Recovering from a nightmare

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Recovering from a nightmare

by Blakartoffel

Summary

Moff Gideon had captured Din Djarin for the neccessary information about the child. Once escaping Din isn't like before, but still Boba is there for him.

Notes

I think this is my first time writing hurt/comfort, so uhhh, enjoy!

Also, I somehow wrote this WAY faster than the previous fic, I guess I might be getting into the flow of writing fanfic.

Might have gotten a very, very mild case of Ao3 author's curse too, I went home sick, but almost immediately felt better upon arrival and have just been writing since then.

See the end of the work for more notes

He had left the Mandalorian on the floor, without his Beskar armor, weapons, or even clothing. Nothing to give him a grain of confidence, nothing to hold onto but his own fragile body that felt like it would be falling apart any day now.

Moff Gideon would come into the cell almost every day after finishing his work. Some days he would do whatever he could think of to try and get information out of him, anything that could help him find the kid. Other days he would just come in and use Din to get the pleasure he craved, before leaving him behind again without having said a word.

By now Din had no idea what time or even day it was. Neither how long he had been there in general. The cell had no way to indicate time. It had to have been weeks since he got caught, at first he had attempted to count, but had quickly given up on that. Techniques including counting by the amount of meals he got: Two every day, or by how many times Moff Gideon visited him: Once a day, though not guaranteed to be every day. Next to that there was no way to note down the amount of days except for his mind, and he tried not to think on most days.

When Moff Gideon came in that night, he once again didn't know what to expect. Would it take long? Short? What was his purpose this night? He didn't care anymore, hadn't broken even once since his arrival. In terms of telling Gideon anything regarding the kid that is, he

had broken down in tears many times already. It had been feeling like Gideon was trying to take him apart brick by brick to uncover the secrets hidden inside his chest and head, but he had promised himself not to tell Gideon a word that could put the kid in danger, regardless of how bad it would get.

Din didn't respond when Moff Gideon approached him, he was lying curled up on the bed in search of warmth that he couldn't get. When Gideon sat down against him, he didn't bother moving, neither away, nor towards the cold figure that was somehow the only source of warmth in the cramped space.

He did not even notice that Gideon was naked until he pulled Din by the arm into his lap. Forcing him to sit upright with his back to him, forcing him to expose more of his body than he already did.

"Man, we will just keep playing this little game until you talk." Gideon said. He hadn't been calling him Mando since he got put in this cell. It was like Gideon tried to take his identity from him, because though knowing his real name as well, he hadn't bothered calling him Din Djarin either. Both were words that he seemed to be avoiding.

As Gideons hands went to their regular positions, Din could feel his body freeze. One of Gideon's hands now rested on the inside of his thigh, dangerously close to his dick, as the other was near his throat.

"You can make it easy, or you can make it hard." Gideon said, the hand on his thigh moving down to start pinching one of his balls. "All you have to do is talk, tell me what I want to

know, and I'll let you go."

But Din didn't, he didn't say a word. Gideon's grip on his ball tightening as the other is added to it and his throat being put into the steel grip of Gideon's other hand.

"Stop... Please" He brought out as tears started flowing from his eyes, the pain was overwhelming, and he was heaving with every breath just to get in the necessary air.

But Gideon didn't stop, because Din still refused to talk. There were many other ways to torture someone, Din knew that, and he knew Gideon knew that too. Yet somehow Gideon seemed to have figured out that this —when in a smaller amount and with the person he trusted the most,— was what he enjoyed. Weaponizing it to try and break him.

His vision was already starting to go blurry, spots taking most of his sight away when the door broke open. He could barely make out two silhouettes at the entrance: one brown and one green.

There was the sound of a shot before Gideon let go of him, as his body dropped dead on the ground. Everything happening so fast nobody had time to react except for those silhouettes to take action. Din dropped flat on the ground where he lay still.

The green silhouette approaches and drops on his knees next to him, a bag filled with what sounds like metal falling at his side. When the person tried to grab him, he didn't move, just letting himself be dragged into an upright sitting position.

The figure now in front of him started digging through the bag and putting clothes on him, but it was not until the man talked that he truly got his mind back to the then and there. Because as the man leaned in closer he said: "Din, we're here to save you. Let me help put your armor back on."

He recognized Boba Fett's voice almost instantly, but he couldn't explain why hearing his own name mentally seemed to have brought him back quicker than the fact he heard his lover's voice. The two made eye contact as Din started to co-operate in getting the armor on.

The next thing he knew, Boba Fett pushed Din's helmet into his shaking hands. Only saying "If you want," before standing back up.

So he put his helmet on before letting Boba help him stand up. Walking to the door while leaning onto Boba, he hadn't walked for a while, hadn't bothered standing up most days. Reaching the door he recognized the figure standing there as being the Jedi he left Grogu with. The man had been standing with his back to the cell as Boba had gotten Din dressed.

Together the three got to the ships, Boba Fett and Din going into the Slave I while the Jedi went to his X-wing.

When Din had asked the Jedi why he came along, the Jedi explained that Boba had somehow found him and asked for help in saving him. Though Jedi and Mandalorian normally don't get along, he had felt like he owed Din that after how long Din had succeeded in keeping the child safe.

Din felt incredibly thankful to both Boba and the Jedi, not only because they had found him, but because they'd also found his armor, his second skin. How the Jedi had turned away from the cell while Boba had gotten him dressed and how neither had brought up the situation in which he had been found. All things he felt he could never thank them enough for.

Once they had gotten back to Tatooine, Boba took him along to his palace in Mos Espa. Landing the ship on the landing platform, Boba Fett was the first to stand up, he hadn't tried starting any conversation so Din hadn't said a word.

"Din, come, we're home." Boba said, gesturing Din to come along. So he did, following Boba close behind as they went inside.

Going inside he was greeted by Fennec, who after a stern look from Boba restrained herself from asking any questions. He greeted her back with a simple "Hello," his voice sounding the same as always with the helmet being able to just slightly alter most of the emotion out of his voice.

Din followed Boba upstairs. "Want a shower?" Boba asked, Din only nodded in response and he was taken to the bathroom. Inside he slowly took off his helmet again, putting it down on the stool in the corner.

Looking back up he walked closer to Boba and mumbled with a small voice, eyes down to prevent looking in Boba's. Not wanting to look at him with the chance he would be disappointed, or mad, or both. "Can you help with the shower?"

"Of course cyar'ika." Boba responded.

Boba started helping Din undress again, first taking off all the plates Beskar, before starting with the flight suit underneath. Yet when getting to the trousers, his hand reaching to undo the button that kept it closed, Din instinctively stepped back.

"Anything wrong?" Boba asked, immediately letting go of him. Din didn't respond, didn't know what to say, and just silently took them of himself. While he did Boba turned around to put on the shower, in the rain mode as he knew Din loved.

Boba helped Din into the shower, sitting him down on the bench that had been built into the wall. Letting the water rain down on him, Boba stepped out, and reappeared moments later also naked. Din took a moment to calm down the panic boiling up inside him, he knew why

Boba had done that, understood it, of course he wouldn't want to get his armor soaking wet, but he still needed a moment to prevent his brain from shutting down.

Boba helped him clean, getting the sweat and grease out of his hair as he massaged his hands through them, scrubbing Din's body, crouching to do his legs. It's only when Boba gets to cleaning his groin and behind that Din realizes how much dried up cum had built up down there, he had eventually given up on cleaning himself.

When Boba noticed as well, he stopped, also noticing how Din's breathing had gotten heavier and he was staring down at the ground. Boba sat down next to him and put his arms around him gently. Din burst out in tears at that moment, and eventually through his heaving breaths and coughs was able to explain to Boba all that had happened back in the ship of Moff Gideon.

He told Boba how Moff Gideon would come in almost every day. How he'd either use Din as his toy without a care for him, if he was okay, and how other days he would torture him with the things he used to love. Boba balling his fist while trying to stay calm.

Eventually Din calmed himself down, and got the rest of his body cleaned. That night Din fell asleep in Boba's arms, both wearing the flight suits they normally only wore below their armor while Boba whispered reassuring words in his ear.

A month had passed, and though things went better than at the start, Din still wasn't like before. Boba and Din had been in a relationship before he got captured, and that —to Din's relief— wasn't over. He really wouldn't have known what to do if Boba wasn't there with him.

He had spent most days following Boba around closely wherever he went. Boba had put it off as Mando being his bodyguard to anyone who dared to ask him, but in actuality Din just didn't want to be alone, and didn't have anything else to do.

The first time after his escape when Boba initiated them having sex, he hadn't declined it, but he hadn't really enjoyed it either. Scared that if he did deny Boba would leave him, yet it had not taken Boba long to notice how absent he acted during it, stopping before even having properly started. Din had instinctively begged "Stop, please" when Boba reached for his dick, and Boba had let go like he was touching a hot iron. Shocked by the desperate begging tone of his voice.

It was looking like Boba and Din wouldn't be having intimacy for quite a while, not until Din took initiative is what Boba promised himself. He knew the chances were big things would never truly be like before anymore, but Boba really didn't mind. He knew that as long as Din was happy he could take care of himself.

End Notes

I hope you enjoyed! Feel free to leave a kudos and comment if you did. :D

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