### On the Strip Spot

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**On the Strip Spot**

by **CaPowArsenic**, **nescamonster**

**Summary**

Ok so lets call a smut a smut, and say this started as just an excuse for some Jermwood and now it might become a thing...

What if things Had been a little different? What if instead of coming to Los santos and finding a crew, Jeremy had instead found a different line of work?

So this is FICTION useing CHARACTERS from the Gta let's plays. What written here is complete fiction and I do not support the actions of these fiction crimes ok? Wrong things are wrong people, this is just written because as humans we have a fascination for the darker side of life.

Seriously this has prostitution in it and absouletly brush up against dubious consent because of that at best, actual rape at worst, Just being catious, any tags you think i need let me know. I try and warn if theres anything particularly brutal in a chapter :) Here for enjoyment not to make anyone uncomfortable
the song Jeremy dances too is "I like it heavy" - Halestorm
I Like It Heavy

Backstage of On the Spot, Roosters strip joint, the stage manager Jon had allowed them to turn on the TV as footage from tonight’s heist played. FAKE AH crew, in another daring escapade that had one strippers heart in his mouth, Jeremy watching as Vagabond crawled out of a moving truck and onto its roof with a rocket launcher. No expression on that dead black mask, as he carefully balanced and pointed the weapon at the cars following.

The explosion happened then cut back to the newsroom, the news helicopter having to retreat or risk being blasted themselves.

“Honoured Guests! He’s a whole load of energy in one small sexy package! On The Spot is proud to present... Rimmy TIM!” Jon announced and the first strains of ‘I like it heavy’ started up with its electric guitar and the backtrack of claps whipping up the crowd. Jeremy cursed, that was his cue and he tore his eyes away from the tv towards the stage, his hair Orange and his tight Booty shorts were as well but his torso and shoulders were covered in Purple glitter. He wore a purple fedora and purple lined with orange vest that were there only to lose.

He took up his position behind the curtain pushing all thoughts away and let the beat take control, shaking his hips to the claps and mouthed along with song as he waited for the Curtain cue. “I see the good in the bad and the ugly…” he sung softly then pulled a grin on as the curtains started to open, the tell-tale On The Spot, spotlight, lighting him up and making his chest glitter. He had his head tilted forward, the hat covering his eyes, one hand on his brim, the other on a hip.

I need the volume louder than ten

It sounded like a packed house which was only good for him, the more tips he made the less the bosses came down on him, and to rile up the crowd he took the hand from his hip and wiggled his fingers in a beckoning motion that had the shouts of his stage name grow louder and the music increase. He stayed there teasingly, letting them all take him in only his hand moving, slowly going up and at the word red, he was pointing straight up the shouts ringing in his ears now.

He knew his routine well, and as the next lines played he shook his hand in time with the beat and now his legs were swaying too, going down slowly still not looking to the crowd until the drum hit that double tap and he bounced up, taking a stride forward and grinning like the demon the song sung of. He scanned the crowd but he didn’t let himself consciously be disappointed not to see his favourite customer, still no doubt busy.

He walked strutted around the stage to the beat, and the edge of it turning back to the curtains and swaying down again, hands running down his own sides and over his thighs, bouncing to the beat for two hits then he was up again and moving, now to the side of the stage and he was down on his knees at the line, tracing a hand over a random man’s face, drawing him up then with a wicked grin, shoving him away as he twisted up to his feet, showing his ass in those tight, tight pants listening to them all howl for him.

He made it back to the pole in time to put it to his back, grabbing it above him and below as the Beat hit heavy and the crowd screamed along with him, “Hallelujah Motherfucker take me Church!” He dropped hard and bounced up, throwing a leg up in a kick that hand hit clear over his own head and when his foot hit the stage he spun, still holding the pole but with it to his chest now and threw his hat out into the crowd with a spin to it as he grinded against the metal rod like a lover.

Jeremy wouldn’t say he loved his job, but fuck he was good at it.
He mussed a hand through his curls as he grinded, tipping his torso back, arching his back, only the hand around the pole and the fact it was between his thighs stopped him from falling. He lifted a leg, as he ran his hand over his chest, pulling his vest down his arm and shrugging it off. At the next screamed line, he spun around the pole, lifting both legs and only the strength of his arm kept him up as he twirled, the vest coming right off and onto the floor.

He moved with the music, his body knew how to move and he trusted it, the pole set into the rounded spot stage his partner and he rocked around it, eyes closing as he ran hands over himself, over his ass, spreading his knees and showing the inside of his thighs, his Rooster logo tattoo just visible under all that fabric, straining around his muscles covered by sweet soft little rolls around the hemline.

At the second chorus Jeremy was bouncing before one of the front rowers, letting a hand squeeze his hips for themselves while Jeremys hands were in the customers hair, when he saw him. Vagabond. Skull masked, jacket dark with soot, blood or oil, it was hard to tell in this light and a duffle over his shoulder. Jeremy’s breath caught and he rocked his hips forward then he was pushing away from his customer to get back at the pole.

He had to turn to show his back and ass to the crowd, bobbing down, running a hand over his own spine and thus lost sight of vagabond. He hoped his favourite customer was watching as he gripped the fabric between his cheeks firmly. When he came up, throwing his ass out towards the crowd, the pants came away in his hands as they were designed to do revealing a sinful strip of orange fabric across the top of his crack and a purple string running down to disappear between the cleft of his cheeks.

The crowd roared and Jeremy looked over his shoulder and couldn’t see vagabond over the hands in the air and the catcalls and hoots coming from men and women alike. He bit back his disappointment and he moved to finish his set, shaking hips to the beat again as he wrapped himself around the pole once more, the piece of purple lined orange fabric all what was between him and the metal, his thong not really protection at all from the eyes that were on him.

The last chorus was belting out and here was when he was meant to jump, grab high and spin down with only his leg wrapped around the pole, but as he was yelling the words a hand caught his and yanked him back off the stage into strong smoky smelling arms and Jeremy had a brief look at the Skull mask coming up revealing red and black painted face before he was being kissed messy to the whoops of the crowd.

“Bought and paid for loyal customers! Give it up for the Irresistible Rimmy TIM!” Jon’s voice announced over the fading music and the crowd begging to touch him too, but while he was claimed by The Vagabond, no straying hand brushed any part of his skin. No hand except the gloves of Vagabond, as his tongue invaded Jeremys mouth so did his fingers brush over his pecs and wrap around his stomach to squeeze his side.

As sudden as the possessive kiss was, it was over, Vagabond shoving him back up onto the stage and walking away with mask back in place as Jeremy got up to laughing and calls from his knees. He fixed a smile to his face and walked on rapidly steadying legs past Miles who had just started his routine, careful not to get in his way before he could get behind the curtain. Once there once again he was grabbed, this time by his manager and around his chin, pulling him to his toes for a quick sucking lips kind of kiss.

“Oh you beautiful boy you!” Jon praised him and didn’t let him go but stop pulling up so he could get on flat feet again, “You have any idea Vagabond just paid to have you right now?”

“ah-“
“A lot Jeremy, A-Lot! So go clean yourself up ASAP, and prep yourself double time because he’s paid for the rest of your night and in cash.” Jon was practically drooling with greed and he pushed Jeremy towards the showers, smacking his ass for good measure and biting his own lip with an appreciative grunt, “Love that ass Lil’J!” He called after him happily then spun on his heel to start clapping his hands at the other dancers, chiding the next one into being ready when miles came down.

Jeremy rushed into the showers, knowing Vagabond didn’t like all that glitter, he liked clean fresh skin ready to mark for himself. He scrubbed down with one hand and with the other he wiggled out of his thong, one of many and brushed fingers over his own entrance, taking Jon at his word to be quick. Soon the shower was fogged from the heat of water and body, Jeremy panting as he made himself open and his scrubbing became caresses, imagining soon how it won’t be his own hands on his body but Vagabonds.

“Jeremy? Dude your still here?” Miles voice cut through the fog in his Brain and whipped his hands out of himself and off his chest to behind his back. He paled when he really understood miles was there for a shower because it meant he had taken longer than he needed too. Miles widened eyes at him and pointed, “Dude vagabonds in Room 2, fucking go man, I’ll tidy up here for you.”

Jeremy didn’t need telling twice.

He rushed into the dressing room, ignoring Kyle completely to go to his section of the wardrobe. Vagabond loved tear away clothes he had learnt since becoming vagabonds favourite and after that kiss tonight, something Vagabond had never done, he knew he’d need something quick to shed. He was starting to panic when Kyle took mercy.

“lubes there, you work, I’ll dress.” He said firmly and Jeremy breathed a relieved sigh.

“Thanks so fucking much.” He said sincerely

Kyle waved him into the seat “Less yap, more fap buddy go on.” And so Jeremy did, grabbing the supplies and lifting a leg so he could get his well lubed fingers in, this time not getting lost in the sensation, just needing to be ready for vagabond in this no mess about mood he was already late for.

Kyle chose for him another Rimmy tim themed thong with a pair of slightly longer pants that still wear tight but not the clingy material of his Booty shorts. With that he picked a fishnet shirt that hid nothing and then he was helping Jeremy put ankles in and fingers just got out of the way before they slid over his groin. Between them both, he was ready in under a minute and the hugged it out before Jeremy had to dash away.

“Give him hell Rimmy!” Kyle called after him encouragingly but Jeremy was already gone.

“Dooley! What the hell? You’re not already-“ Jon was annoyed but Jeremy paused only long enough to put his hands up defensively, “I’m on my way now Mr risinger, I promise.”

“Then go!” and he was out into the crowd. Normally, it was slow going, people wanting to touch, to talk, to sample a kiss but with vagabonds display a little bubble of space appeared around him. He didn’t run through the crowd but it wasn’t a walk either and he ducked his head at Tyler, the pleasure room bouncer who rolled his eyes and cocked a thumb at Two.

Jeremy took a deep breath with his hand on the handle and then he stepped in.

“Your late.” A deep voice rumbled from behind the mask and Jeremy swallowed hard and opened his mouth.
“I don’t want to hear it. Sit.” Vagabond commanded, pointing a finger at the bed. Jeremy moved quickly to obey, taking in his favourite customer. Something was *off*. He still had on his jacket which was unusual, and the diet coke in its bucket of ice was untouched. There was the duffle he had carried by his feet and he had crossed his arms.

Jeremy Loved the Vagabond because despite all the tales and rumours, the vagabond was not as ferocious as people would expect. Sure the guy liked hickeys but so did lots of other people. And unlike other customers, vagabond would ask him how he was, if he was ok after. Would pay that bit extra for the time for Jeremy to recover. Never holding him, no but not walking out for the next person to walk straight in.

And there was pride being the only one Vagabond asked for.

Silence fell and Jeremy tried hard to fight his natural urge to move, to talk, do something. Vagabond simply became a statue, eyes staring at him through the sockets of a skull. This was more uneasy, more like what people would expect from the vagabond. But Jeremy thought he knew better, had heard a hint of a kinder soul underneath. And Jeremy was not a coward.

“Sir? Would you like-“

“did I say talk?” He got cut across and he shut his mouth with an audible snap. Vagabond unwound his arms and came closer, gesturing with a hand, “Stand up.”

Simple direct orders Jeremy understood and obeyed without question. Now the man was in front of him, he could see the marks on his jacket had been a combination of blood and soot, a gash in the upper arm a probable cause. Without thinking Jeremy reached out to touch it. He flinched at how quickly Vagabond moved, his wrist now in the mercenary’s grip faster than he saw the hand moving.

“Don’t.” Vagabond rumbled and he didn’t let go as with his other hand he reached up and pulled his mask off. Crystal blue eyes in Black lined sockets, the demonic paint smeared around the lips and rubbed around the forehead like he had swiped his forehead across to collect sweat. His black hair was starting to show its roots a darker blonde and pulled back in a bun.

Then his lips were on Jeremy’s again, demanding, hard and using the wrist he had captured, he put Jeremy’s hand to the zip of his jacket, a silent order he obeyed. Jeremy gripped the zip and pulled it down with vagabond’s help, his wrist being let go so Vagabond could grab his hips and grind their groins together. His lips being taken in a powerful kiss and he felt the bulge of Vagabonds interest rub against his own and he gasped, vagabond swallowing the noise with a rumble.

The jacket came off and hit the floor. The kiss grew harder, messier and vagabonds hands went from his hips over and then over his ass squeezing like he owned it and for the rest of this night he does. Vagabond proved that by pulling back and shoving Jeremy onto the bed then reaching down for his Jeans button.

“Take that excuse for a shirt off.” Vagabond ordered and Jeremy did, pulling it off and letting fishnet fall next to jacket. He risked a smile up at vagabond.

“I thought you liked that excuse for a shirt.” Jeremy teased but vagabond wasn’t in the mood for it, kicking his jeans and underwear off in one go and stroking himself to full hardness. Jeremys smile fell slightly, Vagabond wasn’t normally this silent with him.

“Open your mouth.” Or this demanding. Jeremy did and vagabond’s hands were in his hair guiding him down onto his cock, rocking into his mouth without warm up. Jeremy let his jaw relax as he was used, and he put hands on Vagabonds thighs instinctively but didn’t push him away. The skin
trembled and Jeremy looked up at his face.

Vagabond’s eyes were closed and mouth was open, a look of concentration on his face as he steadily fucked into Jeremys warm mouth. A bead of blood was slowly traveling down the white on Vagabonds forehead and Jeremy understood. Vagabond had come close to death this night, that’s what was wrong with him.

So Jeremy made his hands soft on Vagabonds thighs and started rubbing him gently, a silent assurance that this was ok, that he was fine. He hummed around him as he sucked, closing his eyes as he concentrated on being everything Vagabond needed.

“Fuck~” Vagabond breathed in pleasure then pulled Jeremy off his cock with a wet noise, Jeremy looking up at him again, lips ruddy as he licked them dry. Vagabonds voice was quaky, “On the bed.” He said and Jeremy wiggled back after another caress of thigh. He got on his belly which was how Vagabond normally liked him only for strong hands on his hips to turn him.

“On your back.” Vagabond ordered huskily and Jeremy hid his surprise, rolling for the touch then gasping himself when vagabond threw himself over the smaller man, mouth at his throat, sucking as hands thumbed his nipple and squeezed his sides. His cocked rubbed against the fabric of Jeremys pants, Vagabonds hips between his legs making him open and he hooked his feet behind his customer.

“Fuck, Tim…” vagabond sighed into his skin, rocking against him and Jeremy gasped again, the friction against his own bulge a sharp pleasure.

“Vagabond.” He sighed back the hickey being sucked into his skin a pain he’d pay to be held like this. Tight and wanted but soft and cared for.

Vagabond sat up and grabbed his pants, tearing them off and catching his breath at the sight of Jeremys underwear, reaching down to caress him through the thin fabric. Jeremys head went back and he moaned, rocking up at the touch, Vagabond tracing him through the orange silk, the tip of him poking out from the top.

“So gorgeous. So alive Tim.” Vagabond purred shifting so his cock was pressed against him, rubbing as he gently worked his hips, pleasuring them both as he ran hands over Jeremys body, “You’re so alive up there dancing, your eyes are beautiful, full of life.” Vagabond was saying softly and Jeremy flushed a pretty pink unsure what he should do. Sweet nothings were not a part of his job.

This was more his job, vagabond finally freeing him, taking two fingers and snapping the string on his hip, pulling the tiny bit of fabric away then pulling the ruined thing down his leg, Jeremy lifting it helpfully so he could take it off his ankle. Vagabond adjusted himself putting a leg over Jeremys thigh so he was straddling it as the stripper reached the bowl of condoms beside the bed and opened one.

He past it to Vagabond who rubbed fingers at Jeremys entrance as he rolled it down his own cock, pleased he was already prepared for him. Jeremy groaned and tried to rock onto the fingers, sliding down to the knuckles. Vagabond wasn’t interested in play however, so he withdrew and rubbed lube onto his covered cock before he lined himself up to slide in.

Straddling one leg, vagabond hugged the other, taking advantage of Jeremys flexibility to lean forward as he pressed in, hooking the knee over his shoulder. Vagabond pushed in till his hips were flush against Jeremy spread ass the stripper groaning in satisfaction at being filled so nicely, stretched pleasantly and back arching off the bed as the angle vagabond had chosen was right on the magic button inside him.
Vagabond moaned sinfully above him then started to thrust into his well-prepared hole with abandon, putting one hand on Jeremys stomach to steady himself and wrapping the other around the leg pressed against his chest, rubbing his face against Jeremys calf as he fucked into him.

“So fucking good Tim, ah, so good.” Vagabond rumbles as he moves turning to graze teeth on the muscle of Jeremys leg, eyes closing as he enjoyed his favourite stripper who was definitely enjoying him. Every thrust inside him was knocking his prostate and Jeremy was whimpering as he got his own enjoyment out of this. His own untouched self bounced against his stomach with every smack of vagabond’s groin against his ass, the only noises besides the soft rumbles of Vagabond and the breathy pants past Jeremys bitten lips.

“let me hear it.” Vagabond gushed, “I wanna hear you cry for me.”

Jeremy let his lip go and let the broken moans spill out as they will, writhing underneath Vagabond sure grip and pinned by the man’s weight over his as he moved inside him in an even hard pace. Vagabond watches his face, seeing the whines and cries be milked from the stripper who despite being thoroughly pinned down was trying to move with him to get better friction.

“Oh~ lovely, like music Tim, fuck, like fucking music.” Vagabond purred and he handled Jeremy, pushing his leg down, not pulling out as he rolled Jeremy onto his side, his leg not being straddled now around the opposite hip of Vagabond who grabs his hip and his ass and increases his pace, slamming into him hard with a grunt at every push.

“Fuck, Fuck, call my name.” Vagabond panted then commanded, leaning over him, moving hand from ass to hair, pulling it back in a painful tug.

“V-v-vagabond!” Jeremy yelled out the burn of his pulled hair nothing to how his ass was being pounded and the heat in his gut as he came closer to spilling on the bed without even being touched.

“Again!” He demanded yanking back hair.

“Vagabond!”

“Again!”

“VagaBond...” he groaned out as Vagabond gripped him hard and his thrusts became uneven and rapid and Vagabond started a choking cry as he came inside him, fucking him through it and Jeremy cried out in relief as Vagabond gasped, “Come for me.” And Jeremy needed to stroke himself only once before he was coming onto the bed, Vagabond still rocking into him, his hand so tight it bruised his hip and his hair threatened to be pulled out from grip alone.

Vagabond slumped over Jeremy, panting over him as his body covered the strippers a shiver and a pulse going through him as Jeremys over sensitive hole clenched every now and again. They simply breathed together, Vagabonds mouth at neck all his weight down on him. Jeremy made no word of complaint however making only tiny involuntary noises when Vagabond finally moved, pushing up off Jeremys body, grasping himself and pulling out of Jeremys well used ass.

When Vagabond moved off him Jeremy rolled onto his back again, stretching out his aching leg from being pushed so far up and rubbed his thigh with both hands as he watched Vagabond. Vagabond carefully took the condom off and tied it throwing it into the waste basket provided. During their sex, the gash on his arm had bleed coating down to his elbow and Jeremy now became aware some of the stick on him wasn’t just lube and sweat but blood, a half hand print in congealed blood on his bruised hip.
Vagabond's head had also bled more, a long trail down his forehead and around his eye. Not that he seemed to care, only noting his injuries then walking to the duffle bag and opening it. Jeremy avoided looking when he saw a few stacks of Blood flecked cash, looking instead to the bed with his mess on it. Once he had pulled the top sheet off Vagabond was back to sit on the end of the bed and attempt to stitch himself at an awkward angle.

“Sir?” Jeremy asked cautiously and was not shut down this time, vagabond not pausing what he was doing with the sewing kit on his thigh but he hummed permission to speak to him.

“Would you like me to sew that? I have done stitching before.” He offered and vagabond twisted slightly to look at him considering. Jeremy knew what he must think, here’s a soft little fuck toy thinking he knew something about real injuries and Jeremy flushed. Vagabond nodded however and offered the needle.

“Have at it.” Vagabond said making Jeremy move before he could change his mind, kneeling behind Vagabond on the bed and taking the needle in sure fingers. Despite his body shivering his hands were steady as he sewed shut the sickly gash and using the handtowel Vagabond handed him, wiped away the blood. Vagabond looked at his handiwork carefully and apparently judged it acceptable because he pushed his hair that had come free of its tie out of the way so Jeremy could stitch his head as well.

He had to wonder at the fact vagabond didn’t flinch at any part of the progress or make any noise of discomfort at all. Jeremy put down the needle and Vagabond caught his hand, Jeremy looking up into his face.

“Thank you.” He said and Jeremy smiled shyly.

“you’re welcome. Can’t have my favourite customer falling to bits.” He joked and Vagabond blinked and then a grin tugged on painted lips.

“I’m your favourite? You’re just saying that.” Vagabond said and Jeremy chuckled nodding.

“No it’s true. You’re the best, Vagababy.” He teased and was delighted at the deep rumbling laugh Vagabond gave. The smile he had could split faces Jeremy was so happy with that. Vagabond petted his hand and took the kit back, moving back to the duffle and putting it in, pulling out makeup wipes to roughly clean his face.

“lay on the bed.” Vagabond told him without looking so Jeremy obeyed. Vagabond had booked him for the whole night after all. Vagabond after wiping his face, paint clinging around his eyes and bits in his scruff, moved over to the door with his fresh face and a hand gun, double checking it was locked and putting a chair jammed under the handle.

He came over to the bed and crawled in, lying dead in the middle, Jeremy shuffling over for him. Vagabond slid his gun under the pillow and lay his head on it with a long sigh. He opened an eye to fix on Jeremy.

“you can lay down next to me you know. I think at this point you wouldn’t need the invitation.” He said wryly and Jeremy cursed his easy blush as he laid out against Vagabonds side, on his back and hands to himself. Vagabond sighed heavily again and Jeremy bit out a half yelp when the mercenary moved, rolling on his side slightly pulling a hand out from under the pillow to grab Jeremys far hand and pull it so it slid over vagabonds back.

Jeremy got the idea and snuggled into Vagabonds side, his head resting on his shoulder blade, a leg hooked over his, pressed up against him. Now Jeremy was in a position he wanted, vagabond put his
hand back under the pillow presumably to wrap back around the gun hilt.

“Talk to me, Tim.” Vagabond rumbled, his eyes closing again.

“About what?” Jeremy asked surprised but willing to obey.

“Anything.”

Jeremy tried to think of a topic he might share with The Vagabond, their lives so different, only coming together for these brief moments of hard desperate sex then splitting before the sweat had dried. This was different once again and Jeremy privately thought he was going to research the Heist Vagabonds Crew had done tonight first chance he could.

A few weeks ago, Vagabond had been on the news again, joyriding with the Golden boy in a ridiculously painted low-rider of glaring gold.

“Um, you like low-riders, right?” Jeremy checked and he took the hum as a yes and started telling Vagabond on the dream car Jeremy wanted one day. A Car that was just that, a dream. He was tied to deeply to this place and even if somehow Jeremy could earn his freedom, Trevor had been dragged into this mess and he couldn’t leave without his friend.

Not that he told any of that to Vagabond.

“and the colours will be mine, the Rimmy Tim colours. Just like your things the skull Vagabond.”

“Ryan.” The name was muttered sleepily. Jeremy looked at the lax face, almost dismissing it as sleep talk when he spoke again, “My name is Ryan.”

Jeremy felt warmth spread in his chest. No one knew Vagabonds name. It was his most trusted possession. And he had just trusted it to Jeremy. To show how well he’d keep it, Jeremy said nothing again that night, Vagabond slipping into a deep sleep as his stripper held him tight, running fingers up and down his spine and smiling softly in the dark.
Slip Up

Chapter Summary

A small slip of the tongue could ruin everything

Jeremy was woken by a firm hand on the inside of his knee, lifting it up. Somehow he had slept through the Re-lubeing of his hole because Vagabond slid in with an easy sigh. It was still dark as Vagabond gently humped into him, his satisfied breath in his ear and his hand keeping Jeremys leg up to keep him open for Vagabonds ministrations.

It was still Dark but since there was no natural light in these rooms, it could be anytime. But Jeremys internal sense of time told him it was early morning before the sun has risen. Vagabond didn’t seem to want anything but from him so he just relaxed and let himself enjoy the dangerous mercenary glued to his back.

Vagabond took his time this time around, a sweet constant driving into him, hot breath tickling his ear and little nips of his skin at the sensitive back of his neck that made him shiver. Vagabonds breath started coming in harder and he gave a little satisfied moan as he lifted Jeremys leg a little higher making the stripper groan himself.

“Do you like this Tim?” Vagabond muttered in to his neck sending a wave of heat down his spin because Yes, Jeremy did like this. He nodded his agreement then gasped when Vagabonds other arm wiggled out from between them and around to run down his chest and brush over a nipple, drawing another sweet whimper.

“Answer me.” Vagabond demanded quietly as he pushed into him pointedly having Jeremy rock back into it.

“Yes. I like this.” Jeremy said a slight tremor to his words. Vagabond growled and the next kiss to his neck had a bit more than a pinch of teeth, sucking a hard painful mark that would have his teeth shaped into it and Jeremy giving a soft sound of discomfort. Discomfort rapidly shivering into pleasure when Vagabond licked over the mark.

“Move Tim.” He ordered huskily, shifting himself trying to stay inside the smaller man as his hands helped guide Jeremy how he wanted him. Soon Jeremys chest was flat to the bed and his hips canted at a slight angle, once again Vagabond was taking advantage of Jeremys flexibility having his legs scissored out around the Vagabonds waist as he started moving with rhythm once again, practically laying on the shorter male as he took his pleasure from him.

“god damn… I should take a whole night again, you are a damn sight to wake up to Tim.” Vagabond growls out, “you looked so sweet, so cute, needed this again.”

Jeremy flushed in a way that had nothing to do with the heat building inside him, the complements sounding so sincere in Vagabonds lust roughened timbre. Vagabond shifted his own knee under Jeremys thigh better, making it higher and causing the angle to change just enough Jeremy saw stars. Vagabond gave a low chuckle when he heard Jeremys breathing suck in and moan out.

“thatta Boy Tim. Make some noise for me.” He asked and Jeremy gave, whining and whimpering
then crying out as Vagabond picked up the pace, groaning and panting himself, words dripping from his lips onto the man below.

“Fuck, so good, *ah*~ so soft, so, *fuck*, warm.”

Jeremy shuddered underneath him, the words like honey to someone who hears a lot of derogatory terms when he’s been paid for and he mewled softly, as he gripped the sheets of the bed in a tightly clenched hand. Vagabonds chuckle came again as he heard the noise only to change into a groan as he was reaching his peak.

“You know what I wanna hear.” He said in a harsh rush, Jeremy whimpering then saying what Vagabond wanted.

“V-vagab-bond.” He choked out for him and vagabonds arm came down next to his head, vagabond’s forehead between his shoulder blades.

“Again.” He breathed and Jeremy yelled it.

“Vagabond!”

“touch yourself.” He was ordered, vagabonds thrusts now sloppy and near violent, Jeremy thanking his stars that Vagabond liked it when Jeremy finished too. He wrapped a hand around his own cock, made a bit difficult by how he’s pressed into the bed but enough to get the friction he needed and he panted and cried out for Vagabond as he tipped over.

The man inside him built up in huffs then slotted himself deep as he spilled, choking out, “Say my name.”

Jeremy obeyed, his mind afire, seeing white as he came, clenching around Vagabond and stroking himself onto the bed.

“*oh, ah, Ryan!*” he cried then it was choked off by a hand constricting around his throat. He couldn’t breathe and Vagabond was still then after a second, pulled out of him and the hand came off his throat to throw his shoulders back over on the bed, Jeremy now on his back and despite mess, Vagabond was straddled over him and hands were back on his neck, Jeremy grabbing forearms looking up at a maddened face.

“The *fuck* did you hear that Name?” Vagabond hissed furious, ignoring the desperate bucking beneath him or the hands slapping at his grip Jeremys face turning red as his air was cut, “*No one* knows that name!”

Jeremy’s head pounded and his chest ached for air, his nails doing nothing against Vagabonds tight grip, and he tried to mouth the words that might save him. Apparently, vagabond was practised at reading blue lips on a suffocating face because he let up and sweet, sweet oxygen could be taken in once more through a hoarse throat. Jeremy didn’t care of the scratch of breathing, just sucking in as much as his lungs could hold.

“What do you mean I did!?” Vagabond demanded his answer, not giving an impression he was willing to wait until Jeremys breathing was back under control nor that he was moved by the tears falling unbidden down the sides of the lad’s face.

“L-last night.” Jeremy coughed out, each word like razors to his throat, “Said, your name. told me.”

Oh god he was going to die because vagabond slipped up. He could see the very same thought cross vagabonds face before it hardened into determination and Jeremy sent a thought to Trevor, so sorry
he had ever dragged him into this mess and now would be leaving him alone in it. Vagabond brought his face close, hands still on his throat, rubbing against the bruised skin.

“You listen carefully. You never heard that fucking name... Are we understood?” Vagabond said low and dangerous, Jeremy letting his fear show in his eyes and nodding against the hands that held him still, “That name doesn’t exist. You never heard it, you’ll never repeat it. This will never be spoken of again or I’ll finish what I started here. You got that?”

Jeremy never stopped nodding a fearful whimper this time coming out and Vagabond relented, slowly straightening up and looking down on him as his hands drew away.

“That never should have happened. I won’t be sleeping beside you again.” Vagabond said a tiny bit softer, the closest to an apology Jeremy knew he was going to get and the bed creaked as vagabond moved off him and got up, grabbing the gun as he went. Jeremy was shaking hard, his own fingers brushing his neck feeling heat throb around it, blood already rushing to make it a blue ring.

Vagabond calmly got dressed, not looking to the Stripper having a Near death experience on the bed. Jeremy watched frozen as Vagabond became the untouchable mercenary once more, his mask settling over his face and he picked up the duffle and over the shoulder it went. He pulled the chair away letting it fall then he pulled his gun which he had put back into it holster and levelled it at Jeremy who scrambled up to against the headboard, staring at his death.

“Say my name.” Vagabond demanded through the skull, Jeremys tongue tripping on itself in a rush.

“Vagabond!”

“Thatta boy.” He was praised and the gun went away and so did Vagabond.

All the adrenaline in him was making Jeremy shake and then to his horror his body dealt with the fear he had just experienced how it could. Great broken sobs started and he pulled his knees up so he could hug them, pressing his face to his kneecaps as he bawled.

He hated it. Hated being helpless. Hated being pushed around. Unable to stop it from happening. Vagabond, the vagabond was his nicest customer. What did that say about the rest? And now he was gone because Jeremy couldn’t keep his mouth shut on what had obviously been a slip up made from exhaustion and near death. It had been a false intimacy and now Vagabond was gone and the only time he’d see him again is if the Skulled mercenary decided to just kill him.

A tap on the wood of the door and Jeremy was sucking in breaths trying to stop the sobs that were choking him anyway with his wheezing throat. The door opened and Tyler looked in and around and spotted him on the bed. He made a face of annoyance as Jeremy wiped his face quickly, trying to still his hiccups as Tyler came fully in, a bathrobe in his hand.

“Come here Rimmy.” He said sounding put out as Jeremy crawled off the bed and came close, accepting the robe and putting it on as Tyler started pushing fingers under his chin to inspect his throat.

“Vagabond said you did well. Paid a very good tip. This the only damage?” it was standard to report everything that could affect his job. So Jeremy showed Tyler the bruising on his side and the marks over his neck and shoulders. Tyler noted it all down and tapped his notebook with his pen looking to him again, Jeremy tying the robe so he was decent once more.

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“Alright, well, go easy on the throat, we might need you to visit the doc to double check that, don’t want your windpipe collapsing do we?” he joked with a half grin which Jeremy did not return, just
wanting to go home and sleep for a week in his own bed. Tyler sighed again and rolled a shoulder.

“I’ll leave that to the boss. You should be ok to go home until your shift tonight. Mr Risinger did leave a note saying he wanted you in an hour early for a chat.” Jeremy looked at him sharply and Tyler raised a hand, “I don’t know what about, just he wants you in. You good to get home?”

He was and he moved as quickly as he could with his legs and ass aching, and each breath was a pain to take in and breath out. Into the empty locker rooms to get his day clothes, a simple shirt and jeans with a jacket over the top for the early morning chill. He grabbed his phone and saw a few messages from his friends. He ignored them, he’d be home soon enough.

The Los Santos streets were never fully stopped but they were quiet in the predawn hours. Jeremy left On the Spot, Tyler seeing him out and locking the door behind him but not before handing Jeremy a large wad of cash he didn’t count, just tucked into his pocket. The stripper didn’t look back as he looked both ways and crossed the street in a speed walk to avoid cars that were coming. He stuck his hands in his jacket pockets and hunched his shoulders against the chill as he walked the blocks from his work to his house.

Well, not his house, but the place lived. This house was owned By Roosters, which one not important, just that it was a share house for the male strippers of On the Spot. His friends and co-workers and one, very worried adoptive brother asleep on the porch, sitting on the steps and lax face pressed against the Porch fence.

“Trevor.” Jeremy called hoarsely as he got closer, breaking into a short trot as Trevor startled badly, throwing himself back then scrambling up to his feet, looking about and spotting Jeremy.

“Jeremy, you sound like a lawn mower.” He joked with a relieved smile that quickly turned horrified as the sunlight just peeping over the horizon touched Jeremys neck and the true cause of his ragged voice was revealed.

“Jeremy.” Breathed Trevor, grabbing him by the coat and yanking him in so he could get a closer look at the finger marks around his Friends neck, “What happened?”

“Vaga, hem, Vagabond.” Jeremy had to clear his throat partway but he got the name out and Trevor’s face hardened with concern.

“What set him off? I know he likes it hard but he’s never hurt you like this before.” Trevor pried making Jeremys palms sweat and his heart start to pound. He shrugged and touched fingers to his throat croaking out ‘hurts’ to get Trevor to drop it.

“Oh, fuck I’m sorry, you must be- god I’m an asshole, let’s go in.” Trevor instantly was contrite realising he was keeping Jeremy from the comfort of their own house. They came in and miles shuffled to his doorway, all the doors bar the front and the back were missing in this house for random inspections, hair mussed from sleep and bags under his eyes.

“Hey, your home- what is that?” miles spotted the neck too. Jeremy wished he had the ability to sigh again.

“Jer says Vagabond did it.”

“why?”

“Dunno. And it’s too sore to explain apparently.”

OK so Trevor wasn’t going to let it drop. But for now, Trevor got the cream to help bruising fad
faster and miles decided to give up on sleep in favour of helping out his friend. Miles threw on a shirt over his pyjama bottoms and came out to the kitchen as Trevor was rummaging through the first aid kit.

“Here, this will help soothe what you got going on there.” Miles said placing a glass of water on the table. Jeremy smiled a thanks at him, knowing miles had been choked himself the last time Heyman had taken him. Which reminded Jeremy who put the glass down as Trevor came back and pointed about the fridge at their tribute lockbox.

Miles grabbed it down, Trevor sitting in a seat next to Jeremy to very gently rub the cream in. Heyman, the senior rooster, liked to be rough with his purchases, extremely so. He also liked to pick on them, making their already horrid lives harder. So they had put their heads together and used the only shield the could with Heyman… Money.

Jeremy pulled out the wad of cash that was his tip and tossed it onto the table to slide up against the box. He hadn’t looked at it properly until now when miles gasped and picked it up. It was a single bundle of twenty’s still with the official bank tie and miles flicked through it before he looked to Jeremy and Trevor.

“There’s like ten thousand dollars of Twenties here.” He said breathlessly and Jeremy shrugged even as his heart ached. Seemed vagabond paid a nice severance fee. This was the Tip meaning he must have paid quite the sum for Rimmy Tim’s time or Tyler never would have handed it over.

“jeez, did you know about this before you went in?” Trevor asked gesturing at his throat. Sometimes they got paid extra for rough treatment. Of course, they didn’t decide, their manager, Jon decided on how rough he’d allow the customers to be.

Jeremy shook his head and winced, swallowing thickly and miles swapped his milk for warm water. Jeremy raised a brow at the man as he put the money in the box and the box away.

“Cold water makes muscles cease up. Warm makes them loose. Trust me, you want warm water.” He said knowledgably. Jeremy nodded again and trusted, drinking little sips past the ring of pain on his neck. Once Trevor was done with the cream, Jeremy put his hand up to it trying to soothe the pain.

“m going ta bed.” Jeremy croaked.

“We’ll be in to check on you every hour. Try to elevate yourself.” Miles coached getting a thumbs up in return. Jeremy stood up with a wince, his muscles aching and he started to hobble away but paused to look back at the two who were starting up breakfast.

“guys.” He said once to get their attention, “Favour?” dual nods, “find what happened. Fake heist?” God as time went on it was harder to speak but though they were clearly confused they agreed.

“Sure Jer, I’ll ask Matt to put together something for ya once he wakes up.” Trevor assured him and miles pointed, “now get your ass to bed Mr, before I go full mama hen and trust me you do not wanna see ol’Miles go full mother hen.”

Jeremy grinned at his friends thankful for them even as he was saddened they were here for him because they were trapped as well. They all were. He hobbled to his bedroom where he shed clothes and grabbed his comfort pyjama’s, soft full length and loose cotton pants. It was so nice to slid them on and know they weren’t going to be taken from him. That anyone who saw him in them would think he’s just a regular dude in his pyjama’s. No one would guess what he was in these.
He got under the covers and put pillows behind him against the headboard so he was half sitting up and closed his eyes. He wondered what vagabond did when he wasn’t killing through the city for his gang or at On The Spot banging Jeremy.

“You mother fucker!”

“I said I was sorry Geoff.”

“Sorry?!” Geoff’s voice cracked as he shook the duffle Ryan had returned to him, “It’s fucking empty!”

“Don’t exaggerate, I barely used half.” Ryan pointed out and sighed when Geoff through the bag at his feet. The crew were torn between amused and irritated at him as they watched from various places around the penthouse.

Gavin was heavily in the amused category, making happy little squeaks and huffing a laugh over the exchange by his spot on the couch next to Michael, kneeling on the couch so he could shamelessly look over the back of it. Michael was somewhere in the middle, head tipped back and arms crossed with a small smile on his face.

Jack was leant up against the kitchen counter, her hands against the counter top behind her and her anger was something more contained then Geoff’s. Geoff who was that deep red mad and had his sleeves scrunched up around his elbows as he yelled at his teammate who had been missing since the heist.

“On what Ryan?!” he demanded to know and Ryan rolled a shoulder, unaffected by the rage in front of him.

“Stress relief.”

“the fuck does that mean?!”

“Means I was a little stressed and then I paid some money and now I’m relieved of it.” Ryan pointed out logically and cut across the words Geoff was about to shout by pointing at the duffle, “I just used my share before it was split, that’s all. I don’t see the problem here Geoff. Just wash it down with the rest and don’t cut me in when you deal it back out. Simple.”

“Simple?!”

“Yes. Simple. Are you feeling alright Geoff? You don’t seem to be comprehending what I say.” Ryan asked as his tongue tripped making Gavin howl with laughter and Michael chuckle as Geoff literally hopped with anger.

“BECAUSE YOU DON’T FUCKING SPEAK ENGLISH AND WHEN YOU DO YOU MAKE NO SENSE YOU CRAZY SON OF A BITCH.”

“look in my defence-“

“YOU RAN OF WITH A PART OF THE TAKE AND WENT RADIO SILENT ASSHOLE! YOU HAVE NO FUCKING DEFENCE!”

“Look in my defence-“
“Bah!” Geoff turned away from him, grabbing the duffle and waving a hand at Jack, “You fucking try talking to him! Gavin!” Gavin stopped laughing to look at the boss, “Let’s see how much of my money vagaIDIOT has spent.”

Gavin hopped over the back of the couch and petted Ryan’s shoulder as he past, the mercenary smiling at the lad fondly as he winked at the gent.

“Glad you’re not dead Rye.”

“was that ever a concern?” Ryan asked and Gavin chuckled making his fingers close but not touch before he darted into the heist room with their boss. Ryan smiled then looked to Jack, Michael turning on the TV with a soft, “Fucking moron.” And ignoring the gents.

Jack raised a brow and Ryan sighed, that look doing more to make him feel guilty then all of Geoff’s shrieking anger.

“Look.”

“Ryan…”

“I know”

“Then why?”

“I just… I needed to ok?” Ryan flushed and looked away. The crew thought he was quiet and creepy but really, he hid his face because he was terrible at lying. Its why he had developed the ability to talk around things without actually lying and he wore a mask not just to hide his identity but to hide his honest face.

Jack pushed away from counter and lay a large hand on his shoulder, trying to make the man look at him. Ryan avoided his gaze.

“Ryan, are you ok?” Jack asked with concern so Ryan nodded his head.

“I did what I had too to be ok again jack.”

“If you need to talk-“

“I’m good thanks anyway jack.” Ryan said softly petting Jacks hand and leaving him for the shower. He heard Michael shuffle on the couch and ask jack.

“The hells up with him?”

“Dunno, but we can just be supportive of whatever the hell it is.”

Ryan didn’t even know what it was but he appreciated the thought. He could always count on his Crew to be supportive. He just couldn’t bring himself to admit his shame. Or reveal his secret treasure.

And Rimmy Tim was a treasure.

Ryan had never meant for this to begin. He would never set foot in a strip club for himself. Occasionally he’ll go out with the rest of the crew but that’s it. But his mark, forever curse his cooling corpse, had slipped into the Club forcing Ryan to follow. The club had been packed and he had been tracking incognito, so he had been just another faceless leer in the crowd.
He wasn’t going to give the stage a second look but his single glance had him staring within moments. Rimmy Tim moved in a way that spoke of contained strength. His flexibility was to be envied and his laughing mouth and shining eyes enchanted the mercenary. And the colours, so bright and so attention drawing, something completely foreign to Ryan’s world that made his mouth water with a want to touch.

After Rimmy’s dance, Ryan was released from him spell, or so he thought capturing his mark slipping out the back into the alley and sunk his knife deep into his side. It wasn’t true however as for the next few days, Rimmy Tim danced in his mind splitting his concentration until only Michaels quick reflexes had stopped Ryans distracted hand from setting off the wrong charge.

That night he went back, going straight from the job to the club. Vagabond entering the establishment had caused a wave of unease that he ignored. Jon risinger had approached him with a nervous smile on his face and his bouncer standing behind him, a useless comfort of false safety.

“Can I help you Mr Vagabond?” He had been asked respectfully and Ryan had been looking around for that orange and purple. He turned attention to Risinger who grinned wider to be looked at, an attempt to look friendly.

“The Purple and Orange dancer.” Ryan had said in his Vagabond voice and Jon had a single twitch of his head to show his surprise.

“You’re here for Rimmy Tim? May I ask what he has done to Rise the anger of the Fakes? He’s a valuable assets is all and last thing id wish to do is get between-“

“Asset?”

And that’s how Ryan had learnt for a hefty sum he could purchase Rimmy Tim’s time to do with what he likes. Jon had been so relieved that Vagabond was here to purchase rather than murder anyone that he had let Vagabond have Rimmy Tim for half price that first night.

After that First night, Ryan knew he would be back, many, many times over. Rimmy Tim was Sweet, and Shyly funny, and by god the best sex Ryan had ever had. He liked the quiet humour Rimmy sometimes risked, and the way he took everything Ryan gave him, bouncing back within moments, a proof of strength that Ryan enjoyed.

A strength he couldn't enjoy any longer. Not with his slip. He had never meant to reveal his name, that was reserved for only the trusted but...

He had come so close to dying last night. So close he thought he had died. The cop that pulled the trigger against his skull was out of bullets but it hadn't stopped his heart stuttering with fear.

He didn't know when he had decided to see Tim, but he needed it. Needed to feel alive, convince himself he was still here. What better way to feel alive then in the embrace of the wildfire that was Rimmy Tim.

He hadn't realised how badly he had been shaken. So comforted by the human touch he's fallen asleep, letting Rimmy Tim know his name so, god, had he died in his sleep at least Tim could remeber the man and not the mercenary.

But it was over now. He couldn't go back.
Could he?
Chapter Summary

It's been awhile since Vagabond had been to visit and Jeremy knew he'd pay the price without vagabonds generous tips, he hadn't met his quota and Jon isn't happy.

Chapter Notes

I know, i know... Just... Ok?
anyway little warning here, just a reminder that this treads in the dangerous area of non consent so read carefully. If you don't want to read Dark smut, then heres your sign that maybe there's other fics for you to enjoy, alot fluffyer then this chapter
But if you like angsty stuff then enjoy!

“Jeremy, you gotta eat something.” Trevor said and Jeremy blinked and looked up at his friend then around the table. It was four in the afternoon, typical dinner time for the six here before they went into work. Miles and Kyle had cooked a stew for everyone and where eating theirs standing together chatting in the kitchen. Trevor was next to Jeremy and Andy next to him, giving him a brief smile before he looked back at his phone texting one of his paying Partners. Cole tilted his head next to Jeremy and tapped his spoon against the bowl.

“Not hungry?”

“No not really.” Jeremy sighed, his throat almost completely healed two and a half weeks on. It was Game night tonight and Jon had all but said if Jeremy didn’t make quota for this week, he was going to be selected as a contestant. Without Vagabond paying for him, he hadn’t made it. He hated game night.

Trevor and Cole exchanged looks, a secret pact between the others that whoever was selected to play against Jeremy would purposely lose. They worried for him and kept from him their plan. Cole turned his eye back to Jeremy.

“cheer up lil’J, maybe it’ll be a low crowd.” He tried and Trevor shot him a silencing look, Cole pointedly going back to his own bowl as Trevor tried himself.

“just get through tonight and tomorrows you day off. Huh? Stay in, play some Xbox? Sounds fun, right?”

Jeremy nodded morosely and ate a tasteless spoonful of nutrients. He had a feeling he’d be seeing the contents of this bowl again. His stomach was as good as keeping threats as Risinger was.

After he forced half down, his bowl was picked up by the others, Jeremy gently but firmly told to go get ready for the walk over. They all had times when they were hitting bottom, and Jeremy had helped them. Now it was time for them to help him.
“I’m going to volunteer.” Miles said once Jeremy had ducked into his room and they heard him hit the bed.

“Miles, you know we can’t. If we do, Risinger will know the games rigged.” Kyle pointed out and miles glared at him, the five huddled together to talk.

“Who held me up my first set after Heyman?” Miles asked Kyle harshly, his friend dropping his eyes. Miles had been the last one chosen by heyman, their tribute not enough for the man’s tastes to pass up on a night of fun. Miles had been taken and delivered back to them, still tied in ropes all over his naked body in a box on their porch.

There was no such thing as a Sick day and so Jeremy had been the one to hold Miles up and somehow turn his dead legged flailing into a sexy double dance so Miles avoided Risinger’s wrath. No one wanted Risinger angry at them. The charismatic Manager could be vicious when stirred.

“Jeremy did, we know but we’re telling you, if you volunteer, Risinger controls the points, he’ll just make him lose and you win.” Trevor said sadly and miles clenched a fist and growled quietly in frustration.

“What an asshole.” Andy muttered looking at his phone which Cole angrily snatched, “Hey!”

“Earth to Escort, we got a friend in need on our hands.”

“Give me my phone. I need it Cole, this isn’t funny.”

“Give him his phone.” Jeremy said in a monotone and Andy snatched it back, quickly checking Cole hadn’t sent any nonsense. Trevor stepped forward with his hands out to his old friend, “Jeremy we-“

“I expect anyone I’m up against tonight to do their best to avoid the redemption challenge.” Jeremy cut across him, his friends looking guilty for talking behind his back but not for what they’d been planning, “Risinger will for sure, tan my ass either way. So, don’t for a second try and throw the game. Because you’ll save nothing.”

“Jeremy-“

He walked away. He didn’t want to hear it, didn’t want to feel their concern. This was his lot in life, anytime he gets the tiniest idea in his head it doesn’t have to be, it gets shut down. Hard. Besides, he was the stronger. He could take the redemption and keep going. Andy? Cole? Trevor?

No, they couldn’t. Kyle and Miles might but this was Jeremys burden to shoulder tonight.

His friends caught up with him and it was as a group they went into their work. Blaine was bouncing tonight and he grinned at them all, having a chuckle as he knew what Fridays meant. Jeremy said nothing to the teasing, just filtering it out of his head.

“Hello boys, ready for the show?”

“Not with you blocking the way, look out, talent coming through.” Trevor says back grandly and Blaine laughs but gives way to him, everyone bustling through except Blaine reaches out and snags the back of Jeremy’s jacket, pulling him from the grip of his friends and to face him.

“Manager wants you. As soon as you got here.” He says and lets him go with a little shove towards the manager’s office. Jeremy just sighs and fixes his jacket fixing a look at Blaine over his shoulder, “Shouldn’t mess with the Goods Gibson.” He said, so proud of how steady his voice was. Blaine snorted and shooed the others towards backstage, Jeremy giving them a reassuring thumbs up in an
Then he went towards Jon’s office.

He knocked at the door and heard Jon yell to come in. Jeremy opened it and stepped inside the lush little room. Jon’s desk was modern and sleek, with minimal clutter. Just like his office, where the filing cabinets were in the corner behind him, a picture of the Los Santos Skyline, a painted piece from one of his auctions the main attraction behind his seat. Before him sat two comfortable single couches, both blue and against the opposite wall, a longer couch with a side table that had a bowl of condoms and some magazines.

Jon raised a finger to indicate silence and then pointed at one of the single seaters as he spoke on the phone.

“I understand sir. Yes, Mr Burns I expect to make it up tonight. Games night has always been popular and after tonight’s even more so.” Jon’s eyes flickered up to Jeremy and he grinned evilly, “I have just the Dancer in mind sir. Thank you Mr burns have a good night.”

Jon hung up and leant back in his chair grinning at Jeremy.

“So. Jeremy, Jeremy, Jeremy…” His name was laced with disappointment and Jeremy knew what was coming.

“Didn’t make your quota Jeremy.”

“No, I didn’t sir.”

“where’s the Vagabond Jeremy? He’s the reason no one else wants you.”

God Jeremy didn’t know. He had watched the heist footage, how the vagabond had been fighting in close quarters of the bank, had seen the footage of how close the cop had gotten, the fear on the officer’s face must have been nothing compared to Vagabond’s when he had heard the gun click.

Matt Bragg, their friend outside of the sphere of roosters and the Club had gotten the footage for him. But that was a well-kept secret, all of them kept Matt as far from here as they could. Thanks to the hacker however, Jeremy knew Vagabond would not be back, not after that heist and his slip up after. Jeremy should just be grateful he was alive. If grateful was really the word for it.

Jon snapped his fingers at Jeremy who had drifted into his own head, “Earth to Dooley. I asked you a question.”

“I ah- I don’t know sir.” Jeremy said truthfully touching his neck where only a light-yellow ring remained of Vagabonds fingers, “I pissed him off last time and I don’t think he’ll be back.”

“We’ll that’s unfortunate for you.” Risinger grinned not sounding like he cared much at all, “Because now you’ll help me get some more money running through this club. Your contestant number one tonight.”

Jeremy bowed his head, he knew this would happen, that was no surprise.

“So, let’s choose who you’re up against shall we?” Jon added and Jeremy looked up with a confused expression. Jon pushed back from the desk slightly and rubbed his fingers together considering Jeremy, looking him up and down.

“I’ll give you a shot Dooley. You can choose who you’re playing against tonight.”
He could? The Jon reached down and undid his fly and Jeremy understood his heart sinking. Of course, it wouldn’t be that easy.

“If you earn it.” Jon smirked with a raise of his brow. Jeremy knew the drill, and he got up, Jon spinning slightly so he was side on to his desk, putting an arm on it and gesturing down at himself as Jeremy sunk to his knees, shrugging off his jacket before he cupped Jon through his underwear.

“There you go, Good boy Dooley.” Jon almost purred as Jeremy rubbed him and leant in, snagging the elastic top of Jon’s underwear in his teeth and moved back to expose Jon’s rapidly hardening cock to his eye. Jeremy fought the impulse to roll his eyes, this was second nature to him now.

He just wishes he hadn’t force himself to eat that stew because the nerves of tonight’s show wouldn’t go well with what he had to do.

He licked up the underside of Jon’s cock and wrapped a hand around him, starting to stroke his length as he sweated the flat of his tongue over the tip. Jon breathed out happily as Jeremy set to work, jerking him slow and licked his slit then closing his mouth over the head and sucked as he moved down.

“damn Dooley, you can work your mouth.” Jon praised with a chuckle then gave a little sighing groan as Jeremy took more into his mouth, his lips touching his hand as he bobbed and stroked together, pausing at the top of each suck to swirl his tongue around the head. He felt Jon’s hand spread over his head and get a grip, starting to roll his hips up into his warm mouth.

“Fuck~ such a good little cocksucker, aren’t you?” Jon asks and Jeremy knows he doesn’t want an answer, just liked the sound of his own voice. He moved his hand off Jon and flattened his tongue to open his throat, swallowing down on Jon until he touched the back of Jeremys throat and then down.

“F-fuck! Yes~” Jon groaned and using his grip on Jeremys head he started yanking at his hair to make Jeremy bob up and down, Fucking Jeremys face onto his cock with happy noises. Jeremy just became passive, swallowing around the cock in his still sore throat whenever he was fully bottomed out to try and send him over.

A knock at the door had Jon swear again, this time in annoyance, letting up on the pressure in Jeremys hair so he could come up and breathe.

“Don’t stop sucking.” Jon ordered him and Jeremy went back to licking and sucking and working him with hand and mouth, “What is it?” Jon yelled at the door.

“Gibson sir.”

“Come in Blaine and hurry up, would you?” Jon let Blaine in and Jeremy tried to not let it bug him that he was clearly visible latched onto Jon’s Dick and sucking like he loved it. He peeked up and saw Jon’s smug look levelled at Gibson, the long fingers in his hair more of a pet then a tug.

“See something you like Blaine?”

“um, the ah…” Blaine was flustered but ignored what was going on to report to his boss, “one of the ah… Bartenders-“

“Blaine, it’s my dick getting sucked, not yours, so speak a sentence, would you?”

“yes sir. Jackson, one of the bartenders called up sick. We’re a person down.”

“on Game night?!” Jon said angrily and shoved down on Jeremys head in his annoyance, nose
hitting pubic bone painfully and Jon giving a groan and thumping the desk in pleasure as well as annoyance. Jeremy wasn’t prepared and he was choking on Jon in his throat, hands going to Jon’s thighs but the managers grip in his hair was sure and shoving down.

“Blaine fuck off!” Jon ordered and Blaine got out of there pronto. Jon let Jeremy up who reared back with a cough and a gasp trying to suck in air, as Jon scoffed at him.

“Please, don’t carry on. Like you haven’t choked on a dick before.” Jon told him and he stood up, grabbing Jeremys back of his head in both hands and forcing him back onto his cock, “I gotta make this quick so your gonna swallow everything I give you like the slut you are, aren’t you?”

Jon started thrusting down Jeremys throat, using him without care for breath or comfort. Jeremy just had to put his hands on his own knees as he knelt before his manager and take it beautifully, moaning around him making Jon groan with gratification.

“that’s it Jeremy, you love me in your mouth, don’t you? You take all of me so well.” Jon was huffing and Jeremy moaned again muffled by it but knowing this would soon be over and he could get ready for work. “Fuck~ I’m gonna come on your face, you open- ah, open your mouth and stick out you ah-ah, tongue.”

Jon let him pull, back, taking one hand from his hair to stroke himself, pressing the head of his cock to Jeremys tongue as he grunted, eyes closing has he half curled on in on himself, starting to spill into Jeremys gaping mouth.

“How! YesFuck Take it~” Jon breathed harshly, his grip painfully tight on hair yanking back, putting a crick in Jeremys neck as he came in and around Jeremys mouth. Most of his seed hit the roof of Jeremys mouth but Jon made sure some got on his cheeks and chin too before he was pressing his cock back into Jeremys face to be sucked clean with a lengthy groan.

“such a good cocksucker.” Jon purred, pulling his cock out from Jeremys lips and mussing his hair as he drew away. Jeremy lifted a hand to wipe the come off his face but had to pause as Jon tutted. He looked up and saw Jon had pulled his phone out and had it pointed at him.

“Smile for the camera sweetie. I want you to say you loved having me fuck your mouth.”

Jeremys cheeks heated but he repeated what he’d been told. Jon sighed and kicked him in the gut lightly, “No. Say it again. Sell it. Make me believe it.”

“I love when you fuck my mouth, I love swallowing your cock.” Jeremy said breathlessly, the rough in his voice not faked, his throat actually sore now. Jon smiled wider and tilted his head, getting his hand in frame to thumb across his cheek, gathering up some of the mess onto it and sticking it in Jeremys mouth. Jeremy didn’t need to be told he closed his mouth around the digit and sucked it clean with a forced moan, eyes shutting.

“Good boy. Now look at the camera and tell the Good People of Los Santos where to be tonight.” Jon prompted and Jeremy opened his eyes, looking up at the camera, pulling on his Rimmy Tim persona like it could protect him. Jon loved doing Promo’s and Jeremy knew soon every ganger in the city will soon see his face, wrecked hair and swollen lips.

“On the Spot is the place to be. We love to play games here, come be a part of the fun. We are waiting on you to come down and play with us.” He put all the emphasis on the right words and Jon smiled above him pleased. He taped his phone and put it in his pocket.

“that was great, excellent job Dooley. If that doesn’t get them in, I don’t know what will. Now go
clean yourself up and get ready.”

Geoff was biting his lip and grinning staring down at his phone. Ryan walked by it, heading to the kitchen for a drink before work tonight. They had a deal going down and he wanted to relax before they started getting ready. Not that he could, he hadn’t been properly relaxed in Two and a half weeks…

Now Jack was at Geoff’s side being shown something and sighing, “Geoff, really? We’re about to go out.”

“I’m sorry, but you try scrolling by that face! Look at it.”

“I’m looking.”

“We might have time after-“

“No, we won’t Geoff. It’s a Rooster club we shouldn’t be supporting this.”

“But it’s fun…”

Damn his curiosity to the pits of hell he’s destined too. Ryan came over, gesturing with his can at the phone.

“What’s up?”

“Ryan, you gotta check this out.” Geoff didn’t need any more encouragement to shove the phone under Ryan’s nose. Ryan went still, hoping to hell his face was a blank mask because there was Rimmy Tim, face splattered and lips used and looking fucking wonderfully *wrecked* gazing up at him.

“I love when you fuck my mouth, I love swallowing your cock.” He sounded needy and breathless, with an edge of rough to his voice that sent heat shivering over Ryan’s back followed by cold when he heard Jon’s Voice prompting the stripper.

Geoff chuckled lightly as Rimmy Tim basically begged for all of Los Santos to go to On the Spot and watch him. Ryan snatched the phone out of Geoff’s hand and threw it down on the Floor Crushing it under his heel.

“THE FUCK RYAN?!”

“We got a job.” Ryan spat and stalked away, ignoring Geoff’s angry splutters behind him.

Rimmy Tim was a striper and a prostitute. Of course, He was begging for the camera. Of course, he wasn’t upset one single customer stopped visiting and of course someone else painted his face for him. Ryan knew he wasn’t Rimmys only Lover. No not lover. Customer.

So why did it feel so fucking personal?

“Jeremy tie me up?” Miles said turning around so Jeremy could tighten the silver Corset for him, pulling it tight but comfortable. Least he could do since it was Jeremys fault Miles will be preforming with him tonight.
“Sorry miles.” He said again and miles grunted as the corset tightened then sighed it out.

“I keep telling you, you made the right choice Lil’J.” miles assured him, turning once the back was tied and put his hands on Jeremys bedazzled shoulders.

“We’ll be fine. And maybe after your Promo, Jon will take it easy on you? You never know when you win the Redemption.” Miles tried to have his smile catch on Jeremys face but the shorter man just petted a hand on his shoulder.

“What you going to do with the Golden Guy?” He asked instead and Trevor heard from his dressing table, grabbing the Golden Dildo and hugging it to his chest.

“You can’t take him from me. We’ve bonded.” Trevor joked and the three laughed softly together. Hand it to Jon, He made the prize as good as the punishment bad. Anyone who won the Golden Guy had an entire week where they only had to dance and could not be requested for anything else.

“I’m gonna go home early every night and just relax you know? I don’t even wanna go out, just stay in my bed and not move.” Miles sighed happily thinking of it as Jeremy smiled at him. Miles could use a break himself.

As Jeremy was known for his flexibility, Miles enchanted by the way he moved in Heels. Even now he was wearing Silver platform heels, his legs in fishnet stockings attached by clips to Bright silvery panties that covered him front and back but had a tendency to ride. They weren’t there for his comfort after all.

Miles picked up Jeremys fedora off his dressing table and put it on his head.

“Let’s do this shit and make it fabulous.” He smiled and Jeremy smiled back. At least with Miles it might be a little fun.

The brass of the On the spot theme started up and Jon’s Voice echoed. Miles and Jeremy waved to Trevor and rushed to get behind the curtains to the stage. Miles paused to adjust himself and look at Jeremy who gave him a thumbs up, he looked fine.

“hello everyone and welcome to the show!” the roar of the crowd was allowed to swell and the two strippers exchanged nervous looks. It sounded absolutely crowded tonight, Jeremys Promo maybe doing too good a job, “This is the only Strip club that is also a Game show! Now the rules for each game is posted around the club and we’ll do a little explanation at the beginning of each game. Remember if you don’t wish to participate sit in the back.”

“Can I sit in the back?” Jeremy muttered to miles who snorted with amusement.

“The time for suggestions and prompts are over! As are volunteers for “Guess Who.” Which we’ll be playing a little later.”

“Fuck I hate that one.” Miles groaned and Jeremy took his hand and squeezed it.

“Now let’s meets tonight’s contestants for the converted Golden Guy!” another swell of clapping and cheers that died down as Jon spoke again, “He might not be a star but you’ll find him burning brightly in the night sky! At least he can reach it in those heels! A nice welcome for Lunar Heels”

Miles squeezed back then let go as he went through the curtain with a smile on his face and a strut to his walk. Jeremy nervously tugged his own pants straighter, hard when the clung and adjusted his hat on his curls. His was next.
“he’s short, He’s strong, and he drools for you all night long! Please welcome the flamboyant star of our promo, Its Rimmy Tim!” There it was and Jeremy went through, up the step onto the stage, one hand on his hip swaying, the other waving at the crowd who was so packed in, behind the seats and booths around the stage, people were standing. In the back of his head he wondered if they were over capacity, not that Jon risinger gave a flying fuck about fire safety laws.

He got to the pole where Miles waited on one side, hips cocked and looking sultry in his heels. Jeremy took up the other side, leaning against the pole and lifting his leg until it was straight up, showing off his flexibility as the crowd cheered. Then he brought it down as he looked at Jon who was standing at the end of the stage, looking back at him with a wide calculating smile. Then Jon looked out into the crowd and through up a hand.

“I’m your Manager and Host Jon risinger and this is On The Spot!” he shouted into his mic as the theme song played and Jeremy swallowed hard, wishing it was over already.
The Games Begin!

Chapter Summary

Jon risinger prides himself on his originality and his modernization of the club business. Welcome to On the Spot! the only Club thats also a game show!

So sweet for him, all laid out, panting for him, writhing for him. His eyes were bright and that smiling mouth open in a moan, and all for him. The feeling of smooth skin under his weapon callused hands, his cheeky nature shining through in how he rocked back, never staying perfectly still, as engaged in the act as He was.

Say my name

V-vagabond

Again

Vagab-bond!

Again!

“Vagabond!” Jacks voice cut into Ryan’s memory and he was jolted back to the moment. He blinked twice and looked to Jack, the two gents waiting by the back of the truck they were here to sell the contents of. Luckily Gavin was a lazy shit and he was inside the Truck behind the wheel, head phones in, giving jack the chance to sling his rifle behind his back and slide closer to Ryan, both leaning up against the Truck back.

“What’s up with you lately?” Jack asked in concern and Ryan didn’t look at him, happy for the mask that hides his face. Even from his friends.

“I’m fine.”

“And I’m marry Poppins.” Jack laughed when Ryan looked at him sharply then they were both chuckling softly before jack spoke again, “No really. You’re not. I don’t know what’s wrong with you but you’re not fine.”

“jack really I’m-“

“Grumpy and short tempered. More silent then usual and downright near ignoring the lads. You smashed Geoff’s phone out of nowhere tonight and that’s not even the start. You smashed Rays purple sunglasses when he came to visit last week and you nearly decked Michael just for changing the radio channel.”

Ryan mouth thinned behind the emotionless skull. Ok so he may have been a tiny bit pent up. Every time he tried touching himself, he’d end up thinking about Rimmy Tim. That was helpful until he remembered choking the guy just because sleepy Ryan couldn’t keep his mouth shut.

So when ‘I like it heavy’ played he hadn’t wanted Michael to change it.
“Are you going to tell me what’s up?” Jack pressed and Ryan sighed.

“Look, Jack, I’ll take care of it ok? I just… I haven’t really unwound in a while…”

Jack raised a brow, “this about your stress relief thing a few weeks back?”

Damn Jack and his crazy observation skill when it someone he cares for.

“yeah a little.”

“A lot. Dude, after were done here, I need you to go do whatever it is you do to destress.” Jack told him firmly to which Ryan shook his head.

“I can’t Jack.”

“I’m not asking Ryan.” Jack said softly looking into his eyes, “That’s an order. So there.”

Well fuck.

As the cheers died down, Jeremy made sure he was on point, the act never ends for them until they get home. So he’s swayed slightly, like he’s excited to get started, putting a finger against his lips in an exaggerated thoughtful pose. His side glance at miles saw he was doing something similar, holding the pole high and leaning against it so he could cross his feet at the ankles, looking comfortable in his high heels.

“This first game is called ABC’s of making out. Our contestants must kiss as many people, and were talking deep and personal kisses here,” Jon winked as he explained, “in the order of the alphabet, within the song length. If you’d like to participate, raise your hand if your name begins with the letter on the screens. The letter will change as they satisfactorily kiss their current letter. That’s my satisfaction people not yours.”

Jeremy chuckled along with the crowd even if he didn’t actually find the joke amusing. It was all about appearances, making it seem like he wanted this. Jon clicked his fingers and pointed directly to him with a large grin and a wink that only he and miles would see.

“Rimmy Tim will go first. Can we get a letter on the screen please?” Jon asked the backhands, and the screens that normally played different views of the stage had the first letter on it, “We got H! So, H People get ready with your hands. Rimmy, step next to me please.”

Jeremy stepped to his side and Jon put an arm around his shoulders and grinned at his audience, “Don’t worry, he’s been all cleaned up, nothing left in the beard is there Rimmy?”

“Yes, I want it, I wanna be touched.” Jeremy whined needfully seeing in the corner of his eye, miles face fall for a second before he was smiling wide again. He couldn’t be caught out unwilling either, Jeremy understood that. They were in this together.
“OK so let’s hit the music and Start ABC’s of Making out! Let’s see those hands H people!”

The music started and Jeremy immediately jumped down from the stage as hands shot up and he lunged for the closeted Man he saw with his hand up. He took their face in hand, sitting straddled over their lap as he kissed them, hot and messy, hands rubbing over his ass, his back.

“Good! Next! I people hands up!” Jon called and Jeremy was up and the nearest I was a woman, so he grabbed her and pulled her down into his arms, holding her up as she squealed happily into his mouth, her hands carding through his hair.

“Time for J Rimmy!” Jon called and Jeremy put the woman back on her feet, not stopping to see her sway into her giggling friends. Jeremy leapt up onto the stage both feet making the crowd Ooo at the move then he grabbed Risinger himself, hand on the back of the managers neck drawing him down into Jeremys mouth, Jon happily wrapping arms around him, a possessive grip on his waist as lips moved together.

“Good boy.” Jon praised against his lips then pushed him back and grinned wide, “K! Off you go eager boy!”

Jeremy hoped he had surprised but pleased Jon enough that he would set a reasonable Redemption challenge for Jeremy, one he might be able to win. Jeremy knew the man was Jealous and possessive, and that Vagabond had been all over Jeremy for months had brought the stripper into Jon’s spotlight. Maybe once he felt Jeremy was under his power, He’d leave him alone again. Jeremy made it through twelve people before the song was over, grinding and tonguing and whimpering for each partner he kissed waiting for Jon to tell him he could move on. Then when the song ended, Jeremy returned to the stage and let Jon lift his hand in the air like a champion.

“What a great round! Well Done Rimmy Tim!” Jon stirred up the crowd giving miles enough time to get down and sit on the end of the stage, His ankles crossed and swinging his legs while he smirked about the room, “And now it’s our bright Lunar Heels turn!”

Jeremy moved to the pole, hooking a leg around it, and holding it high, with one hand near his face, relaxing there, hanging off it as he watched Miles round, kissing people to the sounds of ‘can’t fight the moonlight’. Jon snuck Jeremy a considering look, running his eye up and down him in a way that did not feel comfortable.

Miles did well in his round, Fourteen kisses to the arguably longer song. Jeremy knew without a doubt Jon did that on purpose so he would lose. Jon had obsessions that would come and go but Jeremy knew by Vagabond becoming his regular, he had come into Jon’s focus, jealousy at the powerful Mercenary making him want Jeremy and now Vagabond had stopped there was an excuse to punish Him for it.

“wasn’t that a wonderful round? But we have our clear winner, Luna Heels!” Jon declared miles the Winner to cheers, and then he shooed them off the stage much to both’s relief, “And now we have a break between games, Ladies, this one’s for you! The wonderful masculine dancing styles of KEE-KEE!”

Miles and Jeremy passed Kyle who was in the stupid lumber jack costume he hated because fucking stereotype, but he was on and they had a moment to breath. Trevor was out on the floor, they had seen him during the game and Andy was an escort more than a dancer, and he was about to leave for a service.

“Sorry Jer-“
“Don’t worry about it Miles. I told you not to bother throwing the game. He’ll make you win either way.” Jeremy said and went to sit down on one of the comfortable couches, stretching out his legs and trying not to think about the last redemption challenge that had been lost.

Thankfully a distraction came in in the form of Cole with his arm around the waist of their favourite person in this hell hole.

“Josh!” three voices rung out and the returned bouncer found himself swarmed by Andy, Miles and Jeremy, getting hugs from all of them.

“When you get back?”

“Are you working tonight?”

“did you bring us stuff? We did tell you not to but still.”

Questions flew at him and the ponytailed man flushed and laughed.

“I got back about an hour ago, no I’m not technically working and Yes I did bring you guys stuff but It’s in my car and I’ll come around for lunch tomorrow.”

Jeremy found himself under Josh’s arm, feeling safe there as he hadn’t in a long time. Since the night he’d fallen asleep next to vagabond if he was truthful. Josh Flanagan was an angel undercover, they were sure of it. Of the bouncers, he was the kindest, the one who bothered to learn their true names, and called them by it without mocking. He tended them when they were sick or injured and he brought them treats to get by.

He also took them out, escorting them shopping, something none of the others had done in the two months he’d been gone. Where he went really wasn’t spoken about, as he was a Rooster teeth member who went where he was ordered, but when he wasn’t needed elsewhere he was here. With them.

Jeremy was thankful he was here tonight and in a lull of conversation when Andy glanced at his phone and announced he was off, Jeremy tugged at the side of Josh’s shirt to make him look down.

“Risingers pissed. Hes going to make me lose redemption. Can you- can you…” Jeremy couldn’t get all the words out, hating to ask, feeling weak but he was trying so hard to hide the fear even from himself. Josh’s face softened and he turned fully to face Jeremy, Jeremys hands coming around his forearms.

“Hey. I’ll go talk to Blaine right now. I’ll see you get home Jeremy. And I’ll do what I can to help.”

Jeremy sniffled and put on a forced grin not looking at him as he joked, “Super josh to the rescue?”

“I’m not wearing spandex even if you beg” Josh joked back and pulled him into a tight hug, knowing he needed the comfort and not caring what people thought of him. Luckily it was only Miles and Cole and they wouldn’t begrudge Jeremy one of Josh’s healing hugs.

Kyle came off the stage and brightened to see Josh, skipping over holding the shirt and pants he had shed without shame, Jeremy letting josh go so Kyle could get his hug. He met miles eye and they shifted away knowing the next game will start soon.

“Josh! I didn’t know you were coming in tonight!” Jon greeted his employee as happily as the strippers had, the hug they shared however was slightly stiffer and a lot briefer.
“Yeah well, its game night! I got off the plane and pretty much booked it over here. You know I love
game night Jon” Josh winked and Jon laughed, patting his shoulder.

“Course, I can never get you to take one off.” He chuckled, then pressed a hand to joshes chest,
“Hey! Did you want to run the next game? My treat?” He offered and Jeremys stomach turned over,
judging from the look on miles face so did his. But josh laughed and waved, “No no. You’re the host
man, I wouldn’t possibly be able to do even half a respectable job. I prefer behind the scenes you
know that.”

“well when your right, your right.” Jon agreed then smiled at the two playing, “two minutes boys, be
ready.” He grinned and put an arm around josh to lead him back out the front, “So how was Heyman
this trip?”

“Oh fine… You know Joel, being a prison guard suited him. I maintain he kept putting me in solitary
just because he could, not because I needed to gain the dealers trust.” Jon laughed at joshes story as
they went back out the front.

“H-Heymans back?” Kyle whispered to the other two and Miles turned green and ran, heels clicking,
to the bathroom to throw up. Jeremys stomach was already empty before the first game or he’d
thought he’d join him. Miles came back without a second to spare, the brass of the On The Spot
Club theme playing and Jon’s voice on the mic again.

“come on and sit-down folks, our second game of the night is about to begin!” Miles was gurgling
water and spat out into the bin, holding the bottle of water to Jeremy who wet his mouth but that’s it.
Miles sprayed his mouth with spray and Jeremy gave him a half-hearted grin, “You should just let
them taste it.”

Miles laughed but shook his head. No way they could do that. If someone complained well…
Jeremy was already in trouble and Miles getting into it as well wouldn’t make it better on his friend.
So, when their names were called, miles gave his mouth a last spray and they walked back onto the
stage together, height difference impressive.

“there they are! Tall and handsome and short but sweet isn’t that right folks?” Jon praised them then
he turned back to the audience, “This next game is guess who! We have our two volunteers from the
audience right here and our contestants have thirty seconds to really memorize their volunteers. Then
we’ll blindfold them, naughty I know but let me have my fun,” Jeremy rolled his eyes to miles while
eyes were on Jon, “and they have the length of the next song to find our volunteers in the audience!”

Miles especially hated this one. He claims everyone was trying to get their hands under his
underwear. Jeremys tight hotpants didn’t leave much to the imagination but he was slightly better off
as no one could wiggle fingers inside them without tearing them away and Jon didn’t like non-
paying customers doing that, banning anyone who didn’t pay for the right.

“Ok volunteers! Step on up to the stage and let our contestants get to know you!” Jeremy looked to
see who was hosting himself onto the stage only for his heart to stop and his breathing freeze.

*Vagabond*

No one else would know him, only Jeremy had seen his unpainted face. He was in jeans and a tee-
shirt with a Deadpool logo, a plain black jacket thrown over the top. His long hair was tied back into
a ponytail and the only hint of face paint was the fact his eyes seemed to have eyeliner on them. His
cool cold gaze met Jeremys and the stripper became aware he wasn’t breathing, correcting that at
once.
Thankfully no one noticed as Jon was expanding on the rules for those who didn’t know them. Vagabond stood by Jeremy who did as miles was doing, wrapping an arm around waist and a hand over the chest of their volunteer. Jeremy didn’t know if vagabond felt the fact he was trembling or could hear his ragged fearful breathing through his forced smile.

What was he doing here? Unmasked and on stage with him? Was he here to kill Jeremy for knowing what he shouldn’t?

“I won’t hurt you…” Vagabond said softly, his mouth barely opening to speak and Jeremy looked up at him seeing the man tip his head to look down and a small smile tugged at his mouth that didn’t reach his eyes. Ah, so he was performing too… But why?

Jeremy didn’t have time or opportunity to question as Jon pointed at a screen, “Let’s get thirty seconds on the clock! Remember volunteers, no touchy!” Jon joked with a laugh and brought his hand down, “And go!”

Jeremy had to do it. If he didn’t he’d be punished. It didn’t matter he was scared, it didn’t matter he was confused, he had to run his hands over Vagabond. Jon kept throwing the word ‘volunteer’ around but Jeremy knew Vagabond and the other man being grinded against by miles paid top dollar to be up here. So that had to be permission to touch him.

So, Jeremy turned into Vagabonds chest, who obediently kept his hands at his side and looked down, watching the stripper slowly run hands down his chest, his sides, dropping low with hands over waist, hips, thighs then back up, making the crowd whoop and yell encouragement. Miles side were equally happy with their show, Jeremy heard chants of ‘kiss, kiss, kiss!’ from that side.

He really hoped that didn’t catch on this side. He didn’t think his nerves could handle it. Vagabond just watched him with an amused expression fixed on his face that still didn’t affect his gaze and Jeremy started looking anywhere but at his face as he pressed himself close, grinding so he felt vagabonds bulge just under his belly button and traced the shape of his ass in those jeans.

In a way, this was cheating. Jon knew everyone who had been inside one of his boys and thus he didn’t allow them to be the item to find. But how was Jon meant to know what vagabond looked like without the mask and jacket? The thought cheered Jeremy and he grew more confident in his touching and heard the slightest sweet sigh from vagabond and the press of interest grow against him before he had to step back.

“Time! Ok volunteers, here’s the blindfold, you do the honours, and then hop on down and find a spot!” Jon instructed, offering Miles guest a blindfold then vagabond. Vagabond took it and spun a finger to make Jeremy turn so his back was to him. He felt Vagabond press up against his back, sure fingers putting the blindfold over his eyes and tying it behind his head as he whispered.

“Lunar side, third seat.”

Was Vagabond trying to help him? What was going on? Last time he’d seen Vagabond he’d almost been killed. This was the man who was the cause of Jeremys problems, first making Jon jealous then giving him the excuse to punish the lad. Now he was here, unmasked and trying to help him win this unwinnable game?

“That’s it, now just let those two entertain each other for a moment while you take your seats.” Jon smiled in his voice. Once he was blindfolded as per Jon’s instructions he was turned and guided to miles arms, the taller man pulling him close, and rubbing a nose over his cheeks for the audience, the two teasingly leaning together as if to kiss but never doing so.
“you ok?” Miles breathed, he could feel Jeremy trembling in his arms and Jeremy put a hand on the back of Miles head, drawing him down to mouth at his jawline and whisper back, “will be.” Feeling miles agreement, a slight nod before he was faking a moan and rocking against him to make the audience sigh with desire.

“Ah no sir, if you could shift there? And you sir, over here. Can’t have you that close together.” Jon said firmly then he was talking with a smile in his tone again, meaning Vagabond had been moved and Jeremy felt miles jerk at the slap Jon gave on the man’s leg, “Ok boys, break it up. We’ll help you down the stage.”

Jeremy felt groping hands over his ass that moved to his hips and then an unknown man was helping him down, coping intimate feels as he guided the blind striper off the stage and onto solid ground. Jeremy was silently cursing the man for moving the volunteers as Jon’s familiar long fingers grasp was around his wrist and he was led to stand in front of the stage. He knew from experience, miles would be on Jon’s other side.

“Ok contestants are you ready?”

“Oh, I am raring to go Mr risinger.” Miles chuckled suggestively.

“Hell, yes sir, I can’t wait.” Jeremy declared, bouncing on his heels like he couldn’t wait to have a bunch of pervy strangers rub all over his body. Jon snapped his fingers and the music cue changed to the beats opening ‘slave for you’ and a synchronised smack on both stripper’s rears by Jon sent them into the laps of their first chair.

From the moment his knees slid over thighs he knew this wasn’t vagabond. But he had to entertain and so he spent some seconds, rocking in this Randoms lap, feeling hands over his spine, a mouth at his neck and then Jeremy pushed himself off, hand finding the next shoulder. This wasn’t Vagabond either, and he only put a cursory caress over smooth chin before he was on the next lap.

The song was running out and Jeremy was on his fifth person and getting concerned. Miles had one false positive that had the audience laughing and cheering letting Jeremy know miles had guessed wrong. Where had Jon put Vagabond? Maybe Jeremy had fucked it up the previous guy had a similar build, what if that had been him? What he knew for sure was pot belly here was not who he was looking for.

Anxiety melted as he pressed a blind palm to the next thigh to guide himself to lap. He’d know those hard, muscular thighs anywhere, and when he slipped onto his lap, he settled there like he fit, two puzzle pieces slotting together like they had before. Only the vagabond’s hands on his back could be so possessive without the groping of the other pervs.

Jeremy ran hands up chest and over shoulders, testing the broadness of them, he wanted to be sure. He leant in, mouthing the man’s neck and breathing deep and the scent confirmed what his touch had been telling him. This was vagabond.

So to win the game and declare he’d found his volunteer, Jeremy put his arms around shoulder and after a blind stumble, touching lips to nose, he met vagabond in a kiss as the crowd started cheering for his win. He meant only to stake his claim that this was his volunteer, what he hadn’t expected was vagabond groaning into his mouth then suddenly being crushed to his chest. One of vagabond’s hands gripped the back of Jeremys head much like he would in their rented time together, pulling him into a savage kiss that was all nips and tongue and control, the other hand pressing at the small of his back as he rocked up against him with a moan.

“Whoa ok we have our winner!” Jon said only Jeremy recognising the threat of annoyance to his
uppity tone, “Now if you want more than this taste, you have to pay, come on Rimmy Tim, give everyone a look at their winner of this round!”

Jeremy tried to move back but Vagabond growled and held him tight, Jeremys mind starting to panic. Especially as vagabond traced his teeth with a tongue, Risinger’s hand fell on his shoulder, the mic moved from his face, “I said enough Rimmy…”

Jeremy pulled his lips away with a grunt of effort that only had Vagabond move from his lips to his throat. Jon’s hand grew tighter, fingers digging painfully in above Jeremys collar bone as Jon leant in.

“Sir, I’m going to need you to let the product go.”

“He’s not product, he’s mine.” Vagabond growled, ceasing his attack on Jeremys skin to glare up at jon.

“No. Not until you’ve paid. Let go now or I’ll call security.”

Jeremy’s heart hurt with how hard it beat, trapped between two hard grips before finally Vagabond relented, his lack of mask and need to maintain cover overwhelming his need to have Jeremy now. Jeremy wiggled back and off him, Jon leading him back to the stage without a word, Tyler and Blaine moving without instruction to Vagabond.

“Our winner of round Two!” Jon declared and Jeremy couldn’t watch vagabond being led out because he had to get up on the stage and twirl around the pole in a victory lap. He couldn’t stop his shaking as he could see the way Jon watched him was cold and cruel, miles with a fixed grin that looked frozen on his face, only eyes betraying his fear for his friend.

They bowed out as Jon called Cole on for his set and Miles immediately grabbed Jeremys upper arms, “I’ll throw the next game.”

“No don’t-“

“Dooley!” Jon snapped, marching in off the floor and miles backed off, Blaine on Jon’s heels as the man got to the quailing stripper and shoved him into the wall by the dressing tables, “The hell was that Jeremy? When I tell you to do something, I expect you to drop everything and DO it!”

“Mr risinger, please sir, I tried. He-“

“He what?! What was that? What the fuck did he mean you’re his? You know who you fucking belong to and it’s not some fanboy asshole spending daddy’s inheritance on ass!”

“yes sir, I mean no sir I mean-“ Jeremy stammered, a furious Jon in his face, looking at him with suspicion, searching for his answers on Jeremy red face.

“make sense Jeremy because I got a nose for cheating and I’m not sure what the fuck was happening there but something was and I don’t like it!” Jon pushed but Jeremy had no idea what to say. The words that could save him, it was vagabond, wouldn’t pass the lump in his throat and he couldn’t think what else could save him.

“How much did you offer him? What the fuck did he offer you?!” Jon shoved him again when he didn’t answer then slapped a hand against the wall next to Jeremys head trapping him in ”You selling yourself on the side? What you want more work? Is that it?”

“N-no! I wouldn’t!” Jeremy pleaded, scared of how Jon was caging him in, there were so many
things the annoyed manager could do to him and he didn’t want any.

"Are you unhappy Jeremy? You don't like the house I've given you? The games I've bought you? The freedoms I've allowed you?"

"That's not- it wasn't-"

"Wasn't what Jeremy? No go on, I'm listening you tell me whatever the fuck that wasn't and I'll tell you why you’re getting your hide tanned"

Jeremy couldn’t help it, he’d been intimidated by this man for years, it was an instinctual response to tear up no matter how much he hated it and Jon’s face turned softer. Seeing Jeremy so obviously afraid of him gave him a thrill of power that took the edge off his anger and he slapped him once reddening his cheek.

“Stop that!” he barked and Jeremy tried to stifle it, body shaking, “God your pathetic. Go clean up and be ready for our next game. You better not pull any shit in this next one, I swear to Christ, I will fucking punish you for it.”

Ryan was kicking himself. He had lost it, he knew it and now he’d been kicked. Who knew how long until the next game and he needed to drive to the safehouse and get changed into vagabond which took some time. He had come as himself because he hadn’t planned to let himself be seen by Rimmy.

But then the bouncers were taking bids on who wanted up there and Ryan had to step up.

Ryan had never attended a game night, never bothered, he only went when he wanted to relax in the arms of Rimmy Tim, not for that entertainment. Tim seemed to enjoy it however, well he did until Ryan had hoped onto the stage. And that manager…

He growled in his car, hands tight on the wheel. That manager was a piece of work, all smiles but Ryan knew those who enjoyed power and Risinger, he adored power. Ryan had to go back, he had to explain to Rimmy Tim he wasn’t angry about the last time he had been in and now that he hadn’t set out to get him in trouble with his manger. He had to make things right.

If he could.
Redemption

Chapter Summary

He knows it, Jon knows it, everyone but the clueless audience knows Jeremys doing redemption. And here it is.

Chapter Notes

So ah, i’m kinda in a down and i tend to get mean to fictional characters when that happens. So bare in mind, it gets really bad ahead for jeremy. Abuse and beating and psychological messing with. Heed the tags, if you think i’ve missed any let me know. Otherwise enjoy the darkest i’ve been to a character yet.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Thank god Josh was back because within moments of Jeremy fleeing Jon’s bullying, Josh was there, Miles playing lookout for the locker rooms. Jeremy let himself be pulled into Josh’s chest, letting go all his fear and his hopelessness, josh just rocking him and stroking his back through the ugly cry.

Only when he had sobbed out a few minutes later did josh say anything.

“You’re going to do the redemption challenge. Jon’s been bragging about it. I have some painkillers I want you to take right now because you won’t have time later. They won’t stop it all but hopefully they’ll do something for you.”

“You know we can’t take drugs Josh.” Jeremy said softly hiccupping clinging tight to the man like he could save him from what’s coming.

“It’s over the counter stuff, nothing illegal I promise, I wouldn’t lead you wrong.”

Jeremy trusted him and so he downed all the tablets he was given with water and at Josh’s insistence, red bull. Josh praised him and kept up his rubbing on his back, Jeremy showing him he’d swallowed the tablets which made the bouncer flush, a habit that Jeremy had to being ordered to swallow anything. Jeremy realised and flushed himself but josh made no mention of it.

“Next game is sync about it. I’m going to go mess with the songs, get you boys something fun to dance too. I’m not leaving here without you ok? You will not have to walk home and you won’t have to stay here. I’m going to come collect you and drive you home ok?”

Jeremy nodded miserable and after another squeeze. Josh left him so Miles came in to help Jeremy fix his makeup, nothing over the top but enough to cover the fact he’d been crying. As he did Jeremy was shaking and miles had to ask.

“So, what was that with that guy?”

“I wish I knew miles.” Jeremy said truthfully, tempted to tell Miles just who that had been but
something stopped him saying instead, “Some customers get clingy I guess and I just got fucking unlucky they did it tonight.”

“I Guess so… Jeremy I’m really sorry I can’t take the redemption challenge for you. Maybe if I fuck up this next set, Jon will get mad at me?”

“No Miles. Just- Just let’s go out there and Dance, and Jon will have his fun with me and hopefully that’ll be it. Fuck I’m glad tomorrow my day off.”

“Is it your day off Jeremy?” Jon asked as he came in, making both strippers flinch from him that only made his smile wider, “That is perfect. You have no idea how nice I am to you lot. I call you Strippers, not whores. I give you a house, not a dormitory. I even give you a day off each a week to rest up those dancing muscles…” his eyes sparkled with mirth, “And other places…”

“Thank you Mr risinger.” Miles and Jeremy said together quickly, this not being the first time Jon fished for such things. This time however Jon’s smile dropped and he pointed down the hall, “Your set is about to start. Get the fuck out there and make it fucking good.”

They both moved quickly, ducking head past their boss to go wait by the curtains, Jon following at a more sedate pace than passing between them onto the stage. Jeremy swallowed nervously feeling everything he had taken rumbled in his stomach like a secret. No technically he’d done nothing wrong but he knew Jon wouldn’t be happy about it.

“Here we are ladies and gentlemen! Our last game for the night! Sync about it!” Jon announced happily to his adoring customers, “Our two contestants will dance a set completely improvised! Neither knows what song I’ve picked out from the suggestions and the best dance wins! They’ll each have a side of the stage for their solo performances side by side!”

“We dance together.” Miles said quickly. Jeremy glanced at him confused.

“What?”

“Don’t dance solo, we’ll team up.”

“But Jon said- “

“Jeremy, come on. Dance with me.”

Jeremy was going to be doing redemption either way. He had been trapped here in this ‘job’ that was practically slavery, and sold like a piece of meat. Jon was taking active pleasure in bullying him and everyone but the audience knew this game was rigged so Jeremy would lose. The purple clad man gathered his courage and nodded.

“Fuck it. I’m gonna be in trouble anyway. May as well have fun, right?”

Miles smiled wide at him and winked.

“That’s the spirit.”

Then the music started and the both startled to hear the cue and then they laughed. Josh had come through. They broke through the curtains together already grooving to the smooth music.

Jon’s happy mood evaporated at the first few notes of Michael Jacksons ‘blame it on the boogie’ no matter how much the crowd cheered. This was not the fucking song he had picked. Out came his Boys, both smiling and disco grooving not shaking ass like they were meant to, but having fun.
“I’m going to have your balls for breakfast Coe.” Jon growled to himself and stalked off through the crowd to the back room leaving the boys onstage to laugh and practically ignore the audience in order to dance together, exchanging cheesy moves copying each other or even touching. A clear violation of the Spirit of Jon’s game.

Jeremy didn’t even notice the furious manager leave, he was so busy watching Miles so they could truly Sync up together and with the music. They had been doing this so long, it wasn’t hard to get into the same mindset and a happy laugh bubbled its way out of Jeremys mouth when they moved to the groove, for once enjoying the dance for itself.

*Don’t blame it on the sunshine*

Miles threw hands out towards Jeremy, making jazz hands as Jeremy did the disco point then at the next line-

*Don’t blame it on Moonlight*

Of course, that was Miles cue, Jeremy’s turn to make jazz hands at his friend, Miles doing a spin, hand rapidly running over his body to flick up. They exchanged cheeky looks and jumped into position to pelvic thrust towards the audience to the beat

*Don’t blame it on the good times*

*Blame it on the boogie*

They shook their hips and made fists in front of them to bring it up and down, boogie dancing for their lives. Miles skipped towards him so Jeremy turned to meet him, hooking elbows and skipping in a circle on the stage with giggles coming from them and cheers from their admirers. Jeremy took his arm back and started doing the Dance Michael Jackson himself had done, miles joining him so they were side by side moving.

It was only as the music faded and they raised arms to reap the applause did he notice Jon was back, arms folded and expression set. Then the fear was back, making his arms drop sooner than Miles did, and only then did Jon smile. He raised the microphone to his lips, keeping his eyes on Jeremy who was using every single thing he’d learnt over the course of his life to stop from what he was really feeling showing.

“I think we have a winner folks, what about you?” Jon asked, the cheers rising again and Jon gave Jeremy a wink then extended a hand towards Miles on the stage, “Our lovely Luna Heels!”

Jeremy stood aside during the presentation of the golden guy, people laughing and cheering as Trevor came out to pass it on, Miles being made to hold it high by Jon’s hand on his elbow, taking in the applause. Miles smile didn’t touch his eyes and he didn’t look at Jeremy as Jon shooed him offstage.

Now was the time Jeremy had been dreading, Jon’s arm sliding over his shoulders in a familiar way, pulling him to stand at the edge of the stage in the middle, where everyone could see them both, well-lit and centre stage.

“Now Jeremy, I know you must be disappointed.” Jon said suggestively so Jeremy pouted prettily as he’d been taught, trying not to shake under Jon’s touch, “But Luna was just that little bit smoother in his dancing. Not that we didn’t love you! Just Luna deserved that win. And You, you naughty boy…” Jon shook his shoulders playfully as knowing chuckles spread through the crowd, something happening behind them on the stage but Jeremy knew better to look around.
“You get to play one more little game. This time not for reward but to avoid punishment.” There was no avoiding this punishment, Jeremy knew that, “and so. What I need you to do, is convince one of these fine people. Any of them, to pay for your time. After all, can’t punish someone who’s busy. So hop too it Rimmy Tim, while I set up here.”

Jeremy knew his chances were low. But he had to try. And so to the delight of the patrons, he moved through them, touching them familiarly, allowing them to touch him in return, whispering everything he could think of that might tempt them to his bed for a night.

“You’ve no idea how flexible I can be.”

“You look so yummy, I could lick you till the sun rose.”

“You liked the show? Let me show you a private dance?”

But he had no takers, not while a chair had been place, almost thronelike with no arms to it on the centre stage, pressed against the pole. Beside it a tray with a blue cloth thrown over to make the objects beneath a mystery. Everyone wanted to see the show, no one wanted to ruin it. Jeremy grew desperate.

Jon had to practically pull him off one of his old regulars from before vagabond started buying up his time. Jeremy clung, he knew he could convince him, he just needed to get him going, just a little more time…

But time was up and with Blaine’s help, Jon managed to get Jeremy up onto the stage again, the strippers heart in his mouth, Blains sure grip on his upper arms from behind, Jon tutting and shaking a finger at Jeremy.

“What a shame. I guess people are more curious on what’s underneath here,” he tapped the tray, “then under your pants.” A chorus of laughter that made Jeremy feel sick to hear. He had a pretty good idea what was under the tray.

“But we’ll get to see what’s under your pants, anyway won’t we? Take them off Rimmy, show everyone here the art.” Jon ordered. Jeremy sense of shame had been supressed for some time but Jon brought it to life now. He reddened and he didn’t smile, knowing no one wanted a happy stripper right now.

He gently pulled his arms out from Blaine’s grip and grabbed the fabric at his hips, looking out over the head of the crowd to the back of the bar, focusing on counting the bottles stored there. He tore the pants off and heard the Woo’s but didn’t acknowledge them or joins compliments.

He was trying to check out before this got started.

Of course, Jon can recognise that, and a smack on his bare cheek, the string doing nothing to hide the flesh startled him back to looking around.

“Isn’t that a fine ass ladies and gentlemen!?” Jon called and got agreements form his lustful patrons of his club. Jeremy swallowed and smiled at the compliment following when Jon took his hand and tugged him towards the chair. The manager swapped the microphone for a headset, plugging it in and attaching it to his waist so he had hands free.

“Alright! now before we start the redemption, let’s be clear on one thing. Rimmy, squat down and spread your legs pretty boy.” Jon ordered and Jeremy did so, opening his knees and balancing, not a thing left to imagination by the orange material that covered the last part of him not exposed. But that wasn’t what Jon was showing, instead he pointed to the Tattoo high on Jeremys inside thigh,
normally hidden by his pants and not noticeable unless you were specifically looking in that area. It was the rooster log and around the outside circle, writing every stripper here had memorized.

“This right here is our proof of ownership. Rimmy Tim here belongs to the Roosters and by extension, this Club, On the spot generously funded by our benefactors. What our little Rimmy Tim here gets from me, is not for offer in his usual pricing. This is just because he’s a naughty boy losing our game tonight and if anyone marks any stripper belonging to this club without express permission and payment, you answer to The Roosters!”

Jon sat down and pet his knee’s grinning widely. Jeremy swallowed hard eyes shutting briefly. It was fine, he’d felt pain before, this wouldn’t be too different. Just a shaming in front of a club of leering strangers. He could handle this. He had too. He lay his stomach over Jon’s legs, arms steadying himself on the other side by holding Jon’s thigh beneath him and his ass high in the air off the other side.

Jeremy concentrated on his breathing, timing it as Jon chuckled and rubbed a hand over his back and the other over his rear, squeezing and playing to their audience.

“Rimmy has been a bad boy. And what do bad boys get?”

Jon had pulled the cloth free, Jeremy saw it fall onto the stage and people were shouting suggestions. Jeremy felt ice creeping down his spine listening to it and when he peeped, he saw his fellows huddled together, peeking out through the curtain. He wished they would leave, that they wouldn’t witness this.

“Whip? Already? No paddle? Oh ruler! Well if you all insist.” Jon said jokingly and a hand stroked over the top of Jeremy’s butt cheek, Jon’s way of letting him know where the first hit was going to fall. Jeremy tried to force himself to relax but nothing could stop the sting of when Ruler met skin in an audible slap.

Jon chuckled low and rubbed over the mark, “Lovely red isn’t it folks? Shall we get some more? Maybe see if we can make my boy here move for us?”

Jeremy yelped as another smack caught him by surprise, Jon haven’t warned him for that one. Or the next three to follow, all in different spots over his ass which was soon as red as his burning face. Jeremy took it without another sound of complaint as Jon started smacking where the crowd suggested, repeatedly, flicking the wrist to make the sharp cracks of wood striking flesh.

His cheeks were starting to burn, but still Jeremy stayed as still and quiet as he could, all part of the game. He needed to just take this punishment and then he could go. Just let Jon beat him right here on stage, then he could lie down for a full day. These thoughts he put on a cycle, jerking slightly with repeated hits, the stings turning into burns very quickly.

“Let’s change it up, shall we?” Risinger suggested, and this time Jeremy couldn’t stop the shudder when Jon rubbed over all the bruising he had just made. Jeremy bit his lip and grunted at the paddle that landed square in the middle of cheek.

“We got some nice red lines, but let’s make it an even coverage, shall we?” Jon asked of no one, but got encouragement from his audience. Jeremy’s pain increased as Jon meticulously spread out the whacks, going for that even coverage he was talking about. Jeremy's grip increased and he couldn’t help the little jerks now, nor the soft huffs of pain.

“Atta boy Rimmy, isn’t he doing so good folks? Look at that colour, so pretty.” Jon cooed, smacking him twice again then letting the paddle clank back into the tray. Jeremy hoped that was the end of it,
surely ten minutes of spanking was enough?

Hand run up his back and run through his hair softly then grabbed the top and ripped it back, making Jeremy arch his back and bring his head up or be hurt. The sting of his hair was nothing to the fire burning on his ass but each were tolerable.

“Does he look sorry for being a loser yet?” Jon asked the crowd who laughed and shouted back no and plea’s for more. Jeremy let a moan of pain out, hoping to please the blood thirsty crowd but that only served to encourage them, screaming for the cane.

“No, Jon please.” Jeremy gasped when he felt his manger press the cane lengthways and gentle on his rear. Jon let his hair go and moved his hand to cover his mic, Jeremy looking over his shoulder pleadingly.

“You don’t tell me No Jeremy.” He said softly, a smile that bared all his teeth on his face, “And you better start loving this, loud and clear or I’ll tie you do instead of over my lap. Be thankful for everything I give you, a soft place to rest, because trust me, it could be much worse than this.”

The whip of the cane through the air proceeded the crack and the fire and pain from it shot up Jeremys back, the prone man letting out the yell as it came to him. Another hit and he started rocking, trying to ease the pain of it as Jon started to beat him with the cane, trying to keep to the fleshy midline and Jeremy howled when a particularly hard whack opened skin, his cry drowned in the rising cheer at the sight.

Ryan came back after a costume change and the application of his makeup. Over the top went his mask and he was ready. He would go and hire Tim, explain that he was not angry about last time, reiterate he should forget what he had heard, promise not to surprise him again like tonight then finally take him in arm again. It had been so long and he dreamt of the flexible stripper with the laughing eyes.

What he had not expected was to walk in to the dim club, the lights all on the stage and the show being given. There across Risinger’s lap was Rimmy Tim. Ryan froze, his only defence for the possessive rage that reared up in him, demanding he kill Risinger here and now.

Jeremy had his hands down, palms to the floor, his body over Risinger’s long legs and his ass in the air, a tiny piece of string visible over hip, the only sign he was wearing anything at all. His skin was a pattern of red, blue and darker lines of blood smeared across the downy hair of his thighs. From the top right down to his thighs was marked and Rimmy was trembling as the manager stroked his back and rear while Risinger spoke to his audience.

“I think My little Rimmy Tim has learnt his lesson. I think we should end on a little high note for tonight. Who would like to leave a hand print on this fine ass huh? Last round of the night, just hands! Start the bidding at a hundred dollars!”

People clamoured about, hands shooting in the air. Ryan stayed frozen, trying to get his rage under control. He knew Rimmy was a prostitute but this… this was more than selling your body for money. This was someone else selling his pain.

“I see three-thirty! Anyone want three-forty?” Jon was selling well, showing off his handwork as Rimmy Tim just breathed, his face wet and his body shuddering, the openly bleeding welts continued to drip and smear with every rub over of Jon’s palm. He must be in a lot of pain and yet still people wanted to hurt him more.
“Rimmy? What do you think? Three-forty enough?” Jon asked his Boy with a smile and Ryan’s world was turned when Rimmy started nodding his head, looking up and smiling through his tears.

“yes please! I don’t care about money! Just spank my ass please, I’ve been such a naughty boy and I want it! I wanna feel it, want it to hurt please, please hurt me!” he begged for it, sounding so sincere Ryan had to wonder whether it was truth. The stripper had always taken him, and never breathed a word of complaint whenever Ryan lost himself and grew rough. The bruises he left on the stripper’s skin never seemed to faze him and he cried out for more, harder and rocked back into smacks…

Maybe Rimmy got off on pain?

But this was too much pain. Ryan strode forward, not caring on the eyes he was drawing, fishing out a few bills from his inside jacket pocket, raising them high and making his voice boom.

“Five hundred!”

Whether Rimmy Tim wanted it or not, Ryan was going to go softer than anyone else who would pay to get up there. As an expert in pain, he also knew how to pull a hit. And Rimmy Tim was bordering on permeant damage up there.

Ryan saw the moment Jon risinger looked to him, saw the greedy smile even as his eyes told a more dangerous story. Risinger leant back in his chair, tilting his head considering at Ryan as vagabond got to the stage, standing at the bottom of it, money still held high as silence fell.

“Five hundred dollars.” Ryan said in his clearest and deepest vagabond voice. He couldn’t spare Rimmy a glance, he knew a predator when he saw one and he was looking right at the threat, not going to give an inch.

“Vagabond…” Jon almost purred, “Of course. You enjoy this ass often enough, you must want your own marks on my property?”

“Five. Hundred. Dollars.” He repeated, not going to engage the manager in a battle of words. He was well aware he was entering Risingers home turf and so Ryan needed to hold onto as much power as he could. Silence was key.

“Well I think our winner. Come on up and claim your prize. We can all count on the strength of your arm I trust.”

Ryan felt his stomach turn as he got up on the stage, and could hear Rimmym’s little breathy sobs, the small keening he didn’t seem aware he made whenever Risinger touched him. Curse risinger to hell for bringing Vagabonds reputation into this. Now he couldn’t pull his hits as much as he’d like. He could not appear weak or he risks damaging the crew.

Risinger gave Rimmy the tiniest of taps right on the worst of the welts crisscrossing his end and the stripper jerked then voice hitched in a supressed sob before he was talking again.

“Please, just spank me. Spank me already, I want it hurry up!”

Jon leant over Rimmy, grabbing his hair to pull his head back, whispering something as Vagabond stood next to the chair, trying to look large and intimidating despite normally knowing what the go was here, the routine for this kind of thing.

“come on close Vagabond don’t be shy. I trust you’ve done a little something like this before. Though,” Jon started to laugh, “I suspect your usual don’t often get to walk away like Rimmy here will.”
Ryan gave Jon the filthiest look he could at Jon through the expressionless mask as he lay a hand on the small of Tim’s back and raised the other.

“Don’t even pretend to enjoy this, I want to hear your pain.” Jon had ordered and Jeremy delivered. His ass and the back of his thighs were all one big hurt and it wasn’t difficult to muster up the bellow of pure pain when Vagabond’s hand hit with a resounding crack on one of the less bruised areas.

Jeremy didn’t understand why vagabond was doing this. Sure, he was a little demanding in bed, but the few and far between hits Jeremy had gotten had been more for the sound then the pain. This however, hurt, like nothing he’d experienced before.

Boxing hadn’t prepared him for this kind of pain. And Jon so rarely had them hurt, preferring more psychological punishments. But now the manager was near vibrating with his enjoyment and he petted over Jeremy’s back as Vagabond landed blow after blow, avoiding the built-up area’s but sparing no strength with each open palmed hit.

“come now Vagabond, for five hundred, you can hit the sweet spots.”

Jeremy didn’t even hide the sob that came at that suggestion. He wanted this to stop. It hurt too much, it was too personal this pain and yet he could still hear the people crowded into the club. They were eating this up, loving it and calling for more, more, more.

It took only one hit for Jeremy’s peak to cross over.

“STOP! PLEASE! GOD! STOP!” He shrieked, humiliation now complete. He didn’t even feel the hand leave the small of his back, he was just crying now, rocking and shaking, his body straining from the wrong that was his ass and thighs.

“One more hit vagabond.”

“No. He said stop.”

“And are you the kind to stop when people ask you too?”

Jeremy screamed as a hand clearly marked itself into the centre of his pain, he felt every single inch of skin it touched. Then again and he was shouting for them to stop, please, begging but the hand descended again and again. Jeremy’s cries were ignored, only Jon’s voice listened too.

“OK, now I think that’s enough.”

Jeremy sobbed in relief nothing mattered to him now except being allowed to leave. He didn’t think he’d be able to walk. God did he have to crawl backstage? Surely Jon wouldn’t be that cruel, would he?

Jeremy could barely see through his tear swallow eyes and he breathed in gasping hiccups, flinching hard away from the hand on his shoulder, but it was just josh. Jeremy didn’t know what had happened to Vagabond, nor did he pay attention to whatever praise Jon was giving to applause. All that mattered was Josh’s arms, scoping him from Jon’s lap and onto his feet.

His arm went around Joshes shoulder and josh’s arm around his waist, Jeremys legs not responding to his orders to walk and so Josh carried him through to the back, past the horrified faces of his friends and into the showers. Jeremy didn’t stay with them long enough to answer anything they asked. He drifted off to somewhere in his mind that wasn’t here.
I'm Reaaallly sorry about that... you know... mostly...
Apologizing To The Wrong Man

Chapter Summary

Ryan feels guilty and as usual, makes things worse when trying to make things better

Chapter Notes

Yeah I should be working on other stuff but meh I gotta write for me sorry people and this is what I got. So enjoy?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ryan cornered Rimmy’s manager after the show.

Ryan had stood upon the stage as Risinger had praised his handiwork, watching as another man had carried Tim behind the curtains where Ryan couldn’t follow without inciting a gang war. Show over, the lights had returned to the usual club lighting, releasing the stage from being the centre of attention and Jon had slipped away.

Ryan jumped down and followed, the crowd parting for him, his hand sticky with Rimmy Tim’s blood still, the skin of his palm still tingling. Risinger seemed to know he was following because he waved off his bouncer who was coming to his side and he waited patiently by the door to the back area for Ryan to reach him.

“That was a great show Vagabond. I hope you enjoyed it.” Risinger said with a wide charming smile but Ryan was having none of his crap.

"I want to buy Rimmy Tim for the rest of the night."

"Oh? So you really did enjoy yourself. It’s hard to tell with," Risinger gestured around his own face, clearly indicating the mask, “That on. But Unfortunately, I’m going to have to decline.”

“I’ll pay.”

“I’m impressed by your stamina but I think for the sake of my product We’ll pass on the purchase tonight.” Risinger looked so smug about it that Ryan wanted to tear his throat out. Underneath his mask he was furious, but he had to play it cool. Right now, Roosters would steamroller his crew if he started a fight. Over a prostitute no less.

“Fine, I’ll pay double.” He bit out, knowing Risinger had the power here and all he needed to do was raise the price. Unfortunately, Risinger was enjoying his desperation a little too much shaking his head still with that cursed smile on his face.

"Sorry but he needs time to recover before I go renting him out"

"Fucking- just, fuck how much then?"
"Answers No, Vagabond." Risinger said easily and Ryan snapped grabbing slender throat and shoving him back into the door, Risingers fingers around his wrist trying to relieve the pressure of vagabond’s blood sticky palm around his neck. Ryan leant in close, eyes locked and he was rumbling softly, temptation to just snap the fragile neck rising.

But if he did that, with all the eyes that have turned to him now, watching this, he’d start a war. That thought had him pull back his hand, risinger gasping in a breath and curling a little over. Blaine had shoved his way through the crowd and gathered courage to grab vagabonds upper arm.

“Please.” Ryan forced out before he was ejected, again, and risinger waved a hand at Blaine to stop him, straightening up and rubbing a hand over his throat as he glared at vagabond.

“Say that a-fucking-gain.” He ordered and Ryan knew his only way in to Rimmy was swallowing his pride. It turned his stomach and the word caught in his throat but he had to push aside all his pride, just as Rimmy Tim had done. He had to talk to the man.

“P-Please, may I have ten minutes with Tim?” He asked through his clenched teeth, seeing the spark of savage satisfaction on Risingers face before he pulled his eyes down. all his shoulders were stiff and his hands clenched into fists but it had to be done. Had to, if he wanted to see Rimmy Tim ever again let alone tonight.

“The great mighty Vagabond, Begging for his whore?” Risinger asked nastily, like he was daring vagabond to kill him. Ryan fought that impulse with everything he had.

“Ten minutes. I won’t touch.” Every word was agony to him, Vagabond who never gave an inch for any reason.

“Five minutes and you’re paying for a full night so I’m not tempted to report this little twitchy fucking finger incident. That Ass, as fucking fine as it is, does not belong to you. You rent it, just like anyone else here. Rent it from me. Don’t fucking forget that Vagabond. You want some Rimmy Tim action, then you got to fucking ask me nicely. So go on. Ask nicely and I’ll fetch him for you.”

Fucking, fuck, fuck risinger, he’s going to fucking kill that smug, asshole, son of a bitch!

Vagabond struggled, Jon could see that. He felt a thrill of fear but stronger then that, the wonder of power because though it was very clear vagabond dearly wanted to end him, he wasn’t. Jeremys ass must have magical properties to bind Vagabond like this or… Did the stripper have something Vagabond wanted? Or needed? Did Jeremy know something, have something on the masked mercenary?

Jon was going to find out. But first, he was going to have his satisfaction from Vagabond for Hurting Jon’s throat.

“Please. Mr Risinger. I would be grateful. If you’d allow me time. With. Rimmy. Tim.” Each word was hard and sharp but it was clear and vagabond kept his eyes averted. Jon trembled with pleasure and felt a stirring of interest from below his belt at making the Vagabond say something against his will.

Jon swore a long time ago that No one was ever going to make him feel powerless and get away with it and this proved it.

“wait in room two. I’ll send him in. Pay Tyler at the station, one full night worth.” Vagabond nodded, the tenseness leaving his body at what he viewed as dismissal. But Jon wasn’t finished yet. Vagabond had genuinely scared him and Jon resented that greatly.
“You’re not even going to thank me? I am being very generous you know. I could make this whole thing a lot harder.” He pointed out and smiled to see Vagabond jerk to a stop, every line lit up in resentment and anger. He could see over Vagabond shoulder, people looking at them, having seen vagabond attack and now Vagabond retreat.

“Thank You. Mr risinger.” Vagabond Grated out, making Jon giggle, absolute power in this club was truly his.

“Your very welcome mister vagabond. Now off you hop and I’ll get your purchase for you.”

Jon slipped in through the door into the office hall and only when the door was closed did he let his fury take over. How dare Vagabond lay hands on him over a Whore. Jeremy would pay for this embarrassment. Jeremy belonged to Risinger. All the strippers did…

Jeremy cried out whenever Kyle touched him, but it couldn’t be helped. He had to clean the area with the warm cloth so they could fix the damage. Miles had been taken into a room, Andy was out on call and Cole was entertaining the club. That left Trevor and Kyle to help their friend.

Josh had taken Jeremy to the showers where they had laid him down on his stomach, his head in Trevor’s lap, holding his friend’s hands while Kyle tried to assess the damage. Josh had apologized but he needed to go back out, he couldn’t be caught helping them too much or he’d be sent away.

“Shh, shh, I know it hurts, but I need to clean you down.” Kyle said, his voice firm even as his heart broke. He didn’t want to hurt his friend more but it had to be done. Trevor stroked one hand through Jeremy’s coloured hair, the other held in his tight grip as he winced and cried.

“How bad is it?” He asked and Kyle sighed, petting as gently as he could as he answered, “Bad. We’re gonna have to dance sets I think.”

“Hear that Jeremy? You get to grind up on me for a few days.” Trevor tried to joke but Jeremy wasn’t listening to it, just crying softly, his rear and thighs a throbbing deep pain that made his whole-body ache. He couldn’t move his legs without horrifying agony through his limbs and back.

“At least his days off tomorrow.”

“One of us will have to stay with him.”

“Risinger is not going to like that.”

“Oh fuck!” Jeremy moaned at the name, shuddering in Trevor’s lap, “Please, fuck, just make Jon happy. Fucking leave me be if that’s what he wants.”

Jeremy pressed his head into Trevor’s stomach eyes squeezed shut when he heard Risingers voice.

“Sounds like someone’s learning.” Jon chuckled darkly, then he snapped his fingers, “Stop your bitch-ass crying and get to Room two. Vagabonds paid for some time.”

God why? Why did vagabond have to pile on? Jeremy whimpered and to his credit he did try but he bent at the waist to get his knees under him and everything screamed at him to collapse back onto his stomach. Shame was as sharp as his pain and he cursed he had ever caught the eye of The Vagabond.

“For fucks sake, get him up.” Risinger ordered and Kyle took his shoulders, trying to lift him up onto
his feet without bending his body in any way. Trevor slipped out from beneath him and stood up, coming close to Jon.

“Please, Mr Risinger, do you think vagabond would like me-“ Jeremy looked up from his own pain when Trevor yelped, Jon grabbing him by the collar, his face inches from Trevor’s. Fear for his friend was stoked beside his own at the murderously calm expression on their managers face.

“Was I talking to you? No. I wasn't. So how about you go out there and get someone to pay for your night before I decide that you don’t need your tongue to do your job.” And with that coldly delivered threat, Jon threw Trevor out the doorway, and sharp heels on his smart shoes clicked on the bathroom floor as he came closer to Jeremy and Kyle.

“Sir, he can’t stand on his own.” Kyle reported, head down, holding Jeremy up, arm around his shoulder and another around Jeremy waist.

“Shut up.” Risinger snapped and stopped in front of Jeremy, lifting his chin and licking a thumb to wipe away the mix of dry and wet tears on his face, “He’s not to touch you. If he does, your responsible for it. I’m tired of unworthy people pawing at my property and you are mine aren’t you Jeremy?”

“yes sir.” Jeremy whined out, relieved that Vagabond wasn’t going to touch him but confused as to what he wanted now.

“I want you to hate him,” Jon continued, trying to make Jeremy pretty again by rubbing away any smudged makeup, “You hate him more than anything else. His hits were the worse and he’s not worth the money to spend time with. You understand me?”

Kyle kept his face averted in fear of Jon sending him away as well and he doubted Jeremy could walk on his own. Jeremy nodded, breath hitched as he answered.

“Yes sir.”

“Then get going.”

Kyle helped him hobble, his backside was still exposed, only clad in the thong and that’s it, the cuts from the rod breaking and starting to roll down again.

Ryan paced, his mind turning over what he was doing. He should walk out now. This was meant to be a stress relief but all its done is given him feelings. Feelings is not a good thing for a man like him to have. He needed to be apart, separate, alone. He needed to remember all this, everything he’d done with Tim, these past few months have all been fakeery he had paid for.

Tims blood was still under his nails.

Ryan never meant for that to happen, and yet it had. His good intentions had gone up in smoke with Jon risinger’s taunting and Ryan was worried he’d actually damaged Tim more than someone else would have. He has a lot of strength that he was going to pull but Jon had called his reputation into it.

Tim made him feel like Ryan and not vagabond but after this he was wondering if he could still have that. Have a connection with someone outside the crew that didn’t see the Vagabond personality when they looked at him. Someone who didn’t fear him.
Most likely not as when the door opened, and Rimmy Tim was carried in by Kee-kee, flinching into his fellow when Ryan reached to help. Ryan withdrew his offered hand and despite the mask still on his face, he was all Ryan when he spoke.

“place him on the bed and Leave.” His words harsh but his tone not. Tim looked to him with fright and nervousness in his eyes, along with a large amount of pain. Kee-Kee obeyed, helping Tim to lay on the bed on his belly and when Ryan again tried to help, Tim spoke up, a hiss that was born of terror and desperation.

“Don’t touch me!”

Ryan moved back and looked to Kee-kee nodding his head at the door in a hint.

“I paid for him. Not you.” He said a bit of the vagabond growl back in his voice. The man ducked his head and slipped out, shutting the door. Ryan looked back to Rimmy Tim who must feel so exposed, his injuries weren’t nice to look at and Ryan grabbed a sheet from the spares as he spoke.

“I… Never meant for that… It was not my intention when I came here to get you in any trouble.”

"no of course not. You came here to buy my time and when I was unavailable, make my life harder.”

Ryan threw the sheet over Rimmy, the man hissing in pain and instantly spots of blood appeared on the sheets. Ryan tried not to look closely before it had fallen but the imprint of his hand was clear on multiple spots. The image was stored right next to the guilt of Geoff’s missing finger, Ryan having blown it off by accident in a friendly fire incident.

“I don’t want to make your life harder. I just wish to be a part of it.” He said truthfully. It had been nice these past few months. Tumbling into bed with Tim, the little chuckles the breathy moans. The way he always seemed happy to see the vagabond mask instead of shrinking form it, he would come straight over, putting hands on his hips, blinking up at him, closer than people dared to get.

“Here to see me Vagabond?” Rimmy would ask, like he didn’t already know.

“You paid for that privilege sure and I was a great boy to you, wasn’t I? then you had to… had to- and then you just dropped me and it wasn’t my fault! But it’s too late and then I can’t make any money because everyone assumes I belong to you which got J-jon m-mad and, and, and-” To Ryan’s horror Rimmy broke down into sobs, trying to stifle them in the mattress like sometimes his head would be shoved down to muffle other noises.

“I’m just here to-“

"Here for what?! I'm a whore Ryan! Whores get what they fucking deserve!"

Ryan flushed hard under his mask, anger and guilt rolled into one.

“It’s not like that Tim! And Don’t say that Name!” He warned only for Tim’s sobs to turn to wet snorting laughter. The bitter hopelessness made Ryan pace away from the man on the bed.

"Or what? You going to choke me again? Fucking do it. I deserve it. I deserve everything I get from you! I'm nothing to you but paid time!”

God, it was true. Rimmy Tim had been the best but this was ending like every other time Ryan had paid for sex. He’d grow attached but his paid partner would never forget they were paid to withstand his touch. He could never have a real relationship and Ryan was so bad at keeping sex and feelings separate even Prostitutes broke up with him.
"Tim..."

"That’s not even my name. It’s fake. Just like everything else"

That hurt and Ryan’s mouth thinned behind his mask. He had to give it one more try dropping to his knees near Tim’s face beside the bed, "Tim, is he making you say this? Why didn't you ever tell me how your treated here?"

Rimmy gave another wet scoff shaking his head, "Fuck vagabond... You really are insane... You hire me. You hire me for sex and you’re asking why I don’t say shit? He’s my manager, you’re my customer, that’s the way things are and when you fuck with that system, the whore pays for it. And that’s me."

Rimmy Tim shut his eyes and turned his face away from the mask, “Can you leave so I can stop paying for you wanting me? After you joining in on stage its already going to be hell to try and make enough money to avoid next Game night.”

“then I’ll pay for you every night.” It was the least he could do. What else was he spending his money on. That got Rimmy to look at him at least so Ryan sweetened the offer, “Whether I turn up or not, I’ll pay to have you always available to me.”

“y-you would?” Rimmy asked incredulous. A full night was not cheap, “Why?”

“Because-“A hard knock at the door cut him off and the bouncer that had taken Rimmy Tim from the stage spoke through the door.

“Times up. Wrap up and vacate.”

Ryan ripped his mask from his face and grabbed Rimmy Tim around his face, not letting this remain unsaid.

“Because you make me feel normal when I’m here with you.” Ryan said quickly and kissed him hard and fast. Then he put his mask back on and opened the door, startling the bouncer behind it, with his hair pulled back into a tie. Ryan shot him a glare, a silent threat that he better not cause Rimmy more pain before Ryan had to leave.

Risinger was by the bar, one of his boys sitting on his knee as he spoke to another man. As Ryan passed, he saw Jon’s hand on the stripper’s thigh possessive and the stripper gave Ryan a lingering a look, clearly recognising the Vagabond, his deep brown eyes in his handsomely sweet face seemingly asking him something.

Ryan had no answers for him so he left without another word to anyone. He needed his own answers and he knew just who could get them for him.

“Come on. You’re going home.” Josh said kindly, coming over to help Jeremy off the bed, “Did he touch you? You know I won’t tell Jon, I just need to know if he made things worse.”

Jeremy shook his head, then he had the sense to wipe his lips in case any of Vagabonds makeup rubbed off on him.

“No. Just the ki-“

“I didn’t see anything.” Josh said quickly and Jeremy nodded again, his eyes heavy. All this constant
pain was making him want to sleep. Josh took him to the back rooms and just cut his underwear away when they made it to the lockers. It was difficult and Jeremy cried again as between them they managed to get him into soft loose workout pants.

“welcome back josh.” He panted when they took a break, just letting Jeremy get used to the pressure of the cloth on his backside. Josh chest rumbled with amusement and he held Jeremy still, keeping him up so they looked to be embraced instead of Josh taking all the weight.

“Thanks so much. I should go away more often.” Josh joked.

Jeremy laughed then groaned, “Oh don’t make me laugh. I just learnt my laugh makes my butt jiggle.”

Josh petted down his spine and looked down at his face, “Ready for a shirt?”

Jeremy managed to get into this mostly just needing Josh’s arms around his waist to help his legs support his weight. His upper torso was fine and he slipped the shirt overhead. With some more puppeteering from Josh they got his jacket on and said fuck it to shoes, just taking the Rimmy Boots off. Josh said he’d drop Jeremy’s sneakers off tomorrow.

Cole came in just as they were about to leave, wincing and touching his lip which had been split. Josh paused and he pointed at it with one arm still around Jeremy’s waist.

“What’s that?”

“Over zealous customer. Don’t worry Tyler’s already taken care of it.” Cole brushed it off, looking to Jeremy then away before sympathy could infect his gaze, “Get him home would you?”

“Cole.” Josh started but Jon came into the doorway and run an eye over the three, a calculating look on his face. Jeremy cringed into Josh but it was Cole who caught their managers attention, Jon moving smoothly to take Coles chin in a slender hand, tilting it up so the light caught on the cut.

“Tyler told me you had an incident.”

“Yes sir. My last customer thought it would be ok to bite my lip.” Cole said quickly. While Jon was busy sorting out that, Josh started edging them to the door, made harder by the fact Jeremy did not want to move without Jon’s permission.

“Well, this is hideous. They’ll be no hiding it.” Jon criticised while the two behind him made it to the door. Cole yelped which startled both men trying to get out, looking back to see Jon smiling wide as Cole tongued his lip which was bleeding.

“There. If you must wear a mark, I want it to be mine.” Jon said proudly and let Coles chin go to tap his rooster brand tattoo that for this stripper was on the back of his neck, “every mark you have is from us, isn’t it?”

“Yes, Mr Risinger.”

They only made it partway down the hall before Jon followed them calling out for Josh to stop. Josh did and tried not to look sheepish with his cargo as Jon moved to be in front of them, glancing at Jeremy but eyes mostly on Josh.

“Josh, Hun, pretty man… what are you doing?” Jon asked sweetly, “You only just got back. You don’t have to work.”
Jeremy was trying not to draw attention to himself but everything hurt the longer they stayed still, at least in movement he could concentrate on that.

“it’s no trouble Jon. Really. Blaine’s watching the floor and Tyler’s dealing with the jerk who marked up Cole train so I thought I’d just see Rimmy out.” As josh spoke Jon’s head was tilting ever so slowly and he smiled in a way that made both men uncomfortable.

“Well I’m glad I caught you then. I think Poor Jeremys Ass was a little more injured then I originally intended. But for being such a good boy and taking all your punishment without complaint Jeremy I thought I’d give you this.” Jon slipped a hand in his pocket and pulled out a small case that, when he unzipped it, had a needle inside.

“Sleep is a great healer.” Jon said low, eyes on Jeremy now not seeing the unease on josh’s face.

“T-thanks Mr risinger s-sir but you told us we are not allowed to touch drugs and-“

“Are you saying no to me Jeremy?” Jon cut across his stammers and Jeremys mouth closed with a snap. Jon smiled wider taking the needle from its case and showing it was ready to go, holding out his hand and curving his fingers in twice.

“Good. Arm please.”

Jeremy had to hold it out and he didn’t wince when Jon expertly slid the needle into inner elbow, pushing the plunger and giving Jeremy the full dose.

“There you go. Good boy Jeremy, rest up. You earnt it.” He cooed and the stripper’s eyes were already flickering so josh had to quickly adjust his hold to take the full weight of the little heavyweight. Once Jeremys eyes were fully closed only then he looked to Josh.

“If you really are willing to help, take him to my apartment, will you? you still have the spare set I trust?” Josh nodded and Jon clapped his hands together delighted, need still in his grip, “Perfect. Help yourself to the fridge and I’ll be home in about two hours. He shouldn’t wake up before that but hey, better safe than sorry, right?”

“Jon are you sure? I mean you don’t want to damage him too much or-“ Josh tried but Jon was not in the mood to hear anyone out tonight.

“I think I know a little better then you what my products can and cannot handle. Besides, I meant what I said. That was a little harder than I wanted to go on poor Little Rimmy. So, I’ll take care of him. My house. My bed. Don’t leave.”

Josh had no choice but to obey himself. Just because he was a bouncer didn’t mean he was any freer then the strippers. Josh had family the roosters knew about. They all served and they all had reasons too. Even the managers.

Jon’s rooster brand tattoo was well covered under his suit jacket, just peeping up over his trousers.

Chapter End Notes

Ryan should have apologized to Jon. Silly Ryebread... Poor Jeremy
Jeremy woke slow, becoming aware he was laid out on his stomach on a bed, his head on a slender man's chest, an arm around him and petting through his hair. He sighed thankful Trevor was here for him, at least until he had to go work. As he stirred, he squeezed the arm around Trevor's chest a little tighter, showing his affection for his old friend. He hated how they had been caught up in this but at least they were together.

“Good morning sleepy head, Nice dreams?”

Jeremy's eyes snapped open and he cringed back from Jon's face smiling down at him, a book being placed aside to focus fully on Jeremy. Jeremy's bottom half was stiff and it made for difficult movement, Jeremy trying to wiggle off Jon only for the manager's arm to grow harder around him.

“Please Jeremy, no need to fear me. I'm here to help you.”

“Help me?” That didn’t sound true at all. Jon didn't help, he hurt and if they were lucky, he'd just leave them be to do their jobs. Jeremy tried not to flinch from the hand Jon stroked over his cheek, not fooled by the soft smile.

“Help you. My poor Jeremy… I just wanted you to learn a little lesson. And you’ve learned it hasn't you?”

Jeremy racked his brain, what lesson was he supposed to have learned. The first one that occurred came from his lips quickly.

“Yes, sir. I belong to you, sir. Only you.” Jon was nodding and encouraged, Jeremy kept talking, “No matter who rents me out I belong to you.”

“Oh, good boy! Such a good lesson to learn.” Jon praised him and kissed his forehead before moving off the bed, “You stay right there, I bet your butt is hurting.” he laughed at his own joke, “I’ll get you something for it.”

Jeremy watched Jon get out of bed, the manager only in boxers and a long shirt that went right over his hips. While Jon was away, Jeremy looked around, trying to blink away the last of the sedatives. The first thing he became aware of is that his ass really did hurt. More of a deep constant ache now and his legs were stiff so he didn’t bother trying to move them.

He was naked, he could feel the silk sheets against him, and the soft sheets hardly put any pressure over his backside. It was a king size bed, plenty of pillows, all various shades of blue, the bed itself was unusual in that it was round, a big circle that he lay in the middle off.

The bedroom was large and the bed faced ceiling to floor windows that were currently shaded. The
bed was on a raised platform, Jon's bedroom modernly designed and decorated with pictures of men and women in various sleeping poses on this very bed, or on the couches down from the platform, or even what looked like the inside of what must be the walk in closet. Jeremy's eyes were caught on a large portrait of Burnie Burns, asleep on the bed, sheets tastefully arranged around his chest and neck, a soft satisfied smile on his face.

From there he started seeing other familiar faces; there was Joel Heyman, a bit of blood on his cheek and down his back, a larger splotch. By the bed in a smaller frame, Jeremy could recognize Blaine, he sleeping arm thrown over his face. Then the two that chilled him, Miles was sat on the couch, head lolled back, one leg out, a blanket covering his waist and hickeys down his chest and around his neck. And Kerry who Jeremy hadn’t seen since the stripper had run away, just before Trevor had been roped in, laying in the closet, Jon's clothes around him like a nest, only his sweet face visible, bruised and eyes screwed up like he was having a nightmare.

“I see you're admiring my little hobby,” Jon said proudly as he caught Jeremy staring at the bedside table with Kerry’s portrait on it. Jon walked further in, an ice pack in one hand, a first aid kit in the other, looking about himself at all his different pieces. “I took all these myself. I take a few, but only the best go up on the walls. Play your cards right, and you’ll be up there as well.”

Jeremy didn’t think that was a good thing, some of these people looked satisfied, like the high tier roosters, and some did not… like Miles and Kerry.

“Now let's check how pretty you look today shall we?” Jon smiled and pulled the sheet off Jeremy, who looked over his shoulder, seeing the swell of cheek and his thigh, wincing from the sight alone let alone the deep throbbing ache in the area.

Everywhere was crisscrossed with patches of black, blue, yellow and red, cuts dried into lines and welts raised all over. It looked horrible and even Jon made a face and spoke quietly to himself.

“Mustn’t get so carried away…” then he raised his voice, meeting Jeremy's eyes as he started to place the ice on a cheek, watching the pain flicker across Jeremy's face then settled as the ice started its numbing work, “You know why I did this don’t you Jeremy?”

“Yes, sir. I didn’t make enough money sir.”

“No.” Jeremy flinched at Jon saying the word, only soothed by the fact Jon didn’t make a sudden move to follow that up, his voice calm and not angry, “That got you in the show, but not the punishment.”

It was nice, the ice on his ass, it numbed the nerves yelling at him and Jon changed it over from one cheek to the next as he spoke.

“You remember when you came to me? I told you then, right before you got this,” Jeremy flinched when Jon's hand burrowed between his thighs to press against his tattoo, “what it meant. Do you remember what it says here?”

Jeremy stood before the chair, Jon by his side, a comforting hand on his shoulders. Mr Hullum was ready with his gun, his inks all in place. Though he walked into here of his own free will, it did not feel like a choice now he was standing here. He looked to Jon, the last attempt.

“Does it have to be my thigh? Why not my back? Or my upper arm?”

“Sorry Jer-bear, them the breaks. Every time you open your legs from now on, it’s for the Roosters.”
Jeremy gulped, glancing at the door where two large guys were standing, watching the whole thing. Jon took his chin gently and made Jeremy look to him, gently rubbing a thumb over his stubble.

“This is it, Jeremy. The last time you need to make a choice. Walk away, and find another way to pay poor Trevor’s medical bills. Find another way for his treatments, the rent, the food. Enough for yourself as well don’t forget.”

Jeremy couldn’t do that. He’d tried so hard to find another gig, tried to break into underground fights, tried to get into a crew, a gang, something. But everywhere he turned he was shut down and Trevor’s expenses were only growing as the man was weakening.

Jon had seen that in Jeremy's eyes, in the shameful way they dipped down because he couldn’t do it. He couldn’t help his friend the way he was now. Jon smiled, knowing he had succeeded.

“Sit in the chair. Take the tattoo. Become Rooster property, my property… I’ll treat you right Jeremy, you know I can. No more sleeping in shelters, no more cutting meals to make ends meet. You’ll be cared for, and I'll see to it Trevor is taken care of as well.” Jon had carefully maneuvered his other hand to the small of Jeremy's back, pressing him towards the chair, “It’s a good life Jeremy. Just give up your control to me and never worry again.”

“I don’t want-” Jeremy started but Jon pressed his finger to Jeremy's lips.

“Unless you walk, You obey me now Jeremy. You don’t say no to me. You're mine.”

Jeremy made his choice, the choice that put him firmly under Jon's power. He had sat down, and gotten the brand into his skin. And the words that encircled the Rooster logo.

“If property is lost, return to nearest known Rooster territory.” Jeremy quoted the writing that circled the rooster logo and Jon pulled his hand out of his thighs to move the ice in reward.

“That's right, you remember.”

“Yes, Jon. I remember you told me I would become property.” Jeremy admitted, “Your property sir.”

Jon left the ice on one cheek and opened up the kit to take out creams that he could start to apply to the numbed areas. He chuckled softly at Jeremy's words, oozing out a bit of cream onto his finger then moved the ice over, rubbing the numbed spot.

“Good boy Jeremy. You know this is bad I’ll freely admit that. But you know others would have done worse. This was a once off Jeremy, just because of your naughty behavior.” Jeremy shuddered at Jon’s tone, dipping towards disappointment as he worked to soothe what he could of Jeremy's marked up backside, “You were naughty because you were forgetting your place. Your place is under me. You’re a hole, remember? One that belongs to my club, belongs to me and I will rent you out as I see fit. Customers are fickle things Jeremy, only I will be here forever.”

That was true, but now Vagabond had promised to rent him out regularly. Jeremy wasn’t sure whether that would happen but the promise made him a little slow on his reply, thinking on it. Jon noticed and squeezed down on the bruising, setting it to wake up under his touch, Jeremy biting a lip to stop from crying out.

“Yes, sir!”

“No, you took a bit to answer there Jeremy. Tell me what you were thinking.”

“Nothing sir, just enjoying your treatment sir,” Jeremy said hurriedly, saying whatever he could to
avoid more pain. “Thank you for helping me.”

Jon scoffed and his touch gentled again, tending to his hurt property, “You have no idea how good I am to you. To all of you. I give you everything you could ever want don’t I? Don’t you have a state of the art entertainment system? The best money can buy? Everything you have is quality. Because you are quality, Jeremy.”

Jon’s hands grew firmer and Jeremy whimpered, he could tell when Jon was getting ideas. The ice had helped to numb him and the cream made everything subside to a throb but now Jon was rubbing him over, squeezing gently, sending fire down his protesting muscles.

“Such quality…” Jon cooed, “From the moment I saw you, the first time I walked into Sorala’s office to see you there begging for a loan, I knew. You were made to be fucked, Jeremy. Everyone else saw the broad shoulders, heard your skill in the ring but I knew you were wasted there. You were made for this…”

Jon slides his hand down between Jeremy's thighs again, squeezing over the tattoo, reminding him once again who he belonged too, even as another hand, threw the ice pack aside and traced long fingers over the handprint.

“Made to be owned, to be used, Jeremy.” Jon’s voice dropped lower as he grew more aroused, all that pretty marked skin, though the handprints were irritating him because they were not Jon’s, “It was a shame to mark you like this, but god, if you could see it… It’s beautiful Jeremy, absolutely beautiful…”

Jeremy was feeling sick but Jon left him be, getting up, talking as he moved. Jeremy took the chance to hopefully pull the sheet back over himself like that could protect him as he watched Jon move around the bedroom like a cat on the prowl.

“I guess in a way this was my fault. You have been spoilt. And it’s not just you, oh no, I know the others are taking me for granted as well.” Jon went to his wardrobe first, rummaging in drawers there and pulling out a professional looking camera that he fiddled with, “Like you, they are getting comfortable, starting to forget what they are.”

Jon lifted the camera and pointed at Jeremy, the click and flash startling. Jon looked down at the screen and grinned then back up at Jeremy, moving again, shutting the wardrobe behind him. Jeremy had to switch shoulders to look over to keep Jon in sight.

“Mr. Risinger, we know our place, sir,” he said respectfully a cold fear in his stomach for his friends. He didn’t like the cold laugh his manager gave by his coaches, taking out a bottle out of the couch side table that made Jeremy’s stomach turn and he bit back a gag.

“Do you? You wouldn’t be the first to let a high-end customer convince you, you are something more. Let me tell you something about the Vagabond and other high tier men.” Jon came back, putting the lube on the pillow, making Jeremy tremble with fear to see it. Jon couldn’t be serious, it would hurt way too much to get fucked in the ass in the condition it was in. But Jon lay what was meant to be a comforting hand on the small of Jeremy’s back, and tilted his head at the stripper until their gaze met again.

“I have had, high tier men and women in my bed. I know you must recognize Mr. Burns, our Leader, and my boss.” he waved a hand to the Burns portrait then to another one by his side of a woman, blonde hair messed over the pillows, her hand curled against her cheek, “His wife, Mrs. Burns, though I knew her when she was Miss Jenkins. Heh, talk about a power couple…”
Jon took the sheet and started to pull it down, talking softly as Jeremy gathered his courage to say something. He couldn’t do this, it just couldn’t happen.

“They are something special Jeremy and you should feel honored to be chosen. But they are also above the likes of you. Vagabond can come fuck you as much as he likes. He’s a powerful guy, and he has the money for it.”

Once again Jeremy was exposed and he pressed his head into the pillow, trying not to tense as Jon started rubbing over his cheeks again then glancing up when the pressure was gone. Jon had grabbed his camera and was messing with the focus, pointed at Jeremy’s injuries.

“But I’m the one who owns you. He can have the flesh, he can put his hands on you, he can even pay to mark you a little. But I’m the one who owns you inside and out. I can do whatever I like to you Jeremy because you’re mine. And you’ll always be mine.”

The click and whir of the camera made Jeremy relax. Maybe Jon will be satisfied with just pictures. He could hope anyway. He just wanted to not be here, he wanted to be home with the others.

“I’m hearing a lot of me talking but not you Jeremy. Nothing to say?”

“No sir,” Jeremy said quickly, wanting to please. What could Jon possible want him to say to this?

“Mmm, I do love when you call me sir.” Jon purred, another click of his camera, “Let’s see how well you’ve learned huh? Doesn’t that sound fun? Our own little game.”

Jeremy had no choice. He had to play. They both knew it, Jon was counting on it. So in hopeless humor, Jeremy turned his head to look at Jon and grin.

“I do love games, sir,” he said unexpectedly playful which threw Jon off. He raised a brow but continued with his game.

“Tell me you understand why I did this,” Jon commanded, his hand started to stroke back and forth over Jeremy’s back.

“Because I forgot my place, sir. I am a hole. I belong to you. Only to you.” Jeremy recited quickly, “I won’t forget again sir, I promise.” he had to add, a wary glance at the lube before putting his playful face back on and sucking on his bottom lip to draw attention to his mouth.

“And what are customers Jeremy?” Jon asked, eyeing over his lips, want in his eyes when Jeremy licked them and looked down then back up through his eyelashes at the manager.

“Fickle sir. Fickle and fleeting and only you will be here always.” Jeremy answered huskily seeing his ploy was working, Jon groaning and leaning closer, his face close to Jeremy’s now.

“Atta boy Jeremy, you’re learning so well,” Jon praised then moved closer so his next question was whispered over Jeremy’s lips, “Who hurt the most? Me or vagabond?”

Jeremy’s eyes shot open, he didn’t know the correct answer here. Jon’s face was smiling cunning and Jeremy realized that was the point. There was no right answer. If he said Vagabond like Jon had told him last night, Jon would be jealous and hurt him. If he said Jon, then he was undermining Jon’s view on being good and gentle for him. Either way, he couldn’t make Jon happy with his answer.

“I-he-you…” Jeremy stammered and Jon tsked, pressing a kiss to Jeremy’s stunned lips.

“Oh Jeremy, you are so sweet when you try to play along. I got a reward for you for being such a
good boy.” Jon moved back and dived into the first aid, bringing out a vial and a fresh needle, expertly preparing it then smiling at Jeremy, “Arm.” he ordered.

“Jon please no, you hate drugs remember?” Jeremy pleaded, he didn’t want to give his arm again, not when the last time landed him here. He sucked in a pained breath as Jon slapped him on the face and pointed a finger at him.

“What have I told you about telling me no?” he hissed then he wiggled the needle between his fingers. “And this is a painkiller, nothing nasty. Don’t say I’m never kind to you.”

Jeremy held it out, laying it on the bed resigned to the prick of the needle in his arm. Only to yelp in surprise when Jon injected into his ass cheek, giggling and winking at Jeremy when the stripper looked at him.

Goddamn Jon, Jeremy cursed in the privacy of his mind. It’s always a power play with him. Never about injecting his arm and everything about making Jeremy submit. But at least the drugs started working, blessed numbness spreading even better then the ice because there was no accompanying cold ache. Just relief. Even knowing what Jon most likely planned, the ebbing of his constant pain relaxed him, sinking into the mattress with a sigh.

“There you are, my good boy. Isn’t that better?”

“Yes, Jon… Thank you. Thank you for that.” Jeremy sighed again, enjoying the numb as it spread over his injuries but more than that, made his whole body lethargic and lose. Jons hands now felt strange rather than painful on his ass and his voice started to roll in smooth as Jeremy’s mind started to fog.

“I do so love this ass. One of my favorites. You look so strong and yet, this,” he squeezed, this time getting no answering pain from the drugged stripper, “is still so soft… shame you forced me to mark it so, but at least it will fade. But these handprints, they aren’t mine. We should correct that shouldn’t we?”

Alarm stirred but Jeremy couldn’t fight the numbness in his body, shifting only slightly, unable to wiggle far from Jon who laughed to see him try. He patted a hand down Jeremy’s spine then brought a hand up, “Relax Jeremy, you will hardly feel it.”

It was a strange pain, more his brain registered that this will hurt, just not yet. Like someone shouting from the other side of a house, it hurt as Jon lay his hand prints all over, overlapping the Vagabond’s. He only groaned in confused pain, pinned by Jon sitting on the back of his thighs, and squeezing tight to the pillow under his head.

“There we go, that’s better.” Jon said happily, carefully putting his hand over a print, loving to see how his fingers matched up, “Now, Jeremy, tell me who owns this.”

“You do Sir.” Jeremy croaked out then vaguely protested, more soft noises when Jon moved and his hands started to turn him over, so he was laying on his back. Even the drugs he had been given didn’t fully stop the aching building with every moment he was pressed into the mattress. Then Jon moved and straddled his chest.

“I was going to have that ass of yours, but I think I’ll be kind to you. You open your mouth and remember, you owe me for this. I could have done much worse.” Jon warned as he pulled himself out of his boxers and shuffled forward.

Jeremy opened his mouth obediently and Jon slid himself in with a satisfied sigh. Jeremy didn’t have
to do anything and Jon never asked which was good because Jeremy didn’t think his body was going to respond correctly. He just had to close his eyes, keep his jaw loose and lips locked around Jon as he moved.

“Thatta boy. That’s a good, good, boy.” Jon praised, fingers sliding through the orange in Jeremy’s hair, getting a tight grip and lifting his head off the pillows a little as he worked himself in and out with pleased noises, “Such a pretty face to fuck, look at you, you look so fucking good.”

Jeremy opened his eyes and looked up when he heard the camera click again, Jon had reached out and snagged it and was taking pictures again, grinning and huffing as he took his pleasure and his time.

“Gonna get this framed in my office. What do you think? Just for me to enjoy.” Jon teased, showing him the screen, resting for a moment, still on Jeremy's tongue but wanting to show off his new pictures. Since his mouth was still being filled Jeremy settled for a little nod and a moan around Jon that had him place the camera aside and start to move again.

“F-fuck Jeremy, yes. You belong to me. You're mine. Good boy, you swallow everything I give you, you hear me?” Jon was getting worked up now and he didn’t wait for Jeremy's agreement, just pressed forward, giving Jeremy barely enough time to suck in a breath before he slid into throat.

Jeremy’s hands remembered how to work then, slapping onto Jon's thighs but the manager couldn’t be stopped, making groans of pleasure above him, and there was nothing he could do but wait.

“Yes, fuck, yes, Jeremy, gonna blow. Ah-ah, swallow!” Jon ordered, shuddering and jerking as he spilled, Jeremy trying to swallow quickly to get his air back, his head was already hazy from drugs and now lack of air was affecting him, turning red as Jon groaned.

He slapped Jon’s thigh, trying to get him to realize he couldn’t breathe but all that did was make him laugh, holding a few more moments before he pulled back. Jeremy sucked in a gasping breath, his heartbeat in his ears and he coughed then groaned, even through the painkillers he felt what that movement did to his lower half.

“Good Jeremy?” Jon asked smugly hand gently in his hair now, sitting back on Jeremy’s stomach, a tight feeling in his chest as he wheezed for breath. Jeremy coughed and nodded, forcing a tearful smile to his face.

“I thought so,” Jon said and snatched up his camera to take another picture.

Ryan had left the club past two am which made it near three when he did finally get home. He didn’t bother changing or cleaning up just going to his own room and collapsing onto it. He pulled the mask from his face, as that was all he could bother with before he was already falling asleep.

He woke with the sun, barely a few hours after he got home, pillow sticking to his face with its make up. Another pillowcase ruined so he simply used it to smear as much as he could from his face. Then he got up and shed his jacket before looking out into the hall.

The coffee had not yet sung so that meant Gavin would still be asleep. By the sounds of it so were the rest of the crew, or they simply weren’t home. The penthouse was their main residence but all of them had different places all around Los Santos. They just enjoyed living together, watching each other's backs. Plus, Geoff had all the best shit in his house.

He went straight into Gavin’s room, the lad laying naked on his bed, spread out and sheet preserving
his dignity. Knowing Gavin as he did, Ryan knew Gavin probably only went to sleep not long before Ryan would have gotten home, but that didn’t stop him shaking Gavin awake then slapping a palm over his mouth when he went to shout.

Gavin started hard, hands grabbing the arm holding his mouth shut, eyes roving, settling on the makeup smeared face, a muffled shrill question against Ryan’s palm.

“Shut up and listen to me, Gav. Remember that little stalker problem you had? Remember how I made him go away?” Ryan waited until Gavin went still and nodded, watching him closely before Ryan continued, “You told me to never tell anyone else, and I haven’t. Now you owe me the same secrecy. Can I depend on you?”

Another nod and Ryan let him go, withdrawing his hand and sitting on the side of the bed as Gavin scooted up into a sit, blanket clutched to his hairy chest, still watching Ryan as prey would predator. Ryan waited while Gavin weighed up what he wanted to say before settling on,

“You’re a right creepy bastard, Ryan. You could have just waited until morning. Course I’ll help you mate, you don’t need to go hanging shit over my head.”

“I just wanted to be sure. You don’t tell Michael. You don’t tell Jack. You don’t tell Geoff. No one.” Ryan said low and smooth, Gavin’s face became concerned and he put a hand on the distant man’s arm.

“Rye, course mate. Whatever it is, you can count on me.” He said sincerely, eyes wide and full of honesty.

“I need you to find everything you can on a man who calls himself Rimmy Tim.”

Gavin burst out laughing quickly stifled when Ryan glared at him, the Brit slapping both hands to his mouth even though his face was still lit up with mirth. He snorted again then got it under control before Ryan got that murderous look in his eye.

“Sorry, just… Rimmy Tim?” it was the most ridiculous name Gavin could think of, “What’s the bloke done to get your knickers in a knot?”

“Just get me my information, Gavin.” Ryan said sharply then adding in a softer tone, “Please?”

Gavin’s face became serious and he nodded, determined to help. So rarely to Ryan ask for anything.

“I will Ryan. It’s at the tippity top of my to do list. Promise.” Gavin said and earned himself a rare smile from his mercenary friend. Ryan did appreciate Gavin. The man was a child in a man’s body at time’s… with access to fire and firearms no less which could be worrying, but, he was loyal and the best hacker Ryan had come across. If anyone could dig up the past that was no doubt buried, it would be Gavin Free.

And Ryan needed to know. He needed to know how Rimmy Tim got to where he was, that he could be used the way he was and then tell Ryan he was wrong. That was true belief in Rimmy’s voice last night, the man truly believed he meant nothing and was nothing but a whore. Ryan couldn’t stand that.

He needed to do what he could to get Rimmy away from Jon and closer to him. Rimmy Tim’s cries echoed in his head, his hand tingled from remembering his blows, Jon’s manipulative commentary forcing him to hit harder.

He would go back there in the afternoon, and he would buy out the next weeks worth of nights.
Before that, however, he had a free day ahead of him, so he was going to a car dealership and purchasing a lowrider.

In Purple and orange

Chapter End Notes

OK i'm done now. I'm not going to hurt Jeremy anymore (*fingers crossed behind back*)
there's so many others to pick on :D ;P
Thank you CaPowArsenic for betaing this for me :D
**Songbird**

Chapter Summary

Jon reflects on the power he had gained and how he'd do anything to keep it
Gavin tries to get information from Andy, but the escort knows better then to open his mouth

Chapter Notes

so once again just a heads up theres smut ahead and it plays that grey jump rope of, is this the big R?
so if that kinda stuff hurts to read, well you shouldn't be reading any of this at all but especially this chapter.
hopefully you'll understand Jon better after atleast!
(I swear its mostly jeremwood fluff next chapter I promise!)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jon let Jeremy sleep off the drugs in his system and through the healing pain. He had gotten the man to roll back onto his stomach and had left him alone to go cook something to eat. By the time he’d come back with oatmeal and honey, Jeremy was already slack-jawed and asleep.

Jon grinned to himself, cheekily thinking Jeremy must be full already, though of course, it was a combination of the drugs and the injuries. He put his oatmeal down on the couch side table then back bed to grab up his camera. He loved this part.

He moved the first aid kit aside, picking up the dripping ice pack and throwing both beside the bed. Then he fixed the sheets, pulling them tight and straight, so Jeremy was asleep in a made bed. Then Jon artfully, scuffed one side of the sheets down, near the side of the bed, where Jeremy's sleeping face was canted to the side, one cheek in the pillow. Jon lined up a shot that would capture Jeremy's sleeping face as well as an overshot of just a slice of his exposed and badly bruised cheek over his shoulder, the focus following the line of his side.

Jon took a few, experimenting with his lighting, moving the lamp around for different effects, the angles differing as he tried for that perfect shot. Finally, he got it, a perfect mixture of the sweetness of sleep on Jeremy's face, with a follow through to where the sheets teasingly displayed marked skin, enough to tantalize. It was perfect, Jon having captured the moment Jeremy had shifted slightly in his sleep and winced, the sleepy face now with a small hint of discomfort.

Pleased with his photo’s he threw the sheet back over the lad and went to sit on his couch, feet up on it, looking out over the city view feeling very satisfied in himself. This apartment and everything in it was artful, modern and expensive. Just as Jon considered himself to be. A far cry from where he started.

Many years ago
Burnie grunted and surged up into Jon who was riding him on the Mob bosses bed, Burnie’s hands on his hips, the tips of his fingers touching the strippers Rooster brand. Jon cried out as well like he knew the boss liked, as Burnie throbbed and spilled inside him, his hands hard on the man’s chest, riding Burnie through his orgasm until he took the facial cues to stop.

Burnie panted, swallowing hard and catching his breath, relax under the lithe stripper, running hands up and down his sides. A grin rolled over his face as his eyes fluttered shut, Burnie giving a groan of contentment happy to stay deeply seated in Jon for the moment. His hands came off his body to go behind his head, breathing evening out.

Jon knew to stay there until Burnie softened and slid out of his own accord, only then was he allowed to move.

“So good Songbird. So fucking good as always.” Burnie muttered, Jon giving a small smile in case the boss opened his eyes.

“Thank you, Mr. Burns, I loved it.” He said though he never came himself. It was not about his enjoyment but Burnies. So long as he pleased the boss, he got to live a little longer. How much longer he wasn’t sure, because even having seduced the boss onto his side to avoid the drugs within the drunk tank, he was still painfully thin and malnourished not to mention the various marking on him from overzealous customers.

Coming under the protective arm of Burnie Burns had only extended his life, not saved it. For that, he needed a different plan. Burnie’s face went softer as he slipped into sleep and Jon could finally move, slipping off Burnie’s lap and cleaning off the boss with the cloth that had been put aside earlier. Burnie hardly stirred while he was cleaned and the blankets pulled over him.

Jon was rapidly making himself in-disposable or at least attempting too. He cleaned himself up and then wiggled back into the tight leather he had arrived in, tossing his unbuttoned shirt over his torso before he went to Burnie’s desk to tidy up.

He had only planned on being the best bed warmer Burnie could ask for, the most useful and caring. Thus this maid service he did, plus serving Burnie hand and foot, rubbing his shoulders, preening for him when he was taken out in public. He was going to tidy up like he normally did and hope Burnie would feed him breakfast in the morning but before he knew it he was sitting down at the desk.

The figures were immaculately kept, Jon could see that, but he could also see areas they were losing money. That lead to Jon tweaking a few things here and there to fully sitting down and overhauling the trafficking the Roosters were doing from scratch. So absorbed that he did not even notice when Burns woke up a few hours later, confused to find beside him empty.

The first Jon knew of him was the dangerously kind tone of Burnie from directly behind him followed by a heavy hand on his shoulder.

“What do you think you're doing Songbird?”

Jon’s heart dropped and he cringed, looking up at the dangerous smile, with murder eyes flashed above him.

“I thought I told you when you started playing secretary, you were not to mess any of my things.” Burnie continued, leaning over him, keeping the hand on his shoulder and reaching for a page now marred with Jon’s faltering handwriting. Jon closed his eyes and tried to control his fear as he felt Burnie’s pendant bump the back of his head. He was sure he was dead and he cursed himself for ever meddling.
“Hmm… This is actually a good idea.” Burnie said slowly, real surprise in his voice, Jon looking up at him to read his face. “Like, really good. Like why didn’t I see that, kinda good…”

Burnie met his gaze, suspicious, and he tapped Jon on the face with the paper, “Who’s been feeding you little ideas huh?”

“N-no one! Just, I live there and I can tell you, there’s a lot, a lot of spare time. The time that’s spent high off faces, waiting for work to rock around again.” Jon's tongue tripped over itself in his rush to explain this was his idea, no one else's, “and- and if you had us producing our own supply, you’d cut cost in-in the ah, labor price. Plus! You’d be giving us less time to be high, causing our need for higher doses to go down, saving you money aga-again, Mr. Burns, s-sir…”

Jon stammered into silence, twitching in nervous fear as Burnie looked down at him steadily. Jon flinched when Burnie's stern face suddenly broke into a smile.

“That's an idea I can use!” he said thrilled, and patted Jon’s shoulder, looking back at the papers all with small alterations. “Show me some more of your ideas Songbird, are they all that good?”

So Jon crawled up another step.

He moved out of the dormitories and into Burnie's private mansion. There he was always on call for the man or any of the highest tier members. He was also there to pitch his idea, following Burnie into meetings, his notebook clutched tight and learning how to be a person and not an object.

He started to grow his hair out, and his facial hair, making him look older and took to wearing stylish outfits over skimpy. Burnie encouraged him, enjoyed the longer hair to grab in fist and more conservative clothes to have him take off. Burnie made sure Jon was accorded respect until Jon started to learn for himself how to gather it.

Jon’s confidence grew and with that confidence, more responsibilities came to rest on his shoulders as he proved himself capable of them. He also learned to enjoy the powerful position he had clawed himself too and merely shoved down any who tried to follow in his footsteps. He became a shift runner at the Drunk Tank and those who he once danced with, bunked with and suffered with learned to fear Jon’s anger and covet his favor.

Six months from moving into the mansion, Jon found himself in Bernie's bed once more, hands on his hips and Jon on all fours working himself back into his boss. Burnie, ran a hand down his side then over his shoulders, Jon mewling sweetly for him. Then fingers prodded over his ribs and Burnie's breathless chuckles came from above.

“You're filling out Songbird, Giving me something to grip,” Burnie grunted, thrusting forward into Jon’s movements, throwing off his rhythm for a moment, “that isn’t bone. Ah-hn, that’s it little bird, work yourself on me, you know you want it.”

“I dooo…” Jon groaned out, panting for Burnie's pleasure, risking a peek over his shoulder to watch the boss’s satisfied face, his lip was being bitten and he was watching himself disappear into the lithe man, “Do you- Do you like it?” Jon had to know if Burnie liked his new weight or not, his life dependent on Burnie's good will.

“Like it? I love it.” Burnie huffed then Jon yelped as a quick hand slapped over the side of his ass, “It’s great, not fucking into skeletor dude. But foods an expense that needs to be earnt. And, fuck do you earn it Songbird, Mmm.”

Burnie tightened his grip on Jon’s hips and took over, ramming himself deep inside the man beneath
him, panting his pleasure, hissed swear words falling from him before he slowed, not ready to be done yet. Jon followed Burnie’s hands meekly, turning over and placing his hands above his head, knowing how he must look spread out on the bed for the mob boss.

“Mr. Burns, you know if you feel that way, your paying customers must do too.” Jon’s words ended in a whine as Burnie slide back inside him, adjusting his angle so his knees were under Jon’s thighs.

“Touch yourself,” Burnie ordered, lazily moving again as Jon started teasing himself for Burnie’s eye’s, running fingers up his own length with one hand, the other tracing around his stomach and then up to brush over his nipples. Burnie’s hungry sight locked on him, the boss groaned, a nice even pace as he enjoyed his private show, “What do you mean Jon? Talk.”

“People- uh, burns…- people come to the drunk tank for-for fucking a quick, h-hole. But wh-what if you offered a h-hn, ah-higher standard?” Jon pitched as he pinched his own nipple, and arched against the boss, making sure he was staying entertaining.

Burnie leaned over him, spreading a hand beside Jon’s head, face coming closer so his stubble brushed over Jon’s cheek, his breath in his ear. As he shifted position he started hitting the right spot inside of Jon and suddenly Jon was moaning with true enjoyment as Burnie spoke in his ear.

“Your a higher standard Jon, aren’t you?”

“Y-Yes, Yes-ah.”

“You want to go back to the drunk tank?”

“No! P-please Burns, that’s not-not what I’m saying.” Jon’s stomach turned, unpleasant with the contrast of pleasure spiking from Burnie’s movement, “A club! A club with w-whores L-Like Me! T-top dollar!”

“I love fucking you Jon, you really are a top dollar hole Songbird.”

Burnie grunted in his ear, fucking into him steadily and hard, and with the hand not braced on the bed grabbed Jon’s hair, arching his neck for Burnie to mouth. Jon gasped as Burnie left a necklace of red hickeys before catching his lips in a dirty kiss, his thrust becoming uneven as he approached his peak. Heat built in Jon’s body, as well as Burnie, rocked on his prostate and talk of drunk tank was dropped.

“Gonna fill you up little Songbird, you want that? You want me to fill up your tight ass?” Burnie asked at his lips, the boss’s eyes closing as he powered his hips into Jon.

“Yes! Please, Burnie! Please fill me!” Jon begged, arms going around Burnie’s neck, clinging to him with his legs around his hips, “You’re on the right- on the Spot!”

Burnies huffed a few more times then he was cursing, “Fu-fuck!!” as he spilled into Jon who had snuck a hand between them to stroke himself, finishing in his own hand, careful even in his orgasm not to get any of his mess on Burnie who was twitching with each pulse. Jon moved his hand out of the way before Burnie collapsed over Jon, pressing his forehead against Jon’s collarbone as he caught his breath, going limp and relaxed.

“Fuck Songbird, you were goddamn milking me.” Burnie chuckled after a bit of time, the high of release ebbing into the afterglow of post-sex, “If I didn’t already own you, I would pay near a thousand dollars for that kinda fuck.”

Jon used his un-messed hand to start rubbing and scratching at Burnie’s head, the older man
groaning and readjusting his position so he was laying on Jon, his head on his side on Jon’s chest, arms hugging him possessively. The boss seemed so relaxed and happy, Jon decided to risk continuing the conversation they’d been having.

“How much do you charge for a standard fuck at Drunk Tank? Three hundred? Four hundred? For an hour?” Jon started in slow, making sure to keep the head massage up as he stretched, reaching for his own discarded shirt to wipe his fingers and free his other hand to help, “The strippers hardly make enough money to cover their own disposal cost.”

“Oh, and you got a better idea?” Burnie rumbled showing he was listening despite his closed eyes. Jon smiled, trying to contain his excitement at Burnie’s interest in his idea.

“Um, I have one anyway… What if instead of getting cheap disposable bitches, you invested in some that will stick around? The Drunk Tanks strippers don’t need tattoo’s they hardly stick around for more than a few months before they expire.” Jon worked his fingers into Burnie’s hair, rubbing his scalp to keep him relaxed and listening, “Save that for the high end. Keep a few of them on call, keep them well with food and warmth and safety and offer them for a higher price.”

Burnie got up on his elbow’s Jon stilling fearful as his boss carefully studied his face. He couldn’t tell what Burnie thought of this idea just from his facial expression.

“So, You. You want a club with dancers like you. No drugs? No rough play-”

“No there can be rough play, but that’s an extra feature. Costs more. People want sweet little lap toys. How much do you enjoy me over anyone else you could take? That’s because I’m in my right mind not on drugs. It’s because you feed me well and see that I have enough sleep and access to comforts like showers and warm blankets. And I last so much longer, I’ve learned what you like and what you don’t, you don’t have to teach over and over again.”

Jon spoke quickly, running hands over Burnie’s chest, trying to be soft and submissive for him. He lowered his eyes, no longer looking into Burnie’s face, addressing him at his collar bone.

“And I know everything I have is from you. I’m completely dependent. I can’t run, and I can’t hide I know that. I’m simply here for you and anything you wish to do to me is your choice, not mine.” he flickered his gaze up once then back down, “Now imagine more like me. Tailored around their own talents. Not just an almost warm body in a bed, but toys that respond and learn and are all different. If you feel like a slow loving, then there’s one for that. If you want someone who can take some punishment, we can train that too-”

“Stop talking,” Burnie ordered and Jon shut his mouth with a whimper. That whimper turned to a pained gasp when Burnie grabbed hair on the side of his head, above his ear, yanking painfully.

“Look at me. That shit costs money. Sounds great Songbird, but there’s a reason we burn through them. Quantity, not quality. You are one of fucking thousands ground through that club. Don’t go thinking you’re special. You’re a hole, Jon. A sweet one, but still a hole.” Burnie sat up and hit Jon’s face with a crack that made him roll with the strike, “Never forget that. I own you Songbird. I own every single part of you, inside and out. Get the fuck out of my bed. Go clean yourself up. And don’t even think of trying the crocodile tears you little whore.”

Jon fought back the tears as ordered and wiggled out from underneath Burnie. He heard the boss scoff as Jon snatched up all the discarded clothes around to place them aside to be cleaned. He could feel what Burnie had left inside him leaking out down his thigh, hopelessness welling inside him that despite his hard work, this would be his life.
Hey, babe. Yeah, Just finished up with our little songbird.” Burnie had grabbed his phone and dialed as Jon tidied up, ignoring him as he came back with a warm damp cloth to clean off his boss as Burnie leant back into pillows the corded phone to his ear, “So good you’ll have to join us when you get home. Hey listen, look while you're there, can you look into something for me? Nah just a random idea, but can you see if they have anything… I dunno, slight, soft- yeah males fine. Yeah! Similar to Jon!”

Jon’s breathing stopped, looking up from his task to see Burnie looking at him with a cunning smile as he ordered Jon’s replacement.

“Sounds lovely. Yeah, email Gus the details, No wait! Email Songbird. Yep, I’m sure. Well make him an account then send him the details. The product can live with him,” Burnie winked at Jon, “Since Songbird will be overseeing his training.”

Jon mouth dropped open in shock and could not be closed. Burnie hung up a few moments later, manually closing Jon’s mouth for him and waving a finger at him.

“This is the test, Jon. You get this one. Just the one. And you show me what you can do to set them apart from the rest of the fucks at the Drunk Tank alright?” Jon was nodding furiously, grabbing Burnie’s hand and kissing it, “I’ll give you two months to make them as pleasant as you are. If you can, then I’ll give you a small little club of your own. If they crash and burn, I swear to Christ you’ll burn with them, got it?”

He did.

Three months later, Jon was declared a free man, in a manner of speaking anyway and giving a burnt-out shell of a building to renovate with limited cash.

He called it, On The Spot.

**Present day**

He had lost himself in thought, remembering how he came to be here, in absolute control of himself and the people around him. He only noticed Jeremy was awake when the man cried out, having tried to work his way off the bed and his legs wouldn’t support his weight. Jon looked over and smiled filled with affection for the orange haired stripper who gave him everything he craved. Fear, obedience, submission to him.

There was only one man Jon had to submit to now, everyone else had to deal with him on his terms. He was a high-ranking member of the gang that once owned him. An equal to all and superior to most. He savored the way Jeremy cringed from him as he got up and came over to help the poor whore up. Jon could afford to be a little generous.

Gavin was having a hard time getting the information Ryan wanted on this Rimmy Tim. He had found out the basics that Ryan no doubt already knew. Gavin didn’t know why Ryan wanted background on an escort from the Roosters widely respected club, On The Spot, but Gavin would attempt it anyway.

That's what lead to this moment, a boy faced man, red around the cheeks greeting him friendly at the pier arcade. Gavin had met him right where he had said he would in his text hiring the escort. He was as cute as advertised, like an adorable puppy in a leather jacket.
“Hey, your Gav right?” He asked as he came closer to him, as agreed Gavin was wearing his bright gold sunglasses. Gavin nodded and when the escort had stopped before him, he took his hand to kiss it.

“You must be Baby-Doll?” He grinned over Baby’s fingers making the cuddly man chuckle.

“Sure am. Nice accent.”

“Back at you. Boston?”

Baby smiled and when he spoke again it was a carefully neutral American accent.

“I prefer Baby, but you can call me whatever you like.” He joked, winking at Gavin who grinned wider and offered his elbow.

“Shall we then Baby?” He asked and the escort slid his arm in Gavin’s, the two heading towards the games. Baby was delightful and fun. Very childlike in humor and easily excited. Gavin had paid for two hours and he used them to get as much information as he could out of the sweet man.

As they were playing balloon darts, Gavin learned Baby was an escort only, but the other five current companions at the club danced. Any one of them could be hired for this kind of companionship but Baby was the most called upon for home visits.

At the clowns, spraying water together Gavin learned that Baby was only two years into this life and that others there had been there for a few years while one were newer than Baby. He was very giggly to the point Gavin had to wonder if perhaps he hadn’t taken something before getting here. At the ferris wheel, Gavin sucked in a breath when halfway through asking who had been at On The Spot longest, Baby put his hand on Gavin’s thigh.

“All these questions about the club, the other dancers… Don’t you like me?”

Gavin spluttered and nodded his head smiling widely.

“Ye-yeah! I sure do!” he said quickly, “You’re a lot of fun Baby I’m just curious… I’ve never…”

Gavin mouthed his lies and excuses only to trail off when Baby’s hand slid higher on his thigh, fingers brushing against his length in his pants.

“What ah… What are you doing there?” Gavin asked, voice getting caught in his throat as Baby started to trace the outline of him that only grew firmer and more distinct the more it was touched. Baby leant against his side, tipping his head on Gavin’s shoulder, the soft noise of the carnival on the pier fading out of Gavin’s hearing.

“Making some fun.” Baby said in a shy voice but turned his head up to kiss Gavin in a way that absolutely was not shy, “It’s ok Gav, it’s just like being with anyone else. Just relax and let me do the rest ok?”

Well, he had paid for the time… Gavin didn’t do anything but grip the ferris wheel seat as Baby opened his fly and took his dick in hand, starting to stroke him firmly and slowly. Gavin’s breath caught and Baby giggled, pressing lips to his cheek as he murmured.

“Never gotten a handjob before?”

“Not on a ferris wheel I bloody haven’t,” Gavin said back shakily but Baby’s hand felt so good and it was a thrill to be so private and yet so public, the wheel pausing for a few minutes with them near the top giving baby time to work. Gavin supposed in his line of work, lube was just something that
was always on hand for Baby but it was near a sleight of hand how quickly it came out and the scent of cherries came to him as Baby worked it onto his dick.

Smooth and sweet was Baby’s touch and his lips on Gavin's. Newest or not, he sure knew how to work a man over, gentle with the sensitive head, pulling down and swiping a thumb over the tip, smearing pre along with lube down his shaft. Gavin's toes curled and he panted and found himself pressing up into Baby’s touch.

“ ‘ng ah’ B-baby I’m gonna… If you keep this up…” Gavin warned the roll of Baby’s wrist making pleasant sensations as he worked Gavin right there on the seat. Baby giggled again and sucked Gavins lip into his mouth to suck gently getting a groan from Gavin in response, his hips canted and rocking automatically.

“That’s kinda the point silly. Please?” Baby asked, his voice as sweet as his touch and Gavin knew he’d never forget this experience. Those cute little eyes blinking at him, those lips still wet from kissing him and such a needful plea for him to cum in Baby’s hand. Then Gavin made the mistake of looking down, seeing how quickly and expertly he was being jerked, the scent of cherries wafting and small slick sounds in his ear as well as baby’s voice.

“Please, Gav? I want you too, please?” how could Gavin say no when asked so politely.

“Oh, lovely boy, I’m gonna- here it- ahhh…” Gavin gasped, throwing his head back, feeling small soft kisses being pressed into his neck by the escort who gripped and worked him through his orgasm, hand slowing to a still as Gavin came down from his high.

The chair rocked as the ferris wheel started up again, the pause over and Gavin finally looked down at the escort who smiled up at him from his shoulder.

“You-you timed that didn’t you?” Gavin accused with a smile. Baby just grinned at him and didn’t let him go so much as slid him out of his fingers, keeping the cup shape as he lifted his hand to his mouth and licked the mess Gavin had shot into his palm off. Gavin bit his lip, the sight extremely sexy to him, hitting all his kinks and Baby seemed to realize that.

“Mmm. I love cherry flavor.”

“You're a sneaky little minx.” Gavin laughed.

“I’ve been on this wheel a few times. The operator knows me.” Baby said with yet another giggle, licking his hand clean and tucking Gavin away for him as the Brit colored. When they were getting out, Baby went first, the bottle of lube sticking out of his pants pocket and Gavin avoiding the operator’s eye. What caught his attention was treading on a small clear bag with a few pills in it as he was getting out.

His heart sunk as he picked them up and jumped out of the seat, following baby who was spinning happily, hands in his jacket pockets and spreading them like wings. He slowed to a stop looking to Gavin and taking in his serious face.

“What? What is it, Gav?” Baby asked still with a smile that dropped when Gavin subtly handed over the bag.

“You dropped this,” he said in a careful monotone to watch Baby’s reaction. He didn’t disappoint, snatching the bag from him, looking around like they were gonna be descended upon by police or something.

“Please! Please don’t tell anyone. I swear sir, I did love every moment of our time together. No need
to tell my manager, sir, I can even give you another date at a time of your choosing! Free of charge. Just please don’t, don’t tell please sir.” Baby begged moving closer and pressing up to Gavin in a way that was too familiar in a public place, “That was just my hand, imagine what I could do for you with a bit of privacy and a bed hmm? There's no reason to tell my manager—”

He yelped in fear when Gavin snatched the hand he’d waved at him by the forearm. Gavin’s attention had caught on the Rooster logo tattooed there, looking at it closely, seeing tiny writing that he needed more light to read than where they were just aside from the games and rides.

“What does this say?” He asked urgently, tapping the tattoo, Baby visibly distressed but he was trained to respond to a direct question.

“If property is lost, return to nearest known Rooster territory.” Baby said automatically, “It's my identifier, if you hurt me, you hurt Rooster property.”

“And do all of you have this?” Gavin asked letting the hand go and Baby skittered back a step, rubbing his elbow and shrugging looking cowed.

“Yeah, we all do. Not in the same places but we all have it. We get it when we enter service.”

Gavin put his hands on Baby’s shoulders, making his voice soft and even for the flinchy, high escort, “Baby… Where did you get the tatt? What tattoo parlor?”

Baby told him quickly and Gavin smiled, kissing Baby’s cheek, making the escort relax. With Gavin so obviously relaxed and happy, he could hope his manager never found out he was spending tips on drugs.

Gavin's mind was already leaping ahead. If the Cockbite Tattoo parlor was the last place Rimmy Tim walked into as a free man, then that's where Gavin's trail begun. He had a lead.

Chapter End Notes

any tags you think I should add let me know! hope you enjoyed and please Kudos are great but I love to hear your reactions and if you liked the dark!
Chapter Summary

Two weeks since Vagabond started paying for his time every night without showing. Now Jeremy finally gets to see Vagabond again and he doesn't quite know what he was expecting. Whatever it was, it wasn't this

Chapter Notes

see? SEE? I can be nice!
....

Rimmy Tim's on the town outfit was a different look compared to Rimmy Tim dancing. His custom jeans were orange and his tight dress shirt a lighter orange with a dress jacket that was purple and double buttoned with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows. His hair was uncovered and bright, bangles on his wrist and his shoes wedged to give him a slight height boost.

He wasn’t sure what to expect as he not so patiently awaited the Vagabond in front of On The Spot. He waited it out next to Blaine who was leaned next to the door, waiting to open which wasn’t for another half hour. He offered Jeremy a cigarette which Jeremy waved off.

“Nah, can’t be smelling like an Asstray.”

“Ashtray” Blaine corrected and Jeremy shot him a cheeky smile and a half shrug.

“I know what I said.”

Blaine snorted and lit one for himself. Jeremy looked back out onto the road, wondering what Vagabond would want, what he was expecting. Jeremy's ass still hurt two weeks on, Jon was no help with that. He seemed to love Jeremy under his desk or over it and since Vagabond had been paying to have Jeremy available at any time, that gave Jon a lot of time to use him.

Jeremy was sure Jon’s hands were going to be permanently imprinted on his still healing cheeks and even now he was uncomfortable, Jon not wanting him to leave until he had claimed Jeremy for himself. So freshly fucked, his bruising was sore again and he could only hope Vagabond wanted his mouth.

He knew Vagabond had a motorbike and that's what he was dreading.

Instead, he heard a car and then around the corner came the most ridiculous, flashy, beautiful car Jeremy had ever seen. It was his lowrider, the one he had dreamed about, complete with his colors. Vagabond was a silhouette in the darkly tinted windows when it parked up.

Blaine's cigarette fell out of his open mouth as Jeremy skipped forward, all stiffness in his limbs
forgotten with the excitement he felt. It was the Rimmy Rider! How could he not be ecstatic? Vagabond lowered the passenger side window for Jeremy to lean his head in and catch his breath, choking off a squeak of excitement as he stuck his head in to see the custom orange leather seats and purple interior.

Vagabond was hidden behind his mask but he pat the seat and cocked his head at him.

“Come on. I’ve paid for your night, you’re doing a few errands with me.”

“Errands?”

“Get in the car, Tim.”

Well he could hardly object could he, opening the door and getting in, the soft padding of the seats soothing and he shut the door, the window winding up in Blaine's face. Jeremy clicked on the matching purple belt, then ran a hand over it with a huge smile.

“Like the car?”

“I love the car! This is the fucking shit right here Vagabond!” Jeremy enthused, seeing the mask tilt towards him, a flash of blue eyes then it was looking back on the road. Jeremy reigned in his excitement a bit until Vagabond broke the silence.

“It’s yours.” He said and Jeremy's heart stuttered, looking to Vagabond in disbelief, that cold profile giving away nothing, “You can modify it as you wish, but seeing as I fell asleep midway through your description I had to make a few assumptions on the style you’d prefer.”

“Vagabond… I-I can’t.” Jeremy was scared and saddened to refuse but he hadn’t been behind the wheel of a car since coming to Los Santos and besides, he had no need of one. The club was within walking distance of the house and he needed permission and guards to go anywhere further than that. Plus, Jon would lose his fucking cool to find Jeremy had been gifted a car, would punish him for it and take it away.

Vagabond, however, didn’t make him explain or get angry or really react anyway Jeremy expected.

“Ok then.” Vagabond said easily, “It’s your car but I'll hold onto it for you.”

“I-I… Mr. R-Risinger… Look I'm sorry Vagabond but I can’t accept no matter where the car stays.” He said reluctantly, looking out the side window so he didn’t have to watch the expressionless skull, “Thank you, but repaint it your colors. It’s your car.”

“I like it this way. And if it’s my car then I’ll just have to take a payment from you everytime your in it.” Vagabond said, parking up in front of a donut shop and turning to look at Jeremy who had put his gaze back on Vagabond. This was something Jeremy understood. Trade sex for rides in this beautiful machine. Really it wasn’t a bad trade.

“A kiss.”

“A what?”

Jeremy didn’t expect that, nor the way Vagabond peeled his mask from his face, his hair tied back tight, his warpaint perfect and his eyes a piercing blue with the black highlight around them. His lips twitched in a cocky smile.

“One kiss, one night of joyriding.” Vagabond lay out the deal and at Jeremy’s cautious nod, he
grabbed him by the front of his shirt and yanked him forward into a messy kiss, his lips demanding on Jeremy's, his tongue tracing Jeremy's lips elicitng a moan from the surprised man.

Fuck Vagabond could kiss. It was demanding and powerful and yet he didn’t force his tongue into Jeremy's mouth, or grabbed any other part of him but his shirt. Jeremy had to respond for Vagabond to deepen the kiss and when he didn’t, Vagabond drew back still with that cocky smile.

“Errands.” he reminded Jeremy who had to gather his scattered wits together in order to nod.

Errands, right. He’d done this before, arm candy for powerful people, though normally this side of his job was dominated by women. Still, he doubted anyone would hassle Vagabond for being Gay and he felt safe with the mercenary.

They got out and Jeremy assumed they were heading across the road to the office buildings there for some sort of meeting. He started watching the road but Vagabond gave a sharp whistle to get his attention and he looked back at his client. Vagabond tipped his head towards the donut shop.

Jeremy was confused but he followed, stepping quickly to Vagabonds side reaching him as he opened the door, keeping it open for Jeremy to step in. Jeremy expected the place to fall quiet, the people to be fearful.

“Afternoon Vagabond, your usual?” The man behind the counter greeted Vagabond, with a wave, Vagabond skipping line and Jeremy following behind him, shoulders hunched and avoiding people's curious looks. There was still fear and intimidation in every eye, but not the terror and screaming Jeremy had expected.

“Hello, Ken. Ah no, not today. I’ll have a Bearclaw and a Custard Burst with a Diet Coke.” Vagabond then looked to Jeremy, grabbing his elbow and pulling him close, Jeremy's side pressed to Vagabonds front though his hand came off him and didn’t touch him again, just looking down at him. He gestured to the display, “What are you having?”

“Oh. N-nothing.” Jeremy said automatically and Vagabonds eyes narrowed but he turned to Ken.

“Make that a double order please, regular Coke instead of diet for him.”

Jeremy was so confused, Vagabond seemed blissfully unaware of the effect he was having on everyone. The line quietened but didn’t silence and Vagabond even nodded to a few people, some of which who nodded back. He looked up at the mask a few times to see eyes looking back at him, shining in some sort of emotion but hard to tell which with the skull on.

“Here you are. Two Bearclaws, two Custard Bursts and two Cokes, one diet, one normal.” Ken the cashier handed over two bags and the drinks, Ryan handing a bag and the drink to Jeremy and raising his can at the man who had served them.

“Thank you, Ken. I’ll see you another day.”

“Anytime Vagabond. Please come again.”

No money was exchanged and they walked out without anyone protesting. They got back in the car and Jeremy had to ask.

“So you regularly steal from there?” Jeremy asked him curiously and Vagabond glanced at him, taking his mask off so he could have a drink.

“Steal? No. Ken’s a client.”
“A client?”

“Yes. He hired me about six months ago to shank his neighbor. Too small beans for me usually until I realized where I recognized him from. Once I confirmed he did own that store I told him I get free anything when I turn up. That’s the payment.” Vagabond pulled the Bearclaw out, immune to Jeremy's dropped open mouth giving a half shrug, “Ken gets nicer neighbors, I get the best donuts in the city. Eat.”

Jeremy ate automatically and he did have to say, they were good. He ate half the claw under Vagabonds eye, stopping when Vagabond had finished his. Vagabond licked his own fingers than used a napkin to dry them before starting the car.

They pulled back out into traffic and vagabond looked at him with a glance.

“Eat more.”

Jeremy felt a little ill but he took another bite. Of course Vagabond noticed his reluctance.

“Do you not like donuts?”

“No! No, that's not it Vagabond I promise.”

“Then what?”

Jeremy bit a lip. With his muscle bruising Jeremy hadn’t been able to work out like Risinger wanted him, Kyle and Miles to do. So instead, Jon had set him on the same diet as Trevor. Enough for his intact, nothing extra. Of course, he could hardly refuse Vagabonds order to eat and so he had taken a bite only to get carried away before he knew it half was gone.

“I’m just watching my figure that's all,” Jeremy said guardedly, then to distract the man, he sucked a finger into his mouth to clean it. It was hard to tell under the makeup but Jeremy thought he detected a flush of color before he looked back to his driving.

“Your figure is fine.”

“Damn straight.”

“That it isn’t.”

Jeremy snorted, surprised by the joke which was funny no less. He suppressed his chuckling, looking over at Vagabond a few times. Honestly, he was completely derailed with how Vagabond was acting. A normal interaction at the club had Jeremy go to Vagabond, press against him and then off to the bedroom where there was a little bit of teasing before Vagabond had him pinned.

This was different. This was a car trip, and little touching except for one kiss, donuts and… wherever they were going. Jeremy looked out and soon the sea was in sight, Jeremy taking in a breath at the sight. He hadn’t gone near the sea in years.

“I have a little job to do at the pier. Bring your food and drink. I promise they aren’t going to change your body shape just this once off.” Vagabond advised as he parked up. He got out and this time he came around and opened Jeremy's door for him. Jeremy had been busy staring at the water and flushed, getting out, clutching his bag of food like he’d been asked.

“Sorry.” he apologized for Vagabond having to actually come open the door for him.
“No reason to be.” Vagabond said smoothly, shutting the door. He nodded his head at the bag, “Finish the Bearclaw before we get to the end of the pier.”

Jeremy pulled it back out and nibbled as they walked. This time with the crowd Vagabond put an arm around his shoulder. It was loose and friendly and put Jeremy firmly in the protective sphere of The Vagabond. People took one glance at the skull mask and the jacket then made a space for Vagabond to walk Jeremy by.

“So can I ask… After so long, why are you taking me on errands all of a sudden?” Jeremy asked curiously, finishing his donut and looking to Vagabond. Vagabond shrugged, his eyes roving over the crowds as they walked up the stairs onto the pier.

“I was tired of that club. The beds there always smell of sex.”

“No shit” Jeremy muttered and Vagabond chuckled.

“That aside, perhaps I wished to get my errands done and I wanted company?”

“Funny to ask a whore to be your company.” Jeremy pointed out and that had Vagabond stop them, right in the middle of the walkway, turning Jeremy and holding his upper arms.

“Do not call yourself that in my company. Understood?” he said seriously and low, putting a finger up when it looked like Jeremy was going to object. “When you are in my company, you are a companion. Not a whore, a slut, a bitch or whatever else you call yourself. Am I Understood?”

“Yes, sir,” Jeremy said meekly and Vagabond sighed, ruffling his hair making him look up again.

“Don’t call me sir,” Vagabond said in an affectionate tone behind the mask. And Jeremy found a genuine smile come to his face.

“Ok Vagababy.” He said cheekily delighted at the real chuckle he got from the fierce criminal, who shook a finger at him, uncaring of the small audience they’ve gathered, waiting to see what the Vagabond was doing.

“Not that either. Not in public anyway.” He started to walk away and Jeremy hurried to stick by his side, not caring when Vagabond took the bag and tossed it with the Custard Burst still inside.

“So I can call you that?”

“What do you always say?” Vagabond asked teasingly, “Oh yeah… Call me whatever you like. What ice cream do you like?”

They had stopped by the ice cream stall, once again skipping lines. Jeremy was taken aback but this time he was amused and pointed out the flavor he’d like. Vagabond bought him it, getting nothing for himself, just Jeremy's single scoop. He handed it over and the arm went back over his shoulders.

Vagabond did a lap of the whole pier, going through every nook and cranny with Jeremy by his side eating his ice cream and slowly but surely starting to just talk. Vagabond would prompt him and Jeremy would do most of the talking, Vagabond listening intently though he didn’t contribute much. His eyes kept moving, noting every detail around them.

With the Ice cream gone, they started back to the car which confused Jeremy.

“Didn’t you have an errand?”
“I did it.” Vagabond replied smoothly, opening Jeremy’s door for him, “I had to map out the pier for a job we’re going to do later.”

“But we just walked around. Shouldn’t you have taken photos…” Jeremy’s questions died when Vagabond tapped his skulled head and Jeremy slid into his seat with a smile and a scoff, “You’re so strange, Vaga.”

Vagabond shut the door and went around to open his and get in, buckling up than looking to his passenger.

“Vaga?” He asked in a deep monotone.

Jeremy swallowed and nodded a sudden chill, “Yeah… It’s less of a mouthful. Is that… Ok?”

Vagabond nodded and looked back to what he was doing to back out. Jeremy wondered where they were off to next, they had gotten food, then had a walk on the pier and Vagabond told him he was a companion, not a whore. Jeremy rarely came across this but things were starting to slot into place.

“Vaga…”

“Hmm?”

“Is this a… Are you… Is this a Date?” Jeremy asked cautiously seeing Vagabond grow a little stiffer and taller. Jeremy.

“No. These are errands. I realize you wouldn’t be interested in spending time with me if I wasn’t paying you.” Vagabond said tightly, his belief obvious in that answer. Jeremy put a hand on his thigh, God knows they had skipped the dance over personal contact part of their relationship when Vagabond had fucked Jeremy more times than he can remember.

Still Vagabond looked down at the touch than glanced at Jeremy like he didn’t know how to react to it.

“I would be,” Jeremy assured him, not just because his job was to make the customer feel good but because Vagabond fascinated him and it was true. He would volunteer to spend time with the mercenary if it was his time to give, “I mean, come on, you're a walking skull. That’s gotta be worth at least a cursory look over right?”

Vagabond moved his head and shoulders like he had laughed which Jeremy counted as a win, tilting his head and smiling at him, “Throw a man a bone.”

That got an audible laugh and the skull shook from side to side.

“Tim, please. Nothing gets under my skin.” Vagabond traced a finger down his skull.

“That was Humerus” Jeremy chuckled

“That was Humerus” Jeremy chuckled

“I just want tibia with you.”

“If I were to rate you one out of ten you’d be a skele-ten.” Jeremy said triumphantly and his heart skipped as Vagabond made the most unexpected noises under his mask. Sweet and genuine laughter, gasping chortles that had his shoulders shaking. At the lights, he even pulled off his mask to wipe at his eyes carefully.

“Oh, Tim! That was so bad!” he said in a different voice than the one Jeremy had heard up to this
point. Jeremy would of course never say it out loud but when Vagabond smiled at him still chuckling, he could see he was no longer talking to Vagabond but the rarely surfaced Ryan.

“Hello there.” Jeremy said a lot softer and Ryan blinked and his smile was shyer than the Vagabonds but sweeter.

“Hello there.” he replied in a low sweet voice eyes seemingly seeing through him, deep into his soul and liking what he saw. Jeremy felt his true name well on his tongue, a trade for the use of Ryan’s, but his cheeks throbbed when he shifted in the seat and the boldness faded. Jeremy dropped his eyes, smile dropping, a painful heat in his bruised ass, an embarrassed one on his face.

Ryan also looked away, going back to driving as the lights changed, his mask remaining on his lap as he drove and yet his countenance shifting slightly back into Vagabond. Jeremy looked out the window and forced himself to remember that very afternoon when Jon got the call Vagabond was going to take Jeremy out for the night.

“You. Are. Mine.” Jon made that very clear, making Jeremy bite his lip, trying not to yell his pain even as he cried silently, “You chose that way when you begged me to take you. When you begged me to own you. When you willingly gave yourself to me. To use you, as I saw fit.”

Jon’s hands were tight on either cheek, fingers digging into the marked flesh though the worst had faded he was still in pain. Jon didn’t care about that, long hair brushing Jeremy's back, his dominant words in his ear.

“I know this hurts, but you gotta know. Know who you belong too. I’m going to make you cry, I’m going to make you hurt and every time you sit down, every time someone touches this ass you’ll remember who owns it. That pain will remind you that you are my slut, my whore, my little fucktoy.”

Jon made him yell it, yell who owned him, cry his name for him. What was worse, however, wasn’t being used like that, it was after. Soft hands on his body, being pulled out of and gently pulled into Jon’s arms to be cradled, his hair stroked and tears to fall on his manager's shirt. Jeremy hated himself for how pathetically he mewled for Jon, how his hands gripped him just as tight back as Jon whispered comfortably.

“You are mine, my prized possession, my beautiful boy. My favorite, Jeremy but shh, don’t tell the others.” Jon had chuckled at his own joke and kissed Jeremy's brow and Jeremy had whimpered for the affection, closing his eyes to better take it in after that rough treatment, “You. Are. Fucking. Mine. No one else's. Remember that when you’re out tonight.”

Jeremy did. He fixed that firmly in mind, beating down the butterflies in his stomach at the nice way Vagabond had been treating him, deliberately thinking of this man AS Vagabond. He knew no other name, he reminded himself. Just as Vagabond did not know his. It was no longer Jeremy’s name to pass out. He was there to give Vagabond his body and that was it. He needed to stop fooling himself.

Ryan was trying so hard to charm Rimmy Tim. Tried to make up for months of using him like a sex doll when with every interaction Ryan came to realize he was anything but. It had been working, Tim growing more comfortable, less on guard around him the longer they were together. The sun had been set after a walk on the pier and in the car, Ryan had even taken off his mask.

The banter had put them both at ease and Ryan had seen Tim shift forward and open his mouth like he was about to say something only to stop. A pained flicker on his face than he was subsiding, a silence falling that made Ryan want to retreat into Vagabond again before he got hurt.
Damn it, Ryan wanted to slap himself. Hadn’t he been staying away because of how badly beaten Tims rear had been? It must still be sore even if the worst had passed.

“How are you healing up?” he asked softly, not back to Ryan but softer than full Vagabond. The in between was where he lived with Tim. Tim glanced at him quickly than away, a single shoulder shrug.

“I’m fine. If you wanted to-”

“No-no.” Ryan said quickly, cutting that idea off. God, he would fucking love too, it had been too goddamn long since he’d had any relief from anything but his hand and his back was aching with the stress he’d been holding onto, unable to relax since he had choked the poor man for hearing what Ryan should never have said.

“It doesn’t have to be the usual…” Tim’s voice was taking on a different tone and his hand was back on Ryan's thigh, following the curve inwards, and Ryan sucked in a breath when he brushed where little (but still big) Ryan was tucked comfortably into his jeans. Temptation washed over him.

He grabbed Tims hand in his, not painfully but sure and pulled it out from his thighs. Tim looking hurt and a little fearful of him. Fuck Ryan couldn’t do this, he couldn’t bare for Tim to look at him like a kicked dog. He parked up, originally headed to the Mall to shop as ordered by Geoff for more jeans that could be altered for him. It would have also been an excuse to buy looser clothes for Tim, seeing how uncomfortable he was in the tight shirts Risinger made him wear. Instead, he had parked near an arcade that he knew of.

“Another time Tim.” he said trying to take the sting of rejection out of his denial. Tim looked about and his eyes caught on the arcade further up the sidewalk, something that wasn’t hoping but like the desire to hope in his eyes. Ryan put his mask back on, hiding his smile from the younger man.

“I have another errand.” Ryan said in Vagabond tone, watching Tim’s eyes snap to his, alert for any instructions. The sad truth was that kind of instant attention meant that in a different life, Rimmy Tim could have been a fine soldier.

He got out and Tim beat him to open the door so he settled for putting a hand on the back of his neck. Using that grip he could guide Rimmy Tim and also show anyone to glance at them that Rimmy Tim was under Vagabond protection and power. He needed to come by the arcade anyway and collect Fake protection fee, of course, they had been hanging out in either Fake territory or neutral space.

In they went and Ryan went straight to the manager's office, making Rimmy Tim wait just outside of it. He didn’t want Rimmy to see this part of him, the Vagabond at work, large and intimidating and threatening an older man for the money he’d failed to pay. The manager coughed up the money as quickly as he could, thank goodness, so Ryan didn’t have to touch anyone.

The same couldn’t be said for the shouts and commotion outside the door as the manager had been showing Vagabond the money. Roars of a crowd and men shouting for violence. Vagabond moved quickly back to the door, yanking it open and finding a crowd had formed around two fighting men, one of whom was dressed in distinctive colors.

“Don’t even think of getting up pal, I will fucking put you back down Again!” Rimmy shouted at the guy he had knocked down. He looked so strong, bouncing on his the balls of his feet and hands in loose fists by his side. He had a fighter's face and Ryan wondered why he’d never noticed how the
strength in his shoulders and arms wasn’t just for gymnastics on the stage.

Silence fell after his words, not because of how threatening he’d been but because Vagabond had ghosted his way into the center of the circle. Ryan looked to the guy picking himself up, stemming his bleeding nose looking at the skull cautiously than to Rimmy Tim.

“Explain.” He snapped the order and the bleeding nose guy tried to talk, quickly earning Ryan’s gun pointed at his face, one of Vagabond’s fingers over where his mouth would be. He hadn’t asked the wretch on the floor.

“Hush. Adults are talking.” he intoned in a warning then looked back to Rimmy Tim who had already curled in on himself slightly, “Well?”

“He slapped my ass. He asked how much.” Rimmy reported rapidly and the wretch tried again, pointing at Rimmy Tim.

“He’s the whore from On The Spot! I know that hair anywhere!” He accused. Ryans irritation snapped and calmly unloaded two bullets into the man's calf. He was going to hear about this from Geoff. He sighed and looked to Rimmy Tim who flinched back from the shots.

“So you knocked him down?” he asked, ignoring the cries of pain from the floor, concentrating on Rimmy Tim who was nodding furiously.

“My time is yours Mr. Vagabond.” He explained, “My manager has authorized me to defend the Product from anyone who hasn’t paid for it.”

There Tim went again, referring to himself as an object, a thing, a product, one Ryan had rightfully purchased. Ok, true, he had paid for Rimmy’s time but how else was he meant to spend time with the guy?

“Damn it.” He cursed softly and put his gun away, gesturing for Rimmy Tim to stay on his heels, popping his head back into the office.

“Consider this month's late fee paid if you deal with the asshole bleeding out on your floor here with no mention of me or my companion.”

The manager hardly had agreed before Vagabond was tugging Rimmy Tim back to the car. Rimmy stiff under his arm. This had not ended how he would have liked but there was nothing for it. He would have to just accelerate his plans.

“Where are we going?” Rimmy Tim asked fearfully after a few minutes back in the car.

“A safe house.” Ryan had replied, already imagining what the guys were going to say, but he wanted Rimmy Tim somewhere he could trust to stay safe to talk. He turned towards the penthouse, the skyscrapers lit up in the night.

Chapter End Notes

...Ok nice time over and good feelings gone!
let's get back to the pain
Safehouse

Chapter Summary

Ryan brings Jeremy to the safehouse. That's a no no

Chapter Notes

smut ahead once they reach Ryan's room just heads up ;)
Geoff mad 0.0

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Geoff was used to Ryan's... inconsistencies. Such a mess up cost Geoff a ring finger. A small price to pay to work with a man who could single-handedly take out a blockade of cops with a crowbar and a laugh. Or one that when given a fine tooth comb and fifteen minutes could make a man sing his entire life story.

But when he was not behind the mask, focused and on point with a job, Ryan the man was very different. It's like he learned all these random creepy traits and forgot how to human. So though Vagabond knew never to compromise the penthouse, here Ryan was a flamboyant prostitute in a ridiculously colored outfit just visible where Ryan had pushed him behind himself.

"The FUCK are you doing bringing one of them HERE?!!" Geoff was beside himself. This was such a big breach of security and it's not like they could kill this prostitute. Geoff had that clip of this guy messy faced on his new phone since Ryan had smashed the old one. He would recognize that hair anywhere, and he was twice as furious because this was a Rooster pimped prostitute, not one they could just disappear.

"Look Geoff-"

"No Vagabond! You shut your fucking mouth! I cannot even hear it right now! Just take that to my office and leave him there while I think what the FUCK to do!" Geoff didn’t want to hear it, storming away from him into the kitchen to fix himself a drink.

Jack sighed, his arms crossed having come out of his room to find the scene, stepping in now to capture Ryan's attention, the mask turning to him.

"This that stress relief you've been taking?" he asked and Ryan nodded once. The guy behind him flushed but said nothing, steadily looking down, keeping his hands by his side, everything about his posture screaming 'don’t notice me'.

"This is Rimmy Tim. Tim? This is Jack." Ryan did the introductions, Tim looking up and meeting Jack's eyes to nod an acknowledgment then back down. Ryan's tone turned slightly annoyed.

"Say hello." he ordered and Tim looked up again, meeting Jack's eyes once more.
“Hello, Jack.”

“Hello, Tim.”

“Ahh no! Don’t name it! If you name shit you wanna keep it, it’s how we had that fucking cat.” Geoff was coming back with his glass in hand, already having knocked back one in the kitchen. With his glass in hand, he pointed a finger at his personal office, eyes locked on the poor young man, “You! Go through that door, sit your ass down and don’t touch a fucking thing!”

Tim started to be pointed at and looked to Ryan unsurely. The skull nodded and with slow steps and looking back at Vagabond, Tim went like a cowed child. He hadn’t even left the room when Geoff started on his crewman, jabbing the finger he’d used to point, into Ryan’s chest.

“You idiot! The fucking hell is wrong with you bringing a fucking bedwarmer from the Roosters!?” Ryan smacked the hand away, Geoff’s hand wet now with spilled alcohol and his face dark with anger.

“Because I needed to talk to him somewhere fucking safe Geoff. This is the safest place I fucking know.” Ryan spat back at him, Geoff hardly believing his ears.

“Don’t they provide a place to fucking bone at that whorehouse they call a fucking club?” He snapped back, Jack coming and getting between the two, making them back up a pace each. His eyes caught on Tim, frozen in the doorway who flinched when he realized that he’d been busted and quickly shut the door.

“Can we keep it down? Team Dynamite might be out on the town but Tim’s here and has ears,” he said warningly, Geoff throwing up a hand and stomping away from them both, downing his glass and grabbing the bottle to pour another.

“What I say about naming it?” Geoff barked back to his fellow gents, not seeing when Ryan took his mask off and stalked close. Geoff turned to find an angry Ryan in his face, steadily raising his glass and drinking, not giving Ryan the satisfaction of making Geoff uncomfortable. Ryan’s eyes flicked from Geoff’s face to the hand around the glass, seeing the missing digit and he backed up with a growl, running a hand through his hair, pulling it out of his tie.

“He is not an It.” Ryan asserted a lot calmer than he had been moments ago. Geoff snorted scathingly, gesturing with his hand at the door.

“Oh yes, It is. Don’t fucking forget asshole, I came from that fucking crew. I know just what they do to sweet little play things like that.” He had narrowly avoided becoming one himself, but Geoff wasn’t about to talk about that, focused on lecturing the last person on earth he’d thought he’d have to, “That thing in there is nothing more than a fucking fuckdoll that walks around rather than chilling in your closet waiting to be blown up. It might have been a person once, but not anymore-”

“Shut your fucking mouth!” hissed Ryan, moving close again, moving to grab Geoff by the collar but his boss wasn’t going to take that shit, shoving him back and Jack was between them again, trying to get calm as Geoff yelled again.

“You shut YOURS! I’m the fucking boss here jackass and you’re the one whose blown the fucking PENTHOUSE on a SLUT! You think he won’t fucking tell his pimp the moment he get’s home? You’ve FUCKed us! FUCKED US!! Just so you can get a bit of fucking tail in your own fucking bed!”

“It’s not like that Geoff! Don’t be such an asshole! He’s different-”
“They are never different! They are PAID to like you, you psychotic FUCK!” Ryan jerked like Geoff had slapped him and despite neither yet having landed a hit, both were panting like they had been in a fight. Jack looked between them than seeing an interlude carefully interjected.

“Ryan.” he said the name softly, so there was no way Tim could overhear it like he no doubt heard that whole row, “Why did you need to talk to Tim?”

Ryan wretched his glare from Geoff to Jack after a few moments, coloring now in high annoyance or maybe embarrassment, “Because I think his manager is abusing him.”

Geoff slammed his glass on the counter and folded his arms, glaring at him as Ryan flicked his gaze from one gent then back again.

“No fucking shit Sherlock!” Geoff snarked but Jack silenced him with a look then back to Ryan.

“Ok. Well, to put it nicer than Geoff… So? It's none of our business. Tim is rooster property. There's nothing you or I or even the combined crew can do about it. If we start shit with the Roosters we will be killed.” Jack said with certainty and when Geoff huffed in offense he looked at him, “Tell me that's not the truth Geoff. Go on…”

Geoff said nothing, glaring at the floor like it had done him a personal wrong.

“Yeah, that's what I thought.” Jack said softly, looking back to Ryan, “We’d be steamrolled. Roosters are too big, too powerful. We can’t just take him. We are not risking the whole operation for one, sorry Rye, but one whore. And don’t glare at me like that, it's what he is. Like it or not, we can’t pretend otherwise.”

“Look, Jack…” Ryan started and glanced at the door and back, “I-I know ok? I know what he is. Of course, I fucking do, I hired the guy originally for that purpose.”

“Then stop being a fucking child. If you're getting a-fucking-tached, than trade up for a different one.” Geoff cut in.

“Will you let me finish?” Ryan thundered low at him and Geoff snorted, unfolding his arms only enough to grab his drink again.

“Haven’t you lately?” Geoff quipped and it took all Ryan's self-control not to smash that glass into that smug fucking face.

“For your information Geoff, no, I haven’t alright?”

“Then there's your problem there, he’s not even a good whore then.”

“Ok, Ryan, no.” Jack stepped in front of Geoff reading the murder in Ryan's eyes and the small lurch of his shoulders like he'd been about to lunge, “You're not thinking straight bud. You need to take him back alright?”

“He can’t do that Jack! Not until I figure out how to make that loose-lipped bitch keep his mouth shut!” Geoff objected.

“Stop insulting him!”

“Stop bonding to it!”

“Stop fighting!” Jack won with his booming voice, silencing the other two. They both went quiet,
looking away refusing to meet each other's gaze. Honestly, sometimes Jack felt like he was the only adult in a house of toddlers.

“Ok then. Geoff has a point. So. New plan.” Jack pressed a finger to Ryan's chest, “You take Tim-

“Stop naming.”

“Geoff if you interrupt me again I swear to piloting I’m gonna take another finger.” Geoff zipped his lips and grumbled.

“Take Tim to your room. Get your head on straight and tell him, and yourself, that he is a prostitute, not your boyfriend. I know it sucks but them's the breaks.” Ryan looked like he was going to object but Jack raised a brow warningly then turned to Geoff who had been giggling the moment Jack had said 'sucks' but stopped when his second was looking at him.

“Geoff. You and I are going to go into your office and see what we can offer this guy to stay quiet.”

“Yeah or shop for a new safe house,” Geoff grumbled louder to see Ryan flinch. Jack smacked his arm and Geoff yelped rubbing the offending spot, “The fuck is that for? What? He gets to bring home a fucktoy, destroy our safest house and I’m the one to get hit?”

“Yes,” Jack said firmly then left the two to snap at each other while he went to the office and opened the door. Rimmy Tim was seated on the cushioned seat before Geoff's desk, leaned forwards and looking at his clasped hands. Jack had heard Geoff’s stories late at night when the man was drunk and spilling secrets he’d normally hold tight.

Jack expected a blank slate, a drug hazed cowering man. What he got was a clear sight and resignation to a hopeless fate when Rimmy Tim looked up to him.

“Extra men cost extra.” Rimmy Tim declared. Jack guessed he must have looked as confused as he felt because Rimmy Tim sighed ever so slightly and gestured at himself, “I was booked for Vagabond only. If he wishes to share then you’ll need to call my manager.”

Jack felt a flush of desire followed by shame for even thinking of it. Rimmy Tim meant sharing himself, his body, of being with more than one person at a time. And fuck but that didn’t sound like the most delightful dirty thing Jack had heard.

“Ah, no. No, no. We’re ah, we’re ok. Vagabond wants you in his room. Just him.” Jack said putting a thumb over his shoulder, almost sensing Ryan standing in the doorway now. Rimmy’s eyes slid from Jack to Ryan and back again.

“So I’m not being sent home?”

“Not yet.” Geoff barged past Ryan, making sure to smack him into the doorway, walking to his desk and throwing himself into his chair, “Not until we’ve had a little talk. But until I’m ready for you, you go with Vagabond.”

“Extra men cost extra.” Rimmy Tim said tightly, a hint of spine in his voice to the way Geoff spoke to him. Geoff’s eyebrows met in a frown and he waved a hand.

“The fuck does that mean you slut? What you wanna fuck us too?”

“My manager will need to be informed and paid-”

“No one is fucking anyone!” Jack raised his voice, and pointed at Ryan and the door, “Tim, nice to
meet you, please go with Vagabond.

“Like they’re not going to bang.” scoffed Geoff as Tim obeyed, moving towards Vagabond who caught his upper arm in a grip as Jack rounded on the boss.

“Geoff! Must you make everything harder?”

“That's the whore's job, Jack I’m just pointing out the obvious.”

Rimmy Tim flinched ever so slightly in Ryan's grip and the painted faced gent shot Geoff another glare but said nothing, pulling Tim with him as Geoff smugly waved his little finger as a goodbye. Jack shut the door after them, the two gents voices heard through the door as they started to argue.

Jeremy had heard everything they had shouted. The wood of the wall and door was thick, but if it was at the volume he made it out. These men thought nothing more of him than what Jon does, but at least he was valuable to Risinger. It was Vagabond who was stubbornly refusing the message and Vagabond who was causing trouble because he couldn’t accept.

Jeremy would just have to show him. Not that he wasn’t touched by the way Vagabond defended him, or that his heart was traitorously beating faster with the hope that maybe someone really did care for him, for Jeremy, no matter what name he was called by. But this was his life, and happy endings with a loving real and true boyfriend were not for him.

“Ignore those assholes.” Vagabond instructed when he opened a door and pushed Jeremy into a room, “they just don’t get it. And I can’t make them understand.”

Jeremy nodded though he knew the problem was the other way, with Vagabond not being able to understand. He looked about curiously after all this was the infamous Vagabonds bedroom. The bed was a queen sized, smaller than the kings back at On The Spot, larger than his own double at home. Made with black plain sheets, of course, and Jeremy gave a little huff of amusement.

The bedside tables were bare, only one had a lamp and an alarm clock, the other had a book and a container of pills. When Vagabond saw Jeremy's eye line to it, he rushed forward, grabbing the little bottle and shoving it in a drawer. Jeremy said nothing of it, pointedly looking away, at the dresser that had a tv balanced on it and a game station, the computer desk in the corner and the window that had a selection of what looked like types of cactus on a window tray.

Nothing really screamed bloodthirsty monster here. In fact, it was a pretty clean and simple bedroom. Jeremy looked to Vagabond to see what he wished to do, but the man was back to being Ryan. Shy hunched shoulders, a scuff of feet and looks that didn’t suit the warpaint on his face.

“Vaga. Am I… Am I the first you’ve brought here?” Jeremy asked, recognizing the shy countenance. Ryan shrugged, looking about his room himself like he was only just seeing it.

“Well, I’m sure you heard the jackass. I haven’t… We don’t… People don’t come here. Especially for me.” Ryan admitted, and something clicked for Jeremy. Vagabond must be a very lonely man. He had given up whoever Ryan had been to become Vagabond, and everywhere he went he was feared. Respected yes, but feared.

He had to put on the face paint, and the mask and the jacket, layers of protection not from bullets but from the persona he portrayed and the man underneath it. With his job as a heavy for the Fakes and then all but confirmed whispers of his skill as a torturer, he needed to keep his identity secret, lest someone try to use Ryan’s loved ones against him.

No wonder he had fallen for Jeremy. Even false affection must be better than none at all.
“It’s a lovely room,” Jeremy said, taking slow confident steps towards Ryan, maybe not all the affection false when he got to him and put hands around his neck, “It’s a sweet bed as well.”

“Ah, Tim, I just wanted to…” Ryan trailed off as Jeremy stepped closer, into his personal space, pressing into Ryan's body, “No Tim, we don’t have to do anything. I just wanted to talk.”

Jeremy appreciated that. It was sweet that Ryan was trying to do. A very different change from Vagabonds silences and firm touches. So different, Jeremy actually did feel something for the man. Jeremy ran a finger down his cheek, feeling the paint give slightly under his touch.

“Do you have anything to remove this? Can we?” He asked softly and Ryan nodded with a hard swallow. He unhooked Jeremy's arms and went to his dresser, pulling out makeup wipes. He turned to find Jeremy had followed him and the younger man slid fingers into his jeans belt hoops and tugged him to the bed, turning him and pressing him to sit.

Jeremy was amused by how easily lead Ryan was, taking the wipes and then sitting on Ryan’s lap, a knee either side of his hips, sitting back on Ryan's thighs while he freed a wipe and started to clean the Vagabond paint from his face.

“Tim. I wanted to talk with you.” Ryan said softly, the stripper on his lap smiling back at him between long wipes of his face.

“I’m listening.”

“I needed to ask. Has Risinger… Have you been with any customers since I started paying for your nights?” Ryan questioned and Jeremy didn’t hesitate, after all, he wasn’t lying.

“No, sir. You paid for me to be ready for you anytime. And I am.” Jon, of course, was not a customer. Jon was his manager and his claim was higher than any money could buy. Jeremy's rear ached even now from the kneel he was in, but he wanted to repay Ryan some way for convincing Jeremy even for an hour or two, that they had been on a real date. Until that jackass at the arcade had reminded Jeremy of what he was.

“Has Risinger hurt you?” Ryan asked next and Jeremy made him close his eyes by wiping over his eyelids so he wouldn’t see the lie. Jeremy had no choice this time.

“No Vaga, he hasn’t.” Jeremy tried to sound as natural as possible but apparently, Ryan didn’t need to see, to hear a blatant lie, snatching his wrist to still his cleaning.

“Tim, don’t lie to me.” The edge of Vagabond was back, the eyes hardening ever slightly in the corners. A look that gave Jeremy a prickling of fear.

“You’ll have to speak to my manager Vaga. I am completely able to fulfill any desires you wish, no permanent damage that would prevent my service.” He said woodenly than he tried to return to the sweet intimacy of cleaning Ryan's face clean like the Vagabond would disappear with the makeup. He grabbed another wipe with his free hand and rubbed it over his jawline, Vagabond’s eyes closing and softening to Ryan again. Jeremy's wrist was released as the man sighed.

“Is Geoff right Tim? Do you only like me because I pay you too?” Ryan’s voice trembled slightly and he didn’t open his eyes. Jeremy lowered his hands, looking over the mostly cleaned face. There was paint in the corners of his nose and lips, a little more around his eyes but mostly he was clear of it.

Ryans eyes opened, clear blue meeting soft brown, searching them for any truth Jeremy could give. Again Jeremy's true name sat heavy on his tongue, tempted to tell this man whom he had been, who
he was under Rimmy Tim. If anyone would understand what it’s like to be two people in one, it would be Ryan and the Vagabond.

Jeremy moved instinctively, protecting his secret by leaning forward and meeting Ryan’s lips with his own. Ryan’s eyes closed again and he leaned back, one hand propping him up the other at the small of Jeremy’s back, rubbing small circles there while the man kissed him soft and sweet.

Jeremy couldn’t give Ryan his name, he couldn’t tell Ryan how he felt, he couldn’t do anything but what he was trained to do. But this, he could do well and he would be as invested in the moment as the client, no not the client, Ryan…

Ryan gasped as Jeremy rocked in his lap, Jeremy breathing the sigh in, and he let his hands drop to Ryan’s stomach, sliding up underneath his shirt, tracing his abs under his fingers. He loved how strong Ryan was and yet he didn’t have the hard definition, his muscles well trained under a layer of soft for Jeremy to press his hands against.

Ryan pressed his lips back, his hand pulling Jeremy closer and he sighed again when Jeremy rubbed their groins together, their jeans between them creating pressure and friction that got them both starting to rise.

“Tim, you don’t-”

“I want to. Please, Vaga?” It was not a lie and Ryan gave up with a groan, laying back and Jeremy following him, keeping their lips connected. He made sure to keep pressure between them, rocking his hips over Ryan’s as they made out softly, much gentler than anything Vagabond had done to him.

Ryan’s hands were on his back and with little help, Jeremy encouraged Ryan to pull the tight thing over his head and toss it aside. Ryans breath was catching the more Jeremy rotated in small circles on his lap, and when a flick of tongue touched his lips, Ryan must have taken it as permission because he suddenly grabbed the back of Jeremy’s head, kissing him hard and lifting a leg to wrap over his calf.

“Tim, Tim…” he breathed Jeremy stage name and it didn’t sound pervy from him, but full of desire for him, rather than a service to provide. Jeremy responded, liking the power Ryan was ceding to him by letting him set the pace, and when he moved his head back, Ryan immediately let go and started brushing fingers over Jeremy’s shoulders as he moved his lips to mouth at Ryan's jaw line then down his neck.

No words were exchanged but sweet touches and small gasping sighs as Ryan lost his shirt and then Jeremy was wiggling out of his orange jeans.

“Tim… I gotta ask. Who bedazzled the jeans?” Ryan asked, coming up on his elbows to watch Jeremy pull them off and Jeremy flushed with embarrassment.

“Ah… Actually, I did. I thought it looked cool…” He admitted and Ryan chuckled, putting fingers under Jeremy’s chin, making him look at his face.

“It does. Just maybe next time less is more?” He suggested and Jeremy softened against the touch, moving back over Ryan’s chest, stroking his own fingers against Ryan’s scruffy cheeks, “That’s like the very opposite of my motto.”

Ryan chuckled then bit his lip when Jeremy’s fingers touched his own jean zipper, the lad smiling at him from his chest as he undid his pants. It was quick and easy to tug them away as well and now
they were down to just underwear, Ryan boxers, Jeremy in his colored thong.

“This feels like more.” Ryan pointed out with Jeremy's naked chest against his own, making heat travel down Jeremy's spine at the low rumble, and he silenced anymore talk by kissing him again. His expert fingers roamed over Ryan's body, finding the places that made the man shiver to trace over, letting him explore back.

Ryan was right that this was more, normally, Vagabond would have been done by now, no building up like this, just taking what he wanted and leaving. This was so much more, so different and Jeremy gasped in want as well as discomfort when Ryan took his hips and rolled them so Jeremy was beneath him, Jeremy's rear pressed into the mattress. He did not expect the man to stop but he did, pulling back to look down at him.

“What? What is it?” he asked carefully, and Jeremy colored.

“Nothing, I just want to keep going.” He really did. This was different, it reminded him of before he started letting his body be sold. Reminded him what it could be like between two consenting adults. Ryan’s eyes narrowed then opened wide with mortification.

“Oh your-”

“Yeah my ass is still a little tender, but it’s fine.” Jeremy tried to draw him back for a kiss but Ryan rolled away from him, rubbing a hand over his eyes and muttering to himself. Jeremy came up with an elbow, laying on his side to listen to what Ryan was saying.

“I knew it. Should have stopped before. What are you doing Ryan, you moron…”

He was berating himself and Jeremy's heart gave another little lurch. He cared that Jeremy was still hurt. He was stopping. Wasn’t even going to press himself on Jeremy while he was hurting. That level of care was unheard of.

Ryan couldn’t believe himself. He had promised himself he would not use Tim again, was going to prove to him that The Vagabond could be gentle as well. He had gotten carried away and set off the bruising, that Ryan himself had put on the stripper, into hurting again.

He started and looked down when he felt heat and pressure against his dick, looking down to see Tim had settled himself lower and was pulling him out of his boxers, his palm and fingers forming a ring to stroke him back to full hardness after a slight loss of excitement.

“Tim…” he tried to object but it had been so long since anyone but himself had touched him and even then, Ryan hadn’t touched himself in days, just the mood never seemed right. Tim’s hand on him was heavenly and Ryan's objections died when a tongue swiped over his length and collected the pre that had started to leak from the tip. Then Tim was taking him into his warm mouth, tongue pressing against the underside of Ryan's cock, bobbing on him as he worked with his hand along with his head.

“Tim, Fuck… Timmm…” Ryan breathed, putting a hand in the hair, only able to glance down every now and again, the pleasure thrumming through him making his toes curl and his head tip back. He bit his bottom lip and his hips rolled up of their own accord. Then Tim glanced up at him through his eyelashes and Ryan couldn’t resist any longer, not that he’d put up much fight, to begin with.

“S-stop.” he choked out and Tim’s lips came off him with a wet plop, red and glistening with saliva. The stripper looked up at him, hand still moving, Ryan's hand still buried in his curls.

“I got lube, in that drawer there,” Ryan instructed and ignored the slight twitch of dread on Tim’s
face before he obeyed, getting up and crossing to the drawer. Ryan wiggled into the middle of the bed and shook off his boxers, petting his hips when Tim looked back at the bed. Tim had shed his thong and come back with lube and a condom he had found only for Ryan to pluck the condom and throw it aside.

“We won’t need that.”

“B-but Vaga, I’m not al-allowed t-too without-”

“I’m not going inside you today Tim,” Ryan assured the nervous ticks that had started up when he rejected the condom and made Tim settle over his hips where there was no pressure on his sore end, and their lengths brushed together when Ryan took the lube and warmed up a good dollop on his palm.

“I want you like this.” He explained, raising his knees behind Tim, placing feet flat and tipping Tim forward with pressure on the back of his thighs, avoiding the most painful areas, “Want to stroke us together, with you trembling on top of me.”

“I can do that for you, Vaga…” Tim offered shakily reaching for the bottle but Ryan tossed it off the bed and with his lubed up hand rubbed a slick palm over Tim, drawing a gasp from him as his fingers wrapped around his cock, pumping slowly.

“No, I want this for you, Tim. I want you to know you come first. Not an afterthought, not a bonus, but first.” Ryan pulled him down to lay on his chest, hips still canted at an angle that left a pocket of space for Ryan to move his hand, kissing the orange curls as Rimmy Tim panted and gasped sweetly, hands twisting in sheets and scratching over Ryan’s chest, to make a fist by Rimmy’s face.

He felt the man start to rock, pressing into his palm and Ryan speed up his movements, tightening ever so slightly, squeezing at the base and drawing up then back down to repeat. Rimmy can’t seem to form words, no idea how to respond to what Ryan was doing.

“That’s it, Tim, relax, I got you. This is for you sweet man, this is why I’m buying all your time. Because you deserve this, care and affection. You’re more than a quick fuck, Tim, you’re humor and fun and temptation in one colorful body.” Ryan told him truthfully as Tim trembled and whimpered atop him, words sending heat through both and Ryan can’t help but include his own dick in his stroking now, working them underside to underside.

“V-Vaga…” Tim babbled, “V-Vaga, I can- I’ll start… I can’t before-”

“You can Tim. You can come without me. You can come before me. Come on sweet little Tim, you’re so cute to look at, so beautiful to listen too.” Ryan whispered, the building cries Tim was making would be stored into Ryan’s mind forever, his thighs sliding over Ryan’s rhythmically, and his mouth pressed against Ryan’s skin, trying to smother the noise.

Ryan felt the wet of tears, looking down in time to see them squeezing out from between eyelids as Tim’s mouth opened wider, huffing with his moans that grew higher until they ended in a choked groan as he spilled into Ryan’s hand and over stomach. Ryan pressed a hard kiss to his curls again, stroking him through his orgasm than when he twitched over-sensitive, he let Tim go and quickly stroked himself to a finish, rocking up and groaning before he relaxed.

He sighed out and pulled his hand out from between them and moved the younger man to lay higher on his body, dropping his legs to tangle with Tim’s and hug him hard. With his clean hand, he stroked through curls once more as he murmured to him.
“That's a good man Tim. You are so wonderful Tim, so good.”

He said nothing when Tim started to cry and squeeze him back, hiding his face in Ryan's neck. Ryan just let him cry it out, aware that perhaps that was the gentlest anyone had been with the man in a long time and vowing to himself it would not be the last.

A vow he’d have to uphold straight away when Geoff slammed a fist against the door and shouted through it.

“Get your asses out here. I got a plan and then your Toy’s going home!”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you are still liking this and thank you for following along
Night for the Manager

Chapter Summary

Poor Jon has a busy night but a managers job is never done and he has plenty of ways to relax after

Chapter Notes

So as always heed the tags but here, gonna just warn for abuse, non-con themes, Mentions of watersports (for the peeps who don't know thats the gross act of peeing on someone) and humiliation Full dark people Full dark Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jon had taken an hour after Jeremy had left his office for himself. He was feeling relaxed and in charge after having the orange and purple haired stripper, a real sense of satisfaction from knowing Jeremy would be aching on his job with Vagabond. He hoped vagabond would fuck him again so Jon could redo the handprints on Jeremy's ass.

Speaking of ass, Jon turned his mind from his new favorite game of grinding Jeremy under his heel and to his job. He had a few different requests for different things and needed to balance them accordingly. With Jeremy hired away tonight for an obscene amount of money, that left Jon with four dancers and one escort.

Andy was already preparing for his service of the night, a lovely couple who wanted a third bedmate and felt comfortable taking him out to dinner first. Jon made a note to weigh Andy and see whether he needed to enforce food restrictions again.

Trevor was dancing sets tonight and between them, he already had one session, just a standard fuck by the looks of this booking. He still had two other spots free so Jon skimmed the request list then smiled cruelly and made a note to make sure he was in the back room after Trevor's second set. Then after a shower and another dance, Jon put the woman who had requested Trevor specifically in for a late romp.

Kyles request was flooded, trophy wife's sneaking out behind their husband's backs to pretend love with the charismatic stripper. Jon noted who was asking and married to who and earmarked a few for blackmail, putting them up the list. He put Kyle down for two separate sessions and broke them up for in the middle for the woman who wanted to make a strong man crawl.

Jon was moving on to Cole's night when there was a knock on his door.

“Come in.” he called and Josh entered holding a clipboard and looking down at it as he approached Jon.
“How can I help you?” Jon asked and Josh tapped the board in his hands.

“I’ve been looking over the numbers Jon, and you seem to have booked us over capacity.” Josh pointed out. Jon snorted and looked back to his computer.

“So?”

“So?” Josh repeated as Jon put Cole down for a requested group that would take half his night but would rake in a lot of revenue for Risinger to put back into the club, “So we don’t have enough seats now.”

“People can stand.”

“What about the walk ins?”

“We’re closed to walk ins.”

“Jon-” Josh tried but Jon had heard enough, slamming his fist down on the table and glaring at the bouncer.

“It’s Mr. Risinger to you Josh, and don’t get too familiar! Now the place is booming since the last redemption challenge and people are lining up to get in those doors for the next game show in a few days. All I’m hearing is you objecting to money. Are you objecting to money Josh?”

Josh put his hands behind his back, standing tall and fixing his eyes just past Jon respectfully not making eye contact.

“No Mr. Risinger. I’m not.” Josh said thickly then he looked down at the desk, “I just believe there is more demand than supply right now.”

Jon leaned back in his chair with a sigh, running his hands through his hair and tying it back with the hair tie he had around his wrist. Josh was right, the club was just gaining popularity and soon Jon would have to ask Burnie for an expansion and maybe another dancer or two. Perhaps female this time.

“Well, leave it to me. I’ll see if we can get another body. That should help spread the load.”

“No that’s not what I meant,” Josh said quickly, a hand coming up to gesture like throwing out a stop sign and stirring Jon's curiosity. He raised a brow, and tapped his fingers against the wood of his desk, looking to Josh who reddened under his beard and went back to standing to attention.

“And what then, did you mean? If it hurts you so much to get another whore here?” Jon asked dangerously, eyes now alert and searching Josh’s face and posture for any sign of a possible traitor.

“I-I just meant, Mr. Risinger, that perhaps we shouldn’t book so solidly. The product could burn out.” Josh said, keeping his face carefully neutral Jon noted to himself and he hummed softly to himself as he surveyed the bouncer.

Jon got up and walked around his desk, tracing his long fingers over it before he leaned back against his desk, hands splayed over the surface many a whore had been bent over. He drew power from it, from the knowledge that he made people bigger and stronger than himself submit to his touch. Josh may be large and muscular, but Jon knew the power rested with himself.

“Are you concerned for my product Mr. Flannagan?”
“Only as it relates to your bottom line, Sir… And my paycheck.”

A quick response and Jon lifted his chin slightly, that answer more believable than John's suspicions. Still just to be sure, Jon tilted his head at him.

“I’m sure I know what my products can and can not handle. Remember this the next time you seek to give me advice… You might be a Rooster, but you’ll never be on MY level. I have the ear of Burnie Burns himself. I can have you kicked out on your ass Josh or…” He smiled cruelly, “Since you care for the whores so much, you could bunk with them if you like.”

“No Mr. Risinger sir. I understand. I will remember.” Josh was properly cowed and Jon flicked a dismissive hand at the door. Josh bowed his head and left without another word, Jon watching the door close behind him. He folded his arms and huffed, thinking carefully over Josh’s behavior, the clear sympathy that Jon was reading between the lines. That would have to go.

He went back to the desk and didn’t bother sitting down, assigning cole his arrangements for the night than pausing when it came to Miles’ personal requests. Mr. Haddock was asking for his time again. Strange when Mr. Haddock was meant to be in Paris with his wife.

Jon frowned but he set Mr. Haddock’s session. Gray Haddock was a fine art merchant and on top of his usual duties here with the club, Jon was also in charge of verifying any art The Roosters buy. As such he had a working relationship with Gray, that meant if Gray was back in town early, Jon wanted to know why.

He printed the schedule’s out and set off with a spring in his step out into the staff hallways. He slipped into the dancer's prep area and Kyle was almost ready to go, he was on first tonight, the dance schedule was always set before the bed one to account for between session times. And display the product of course.

Kyle was in a tear-away suit for this first dance, looking almost like he wasn’t a slut for hire if it weren’t for the glitter above his eyes, and the tattoo of the Rooster brand on the side of his neck as he fixed his tie. Jon stepped forward and handed him the papers, fixing the tie for him as Kyle went still, eyes lowered out of respect.

“There you are my precious boy,” Jon smiled, smoothing a hand over it so it would hang straight for his money maker. He took the papers back and handed Kyle his, detailed outlooks for the night’s sessions, what people preferred, how he should act, sometimes what he should wear.

“Sir, this is too many,” Kyle said with a slow shake of his head then looked at Jon’s face and his own started to pale at Jon’s cruel smile that did nothing to comfort him. Jon had booked him for four finishers, people who wanted the stripper to finish with them to complete the experience. Kyle had stamina but maybe not that much, not many males could.

“Well, after your second, Talk to Tyler, he’s on desk tonight. He’ll give you a little something to help you.” Jon smirked, and looked at his hands, tugging his jacket straight around his wrist as he savored the silence of someone wanting to object but knowing they can’t. After a few moments, he looked back up to see Kyle had schooled his expression back to meek acceptance and Jon tapped his cheek.

“What do you say?” Jon asked him as Kyle put a hand on Jon’s forearm and leaned in to kiss Jon’s cheek, his stylishly trimmed beard tickling Jon’s cheek delightfully.

“Thank you, sir,” Kyle said as he moved back and Jon stroked a hand down his face, moving on. Jon heard voices from the locker room and moved to stand in the doorway, watching with head tilted as Miles put a foot on a bench and worked stockings up his leg. Miles’ back was to the door but
Trevor spotted Jon instantly from his mirror where he was applying makeup and had been listening to miles.

“I swear Trev if he hires me again I’m gonna take that stupid little grub he calls a dick an-”

“Hi, Daddy!” Trevor cut across Miles with forced enthusiasm, Jon smiling at Trevor's quick thinking even as Miles spun and almost overbalanced in trying to see his manager.

“No please. Don’t let me interrupt. What were you going to do to my paying customers ‘Grub’ Miles dear?” Jon asked interestedly. Miles lost color that Trevor gained, the two exchanging looks.

“An-and suck it all night?” Miles stammered, Jon, smiling a little wider as Trevor came and pressed up to his side, long and sweet, pressing kisses under Jon's jaw as the manager had his sharp eyes fixed on Miles.

“Good answer. I have your night schedules.” Jon waved the papers and handed the whole batch to Miles to sort through and grab his own, freeing Jon's hands to turn and take Trevor into his arms, nuzzling his nose against the skinny man’s neck.

“How’s my darling boy doing tonight hmm? You ready to make Daddy some money?” Jon cooed to his little pet. Most of the dancers called him Jon informally, Mr. Risinger or Sir when he demanded the respect due to him, but with Trevor, he made an exception.

“Yes, Daddy. I’ve been practicing my sets really hard.” Trevor simpered for him and though Jon knew it was an act he appreciated it anyway, cupping Trevor’s chin and bringing him in for a possessive kiss.

Miles waited patiently while Jon took his time, holding Trevor close and owning his mouth for a few pleasant minutes before Jon broke off and kissed his forehead with a self-satisfied grin.

“Hmm, I’m really liking you calling me Daddy,” he told Trevor low and then snapped his fingers for the papers back from Miles. He took them and took both his hands off Trevor now, so he could pull a pen out from his jacket pocket and alter the top paper which was Trevor’s. He crossed out the third session and penciled instead for his office before he handed it over.

Trevor moved off Jon’s side to take his orders and glanced over them before smiling up at Jon.

“Thank you, Daddy! This is a good night,” he said truthfully, only two customer sessions than a service to Jon himself would make it easy. Jon petted his head and then gently pushed him back to his chair to get ready.

“Make me proud guys. Miles, when you're dressed, come find me, please. I need to talk to you about Haddock's booking.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Jon was off again, this time to track down Cole. He checked the showers than the bathrooms. He peeked in the dressing room then back into the locker room to find the others had left. Music was coming in now meaning the doors had opened and Kyle would be on stage.

Jon frowned and cornered Trevor backstage waiting for his turn to dance.

“Where’s Cole?”

“Ah, he’s around daddy, we walked here together,” Trevor answered quickly and Jon curled a lip at
him before he shifted on. He hated having to chase down idiot dancers. He stalked away towards the staff area’s, back down the hall, checking doors as he went.

“I swear, if I find that little bitch sobbing somewhere I’m gonna-” He opened the store room and found bar staff sipping from a bottle of wine, looking surprised than rapidly terrified to be caught.

“Nice year?” Jon asked kindly, fury rising.

“Ah… Mr. Risinger, Sir, I-I can explain…”

“Save it. Coal-Train. Where is he?” Jon demanded and the bar staff shrugged then flinched as Jon stormed close and snatched the bottle out his hands.

“Then what FUCKING USE ARE YOU!?” Jon bellowed pointing at the door not even giving him the benefit of eye contact, “Get the fuck out there and work!”

The staff member fled from Jon's fury, Jon watching him go and taking a drink himself, making a face at the weak brew, checking the label and making a note to talk to his supplier. This was weak ass wine and now that he looked closer, he could tell it was a forgery of a better brand.

“For fucks sakes… Everyone fucking stupid but me.” He murmured to himself irritated now, keeping the bottle as he walked out of the stores and down the hall to turn and get behind the bar. The music was playing at an acceptable level, loud but not loud enough to stop the conversations and the lights dimmed but still plenty to see by.

“Barbs!” Jon called to his head bartender, the blonde woman glancing to him than smiling at a customer handing over drinks before she joined the dance of behind the bar to make her way through her staff to Jon's side.

“What are you doing drinking already?” She asked, taking the bottle from him and drinking from it straight, making a face and looking at the bottle, “The fuck are you drinking? Tastes like piss. And not alcohol, I mean actual piss.”

Jon gave a genuine chuckle at that, this is why he liked Barbara. She understood.

“I know! Fucking knock off again. Why do people keep thinking we won’t notice I don’t fucking know.” Jon complained then he shook his head and put up two fingers, “Two things, One- Where the Fuck is Coal-Train?”

“How the fuck should I know? I just serve the drinks, Jon, you're the manager.”

“Yes, Babs thank you for that shining insight into how useless you are to me.”

“Oh suck a dick, Jon.”

“Only yours and speaking of dicks,” Jon pointed out the thief bartender to Barbara, “That fucker was drinking this shit in the store room. Now it may have turned out to be fucking piss in a bottle, but I expect him to be fucking gone by night's end.”

Barbara sighed and looked to Jon again.

“This would not happen if you just let me hire the people I want to hire!”

“You pick fucking cheap assholes!” she grabbed the bottle back and took another wincing sip that had Jon grinning to see her face, “Let me hire one guy. Just one. He’s a really good tender, Jon, go on. Fuck, let me at least bring him to you for an interview, come on!”

Jon put up his hands in mock surrender, “Fine, fine… But that thief is to make example of alright? I won’t have people stealing from me.”

Barbara squealed and hugged him quickly, Jon's mood lifting a bit from her happy attitude.

“Amazing! Thank you, Jon! You won’t regret it!” she said and then she turned back to her job. Jon waved the bottle of wine at her back.

“I better not!” he yelled then even louder, “And if you see Train, send him to me!” Barb waved a hand to show she heard and Jon went back into the staff hallway. He slipped into his office for only a moment to put the bottle down to be used as proof later than back on his search, irritation coming back as behind the stage he couldn’t find Cole again.

“Mr. Risinger? You wanted to talk to me?” Miles approached him and Jon saw a target for his anger, grabbing Miles by the ear and pulling him close.

“Where the fuck is Cole Hmm?” he demanded and when Miles tried to insist they had walked here together he shook him by the ear, the pained yelp easing a little of Jon’s anger.

“Nah-ah! Don’t pull that solidarity bullshit on me! If Cole had walked with you, he would fucking BE AROUND!” Jon yelled into Miles' face, then he took a deep breath and made his tone even and sweet, letting go of Miles’ ear and taking his chin in hand instead, “Now. Tell me where he is. If you don’t, I’m going to assume it’s because you don’t like talking and I’ll have you knelt in the entrance way for anyone to fuck your face until you do feel like telling me where Cole is.”

“P-please! He-he did walk here with us! I swear!” Miles was beside himself with fear, tears spilling down his face and Jon shoved him away in disgust.

“Fucking fix your goddamn face.” Jon spat at him and after another look around the back, he went to the door to the main club. He fixed his jacket and tie, checked his hair by touch than fixed a smile on his face as he walked out.

Instant respect was his, people waved and called his name, happy to see him, deferring to his power. He weaved his way through the crowd, gently persuading people to leave him be as he made it to Tyler's station.

“Hey, boss.” Tyler greeted him within moments of Jon stopping at his counter, “How can I help?”

“Did you get my email?” Jon asked and Tyler nodded, turning the computer to show the updated bed schedule.

“Have you seen Train?”

“Yep, he’s in room three with Josh.”

Cold fury swept over Jon who's been looking for an age only to find out he’s with Josh. He knew his expression must have changed because the usually unshakable Tyler took a step back and threw a thumb over his shoulder, “Want me to go get him for you boss?”

“Oh no. No, no… I’ll go myself…” Jon assured him, walking to the offending door and listening. He cursed how well they had soundproofed the rooms because he couldn’t hear a thing. He tried to
open it, but it was locked. He whistled at Tyler who threw him the keys, Jon’s anger growing as he missed and had to scope it up from the ground.

He put the keys in but the door opened showing a flushed Josh and a red eyed Cole just behind the bigger man, looking fearfully at his manager. Jon looked between them and Josh opened his mouth.

“Fucking don’t even.” Jon said voice dripping venom, putting up a silencing finger at Josh, “I’ll deal with you in just a fucking second. You!” He pointed at Cole who darted forward even as Josh moved back to give him room, “I have been looking fucking all over for your useless ass!”

“Yes, Sir! Sorry, Sir!” Cole squeaked and yelped when Jon yanked him out of the room and into the door across from it. Jon put his back to Josh for a moment, the object of his fury now in front of him. Tyler, as a good employee would glance up only momentarily then back down at his keyboard, ignoring the scene.

Jon backhanded Cole across the face, the thrum of the hit going up his arm and easing the tightness in his chest. He followed the hit with a kick to Cole’s gut making him fall to the floor where Jon kicked him again in the side, driving the point of his designer shoe in.

“Get the fuck up! Get the fuck up and take your fucking schedule.” Jon spat at him, tossing the paper onto the sobbing striper, “Get the fuck out the back and make yourself fucking presentable!”

Now for Josh, Jon rounding on him as Cole staggered away, hand pressed to his side and making a run for it. Josh put his hands up, backing away from Jon.

“I found you, starving, broke and high off your fucking face in the street! I took you in, gave you a job, sobered you up and presented you to your fucking employers! Everything you fucking have is because of ME!” Jon ranted, slow steps towards Josh who kept backing away until the back of his legs hit the bed and he sat down on it hard, Jon now leaning over him, livid, “And I find you fucking my boy for fucking free! Taking his time away from what he should be doing which is making me money! I have a quota to fill myself, Josh! A quota that's got to be fucking met despite how much I pay out of the ass for upkeep on those walking fucking meal tickets! Not to mention that paycheck you say you care so fucking much about!”

“Sir, I-”

“Do I look finished to you!? I am TALKING Josh! Shut the fuck up!” Jon snarled shoving Josh’s shoulder once, then pointed into his face, “If I catch you with one of my boys again, I will have you castrated. Don’t think I fucking won't either. I’ve done it before and I’ll do it a-fucking-gain.”

He paused to make sure the message had really sunk in before he stood tall, folding his arms carefully and sneering down at the chastised bouncer.

“This isn’t fun undercover prison romp with Heyman. This is On The Spot. My club, you fucking shit, don’t fucking make me have to hire a new hand. Do your fucking job and if you want a slut for an hour, then FUCKING PAY FOR IT LIKE EVERYONE ELSE!”

Josh nodded rapidly and Jon turned on his heel leaving him there to think about how thin a rope he was on. Jon could not believe his night. It soothed him slightly to see the dancers flinch back from him as he made his way backstage once more and snapped his fingers at Miles. Miles came to heel instantly.

“Yes, sir.” He squeaked and that made Jon stand a little straighter to hear such blatant fear.

“Mr. Haddock's here tonight. I want you to find out why he’s back early from Paris. And whether
Mrs haddock knows yet of you. Can you do that?"

“Yes, Mr. Risinger.” Miles nodded quickly and Jon put a hand on his jaw, bringing his face to look at his.

“See that you do. Anything you can find out for me will make life much easier on you.” Jon reminded his product and then his attention diverted to a wet and bitter smelling Trevor walking into the back, head down and speed walking towards the showers, his ruined panties in his hand and his tight pants wiggled back on.

“Baby boy,” Jon called, not letting miles go just yet but wanting to let Trevor suffer a little longer. Trevor stopped and turned to him fighting tears but he forced a smile.

“Yes, Daddy?”

“Remember after your next dance I want to see you in my office.” Jon reminded him even though he knew Trevor wouldn’t have forgotten. Trevor nodded still smiling with liquid dripping from his hair down his face.

“Of course Daddy.”

“Go take a shower lovely boy,” Jon said kindly, waiting for Trevor to start walking away with the dismissal to hurl the hurtful words at his back, “I don’t want you still smelling of piss when you come to me.” Trevor flinched and Jon heard the half caught sob he made and it was like a salve to his wounded spirit. He looked down at Miles who started smiling the moment he saw Jon looking at him.

“That was funny wasn’t it Miles? Do you get it?” Jon joked and leaned in to whisper in Miles’ ear, “It’s because he got pissed on.” He snorted with mirth and Miles gave a short laugh just as Jon wanted. Jon petted the cheek he’d been holding and let him go.

“Go on now, about your business. I’ll see what information you have for me after the dancing portion of the club is shut.”

Jon’s good humor was returned as he made his way back to his office. He sat down with a sigh and ignored the crappy bottle of wine to raid his own private fridge, pulling out a cooled champagne flute and his favorite Chateau to pour himself a glass.

He took a sip and sighed after he swallowed, putting his feet up on the desk and leaning back in his chair tipping his head back. It was tough being the boss at times but nothing he couldn’t handle.

He would not pay Josh this week, and if the man complained he’ll have him flogged. Cole had basically volunteered to be one of the contestants in the next game night. He had full faith in Barbara’s ability to make an example of her thieving staff member and he looked forward to meeting her choice in replacement. Trevor was a sweet thing and soon he’ll be here to soothe Jon’s aches and Jeremy had been nothing but a good little whore, submitting to Jon every moment.

Jon was even growing quite fond of having Jeremy under his desk between sets since he couldn’t be hired out to other customers so long as Vagabonds cheques didn’t bounce. At first, Jon had been irritated to let Vagabond have such a claim over Jon’s property, but he had been seduced by the easy money, and he was sure he’d beaten and fucked the fact only He, Jon Risinger owned Jeremy Dooley. Vagabond was merely renting.

Jon even missed Jeremy now, had grown used to the man being there for Jon to run his hand through his hair like a pet, have him rub Jon’s feet as he worked or simply lay his head against Jon’s thigh,
giving off heat in the chilly office.

A knock had Jon break out of his musing and he put his feet down as he called permission to come in. Trevor opened the door, dressed in black against his pale skin like Jon liked, stockings attached to frilled panties with clasps and a flat lace bra around his chest. A predatory grin rolled over Jon's face when he saw him and he beckoned him in.

“Close the door. Look at you lovely boy. Don’t you look nice? Give me a spin will you?”

“Of course Daddy.” Trevor spun for him as Jon clicked his tongue at him.

“Nice. Very nice lovely boy.” Jon rotated the chair to the side and patted his thigh, “Come sit here on Daddy's lap, and tell me about your night.”

Jon hardly listened as Trevor talked, telling Jon how fun dancing was and how pleasant his bedmates, instead of running fingers over his property, reminding himself how much he owned everyone here. As Trevor talked of how happy he was to earn the extra thousand dollars for Jon by being humiliated by his last session, Jon was smiling to himself, tracing a finger over Trevor's hipbones, his ribs, his collarbones, his jaw.

_Mine, Mine and Mine, this is Mine_, he thought to himself and silence Trevor's nattering with a kiss.

“Sounds like you’ve had quite the nice night. Much better than mine. See, I had a few of my staff be a very naughty, baby boy and that’s made me very tense. And you know what Daddy likes when he’s tense.” Jon smirked as Trevor trembled and tried to simper for him, hands pawing at his chest.

“B-but I've been a good boy Daddy, I promise, I've behaved and-”

“Well, Cole hasn’t so shut your mouth.”

Trevor's mouth snapped closed and he whimpered, Jon loving the sound, loved having it produced because of him and not from him. Jon was no whore, not anymore, and he hated any reminder he had ever been one. That hate carried over to these men he had broken.

Jon pulled lace out of the way and grabbed Trevor's nipple in his fingers and twisted viciously, Trevor biting his lip and shutting his eyes from the pain. Jon couldn’t have that, leaning forward and biting on Trevor’s shoulder to hear him yell. He moved back, letting go and slapped Trevor across the face, nothing a little makeup couldn’t hide.

“You know I like to hear it lovely boy.”

“Y-yes Sir.”

“Don’t hold your tongue understood? You're mine, even your fucking cries belong to me.”

“Yes, Mr. Risinger sir! I am yours!”

Jon grinned and smacked Trevor again, across the other cheek to even out the spread. All this pain and control was making him hard and he shoved Trevor off him to the floor. Trevor simply picked himself up and looked up at him, tears welling in his eyes but a smile on his face that he forced there.

Jon stood up and started undoing his belt, sliding it out of his dress pants and curling it around his hand. He smiled down at Trevor's whose own lips fell, unable to hold it with the dread rushing through his body. His eyes went between the belt that Jon snapped and then at his managers delighted face, Jon’s eyes wide and excited.
“It’s your day off tomorrow, right? Plenty of time for bruises to fade and hey, that's what makeup’s for right? Isn’t that right lovely boy?”

“Yes, Daddy.” Trevor agreed, voice catching. Jon tapped the belt lightly on his own groin and smirked as Trevor sprung to free him from his confines. It didn’t matter how well Trevor performed, Jon was going to beat him anyway. Not that he told Trevor that.

“Aren’t you going to thank me, Trevor? I’m letting you suck my cock instead of bending you over my desk and beating your ass. Unless that's what you want?” Jon said leadingly because of course, that was just what he had planned, it had been a stressful night for the manager after all.

“Thank you, Daddy, you're so good to me Daddy.” Trevor could hope and Jon petted his hair back from his face,

“You're welcome my little slut,” Jon smirked, his eyes glinting cruelly, mind already imagining the pretty cries he was going to milk from those pretty lips.

The night really was looking up.

Chapter End Notes

if you are enjoying please leave a comment! you can only kudos once but comments and feedback is how i get better! As always the above is pure fiction, please Don't think any of this is ok in real life, cause it's not, and yeah, Jon is depicted as a son-of-a-bitch here completely different from his sunshiney raybeam self. These a characters and do not reflect on anyone they are based off of.
Hope your still enjoying see you next chapter!
Just a Toy

Chapter Summary

Geoff learns about Ryan and Jermey's relationship
Michael gets a tattoo so Gavin can have a peek around

Chapter Notes

CATION CATION
full rape scene ahead!
No fucking about here guys, this is full and complete Dark
FULL RAPE
if you need/would like too skip it, stop from the moment the mouse squeaks
Youll get it when your reading thats a clear sign to stop reading
Rape is wrong people just fyi, this is messed up alright
I'll sum up the plot you miss if you skip the scene in the end note
YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jack shut the door after Ryan had left with his ‘stress relief’ and Geoff immediately started.

“I told you, Jack, I fucking told you when you insisted on the tablets, it would make him soft.” Geoff slammed his drink on his desk and threw himself into his chair. Jack rolled his eyes and rounded on his boss.

“So he brought a fucking date home, so what?” Jack said hotly, gesturing with his hand, “Any of us have brought people home before.”

“Oh he brought a date home, so what?” Jack said hotly, gesturing with his hand, “Any of us have brought people home before.”

“Yeah, people who didn’t know who the fuck we were! People who weren’t fucking Roosters!”

“He’s not a Rooster!” Jack defended him and Geoff slammed his fist down on the table leaning forward to bellow.

“It’s as good fucking AS!” Geoff leaned back throwing his hand out to Jack, “Don’t you fucking understand? Fuck! If it was a Rooster I’d have a better fucking time making it disappear! Burnie doesn’t give two fucking shits about a disposable fucking muscle but that fucking whore is money earnt not money spent!”

“That’s a person Geoff!” Jack was shocked at the way Geoff was talking. Then he had to duck because Geoff threw his empty glass at him after the boss had hard swallowed the contents.

“It’s not! It’s not a person Jack. You don’t get it, do you? God, you’re as thick as dicks at times I fucking swear,” Geoff pointed at the door dropping his words to a low heated tone, “That’s not a fucking person. Like I said out there, it might have been once, but now it’s a kicked fucking dog that will keep going back to its master for more. You mark my words jack, that thing Ryan’s plowing is
only going to serve one man, and that's It's fucking manager I'm sure.”

Jack grunted in frustration, hating that Geoff was most likely right, crossing his arms and glaring at the floor. Geoff subsided into his chair, the point made and they both waited in angry silence for the other to be the first to speak.

“What do we do then?” Jack finally asked, “Since you have all the answers?”

“Get Ryan off those fucking tablets for one.” Geoff snapped, “Get the proper Vagabond back.”

“Geoff, you're not serious.” Jack said pleadingly, “So he brought home a guy- hooker… So what? He made a mistake.”

Geoff laughed without humor and waved his hand with its missing digit at Jack, “He made a mistake huh? Like this one?”

Ryan had been fresh on his tablets, still working out the correct dosage to dull the madness within. Too dull, his reflexes were shot and his delusions unaffected. Geoff was lucky he only had his finger blown off.

“You can’t compare that to this.” Jack pointed out and again Geoff laughed.

“I don’t see why the fuck I can’t! He’s sloppy like this Jack. At least the mad fucker wouldn’t have brought home security breaches.”

“No, we’d just wake up to a body in the kitchen disposal again.”

Geoff brushed off jacks rebuttal with a tisk of teeth and sighed, turning to his computer and turning it on. Jack came and sat before the desk, clasping his hands together and leaning forward, dropping his voice.

“Please, Geoff. Don’t use this as an excuse to take Ryan off his meds.” Jack begged, “We’ve almost got it just right. Maybe they need a little fiddling with, maybe he fucked up but come on Geoff. At least he’s connecting with a human.” Geoff shot Jack a look and Jack amended his words, “At least he’s trying to connect to something.”

“Oh, I bet he is,” Geoff grumbled leadingly, sure Ryan would be banging his boy right now. He glanced at Jack again and softened a little. Geoff didn’t want to be cruel but he had the crew to think of.

“Listen. Jack. Vagabond's going soft. You know it. I know it. The city is starting to suspect it. And now he’s got a whore in his room right now pretending to be his boyfriend.” Geoff laid it out for Jack who shook his head.

“This is a good thing, Geoff.”

“No, it isn’t. It means Vagabond-”

“It’s good for Ryan.” Jack cut across him and that shut Geoff up, “That's what the problem is Geoff. And what you got to decide. What’s more important? Ryans happiness? Or Vagabond viciousness to the enemy’s of this crew.”

“That's not fair Jack.” Geoff groaned and Jack shrugged.

“No, it’s not. But Ryan's your friend. And how much is your friend’s happiness worth to you,
Boss?"

Geoff had to give him points for that argument. The softer Vagabond was, the happier Ryan became. This was not good, Vagabond making such a misstep with security, bringing home a Rooster whore. But Jack was right that this was good, Ryan trying to human and making an actual connection outside the crew, even if it was just a blank doll.

“Ok. OK!” Geoff conceded, “I won’t mess with his meds. Yet. Before you get too excited. But the bitch has got to go, Jack. Now I think our best bet is to bring it in here, and I'll call its manager on speaker.”

“You know the manager?” Jack asked and Geoff reddened a little and fiddled with his collar.

“I may have a few… things saved for me filmed at On The Spot…” Geoff admitted then grew defensive, “But I know better than to hire out! And definitely better than to bring it here!”

Jack didn’t say anything sensing it would be wise not to press.

“The point is, the moment this boy toy of Ryan's knows that I got Risinger's ear, they’ll do what I say because it will be my word against theirs.” Geoff got up and shook his head, “I don’t want to be this asshole, Jack. You know I don’t”

“I know.”

“But really. It might be walking and talking but the man in there with Ryan is dead as dicks. There’s no point letting this continue.” As Geoff passed Jack, his second grabbed his wrist.

“Geoff, just… Think about letting Ryan see the guy still? I think this might be Ryan's coping mechanism for his medication. If we can guarantee Tim's silence than it might be something Ryan can have. It’s not like he has a civilian life like the rest of us.”

“I'll think about it.” Geoff allowed and went to go get Ryan and his toy. He could hear them as he was coming down the hall, Tim wasn’t really a quiet one by the sounds of it and Geoff had a certain amount of vindictive satisfaction knowing he was going to interrupt. Then he got closer and heard Ryan’s voice.

“That's it, Tim, relax, I got you. This is for you sweet man, this is why I’m buying all your time. Because you deserve this, care and affection. You're more than a quick fuck, Tim, you’re humor and fun and temptation in one colorful body.”

Geoff closed his eyes and swore silently. He heard now the pleasured cries were accompanied by soft sobs. Geoff had to have a silent conversation with himself as he listened to the care and intimacy behind the door. He was a crew boss for fuck's sake, he could not be feeling sorry for Tim. The man's a lost cause. Easier to think of him as an It. It would hurt less when Rimmy was killed.

Geoff hated nothing more than when Jack was right because it's all Geoff would hear about for weeks. Mostly because Jack was right a lot. This security breach couldn’t stand but fuck, he couldn’t take this away from Ryan. Still, Tim did need to be dealt with so Geoff hardened his heart and slammed a fist on the door.

Jeremy jerked at the knock, sucking up the tears immediately and starting to move. Ryan let him go, which Jeremy appreciated, he didn’t think he’d be able to handle being kept there against Boss Ramsey's orders. His stomach was a sticky mess and he used his discarded thong to wipe it up as on the other side of the bed, Ryan got dressed.
“Tim, don’t worry. I’m going to deal with Geoff.” He tried to assure the stripper who, with his face averted, had to fight another sob. Ryan was so caring, so nice to him. But it wasn’t going to last.

“Vaga…” Jeremy said quietly, wiggling commando back into his orange jeans and tucking his thong into his pocket. Ryan’s arms came around his waist, the mercenary pressing against his back and his head by Jeremy's ear.

“I’d prefer if you call me Ryan.” He offered softly and Jeremy's heart clenched. This time there was no doubt Ryan was fully awake and aware of what he was giving Jeremy. Use of his true name.

“Vaga, please… I can’t…” Jeremy forced himself to say and he felt the stiffening of the body behind him, the subtle tightening of his grip that made Jeremy fearful for his safety to deny the man, “Understand I can’t. I don’t know any other name but Vagabond remember?”

Ryan’s grip loosened and his hands turned Jeremy to face him, looking down at him with regret spelled clear in his eyes.

“I will not hurt you for using my name.” He swore forcefully but it was too late for that. Jeremy knew only one thing in this life was certain and that was Jon owned him completely. Vagabond could make love to Jeremy all he likes, can declare trust, give him his true name, buy him all the vehicles in the city, but Jeremy was going home to Jon Risinger's club.

“Your boss is waiting for us, Vaga.” Jeremy rejected him smoothly, stepping back out of his grip and bending to grab his tight shirt, pushing wishes for loose clothing aside. Jon brought him tight clothes and he’d wear them.

“Rimmy, I won’t. You can really call me Ryan.” Vagabond was trying again but still, Jeremy kept his back to him until his shirt was fully settled and he could look around to Vagabond, once again dressed as Rimmy Tim, remembering how to play that part. He smirked and put his hands on his hips, cocking them to the side.

“And you know you can call me whatever you like. But really, we better get going, your boss wishes to talk and I need to get back before 2 am” Jeremy's act was shaken as Ryan took a step into his personal space, cupping his cheek and putting a hand on his waist again. He ran a thumb just under Jeremy's eye where the skin was still swollen from crying.

“I meant everything I was saying Tim. You are not just a piece of meat to me.” Ryan voice rung with feeling that Jeremy had to shut down. He hadn’t meant to cry, it was pathetic and unprofessional and he dreaded if Jon was ever to find out about it.

“That’s sweet Vaga. Thank you.” Jeremy smiled softly at him then he ducked away from his touch, around him and towards the door, “I'll just wait for you in the lounge room shall I?” Jeremy left, Ryan’s word of wait still in his ears as he walked fast down the hall and into the living space.

Ryan wasn’t far behind, catching Jeremy's hand as he made it to the living room and tugging him to a halt, Vagabond in his voice.

“I said wait.” He reiterated, Jeremy instinctively shying from the dangerous voice and the hard grip.

“Vagabond. Let him go.” Jack ordered thickly, coming from the office to see Ryan standing over the stripper glaring down at him as Tim ducked his head, his wrist in a tight hold. Ryan dropped the strippers wrist transferring gaze from him to Jack.

“I told him to wait.” He said like that explained everything. Jeremy was looking at them, aware how vulnerable he was right now, two hardened criminals angry at each other and him, stuck in the
middle.

“I don’t care. Now Tim,” Jack looked to the stripper who met his eyes, clear he’d been crying but
now his gaze was clear and determined, “In the office.” Jack ordered, softening his voice and
pointing. Tim could follow orders and left them, Ryan trying to follow but Jack stopped him with a
hand to his chest, “Just Tim sorry Ryan.”

Jeremy came in, Boss Ramsey standing with his back to the door, leaning against his desk, only
turning when he heard footsteps enter. He focused on Jeremy and Jeremy could see the moment the
Boss reminded himself what Jeremy was. His dark eyes had been soft but soon started to stare right
through him.

Jeremy's pride wasn’t hurt because it no longer existed.

“Sit down.” Geoff gestured to a chair and only once Jeremy was seated, did Geoff sit as well.

“I’m sorry this happened to you kid,” Geoff said looking just past Jeremy’s shoulder. That hadn’t
been what he expected, but Jeremy said nothing, finding that the safest option, “It doesn’t matter who
you used to be. I know what you are now. Risinger is your handler right?”

“Manager Sir,” Jeremy said meekly, averting his eyes respectively.

“Huh. Used to be handlers. Still, he’s your owner yes?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Good. Let's give him a call, shall we? I got a little complaint.” Geoff grabbed his cordless phone
and Jeremy put his hands up pleadingly, alarm thrilling through his body, his eyes wide and begging.

“C-complaint? What? What did I do? I pleased Vagabond, I was good. I c-can be good to you too,
please!” Jeremy implored Geoff, his eyes locked on the phone like Geoff was handling a gun.

“Geoff, Don’t. There's no need.” Ryan came in, Jeremy shooting him a look like he was a guardian
angel.

“Vagabond! Please! Please tell him I did well. There’s no reason to disturb Mr. Risinger—”

“Ryan you know I have- FUCK!” Geoff cursed himself realizing he had revealed Ryans name in the
same breath as uttering it. Geoff reached for the gun under his desk cursing still, Jeremy falling out of
his chair and backing away as the gun came up, Ryan stepping in front of him.

“Geoff no!” He said ignoring Geoff’s order to move.

“Look I’m sorry, this one's my fuck up and I’ll have to fucking pay Burnie off but—” Geoff was
pointing the gun still, and Ryan stepped up and put a hand around the barrel. Jeremy’s heart was
thudding painfully in his chest and he was beyond grateful Ryan was there to save him.

“He already knew!” Ryan cut across him, Geoff reeling back shocked, “It just slipped out one night,
he’s known for weeks and god knows I’ve given him plenty of incentive to dob me into Risinger but
he hasn’t.”

Geoff recovered slightly, tempted to blow Ryan away now but his eyes slid from one man to the
other and back, “You’ve let a security risk walk around with your name for weeks and didn’t tell
me?”
“I trust him, Geoff.”

Now he wasn’t being threatened with a gun Jeremy felt a wash of shame. Ryan shouldn’t trust him. The best Jeremy could offer was not volunteering what he knew. If Risinger ever thought to ask, Jeremy would tell him in a flat second. There would be no choice.

Luckily Geoff wasn’t looking at the stripper and seeing the guilt play across his face as he dropped his eyes. He was busy searching Ryan's face, seeing there a humanity and determination he hadn’t seen before.

“Well fuck.” Was all he could say to that.

“Well the fuck do I have to get a tattoo again?” Michael asked as they came into the Tattoo Parlour called Blood Gulch. Gavin smiled and put a not so comforting arm around Michael, leading him towards the front desk which was currently unmanned.

“Because, you’ve been thinking about it and bitching about it for ages boi, and I’m happy to cover it.”

“Real reason Gav. Or I walk.”

“Cause I need you to alright? Trust me. Free tattoo from a decent artist, all just in the name of keeping him occupied.” Gavin whispered and Michael sighed. After all, he had already agreed, he was just getting second thoughts now. Gavin knew that particular sigh and grabbed Michael’s head with the hand around his shoulder bringing him in to get the side of his head kissed, Michael, objecting and shoving him away.

“Can I help you, boys?” A man had come out of the office in time to see the exchange, His blonde hair, and stubble offset by the black ink up his neck and bright blue eyes. More tattoos down his arms as he rested his hands on the desk.

“Ah, yeah. Jackass here is gonna buy me a tattoo.” Michael said giving Gavin another weaker shove. Gavin grinned charmingly at the artist.

“I’m Mark, this is my friend Flint. We were just looking for somewhere that was still open this late at night.” Gavin put a hand to the side of his mouth like he was excluding Michael, “It’s his birthday!”

“Right… Are you drunk?” The artist asked and Michael shrugged, seeing Gavin was portraying a slight drunkard but hadn’t asked him to.

“He is, I’ve been keeping his ass out of trouble so my levels are fucking fine.” The artist eyed him up and down then nodded.

“He stays here, You can come with me and we’ll look at designs. If you bleed all over my equipment, that's extra.” He put out a hand to shake Michaels, “Call me Sarge.”

“Flint’s fine.” and after another warning look at Gavin, Michael left to get his new tattoo. Sarge gave Gavin a searching look of his own and pointed at the waiting seat which Gavin folded himself into and pulled out his phone.

He listened carefully waiting with patience during the twenty minutes of Sarge and Michael talking about what he wanted, where he wanted it, how the design should be. Only once they were ten minutes into the whirr of the machine starting up did Gavin move.
He peeked to see Sarge bent over Michael’s arm, The two chatting quietly as Sarge started filling in the stencil of a bear face on Michael’s upper arm. Gavin grinned and slipped into the office Sarge had vacated and he gasped.

“What a bloody mess.” He complained to himself quietly, though Gavin himself was a messy person, he hated it in his work for the very reason he liked to be chaotic. The mess was hard to search through quickly. It seemed Sarge did all his paperwork still on paper, the computer he had was ancient and a box.

Gavin carefully picked his way over clothes, empty takeaway containers and boxes and a bunch of rags that looked suspiciously like where Sarge bedded down, Alcohol bottles and cans strewn around the bundle of clothes that looked like his pillow. The sour smell was horrendous but Gavin managed to get to the desk.

“What sodding paper? Join the century wanker…” Gavin muttered to himself, carefully thumbing through the mess, looking for something, anything to do with the tattooing of the On the Spot strippers.

He rummaged a bit more, sharp eyes on the lookout for anything related to the Rooster Teeth Brand tattoo, Jon Risinger, the manager or On the Spot. A few minutes later, he was going through a drawer when he saw papers with sketches, that he pulled free, rough designs of the Rooster logo with notes scribbled on it.

Gavin checked around where he found the design and grinned when he found another note

*Make the red banding thicker, include the writing I submitted to you in it. I won’t have any of Burnie’s product being lost through lack of ID*

Gavin was getting closer he could feel it. There had to be records here somewhere and-

“I got eyes, Sarge, I can see you’re with a customer. I’ll just wait.”

The door opened a slice, a voice raised that made Gavin's blood go cold. Gavin dropped instantly, scooting under the desk and staying huddled there, praying Heyman wouldn’t come to this side of the room. Gavin pressed a hand to his mouth trying to smother the sound of him breathing, lying flat down to peek under the bottom of the desk, seeing Heyman’s sneakers kick through the rubbish.

“What a slob,” Heyman muttered to himself and flopped down onto Sarge’s nest, Gavin could now see his ass, long legs, and his hands as he rummaged through to find a half drank bottle to presumably drink from.

Gavin's eyes drifted from Heyman to some paper he had kicked up, a name catching his eye, the paper half crumpled.

- days so call him Rimmy Tim. I don’t give a shit and why not you know? Sounds like a rim job. Perfect for business. But if we do the inside thigh, is there any danger to him? Get back to me pro-

Gavin cursed in his head. Of course, he saw that with Heyman sitting right fucking there. It was like all the gods were against him. It sounded like Heyman was drinking and playing on his phone, the lights were dim, covered in layers of dust. Gavin decided to risk it.

His heart pounding in his ears, Gavin carefully laid down on his stomach so he could fit his hand under the desk’s back, carefully sliding it forward until the wood bit into his forearm and his fingers brushed the paper with Rimmy’s name on it. Gavin bared his teeth in a grimace, forcing his hand further, wood scraping over skin now, uncomfortable but not painful. He managed to snag it between middle and for fingers and carefully pulled it back under the desk with him.
Heyman hadn’t moved but he heard a little laugh that had Gavin freeze. Heyman stayed where he was so Gavin assumed it was just at something on the man's phone. Heyman's reputation was almost as bad as Vagabonds, but he had been in this business longer and hid behind no mask. Gavin did not want Heyman to know he was there.

He unfolded the paper and started scanning from the top.

*Newest item, you’ll like him Matt, used to be a professional fighter. Burns wanted him as muscle, but I see the possibility. Luckily, Burns agrees with me when I asked him because he's letting me have him. Jeremy wants to use his old stage name and you know me, I’m such a soft heart these days, so call him Rimmy Tim.*

Gavin sucked in a breath that he quickly caught. The excitement of finding this information had made his breath louder than he had meant to. He closed his eyes, senses straining, trying to hear where Heyman was. He couldn’t hear movement so he peeked.

The nest was empty.

“Well, I tell him to clean up in here or he’d get rodents, but you’re a bit big for a rat aren’t you?” Heyman’s voice came from behind him and Gavin rolled to see Heyman was squatting behind the desk, looking directly at him.

Gavin forced a smile to his face and a shrug, “Squeak, squeak?” He offered and yelped when Heyman grabbed him by the shirt front and dragged him up and out, banging his hip against the desk when Heyman pressed him back to it.

“You know what I do to rodents?” Heyman asked a lazy smile on his face, his eyes basically caressing over Gavin's body who was fighting his body’s shaking.

“Let them go with a smack on the wrist?” Gavin asked hopefully flinching back when Joel grabbed his wrists, bringing them in front of Gavin's face, thumbs sitting on the inside of the wrists and starting to press painfully.

“Oh no. Cute, but no. I’ll break your wrists if you don’t tell me what you’re doing here.”

“I’m looking for cash!” Gavin squealed as Joel’s fingers pressed bruisingly deep into his wrists, “Cash, cash, I wanted to rip ’em off! Pay for the tatt with his own lock box money!”

Heyman’s grin went wider and the thumbs stopped their press, even if he didn’t let go just yet, “New to town are we?” he asked, pressing into Gavin in a way that made him uncomfortable.

“Oh yeah. That’s my boyfriend in the chair right now.” Gavin tried to implant a little caution in the man but that only seemed to make Heyman’s eyes gleam cruelly. His hands came off one of Gavin's wrists and went around to squeeze Gavin's ass where it was against the desk.

“I bet you take it from him all the time right?” Heyman asked hushed, moving his head into Gavin's neck, pressing lips to skin than a graze of teeth, “Bet you love being fucked don’t you you sneaky rat twink?”

Gavin acted on instinct, trying to shove Joel off him and run for it. Heyman laughed as he shifted his weight with the shove, feet still planted and with his now lean back he had room to grab Gavin by the throat and backhand him across the face.

“Don’t–” Gavin tried to speak but a thumb against his adams apple silenced him, Joel's face in his.
“Don’t what?” Joel asked curiously and lifted his thumb so Gavin could speak.

“Don’t tell my boyfriend,” Gavin said in a gasping whisper, seeing his chance. It was obvious what Heyman wanted from him and it could be the easiest and least painful way to get out of here. He just had to submit to Heyman and then he’d be out of here, another lead to follow.

“Bitch, when I’m through you’ll be bragging to him.” Heyman boasted, and pressed up against him, kissing his lips, his hands demanding as his mouth, sliding into his pants without so much as a warm up and squeezing his cheeks painfully tight.

Gavin pulled his face from Joel, feeling fingernails dig in which he did not like, “Careful, you’ll scratch me.” he tried to warn Joel who only laughed low and lifted him up and turned to throw him down onto the ground. Gavin cried out, that had hurt, than Joel was over him, biting a lip and Gavin tasted blood than a flare of pain making him shout only for Joel's mouth to swallow it.

“Shut up. You be fucking quiet or I’ll take you home with me, understood?” Joel warned as he drew away, a bit of Gavin’s blood on his lip that he licked off as he leered down at him, “Look at you, I bet he’s all soft touches huh? That boyfriend of yours? Well, I know what a slut like you wants. You want someone to fucking teach you your place.”

Gavin looked up into Joel's face, seeing the mad glint in his eyes, the want on his face and the hacker realized he might have made a miscalculation here. He put up a hand to try and ward Joel off but it was smacked aside as Joel leaned down again, ripping the front of Gavin’s shirt, popping buttons so he could bite at Gavin’s collar bone.

“W-wait!” Gavin tried to stop him, starting to get scared when he felt teeth bruisingly tight on his shoulder, wincing and arching into it when Joel sucked hard at his skin, forming a large painful bruise.

“Shut the fuck up.” Joel snarled, smacking him again, “I said shut your mouth and I don’t like to repeat myself.” Gavin bit down on the inside of his cheek to quiet his words. Instead, he switched tracks from getting Heyman to stop to getting this over with. So he quit talking and started touching Joel back, running hands under Joel's shirt to clutch at his sides, rocking his hips up into the man that was pinning him.

Heyman groaned happily and this time when he moved to Gavin's lips, Gavin lifted his head into it, trading tongue back and forth with him. Heyman’s hand buried itself in Gavin's hair and grabbed a hold, twisting painfully, Joel swallowing the pained noise Gavin made.

“That’s right, now you're getting it. You want this don’t you slut?” He growled against Gavin's lips, sucking on the split for the fresh taste of blood than slamming Gavin's head against the floor as he suddenly sat up. Gavin rubbed his head then eyes widened in surprise, squawking once as Joel bodily picked him up and flipped him over.

Hard hands shoved him into position, pulling his hips up and putting his knees under himself. Gavin got up on his hands to look but Joel shoved him back down with a hand between his shoulder blades, face hitting the floor, the smelly carpet against his cheek.

Gavin fist the carpet, fingers scraping against it as he felt exposed, Heyman, yanking down his pants and underwear down to his knees and then wet fingers at his entrance. Gavin tried looking again and he got only a glance of Joel with a foil packet from his mouth before another hand shoved his face down again painfully.

“Stay where I fucking put you, twink.” Heyman huffed and Gavin pressed his lips together to stop
any noise when his rear was slapped. In the privacy of his mind, he hoped Ryan appreciated what Gavin was putting up with for him. Gavin was definitely calling in another favor from the man for this.

Thankfully he when feeling fingers back at his entrance they were cold with the familiar slip of lube. He grunted as two fingers went in straight away and cursed himself when Heyman immediately started searching then working his prostate. Gavin couldn’t help his body’s response to it and he gave another muffled grunt to it.

“There we go, never say I didn’t do anything for ya.” Heyman sneered, another finger working in before Gavin was really ready for it, “Don’t want you screaming out, do we? I want you to walk away, with that fucking boyfriend of yours and know you had another man fuck you while he got his tattoo. Every time you see that tattoo I want you to think of me.”

“But you’ve marked me.” Gavin objected to keeping this secret, panting slightly as fingers came out of him and he felt hands on his hips.

“That’s not my problem, is it rodent?” Heyman chuckled as he lined himself up. Gavin hardly had a second to register that Joel's dick was pressed against his hole before it was slammed all the way in. His shout was absorbed mostly by the carpet, Joel’s hand in his hair pressing him down again.

“Fuck! For a fucking slut, you're tight.” Joel groaned, balls deep in the man enjoying his vague struggles before he started moving fast, smacking hard against him, uncaring how uncomfortable it was for the man beneath him. Joel kept one hand in Gavin's hair, shoving his face into the carpet, the other on Gavin's hip, fingers bruisingly tight.

Gavin could only just shut his eyes and ride it out, hating the shudder that came whenever Joel hit his prostate, his body enjoying what his mind was resigned too. Joel grunted above him, breathing hard, soft chuckles falling from him every now and again between strokes. Then his hand moved from the hip to grab Gavin's arm and twist it behind him. Gavin tried to pull it out, but he was trapped by Heyman’s body and his grip on his hair, crying out as his arm was painfully held.

“There we go, that looks so fucking good. Goddamn, what a slut, you’re loving this huh? You like a good fucking?” Heyman asked him now he had the arm he let go of hair and moved leaned up keeping his pace fucking into the intruder and threw a smack on the side of his thigh, the Brit yelping again sending a pleasurable thrill down Joel’s spine, “Fuck, it’s too fucking bad you gotta walk out of here. You're so fragile little rat. I could snap your arm as easy as blinking.”

Gavin couldn’t stay quiet at that, his stomach turning at those words, turning his head against the carpet to look up at Heyman. “Please don’t” he begged, Gavin wouldn’t be able to get over this if his arm was broken. Bad enough having to submit to being fucked in a filthy office, but his arm, he needed his hands to type, for his slight of hand tricks.

“Beg me again.” Heyman moaned, loving that, “Beg me not to hurt you. Plead with me not to fucking crack your pathetic arm slut.”

“Please don’t break my arm! You don’t have to break me please, please don’t break my arm, please!” Gavin wasted no time begging, the pressure on his arm increasing as Heyman’s pace speed up, violent wet slaps sounding as he bottomed out with each thrust.

“Fuck! Fucking willing slut, fine. I’ll just fucking come in you.” Heyman let his arm go and grabbed hips with both hands, grunting higher and higher before with a sharp exhale and a deep push into Gavin he started to come. Gavin felt heat and Heyman’s dick throbbing inside him and he had to bit his own hand to stop from yelling as fingernails broke his skin on his hips, tiny half crescent cuts.
A few lazy rolls of his hips and then Joel was withdrawing, letting Gavin's hips fall aside, getting to his own legs and now Gavin could see thankfully that Heyman had worn a condom. It came off his length now and he tied it up, throwing it onto Gavin's face who spluttered and panted on the ground.

“Get out of here little rat before-” They both looked towards the door hearing Michael's voice raised in anger, “The fuck did that jerk go?!”

“Damn it. Under the desk again.” Heyman ordered and after a double glance at Gavin he scoffed than manhandled him under the desk himself, “Stop your crying, and pull your fucking pants up you pathetic bitch.”

Gavin dashed the tears he hadn’t known he’d been shedding from his face and pulled his pants back up, his hips leaving small beads of blood onto the fabric, left overs from Joel's fingers nails. He sniffed back and tried to listen, hearing his boi clearer when the door opened.

“He was meant to pay for it. God damn! What an asshole. Look why don’t we step outside, maybe he didn’t get far?” Michael must have known Gavin was in the office, trying to give him a chance.

“Look, maybe he went to puke in the alley, maybe he ditched you, I don’t care. You're not getting your phone back until you pay.” Sarge said sternly and shut the door presumably in Michael's face, “What Joel, I’m kinda fucking busy.”

“I can see that. Want me to rough him up?” Joel offered. Gavin didn’t bother trying to peek, just listening to the tones and the shuffling of feet around the office to track them.

“I want you out of here Joel. Say your piece then leave.” Sarge hadn’t come far in, and Michael was still yelling out in the surface area, trying to get Sarge to come out or buy Gavin time.

“We used to be such good friends Matty,” Joel said sarcastically but Sarge wasn’t rising to the bait. His feet crunched through the mess on his floor, coming closer to the desk.

“Why the fuck does it smell like sex in here?”

“I beat one off while I was waiting.” Joel lied smoothly, “Fine. Want me to get to the point? Burns sent me to tell you this weekend is off.” paper flew as Matt rounded back to Heyman.

“What?! No! He can’t fucking do that!” he cried in an angry panic.

“He can. He has. Deal.”

“Lucky? Lucky?! HE TOOK MY HERITAGE! That Gang is MINE! It was my father's! That fucker is sitting on MY THRONE-” Matt's voice cut off, Joel hurting him by the sounds of the grunts of pain.

“Deal. With it. Mother fucker.” Joel said in a no nonsense tone, “Now I don’t want to hear it. Because I simply don’t care. Go check the fucking alley for your missing wallet holder huh?”

“You're not kicking me out of my own office!” Matt was thrown towards the door, footsteps stumbling away from the desk.
“Watch me. I gotta take some photo’s I think Burns will be interested to see how you’re living these days.”

“You’re a cold mother fucker Heyman. I used to be your friend.”

“I made new ones. Out you go now, shoo.”

Joel leaned down to see under the desk a cocky smile, “Hello new friend. It’s been fun but get the fuck out. I don’t want to give Matty the satisfaction of knowing I caught him a thief. So fucking move. Move!” The last word was barked and Gavin forced his aching body up and out, moving to the door and peeking out before bolting through it once he saw neither Sarge nor Michael.

It was a simple matter to slip out the back and his stumbling wasn’t fake when he came around the corner seeing Michael arguing hotly with Sarge. He felt stretched open and maybe even slightly torn. Joel had been in no way gentle and all Gavin wanted was a boiling hot shower and his own bed.

Chapter End Notes

To save his hide, Gavin agree's to have sex with joel. But joel is alot rougher then he was expecting and Gaivn rolls with it to save his life

JOEL IS A SON OF A BITCH IN THIS, COMPLETELY FICTIONAL CHARACTERIZATION

We learn that Joel like hurting people during sex which is a plot point later on

We and Gavin both learn sarge is Matt Hullum and his father used to run the roosters before his untimely death. Burnie has Matt's family hostage and they seem to have some sort of deal that Matt keeps his head down and tattoo's as Burnie needs and makes no fuss about Burnie stealing his heritage and Burnie lets Matt occasionally see his OC wife and daughter

Gavin will be dealing with this later

Ryan will most likely cope some passive aggressive behavior from Gav

Rape is wrong, but this whole story is about wrong things happening and most important IS FICTIONAL

See you next chapter
Ryan had never been more startled than when Gavin had broken into Ryan's room. Ryan almost blew Gavin away, rolling with his gun, already loaded and cocked, pausing just before pulling the trigger with the barrel against Gavin's head.

"Do it." Gavin spat bitterly, but Ryan had hastily pointed it elsewhere, clicking on the safety. Gavin scoffed, and before Ryan could say a word, Gavin had thrown a folded paper at him, smacking his face.

"There. Everything I know about your knob sucker. You owe me big time for this Ryan." Gavin told him firmly. Ryan unfolded the paper to scan the writing as he answered.

"Favor for favor Gav, we’re ev—"

Gavin snatched the paper out of his hands, his face like thunder.

"No! You fucking owe me Ryan, or I swear to christ, I will go straight to that club and tell the manager that you're dating Rimmy, not just fucking him! The fuck is wrong with you huh? You used to be a fucking serial killer but now look at you!" Gavin hissed venom, Ryan recoiling from the unexpected verbal attack, "Pathetic! Cowardly! The Vagabond I knew would just have butchered anyone in his goddamn way! So here, an' you owe me bloody big time. I'll think of a mouse or something for you to kill for me since I seriously doubt you could handle anything else more challenging!"

Gavin with that verbal lashing, he tossed the paper back on the bed before storming out. Ryan lay there, mouth open, shaking slightly and slowly sitting over his crossed legs. He put the paper aside for a moment, seeing the tablets in their bottle at his bedside table, reaching out to take them, cradling them in his hands. Wondering.

Was he going soft? Gavin had been in a bad mood for the last week but what he said wasn’t wrong. Once Ryan used to enjoy murdering for murders sake, but now, he only killed on orders. Once Ryan needed no human interaction, he could go days without speaking even to the crew. Now he cared about them, their safety and their happiness, was even talking with Jack about what might be bothering Gavin. Not to mention this whole Tim thing. Ryan hadn’t formed a romantic bond since he was a teen.

Ryan sighed and took a tablet. But when he put the pills in the drawer, he put Rimmy’s information in it as well, unlooked at. He had the name now, Jeremy Dooley. But he wasn’t going to read the rest. He had some more thinking to do.
“Jeremy. Come here baby boy.” Jeremy came to Jon without issue, having just arrived for practice with the others. He was doing a set with a new song tonight he wanted to perfect. He supposed Ryan was coming to take him for the night and he felt sorry for the others who will have to fill in now.

“You have two big sessions tonight. First thing, two girls. They want a private dance before sex. So make sure you're all limbered up and wash your jun—”

“Sir I’m booked.” Jeremy objected without thinking. Jon’s eyes flashed as he gave a delighted smile.

“No. You're not. Check bounced baby boy; your ass is all mine. So, I’m renting it out tonight. You’ll fuck the brains out of those women; then you’re gonna dance, then you're going back in those rooms and get your brains fucked out. Understood?” Jon was viciously happy about it. Jeremy swallowed hard but nodded.

Did Ryan know his check bounced? Was he aware that Jeremy was once again for rent? God, he hoped Ryan came by tonight. If he was free again, Jon was sure to pile up his night. Not to mention this might rekindle the interest of Jon himself when he had moved on from Jeremy to Trevor and now Kyle.

“Jeremy? What’s up?” Cole asked when Jeremy went backstage. Jeremy looked at him for a few moments before he remembered how to speak.

“Vagabond’s check bounced. I’m back in the rotation.” Jeremy said trying not to sound as devastated as he was. After all, he had a good long run of just serving Jon and getting long nights away from here actually enjoying himself with a man whose company he really had enjoyed.

“I bet Diddle Finger just loved telling you that?” Trevor said, butting into the conversation, putting an arm around Jeremy's shoulders. Jeremy gave a little scoff at Risinger’s less than respectful nickname and nodded.

“Well. S’not too bad Jeremy, at least we get to drink tonight right?” Trevor grinned, poking him in the side, “Still up for drinks tonight right? Josh said he’s still good to escort us.”

“Should you be drinking?” Cole asked innocently, and Trevor groaned waving a hand.

“Look it's my two year anniversary for this place alright? The things I had to let Jon do to me to get this means I’m going to fucking drink!” Trevor insisted firmly. Jeremy smile was bittersweet, and he prayed Jon let them go out still and hadn’t booked him all night. With that in mind, he had a thought, so he excused himself to have a quick shower and get changed.

He owed Trevor for him even being here; the least Jeremy could do was make sure Jon let them go out. To that effect he dressed to please the manager, in his orange chinos, going commando for Jon's ease of access and the tightest yellow shirt he had that highlighted all the muscle definition that Jon insisted he works out for. Over that went the purple jacket and, it made his skin crawl to do it, the purple collar in his collection of accessories.

“Whoa, dude. What's the occasion?” Miles asked as he came in for his own change of clothes, still damp from showers. Jeremy sighed and gestured for Miles to help him clip the collar up as he spoke.

“I’m going to go fuck Jon.”
“What? Voluntarily? I thought he was on a Kyle kick.”

“Trevor's two years is sometime this week, you know times a bit iffy during training, but Trevor's declared it tonight,” Jeremy explained and thanked miles testing the tightness by looping a finger through it and pulling. Perfect, of course, since they were all practiced in collars by now.

Miles started sorting through his own clothes for what he was going to wear first set, “Happy anniversary to him.” Miles said jokingly.

“Yeah well, he got permission from Diddle Finger to go out tonight after club close, with me and an escort so, you know, I’m gonna just-”

“Bang a good mood into him?” Miles said knowingly and the smile he gave died quick, “Just… Just don’t let him hurt you too much ok?”

“Like I have control of that?” Jeremy scoffed, leaving Miles sighing behind him. Jeremy tugged his jacket straight and tried to walk confidently. Jon loved them in their pretty things, but Jeremy knew how to get on Risinger's good side was to hit all his buttons. Dominating a strong male would hopefully mean Jon will let them go out still.

Jeremy dug deep into his buried fighter days, and when he knocked on the door to Jon's office, he leaned up against the frame, cool and confident. He was a little out of practice, but when Jon shouted for him to come in, he cleared his throat slightly and dropped his voice deeper.

“Doors locked.” He lied to make Jon have to get up and open it.

Jon growled to himself, irritated with his stupid temperamental door. He got up from the budgeting, something that was pissing him off this week with the drop of clients approaching holidays. Suddenly everyone wants to be a ‘good family’ for Christmas, and his business suffers. He got to the door only to find it wasn’t locked at all and swung it open ready to tear into the person on the other side for being an idiot.

Jeremy grinned at him, his lean doing all the right things to his body, showing off the strength in the man through the tight shirt. The collar was a nice touch, and Jon felt a predatory grin light up at the unexpected but welcome gesture. He reached out and slipped his fingers into the front of the collar, yanking Jeremy to him, rejoicing that he could pull this muscled man around like it was nothing.

“What do you want my beautiful little man?” Jon asked, running a hand through the purple sides of Jeremy's head. Jon’s smile widened at Jeremy’s cocky grin, the sluts hands gripping John's hips as he looked up at him.

“To give you what you want.”

“Hmm? What would that be?” Jon was amused by this, thumb tracing over chin with his other fingers still hooked in the collar.

“Me,” Jeremy replied cheekily and tucked his chin in to catch Jon’s thumb in his mouth, sucking lightly on it. Jon bit his bottom lip, undone. How could he deny that kind of willingness? He loved the getup. The kinda things his clients would wear, if not in such flamboyant colors and the collar was doing all sorts of wonderful things to his mind.

He used it now to pull Jeremy further into the room, throwing him into the middle as he slammed the door. This time locking it. He paused there for a moment, back pressed to the door and eyeing his toy, wondering how he was going to unwrap it.
Jeremy had adopted a swagger as he walked around the room as if he’d never seen it before, standing as tall as he could, wearing his height adding boots, though he was still shorter than Jon of course.

“Nice painting.” He complimented Jon, nodding at the one behind Jon’s desk of the Los Santos skyline, pretending he’d never seen it before, “You have fantastic taste, Jon.”

“Shut up,” Jon ordered happily, seeing Jeremy snapped his mouth shut then smiled again, parting lips over teeth. Jon savored such cocky arrogance, wanting to shut it down, loving the opportunity to do so. It was fun making whining whores ride him, but even more, fun to take control from confident men.

Jon shoved him back into the wall only to pull him back into the manager by the jacket fisted in each hand, Jon's lips meeting his and taking control. Jeremy gently put his palms against Jon's waist, sighing into his mouth as Jon's tongue tasted on his own. Jon huffed happily at that and let go of jacket to grab his shirt collar and pull it down to expose collar bone.

“Ah! Jon, Mmm.” Jeremy grunted as Jon bit down on it, sucking hard to create a painful bruise. Jon pulled Jeremy's jacket down his arms half way then pulled it tight in front of him, trapping his arms against his sides. He moved up onto Jeremy's neck, making a dark, painful bruise just above the collar that made Jeremy wince.

“Fuck you're a pretty boy tonight Sweetheart.” Jon praised him, holding the jacket tight with one hand, and shifting back a little so he could run his hands down Jeremy's front. How he loved Jeremy's tight shirts that showed every dip and curve of his body.

“I'm your Pretty Boy every night Jon, just for you,” Jeremy replied cheekily, and Jon ate it right up, growling, moving in for another possessive kiss. Jeremy moaned for him sweetly as he pressed right back into him.

“Damn straight. You’re mine.” Jon agreed with another shove, wanting Jeremy to bounce against the wall and he let the jacket go to grab Jeremy by the collar, leering down at him, “I own you don’t I? You want to please me don’t you?”

“You own me, Jon. I want you to use me. I want to please you.” Jeremy answered him, pulling against his grip, trying to get to Jon's lips with his own but Jon kept him away with his hold around the leather neckpiece. He pulled on it again, crushing Jeremy's body between himself and the wall, letting Jeremy whine and try to catch his lips before he finally tipped his head that small distance and kissed him again.

Jon wasn’t always all bad. As they moved forward, he rewarded Jeremy for his efforts by restraining himself to only two hickeys on his neck and smacking his ass as Jon bent him over the couch. Jeremy hugged the couch cushion as Jon pounded into him, voice hoarse from deepthroating the manager.

Jeremy's cries would clearly be heard crying out for Jon when to his embarrassment there was a rapid knock at the door and Miles voice through the door.

“Mr. Risinger Sir, we-”

“I'm BUSY!” Jon yelled at the door, not stopping his thrusting, holding onto Jeremy's hip the other wrapped around the back of his collar. Jon hadn’t bothered stripping either of them, pants only pushed down to thighs, belts jingling with every rock. Jeremy's cries died down a bit to know one of his friends was just outside the door, but Jon wasn’t having it, throwing a smack into skin to get him
moaning again. Miles didn’t knock again. Jon groaned, thrusting deep and grinding inside Jeremy for a few moments before he withdrew. Jeremy looked back at him when Jon lightly smacked his ass.

“Get up and pants off,” he instructed, withdrawing himself and moving to sit on the couch. Jeremy obeyed, slipping out of his clothes but when he went to grab his shirt, Jon shook his head, “I said pants, you eager beaver, leave the shirt on, I like it tight. Now come sit on my cock like a good boy.”

In no short order, Jeremy was straddled over Jon’s hips, and he lined himself up to sit. Jon stilled his hips, putting fingers under his chin to make the lad look at him.

“Slow.” He ordered slyly, “I want to feel every inch you take.”

Jeremy nodded and sunk slowly, gasping as inch after inch slide inside him. As he was lowering himself Jon pulled him in for another wet kiss, fingers moving from stubbled chin to press around his throat just above his collar. Teeth pressed against his lips, threatening to bite then a tongue danced with his.

“You like this don’t you gorgeous?” Jon purred, “You want to bounce on my cock don’t you, you little slut?” Jeremy whimpered and nodded. It did feel nice after all; he wasn’t made of stone. When Jon wasn’t hurting him, it could actually feel good as it did now. He started to move, staying slow as Jon had asked and making tiny noises into Jon’s neck as Jon held him close, whispering filthy things into his ear and biting the shell of it.

“You're mine. You gave yourself to me. Look at you; you’re fucking trembling. My littlest fuck toy. You’ve been so good lately, and this was such a nice surprise. You’ve impressed me, sweetheart,” Jon praised as Jeremy rode him, cheeks flushed with pleasure and embarrassment from Jon’s words, “Even if you're a manipulative fucking whore.”

Jeremy tried to stop, but Jon tightened his fingers, thumb against Jeremy's adams apple, words spat like poison into his ear, “You keep fucking going until I tell you you can stop.”

“Please, Mr. Risinger-” Jeremy choked into silence, Jon tightening again, painfully, cutting off the air for a moment with knowing fingers, sure where just to press to make Jeremy's airway clogged with the smallest effort.

“I said ‘Keep. Going.’” Jon snarled, and Jeremy made his body move, holding onto Jon with shaking hands, getting rewarded with a loosening of Jon’s hand so he could breathe again, “You think you’re being sneaky? You’re as subtle as a fucking steam train my stupid whore. See this is why you’re owned Jeremy, you don’t know how to get anything without spreading your hole for it.”

Jeremy closed his eyes, feeling tears swell. It was true, but it wasn’t his fault. Jon taught him to be this way. It was the only way he knew to get anything he needed. He yelped when Jon’s hand cracked him across the face along with the harsh order to open his eyes.

“Now. Tell me what you want. Why you’ve come here, flaunting your damn self and drooling for me to fuck you. Don’t you dare stop moving.” He added the last low and dangerous. Jeremy kept up the movements of his hips, bouncing onto Jon, never feeling more a whore than he was right now, fucking himself onto his manager while he begged for a favor.

“Please, Sir, I want to go out with Trevor after club close tonight.” he admitted in a soft voice, lowering his eyes from Jon, unable to bare the satisfaction on it, “You gave your permission before,
but that was when my night was paid for by Vagabond. I didn’t want you to book me too late.”

“Why not?” Jon grinned and slapped the ass that was taking him, giving a little groan of his own for how good Jeremy was doing, “This is MY ass. I own it. I can give it, and the rest of your body to who ever I feel like. You should be making me money all night. Why should I do you any favors huh?”

“I’m your’s Mr. Risinger; I’m fucking yours. You own me. I’ll do anything, anything for you. Wh-what can I offer you? When you have all of m-me?” Jeremy gasped unable to start moving fast like his body wanted by one of Jon’s hands on his thigh, making him keep the same slow agonizing pace.

“Well said. You really can’t offer me anything at all. You’re at my mercy.” Jon liked the sound of that and took a few moments to pull Jeremy close and bite at his jaw, then his neck making him cry out in pain so when Jon pulled back, there was another dark blue mark on his skin.

“I am. I am. I am.” Jeremy chanted with each smack Jon landed on his side, “I’m yours, I’m at your mercy, please, please Jon.” Jon loved putting red imprints on him, things that could fade but reminded Jeremy who was the boss.

“Fuck Baby boy, you’re so fucking needy. You wanna go out? Huh? You want to pretend you don’t work here? That I don’t own every inch of you?” Jon demanded, leaning back and made Jeremy move faster, rolling his own hips up. He fist Jeremy's hair, and twisted a nipple, making Jeremy arch his back beautifully in response, “You trying to leave me? Trying to fuck me into letting you go? Well, I’m not! I’m not ever letting you go! Not any of you! You hear me? You’re mine!”

Jeremy yelled out as Jon turned rough throwing him off the couch and onto the floor, landing open hand smacks on any skin he could, particularly the thighs, yanking at collar and limbs in bruising tight holds to arrange Jeremy how he wanted.

“You want to go out, fine! You and Trevor can go out. But you’ll work this whole night for me, and you’ll wear my fucking marks like the object you are.” Jon told him and then leaned down to bite at the already red raised mark on Jeremy’s un-tattooed thigh. He wanted his teeth marks on him when he went to work and told him so, as he bit another higher up.

“I’m going to mark you up, teach you for trying to manipulate me. And since you’re out having a good time, You should tell me who you think should stay here, in the stocks huh?” Jeremy jerked when Jon bit hard enough that his teeth pricked into skin drawing blood. He called out, tears squeezing from his eyes with the pain, Jon stroked him, causing conflicting signals in his brain.

“S-stocks?”

“Yeah, was gonna surprise you, booked you in for a group. Choose another dancer to take your spot, and you can go.” Jon grinned up Jeremy’s body to see the panic on Jeremy’s face. That was what he lived for, making these men miserable and scared. And now, playing them against each other.

“Choose one Jeremy. I’ll be nice… You have until I’m done with you to make a decision.” Jon said kindly than he tugged the shirt to see the outline of his body through it before he yanked it up a bit, “Take this off now. I want skin to work with.”

Jeremy’s plan had backfired badly, and Jon took little mercy on him. He scraped down Jeremy’s back with nails, leaving red lines behind and making Jeremy hiss and arc away from his touch. Jon only laughed and dragged him back by the hips, pounding him into the carpet, pinning him behind the neck, pressing against the collar.
((JON used POUND. It was SUPER EFFECTIVE!)) ((Ness as your editor I am ashamed and proud of you at the same time… Nice.))

As Jon took him roughly, his mind elsewhere racing to try to fix what he’d done by trying to manipulate Jon. He couldn’t think of a way to make everyone happy. He’d have to go in the stocks himself and hurt Trevor, but at least no one else had to endure the use he would. Jon smacked his face again, hard enough Jeremy was sure there would be a shadow across his face for the rest of the night.

“Pay attention!” Jon huffed, angry Jeremy seemed to be drifting off in his head. Jeremy became present again, giving Jon the cries he needed, the manager grunting above him, groaning his pleasure out. Jeremy was surprised when Jon wrapped a hand around him, but at the order to come, Jeremy let himself go.

Jon didn’t stop stroking however and even after Jeremy had spilled, Jon thrusted into him, working on an angle to rub against Jeremy’s now very sensitive bundle of nerves. Jeremy started to shudder and twitch, becoming over stimulated which made him cry, tears spilling from his eyes.

“What’s wrong sweetheart?” Jon asked innocently, sitting up and bringing Jeremy with him, cradling in his arms, Jeremy’s back against his chest, “Those tears for me?”

“S-senst-tive!” Jeremy ground out, his muscles aching now, each press making him shudder again. Jon laughed and licked the sweat from his shoulder to his ear then bit down on the lobe.

“Good. Cry for me. Shake for me. I love it when you scream for me. Scream for me Beautiful boy, beg me for it.” Jeremy did, shouting it loudly, begging Jon to please, please come inside him, how badly he wanted it. Finally, Jon did, making more bruising with his fingers in soft flesh and groaning into his shoulder.

Jeremy burst into proper tears when Jon stopped throbbing inside him. Jon ignored it, pushing him down onto all fours and canting his hips for a good view, pulling out and grabbing his own pants, dragging them closer to pull his phone out.

“You're not going to try and manipulate me again are you?” Jon took a few photo’s both for himself and to sell, arranging Jeremy how he wanted, chest on the ground, head looking over his shoulder at the camera with sweat sticking his hair to his forehead and Jon’s seed leaking out of him, “Look at you. This is what you're good for Jeremy. Nothing else.”

Jeremy squeezed his eyes shut and cried into the floor. Softer hands took ahold of him and guided him up to walk a few wobbly steps to the couch where Jon cradled him in his arms, rocking him and petting his hair, rubbing his arms that automatically came around his manger.

“Shh, Shh… No need for the tears. I’m done now. I’m so pleased with you.”

“You are?” Jeremy asked, hating how pathetically needy he sounded.

“Yes. You really went all out on the outfit. It was so hot, and I loved it coming off. It's not your fault you're an idiotic whore. That's just how you’re made. I forgive you for thinking you could outsmart me. Because we both know you never could.” Jon soothed him, let him cry into him, pleased with how Jeremy clung to him, with scratches down his back, some of them even bloodied. He had a bruise over his cheekbone and under an eye and all around the collar. Jon looked down and saw his hand imprinted all over Jeremy's thighs, and on the inside, he saw more bites. He thoroughly owned the bitch in his arms.
“You’re mine aren’t you Jeremy?” he purred.

“Yes, Mr. Risinger. I belong to you. Only you.”

“Good. I want you and Trevor to both come here to me before you leave tonight.” Jon ordered softly, kissing his cheeks, his forehead, petting him kindly, “Bring your collar again. And tell Trevor to bring his. You have an escort?”

“Josh is going with us, Sir.” Jeremy sniffled, calming with the affection Jon was giving him.

“Good. Who is taking your spot in the group?” Jon asked, waiting as Jeremy turned quiet until he grew impatient and grabbed a nipple, twisting it hard. Already bruised from early attention, Jeremy yelped, “Answer me, or I’ll put you and Trevor not just for the group but in the stocks for the whole fucking club.”

“Kyle!” Jeremy sobbed the first name in mind, feeling like a traitor but Jon stopped his cruel twisting and kissed him instead. He petted Jeremy's cheek twice and grinned at him.

“Good boy. Now, you're dripping on my upholstery. Go shower up and get ready for the night. Oh. Walk naked back to the showers. I want everyone to know what happens when they try to manipulate me.” Jon watched Jeremy gather his clothes into a bundle against his chest, smiling wider when the man started limping towards the door. This was his kind of night and Jeremy had succeeded in putting him in a great mood at least.

Jeremy's cheeks burned as he made his way to the showers. Jon was the only one who was allowed to not wear a condom and Jeremy could feel it running down his painfully marked thighs. The staff gawked at him, nudging each other as they chuckled lewdly as he went by them in the halls. He just kept his eyes down, and once in the back area of the stage, he was with his friends again.

Miles looked at him, he was dressed and ready for first dance, his heels clicking as he came over to try and help Jeremy with his bundle. Jeremy shook his head, still unable to make himself look up. "My punishment for trying to trick him. I gotta do it myself,” he muttered.

“Christ dude. Did he stretch you at all?” Miles asked in concern watching Jeremy limp, falling into step beside him. Cole had caught sight now from the dressing table where they could touch up, whirling around to look him up and down, seeing the marks of Jon everywhere.

Jeremy shook his head to Miles' question, "No. I lubed up before I went in though.”

“Thank god for small mercies.” Miles murmured then he heard his stage name being announced, the first dancer of the night, “I got to go. I’ll come check on you when my sets are done.”

So when Jeremy heard footsteps approach, he thought it was Miles returning while he showered. The shove caught him off guard, pushing him out of the spray and into the shower wall. He turned around, heart beating fast, cringing from the next blow to see Kyle furious, water sticking his clothes to him as he glared down at Jeremy with fists tight.

“You threw me under the fucking bus you bastard!” Kyle spat, “Is that right? Was Diddle Finger telling the truth? Did you sign me up for a fucking stock party so you and Trevor could go out tonight?!”

“I-”

Kyle shoved him again, not letting him get the words out, he could see the truth in Jeremy's stricken
expression, “Why?! Why would you do that to me?! What cause you’re the Vagabond’s favorite bitch you’ve forgotten what it’s like for the rest of us?”

“Kyle, no it’s not like that. Jon left me no cho-”

“Fuck you Jeremy!” another shove and Jeremy crumpled to the floor of the showers, Kyle pointing a finger at him threateningly, “You stay the fuck away from me, you selfish fucking prick.”

Kyle turned and stalked out, leaving Jeremy there, naked and wet, curled up with his guilt. It was true. The moment Jeremy decided to try to make Jon dance to his tune, he’d doomed someone else. Now Kyle hated him and when he told the others, they would too. He doubted Trevor would still want to go out, but it was too late now.

All he could do was pick himself up, finish washing the last of Jon out of himself then go get dressed for his double session.

After the night’s dances and sessions, Josh met them at his car, just outside the club doors. Trevor was excited, even collared and plugged after saying goodbye to their manager; he didn’t care. Jeremy trailed behind him, the plug in his ass uncomfortable and the collar tight. Josh smiled at them as they got closer.

“Ready to go out?”

“Boy howdy!” Trevor said enthused, getting in a little gingerly but still happy. Josh looked to Jeremy who shrugged and twirled a finger in the air.

“Weee…” He deadpanned. Josh only had to see the makeup on Jeremy's face to know he was covering bruises, the marks around his neck were harder to hide. Josh sighed as he opened the back door for Jeremy to get in.

“Rough night?” he asked them as he got in himself. Trevor nodded and glanced back at Jeremy.

“Jeremy’s annoyed Diddles and got Kyle in trouble for it. He won’t stop sulking about it.” Trevor stage whispered. Josh nodded in understanding and glanced back at Jeremy with a sympathetic look that only made him mad.

“Sorry I'm concerned for the fucking hell Kyle is going through in my place!” He snapped. Trevor scoffed and waved a hand.

“Please, you just stand there with your ass out and let them at it. As long as he prepared himself correctly, it's an easy job. Besides Jeremy, this little anniversary is because of you remember? So you fucked Kyle's night, but you fucked up my life and the least you owe me is going out and getting crunk.”

Josh drummed on the steering wheel, awkward to hear that and looking out on the road, not even glancing their way. Jeremy pulled himself out of his slump and pasted on a smile for Trevor.

“Let's get crunk then.” He agreed to the joking term for drinking. The worst sin he committed was coming out of Trevor's lips. This was all his fault. If Trevor wanted to just pretend for one night, then that's what he would do. Trevor very rarely brings up how they got into the club, when it is mentioned most times it's with forgiveness. He knew Jeremy never meant to put them here.
But sometimes, like the anniversary of it, Trevor needed to hurt Jeremy with that truth. Just so he could feel a little less the powerless bitch he had become.

Jeremy was at the end of his rope. The last of his savings were draining fast, and Trevor's medical bills were not cheap. The wonderful men and women who were there, treating Trevor every day were trying to help smudge the paperwork, so the higher ups didn’t kick Trevor onto the street with their lack of health insurance. But it wasn’t enough.

All Jeremy knew how to do was fight. So here he was, trying to look tall before Gus Sorola. He didn’t want to visit a loan shark, but he had run out of options.

“I’ll make a decent bruiser Sir. I can take plenty of hits. If you just talk to the ring in Liberty city, you’ll know how much I can take.”

“Look kid. I’m just not really looking for another muscle right now. I hear funhaus are hiring, try them.” Gus told him not even looking at him. Jeremy flushed, sensing his moment was leaving, and he opened his mouth to talk, but a knock had him shutting up as Gus raised a finger, “Who is it?”

“Risinger.”

“Come in,” Gus called and gave Jeremy a signal he took as he could continue making his case.

Jeremy was listing what he was good at, his experiences and as he did, he watched a slender man walk around him and behind Gus’s desk, his eyes fixed on Jeremy consideringly as he put papers down in front of Gus who started pouring through them. Gus was giving noncommittal grunts to Jeremy's interview, but the slender man looked fascinated.

Gus finally had enough, grunting and throwing down a pen to look up at him, “Look kid. I’m going to stop you there. I don’t care if you’re a former gymnast, I just don’t need a- what Bird?”

The slender man had been tapping at the table to get Gus’s attention, and he leaned in now, whispering. Jeremy held his breath, anxious as he looked between the two as they dissolved into a whispered argument. Finally, the long haired man stood straight, and Gus groaned and waved a hand.

“Get out. I’m not giving you a loan. But Mr. Risinger here wants to talk about maybe hiring you for work himself.” And that’s how Jeremy found himself out to lunch with Jon Risinger.

Jon took him to one of the best restaurants in town and let him order whatever he wished, not blinking an eye when Jeremy ordered three meals for himself, his last proper feed two days ago. As he shoveled in food, filling his stomach til he was sick, he talked.

He explained how he used to fight to pay his bills. How he’d met Trevor there, the son of the ring coordinator. How they became friends. He told of how Trevor's dad used to beat him for not being a larger, stronger son. He told Jon how they had left, running away here to Los Santos only to find nothing.

Jeremy told Jon everything. Trevor’s dad's name, where they used to live, Trevor’s sickness now, Jeremy's struggle to pay for everything…

And Jon smiled over his glass of wine, looking at him like he cared.

For a warm bed, Jeremy agreed to go home with him. He was taken to a share house instead, with
five other men. Jon was sweet and kind as he fucked him into bed, no door, so Jeremy knew all his soft noises were being heard by the others, but he owed Jon for the meal and the place to sleep.

In the morning, Jon took him without being able to say a word to the curious men they had shared the house with, back out for breakfast. Jeremy didn’t mind the hand over his shoulder, after all, he had already slept with the guy for the warm bed and food and now Jon was talking about paying bills for Trevor as well.

“Jeremy. This has been nice, hasn’t it? You’re such a sweet man. Wasted as a fighter.” Jeremy stopped eating to look at Jon, the man running a knuckle over Jeremy's jaw then playing a hand through his hair, “There are other things that can be done. Should you want your friend’s care to be paid for…”

Jeremy looked down, considering as Jon spoke on, “Last night was wonderful. You’re such a sweet fun man. Those other men there, they have accepted my offer. You saw how happy they were to see me. How nice their house is. That’s where you’d stay.”

“So you have a harem? And you want me to join it?” Jeremy asked, looking back to Jon, “I don’t know… I’m not… I wasn’t looking for a, what do you call it… Sugar daddy?”

Jon tipped his head back, laughing hard at Jeremy's conclusion and shaking his head.

“No. No, no. God, no.” Jon chuckled a bit more and wiped moisture from his eye before he leaned in and in Jeremy's ear whispered, “I own a club. I want you to dance in it.”

Jeremy shifted back, “I’m not a dancer.”

“Huh, your body said differently last night, sweetheart. I think you’d be well suited to it.” Jon smirked, “Your friend in the hospital. How about you think about it while we go visit him and I take care of some outstanding bills?”

Jon made all their worries go away. Jon and Trevor got along when Jeremy introduced him as a boyfriend. Jon paid for everything for the next week, with Jeremy staying with Jon or Trevor at all times. Especially for the nights, Jon leaving at five or six in the afternoon and picking Jeremy up past midnight.

He took him to the share house, and every night they did a new position, Jeremy getting used to the fact others could hear him, focused only on thanking Jon with his body. The few conversations he had with the others in the house were rushed but they all sung praises of Jon, how wonderful he was, how happy they were to be there. The smiles were perhaps a shade too wide, but Jeremy didn’t think anything of it. Nor did he see Jon in the doorway, gaze fixed on whoever Jeremy spoke too.

Trevor was struggling even with treatments, but the stress off his shoulders was helping him concentrate only on getting better. So when the nurse came to them with an outstanding bill, Jeremy went straight to Jon.

“Well, you better get a job then good looking,” Jon replied without any care, continuing his meal like he hadn’t just left Jeremy in a lurch.

“Jon, they’ll kick him out. He needs at least four more rounds of treatment.” Jeremy said. Jon shrugged looking up to meet his eyes.

“That sucks for him. You never did give me an answer whether you wanted to dance for me.” he pointed out as he picked up his mug and took a sip, waiting for Jeremy's answer.
What choice did Jeremy have but to agree? By the time he knew any different he had men in the car with him and Jon had the man calmly explain that Jeremy would belong to the Roosters under Jon’s care. He would not only dance, but he would have sex with whoever Jon ordered him too. Jeremy wanted to object, wanted to say no but Jon’s hand was on the nape of his neck.

“It’s no different than this past week. You whored yourself to me, and now, you’ll simply do it on a larger scale. Don’t worry; I’ll take care of you. You won’t want for a thing, and you’ll be kept in wonderful help. No need to stress about anything ever again, you won’t need to think at all. I’ll take care of you, and in return, I’ll see to it Trevor is also taken care of.”

Jeremy had no one to blame but himself.

Chapter End Notes

sorry been struggling lately
Thank you for the comments, everytime i got a new one, i had to chip away at trying to write more
And thanks for the person who messaged me on tumble that was awesome
Once a Songbird...

Chapter Summary

Jon is reminded who *really* is boss here
Geoff deals with Gavin and his own demons
Jeremy's night out goes about as well as to be expected with his luck

Chapter Notes

ALL GLORY TO THE EDITOR
CaPowArsenic thank you for putting up with my tired after midnight writing and poking me to keep this story going!
so mild smut ahead and Gavin lashing out after what happened to him so i think thats all the warnings
Mostly just angsty fun and plot development yay! enjoy!

“I’m sorry, but we don’t allow our dancers alcohol during work hours, just like any other job.” Jon said firmly, taking Cole’s upper arm and pulling him from the customer's lap, “Go be a good boy and get that out of your stomach.” He ordered just for Cole’s ears. Cole nodded and walked backstage to go throw up the beer that had been forced on him.

“Come now; I just wanted the little twink to relax.” The customer complained, and mouth closed as Jon folded his arms, looking cross.

“Our boys relax on command. There is no need for anything that could affect their minds which in turn would affect their performance. If you wish to fuck a drunk, there are plenty of other bars in Los Santos.” The guy got up, looking angry himself now at Jon’s implications.

“You saying I can't get laid unless they're drunk?!”

“I said nothing of the sort sir. Why? You got something you’re embarrassed about?” Jon sneered. The customer went to grab Jon's front, but Jon smoothly stepped back, unconcerned because he knew that his employees were going to step in. What he didn’t expect was the customer’s face dropping and putting up hands as The Rooster Boss, Burnie Burns, stepped to Jon’s side, his personal bodyguards already moving in on the helpless customer.

“Bounce his ass.” Burnie ordered sliding a hand around Jon’s shoulders, “Hey Songbird. Got a minute?!”

Jon only submitted now to one person.

The door shut behind them and Burnie’s lips were on his within seconds, Jon giving a soft little cry as Burnie’s arms pulled him in close, possessing him completely, running hands through his hair, and
tasting Jon’s mouth. Jons legs hit his own desk, Burnie swallowed the small grunt of discomfort he made, their hands roaming all over each other.

“Burns, what, ah, why are you here?” Jon asked between burning kisses, following Burnie’s lead, so when the boss started fumbling with Jon’s belt, Jon reached to start undoing Burnies. Wet smacks between words as Burnie answered in a low voice filled with desire.

“Can’t a man just come to fuck his Songbird? Does there have to be a reason besides I missed having you?” Burnie questioned back, Jon's belt hitting the ground followed by his own, pants quickly shoved down. Burnie drew back from his assault on Jon’s lips, to grab him and lift him up, throwing him onto the desk, smacking things off so that Jon could be laid down on it.

“Lube?”

“Top draw boss.”

Burnie made a pleased noise and pulled open the draw, leaning over Jon’s body, grabbing it as Jon awkwardly wiggled underwear off his ass. Jon gasped and grabbed the desk sides when Burnie inserted fingers a little roughly, working them in and out as with the other hand he yanked all of Jon’s bottom clothes completely off his legs.

“Look at you Songbird, fuck, pretty as always.” Burnie complemented leaning over him to kiss his lips again as he fingered his favorite fuck open, “So fucking tight. No one’s been in here have they? That's still just mine right?”

“Of course boss. Only for you.” Jon panted, clinging to Burnie’s shoulders, rocking with the movements, “Always clean just in case you stop by.”

Burnie’s big smile was always a gift to him, a sign of how much he’d changed his life. Burnie pressed slowly inside him, both groaning together as Jon was filled with his boss. Jon twined his legs around Burnie's waist, his arms around Burnie's neck, a hand in his hair as Burnie started to move.

“So tight Songbird, god. Fuck. I love this, always so fucking hot for me.” Burnie groaned, pumping his hips, milking noises from the manager, watching his face screw up in pleasure. He couldn’t resist and ducked a hand into Jon’s locks, bringing his head up to kiss again as they rocked together.

“Missed you, boss, miss you so much.” Jon huffed, “God I love you, love you inside me.” Burnie groaned, and Jon’s legs grew tighter around him, making out hard against the squeaking desk, the monitor shaking threateningly but neither caring.

Burnie’s building grunts were exhaled onto Jon’s neck, and with a few hard, powerful strokes, Burnie throbbed expelling warm deep inside Jon, breathing hard through his orgasm. Jon got a hand between them and a few tugs he arched up into Burnie, clenching around his boss rhythmically as he came as well.

“F-fuck! Songbird!” Burnie cried out, then pressed a wet kiss to collar bone in praise, “Fuck… You know how I love that.”

“I do boss. I’m here to make you happy.” Jon breathed, his breath still ragged and heart pounding. Burnie raised his head, relaxing over Jon’s body, smiling at him.
"You do make me happy Jon. You have the best body, and it’s all mine. You run the best club, and make me the best money. I know you’ll do anything I say when I say it. Which is why…” Jon focused better on Burnie’s face when he heard a shift in tone, “I was surprised you never reported to me about the Fake that bangs your boy…”

“Vagabond?” Jon asked, starting to shake a bit, a little of the old fear returning as only Burns could do, “Sir, that's nothing. He just comes and fucks Rimmy Tim then on his way again.”

“That’s not what I heard. I heard that he claimed this Rimmy Tim as his own fuck toy. Rooster property. How did you let a FAKE claim ROOSTER property hmm?” Burnie asked, coming off Jon, hands either side of Jon’s body looking down at him searchingly.

“No that's not true Mr. Burns. Rimmy Tim belongs to the club. Vagabond pays ridiculous prices for the man's ass, just like I told you, Sir. People will pay big prices for quality whores.” Jon said quickly, sitting up as Burnie pulled out of him with a sigh, making to move away but Jon grabbed his shirt a little desperately, “I’d never hide anything from you. You know that, please, I love you.”

Burnie tucked himself away, ignoring Jon’s hold on his clothes until he was presentable again. He turned his eyes on the former whore, placing a palm on Jon’s cheek that Jon leaned into, a tear rolling down his face as he kissed Burnie’s skin, “Please, you know I love you. I’d never hide anything. Never betray you, boss. I owe you everything.”

Jon’s pleads were soft and desperate for Burnie to believe him. Burnie took him from the filth, raised him up into power, set him on this path. Burnie gave him the chance to become more than a hole like the boys Jon controlled now. He would kill himself before he ever betrayed the Roosters boss.

Burnie seemed satisfied with the display and gently pressed his lips to Jon’s forehead, “Get dressed Songbird. We need to talk.”

Burnie grabbed his belt and threaded it on before he helped himself to Jon's personal fridge, getting one of the two beers Jon kept in there in case Burnie ever dropped by. He unscrewed the cap, popping it in the bin as he walked over to the couch and sat down, taking a drink. He watched Jon clean himself up with tissues and then get back into his pants and underwear, his own belt he didn't bother about.

“Get a drink Songbird, and come sit with me.” He said softly, enjoying the strength with which Jon held himself now. Jon walked confidently even with most of Burnie’s load still inside him, the idea making Burnie grin to know Jon only became his true simpering self when Burnie was taking him hard.

Jon poured himself a glass of wine and grabbed his digital notepad before sitting with his boss. Burnie put an arm around his shoulders, pulling him into his side to clink the neck of his beer to Jon’s glass. Jon snuggled in, feeling safe under Burnie’s arm.

“Now. Tell me everything about the Vagabond.” Burnie ordered. Jon was already pulling up the payments Vagabond had made for Rimmy Tim, ready to show the boss, handing over the pad so he could look for himself.

“About nine months ago, Vagabond just turned up one day. He was asking questions about a dancer, didn’t know the name but gave the description of Rimmy Tim. Naturally, I thought he was here to kill Rimmy, so I reminded him that every dancer here was part of the Roosters, property that earned income.” Jon explained as Burnie whistled over the rising prices Vagabond had been paying over time.
“He dropped off for a bit, but he participated in a redemption challenge—”

“One of those games you play for the audience?” Burnie questioned looking down at Jon who nodded his head.

“Yes. Rimmy had lost, so his punishment was a public flogging. I auctioned the right to lay a few hands on his ass and Vagabond paid out the nose for him. Since then Vagabond had been paying for Rimmy every night.” Jon shrugged, “He was paid up till yesterday but when I checked, seems last Thursday, his usual payment for the entire week had bounced.”

Burnie hummed in interest, checking it for himself and getting a little smirk.

“So… Fake checks unable to be cashed hmm? Wonder what that’s about…”

“YOU BOUGHT A WHAT?!” Jack was beside himself, glaring down at Geoff who was unrepentant, the glass in his hand making him brave. His eyes were a little unfocused, so Jack was seriously considered punching a drunk, something he didn’t do on principal but Geoff was making it tempting.

“A yacht Jack, a fucking sweet one too… Got a spa, and a helipad… What are you crying about anyways?” Geoff slurred and went to take another drink. Jack snatched it out of his hand, Geoff pawing after it weakly, whining in distress.

“Because you drained ALL our accounts to fucking do it!” Jack yelled, and Geoff blinked unevenly. He shook his head, slumping back in his chair.

“Nahhh… I wouldn’t…” he said with a chuckle like Jack was making a joke. Jack’s anger drained out of him slow, and he wanted to shake sense into his friend. He settled for kneeling between Geoff’s legs, ignoring the bosses joke of kinky, and put his hands on Geoff’s cheeks making him look at his friend.

“Geoff… What day is it?”

“What?”

“What’s today?”

“Ah, Thursday dickhead.” Geoff sniggered, Jack shaking his head in response, so relieved the Gavin was at his own place tonight and Ryan out of town this week with Michael on a job. No one else to witness this.

“It’s Monday Geoff,” Jack informed Geoff who looked confused, trying to make time add up in his head.

“The fifteenth?”

“The twenty-second,” Jack said and watched Geoff’s face change from confused to utterly devastated. He put a hand over Jack’s, the white of his skin noticeable against the black of his tattoos.

“I have a problem don’t I?” Geoff asked Jack who nodded.

“You do.”
“I’m never drinking again.”

“I know.” Jack had heard it before; he had no reason to believe this would be different. He knew Geoff had led a rough life. Hell, all of them had. They all had ways of coping with it. Geoff had chosen his poison and he doubted bankrupting the crew’s personal accounts to buy a yacht would be the last stupid thing Geoff did.

He helped Geoff up, trying to hold the man steady to get him to the bedroom. Geoff was clinging to him, and his feet didn’t seem to want to stay underneath him, Jack having to take most his weight every few steps.

“I mean it, Jack. I’m done.”

“I know Geoff.”

“No more alcohol.”

“Got it, Geoff.”

“You don’t believe me.”

“No Geoff.” The answer slipped out, and they paused, looking to each other, the hurt on Geoff’s face blatant as the regret on Jacks. Jack sighed then took the morose drunk to his bed, sitting him down than getting his shoes off as Geoff put his head in his hands.

“It’s slipping away from me Jack.” Geoff confessed the reason for this particular binge, “First Ryan’s gone all domestic over a whore, making simple little mistakes he’d never make before. Now Gavin's gone all pissy, who knows what stick is up his ass cause he sure as shit won’t talk to me…”

Gavin was supposed to be carefree as much as Ryan bloodthirsty. Lately, however, With the Vaga-Idiot in lust, he’d been basically a puppy and near useless to Geoff. Meanwhile, Gavin had been all forked tongue and cruel laughter. Thus when an opportunity came up to get Ryan away and murdering for a week, Geoff sent him with Michael to both encourage mayhem and keep Ryan safe.

Geoff had taken the opportunity to talk to Gavin. That had not gone well.

“Hey, Gav.” Geoff had opened, Gavin immediately on the attack, not looking up from the computer.

“Hey, Gav!” He mocked Geoff, in a stupid voice that had made his boss frown and fold his arms.

“Right. That right there is why we need to talk.” Geoff had stated evenly, prompting Gavin to turn on his chair to glare at Geoff.

“No. There’s no reason we need to talk. So bugger off would you and go be a glorified bloody daddy figure, somewhere else yeah?” Gavin snapped at him making Geoff recoil slightly. Gavin was never so bitter before, never so argumentative.

“I’m not trying to baby you, Gav, just you’ve been-”

“Not playing the fool for the amusement of you and the rest of the crew?” Gavin said bitterly, “Heavens forbid I show you my true bloody intelligence. Getting threatened by the little twink Geoffers?”

“No Gavin, I never said-”

“But you all bloody think it though.” Gavin accused, standing up now, Geoff completely sideswiped
by the aggression coming off Gavin, “Gavin, the soft fucking minging moron! Think what? I can’t take care of myself? That if I got a bloody problem I need daddy dearest to take care of it for me? That I need others to protect my ass?”

Gavin shoved him with more force than Geoff knew Gavin could produce, stumbling back in shock.

“Sod off you toss. Unlike pathetic hollow puppet bosses, I don’t need a fucking Dom to come in and clean my life. So how about you go the fuck back to Jack and get your ass fucked like you clearly need and leave me out of your attempts to pretend you’re still relevant to this fucking crew or my bloody life?”

What else could Geoff do, After hearing those words and feeling them twist straight into his heart, but drink?

“Jack, I’m not a real boss anymore am I?” Geoff whimpered as Jack lay him down, tucking him in. Jack sighed wondering what on earth Gavin had said to him.

“You are Geoff. You’ve just let things get away from you a little. Doesn’t mean you can’t get it back. In fact, we’re depending on it. No one’s gonna be happy when they find their accounts emptied. We need a heist and soon.”

“’m sorry Jack.” Murmured Geoff, Jack had to brush away the hair sticking to the sweat on Geoff’s forehead, the gesture affectionate and caring.

“I know Geoff.” he was always sorry, “I know.”

Jeremy slammed another shot glass down, Trevor was sniggering, pressed into Josh’s side, their protector was sticking to soft drink, but the two strippers were very intoxicated. Trevor was dying over Jeremy’s mockery of the orgasm face, complete with the embarrassing sounds people have made in his ear.

“Oh my god! I know that one! The-the… Fuck! What’s his name? The senator?” Trevor choked on his drink as Jeremy relaxed form contorting his face.

“Yeah! That’s him! Two pump Tom!” Jeremy laughed, Josh snorted into his own drink, making the two laugh harder as soft drink sprayed everywhere, “Josh it's true! He buys and hour, fucking gropes all over like he’s trying to be nice but once he's in—”

“Uh-ah! Hnnnn!” Trevor mocked loudly, miming a male orgasm complete with fingers splaying like spurts of liquid. Josh lost it, bending over the tabletop, laughing hard with the two as Jeremy put on a high sweet voice.

“That was amazing Mr. Senator, really, your the best I've ever had!” Jeremy pretended to twirl long hair beside his face, Trevor piling on.

“What? No, it felt quick to you because it was sooo good.” Trevor simpered, “please, come back and see me again!”

Josh threw his head back waving a hand, “Stop, stop, please! I can’t breath!”

They all got their laughter under control, and Jeremy stood up, wiping tears from the corner of his eyes.

“Gotta piss, I’ll be right back.” He grinned making to leave, but Josh stood and grabbed his wrist.
“Wait, we’ll both go with you.” he said seriously, Trevor whining about how he wished to stay and drink but Josh was adamant, “No, I have to protect you both, and we are not splitting tonight remember?”

Under the alcohol running through his veins, Jeremy felt sick. He couldn’t even go to the bathroom like an adult. He needed supervision in case what, he made a break for it through the bathroom window? He felt bitter and angry, but he nodded.

All three moved together to the men's toilet where Josh made them both wait just inside the door. Trevor leaned his head down onto Jeremy’s shoulder as Josh bullied anyone in the toilets out, so they had all the stalls and urinals to themselves. He was arguing with someone in a stall, telling them to hurry it up, others walking out, glaring or leering at the two waiting for the cost to be clear.

“Remember freedom?” Trevor slurred.

“NoPe” Jeremy popped the P. He had never been truly free. He went from his parent's house to the halfway homes, to the fighting ring, to homelessness, to Jon. Jeremy sighed, putting his head back against the wall, closing his eyes.

Jon. His savior. His tormentor. His collar on Jeremy's throat, his toy in Jeremy’s ass. Jeremy was owned as thoroughly as Trevor beside him. There was no freedom for them. They had traded their humanity, their right to choose for the safety and comforts Jon offered. They would not starve, they would not waste away on drugs, they will not freeze to death on the streets.

They even got to go out still. Sure Josh was with them, had to clear the toilets out so he could watch them go without others seeing what they hadn’t paid for. Jeremy and Trevor had no dignity anymore, and Josh was numb to this part of his job, the two taking side by side stalls, one to empty their bladder, the other to be sick.

“Someone can’t handle their alcohol.” Trevor sang as Jeremy retched in the stall beside him. Jeremy spat and croaked back.

“Shut up.”

“What a comeback, you sure showed me lil’J.” Trevor chuckled. Jeremy rolled his eyes than bent his head again, stomach heaving on its own. Josh stood where he could see into both stalls.

“You alright Jeremy?”

“Dandy Josh, can’t you hear?”

“Trevor, I’m talking to him.”

Jeremy nodded at Josh then faced the porcelain bowl again. He remembered a time when he was fighting that he was drunk a lot of the time. Seemed to recall a higher tolerance for it then. Now Jon kept their bodies clean that he couldn’t hold onto the night's drinks. The porcelain felt cool against his brow when he pressed his head too it.

A gunshot broke through his misery, and he lurched up to his feet to see Josh fallen, cursing, blood spurting through his fingers. Trevor was yelling, dropping to Josh’s side then put his arms up as a man with a gun advanced on him.

Jeremy didn’t take in more detail than it was a man, he had a gun, he was masked, and he was almost as short as Jeremy was. He acted, alcohol clouding his trained reactions, making way for his natural response to a situation. Fight.
He tackled the gun wielder with a yell, the gun going off, splinters from the wall flying everywhere as Trevor shrieked and threw himself over Josh. Jeremy’s vision collapsed into a tunnel, staring down at the skull mask but not fooled for a moment. He knew Ryan's body like he knew his place.

He smashed a heavy fist into the mocking mask like a light, muscle memory burned to life in his mind. Just as he had learned to dance, learned the ways of moving his body for others pleasure, so once he knew how to fight. Knew how to grab and twist wrist to make the gun spin out of hand. Knew how to sway above a body, dodging back, so fist missed his cheek. Knew how to retaliate, swinging down again.

The masked attacker seemed to understand with that second hit that Jeremy knew what he was doing. He came alive, leaving off his gun for grappling with the short but strong man atop him. They tested muscle against muscle, and Jeremy lost, though he remembered how to fight, his muscles no longer were trained for this type of wrestling, the plug inside him was distracting, his body already worn down.

He came off with a particularly violent toss, but rolled, getting up again. The world tipped, but he shook it off like a bad hit, coming back at the masked attacker. A smooth dodge, a slide of the foot, a second fist connected with gut. Jeremy traded the hit for a slice across his own face, making his head ring.

Jeremy rolled with it, switching stance to bring his other fist back from its miss, trying to catch chin. Another dodge from the mask, air billowing out of Jeremy as knuckles cracked against ribs, driving shocked breath from his hips. Masks uppercut landed, Jeremy’s body coming off the ground before his shoulders hit the ground.

“God damn! I said one piece!” Another skull masked assailant entered through the bathroom door, pointing a gun at Josh and Trevor. They looked strange Jeremy wondering when they would notice him. His head was spinning faster and faster, everything upside down to his vision, his body aching from the rough fuck Jon had given him, the long night at work, the alcohol and now the fight.

“He fought.” Said the first assailant with a shrug collecting his weapon.

“Pick his ass up. He’s a whore; there was no reason to kick his ass.”

“He fought good.” the guy said simply.

Drunk laughter burst out of Jeremy, feeling himself being hooked under the arms. As he was pulled onto his feet, he heard Josh grunt and Trevor speak up.

“You guys are making a huge mistake. We’re property of-” he yelped, the sound of a boot hitting face making Jeremy’s laughter die. The second assailant waved the gun at Trevor, who picked himself back into a sit and looked at him, Josh was slowly bleeding through his own hand.

“Sluts should be seen not heard. Now listen up. We got the Rimmy Tim now. We’ll be in contact soon; do not look for him or you’ll make his life very uncomfortable, and I mean very, alright?”

They were here specifically for him. Jeremy’s head pounded, and his consciousness faded out then back in, finding that enough time had passed he had been put in a vehicle. He was laying against a door, his hands handcuffed behind him, his seatbelt on while people argued around him.

“Look at him, did you have to beat him Peake?” The second assailant spoke from the driver seat.

“He tackled me. He knew how to fight.” Jeremy’s attacker spoke from beside him.
“No reason to go to town on him, fuck.”

“That’s not all me. Looks like…”

The black muffled voices, Jeremy’s eyes flickering. When he woke again, he rolled on the bed he found himself and threw up, feeling much better the moment his stomach was empty. He was on a bed, his collar now locked to his neck with a padlock. A chain ran from it to the bedpost.

The room was tiny, space just for the single bed, a chair beside it and a single light. The door was open, and outside it, Jeremy could see two people, one sounded familiar, the voice behind the mask he was no longer wearing, a full beard and now a graphic T-Shirt instead of the plain black he had worn. The second was… Well, Jeremy for a moment thought he was still drunk because the second man bore a very strong resemblance to himself.

“He’s out of town, it was the time to move while the whore was unprotected.” said the unmasked man.

“How do we even know he’ll come for the bitch? We might have pissed off the Roosters for nothing!” swore Jeremy’s double.

“Adam, I swear if you don’t stop back seat bossing—”

“Oh blow me, Bruce. If you had run this by me before you went off with Peake, I would have told you then that this was a stupid plan.”

Bruce grabbed Adam by the shoulders, glaring at him, “I’m sorry is this a democracy? No, it’s not. So how about you shut your mouth and let me handle this rodeo?.”

Jeremy was watching intently, but his view was blocked when someone turned into the doorway from a part of the room he couldn’t see. Jeremy scrambled up, more sober now and he knew his natural fight would resolve him nothing here. The guy wore glasses and had a strong jawline that clenched as he glared at Jeremy, the strippers eyes catching on the fact this man was missing the majority of his left arm, only half of his upper arm left.

“Guys, the bitch is up and fucking messed everywhere.” He called out, not looking away from Jeremy who pulled eyes back to the man's face but it was too late, the man narrowing eyes and wiggling his amputated arm, “Admiring the work?”

“What? N-no.”

“You should; your boyfriend did it.” bitterness and anger dominating tone. Jeremy cowered back into the bed, gathering himself up to curl in the corner. Had Jon done that? Oh god, Jon. Jeremy wished he was back at the club now, safe and cared for, hiding under Jon’s desk. No one ever glared death at him when he was warming Jon’s feet for him.

“Oh Lawrence, leave the kid alone, he’s all-right, just like you!” a laughing youth faced man now appeared, throwing an arm around Lawrence's shoulder that was violently shook off.

“James I'm going to fucking slit your throat in your sleep if you make that joke again,” Lawrence growled, but James was unaffected, throwing his head back and laughing, clapping Lawrence's back.

“That's what you told me last time. Besides, with Bait here, you need someone to take on Vagabond for you and that someone is me.” He saidcockily, pointing a thumb at himself as Jeremy made a low noise that got their attention. Not Jon. Vagabond. He was the reason Jeremy was here.
“Oh yeah, boyo.” Lawrence said viciously, “We know you’re the Vagabond’s favorite toy, and he’ll be coming to get you. When he does, we’ll be here. Waiting.”

“But, but I’m not- I’m owned- Mr. Risinger-” Jeremy stopped and started, trying to make his words work to let these people know they had the wrong idea. That he was rented to Ryan- no not Ryan, Vagabond, and despite any feelings either had, Jeremy belonged to Jon Risinger and the Roosters.

“Save it. We don’t give a shit who owns you. The fact is, Vagabond values you a fuck load more than he did my arm.” Lawrence seethed, Jeremy swallowing hard at the blatant fury on the man’s face, “Pays out the ass for you, takes you for those fuck dates all around the city and he thought what? No one would give a shit just because you’re a whore?”

Jeremy blinked sudden tears prickling at his eyes. Lawrence was merciless, and James was casually leaning against the doorway as his crew member released some pent-up aggression at a worthless toy. Like beating a punching bag but with words.

“Whore or not, word’s gotten around. Vagabond adores your ass and will go to great lengths to get at it. So, you can make things easy on yourself and tell us everything you’ve learned about the Vagabond.”

“Including a thorough description of his unmasked face,” James added lazily.

“Or.” Lawrence continued like James hadn’t spoken, “We’ll permanently injure you.”

Jeremy whimpered at the implication. Lawrence finally smiled, though that expression too was laced with anger.

“Oh yes, we’re going to hurt you. But you can make it hurt less by cooperating.”

Jeremy pressed away as Lawrence came closer, side stepping around the mess to get on the bed, James rolling his eyes and turning away to talk to the others as he saw what the man was doing.

“This part should be easy for you. I’ll have the Vagabond’s whore, and he can learn what it’s like to have someone else take what’s his. Now strip and bend over.”

Jeremy had no choice but to obey; he wasn’t stupid. He was going to give them anything they wanted. He was going to buy time anyway he could, wincing as the plug was pulled out and thrown aside. Though he hoped Vagabond would come for him it was more likely Roosters would. He just needed to minimise the amount of damage he sustains. He’d do anything to maintain his body in its current state.

A broken dancer is useless to Jon after all.

Chapter End Notes

A yep, we will learn just what happened to Lawrence’s arm, but yeah it was defiantly Ryan’s fault and they are definitely annoyed about it.
Thank you if your keeping up, i know i’ve slowed down but im dealing with stuff in rl, but every comment, kudos and notification i get from this encourages me to write more that and my Tumblr screamer, ;) you know who you are lol its great untill next chapter!
Chapter Notes

So it gets pretty gorey/violent ahead just an fyi

Sometime ago

“You're a psycho!” Lawrence spat as Vagabond finished hitching the explosives around his chest. Vagabond huffed in humor behind his mask. Lawrence hated this man, the man had tortured him for days, made him scream, hurt him over and over again. Lawrence had held out before he had spilled anything useful and his crew had come through, bargaining through the nose for him.

Lawrence body ached, repeated injuries flaring, he was sure it would take months to recover, the shape of his face felt wrong behind his glasses. But still, he beat the Vagabond. He hadn’t broken. Only for the Vagabond to pull this shit.

“You were ordered to return me to my crew! You’re disobeying your boss!” Lawrence told the madman who only chuckled once more, fiddling with the explosives and their switch, making Lawrence sweat bullets.

“My boss said, ‘See to it that his crew find him in mostly one piece.’ so here we are. They’ll find you don’t worry, and you’re only missing the one finger as a bonus.” He sniggered. Lawrence cursed him, clenching his roughly bound left hand, where his pinkie finger had been cut away. Vagabond went into his back and pulled out a small box Lawrence recognized.

“I see you've seen a dead man switch.” Vagabond grinned. “Good so you know when I put this in your hand, and arm the bomb, you better hold on tight or-” he made the noise of an explosion, complete with hand gestures followed by a deep, disturbing laugh. “Hope your hand doesn’t get tired while your crew follow the map I sent them.”

Lawrence was left with a lot of time to seethe and develop his hate towards the skull faced man. A lot of time with what remained of his left-hand fingers pressed hard against the trigger. Vagabond had left him, so he had his hands free, is right hand chained to the wall, his left holding the trigger, so he was still helpless to disarm the bomb himself.

He was fighting the weariness in his own body, unconsciousness approached as time ticked by, draining his energy, making his head tip, the switch held close. He dreaded if he was to lose his fight with the pressing in the dark even for a moment too long. His crew so close and yet, too late.
He wept when he saw them, Adam and James, rushing into the room, and exclaiming to see him. Adam pawed at his face, cursing the Fakes for Lawrence’s injuries as James poured over the bomb around his chest, looking to disarm it.

“I held out Adam; I never gave that son of a bitch a thing.” Lawrence felt it was important that Adam knew that and he felt better as Adam nodded, wiping the painful tears off Lawrence swollen cheeks under his so carefully preserved glasses. Vagabond had always set them aside before beating Lawrence for an hour or two.

“It’s ok Lawrence; it’s ok. We came for you buddy. We wouldn’t leave you there.”

“Wha- what they get?”

“The pier bud. The whole pier and its adjacent territories.” Adam told him without hesitation. Lawrence moaned and looked down at James hair where he was leaned over the bomb.

“F-fuck... Your bike club James…”

“Not as important as you Lawrence. I can make a new biker slash surf slash charity club.” James joked and looked up at his friend, “I only got one Lawrence.”

Lawrence cried again, his grip still tight on the switch even when James sat back and declared angrily that Vagabond was an asshole because this was a dud. The explosives real but the switch was never armed at all. He had played with Lawrence’s mind for hours making him keep himself awake.

Habit made Lawrence hold the switch still even after they had taken the explosives off him and limped him towards the car, his right arm over Jame’s shoulder as Adam rushed ahead to start the vehicle.

“Lawrence, you’re not planning on taking that home with us are you?” James joked gently, nodding at the dead man switch. Lawrence felt the anger flare up, that hated switch representing every mind game that Vagabond had played. Well, he had lost this one at least, Lawrence suddenly lurching as he threw the switch as far from himself as he could.

Too bad the moment he let the trigger go, the explosive device inside went off, blowing Lawrence’s arm to pieces and knocking both men off their feet. As Lawrence shrieked and screamed, blood and arm flesh raining down, he could swear deep in his mind; he heard the Vagabond sit back somewhere and laugh...

Present day

Vagabond tipped back his head, laughing wildly as behind them the lab went up in smoke, killing backstabbing dealers and the police that had raided them alike. Michael whooped happily, one arm tight around Vagabond as they drove on his motorbike, the other holding his weapon lest they are followed.

Laughter turned to fury when they tried to use their cards while road tripping back to Los Santos and found they had nothing when they should have had near a million each. They ended up knocking over a gas station for fuel and snacks before hiding out in a cheap hotel.

Ryan threw their duffle bag down and plugged in his phone to charge so he could ring up and demand what was going on from Geoff. They had gone silent for their mission and so hadn’t
bothered to keep phones charged. Ryan muttered darkly, wondering how long their accounts had been emptied, having not used his card in a while.

Michael’s hands on his shoulders made him look up.

“You think they’re ok?”

“Who? Those assholes who fucked up and brought the heat down? Fuck no. We took care of that.” Ryan assured him quickly only to wince when Michael punched his arm, hard.

“No asshole, our fucking crew! No way they’d let us run on empty.”

“We’ve been gone four days Michael; I doubt they are anything less than ok. Perhaps they needed to simply pool resources, or maybe our accounts were flagged, so they moved money around.” Ryan pointed out calmly. He wasn’t worried about the crew; they could take care of themselves, all of them extremely capable.

No, Ryan was wondering how much of Los Santos had been inside Rimmy Tim, or as he knew now, Jeremy Dooley, since Ryan’s last payment. Did it go through before this emptying? Or was Jeremy right now spread before another, moaning their name, telling another how they were his favorite customer?

Michael’s hands on his shoulders tightened as much as Ryan’s hands on the table. The hard yank almost made him fall backward off the chair, and he got up, rounding on his crewmate to argue when Michael caught him by surprise.

Michael yanked Ryan’s face to his own, kissing him hard and dirty, teeth and fire in his kiss. Ryan flicked onto autopilot, responding quickly, kissing him back just as hard, ignoring the part of his brain that bombarded him with thoughts of Jeremy.

“Fuck me till our phones fucking charge.” Michael demanded from their locked lips, dragging him step by step towards the bed. This wasn’t unusual; sometimes crew members got bored sitting in safe houses after a heist. It was a thing of friendship and camaraderie, with this not even being the first time Ryan had been with Michael this way.

But it would be the first since Ryan started seeking his comfort in the arms of Rimmy Tim.

Jeremy’s laughing face in his mind, Ryan tore his lips from Michael’s, ripping his hands off the lad’s body like they had been magnetized there.

“Ryan the fuck?!” Michael complained, trying to grab Ryan’s arm only to be shaken off.

“I can’t. Get yourself off, alright?” Ryan told him harshly, righting the chair back and sitting on it. Michael folded his arms and rolled his eyes dramatically.

“Puh-lease don’t tell me this is about your fucking boy toy.”

Ryan turned quickly in his seat to glare at Michael, “You shut the fuck up; you don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“I’m talking about a whore, Ryan.” Michael said firmly, unfolding his arms to gesture, “I’m talking about a goddamn fucking whore, you pay good fucking money for, not your fucking boyfriend.”

“Michael, shut up,” Ryan warned through clenched teeth, looking down at the ground to control his temper.
“He doesn’t give two fucking shits about you Ryan. He’s a goddamn fucking prostitute from the Roosters. All he cares about is wetting your dick, while your money is greasing his filthy fucking manager’s hands."

“I said, shut up!” Ryan yelled, getting up, knocking the chair down a second time as he fixed Michael with a deadly gaze. Michael wouldn’t heed the warning, stepping closer to him.

“Or what? You think I’m like that fucking slut bitch? Drop to my fucking knees and suck your cock on command while you think it’s fucking love?! It’s not Ryan; you’re not cheating on anyone here! You’re just so messed up in the fucking head; you think anyone who presses your fun time button wants to play house with you!”

Ryan swung, smacking Michael across the face, a laugh rolling out of the lad who was addicted to adrenaline, “That all you got? Fuck Ryan, I didn’t realize Vagabond was a giant fucking pussy now!”

Ryan growled, shoving Michael back, then swinging again, Michael laughing harder as he bent over his stomach. Ryan grabbed his hair and yanked him straight with it, fingers twisted in curls. Michael grabbed his wrist, baring teeth in a feral smile at Ryan.

“How fucking weak Ryan. No wonder you pay for it. You couldn’t use your dick to fucking please a real fucking man, so you settle for a toy.”

“You want me to fuck you, Michael? Fine! I’ll fuck you until you can’t walk!” Ryan threatened, and Michael only laughed once more before groaning when Ryan threw him onto the bed. Michael was begging for punishment, taunting him and disobeying Ryan’s orders, making the gent be rough with him, pushing him into an angry arousal.

Before Ryan could think too hard about it, he had Michael pinned on the bed, his hips in the air and his pants down his thighs along with underwear. He roughly and quickly fingered him open with the lube in the lad’s pocket then was slamming into him with abandon as Michael swore, clutching the pillows around his head.

Ryan’s hand was pulling back on Michael’s hair painfully, cracking the lad’s neck, fingers dug in painfully tight on his hips. Michael only cried out for harder, faster, wanting to be used as brutally as Ryan could manage, making the gent fuck him violently into the bed, head smacking into headboard when Ryan let go of his hair to grab hips with both hands.

“Yes, Ryan! Fuck! Fuck! Gonna blow Ryan! Fuuuuucckkk!!” Michael cried out, arching beautifully as he came, painting the bedspread without even being touched. Ryan didn’t stop; however, he hadn’t reached his end, and Michael started to whine and twitch beneath him, clenching on the gent, his body begging Ryan to come.

Ryan was trying, he had his eyes closed, concentrating on the pleasure of Michael’s body, the soft oversensitive cries he was making now. Ryan was fucking as hard as he could, but he just couldn’t crest. A few more thrusts than he gave up, leaning over Michael, breathing hard, his legs aching from the effort he’d made chasing an orgasm that wouldn’t come.

“Fuck… Fuck… What…? My ass… not good enough?” Michael panted bitterly, making Ryan’s anger flare again, sitting up and pulling out without any warning.

“I didn’t ask to fuck you did I?” he snapped defensively as he stood up, pulling his underwear and jeans back up. Michael rolled onto his back, glaring at him from the stained sheets.
“Well, you needed it as much as me, ’cept I guess I’m not as fucking good as that whore.”

Ryan expelled an angry breath and turned away, Michael just kept talking, a little concern coming into his aggressive tone.

“Ryan, seriously, this is affecting your job. Your life. We’re all worried about you. And it’s infecting fucking Gavin too. I’m not a fucking moron, something happened on that Tattoo job, and I think the way he’s been extra fucking bitchy towards you means it’s your fault. Now you can’t even fucking blow unless it’s with that purple bitch? Where the fuck is the fucking Vagabond we all remember huh?”

Ryan was running his hands through his hair, tugging at it for the grounding pain when he heard that. He snapped, spinning around to fix Michael with a dead eyed look, “You want the Vagabond? I’ll show you the fucking Vagabond.”

Michael’s face fell, and he backed up on the bed as Ryan approached, “Ok, haha, very fucking funny, Ryan don’t-” but Ryan reached past him to the knife that had been placed on the bedside table then walked towards the front door.

“Ryan? What are you doing?!” Michael demanded to know, sitting up to stare. Vagabond paused at the door and looked back to the lad over his shoulder.

“Ending my murder break.” He said darkly then went out of the room. Michael swore, getting up and pulling his clothes back to normal, snatching up his gun and waited, sure Ryan was about to cause some sort of chaos.

Vagabond only went next door, breaking in through it, lock splintering. He had disturbed a single male, who leaped out of bed, holding a hand up, mouthing useless begs. Vagabond wasn’t interested in his pleas; Vagabond wanted the crimson locked under the skin. Simple to grab the arm, pulling them close enough to be a lover, steel entering through the side, between the ribs to twist into the heart. Blood bubbled over lips when Vagabond let the man fall, falling with him to stab him multiple times over the chest area. With that first kill, he felt his bloodlust mount, and he knew this single kill would not be enough.

Armed with only his knife, Vagabond went from room to room, killing any occupants within. He’d break through the flimsy door, slap a hand over a screaming mouth and plunge the knife, back slicing throats as others reared away from him murdering their partner, not even checking they were fully dead before moving on to the next room.

Killing was easy, instinctual. The burst of the door caving in before his strength, the dodging of useless punches thrown by desperate people. The screams, the cowering in the corner, like that would prevent him from hurting them. He cut through the helpless inhabitants of the hotel; they were a better stress relief to him than Michael had been.

This didn’t feel like being unfaithful. This didn’t feel like replacing something that was in essence, irreplaceable. This felt like home. Like a warm blanket in a winter chill. The spray back on his face was a sweet caress that helped clear his mind of its turmoil and his embarrassment at least for the short time he was killing.

Soon he was covered in blood, sirens on the horizon and chasing down fleeing people, tackling them to bring down the knife again. From the first scream, Michael had hurriedly packed the bag once more, cursing Vagabond with every swear he could and waited by the bike. Vagabond threw his
knife, running over to the dropped body to finish them with a slash across the back of the neck before coming back to his crew partner.

Vagabond needed to find out whether any had touched his Jeremy. It was simply in that murderous mindset. He would take what was his. They wanted the Vagabond back, and so here he was. Ryan was pressed back in his own mind, the Vagabond persona taking over. Vagabond had been satisfied with the spilled blood, but Ryan was still in turmoil. Not sex nor mindless murder could banish the image of Jeremy's face from his mind.

He got on without a word to Michael ignoring Michael's ranting, knowing the lad would get on or be left behind. He needed to get back to Los Santos, today.

It was very hard for Jon to think when he had a useless bitch sobbing by his feet. He snarled and snapped his eyes open to glare down at Trevor who was pawing at his leg, begging him to save his friend.

“Shut up! I cannot process with your incessant pathetic whining!” Jon growled at him, Trevor immediately swallowing his next cry, dying off into soft whimpers. Jon turned his eyes to Josh who was knelt between Blaine and Tyler, his shirt off and shoulder bandaged and treated, waiting for Jon's orders.

“So you're telling me, you didn’t think to take a fucking gun with you?” Jon demanded of his useless enforcer. The club was closed and the remaining dancers were standing in a row behind Jon, Miles helping Kyle stand on shaking legs and of course Trevor at Jon’s feet.

“I'm a well known Rooster! They were perfectly behaved! I saw no reason too!” Josh said in his defence, cowering at Jon's glare. Jon could not believe the level of stupidity. This time he would have Josh killed, he was too sympathetic and now his incompetence had resulted in the loss of product.

Jon was about to go off at Josh when a voice he would obey in a heartbeat spoke up. Burnie had come out of the office where he'd been waiting while Jon dealt with club close, his personal bodyguards following behind him.

“Songbird? What seems to be the problem?” Burnie asked smoothly, Trevor having enough sense to slide away back to the other dancers when Jon ducked his head a large false smile on his face.

“N-no problem here Boss. Nothing I can’t handle-”

“Sounds like a problem Songbird. Sounds like someone has taken Rooster property.” Burnie cut across his reassurances looking down at Josh, “Care to explain what happened one more time?”

“Yes Sir.” Josh agreed quickly, not about to defy the Rooster boss over anything, “The two dancers I was escorting needed to use the bathroom. So naturally I cleared the bathroom so no one could get a free look at them. As they were using the toilets, a masked man blindsided me, shooting me through the shoulder. While I was incapacitated, one of the products came to my side, the other decided to try and attack the shooter. The product might have won but a second masked man came in. They held us at gunpoint, and told us they were taking Rimmy Tim and they would be in contact. They said if we tried to look for him, they were going to make his life uncomfortable.”

“That does sound like a problem to me Songbird, don’t you think?” Burnie asked in a tone that warned not to answer, “What I would like to know… Before the shitstorm I am about to rain down on those assholes who dared take Rooster property… What were two of your products doing in that
Jon swallowed, sweat beading on his forehead and fighting his natural inclination to throw himself at Burnies legs like Trevor had done to him earlier. It was a survival instinct any dancer learnt, to be at their master's mercy. One that was a hard thing to fight.

“W-well, um, see, they had been so good la-lately, that, um-”

“Stop stuttering and spit it out!” Burnie snapped, Jon flinching as well as everyone else in the room with the exception of Burnie's bodyguards, used to Burnie's temper. Jon nodded furiously, closing his eyes as he rapidly spoke.

“Trevor wished to celebrate his two year anniversary here at On The Spot and Jeremy is his friend so he wanted to go as well and they had both been very good making over quota I didn’t think it would hurt as a once off treat, like I told you Sir, I like to occasionally do nice things for them so they’ll work as hard as they can for rewards as well as avoid punishment…” He trailed off, wincing and peeking out from under lashes to see Burnie’s face.

Burnie looked at him with disappointment. Their eyes locked and Jon felt everything he had worked for crumble around his head. Burnie didn’t even bother speaking to him, turning instead to the slight blonde on his right.

“Ellie? Could you be a sweetheart please and organise transport for these fine products to their safehouse? I want it locked down and guarded.” Burnie smiled for her but not for Jon who inwardly melted as Burnie took his club from him like he was a toddler and the club was a breakable object not to be trusted to him.

“Tyler, Blaine? You live here now. I don’t want anyone poking around here after hours and I want to be contacted if these kidnappers come or communicate here. Josh, you are to report to Gus. You’re his problem now.” No one complained not even Josh who knew he was getting off easy.

They moved, everyone, the dancers falling into a meek line behind the deceptively small bodyguard while the enforcers cleared out of the main space.

When it was just Burnie and Jon with the one body guard, Jon sunk onto his knee’s, letting his hair fall around his face. Burnie still didn’t speak to him.

“Patrick. I left my phone in Songbird’s office. Go get it for me.”

Jon felt heavy when Burnie sighed, starting to sink down further but stopped by Burnie’s hand in his hair. With a hold on his locks, Burnie kept him at knelt height, forcing his face to look up at his boss.

“I trusted you with this club.” Burnie begun, pressing a finger to Jon’s lips when he whimpered, Jon closing his eyes again as tears started to spill, “I raised you up from a meer fuck toy, soon to be forgotten, into the manager of the most successful strip club in Los Santos.”

“I defended you, I protected you, and when I took over from the old boss, I even expanded this club for you. Gave you even more power, gave you everything you asked for.” Burnie spoke low and serious, not touching Jon at all except the grip in his hair but each word felt like a kick in the gut to Jon, “Now, I see I was too lenient. I’ll be sending Joel to retrieve my product.”

“No Boss!” Jon couldn’t help it spill out, shouting with pain when Burnie casually backhanded him, ripping hair when he pulled him up to his feet, sticking his suddenly furious face in Jon’s.

“Did you just say no to me?!” He hissed, Jon shaking his head desperately, his hands on Burnie’s chest, pleadingly, begging with his eyes for mercy. Burnie took none, throwing him to the floor and
with a huff of effort, kicked him in the side, the manager curling up on his own floor. Burnie dropped, grabbing with cruel hands, forcing Jon onto his back, moving his arms out of the way, clearing his face of protection.

With an angry hand, Burnie grabbed Jon by the tie, choking him with its tightness as Burnie drew him up by it, “You don’t say No, TO ME!” He bellowed, and Jon yelling out with each hit that landed, Burnie slugging him across the face with a powerful fist.

“You! Don’t! Get! To! Say! No!” Burnie roared each word, punctuating it with a hit, Jon falling into high whines as his face crumpled, skin splitting and swelling, hands knocked aside when he weakly tried to stop his furious boss from killing him.

Burnie was breathing hard when he finally stopped, Jon's face black under the crimson of blood, a constant whimper coming from him, one eye sealed shut, the other locked on Burnie’s face in terror. Burnie growled and let go of his tie, Jon’s shoulders and head hitting the ground where he stayed still, lest Burnie decide to attack again.

“You’re pathetic Jon. You’re weak. You would have nothing without me, nothing.” Burnie told him, letting the words sink in before he picked himself up, getting off Jon to see Patrick had come back. He put up a finger to his bodyguard to finish talking to Jon.

“You’re too soft. You allow the product too much freedom. Honestly Songbird, allowing them to go out drinking? Clubbing? What are they, men too you? Or is it because you used to be one that your so nice to them? Is that it? Once a whore Songbird?”

Jon sobbed painfully, the salt of his tears stinging on his face but he couldn’t answer, knew no answer was good enough. Burnie clicked his tongue sadly above him then turned his back on him to Patrick who offered Burnie a handkerchief produced from nowhere to clean the blood from his knuckles.

“Thanks dude. We’re leaving. Don’t worry about the Trash, it will clean itself up.” Jon curled up at those words, knowing he was the trash and Burnie expected him to fix himself. He listened as Burnie walked away, towards the exit of the club, dialing as he went.

“Hey Joel. I got a job for you. Yeah, I know, god forbid I make you work, but do it for me and i’ll throw you one of Songbirds high earners to shred. Yep, I did say shred, as in completely. Glad I have your attention dude. Ok here’s the job…”

Jeremy sat on his cot, back in the corner, the collar around his neck chafing. Through the open doorway of his room, he could see the crew gathered around a table, Bruce, Adam, and Lawrence seated. James standing, the blonde woman Jeremy now knew as Elyse by his side, and the near silent man called Peake who Jeremy had fought back in the club.

Lawrence had taken what he wanted from him before leaving him to the bed only coming back to give him a rag with a bucket to clean up his room. Once that was done, the bucket had been taken away again along with the plug Jon had put in him. Jeremy was left with his clothes and his collar, nothing else.

“I’m sorry, but where does he come in?” Elyse was asking, gesturing to Jeremy’s door, her eyes sympathetic when he cringed from the drawn attention. Bruce sighed heavily dropping his head like it was too heavy than straightened up to look at her.

“Look. It’s rooster branded, but everyone and their mother knows Vagabond values him.”
“And we Hate Vagabond in case you fucking forgot that.” Lawrence put in angrily, subsiding when Bruce held a hand up to him without looking away from Elyse. Bruce leaned back in his chair, rubbing a thigh like it was paining him as he spoke.

“Burns has a temper, and Ramsey is a drunk. It won’t take much to get those two in confrontation. That little fuck toy is the key. Our information from the sauce is vagabond is not due back to the city for another four nights.” Jeremy perked up a bit, listening intently now. Ryan-Vagabond, he mentally chided himself- Vagabond was out of town?

He noticed Lawrence noticing him with a deep glare and Jeremy tucked his head into his knees.

“So, we simply make it known to the roosters that we are random nobody mercenaries hired by vagabond to take his prize. He hired us in an attempt to keep his crew out of it but hey, the guy is psycho, killed someone, and we flipped.”

“Great so we’re traitorous douches,” James said brightly, and Adam sniggered. Bruce shook his head.

“No we’re realists!” he defended his plan, “They are morons anyway. And they are contesting each other's territory every day; it won’t be hard to get them at each other’s throats.”

“Yeah, yeah, I don’t give a flying fuck if they jerk each other behind closed doors, Bruce-” Lawrence said urgently choking off as he swallowed his anger. Bruce looked to Adam now who nodded than to Lawrence.

“Tomorrow. Adam leads, you can watch.” Bruce said in a tone that left no room for arguments than he looked about his crew, “We should all turn in.”

“Stop fussing. You’re worse than a den mother.” Adam retorted and pressed the cane towards the bearded boss, “Just use the fucking cane and stop being a bitch about it? Don’t tell me off playing stoge with Peake in a kidnapping didn’t set your leg on fire.”

Bruce didn’t answer, snatching the cane than poking Adam in the gut with it, “Move, or I’ll run you down. I got a midnight hankering, and you’re in my way.”
Adam snorted and started to sing “I beg and borrow and steal. At first sight and it's real. I didn't know I would feel it. But you're in my way.”

The two left together, singing ‘call me maybe’ out of the room.

Jeremy knew he’d be left alone until morning. Then the torture would begin.

He curled up and wept quietly.
Change in Management

Chapter Summary

Shit
Goes
Down

Chapter Notes

WARNING
Rape scene ahead, again, a character death, all sorts of controlling and abusive themes and behaviors.
Rape starts as the enter of the office, skip pretty much the whole end of chapter, I'll put in another cheat sheet at the end note
You guys know this is a sucky world, read at your own choice

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jon looked in the mirror and winced. His beautiful features were swollen and hot to touch, his eye he could barely see out of, and the other didn’t like what it saw anyway. He ran a tongue around his mouth, checking his teeth for looseness that thankfully had firmed up. It didn’t seem he would lose any.

He sighed, and moved back from the mirror, sitting back on Burnie’s bed, clad in nothing, back to his humble beginnings. Anger stirred and he grabbed the blankets in his tightening fists. This was all Jeremy’s fault. Had he not gotten his useless ass captured, Jon would still be on top.

Now he was back to being Burnie's bedwarmer, and his precious club passed on to who knows what idiot. Someone who would no doubt waste little time squandering Jon's well-trained dancers, turning them into the same dime a dozen whores at the Drunk Tank. They required special care, special circumstances, working to their strengths. That's what got the extra bucks.

People wanted special treatment from Jon’s products, and they delivered.

Burnie came in looking down at his iPad, reading intently, ignoring how Jon quickly scooted up to the head of the bed. Jon curled up there, eyes locked on his boss, looking for any indication he was forgiven.

“So the thieves sent us a message. Showed us an alive Product, used but unhurt. No surprises there. They want money of course.” Burnie said mildly, standing near the edge of the bed. Jon unfolded a little as Burnie spoke, “They also hinted that they were hired by a third party to do this. Isn’t that interesting?”

“Well-

“Rhetorical question Songbird, of course, it’s fucking interesting,” Burnie growled, looking up from
his iPad to glare down at him. Jon refolded himself tightly, and Burnie sighed, tossing the iPad to the bed and crawling onto it, petting through Jon's locks.

“I’m sorry Songbird, I had to do it. You know I had too. You were trying to tell me No. No to cleaning up your mess.” Jon fought down the whimpers at the kindness, following when Burnie tugged lightly, making Jon crawl into his lap and rest his head on Burnie's chest. Burnie’s fingers ghosted over the swelling, clicking his tongue in disappointment.

“Such a shame I had to mark you so, Songbird. You have such a pretty face. Had a pretty face anyway…” Burnie pointed out with a chuckle, “Don’t worry Songbird, You're only having a timeout.”

Jon looked up hopefully at Burnie who once again gently stroked over his swollen cheek as the boss spoke, “Once you are again your pretty self, I’ll take you back to the club. For now, I have Marquis caring for the place.” That only sent dread down Jon’s spine. Aaron? He was Gus’s apprentice; he would implement Drunk Tank rules! Jon’s boys were too soft to cope with such stringent and cruel rulings.

Jon, however, couldn’t focus on their survival, he needed to focus on his own as Burnie’s touches ghosted lower, tracing over Jon’s bare chest than over his softened length. Burnie was smiling softly, and Jon knew what he wanted, shifting so he could start rubbing back at Burnie’s thighs. He needed the man happy in order to get his club back after all.

“Gonna fuck you into the bed Songbird, you like that?” Burnie purred, turning Jon and positioning how he wanted him, not needing agreement but liking when Jon murmured assent, “Good Songbird. Put that ugly mug of yours in the pillows and relax babe.”

Jon did as he was instructed, pulling pillows to support under his chest, on his knees and spread to Burnie’s eyes. He relaxed as ordered, Burnie's hand a familiar feeling on his body. As Burnie did what he wished, Jon’s mind couldn’t let go of what was happening at his precious club.

“Boss-” Jon started then gasped in pain when Burnie fist the back of his head and forced his injured face into the mattress. The boss moved so he could put his lips near Jon’s ear, breath getting hard to suck in for Jon, his lungs already aching as he tried to catch his breath.

“I don’t want to hear a fucking word, is that understood? You are my bed bitch until your face heals. I don’t want your opinion; I don’t want your views, I don’t want your fucking suck ass compliments. From now on, the only sounds you make are the ones I milk from you with my cock, we clear Songbird?” Burnie snarled low and dangerous then yanked his head back so Jon could suck in a deep shaking breath. Though he had come far, Jon’s training was as entrenched in him as any other Rooster product, called to the surface by Burnie’s fierce words. He keened an acknowledgment, his good eye round and locked on Burnie’s face for any cue he could read.

“Good Boy Jon.” Burnie praised and let his head go, Jon’s cheek hitting the mattress again shooting pain across the swollen skin and Jon to bite down on a pained moan as Burnie touched him again, “Now, where was I?”

This time Jon pushed the club from his mind to give Burnie his attention. He needed to perform, or he’d lose so much more than his club and his dignity. Burnie’s hand ghosted over Jon's tattoo before squeezing his ass possessively.
Matt Bragg was the best-kept secret of the dancers. Their only contact outside the Rooster hierarchy, the secret weapon in their hands. No one ever spoke of him unless they needed something. Matt was an old friend of Trevor's, having met after Jeremy had disappeared but before Trevor had joined him.

They had a simple system, and the next day after Trevor had put up wind chimes in his window, he saw the house across from his had a new succulent pot in the window sill. Contact was harder to make however beyond the acknowledgment with the increased security. Burnie had taken over from the night Jeremy disappeared, and his rule had made them see ironically what Jon had been saying all along.

He had been going easy on them.

Trevor had Cole in his bed that night, and in the morning they had woken by Trevor’s yelp, someone grabbing his ankle and pulling him out of bed. He hit the ground hard and was looking up at his attacker who was already moving to drag Cole out.

“RISE AND SHINE!” A voice bellowed from the hallway as the man who had pulled them both from the bed got them up and standing in the doorway, holding the back of each of their necks.

“Mr. Marquis? These two were in bed together.” their capture reported to the well dressed dark-haired man watching the dancers being assembled. He raised a distinct eyebrow and came over to them, Trevor catching site of the others all being rough handled to their doors as well before he pulled his attention to this new threat.

“Well, well… Did you two get frisky last night huh?”

Cole and Trevor exchanged looks then Trevor opened his mouth to deny it, only for a slap to make him gasp in shock. Mr. Marquis pointed a threatening finger at his face and Trevor quivered with fear, all the threat the man was giving off working on his already worked over nerves.

“When I ask you a question, unless I ask you to speak, be sure I do not care about your answer.” He informed the dancers than to the man holding them, “Check them both. I won’t have Rooster product fucking each other.”

Trevor and Cole were thrown over the bed instantly, Trevor swallowing the bile of shame as both their asses were checked by the enforcer. He looked to the bed and could see Cole fist the sheets, both not saying a word as their privacy was violated.

“They’re clean sir. I’d say they hadn’t been used since service last night.” The enforcer cleared them, getting them up and forcing them back to the door even as they were trying to pull clothes back on. Mr. Marquis nodded then clicked fingers at them, “Whoever’s room this isn’t, go to your own.”

Cole finished pulling his pajama pants on and walked over to his. Kyle was leaned against his doorway, obviously still sore from the multiple men to use him last night. Miles was in a towel, disturbed from a shower and Andy was twitchy, a sure sign he had taken tablets upon waking, and they were taking effect.

Mr. Marquis, now he had them all, paced to the end of the hall then turned to face them, sliding hands into his suit pockets as he spoke, “Mr. Risinger is on vacation. With the recent kidnapping of one of your fellows, Mr. Burns has decided to delegate the managing of the club too me. As such, there will be a few changes. I suggest you listen carefully as I will not repeat myself.”

Trevor felt cold run down his spine, exchanging a look with Miles before they looked back to their new manager who smiled coldly, having caught it, “No Product is to go anywhere but this safehouse
and the club. No more call outs or escorting. Every Product is to have two performances a night, between which you will be working your own room or the floor.”

This was horrible, no breaks? No chances to rest? And Andy couldn’t dance, what would happen to him? Trevor swallowed, another worried look at Miles who missed it this time.

“Every Product is to submit to blood tests and will now adhere to the diet I have set out for you.” He gestured at the fridge where there was now a long paper attached, men and women stocking the pantry and fridge for them, getting rid of their food to replace with other things. “Any tips you earn go straight to the person manning the room desk.”

Miles took a step, raising a hand as their tribute jar was taken down and handed over to their new manager, “Sir, please that’s—”

Mr. Marquis raised a brow at Miles, as he was grabbed. Over his objections, the enforcer that had seized him pulled the towel from his waist, turned him against his doorframe and smacked his ass hard enough to leave an imprint. Miles yelped as he was hit over and over on the same spot, sure to leave a large bruise as the other dancers flinched with each yowl.

As Miles was punished, Mr. Marquis opened the top of the jar starting to thumb through money, clicking his tongue in disgust when he found some bills were dried together with body fluids. After a few minutes, he stopped the assault with a curt gesture, and the enforcer let Miles drop to his knees fighting back a sob.

“Products will not speak unless ordered too. Products are to obey and submit, that is all. All frivolous things are to be surrendered when I am done speaking. Anything that is not for the upkeep and presentation of your bodies is considered frivolous. Including personal phones, there is no longer a need for them. Any objections will be met swiftly with punishment if you do have something you wish to say then you will kneel with your hands clasped behind you and head bowed. If you are permitted to speak your chin will be raised, if not your shoulder will be tapped or you will simply be ordered verbally whether to get up or ask.”

Trevor watched Miles pull himself up, grabbing the towel to put it back around his body. His stomach was turning, and he felt ill. Like their lives weren’t miserable enough and he was in enough fear for Jeremy, these new rules were going to push him over the edge. He felt the blood going from his face as his stomach wanted to rebel.

“You will all be started on bumps of Coke. You will have one bump every four hours. This will be supplied either by one of my colleges here or me. This is not optional.” Mr. Marquis could see they had objections but none wished to voice them, “Please provide your sizing too my people. This afternoon, your casual clothing here will be replaced with three identical outfits. You are to wear a fresh one each day and clean whichever is dirty.”

Trevor thought he’d be the one to break, he felt it coming but no. It was Andy.

“I can’t! I can’t do this anymore!” Andy howled, eyes dilated and hands trembling as he broke out of line and fell to his knees before Mr. Marquis, “Please! Please let me go! I can’t keep doing this! I can’t keep letting others use me like this; I hate it! I HATE IT! I want to die! Fuck! Please! Please let me go!”

Their new managers face looked sympathetic as he knelt down, letting Andy cling to him, petting his back. Andy sobbed, and they rocked as Mr. Marquis shushed him kindly. Trevor saw him look up at Miles over Andy’s shoulder.
“Then what use are you to me?” Mr. Marquis said in a soft voice that carried. Trevor screamed out in horror, Miles leaping the small distance between them to stop Trevor from throwing himself at Andy. Mr. Marquis pulled out his sidearm from under his jacket, pressed it to the side of Andy’s head and fired.

Blood splattered across the wall of the hallways, spray coating one side of Trevor and Miles. He screamed again in grief and denial, miles trying to bury his face against his shoulder. Cole swooned and fell, Kyle heaving, leaving his mess in the hallway.

Mr. Marquis let the body fall from his arms and got up gracefully, putting the gun away with one hand while with the other he turned his head to press an earplug a little more firmly into his ear. He sighed, looking over the four remaining dancers, meeting Trevor's eyes this time, the slighter man overrunning with tears.

“You two, separate,” he ordered calmly. Trevor clung to Miles afraid he was next, but then Miles took his face in hand.

“Trevor, look at me. Just obey. Just obey ok? I’m right over there.”

“Separate or be punished.”

“No Miles, please-”

“Shh, it’s ok, it’s going to be ok.” Miles had to let him go, had to step back into line. Trevor choked on his sobs and wrapped arms around himself. He looked down at the carpet, seeing the red ooze through the threading, going numb as their new manager spoke.

“If you are useless. You will be disposed of. Complete and total instant obedience will save you. Nothing else. Anyone else wants to quit, speak up now.” Mr. Marquis chuckled softly, “I’d like only one clean up today… No? Great. Then let's have that first bump and tidy our rooms shall we?”

It’s not that Joel Heyman hated his job, how could he when it brought him such delicious fear and power? It was that it was growing boring. Repetitive, dull, mind-numbing. He knew all the lines, knew all the motions, could predict the words before they were said. He rolled his eyes mouthing along with the begging, uninterested in it, just wanting what he came for so he could finish this job and get his prize.

“Mr. Heyman, please! There’s no need for violence! Our security is at your disposal!” The owner of the club begged from his knees, put off by the way Joel dramatically pantomimed his talking as he spoke. Joel rolled his eyes and pressed the gun harder into the weeping bartenders head, the still hot barrel no doubt burning skin.

“There is ev-er-y need for violence.” Joel elongated his words, all eyes on him, from the owner to the staff meeting he had disturbed, no attention paid to the security guard whimpering around his arm that Joel had shot. They all knew if they didn’t wish to join him with a bullet hole, they better look at the old pro of an enforcer.

“See, I want to skip a few stages here. You say ‘of course you can look at the tapes’ then I find the tapes I need are ‘corrupted’” Joel scoffed as he did air quotes with his free hand, before settling it back on the shoulder of his hostage, squeezing painfully. “Then I kill a few peons, and you spill the
beans about a bribe, then I threaten you, then you try to beg and on and on it goes!”

Joel had pulled the gun off the bartender's head to wave it about in emphasis of his words; then he petted the side of it against his mouth, uncaring of the deadly weapon so close to his own face. “Yawn,” he said clearly, fixing his gaze back on the owner as the gun found its way back against the burnt skin on the bartender's head.

“So how about we skip the bullshit, you just fucking tell me who took Rooster property from this club and you don’t have to redecorate in grey?”

“R-red?” The manager corrected without thinking, blood draining from his face at the look Joel leveled at him.

“Ex-fucking-cuse me?” He asked, blinking fast like he couldn’t believe what he had just heard, “Did you just fucking correct me?”

“N-N-N-N-” he couldn’t get the denial out fast enough, and he shrieked along with the staff when Joel blew through the bartender, letting the man drop forwards, stepping over the body. He pointed the gun at the staff huddled together.

“Don’t you fucking MOVE!” He roared at them getting the owner up with a gun barrel under their chin, “You, get the fuck over here. Fucking making me work, fucking I hate working! So fucking move!”

Joel kicked him down into the splatter across the ground, the owner moaning with his fear and his horror, “You see those little grey bits, buddy? See it?!” he snapped the owner nodding and sobbing, unable to look away from the bits of brain that was in the pool of blood.

“That’s painting the place grey! Now, who took the dancer?!?” Joel hissed putting a booted foot on the owner's back, between the shoulder blades, pressing him down lower to the gore. His voice went back to lazy drawl, and he smiled, calm once more, “Or I can make you lick the mess you made me make?”

He got everything he needed to track the people who took the product down and yet…

Joel slung the bag over his shoulder, it contained a laptop with all the security on it, and he grinned at his little audience. They had stayed where he put them; no one had dared to escape while he’d been in the security room. At this point, his reputation did more for obedience than any display. Still, he was bored, and this was something he’d never done before.

“One more thing before I go.” Joel grinned, “It was rude of you to correct me sooo… I think you can have a taste of correction.” he pointed the gun, “scoop up a piece of your friend’s brain and eat it buddy or you’re brain will be joining his.”

“I can’t eat-” Joel cocked his gun at the start of the objection. Sobbing and shaking the owner picked up some grey matter, gagging before it even made it to his mouth, “Please don’t make me…”

“I’m growing bored.” Joel drawled lazily then broke into a delighted grin. He did like it when he could experience new things.

All in all, Joel was in a fantastic mood by the time he made it to the mask shop by the beach, making that owner into a cannibal was fun. He hoped the man got sick, that would just be funny. He entered the mask shop having a look at the different things for sale as he hummed happily to himself.

Those men who took the Product must have gotten those skull masks from here. It was the only store
in town to sell Vagabond-esque masks, the rest to scared to dare sell look-alikes. Joel loved to scoff at the idea of someone being more frightening than himself, but he had to give Vagabond points for style.

His delight only mounted when he spotted the man himself at the counter, his jacket and mask covering his identity, but did nothing to hide the face of the man beside him. Though he was dressed now as Golden Boy, hair perfectly mussed, golden sunglasses perched amongst the locks, Joel now knew who he’d been inside. He’d never bothered memorizing the faces of the fakes, but he remembered with vivid detail the faces of the men and women who have experienced his touch.

This was going to be fun….

“Squeak, squeak.” A voice purred from behind Gavin, a voice that sent chills through his body, sweat beading his brow and he instinctively straightened from his lean against the counter, turning to look even as he pressed into Ryan.

Joel Heyman was grinning at him, all his predator teeth showing. Gavin swallowed hard as he remembered the touch of those teeth on his skin, the hickey he’d carried for days that he couldn’t scrub away. Joel was all lazy sexuality; hands tucked into pockets like he was harmless like he hadn’t held Gavin down, hadn’t threatened his arm, and taken his dignity.

Gavin had forgotten in his sudden fear that Ryan was not Ryan at the moment, that he had come home as the Vagabond. His fury at Geoff had been something to behold, but nothing compared to the ice he had become when he found out that On the Spot was closed for the switch of management and rumors were skulled assailants stole the purple and orange product from under Burnie’s nose.

Ryan grabbed Gavin’s upper arm, turning from the quaking cashier too Gavin, eyes cold in the mask, “What is it?” he demanded to know why Gavin was pressing into him like they were lovers. He wanted no one’s touch, no one close. He wanted blood, and he fought that as he shook Gavin slightly to make him speak, already irritated that he had Gavin as his handler at all let alone the man pressing into his personal space.

“I believe little golden dove is trying to let you know about me Vagadork” Joel spoke, turning his attention from Gavin too Vagabond. Vagabond let Gavin go after shoving him behind his larger figure and hand dropping to his sidearm.

“Care to call me that again Heystack?” Vagabond growled as Joel sniggered, unaffected by the taunt. Gavin was thankful for Ryan between himself and Joel, for the Vagabond’s words falling like shields between Gavin and his tormentor.

“Please, let’s skip past the petty playground BS shall we?” Joel said sweetly, Vagabond cocking his head to show he was listening, “I’d like to talk to Golden Boy for a moment.”

Gavin grabbed the back of Ryans jacket, fistng the leather, hoping to show how much he did NOT wish to speak to this man.

“You began the pissing contest, Heyman. I simply win it.” Vagabond pointed out, “Why do you wish to talk to him?”

“He’s your front man. I am an information gatherer.” Joel spoke in his slow drawl, gesturing to the sliver of Gavin that he could see then pressing his fingers to his own chest giving his charming smile. A smile that had zero affect on Vagabond.

“Why. Do you wish. To talk to him.” Vagabond repeated cold and deadly, his grip tightening on his
weapon. Joel casually opened his own jacket to reveal his side arms, showing a spread hand and slowly reaching down to grab one, pulling it out with thumb and forefinger, and placed it on the counter. He then did the same with the other.

“I want to pass on some information. Sensitive information I don’t think you are capable of understanding the implications of.”

“If you're going to insult my intelligence, call me a dunce and be done with it,” warned Vagabond, prompting his rival to scoff.

“And risk your infamous temper? No thank you. But I am unarmed, and I’m sure the gentleman here,” gesturing to the frozen cashier, “Has an office we could use?”

Gavin's stomach dropped out, tingling denial giving way to numb as Vagabond stepped aside, his guardian moving for Joel to extend a hand to him with a smile of triumph. Vagabond looked down at him, expecting his agreement. This was Gavin's job, his task in the crew. Vagabond must be sure Joel was unarmed to let Gavin go into a private room with the man. He had no excuse.

Vagabond wondered why Gavin seemed so reluctant to go with Heyman. Sure the man was a sleaze, but Vagabond had checked him over, no hidden weapons that he could spot. Joel functioned much like Vagabond himself, on deadly reputation and confidence that none would dare attack him. By walking around lightly armed, unarmoured and confident he would still come out on top of any situation, Joel was in effect using intimidation to safeguard his own life.

“Gold?” Vagabond murmured to Gavin who broke eye line with Joel to look at Ryan, seeing nothing but Vagabond coldness. Gavin knew he’d have no understanding from that quarter and this is not the first time a rival crewman had taken the opportunity of chance to speak to him. Deals were often made in this way, crews mistrustful of set times and positions, finding it easier to talk spontaneously where they could be sure no ambush had been prepared. What would need an explanation would be why Gavin didn’t want to go now. Something Gavin was not willing to do.

Gavin knew Vagabond understood all different layers of fear, which like a shark with blood in the water, he had now caught on to the scent of Gavin’s unease. Even now he could see the links being made with those cold eyes, Vagabond understanding Gavin was afraid, seeing it had to do with Heyman, pulling pieces together that Gavin did not want him to connect.

“I’ll see him. I just hope his information is as good as the way he runs his mouth.” Gavin scoffed, pulling on his confidence like a jacket. Vagabond eased down, soothed by Gavin’s answer, nodding his head even as Joel withdrew his hand, tensing slightly at the sharp edge of Gavin's tongue.

“I shall finish our business here and wait just outside for you.” Vagabond assured him, looking to Heyman to make sure he also understood, “I have excellent hearing Mr. Heyman. You will not touch him. I will be checking on you in ten minutes. Be quick and precise.”

Gavin’s confidence became less fake at those words, his stomach untwisting slightly to know he would not be abandoned. No one disobeyed the Vagabond. Joel himself was nodding, and the cashier pointed out a room they could use.

As Gavin walked away, Vagabond returned to questioning about the men who dared to use his likeness to capture his prize.

The moment the door closed, Gavin tried to shriek when Joel lunged, his hand slapping over Gavin’s mouth, the other grabbing his throat, pressing him back to against the table. Gavin felt ill with fear as Joel leaned his head in close, constricting Gavin's air until the man put his hands down from trying to
push him off.

“My my little rodent… I had no idea just who I had fucked that day on the tattoo parlors floor. It was a fond memory, a very, very fond one. But I never expected to see you again. Here you are, and now I know just who you are well… As you can imagine I'm extremely interested in repeating the experience.” Joel moved his nose in close, skimming it over the skin of Gavin’s throat, feeling the body tremble against his, shaking harder when he chuckled deep in his chest, “Did you think I'd be intimidated by your little Halloween enthusiast? No, my dear little Rodent. I was breaking men when he was still in diapers. Lookey lookey. I’m touching you.”

Gavin shut his eyes, wanting to scream but Joel was controlling any noise. His hand instead was weakly journeying across the desk trying to get to the keyboard and yank. He just needed to make a big enough noise, and Vagabond would burst in and tear Joel limb from limb.

“Listen to me little rodent. We don’t have a lot of time here before Vagabond comes back in here, so here’s what's going to happen. You're not going to make one fucking sound. You're going to get on your knees and suck my cock for me, and you better make me come before Vagabond checks on us.” Joel could see the objection in Gavin’s eyes, the harsh breath against his palm and he smiled at him, his voice butter and false sympathy “Oh yeah, that's going to happen. Unless you want to tell Vagabond what happened at that tattoo parlor. Hey, say… wanna tell me the real reason you were there rat? Cause I’m willing to bet, it wasn’t to steal money. That might start just a little turf war don’t you think? You wouldn’t want your crew wiped out of existence just because of you would you?”

Gavin’s attempts to grab something faltered, and as Joel’s hand carefully peeled away from his mouth, he spoke hushed, “You can't do this. If my boss found out—”

“Found out what? That you willingly fucked a Rooster? A high tier one at that? I might not have realized who you were, but you sure as shit recognized me, I saw that in your eyes that day. Now you are wasting valuable sucking time. Get down there and work.”

“I won’t!” Gavin hissed, not willing to give in this time and he snarled under his breath trying not to bring to much noise, “Besides you need to give me that information you bragged about out there.”

To his surprise Joel nodded and backed off, holding up his hands and slightly turning his body away, “You're right… You’re right.. I do have to give you information….” he said sadly. Gavin was eyeing him cautiously, and this time when he suddenly turned back he was ready, lifting his feet up to kick back at his attacker. Joel easily parted his legs, sliding between them, shoving him down onto the desk and hand back on his throat, smacking hands away from his face.

“Here’s the Information! You will do as I fucking say or I will kill not just you but every fucking one you hold dear! You think I need to leave a visible mark to cause you pain?” He growled and sunk a fist into Gavin's kidney making his body spasm with pain, “You don’t want to suck my cock, then fine, we can do other things in the few minutes you’ve left for us.”

Gavin was helpless against him as he was turned, terrified to make noise as once again Joel put him on his stomach, this time on the desk and once again, his pants and underwear were pulled down to his thighs.

“I wanted to be nice, I was just going to settle for the quick blow job, but no, you had to be difficult. Well, rodents often are.” Joel monologued as Gavin whimpered, closing his eyes and hands tight on the desk, hoping and dreading if Ryan were to come in. There was the sound of spit then slightly wet fingers spread him open, “I don’t have any prep with me today, so you’ll just have to suck it up. Heh, bet you wished you had sucked it up now don’t ya?” Joel sneered as he used his own saliva to get things wet enough to start shoving himself inside.
Gavin’s lips were sealed, and he breathed hard through his nose as Joel did what he wished.

Vagabond wasn’t watching the time; he was more interested in what the cashier was saying. Ryan was long curled up, Vagabond fury ignited and now in complete control. It had been a great measure of self-control not to kill Geoff when he admitted what he had done. Killing Geoff wouldn’t have brought his money back, and it would not get him anything but locked up or even shot himself.

Hearing than confirming the rumors about Jeremy had only extended Vagabond control. Ryan might care for the man, but Vagabond had claimed him, saw him as his own. Vagabond was beyond furious he had been taken and then slipped into deadly ice to hear he had been taken by his own persona lookalikes.

“How many masks have you sold?”

“There have been too many sir, I can give you a record of all the sales, but like yourself, they rarely use real names.”

“What do they look like?”

“It’s been multiple people, sir, mostly men, some women; I can’t keep track of that many faces—Please don’t kill me!” The cashier begged when Vagabond grabbed the front of his shirt and dragged him across the counter, Joel’s guns to one side of them.

“It would have been a pair! Or perhaps even a group! Last week even! Think!!” he shook the cashier, trying to jog memory, “I want a description! Names! How did they pay? When were they here? Did they say anything about what they were using the masks for?!”

“I don’t know! I don’t know! Please!”

“Do you want me to take you home?! SPEAK!”

They could hear Vagabond’s threatening from in the office; the only sound was the soft noises of pleasure Joel was making and the light taps of his hips on Gavin’s. Joel chuckled as he listened and reached forward to fist Gavin’s hair, pulling his head back. Gavin was jolted out of the headspace he had sunk too with the burning pain on his head, tears wet on his face as he bit off a whimper.

“Sounds as if your big sturdy protector is a tad distracted.” Joel purred, getting a grip with his free hand on Gavin’s hip, “Perhaps we can make a little noise as I speed this up hmm?”

Gavin choked on a sob as Joel started to go hard and fast, punishing his body with his violent thrusting. Joel’s breath was coming in ragged, and he groaned deep in his throat, the desk cutting a bruising line onto Gavin’s stomach as he was used.

Then finally it was over, the sharp staccato of Joel’s assault stilling with a low grunt, warmth blossoming a few moments later within Gavin. Gavin felt a fresh wave of wet down his face when Joel let his hair go to put both hands on his hips, shoving against him with pleased gasps as he pumped everything he had into Gavin below him.

Joel’s head came in contact with the back of Gavin’s neck; his brow wet on the skin there as Joel panted, “Just as good as I remembered. Even better without the latex crap in the way.” he chuckled, and Gavin’s skin crawled when he felt a kiss pressed to where Joel had put his brow.

“You searching for the missing product too Rodent?” He whispered, and Gavin looked over his shoulder, surprised to hear that, Joel chuckling than making them both groan for two separate reasons as he withdrew, “Ohhhh yeah…. Mmm. So good gold. We must do this again. Maybe after I find
Vagabond’s little play toy first, maybe even sooner hmm? You can tell him the clubs no use. I’ve already cleaned it out.”

He smacked Gavin’s bare ass, then snickered once more, seeing him drip Joel’s seed. He grabbed the shell-shocked man’s pants and pulled them up, almost second nature to him to make someone presentable after he was finished with them. Gavin was not the first to fall victim to the soulless man. After Gavin was once again fully clothed and facing him, Joel pets his cheek, Gavin too tired to flinch from it.

“Rodrick apartments. Apartment 46B. Come by there two am tonight. I’ll be waiting. And I won’t be pleased if you don’t come.” Joel smiled in a way that made him seem almost likable, leaning in to press a sweet, chaste kiss on Gavin’s lips, “You might want to think about all the ways I can fuck you if you don’t let me fuck you. Have a good day detective.” he mocked, walking backward to preserve Gavin's face in his mind before he turned at the door and went through it, leaving Gavin to his pain and shame to try and pull together a convincing mask to show Vagabond.

Vagabond saw Joel come out and put down the manager, glaring at the man as he took up his side arms and put them back into the holsters. He grinned wide in a way Vagabond didn’t like and brought out a growl when he tipped a wink.

“Pleasure to see you Vagabond. Good luck in your investigation.” Joel said confidently, seemingly unconcerned when Vagabond now grabbed him by the collar and yanked him back, chiding softly “Temper, temper. You wouldn’t want to cause a crew incident, would you? Not when you need all your concentration on the task at hand.”

“What the fuck do you think you know?” Vagabond snarled watching Joel’s eyes narrow, and he pulled himself out of Vagabond grip, straightening his outfit.

“Who do you think Burns would send to retrieve his lost product? The bitch who runs the club? Thing one and thing two who guard the door? You might love that ass, but it belongs to the Roosters, and as such, you might want to think about staying out of my way while I bring it back.” Joel's voice dropped the easy drawl to something more sinister, “Once it's back in the rotation I'm sure you can rent it again. However, if you stand in my way, well, mistakes could happen. Bullets could go wayward. Things might just… break…”

Ryan paid attention to Joel's little speech, exerting control over himself who only wanted to tear out Joel's throat here and now. He gritted his teeth and hands clenched, fighting the urge to kill to speak.

“I will not stop searching for him, Heyman. Perhaps you should stay out of my way.”

Joel scoffed, eyes sliding to Gavin who was coming out of the office, walking normally but Joel knew what that must cost him. His smile appeared again, and he looked to Vagabond once more.

“Let’s see who gets the prize, in the end, shall we? You? Or me?”

“It’s going to be me,” Ryan assured him coldly, ice versus void.

“We shall see. Have a good day guys. I know I am.” Joel sneered and turned on his heel, leaving the two Fakes behind with a small skip to his step.

Chapter End Notes
Joel is a fictional piece of soulless shit, like the majority of the roosters. He of course disobeys vagabond to touch Gavin, taunting him as he does so that he's not afraid of vagabond and manipulating Gavin through fear, intimidation and shame tactics to have sex again. As that is happening, Vagabond is grilling the cashier over who brought the masks used in the kidnap of jeremy, getting a little violent so he doesn't hear what's happening to Gavin. Joel finishes with Gavin and reveals now he knows Gavin is gold, he can and will use that against him, threatening crew wars where fakes would undoubtedly lose over his head. He also tells him a place and a time to meet with Joel again, another threat if he doesn't comply. Lastly Joel tells Gavin then moments later, vagabond, that he knows Vagabond is searching for Jeremy. That Jeremy is rooster product and basically throwing down a glove in challenge of who can find Jeremy first. Vagabond has no idea what just happened to Gavin who is hiding the fact from him.

There all caught up! Enjoy plodding along into more misery next chapter. hope this update was fun?
I'm a bad person...
Jeremy sagged in the ropes binding him to the chair, blood dripping from his lips from where his teeth had cut into the inside of his cheek. Adam had backed off for a moment, wiping his fist down and tossing the rag aside before he looked back at his prisoner.

“Let’s try this again shall we?” He asked kindly, fingers coming to rest under Jeremy’s chin, forcing the dancer to look up with swollen eyes, the beating he had received echoed in the marks all over his body.

“I keep telling you, I just dance and fuck. I don’t know! Please, I don’t know! Mr. Risinger doesn’t tell a whore shit, I couldn’t say where he lives, I don’t know!”

“Bull. Shit. You just need a bit more persuading to tell. Maybe we should start looking at pulling teeth hmm?” Adam mused and Jeremy moaned, tears spilling down stinging cheeks as he shook his head desperately.

“Please no!! You can’t! Anything that doesn’t heal makes me useless! An ugly dancer dies! Please! I don’t know! I don’t FUCKING KNOW!!” he yelled desperately, struggling afresh as Adam tutted and walked towards his tool table, hand hovering over the selection as Jeremy begged, “I told you! I’ve fucking told you everything I know! PLEASE! PLEASE DON’T!”

Adam said nothing and Jeremy just continued to yell in fear. The beating was something he could handle. Something he had dealt with before and something he could deal with again. It was a familiar kind of pain. But a toothless dancer would be too ugly for Jon’s tastes. He’d be killed, or worse, given to Heyman as a chew toy.
“Burns comes by every month! He varies the day but it's always within the fourth week since he last visited!” Jeremy threw the information out as Adam drew closer, the iron tool in his hand as sinister as the mad smile he had fixed to his face. Jeremy leant away, screwing his eyes shut in terror as he screamed out anything that could save himself, “The bouncers rotate shifts! There's always one at the door, one at the desk and one on the floor! M-Mr Risinger keeps a gun under his desk! Mr risinger drives a-

Coarse fingers on his jaw harshly forced his mouth open and Jeremy went wild, screeching and throwing himself about as best he could, eyes shooting open with terror, seeing nothing but sick glee on Adam's face as he firmly grasped a tooth within the iron clamp.

“Adam.” A soft voice from the door distracted Adam from his goal. Jeremy stilled, his breathing heavy as he shifted his gaze to see the slight blond from before in the doorway. He could see the woman’s eyes swelling with moisture.

Adam sighed and straightened, throwing the pliers back on their table and putting himself in her eyesight, breaking her view of Jeremy. “Elyse, what are you doing here? You hate seeing this.” Adam asked softly, kindly. A contrast to how he addressed Jeremy. “Go back to the base.”

“No, Adam. Bruce wants you. I'll watch him.”

“Get Lawrence to do it. I know he wouldn’t mind seeing It like this.” when Adam mentioned the one armed man, Jeremy flinched. Lawrence had been there at the start, smiling as Adam had begun his interrogation. They hadn’t even asked questions at first, just traded turns beating on him for what seemed like a timeless period. By the time the first question had come, Jeremy was ready to answer whatever he felt he safely could. Trying his best to protect Vagabond and give nothing of Roosters away.

Soon however he started giving away small bits of information, anything he could think of to try and stop them. First on the Vagabond and now on the Roosters. He was trying to preserve his body, keep it within the ability to heal. Lawrence had only left when duty called and Adam had been left to exercise whatever pain he wished.

“Lawrence is busy. Look I don’t like it either, but I'm the only one available right now and Bruce does need you.” Elyse said as she folded her arms, cocking her hip. Adam sighed in irritation as he brushed a hand over his hair, glancing back at Jeremy than to his crewmate.

“Fine. I'll be as quick as I can. Just let me gag It first-”
“I’ll do that.”

“Elyse…”

“Adam.” Elyse stared him down until the larger person sighed and put his hands up in defeat.

“Fine. You want to put yourself through this, then who am I to stop you?” he said toneless and moved by her, Elyse stepping into the hall to yell after him insistently.

“I’m a big girl adam!”

“The biggest Elyse!” you could hear the playful sarcasm in his tone.

She smiled at his joking answer and shook her head fondly before she looked at Jeremy, sympathy melting the expression on her face into something a little more solemn.

“Are you thirsty?” she asked gently, Jeremy just watching her cautiously, “Hungry?”

Jeremy just continued to watch, taking the chance to get his breathing back under control. He didn’t know this woman’s angle. Couldn’t read women as well as he could men, he just didn’t see them very often. At the club, he was, of course, available to everyone, but men prefer his services over women and he had been in the male dominated world of criminal activity for too long.

Elyse went to the bowl Adam was using to clean his hands and dipped a fresh rag in. She approached Jeremy, who cringed back, a soft ‘please’ slipping from his lips that made elyse slow down her movements.

“I’m not going to hurt you. I just want to clean you up a little.” she offered, “C’mon, that must sting, let me clean your face.” He leant away from her, fearing her touch. What would Adam do if he found him cleaned? Or Lawrence? Better she not touch him at all.

Elyse drew her hand back, sighing softly, squeezing the damp rag between her hands, “I’m sorry. I’m sorry you’ve been hurt like this. Just for loving someone.”
“I don’t love anyone.” Jeremy softly denied, “I’m just property. I was rented to vagabond. I keep telling you people that. Vagabond doesn’t love me, he loves my ass. Mr. Risinger is very clear on that.”

“Well, I’d say he loves you.” Elyse murmured, jerking her head towards the door, “That’s what Adams needed for. Vagabond is back early and he’s causing a fuss for crews and police alike, killing at random on the hunt for you. People don’t do that for a sex toy. Not in my experience.”

Jeremy swallowed hard, fighting down the hope that blossomed in his gut, “Vagabond is not a person.” he didn’t know whether he was telling himself or Elyse that.

“But he is. One that does care about you.” Elyse said, watching the emotion on Jeremy's face as he listened to her words, already shaking his head in denial.

“I’m just a fuck toy.” He insisted and she tutted.

“You're not—”

“I’m a fucktoy!” Jeremy shrieked, eyes screwing up through the pain of his beating and the tears. His mind latching to the phrase. “I’m a fucktoy! A fucktoy! I’m a fuck toy! I’m a fucktoy!” He screamed it over and over until Elyse snatched up the gag, grabbing his head and wrangling the rag into his mouth tying it behind his head. Her eyes shining but not a tear would fall. Elyse might be kind at heart, but her spine was made of steel and she’d never betray her crew by releasing a prisoner early.

She just hoped one day Jeremy could be convinced otherwise.

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“Please! Please I gave you what you wanted!” the man begged, bleeding from slices on his hands, defensive wounds from preventing the sweeping knife from catching on his face. He cried out again as metal cut once more into forearm, another slice at his face which caught on his arm.

“I will hack the hands right off you!” the skull fummed, bringing the knife up again, “WHAT. WERE. THEIR. NAMES!?”

“I gave you the file! I don’t know!! AHHH!” he screamed as the knife weaved through his arms to easily slice face. The Vagabond was done playing around, he needed answers.
“I did NOT hire them! So who did?! NAMES!”

“It’s on the files!” another splash of scarlet, the other cheek now running red.

“Fake names! I need True ones! Crew affiliation! Bounty office of choice! SOMETHING that will convince me to SPARE. YOUR. LIFE!!” Vagabond roared, bearing down on them as they fell to their knees begging uselessly. Vagabond sneered with disgust, fistng their hair and slicing through throat, heedless of the blood that spilt over his jeans, running down in and over his boots.

He let the man’s head go. The still gurgling body falling against his legs only for him to kick it aside, wiping his blade clean on his jacket before sheathing it once more. This was yet another dead end. The office they rented the getaway car from had lead to nothing. Still, his prize was out there somewhere being touched by others.

He needed to spill more blood. He needed to be able to think over the roaring of his inner self. He shoved it down and when Ryan was curled up once more, Vagabond was complete. The Vagabond craved death as much as he craved finding his prize.

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“You're telling me the Fakes took our product?!” Burnie demanded to know, his tone seeped with danger as slammed his fist upon the expensive mahogany of the manager’s desk at the Strip Spot. Standing in the strip spot manager office, slamming his fist upon the table. Joel sat behind the desk, irritating all three men with his presence behind the desk, his feet upon it and hands behind his back.

Jon stood behind Burnie, dressed demurely in tight pants, a clinging shirt and a hoodie to cover his identity from the dancers. Of course, they wouldn’t really notice him anyway with the amount of drugs they were on, thanks to the man standing beside the desk, arms gently folded and watching between his Boss and the higher tier rooster.

Aaron cocked his head and spoke up, “Boss, I think we should-”

“Was I talking to you?” snarled Burnie at the replacement manager who quickly zipped his lips and threw away an imaginary key. Joel grinned and looked back to Burnie.

“You should let the kids talk every now and again.” he pointed out, tilting his body to the side to look at Jon, pleased to see the man brought low once again, “You might find they have something to say that could help you.”
“If I could shut you up it would be a fucking miracle Joel, now say it a-fucking-gain for me? Why the fuck would you say it was the fakes?” Burns demanded his answers. Jon wished he could speak but he knew he would die if he opened his mouth. He settled instead for shooting glares at Aaron whenever he didn’t think anyone would see.

The man was ruining everything Jon had worked so hard to achieve! But he didn’t seem to care, watching quietly as the two powerful men argued back and forth.

“I never said it was the Fakes Burns, I said it looks like A Fake might have done this.” Joel explained, thoroughly enjoying the rage building behind Burnie’s mask of forced calm.

“That makes it Fakes!” Burnie yelled, stabbing a finger in Joel's direction, “One Fake makes it the responsibility of ALL Fakes!”

Joel tisked, closing his eyes as he tipped his head back, “I dunno Burns, they don’t all seem so bad. Besides, just ‘cause the evidence is pointing to maybe vagabond being the one who hired these goons, it doesn’t make sense to me.”

“Explain Joel. Before I get someone else to do this and I give the dancer to them!” Burnie threatened. Joel was a soulless man, and Burnie knew never to give into any of his intimidation tactics. He knew well how quickly Joel could be triggered into a homicidal rage and so when Joel moved, Aaron and Jon reacted but Burnie kept his face firm and stayed still in his position.

“Keep your fucking dancer!” Joel roared, the chair smashing into the wall so suddenly did he get up, slamming both palms on the desk to glare into Burnie’s face, pointing at Jon violently mid speech “I love to shred them when he says I can’t! I’ve no interest in your pathetic scraps tossed to your bloodhound! I can get my own bitches, I don’t need charity, Boss, I need to win! If the Vagabond hired them than why the fuck is he searching for the whore too hmm? Answer me that!”

Joel chuckled low and mad, a wide smile splitting his face in more of a grimace than a show of joy. “I’m going to find that cocksucker first. I’m going to bring its ass back here, then I’m going to wait by the door for Vagabond to come sniffing. Than we’ll see who the true Terror of Los Santos is won’t we?”

Burnie slowly straightened, face impassive and controlled, not showing a sliver of weakness for Joel to grab onto, showing no sign of intimidation. Joel watched him go, still grinning insanely, wanting a reaction from him, something to feed his madness. Burnie knew the best thing to do however when
Joel was like this was to walk away.

Joel's smile slowly fell when Burnie turned, putting his vulnerable back to him, snapping fingers for Jon to come to his side, pulling the hoodie over his face and tucking him under arm, making to leave. Joel straightened up now face feral again.

“Burns!” he snarled, “Did you hear me?! I said I'll find the cocksucker and bring it back to lure Vagabond!”

Burnie paused, turning his head slightly over shoulder, acknowledging Joel, “Those who do not already realize that the Terror of Los Santos is one of my Roosters is deluding themselves. I have full confidence in you my friend.”

Jon snuck a look to see Joel preen at Burnie's words and finally understood why Joel obeyed Burnie. The man knew how to deal with such an unstable person. Knew when and how to make him do what Burnie wished. With those simple words so delivered, Burnie and Jon knew that Joel would stop at nothing to find Burnie’s lost product and return it.

Killing the Vagabond in the process if it could be managed.

Burnie paused in the main room where Kyle and Cole were doing a partnered dance, Jon noticing how hazed their eyes looked, the way weight seemed to be dropping off them. Burnie was speaking to his bodyguards giving Jon the chance to really look over his club. People were walking in and out of rooms like it was a stop and go, Jon gritting his teeth to see it.

Aaron had implemented drugs into the club that Jon had painstakingly kept drug free. He was going to wear out the men in no time with the amount of customers going in and out. Jon was very careful to only use them as much as they’re stamina could last, no more than that.

Burnie tightened his arm around Jon’s waist and led him out, Jon knowing better than to cast a wistful look behind him. He knew when he did get the club back, and he would get it back he assured himself firmly, he would have his work cut out for him. They passed Trevor who was grinding on a shaggy man’s lap, nose brushing his glasses and Jon had to fight not to examine them further. He was sure he’d seen that blonde man before…

Matt bragg was as alarmed to see Trevor as Jon had been. His old friends eyes were out of focus, and he had a goofy grin, chuckling and rubbing against him like he meant business. Trevor knew
Matt never expected to sleep with him, but today he seemed determined to get Matt in the room and his voice was too loud for Matt’s comfort.

“Trevor, please concentrate, tell me what’s happening?” Matt asked low, trying to get answered from the drugged out man, grabbing his chin trying to focus him only for Trevor to turn his mouth to capture his thumb, sucking and moaning sinfully, “Treyco!” Matt pulled his hand back shocked and Trevor laughed.

“You never fuck me Matt, you should, I’ll ride you till you’re crying my name baby.” Krevor purred, Matt having to grab his hips to stop their rocking motion. He was sick to see his friend like this. With him no less. Normally he avoided the club but since security had increased, he couldn’t get near the safehouse anymore.

“Trevor, where’s Jeremy? Are the rumours true?”

“Oh Rimmy, Rimmy, Rimmy… that’s all I ever hear.” pouted Trevor prettily, than smiling crooked, leaning in to suck Matt’s earlobe into his mouth, “I am a hundred times tighter than that bear. You won’t regret having me matt.”

“Trevor, stop.” Matt tried pushing him off, than Trevor whimpered as a hand fell on his shoulder, a well dressed man holding onto Matt’s friend.

“Hello, I’m Aaron Marquis the manager of this establishment. Is baby boy here causing you trouble?” That smirk did not fool Matt. He had no doubt Trevor’s new behavior was the new management’s fault. But Matt shook his head.

“Not at all, just I could only afford the lap dance, I can’t go into a room tonight.”

“Perhaps on the house?” Aaron suggested, changing his grip on Trevor from his shoulder to his hair, running fingers through it that Trevor leaned into the touch. Matt swallowed hard, suddenly uneasy at the way Trevor melted for Aaron’s touch, the calculating way Aaron looked at Matt himself.

“Ah, no thanks. I’ll be back though I’m sure once I get paid.” Matt excused himself quickly, wiggling out from under Trevor and backing away nervously, “But thank you for the offer. I’ll—I’ll recommend Strip Spot to others with such nice management here.”
Aaron nodded, his head, pulling trevor up to a stand, the tripped out dancer slumping against his side until he was pushed straight, giggling to himself in his haze, “See that you do. I’d be happy to see you here again.”

Matt tried to leave in a way that didn’t look like he was fleeing Aaron’s calculating eyes following him out as Trevor mouthed at his fingers and giggled.

- 

Gavin steeled himself before the door, breathing hard and quick before he held it. He lifted a hand to knock but he couldn’t bring himself to actually make connection with the wood. He started to shake and he pulled his fist back to his chest, trying to calm his reaction.

“I knew you’d come.” Joel said from behind him, Gavin turning and pressing up against the door, his heart beating and sweat beading. Joel chuckled, his arms full of groceries, not at all what Gavin was expecting. He had come to expect Joel lived only on the energy he got from making others miserable.

“Course. Y-you said you’d k-kill everyone if I didn’t.” Gavin reminded him, slowly straightening from his press against the door, cringing as Joel moved closer, leaning in so his face was close to Gavin’s. Gavin shut his eyes, expecting Joel to take him now, right against his own front door, but there was only a huff of amused air hitting his cheek and the clink of keys. The door swung open and Gavin opened his eyes to see Joel had drawn back.

“That’s not why you came though. Is it?” Joel winked at him than gestured with his head, “In or out?”

Gavin looked into the dark apartment, swallowing his fear, trying to pretend more confidence than he felt as he walked in. Joel came behind him, using an elbow to hit a light switch and his foot hooked the door and kicked it shut. Gavin paused there to look about Joel Heyman's abode.

It was….. Beautiful. Modern and minimalist and everything pertained a hint of gold, from the dark wooden furniture with its golden trim inlaid within it, to the marble fireplace with its golden streaked corners. The black leather couches were framed by dark oak side tables with golden lamps on them, the wide screen tv set into the wall. The kitchen itself was open design with gold legged stools by the middle bench with black leather tops. It was a place Gavin could actually see himself living.

“How do you like your steak?” Joel asked from his kitchen, gavin blinking and turning to look at him, Joel was putting groceries away. Gavin frowned, utterly confused as to what was going on that the question slipped from his lips.
“Aren’t you gonna… you know… Shag me?”

Joel scoffed, pulling out a fry pan and a deep fryer from his kitchen cupboards. “Well if you want we can but I was planning on dinner.”

Gavin came closer, keeping the bench between them but disarmed by the normality of a man cooking steak and chips in his kitchen, “But it’s bloody two am.”

Joel shrugged, starting to heat up the fry pan and the deep fryer, grabbing a cutting board and a knife. Gavin flinched when he grabbed the weapon, but Joel didn’t do anything but start chopping up mushrooms so he eased into a stool to watch.

“Well my day job isn’t necessarily a day job, so this is normally the time I eat dinner. Don’t worry I brought enough for two. You like mushroom and onions on your steak right?”

“Ah… Not, really. Not onions.” Gavin said slowly still confused as to what was happening. Joel, the man who had brutally raped him twice, threatened him and hurt him, was fucking *humming* as he prepared dinner.

“Nothing like a good meal to unwind from the day.” Joel noted absently which finally broke Gavin, the englishman suddenly standing, gesturing violently.

“A good day of rape! What the bloody hell do you want from me?! You hurt me and then threaten me to show up all for what?! Just so you could, you could-”

“Make you dinner?” Joel asked with a soft smile, pausing in his preparations to smile at the fuming man. “Because I thought that gold of the Fake crew is a hacker and hackers rarely stop to eat. Frontmen even less so. Forgive me that I wanted you to have a good meal.”

“ME? *Forgive you?!”* spluttered Gavin in disbelief but Joel only smiled wider.

“Thanks for your forgiveness, now, how cooked do you like your steak?” He turned back to his frypans, starting to saute the onions and mushrooms together and throw the steaks in to start sizzling. Gavin could only stare open mouthed at his back, it seemed Joel had taken Gavin’s response as
forgiveness.

“Gold?” Joel glanced at him and saw he was frozen, “I’m not going to hurt you unless you make me. I only fucked you today with no prep because you forced me into that position. I was happy to just take a blowjob, but you had to be difficult.”

“You raped me.” Gavin said dully, all the pain of the day catching up to him, tears prickling in his eyes. Than he choked on a fearful sob, come alive again as he moved back, Joel coming around and towards him, grabbing his arms, “No please!” he cried but all Joel did was enfold him in a hug.

Gavin coughed on his tears than broke, sobbing hard as Joel rocked him, petting his hair and letting him express all the pain and anger he had bottled up since their first meeting. It was nice, not having to worry about Joel finding out because he already knew. Only with Joel could Gavin let everything well up.

“Our steaks are going to overcook. First door on the left is the bathroom, go tidy yourself up and when your back we’ll eat and talk.” Joel said softly as Gavin's tears started to subside. Gavin nodded and moved away ,not liking how much it felt good when Joel's hands lingered, seeing his face sympathetic.

Gavin went to the bathroom, opening the door and breath catching. There was a large tub, big enough for two to lay side by side, cream with golden inlay, a large shower on the wall, glass tinted gold again with two shower nozzles for plenty of shared water. The soft bath mat was golden tassel with cream inlay and the towels on the rake looked delightfully fluffy.

Than Gavin's eyes caught inside the shower, above the detachable nozzles were little metal rings hooked into the wall. Clearly for attaching chains. From there his eyes slid to the tub, and sure enough, there was a metal bar set inside the wall on one side, a bucket and scrubbing materials set on the end of the raised step before the tub. Small dried rust was splattered just in the corner, overlooked in clean up.

Gavin's stomach turned and he lunged to the sink too retch, bringing up nothing, to nervous to eat before he’d come here. He looked up at his tear swollen face in the intricately bordered mirror, locking eyes with himself. “You hate him. He’s a bastard and he raped you. He’s a fucking wanker Gav, don’t forget that. We hate him.” he reminded himself, trying to forget how it felt to finally be held and be able to let it all out.

He splashed water on his face, and the towels were as soft to touch as they looked, dabbing himself dry and adjusting his necklaces and shirt collar to be presentable. He was a Fake damn it, and he
needed to represent his crew better than this. He didn’t poke to hard in his mind about the fact he’d come unarmed.

Than the first beats of music penetrated the bathroom. The snap caught Gavin's attention, snaps in the tune like a club in the two thousands. “Is that…” he said to himself softly and opened the door, looking down the hall where Joel had moved into the living room. The sizzle of steaks could barely be heard and the sight of Joel had Gavin’s mouth dropping.

Joel had changed into black jeans and a black buttoned up shirt, the sleeves rolled up to his elbows. His back was to Gavin, looking out over the city before the large full wall windows, the lights dimmed except the living room overlight, bathing him in a soft yellow glow. In the back of his jeans was his dual golden handguns, the dark finish glinting in their holsters as his hips tipped left and right to the music. Gavin had to admit, Joel only sung the truth when he started to sing to the verse.

“I’m bringing sexy back” Joel sung softly, Gavin mesmerized as he paddled forward in the now dark hallway, the soft glow of a cigarette in Joel's fingers drawing his attention as it was lifted to Joel's lips and on the puff out Joel kept singing, “Them other fucker’s don’t know how to act.”

As Gavin watched Joel rolled his head, he couldn’t help but admire the way the city lights gleamed, highlighting Joel's frame. Every movement was raw power, like watching a tiger stretch, hypnotising. Joel spun on his foot, catching sight of Gavin and dropping his knees then came back up slow, pointing his two fingers with his cigarette between them at the lad, “Boy, let me make up for all the things you lack.”

The words struck to his core, Gavin was lacking so much, but Joel was swaying closer, the smoke winding around his hands as he brought them up, gesturing in a beckoning motion even as he came towards Gavin. His knowing look, glinted in his deep brown eyes, mouth quirking as he sung, “Because you’re burning up, I got to get it fast…”

He let the chorus roll on without him, pulling another long drag of the cigarette before he flicked it carelessly onto the kitchen tiles, grabbing Gavin, who had found himself halfway inside the living room, around the waist and kissing him hard. Smoke billowed into his mouth, making Gavin’s throat tickle and catch, trying to cough but Joel’s other hand cupped his head, forcing him to stay locked in the kiss.

Gavin's hands turned tight on Joel’s chest as panic set in, the sudden arousal he had felt watching Joel dance smothered by the hard hands on his body. He shoved but Joel was immovable; he sucked in a breath to find his lungs full of smoke. He couldn’t breath, he couldn’t think, and he started to struggle.
Suddenly he was free, Joel letting him go all at once so he fell onto the step down into the living space. Gavin started coughing all the smoke out as Joel laughed and shook his head, “Pathetic. But still, you can be taught…” and he spun on a heel again, snapping with the music still going, walking with a hop to his step into his kitchen. He crushed the cigarette with his heel and snickered as he flipped the steaks.

Gavin pulled himself up, his lungs aching from his cough session and anger stirring again. He just couldn’t keep up with Joels swinging of persona’s and moods. He had seemed almost normal before and now, he was back to being the dangerous Rooster Gavin knew.

“Sit.” Joel ordered, pointing at a stool and Gavin sat, on edge with the sudden changes and unsure how to avoid the nastier side of Joel Heyman. Joel smiled at him, all charm once more, serving up the steaks and cooking the mushrooms and onions together despite Gavin already telling him he didn’t like onion, “I like you little mouse. So I’ll make this simple for you. I don’t care about your crew. I’m not gonna ask a damn thing.”

Gavin doubted that but said nothing as Joel slid the vegetables onto the steaks than started the gravy in the remaining liquid left in the pan, quickly thickening and being poured over the steaks. Joel spoke on as he prepared their dinner, getting the chips out of the deep fryer, “What I do want is you, anytime and anywhere I want. I’m going to give you a phone. If I call it, you better fucking answer. Or I’ll be very upset.”

“You’re bonkers.” Gavin’s sass slipped out as his plate was put in front of him. Sharp dangerous eyes met his and Gavin squealed when the tip of the steak knife was at his throat, Joel's teeth bared in a savage smile.

“Don’t squeal at me rodent. I can be very kind to you. Very kind. Or I can be mean. Very, Very... mean… Do you understand?” Joel asked slowly. Gavin swallowed, adam's apple bobbing so it grazed the tip of the knife, wide green eyes glancing at the weapon then its wielder. Joel saw his message had sunk in and he stabbed his steak, turning the violent movement into the more common cutting of meat. He popped a slice of steak into his mouth and smiled at Gavin as he chewed, “Good. Eat up mouse, there's a good boy.” he said happy, encouraging Gavin to pick up his utensils.

Gavin had no real choice, no matter how his hands shook. He picked up the knife and fork and started eating. The steak and gravy, even with the onion, actually was quite nice. He looked at Joel wonderingly as he ate, as once again the man changed into someone easily made happy with a good meal and good company.

Joel winked at him, and Gavin was lost.
Chapter End Notes

Please kudos and comment if you enjoy
Every new comment I get gets me chipping away at the next chapter!
Big thanks to my regulars for commenting every time even when I'm a little too
depressed to answer, but I try to answer everyone, you all inspire me to keep writing!
More angst, what else ;)

Chapter by nescamonster

Chapter Summary

Warning, another dirty Joel and Gav scene ahead, but i promise next chapter is very heavy on the Jeremwood as well... You'll see, time is running out for Jeremy...

mahahahahahahaha

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

More than once, Adam had resented being second fiddle to Bruce. Moments like this one, when Bruce was pacing back and forth, lamenting the mess that could have been avoided if he’d run his plan by Adam in the first place. These were the times when Adam found it hard to remember he was not the one in charge.

“Bruce sit down before you break your leg.” He couldn’t help spitting out, rubbing his temples to ease the pressure there, “We’ll figure something out, but I can’t do it with you limping all about. You’re giving me a headache.”

Bruce glared at him, always hating when anyone brought attention to his weakness. Born with a rare defect, Bruce’s thigh bone in one leg was more brittle than the rest of his bone structure. As such, growing up with Adam in a Los Santos orphanage, he had dealt with a lot of time in a cast.

Adam didn’t care if he hurt Bruce’s feelings, they were alone, and so he felt free to speak like they were back in the boys home. They had started out the Cripple and the Crazy, and so they lived their adult lives as a partnership.

“Right, ok…” Adam stalled giving himself time to think, starting to spitball as Bruce sunk into a chair within his office of their cover auto shop business, “We need to ditch the bitch.”

“We can’t do that Adam, we need to kill him.” Bruce said anxiously, “Kill him and dump the body asap.”

Adam gritted his teeth and shook his head, “No Bruce, for fuck’s sake, think for once, will you?! If we murder the Bitch, then we’ll have both vagabond and Heyman never resting until they find the ones responsible.”

Bruce rapped his knuckles on the desk, groaning as he racked his brain for a solution. His leg had held him back all his life that he had become a tad impulsive to make up for not being able to rush into things physically. By comparison, his foster brother Adam had many voices telling him to impulsively act that he had learned to consider everything carefully. It's why he looked to Adam now for a solution.

“Then what the fuck do we do?”

“First you run a plan by me next time-”
“Stop backseat bossing!” Bruce snapped automatically already regretting it as it left his lips. Adam jumped to his feet, smacking his palms on the table and yelling back at him.

“Stop being an impulsive asshole!! This is your fucking fault!! If you’d had run this by me, I would have told you this was stupid! God, it’s like you wanna be in the fucking thick of things so bad, you ignore the fact we are barely hanging on! We can’t take on roosters or Fakes right now, and this stunt might have killed us all!!” Adam dropped his voice taking a deep breath, “Now how about you fucking listen to me for once hmm? We give it back to its owners.”

Bruce opened his mouth to object only to close it after Adam glared. After a pause, while Adam made sure Bruce wasn’t going to speak, he continued, “We give it to some useless peons, unrelated to us, and Vagabond or Heyman will slaughter their way through them. The Bitch returned, they’ll be too busy having a pissing contest over it then search for the ones who took it.”

“It saw our faces. Knows our names.” Bruce pointed out the hole in Adam's plan as his brother sat again, wincing as no doubt he was being yelled at by his inner monologue. Adam pushed through it however to answer Bruce.

“It gave me useless titbits. It’s too well broken to respond to persuasion. Anything seen or heard by the toy gets locked up deep where it’s old human self-lives. I’ll program it not to speak of us; it’ll give the Roosters and Vagabond the story I’ll give it if it wants to live, which it really does. No idea why. I’d fucking kill myself if I were in its shoes…”

Bruce scoffed and nodded in agreement, unable to imagine giving up any semblance of self-respect. That thing they were keeping might look like a man, but everyone knew it was the hollowed out remains of one. A puppet to do whichever masters bidding.

“Ok, so go do that.” Bruce ordered with relief, glad that Adam had the solution and pretending it had come from himself, “Make sure it won’t blab to its fuck buddies.”

“It doesn’t have fuck buddies Bruce, just users,” Adam grumbled rolling his eyes as he got up. So long as no one did anything stupid, he might be able to salvage this operation.

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Geoff was at his wits end. He was trying to keep away from the bottle, and his crew had imploded around him. Vagabond was off all hours of the night tearing through the city in search of a whore; Gavin was also disappearing and when he was home he was mopey and snappy. Geoff would have thought Michael would be some sort of normal, but oh no, he seemed to take Ryan and Gavin's behavior as a personal attack on him and was avoiding the penthouse entirely, sleeping over at Lindsay's house.

Jack was the only normal one, and even that was no help, an endless parade of ‘i told you so’s’ and ‘here’s what I think you should do’s.’ To think they’d be ready for a heist let alone taking on Roosters was laughable so when Burnie sent over a whipping boy to deliver a message, Geoff called his crew together to set down the law.

“Well, well, are we a crew after all huh? What a fucking surprise.” Michael sassed as he took a seat at the table. Jack opened his mouth to reply, but Gavin beat him to it, turning a chair around so he could sit leaning forward against the chair back.

“Course we are boi, where have you been? Oh right, off shagging your redhead on the side.” Gavin’s tongue was barbed, a counterpoint to how Ryan arrived, dressed to the tee as Vagabond, not even removing his mask, just folding his arms and staring at Geoff coldly.
“Right and who have you been fucking Gavo? Or are you just off being a fuckhead to a new set of fucking friends?!” Michael accused pointing a hurt finger at his best friend who he barely knew anymore, “I don’t even know what the fuck you’re doing these days!”

“Ok enough!” Geoff called sternly, Gavin recovering from the paling he’d experienced at Michael's words to snort.

“Look out Gents; he’s got his ‘big boss’ voice tonight-”

“GAVIN! Shut your fucking face!” Geoff roared at the lad who flinched hard like he expected a blow to follow. Ryan gave a pointed click of his tongue and made to get up. Geoff slammed the table with a fist making drinks jump and Vagabond to lock eyes with him, “SIT. DOWN.” Geoff commanded and kept his eyes firm on Vagabond's until the merc was settled again in his seat.

“Right! I’ve had it up to fucking HERE with everyone’s bullshit!” Geoff said gesturing above his head, “Now I know I fucked up but at least trying to fucking do something to fix it! We are the fucking Fakes for fuck’s sake! Dig up a little fucking crew pride would ya and get your selfish fucking heads out of your selfish fucking asses for five fucking, MINUTES and listen!”

He had their attention. Rarely did Geoff blow up like this and deep down they all missed the close comrades they all had shared. Gavin felt tears prick in his eyes, but he reached up and flicked down his sunglasses to hide them from the others. He knew he could never let them know his secret; it curdled in his gut poisoning his body from the inside out.

Ryan stirred underneath the vagabond, making an effort to listen with an open mind, pushing the rage aside to give Geoff his attention. Geoff had earned his loyalty long before Ryan had found himself a broken and kindred spirit in a rent-a-whore and his friend had called for it now. So he softened his glare and reached up to take off his mask.

Michael and Jack had no conflicting loyalties, able to pay attention without turmoil, though Michael did glance at Gavin a few times, hurt by the glasses masking his friend's face. He was worried about him, and he had no idea how to help nor how to approach the problem. So he rested back in his anger, falling into familiar bad habits to cover the hurt.

“The Roosters are pissed off. They say they came across some evidence that we are the one who took their missing product.” Geoff said and put up a hand to silence Ryan who had opened his mouth, incredulous, “No, I know you didn’t. It might have been your favorite, but you wouldn’t be tearing the city apart for it if it was really somewhere you could see. Besides, you were away when it got taken.”

Ryan’s mouth shut with a snap and a soft growl as Geoff continued, “The point is, the Roosters sure do think we DID take it. And we are in no position to fight them right now. So, Ryan- Vagabond, I’m ordering you to stop searching.”

That he couldn’t take in silence, exploding out of his seat to slam both palms on the table, jack catching his bouncing drink to nurse before it fell off, “WHAT?!”

“You heard me! Back off the case! Let the Roosters collect it.” Geoff said fiercely, stabbing a finger against the table in emphasis, “It’s the Slut or the Crew. You decide Ryan! But if you turn on us I will fucking put you down, fair warning!”

Ryan growled and twisted to put his back to Geoff, fuming at the ultimatum. Geoff chose to ignore him for now, looking at the others, “Right now, we avoid Roosters and Rooster areas like the plague. We are not to give any more offense even by accident.”
“What? Linds lives on a Rooster border!” Michael complained this time.

“Than either, she moves, or she visits you here. Duh.” Jack pointed out. Michael was building his fury, bursting into an angry tirade against the two Gents who were looking at him while Gavin melted in his seat.

His tender ass was throbbing, bruised around the rim and his cheeks littered with spank marks and bites. Only his most stringent begging kept Joel from his throat. Instead, his chest bearing the marking of Joel Heyman. No way would Joel let him stop seeing the Rooster. He’d be hunted down. He clasped his hands to still his shaking, hoping no one else had noticed.

No one had, a three-way argument in full swing, while Ryan tried to compose himself enough to join in. Gavin looked about at his family than lowered his eyes to the table. He could never let any of them know how he was a traitor in their midst.

“Fine!” Ryan snapped turning around, fists so tight he was cutting into his palms, causing a silence across the table, “Fine. I choose Crew.” He repeated heavily and was rewarded with Geoff's proud smile.

“Atta boy Ryan. Knew I could count on you.” Ryan's agreement was a big step to the others falling in line, “Now, I’m giving Burns a little gift to show him our goodwill. There’s an investigative report, nosing around Rooster business. If we make her disappear, it can’t be traced to the roosters and Burns is a happy camper.”

“So you want me to kill her?” Ryan asked gruffly, still beyond infuriated he can’t search for Jeremy. He didn’t have time for that, however, pushing his feelings down to be dealt with later.

“No, I want you and Jack to go pick her up,” Geoff said, surprising his second who looked at him confused. Geoff took a breath in then let it out, “Look, Roosters could wipe us out easy. I need to look after ours… We are giving her over to them.”

Jaws dropped around the table, Geoff unable to look at any of them.

“G-Geoff… We don’t do human trafficking; YOU said that.” Jack recovered first, unable to believe his ears.

"I know…” Geoff started as Gavin cut across him.

“That’s mental! That’s right minging off that is! You can’t be serious Geoff! Kill the bitch sure, but we can’t give her to the roosters! We can’t! Are you serious? Your off your rocker you are! Right bloody off! You KNOW what they do to people! They hollow them out, take everything and just pump ‘em full of—”

“I KNOW!” Geoff snapped, looking at him with a glare that shined a little with tears, “You think I want to fucking do this?! Cause I don’t! I got out of that crew to AVOID this shit! But they blame us for a lost whore, so we’ll give them a new one! We make her disappear, the trail goes cold on us and by the time she see’s day—”

“IF she ever fucking see’s day,” Michael muttered crossing his arms, disgusted at the conversation.

“-she won’t be able to testify against shit anymore. She’ll be… Unrecognisable…” Geoff spoke over Michael, and his voice lost its firmness as he trailed off. Silence fell and then Ryan picked up his mask, sliding it back onto his face.

“What’s the name?” Vagabond asked, Jack looking up.
“I’m not going.” He refused to be apart of this. Vagabond ignored him, looking at Geoff evenly.

“Mica Burton.” Geoff said tiredly, “I’ll go with you.”

“I drive,” Vagabond said simply and walked out, A reluctant Geoff on his heels. At the door, he looked back at the crew.

“I’m sorry. I’m doing this to protect us.” He said softly before following his hired Killer.

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Joel twisted the knife deeper into his victim's shoulder, his knee on the man's spine, the bar had cleared space around them as Joel got his information.

“Lawdog! He was in here bragging! Two nights ago!” the man writhed, and Joel twisted the opposite way, the blood hot and comforting as it spilled over his fingers. He had a manic grin, barely listening anymore, except to enjoy the cries of pain. The blade scraped bone and Joel hardened in his pants.

“AHHHH!!!! PLEASE!!!!” Joel only got harder as he heard the begging, grinning wider as he resolved to call his new golden toy once he was done here. Still, the begging went on, and information flowed as easily as the crimson from the wound, “HE WAS BRAGGING ABOUT FUCKING VAGABOND'S PET!”

“He was, was he? And do you know who that Pet really belongs too?” Joel asked, ripping the serrated blade out and pressing it to the side of the man's neck. Joel laughed as he smelt urine sharp in the air, keeping the knife to neck as he lifted one hand to suck at his fingers, “I'm waiting for an answer…”

“Roosters!! HE SAID HE FUCKED THE RIMMY TIM!! Th-that night! PLEASE oh god-”

“Joel's fine, really, no need to be formal.” Joel joked and got up with a vicious press of his knee into the spine. He looked about, people stepping back as his eyes went over them, “I was never here right?” Silence. Now that won’t do.

“I WAS NEVER FUCKING HERE WAS I?!” He Bellowed, people flinching and a murmur of agreement. Joel smiled again and threw the knife to embed itself next to the mans face on the ground, “Nice knife. Next time think twice who you draw it on buddy.”

He pulled out his phone only to be pleasantly surprised to see Gavin already against his car door. Joel's face broke into a genuine expression of joy, and he rushed over to grab Gavin hard, slamming him against the car as he ripped the hoody down to claim his mouth in a violent kiss.

He swallowed the squeak of surprise Gavin made, grinding him into the side of the vehicle, already imagining being in that tight ass of his favorite toy. Gavin had tried to hide his identity with baggy clothes, but Joel had no patience for that.

“Joel no! Please!” Gavin's voice was high, and he cried out as Joel bit down on his lip, drawing blood to suck.

“I don’t know why your here little mouse, and I don’t care. Get in the back of the car.” Joel ordered huskily, unlocking the car and opening the door.

“Joel, please, I got to talk-” Gavin was sent sprawling onto the leather seats in an undignified heap,
Joel following after him.

“You don’t have to do anything but suck what I tell you to suck.” Joel purred, using his hands to turn Gavin over onto his back. He growled at the pants in the way, treasuring Gavin's shriek of fear when Joel pulled out his switch blade. He sliced through the waistband than down the legs, licking up any blood from Gavin's legs if he knicked them.

“J-Joel!” Gavin choked out, trying to get the man to listen but Joel had one goal in mind. Shredded pants hit the floor and Gavin knew better than to wear boxers or briefs. Joel got in, putting his knees under Gavin's thighs and shutting the door behind him before he bent over and sucked the inside of Gavin's thighs.

“JOEL!” Gavin's thighs were already heavily bruised as the pain was something he was getting used to now, “Joel, Geoff said he got a message from Burns and-” Joel reared up and wrapped blood sticky fingers around Gavin's throat, cutting off his words as he loamed dangerously over his body.

“Mouse. I’m trying to get off here alright? So don’t FUCKING, dare say another man's name while I'm marking you up. You understand?” Gavin nodded frantically, eyes wide and shining as Joel gently rubbed the inside of his thigh and grinned, “Understand?” He asked again with a slap to accompany it.

Gavin jerked, and he was ashamed how as the heat of blood rushed to the slap, his cock started to firm up as well. He’d always like a little roughness, but Joel took it much further than Gavin had gone before. As much as Gavin insisted he hated it, that this was rape, Joel knew how to play his body. Gavin's cheeks flushed with shame as only when he was Joel could he admit he loved to be hurt and used.

“There you go. Look at that. Such a slut for me aren’t you mouse?” Joel purred, letting go of his throat to press his fingers to Gavin's sinful lips, “Suck.” He commanded, and Gavin opened his mouth obediently. Joel grinned, using his other hand to fish himself out of his pants. He'd love to torture Gavin more, but right now he just wanted relief.

He spat into his other hand as Gavin sucked his fingers clean of blood and rubbed it around Gavin's hole, “Such a good toy for me. Such a nice slut, licking my hand clean of another man's blood. It makes you hot doesn’t it?”

Gavin was ashamed of the low moan he gave, coming to full hardness at Joel's words. He hated himself for it, but it did turn him on. Hands that had just been torturing someone else were now on his body. He mewled for Joel, licking his fingers, trying to get them spotlessly clean as Joel pressed fingers inside him.

"I was going to call you, but poof! Like some kinda slut magic, there you were! My very own slut fairy!” Joel laughed, feeling kind enough that spit didn't seem like it was good enough tonight. He reached into the front of the car, Gavin instinctively trying to follow when he withdrew his fingers from mouth and ass, to reach for the lube in the middle console.

Gavin relaxed when he saw the little bottle, a pleased smile pulling at his cheeks. Lube! He was so thankful to see it; he rubbed his hips up against Joel, their cocks pressing together making Joel laugh again.

“So eager are we? Don’t worry mouse; I'll fuck you real good.” He promised, slicking himself up then pressing against Gavin without any more prep than that. He grunted as Gavin's rim gave way, sliding into the tight heat of his toy with a contented sigh. Gavin moaned underneath him, grasping the seat head with one hand, and the back of the drivers seat with the other.
“Fuck! You're so fucking tight still~” Joel groaned, pulling back and watching himself come out of the body below before thrusting back in with a tight snap of hips, “Gotta fuck you wide open every time.”

Gavin did nothing but cooperate as Joel hunched over his body in the tight space, shoving his thigh up out of his way as he fucked Gavin hard into the seat. The car rocked as Joel chased his pleasure in Gavin's body, groans and sighs coming from the Rooster as he had his way.

Gavin closed his eyes and hung on, pleasure shooting up through him as Joel abused his prostate, angling to jab at it with each thrust, rapidly slapping against his rear with his hips. The lube made everything so much easier to take, the burn of being used fading into the numbing, building pressure of a rough fuck. Tears squeezed out of his eyes, unnoticed by either man as the inside of the car heated up.

“Fuck~ Fuck yes, that’s the fucking ticket!” Joel enthused feeling his orgasm building, the sounds of flesh slapping flesh ringing in his ears, coaxing whimpers from his well-trained toy, “Fuck, gotta mark you up Mouse, squeak for me!” Joel ordered, leaning down and sinking teeth in around Gavin's pec, making him arc into him with a cry.

Joel’s deep voice grunted through an octave before he spilt, shooting into Gavin, the days of condoms long past them now as he filled his toy. Gavin felt his pulse and shoot, pressed hard against his prostate to do so making Gavin see stars as he came for Joel's pleasure. They shuddered together, Joel giving hard jabs to make sure he could get himself as deep as possible, splaying a hand over Gavin's midsection, pressing down painfully hard. He didn’t care about the tacky cum Gavin shot over his fingers, Joel only cared that he was able to achieve his end inside the unlucky man.

“Ugh… Ah… Fuck Mouse, your fucking mousey hole is fucking perfect.” Joel praised, moving his hand so he could slump on his pillow with a satisfied sigh, “So fucking warm and tight. Ah, you feel so good on my cock.”

“Thank yo-” Gavin cried out at the casual sharp slap Joel gave his face without even looking, head still pillowed on Gavin's chest.

“Did I say you could talk and ruin my fucking moment rodent?” Joel asked exasperatedly. Gavin's cheek stung, and he bit his already broken lip to stop himself from crying. He didn’t answer, since Joel had just punished him for that.

Joel gave an irritated sigh and pushed himself upright using Gavin's body, not caring about any bruises he’d leave. He made sure to stay as deep inside as he could as he searched around, “Too late, you ruined the moment. Now, I need something to plug you up so we can get home.”

Gavin sat up on his elbows, unable to keep quiet, “What? Joel, please, unless you have a plug,” His heart started to thunder as Joel grabbed a knife and inspected the hilt before throwing it aside, “You can’t put anything in there.”

“I’m sorry, did I hear you tell me what I can and cannot do?” Joel asked mildly, fishing up a can of drink and turning it in his fingers before letting that fall as well, “I gave you a full load. One I worked up on while getting some information from a huge jerk. I worked hard on that fucking seed inside you, and I won’t have it dripping on my seats. Ungrateful bitch.”

He struck Gavin again before he pushed against Gavin's hole with his hips, reaching for a water bottle with a mad smile. Gavin thought fast and clenched as tight as he could around Joel, the murderer slumping as he shuddered pleasantly.
“Please Joel.” Gavin begged coyishly, “I would never waste a single drop of what you give me.” He could see he had Joel's attention, he had stopped searching for a makeshift plug and was instead tracing around Gavin's ear.

“If-if you pull out of me, I’ll-I’ll lay on my stomach and hold tight. I promise I won’t spill a drop all the way to your house.” Gavin swore nervously, and Joel once again looked down at him before smiling.

“Not a drop now, or I’ll bend you over my knee.” He threatened and then pulled his softening cock out of Gavin with the lad trying to clench down around it. As soon as Joel was free, Gavin rolled onto his stomach, cheeks tight together, praying he could hold on as he’d promised.

Joel got out and fixed himself up, going into the driver's seat and sliding in, feeling much better now he’d gotten that out of his system.

“So what was so urgent you had to find me at work?” He asked curiously, fixing his rearview mirror so he could keep an eye on Gavin in the back. Gavin was holding tight to the seat, knees locked and ass tight, concentrating all his energy on keeping Joel's seed inside him.

“Ah, g-Geoff is backing off the Roosters,” Gavin reported fearfully.

“Good, about fucking time. But I told you Gold; I’m not interested in you for information on the Fakes.” Joel said kindly, “Don’t worry; I’ll take us straight home babe.”

“N-No not that. He-He made Vagabond choose between Rimmy Tim and the crew.” Gavin said, trying to get to his real fear, “he said he’d kill Vagabond if Vagabond chooses Tim. That means Geoff’ll kill me too if he finds out about you.”

Joel laughed easily shaking his head, “Please. If you had to choose, you’d absolutely choose me, and Ramsey would know much better than to kill you when your MINE.”

“But-“

“Gold! I gave you your answer. If they ever find out about us, you choose me understood.” Joel snapped sharply, with a glare in the back

“But-” Gavin tried again, meeker than his first attempt.

“UNDERSTOOD?!”

“Yes, Joel. Understood…” Gavin gave in, letting his head rest on the seat and eyes shut as misery roll over him. Joel let him be silent, thinking about what Gavin had revealed. If Geoff had made vagabond stop looking than that took all the fun out of this hunt. Joel needed to best the Vagabond, and as he glanced into the back, he had an idea on how to do it.

Chapter End Notes

CaPow would like the readers to know that Nesca called Vagabond Vagabong 7 times in this chapter and it was really funny.
....Nesca would like readers to know she gets very tired and the keyboard gets smaller when she's tired....
Jeremy lived in a haze of pain and hissed instructions. To get through it, he retreated deep into his mind, into his happy place. Of course, in his life, he’d rarely been happy, and so it was to his surprise that he found himself reliving a recent memory…

“Vaga... Why are we here?” Jeremy asked the dangerous merc who did not look in any way dangerous right now. They were both lying on the hood of the Rimmy rider; the lowrider vagabond used to pick Jeremy up all the time.

“I told you. I wished to show you my favorite spot to think.” Vagabond rumbled low with one arm behind his head as a pillow, the other in Jeremy's, warm and comforting. Jeremy looked up again, up at the stars that covered the sky this deep into the desert. He felt safe there like no one would ever touch him again. Jeremy smiled, looking up and thinking perhaps this was his favorite spot too.

“So do you want to know what I’m thinking?” Vagabond asked into the comfortable silence. Jeremy looked his way, without the mask and the paint, Ryan shone through no matter what name Jeremy was told to call him, “I think that life is not fair; that we shouldn’t have to have met like this.”

“What? You a Killer for hire and me a whore for rent?” Jeremy said jokingly trying to dispel the serious air to more safer waters. Ryan rolled onto his side and cupped Jeremy's face, Jeremy’s hand coming up to touch the back of his hand, unsure how he should be acting whenever Ryan did something like this.

“You are more than a Whore Jeremy.” Ryan's words stopped Jeremy's heart.

“How...” The question died as Ryan rolled atop him, straddling him on the car, his lips meeting his, soft but sure. Jeremy let his question drop completely as Ryan started to touch him, trailing burning fingers up under his shirt, tracing his body confidently.

“You are life. I saw it in your eyes the first time I saw you dance.” Ryan muttered, breaking off from his lips to set fire to Jeremy's jaw, kissing a line down to his throat where he sucked a tingling pleasant mark to his skin, “Every moment I spend with you reminds me I am alive. That I am human.”

“You,” Ryan said the word accompanied by a kiss on Jeremy’s collarbone as he popped buttons on Jeremy's shirt.

“Make.” More buttons gone and another kiss between his pecs, this time with the trace of a bite that caused Jeremy to arch in pleasure.

“Me” one over his belly button, hands moving lower to pull down his pants and underwear, Jeremy swelling with anticipation.
“Feel.” Ryan cupped him at the last word, feeling the shape of him, stroking over the shaft. Jeremy breathed out shakily as he watched the merc stand between his legs as Jeremy lay on the hood and bend down taking his cock into his mouth.

Warmth, more than just the mouth surrounding him, blossomed inside him. No one had done this to him in a very, very long time. He remembered vaguely some teenage girl back when he was high school aged, but surely never in his captivity did anyone do this. He had to press the palm of his hand to his mouth, biting on the soft flesh to get some sort of control of himself.

“No, don’t muffle your noises.” Ryan came off him with a pop to speak, reaching up to take Jeremy's hand away, “Don’t hide your face, I want to see you and all your expressions.”

“E-expressions?” Jeremy knew his ass was what people wanted, not his face. Time and time again, turned into the pillows had taught him no one really wanted to look at his face. No one wanted to look into his eyes. But Ryan did now.

“You make the most lovely, vivid, human expressions of any face I’ve seen,” Ryan spoke softly, smiling at the flush that burnt across Jeremy's cheeks. He kept looking up even as he went down, once again taking Jeremy into his mouth, sucking as he bobbed.

Jeremy let out soft noises, sighs and grunts, little exhales as he forgot to breathe. Ryan looked beautiful, sweet red lips parted over his shaft, blue eyes shining in starlight, blonde hair pulling free from its ties. Jeremy could look on that sight forever.

When he came, it was with a choked warning, but Ryan never relented until he spilled over Ryan’s tongue. Jeremy groaned with each pulse Ryan milked out of him with hand and mouth, head tipping back to thunk audibly against the car. He vaguely felt his underwear and pants slid back on, but he didn’t move.

Ryan came back to lay beside him, taking his hand which Jeremy than pulled to his chest. The warmth in his heart turned sharp with anticipated grief as Jeremy looked at Ryan's smug look. It quickly melted away to concern as he, in turn, saw Jeremy's eyes prickling with tears.

“What?” Ryan needed to know why Jeremy was looking at him like that.

“Why?” Jeremy asked in an agonized whisper. Why pay so much for him? Why treat him so gently? Why pretend anything could be anything more than what it was now?

Ryan didn’t misunderstand, leaning in to press his forehead to Jeremy's.

“Because. When I am with you, I remember who I was. You bring out the Ryan in me.”

Jeremy flinched and yelled out at the light bursting into his cell. He was in a tiny room now, moved-

No! Not moved! He’d always been in there! Always!

The tiny room was his bed, his dayroom, his toilet. He was curled in the corner furthest from his waste, cradling his broken arm, barely able to see out his swollen face. He sobbed as the light cut across the floor, a man standing in the doorway, dripping blood from his fingers, in his other hand, a gun.

“Don’t look at me! Don’t look at me!” Jeremy begged the Vagabond, cringing into the ground as he heard the sigh of one weary of messes to clean come from behind the familiar skull mask.

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Matt was shaking hard with fear as he paced behind the Starbucks where he’d set up the meet. His throat was thick with it, his limbs trembled. All he wanted was to flee. He was sweating bullets, and his glasses keep fogging up.

“You Axel?” a deep voice asked from behind him, and Matt near jumped out of his skin as he spun about, falling against the wall to brace himself. Vagabond was just as large as Matt had heard, his outfit blending with the shadows except for the unsettling mask which seemed to shine within the dark.

“Y-yeah. That's me.” Matt stammered, trying to firm up his voice as he stood taller, “Um I have some information I think-”

“How did you get ahold of my personal email?” Vagabond cut him off, looming closer, standing only a foot apart from him now. Vagabond wore a machete on his hip and behind his shoulder was the butt end of a shotgun. He needed to make no threats; his mere presence was a threat.

“I’m a hacker.” Matt’s voice shot up like he was asking a question, struggling to explain as fast as he could, “With the information was given to the bounty office, as well as cross-referencing with you fellow crewmates who are registered with their specialties, Demolition and Hacking respectively, I could find-”

“I know what Mogar and Free’s specialties are. What I want to know is why I should let you live.” Vagabond asked, in a voice that didn’t seem to care whether Matt left alive or not. Matt made a small sound of fear; knees were actually quaking as he rushed through his reasons.

“I meant no threat Vagabond I swear! I just- I heard that you enjoyed Rimmy Tim and I have some information-” Poor Matt didn’t seem to be able to finish anything with Vagabond around. The man was quick, lunging forward, pinning Matt to the wall with his forearm at his throat, constricting his air. His eyes seemed colorless as they bore into Matt’s.


“He’s alive!” Matt choked out, hands grasping the pure muscle of the vagabond, trying to get him to lessen up, “He’s my friend!”

Suddenly he could breathe again, Vagabond dropping his arm coldly as Matt bent over his knee’s and sucked in large quivering breaths. The mercenary didn’t seem affected by the near murder of Matt Bragg, tilting his head to watch him.

“If you are a friend of Rimmy Tim. You would know his name.”

“Jeremy! Jeremy Dooley!” Matt was not going to fuck around, “I found out who’s holding him. I can’t get him out. I’m just a fucking hacker. But Jeremy likes you, he told me himself. And more than that, he said he thinks you might actually like him.”

“If I did?”

“Then get him out. I’ll give you everything I know.” Matt begged, tears welling that he blinked away behind his frames as he looked up at the cold mercenary, “Please… Just… Just get him out of this shit. Don’t take him back to the club, send him anywhere else.”

Vagabond surveyed him for a long moment before he spoke, soft and more human than Matt had heard yet. “I have orders from my boss not to look for him.”
"You're not looking. You found him!" Matt pleaded, "Please, if you don’t get him, then the Roosters will."

"It’s not that simple. My boss asked for my loyalty." Vagabond actually sounded torn, Matt straightening again, amazed at the slight hint of humanity, "If I pick him up and bring him home… My boss will question who I am loyal too."

Matt’s heart squeezed, the words burnt as he forced them out, “Don’t bring him home-”

“My crew is my family! They are all I have! I will not abandon them!” Vagabond snapped so hard Matt flattened himself against the wall again, hands out to ward off a blow.

“Kill him!” Matt couldn’t hold back the tears now. They ran free down his face as Vagabond stood over him, so close he could smell the merc, “Please. He can’t live like this. I’ve watched my friends die a little at a time. Save him by letting him go, please… Just… I can’t…”

Vagabond took a step back as Matt ripped the glasses off his face to dash away the tears, shoulders shaking and voice quivering, “He can’t keep up like this. If you can’t save him… If you ever did care about him… Kill him… Please Vagabond… P-Please…”

Matt didn’t look up, trying to stop the sobs that were coming. He felt sick with what he was asking, but he had no choice. Trevor was rapidly disappearing into a husk Matt didn’t recognize. Soon there would be nothing left of his friend. And Jeremy had been in hostile hands for so long; Matt feared if they did get him back, he would be emptied.

“I’m fucking useless! I can’t do a damn thing! They are my friends Vagabond, MY *amily and they are being abused, and there is nothing. I. Can. Do…” Matt broke down, falling to his knees, vulnerable neck exposed to this soulless man.

“Give me what you have.” Matt looked up at the Vagabond’s voice. His heart broke, but he nodded, fishing out the information packet he had made up for this moment. As soon as it left his hand, Vagabond was gone and with him went all of Matt’s energy. He sunk down to a sit, putting his face in his hands, letting himself go for a moment.

“well shucks, there ain't nothing worse than seeing a grown man cry.” Matt's broken heart stopped, looking up and seeing the only man he feared more than Vagabond standing over him. Vagabond was a walking threat. Joel Heyman, by comparison, looked completely unthreatening. From the top of his mussy hair, right to the bottom of his worn sneakers, Joel didn’t seem like a man anyone would be frightened of.

Matt felt a trickle of piss leave him at the sight of Joel’s checkered shirt swung into focus. He shoved his glasses back on his face and tried to scramble up the wall only for Joel to casually kick him in the stomach, driving all the air from his lungs. Matt collapsed, glasses scatting across the pavement as he curled around himself.

“Oh no, don’t get up on my account.” Joel chuckled as he squatted down and picked up Matt’s glasses, turning them in his fingers, “Now. Imma gonna need you to tell me whatever was in that goodie bag you just gave Vagabond.”

Matt coughed hard, still trying to get his breath back, fear to make his body cold as his blurred vision focused out the cheerful features on Joel's face, the man's goofy grin chilling.

“I suggest not lying to me. I ain’t-a fan of lies unless I’m the one telling them…”
Ryan sat in his car looking down at the information Axel had given him. He didn’t look up when Geoff opened the door and got in the passenger seat. They were due to go pick up the reporter, kidnap her and then surprise Burnie with the gift of a new body.

“Fuck. Let’s get this over with.” Geoff sighed, then seemed to finally notice what Ryan was holding, “what’s that?”

“Information on Rimmy Tim’s whereabouts.”

“Ryan! I told you to drop it! Where did you get that!” Geoff was furious.

“Here.” Ryan felt as if the packet was as heavy as an assault rifle as he handed it over, putting it in Geoff’s lap, “My loyalty is to the crew. Use it. Burn it. Whatever. I didn’t look for it, I never asked for it, but it came to me. Now it’s yours.”

“Ryan…” Now Geoff’s voice was soft. Ryan ignored it; he didn’t need that sympathy in his life. He started up the car and started out, the mask still in his lap ready to slip on. He didn’t need it to start the slide towards Vagabond mentality, making his heart go ice, and his mind sharpen.

“You told me to choose. I’ve chosen. I choose crew.” Vagabond told Geoff firmly. Ryan retreated back, giving up his chance at love of his own for the good of the crew. He couldn’t have a partner; he couldn’t be normal. To do so was to be weak, and his crew needed him strong.

“... I can’t do this.” Geoff groaned after minutes of silence, rubbing his forehead and tipping his head back, “I can’t do this to you.”

“It’s done.” Vagabond pointed out, “As I left the meet, I saw Heyman skulking. He’d been following me, and by now he should have gotten ahold of my contact and is already on his way to Rimmy.”

“What?!” Geoff sat up straight, the packet hitting the floor at his feet as he twisted in his seat, “You were fucking followed by-”

“It’s too late Boss. Heyman would have him by now. And we got a job to do.” Ryan couldn’t be dissuaded. He knew what it meant when he had walked away. Geoff asked for his choice, and now he had it.

“No! No, I’m sorry alright?! Turn this rust bucket around, we ain’t going to contribute to fucking Rooster terror.” Geoff ordered, and Vagabond started to chuckle. Then he started to laugh.

“Too late for cold feet Boss,” Vagabond pointed out, pressing down the accelerator, ignoring Geoff’s cries to stop, “Way too late for cold feet. You laid down the law. Now we follow it.”

Geoff screamed as they hit a body, Vagabond hitting the brakes, screeching to a stop, the car spinning out. Geoff could only look in horror at what he had caused, Vagabond jumping out and rushing over to the woman he had struck, picking up that broken and bleeding body, coming back to the car and putting her in the back seat.

“One Mica Burton, ready for delivery,” Vagabond said, jumping back into the front seat and peeling away before the sirens could start sounding. Geoff screeched at him, calling him every name under the sun, Ordering him to take them to a hospital as he crawled into the back with the woman they had assaulted. Vagabond could only chuckle, his new empty heart warmed by strife and heartbreak now he’d given up any hope of love for himself.
Joel was disgusted by the product he’d spent so much energy to find. The mask he had bought was itchy on his face, but he had wanted any witnesses to believe Vagabond had done this. Joel had purposely done a botchy job, letting multiple people escape to spread the news.

Let the city see that Vagabond had a weakness for pretty boys and his killing sprees had gotten sloppy. Right now, however, it was Vagabond’s weakness for pretty boys that was ruining Joel's night. That’s why he decided to take it to another man who adored pretty boys for safe keeping.

“Burnie! You beat me here.” Joel greeted his friend who opened the door to Jon Risinger’s apartment. Once the door shut, Joel thankfully slid the mask off and tossed it aside, ignoring the low moan of despair from the man he was dragging, “I told you I was going to drop and go, I didn’t want to talk tonight.”

“Well tough. You can’t tell me you got the product and… And is that a Vagabond mask? Joel! For fuck's sake would you-” Burnie’s voice faded away for Jeremy to hang in Joel’s grip by his upper arm. His face was swollen and itchy with dried blood, but through one eye he spotted him.

“Jon!” Jeremy cried out, his face burning as he started to sob, coming alive, no longer a dead weight but straining towards his manager ho had been standing behind Burnie. Jon’s hands had been in his pockets, but he pulled them out to open them towards Jeremy. Burnie nodded, and Jeremy found himself in Jon’s arms, sobbing hard as they sunk to the ground together, “Jon! Jon! I’m never leaving you! Never, ever, EVER!”

“Shh… It’s ok Baby boy; I got you. I got you now.” Jon smiled into Jeremy's hair as he looked up at Burnie. His bosses face was easy to read. With Jeremy back, Jon’s exile from his club would be over. Jon was back in business.

Jon took Jeremy aside, the shorter stockier man clinging to him as they stood up and shuffled towards the bathroom. Jeremy just sobbed, and Jon crooned to him, getting a towel and started to dab the blood away from Jeremy's face. It revealed a mask of red blue and yellow, bruises of various states of healing showing he’d often been beaten over a longer period. Jon carefully checked him over for permanent damage. He knew if he could show Burnie he could recover a workable product from this mess than his club would be restored more quickly.

Jeremy's face was swollen, and he was missing a back tooth that looked like it was yanked out. There were splits on his face, but only two needed a few stitches. His arm didn’t seem broken, but his shoulder felt loose, a sign it had been dislocated and popped back in. His whole body was different dark colors of bruising, and Jon’s mouth thinned to see a burn mark across his side like open flame had touched his Rimmy Tim.

“Please, please sir, please, let me stay, let me stay with you. I’ll be good; I’ll be so good, please, please Jon, Mr. Risinger please…” Jeremy was crying, making Jon’s job a little harder as Jeremy pawed at him, but Jon’s smile was wide, and he didn’t mind at all.

“You are, you are such a good boy Jeremy, shh, I got you. You’re going to heal up here with me,” Jon assured him, sure that Burns would restore him to his house now if he played his cards right, “Then once you're back in shape, you and I are going to get me my club back. Would you like that? Like to go back to my club?”

“Yes! Yes please, Mr. Risinger I would love that, please, take me home.” Jeremy sobbed falling forwards into Jon’s lap, clutching at him as he shook. Jon smirked and pet his hair, cunning eyes glinting.

“I will baby boy. I will. We are both going home…”
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