it desperately.

Spoke eases him back down onto the ground gently, makes sure he doesn't drop to his knees harshly, and then he's picking up the pile of fabrics again. Instead of leaving, though, he starts walking towards Mapicc's mess of blankets tucked in the corner, and without thinking, Mapicc follows after him. He's on the ground, two steps back, one step to the side, trailing along behind Spoke, who says nothing but radiates smugness, right up until the second he stops beside Mapicc's bed-nest-thing.

"You've been cold lately, haven't you?" he asks, and Mapicc nods, a sharp movement. There are goosebumps on his arms right *now*, for fuck's sake. He's always cold. "Aw, pup, I never meant to make you freeze. Here, for you."

Half of the pile in Spoke's arms drops onto Mapicc's bed, and it's only now that he registers them as blankets of all shapes and sizes, in better shape than the ones he's used to. Instantly, he wants to fiddle around with them, to make them into the most comfortable shape possible, because while he's gotten used to sleeping on the floor, his body hasn't, and aches and pains are common. Still, Spoke hasn't finished, so Mapicc sits and listens, like a good boy would.

"Your sweater's a little dirty over there, isn't it?" Spoke asks, and Mapicc fights the urge to correct

him on the fact that it's a hoodie. "That's okay, though, because I've got you a new one. Just don't ruin it so fast, okay?"

A piece of black fabric slips onto Mapicc's lap, and he doesn't think before pulling it over his head, sinking into the warmth. The inner collar is laced with rainbow stitching, a little bit of colour to offset the black, and Mapicc finds he likes it more than expected. It sits awkwardly over the chain, but a little riding up in the back is something he can deal with.

Spoke, however, doesn't want him to deal with it, it seems, because he's crouching down beside Mapicc, fiddling with the links until they rattle and clank together. His hand trails along the metal, following where it bunches up the back of the sweater until his fingers end up alongside the choke chain around Mapicc's neck. The spikes dig into his neck for a second when Spoke pushes it in, but then he stops, traces his fingers around the points of contact.

"Not very nice, is it?" he asks, and Mapicc has a feeling that this time he wants a response. "You were a bad dog for so long that there was no other option, but I think you want to be a good dog now, right?"

Shame burns in Mapicc's chest, undeserved and ugly, but he nods regardless. He's so fucking tired of being scared, shaking and on edge. He's tired of fighting with Spoke, even if he doesn't particularly want to be a dog. He gets treated so well when he is one, though. It's addictive.

Slowly, with intent, Mapicc nods. He doesn't look Spoke in the eyes, but he nods, sells his soul away to the fucking devil. He'll be a good dog. So fucking sue him.

Spoke claps, and something jingles in his hands. There's no blatant hint as to what it is, but Mapicc knows well enough. He's the good, domesticated dog. One plus one will always equal two.

Hands trace around his neck again, and Mapicc lets them, tips his head when the pressure increases, and allows Spoke to do what he wants. Chains jingle for a few seconds, and the pressure around his throat tightens, but then it's completely gone, the chain falling out of his back with a loud clunk. He looks to where it puddles on the floor, to where the bathroom door is open a crack and still unlocked, and stays in place.

Mapicc sits still and lets Spoke fiddle with the back of the hoodie, pulling it into place now that the chain is no longer there to yank it up. It's smoothed down with hands that are heavy but not violent, and then those same hands are back to his neck, wrapping soft leather around it. Mapicc cranes his neck off to the side and lets Spoke put a proper collar on him, jingling tags and all.

There's a ring on the front of it that Spoke attaches the chain to, slipping a padlock into both loops before locking it shut. Now, Mapicc has a new collar, and the exact same chances of escape: zero. This time around, it feels less suffocating than it probably should.

Mapicc can't really find it in himself to rail against it, not when Spoke sits down on the ground and lets Mapicc rest his head in his lap, petting his hair and his back the whole time.

End Notes

My knowledge of Saw is completely incidental, and directly linked to both a horror special interest, and a friend who enjoys it quite a lot. He holds the controller to the reverse bear

trap that puppeteered the pen for this story like they are snappy the dog, and most of this fic is dedicated to the lovely conversations we've had about horror. It's an absolutely beautiful genre, with absolutely horrible contents (said with utmost affection), and I cannot recommend looking into it and dissecting it enough.

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