Dirty Little Secret
by Antimatics

Summary

Richie falls off his bike and injures himself. Patrick comes along and plays hero. Patrick thinks he deserves a reward for being such a good citizen... and Richie is just so pretty when he's hurt.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
A bell tinkled overhead as Richie Tozier left the convenience store and walked out into the cool evening air outside. The sun had just finished its descent behind the trees for the night and the angry grey clouds gathering overhead prevented Richie from seeing the sunset.

“Just what I need,” Richie sighed, hanging the cheap plastic grocery bag from one of his bike’s handlebars and slinging a leg over it, “A fucking storm.”

The parking lot was empty save for the old beat-up van the owner of the store drove. Everyone was home for the night, tucked into their cozy homes and sitting down to eat dinner with their families. As he pedaled home, Richie couldn’t help but glance through a couple people’s windows. A family gathered around their dining table, another sitting in their living room watching television and doing homework.

A gust of wind caused Richie to start shivering. Summer-time my ass. He thought grudgingly, It’s like the goddamn artic out here. School got out in a few weeks for summer break, but Derry, Maine had other ideas it seemed. I better not get sick, who’d’ve thought I’d need to bring a mother fucking parka with me everywhere this close to summer.

As Richie turned onto a different street, this one a little more isolated than the last, the plastic bag full of his week’s food ripped, spilling its contents all across the sidewalk. A couple of the glass soda bottles shattered upon contact with the cement. Spraying everywhere and soaking into the cardboard boxes and paper packets that the majority of his food had come in.

And, because it just had to get fucking worse, one of the glass shards punctured his bike’s front tire, sending Richie sprawling over his handlebars straight into the mess below.

This all happened in a matter of seconds. Richie laid in the road for a moment, the wind knocked out of his chest. His brain felt… fuzzy. Did he hit his head? Richie wasn’t sure but he definitely felt something hot and sticky running down the side of his face.

“Fuck.” Richie groaned, rolling over.

Whistling.

That was the first thing Richie registered clearly. Someone was whistling and the sound was growing steadily closer. He opened his eyes but everything was blurry – his glasses must have fallen off when he fell. All he could see was the vague outline of someone walking towards him. Maybe they could help?

The figure approached him and helped Richie sit up with a hand under his elbow and supporting his back, “Looks like you didn’t watch where you were going eh, Trashmouth?”

Richie’s blood ran cold and he flinched away from the hands touching him. Patrick Hockstetter’s grip on his arm only tightened though and jerked Richie closer to him. “L-let me go!” Richie growled. He wasn’t very intimidating though, as he could barely see without his glasses and struggling only made his head pound and black spots appear.

“How why would I do that? You’re obviously hurt, wouldn’t want something to happen to
you if you tried gettin’ home all by yourself, right?” Patrick couldn’t believe his luck, he’d just been walking home from Henry’s and he’d stumbled upon little Trashmouth Tozier all laid out on the street, bleeding, vulnerable. It was delicious. He pressed his thumb into one of the scrapes on Richie’s arm, of which there were many, “If you ask nicely, I might just help you out.”

Richie said nothing, he only flinched slightly at the pain, glaring sightlessly into the distance. He wouldn’t show any weakness.

Patrick pulled Richie against his chest with a jerk and settled himself into the mess so he was seated behind Richie with a leg on each side of his body. He nuzzled his face against Richie’s neck and brought his lips close to his ear, “Wouldn’t want your parents to worry if you didn’t come home.” The blood coating the side of Richie’s head was smeared across Patrick’s nose and lips. The taste made his mouth water and his pants tighten.

Richie froze, that definitely sounded like a threat. The fact that he didn’t have parents at home to worry about him was even worse. Nobody would know if something happened to him. Today was Friday, the Loser’s Club wouldn’t notice until Monday if he was missing, and by then it might be too late.

“Yeah,” He bluffed, voice shaking, “They’ll totally call the cops if I don’t get home soon. They’re real hard-asses about it.” He pretended not to notice the hardness against his lower back. He didn’t even want to think about that.

Patrick caressed Richie’s pale neck tenderly, “You’re not a very good liar, doll. We both know your parent’s car hasn’t been in the driveway all week.”

Fear. That’s all Richie could comprehend at the moment. Like a cold hand gripping his heart.

“What are you gonna do to me?”

He sounded broken. Patrick almost moaned in delight at the sound, “Why, I’m gonna help you out. What kind of good citizen wouldn’t do the same?”

Unfortunately they had to move out of their cozy little embrace and Patrick hoisted Richie to his feet like a ragdoll. Patrick rather liked the idea of Richie as a doll. His doll. To do with whatever he pleased.

“You can come back for your bike later on. I’m not dragging it back.” Patrick shoved Richie’s glasses back onto his face unceremoniously, “you can walk, right?”

To be honest Richie couldn’t really walk, he must’ve twisted an ankle because every step was agony. He’d die before he let Patrick Hockstetter carry him home though, so he remained silent and hobbled along beside Patrick, who still had a tight grip on his arm. His newfound sight gave him an awful view of Patrick’s blood-smeared face, and Richie kept his eyes averted for the rest of the walk.

Two blocks from his house, it started raining. It was like the sky had opened up and dumped the entire fucking ocean on Derry. Richie didn’t even have a coat, just a teeshirt. I better not get sick, Eddie will have a panic-attack.

Today wasn’t Richie’s day.

The unlikely pair arrived at Richie’s house and Richie had to endure the embarrassment that was Patrick Hockstetter sticking his hands into Richie’s jean pockets to find the house key.
“I could’ve done that… Least I could do for my honored guest.” Richie grumbled, allowing Patrick to drag him inside the empty house. He’d admit it. He was scared. Everyone in Derry had heard stories about what Patrick was capable of. The housecats that would go missing, unfortunate raccoons or stray dogs that would turn up in alleys and in the woods mutilated beyond recognition. Hell, Patrick’s little brother had gone missing a year ago and if the rumors were to be believed…

Patrick locked the deadbolt behind them and pulled Richie through the house into the living room, tracking mud across the carpet. He turned to Richie and struck him across the face swiftly with a closed fist.

Richie cried out and grabbed his face, “What the fuck, Patrick?!” His head, which had already been throbbing and steadily bleeding, bloomed with a new pain. A cut had opened up over Richie’s cheekbone and the blood slowly melted in with the rest of it that had started drying on his face.

Patrick dragged Richie down to sit on the couch, slinging an arm around his shoulders to restrain him.

Rainwater slowly seeped into the fabric of the sofa.

“You’re such a fucking idiot, doll.” Patrick stated calmly, as if he was commenting on the weather.

Richie was suddenly struck with all-consuming terror. He was alone. In his home. With Patrick Hockstetter. He might die here, and nobody would ever know what had happened to him. Richie focused on the steady throb of pain that seemed to come from all over his body. His head, his face, the scrapes covering his arms and legs, the cuts in his hands and back from the broken glass, his twisted ankle.

He was almost afraid to speak, “I know you are but what am I?”

Patrick smoothed a hand through Richie’s damp hair, “I asked if you could walk. You lied to me.”

He grabbed a handful of Richie’s hair and yanked it back, forcing the younger boy to look up at him.

“Sorry.” Maybe if he just did what Patrick wanted, he’d be okay.

“Oh, doll… I know you are.” He was basically petting Richie at this point, “Just don’t do it again. Okay?”

“Oh.”

“Okay.”

“Good boy. Now, let’s take a look at the damage, shall we?” Patrick removed a knife from his pocket, causing Richie to flinch and try to escape off of the couch. Patrick easily tugged the injured boy back and forced him onto his lap so that Richie was straddling him.

The poor kid shook like a leaf while Patrick slowly cut away his shirt. Patrick ran his long, cold fingers over Richie’s exposed chest, absently admiring the dark bruises and scrapes contrasting with the boy’s pale flesh.

“You’re so delicate, doll. Like porcelain. I’m surprised you didn’t shatter when you fell off that bike.”

Richie stared at the all behind Patrick’s head while he poked and prodded. He tried not to look down between them but he knew there was a visible bulge in the front of Patrick’s jeans. He accidentally rubbed against it when Patrick pulled a small shard of glass from a cut on his hip.
Patrick’s breath hitched and he tightened his hold on Richie. “There’s still glass in your back, turn around.”

Richie was happy to oblige, anxious to at least turn away from the other boy’s gaze. The way Patrick looked at him made him extremely uncomfortable. He looked at Richie the way someone might looked at a frog they were dissecting.

Ultimately, Patrick took his sweet time picking the glass and gravel from Richie’s back and Richie tried to block out the little sounds of pleasure Patrick would make whenever he would fail to muffle his discomfort. The way he tugged and twisted the skin around the wounds probably caused more damage to the flesh than the original trauma.

“All done.” Patrick announced maybe an hour later.

“…Now what?” Richie asked quietly.

“Well I was going to help you wash out your cuts so they don’t get infected, but that can wait until tomorrow.” Patrick, ran his thumb over the cut on the other boy’s cheek, “I want to look at you like this a little longer.”

The fact that Patrick admitted to liking seeing Richie covered in blood wasn’t surprising, but chilling regardless.

“Tomorrow?”

“Of course, doll. You have a head injury!” Patrick poked the middle of Richie’s forehead as if to drive the point home, “I have to stay with you to make sure you don’t die.”

“Bet you’d like that, wouldn’t you.” Richie mumbled under his breath.

Patrick froze, “No,” He got alarmingly close to Patrick’s face, “I get to decide when.”

Then, as if nothing had happened, Patrick lay down on the couch and pulled Richie against his chest like a teddy bear, causing the exposed wounds on his back to scream in protest.

Richie was almost hyperventilating. Patrick had just admitted that he was going to kill him. But when? Tomorrow? The next day? Maybe he’d get bored and kill him tonight. While they snuggled on the fucking couch.

Richie wished his mom and dad were home.

Chapter End Notes

Important thing to remember for this fic, in the book Patrick believes he is the only real person in the world. He views Richie as some sort of object of fascination. This makes him dangerous. Even Pennywise (in the book) had trouble figuring out how to scare him.

Any comments, questions, or suggestions are more than welcome. You can also find
me at antimatics on tumblr and at antimatics@gmail.com if you'd like to chat. Thanks for reading!
He was cold. That was the first thing Richie thought when he woke up. Why didn’t he have any blankets covering him? Wait, why wasn’t he in bed? The faint smell of something burning reached his nose.

Richie’s eyes flew open and he bolted upright, looking around frantically as he recalled what had happened last night. His injuries stung in protest at the sharp movement and he was still without his shirt. Patrick was nowhere to be seen. Richie allowed himself to foolishly entertain the idea that Patrick had gotten bored and gone home.

Wearily, he followed the scent of smoke into the kitchen, limping and clutching his throbbing head. His ankle was barely able to take his weight. Richie wasn’t surprised, but still disappointed, when he saw Patrick leaning against the counter scowling at a blackened pop-tart. His head snapped up and he offered a lecherous smile at Richie as he entered the room, tossing the pop-tart carelessly onto the counter behind him. He still had traces of dried blood on his face from when he’d rubbed up against Richie the night before.

“You’re finally up, doll. I was wondering when you’d decide to get off your ass and join me.” He stalked forward and ruffled Richie’s hair a little harder than necessary. “I tried to make breakfast but… I’m not much of a chef and the food in this house is shit. You should really go shopping more often.” He shrugged.

Richie flinched away from Patrick’s touch, crossing his arms over his bare chest self-consciously. “I must’ve been exhausted from screwing your mom.” He snarked back. He’d forgotten about the fact that he’d be without food for the rest of the week now. Shit.

Patrick’s tongue darted out to wet his lips, “Cute, I’m sure the slut enjoyed it.”

Perturbed, Richie decided to change the topic, “Can I take a shower yet? I’m still covered in blood.” Eddie would have a conniption if he saw the state Richie was in. Then he’d give him a lecture about hygiene. Richie missed Eddie, even if he’d only seen him yesterday. It felt like longer.

“You’re finally up, doll. I was wondering when you’d decide to get off your ass and join me.” He stalked forward and ruffled Richie’s hair a little harder than necessary. “I tried to make breakfast but… I’m not much of a chef and the food in this house is shit. You should really go shopping more often.” He shrugged.

Abruptly, Patrick grabbed Richie by the arm and dragged him into the downstairs bathroom. Richie nearly tripped trying to keep up with him on his bad ankle. He was shoved in front of the cloudy mirror, Patrick looming behind him like some sort of demented shadow.
What the fuck…

Richie gaped at his reflection. He looked like he’d spent too long in the special effects chair at a Hollywood studio. A harsh purple-grey bruise had bloomed over his cheekbone where Patrick had struck him, the area where the skin had split had swollen and started to scab over. Dried blood covered the left side of his face and had crusted over into his hairline, whatever head wound he’d earned had at least stopped bleeding, but that explained the headache and the vague nausea and fog shrouding Richie’s thoughts. His ribs were bruised, his knees felt like they’d been flayed and there was a perfect outline of Patrick’s hand imprinted around his bicep in a pretty shade of blue-green. To add insult to injury, the frame of his glasses had gotten bent at some point.

Was this actually happening?

Patrick caught his hand when he went to touch the wound. “Uh-uh, doll. Your pretty little head might start bleeding again. And as much as I love it, I don’t think people are meant to lose as much blood as you have in the past twenty four hours.”

“Thanks so much for your concern. Good to know our resident psychopath is worried about my well-being.” Richie hissed, tugging his arm back and hobbling out of the bathroom.

He screeched in surprise when Patrick came up behind him and scooped Richie into his arms bridal style. “Wouldn’t want my new toy to break so soon.” The teen crooned in his ear.

They were in his parents’ bedroom now and Patrick was lying him gently on their cold comforter. The room felt lifeless, like it might’ve been a guestroom or a seldom used hotel room. He hadn’t been in here in ages. But it was still his parents’ room and his parents’ bed and everything about this situation felt wrong to Richie.

Fear – his constant companion as of late – filled Richie with an irrational anger and he struggled into a sitting position, all self-preservation vanishing, ‘I’m not your ‘toy’, Hockstetter and I’m not your fucking doll either. You can go fuck yourself, or better yet run back to Henry and let him fuck you!” He tried to dive off the bed and towards the door but immediately a pair of hands shot out and dragged him back onto the mattress by his aching ribs.

Patrick was grinning as he pinned Richie down, snatching his flailing arm out of the air by each wrist so Richie was well and truly trapped. The way Patrick smiled was more of an inhuman baring of teeth. Like someone had told him what a smile should look like and it’d gotten lost in translation.

“Oh I love it when you play hard to get, baby.” Patrick pounced onto the bed, causing the frame to rattle and bang against the wall sharply. He straddled the younger boy and leaned in to bury his nose in Richie’s neck, inhaling deeply. “Henry-kins is cute and all, but he doesn’t have the same… charm you’ve got.”

Richie shook as Patrick pressed his lips against his throat, feeling like the unstable teen might decide to tear it open with his teeth if a wrong move was made. Maybe this is what a rabbit felt like right before the wolf ate it alive.

“You’re mine, doll. Whether you like it or not. Pretty little dollies don’t get a say in who their owners are.” Patrick ground his hips down against Richie’s, who started struggling even more when he felt Patrick’s stiffness pressed against his thigh.

“I didn’t think teenage boys made a habit of collecting dolls.”
Moving the boy’s wrists into one hand, Patrick unbuckled his belt and used it bind Richie to the headboard. This freed his hands so that he could run them down Richie’s pale, trembling torso.

His breath came in short gasps and an animal sense of terror clouded his already hazy mind. Richie started thrashing against his restraints, the fear of being violated like he knew he was about to be completely overwhelmed him.

“Please! Please, Patrick don’t do this! Please stop!” He begged, “Stop!”

Excitement, stronger than anything he’d ever felt coursed through Patrick’s veins. His jeans were uncomfortably tight and the blatant panic in his little doll’s eyes made him even more aroused. He rubbed himself up against Richie wantonly.

Richie, any embarrassment he might normally have gone, started shaking and crying, “P-please don’t.”

“Oh fuck, keep doing that,” He panted, basically dry-humping the smaller boy at this point. He forced his lips against the others’ and invaded his mouth with his tongue.

Patrick didn’t pull away when Richie bit his tongue, he just moaned in pleasure and gave Richie’s bottom lip a sharp nip in turn, tearing the skin and filling both of their mouths with each other’s blood.

This, mixed with Richie’s faint whimpers of protest and the salty tears that had begun rolling down his cheek put Patrick over the edge and had him creaming his jeans like a twelve year old.

“God, you’re so hot when you cry.” Patrick sighed, licking a tear off of Richie’s face as it rolled down his bruised cheek.

“Why are you doing this?” Richie whispered, staring at the ceiling. At least he hadn’t been raped. Not really at least. But it was only Saturday morning and nobody expected to see him until Monday at best.

Patrick snuggled up against Richie’s side and laid his head on his chest, listening to his toy’s heartbeat, “Because I can.” He replied calmly, “It was either you or one of your little friends. You wouldn’t want me to pay a visit to one of them instead, would you?” It was an empty threat, but Richie didn’t know that. It had always been Richie that Patrick wanted. He was the perfect prey, lonely and easy to break in private but willing to put up a strong front and lie to his friends for the sake of their happiness over his. Not to mention his inherent distrust for adults ensured Patrick would go uncaught.

Richie was horrified at the thought of little Eddie-spaghetti or Bill or Stan in Patrick’s clutches. The choice was easy. He’d do anything to protect the Loser’s Club. Whatever the cost.

“You’ll be a good boy for me, won’t you doll?” Patrick purred, slipping a hand down Richie’s chest and popping the button of his jeans, “This can be good for you too if you’ll let it.”

Fearing for his friend’s safety, Richie shut his eyes tight and turned his face away from what Patrick was doing, “Fine.” He gasped, unable to fight the pleasant sensation of Patrick’s touch. It’s just biology, it doesn’t mean anything. He reminded himself.

“I want to hear you say it.” A hand was dipping into his boxers now stroking, grasping.
Richie moaned, never having had anyone touch him so personally before, “I’ll be a good boy for you!” He cried out, spilling into Patrick’s hand.

He looked over in time to watch Patrick slowly licking his hand clean. With a self-satisfied smirk, Patrick pressed their lips together in another kiss and forced Richie to taste himself on his tongue.

Richie wrinkled his nose in disgust.

“Great. I knew you’d agree. I just didn’t know you’d be so enthusiastic.”

Richie felt his cheeks flush red, yeah, Tozier. You didn’t exactly last long.

The rest of the day was spent lying in the same position, watching the old, beat-up television his parents had in the corner of the room that was stuck on just one channel. Occasionally Patrick would laugh at one of the awful stories on the news, but all in all Richie was bored out of his mind, not to mention hungry. Patrick didn’t seem to have any sense of personal comfort and entertained himself by suckling a large array of hickeys and love bites onto Richie’s neck, back, and chest. Richie would take it to his grave, but he kind of liked it. Even if Patrick was a little rough. Even if a couple of the bites started bleeding.

Night came and the moon rose to peer through the window and the eerie blue glow from the television screen cast strange shadows over their sleeping forms; Richie’s hands still bound above his head and Patrick’s head resting on his chest like some sort of massive cat. A feral cat. With rabies.

Chapter End Notes

Hopefully you already knew this fic was going to get dark when you started reading. After all, you did go see the movie, you should’ve expected this.

Please let me know what you think so far! I’m not sure you guys understand: comments are the ambrosia off of which we writers feed. Especially fanfic writers. Not to mention I just really like getting to know you guys!

Feel free to shoot me an email at antimatics@gmail.com or message me on tumblr at antimatics especially if at an point I'm not posting often enough and you feel I need a slap on the cheek to remind me!

Love you losers, Anti
Chapter Summary

In which Richie's life gets even worse.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Eddie would weep if he knew how dirty Richie was on Sunday morning. Not only did he and Patrick never get around to cleaning his wounds, but both of the messes they’d made of their boxers had dried overnight. That, combined with the natural scent that arises when two teenage boys don’t shower or brush their teeth for three days made for a very uncomfortable awakening.

Patrick was already awake, just as he had been the day before. But this time he was still sitting on the bed beside Richie, a predatory gleam in his eye as he watched him wake.

“Hey there, sleeping beauty. You look like shit.”

Richie groaned, trying to stretch but freezing as pain shot through his shoulders and arms. They’d been tied above his head all night.

“Funny, I was just about to say the same thing about you. Didn’t know they made faces in that shade of ugly, Hockstetter.” He tugged at his restraints, “Think you’ll let me get up to take a leak?”

Patrick leaned over Richie and easily untied his belt, watching with rapt attention at the way Richie hissed in pain. His shoulders were sore and stiff, scabs tearing when he brought his arms back down by his sides.

Patrick tugged Richie towards him and kissed him on the cheek, “Hurry back.”

Thoroughly creeped out, Richie slipped off the bed and limped into the hallway. He took a moment to just lean against the wall with his eyes shut. This whole thing was like a bad dream. Why was Patrick doing this? What did Richie do in a past life to deserve being molested and wounded in his mom and dad’s bed with a psychopath?

Knowing Patrick would come searching for him if he didn’t come back soon, Richie pushed himself away from the wall and into the bathroom. After he did what nature demanded, he used an old washcloth and the sink to try and scrub the worst of the mess away.

He was watching the rust-red water lazily swirl down the drain when Patrick finally decided to come bother him again.

Patrick felt a little thrill course through him when he saw the way Richie tensed up when he entered the bathroom.

“I didn’t say you could do that.” He hissed. Tearing the cloth out of Richie’s hand.

Richie flinched away from Patrick and felt the edge of the sink press against his bare back, the
cool porcelain sending goosebumps over his slight frame.

“They’re going to get infected if I don’t do something.” He tried to reason. “People are more likely to ask questions if my goddamn face starts rotting away like a zombie.”

Patrick took a moment to consider this. Then with a shrug scooped Richie up and climbed into the bathtub, clothing and all. He tucked the younger boy between his long, gangly legs and reached around him to turn on the faucet.

The tap sputtered and the pipes groaned for a moment before a flood of freezing water sprayed out. Richie yelped in shock, accidentally pressing back against Patrick’s chest. All too quickly the water became scalding hot, at which time the drain was plugged and Richie felt like he was being boiled alive like he was in a human soup.

“Hot water kills infections.” Patrick reasoned, unaffected by the rapid change in temperature. He dipped the washcloth into the water and started scrubbing away at the dried blood covering Richie’s body.

It felt like Patrick was trying his best to skin Richie alive with the ragged old towel. Every scab that had formed was ripped away and every bruise was rigorously abused. Anything deeper than a scrape started bleeding again and now it really did look like they were sitting in a human soup.

Richie scrambled to try and escape the tub as soon as he felt Patrick trying to remove Richie’s pants for him. “Of fuck no I’m not about to get molested in a fucking bathtub.”

Richie wasn’t a very strong kid. Years of malnourishment will do that to you. Patrick easily kept him in place and successfully removed his jeans and boxers, depositing them with a thud in a puddle on the bathroom floor.

“As tempting as that sounds, I’m trying to clean your jizz off your leg. We can do more fun stuff together later, I promise.”

It took longer than expected, but then against Richie had never been scrubbed down so vigorously in his life. Not to say he was necessarily clean, but by the time they’d drained the grimy water out Richie’s skin was a bright, angry red with a generous helping of dark purple hickeys and lazily bleeding cuts spread across it. The bruise on his face hadn’t really faded either.

At least he had been allowed to put on some clean clothes. He’d missed wearing shirts and had immediately wrapped himself in a thick long sleeved sweater despite it almost being summer.

Patrick had managed to get himself acceptably clean as well and had seemingly had no qualms about strutting through the hallway buck-ass naked.

Eventually Patrick commandeered a pair of his dad’s boxers (gross) and set Richie on the counter while he went in search of food.

“We don’t have anything except an expired jar of mayonnaise in the fridge and a couple packets of hot sauce.” Richie sighed, watching his tormentor poke through the barren cabinets,

Patrick growled and slammed the cabinet door shut, “Your parents don’t even keep booze around? Are they some sort of religious freaks?”

Richie snorted in bemusement, “No, they just go through it as fast as they buy it. Speaking of parents, aren’t yours going to be worried that you haven’t been home for two nights?”
It was strange, to think about Patrick Hockstetter having parents. What kind of people did they have to be to create a monster like their son?

Patrick snorted like Richie had just told a joke, “Yeah, probably. Who gives a shit though?” Patrick’s parents had become more and more smothering since his little brother had ‘vanished’. He was of the belief that a little stress would be good for them though.

_Figures. Thought Richie, I barely know what it’s like to have parents and this ungrateful fuck has two that actually manage to love him. The universe was cruel._

“Honestly it’s probably better if you don’t eat anything. I like how tiny you are, doll. And, since there’s nothing else to do…” Patrick snuck a hand under Richie’s shirt and caressed the bruises lining his ribs with all the gentleness and care of a meat tenderizer.

Perverse pleasure lit up Patrick’s eyes when Richie winced in pain and tried to move away from him. Patrick dragged Richie across the counter by his hips until their bodies were pressed together and he was able to lean in to force his lips against Richie’s.

Patrick had been Richie’s first kiss. That was depressing. His lack of expertise in this area (no matter what he might tell the rest of the Loser’s Club) created a very small pool of information to draw from, but Richie was pretty sure kissing wasn’t supposed to be this violent. Or painful. Patrick didn’t kiss so much as attack and dominate Richie’s mouth. A flurry of tongue and teeth that made him feel like he was suffocating.

His head slammed against the cabinet door behind it. Richie was vaguely aware of Patrick’s hand curled around his throat, not applying enough pressure to choke the younger boy, but just enough that he was made keenly aware of his own heartbeat thrumming in his ears.

A sound of protest escaped Richie and he placed his hands on Patrick’s shoulders, trying to shove him away. Patrick didn’t budge, he only pulled Richie impossibly closer, nails digging into the tender flesh of his lower back and thrust his hips against his.

Patrick’s breath came in short animalistic pants as he molested the other, more inexperienced teen. Whereas most boys his age would be grabbing their partner’s ass or chest, Patrick focused on all of the bruises dusting Richie’s body. He poked and prodded at them, making little aches and pains flash through Richie’s frame.

_Am I really going to lose my virginity to Patrick Hockstetter? More importantly, am I about to be raped in my own goddamn kitchen?_ Richie tried to maintain an air of neutrality. Neither pain nor pleasure. Showing either would mean letting Patrick win. That didn’t mean the occasional twitch or yelp wouldn’t escape him though, after all, Richie Tozier was a child, not a trained secret agent or something that had withstood years of torture.

Every little sound and spasm made the fucking creep more excited. Which made him rougher.

Richie had never been known for his self-control. Or sense of self-preservation. Maybe Bill or Stoic Stan would’ve lasted longer in this situation. They were smarter than him.

Richie pulled back his fist and decked Patrick as hard as he could. Which wasn’t very hard. He hadn’t eaten in two days and had the body composition of over cooked pasta. But getting punched in the face wasn’t a pleasant experience no matter who you are. Patrick pulled away slightly and grabbed his nose, a mad glint in his eye and a grin splitting his cheeks.

At some point Patrick had switched on the stovetop burner beside them. He hadn’t noticed when.
Maybe when Patrick was attempting to cook.

Patrick grabbed Richie’s offending hand and shoved it into the flame.

Agony. It was the worst pain he’d ever experienced. Like his skin was bubbling and melting off the bone.

Richie screamed. It was shrill and blood-curdling. He didn’t even know he could make that sound.

Patrick laughed.

He wrenched at his hand in vain, trying to pull it out of the fire. Eventually Patrick released his wrist, watching as Richie’s momentum sent him tumbling onto the floor.

Richie clutched his hand, tears springing to his eyes at the sheer amount of pain. The flesh hadn’t melted off, it had turned scarlet and started to blister. The edges of the wound were an unnatural shade of grey. He stared up at Patrick in shock. Everyone knew the older boy was bat shit crazy, but nobody had realized how much.

Patrick had shoved his hand into his boxers and was jerking himself off while he watched Richie cry. The sight of his little toy in such a pure state of hurt was delightful. Better than any porno he’d ever watched. Maybe even better than killing something.

“You sick fuck. What the fuck?” Richie gasped, he couldn’t feel the two last fingers of his right hand at all, the area of the burn seemed to have gone numb but a curious pain shot through the rest of his hand and arm. His headache was back. Maybe it was from the smell of his own body being grilled like a juicy steak on a goddamn barbecue.

Patrick came in his hand a shout. Carelessly, he leaned down and wiped the mess off on the sleeve of Richie’s shirt. He left the room for a few moments and came back with the pack of menthol cigarettes he’d stolen from Richie’s mom’s bedside table.

He lit one with the burner before switching it back off. He took a drag and wrinkled his nose in disgust, “Fucking cunt can’t even have good taste in smokes.” He grumbled, flicking the burning cigarette onto the floor at Richie’s feet.

Richie barely noticed, instead curling up around his injured hand on the dirty tile like some sort of kicked dog.

He didn’t know how long he was there but at some point Patrick rolled him over roughly with his foot and snapped his fingers in front of his face. He’d stolen more of his dad’s clothing – evident by the way it hung from his lanky form – and had his own wet clothes shoved under one arm.

“I’m leaving, doll. As fun as you are to play with, I want food. See you in school tomorrow. You better be there.” He grinned like they were sharing an inside joke, “Wouldn’t want anyone to miss you.”

The door slammed somewhere in the distance.

A couple hours later, Richie was alert enough to pull himself up off of the floor and thrust his hand under the cold tap. He felt numb. Emotionless. He didn’t know it at the time, but he’d look back on this moment later on and realize he’d gone into shock.

The Tozier household’s first aid kit was a fancy name for an old cardboard box containing three band aids, some expired disinfectant ointment, and a yellowed roll of gauze that might be older
than Richie himself. Oh, and a nearly empty bottle of cheap whiskey ‘for emergencies’. So maybe he’d lied about the lack of alcohol in his house. Richie was pretty certain karma wouldn’t care if it let someone like Patrick off.

Richie made do the best he could with what he had. This was a weekend of many firsts, including his first time getting drunk. Richie was pleased to find that drinking really did help numb the pain. He wrapped his hand tightly and covered the cut on his cheek with a band aid (which looked comically insufficient against the angry black bruise). Hopefully the rest could be covered by his clothing.

He tried to get some homework done but ended up staring blankly at the sheet in front of him until the words blurred and the tears made the ink on the page run together. That’s how he ended up curled up on the couch clutching the musty throw pillow his mom had placed there when she still spent time in her house and cared what it looked like.

Chapter End Notes

I was going to upload this yesterday, but by the time I’d edited it it was eleven pm and that's just too late to post! Now it's 10 and I considered not posting but I'm just too damn in love with this fic and you guys' response to it.

Please leave a comment below telling me what you liked and what you'd like to see. Seriously, the only thing that keeps me inspired is your enthusiasm and great ideas.

Next chapter Richie goes back to school and back to his friends. How will they react? Will Richie even open up to them about anything he went through? Will Patrick burn in Hell?
Two can Keep a Secret

Chapter Summary

Richie’s friends are worried about him. Richie doesn’t want them to know what happened.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was three in the morning and Richie couldn’t fall back asleep. His sleep was plagued with nightmares in which Patrick had decided to go after his friends instead of him. Their screams of pain and pleads for help had seemed so real. The threat posed in his nightmares was such a painful reality, such a very real threat that the dreams seemed more like prophecy than a figment of his imagination. Sleeping only meant facing the looming fear more directly. At least when he was awake he could try and push it aside.

It could’ve been, and might still be, his friends targeted in Richie’s place.

The thought alone – and maybe the whiskey – sent him scrambling to the bathroom to puke his guts out.

At least when Patrick was there Richie hadn’t been so trapped in his own head. He’d been forced to stay in the moment out of sheer survival instinct. If Patrick was good at anything, it was living in the moment.

And it sounded sick, Richie knew that. To know that he almost missed Patrick, after all the shit he’d just gone through. A psychologist might chock it all up to the fact that Patrick had given him all of his attention for nearly three days straight. Richie couldn’t even get his own parents to say goodnight to him when they showed up.

Pathetic, Richie wrapped his arms around himself and stared into the darkness of his living room, you’re such an attention whore that you’d rather a budding serial killer like Patrick Hockstetter molest and abuse you than be on your own for a couple hours.

He hadn’t moved when he watched the sun rise hours later and heard the birds outside start singing. An unnaturally cheery atmosphere to start a day Richie just knew he’d hate.

Part of him missed his friends and craved any kind of positive contact with another human being. Another part wished with every ounce of his being that he didn’t have to go to school and see them. Maybe he could convince himself it was a subconscious need to isolate himself in order to protect them. In reality Richie knew he was just scared they’d be able to sense the shame of what he’d done over the weekend. What he’d let Patrick do.

Forgoing a breakfast that never existed in the first place, Richie pulled himself off the couch and started getting dressed. He donned a shirt and his longest-sleeved jacket, making a mental note to burn the clothing Patrick had sullied the day before. He tried not to look at the perfect handprint staining his upper arm.
In the night blood and pus or whatever yellow substance was coming from his burned hand had leaked through the flimsy gauze and completely soiled it. Richie grimaced and tugged his sleeve over it, not having anything else to replace his bandage with.

It’d only been a couple days since he’d been at school, but it felt like he’d lived lifetimes. Richie had gained a new hatred of looking in the mirror. His reflection stared back at him with apathetic, bloodshot eyes. Nothing appeared to be healing, if anything everything looked to have gotten worse. Probably had something to do with the fact that exactly zero nutrients except maybe the iron from his own blood had entered his body since lunchtime on Friday.

Unfortunately, a couple of the hickeys Patrick had left were visible over the collar of his shirt and he was forced to employ the last of his precious first aid kit to obscure them.

His bike had been abandoned at the scene of his fall and had probably been stolen by now anyway. Richie was forced to walk to school, no easy feat on a bum ankle, but he could officially say he’d had worse.

Who knew Richie could ever feel this happy to see his friends standing by their lockers gathered around some comic book.

He took a moment to just stare at them from a distance, observing how they joked with each other and laughed. You’re not a nostalgic old man, Richie. He told himself, Get over yourself.

Shoving his hands into his pockets, he strolled up to the rest of the Loser’s Club with a cheeky grin, “Hey guys, sorry if any of your moms got home late last night, I kept ‘em real busy.”

Eddie wrinkled his nose at the vulgar joke and turned to greet his friend and probably berate him, but paused to blatantly gape at the state of Richie’s face.

“Woah, R-Richie.” Bill stuttered, “W-w-what happened to y-you?”

Stan just frowned, furrowing his brows in concern.

Richie forced a laugh, “Just got fell off my bike like a klutz. Typical, right?”

Stan frowned harder, “Did you fall of your bike straight into someone’s fist?”

“Was it Henry and his gang?” Eddie asked, trying to mentally calculate both how he could help Richie and if it was possible that Richie had anything contagious.

The bell rang and they started down the hall to their respective classes. Richie forced himself to walk normally. The other Losers really didn’t need to worry so much about him.

Richie rolled his eyes, “No, guys. Geez, don’t act so concerned. People will think you’re in love with me or something.” Technically he wasn’t lying. It had only been Patrick.

Nobody laughed, the just traded looks with each other. Bill placed a hand on his shoulder and Richie fought the urge to flinch away from him. Bill would never hurt me.

Would he?

Of course not… Right?

Oblivious to Richie’s insane conversation he’d been having with himself, Bill spoke, “Y-you can talk t-to us Richie. Y-y-you know th-that, r-right?”
“'Course I do, Dolla’ Bill. I talk to you guys all the time!” Richie grinned at his friends and offered them a salute before ducking into his first class. As soon as he turned his back the smile dropped.

Richie was used an irregular eating schedule but he’d honestly never been happier to eat a shitty school lunch. The rest of the Losers shot him strange looks while he stuffed his face during their lunch break, trying to cram as much food as possible into his mouth with his non-dominant hand. His right hand was hidden under the table and besides, moving it was far too painful to even attempt to use it.

“What’d you do this weekend?” Eddie asked. Richie froze, thinking that Eddie had been talking to him but soon realized he’d been talking to Bill.

Stan shot Richie a curious look out of the corner of his eye.

Bill shrugged and smiled wryly, “I w-was g-g-going to go l-look f-for G-G-Georgie but m-my p-parents made me s-stay indoors.”

Everyone was quiet for a moment, a sudden sadness overtaking the table. Said silence was broken when Richie was slammed face-first into his tray of food from behind.

“What’s up, Trashmouth, I’m walkin’ here.” Henry jeered.

Richie’s entire body tensed. Slowly, he wiped the ketchup off of his glasses. He didn’t want to turn around because he knew just who’d be standing with Henry and the rest of their gang. He didn’t want to, but he did. Maybe he was a masochist.

Patrick’s predatory stare bored straight into Richie. He didn’t intended to make eye contact but now that he had he couldn’t look away. Richie was a deer in the headlights.

Henry was saying something else but Richie didn’t heard him. Slowly, Patrick looked Richie up and down and licked his lips.

Richie felt cold.

Henry realized Richie wasn’t listening and grabbed the back of his jacket, wrenching Richie off of the bench and onto the cold linoleum floor of the cafeteria. Richie cried out when he fell, trying and failing to catch himself with his bad hand. Pain shot through his wrist.

“Watch your back.” Henry warned before walking away, the rest of his gang slinking after him.

Before he left, Patrick leaned down and tucked a half empty pack of cigarettes into Richie’s jacket pocket. He winked and followed after Henry.

Immediately Richie’s friends crowded around him and helped him to sit up. When Stan helped him up the gauze protecting his hand came unraveled and revealed the horror beneath.

Richie hadn’t seen the burn since he’d wrapped it. It was utterly appalling. Any surviving skin had either become blackened and shriveled or turned an unnatural flaky shade of white. Everything else was a mess of yellow blisters and what basically looked like cooked meat. He supposed it was.

Eddie scrambled away from Richie at the sight, making a strange choking sound. Bill and Stan just stared.

Richie quickly pulled his hand away and shoved it back into his pocket, looking like a cornered animal. Panic flooded his system and Richie pushed past his friends, running out of the cafeteria
and ducking into the bathroom. He locked himself in the last stall, taking a moment to lean against
the flimsy plastic door, panting.

He screwed his eyes shut, trying to get a handle on his breathing. The harder he tried though, the
harsher it got. Somewhere in the back of his mind he thought he might be hyperventilating.

Richie felt too hot all of a sudden and shoved his jacket down his shoulders, causing the pack of
cigarettes to clatter to the floor.

Someone pushed the door open, entering the restroom after him. An irrational sense of fear
enveloped Richie and his mind immediately went to the Bower’s Gang. Namely Patrick. What if
they’d come back for more now that he was on his own?

“Richie?” Stan’s calm voice called for him, “We just want to know what happened and make sure
you’re alright.”

Eddie spoke up, “You need a doctor, Richie! That looks really, really bad!”

He quickly scooped up the pack of cigarettes and noticed they weren’t his mother’s but a different
brand and what he assumed was a different type or something. A note was scrawled messily on the
back.

‘Only the best for my favorite toy.’ Was all it read. Richie felt like he needed to puke again.

Richie hurriedly left the stall, still clutching the small cardboard box. He quite literally ran into his
three best friends.

Stan put his hands on Richie’s shoulder to stop him from escaping again, “We need to talk, buddy.”

Richie reflexively jerked out of his friend’s reach and stared at the floor, swiftly pulling his jacket
back up before anyone noticed anything else they weren’t meant to see.

“Didn’t know I had such nosy friends.”

“D-do you need help, R-Richie?” Bill murmured, “D-did y-y-your dad do s-something?”

He almost laughed at the thought. Bill had hit a little too close to home on that one. Sure, his dad
hit him a few times with a beer bottle or a little slap when he was drunk and his mother had done
the same. That was nothing compared to what Patrick had done.

“No. I’m fine.” He insisted. If they kept prying things could get worse. Not only would they be in
danger, but they’d see him differently. He had no business being amongst the rest of their friend
group anymore. Richie was tainted now, dirtier than the others.

Eddie pointed towards his hand, “You’re not ‘fine’, Richie. Anyone can see that. You can’t tell us
you fell off your bike and got third degree burns!”

Richie stared coldly at Eddie, “No, I burned my hand while I was cooking,” Your hand was the
only thing that got cooked this weekend you little liar. “You guys know I’d tell you if anything
happened. Henry and his gang target us all the time. It’s old news. Why would I hide it?”

He offered another cheeky grin, trying to look like the old Richie Tozier again.

Before anyone could protest this explanation, Richie was saved by the bell and they were forced to
part ways.
Richie didn’t care how bad it got. He would never tell anyone what had happened last weekend.

Unbeknownst to any of them, Beverly Marsh had seen the entire scene in the cafeteria and heard some of what had been said between the Loser’s Club. She ducked around a corner as Richie stalked past.

Chapter End Notes

If only Richie would open up to his friends...

More Patrick in the next chapter, I promise.

Thank you guys for the overwhelming response so far. All of your comments have been lovely and amazing and they make my day. I feel like a beggar in the streets when I say this but every comment helps. I just love hearing what y'all think.

Next chapter: Will Patrick leave poor Richie alone? (Probably not)
Richie didn’t see his friends for the rest of the day but someone had left several rolls of gauze, bandages, band aids, and disinfectant in his locker. Even a little baggie labeled ‘aspirin not drugs’. He knew it had been Eddie. A warm feeling ignited in his chest as he tucked the supplies away in his bag. He wondered if Eddie knew just how grateful he was to have him as a friend.

Probably not. Richie definitely didn’t act like he appreciated any of them today. If he kept this up he’d end up losing all of his friends.

It might be better that way though. They were probably safer without Richie in their lives. 

Happier too. Imagine having to spend time with someone like you all the time.

He couldn’t bear to go back into his house. It felt… wrong to be there. It never felt like home anyways. Richie wasn’t entirely certain what a home should feel like if he was being honest, but it wasn’t how he felt about his house. No family to go back to, just bad memories and no food.

Richie felt strangely comforted by the fact that nobody would miss him if he were to go missing. It wouldn’t be like Georgie. He had nobody to worry, no one to stress out about it. No one to care.

Honestly his parents would probably throw a party. That is, if they noticed in the first place. Sometimes it felt like they’d altogether forgotten that they had a kid.

He ended up at the park, though he didn’t remember the walk. He sat on the rusted old swing set, listening to the creaking sound it made as it took his weight. It was warm outside today, the sky was clear and the flowers had bloomed. A child laughed. Somewhere in his subconscious Richie recognized all of these things but they didn’t feel real.

Everything was too cheerful. Too normal, at the very least.

Derry’s park wouldn’t win any awards. The grass was overgrown, the playground equipment was dirty and rusted. There was dog shit all over the place. Honestly Richie couldn’t understand why anyone would take their kids here.

He vaguely remembered his own mother taking him here when he’d been very little. Before she’d washed her hands of him.

As quickly as he’d come, Richie stood and left. This time he remembered the walk from the park to his house. He was painfully aware of every step. Patches of the sidewalk were cracked and little white flowers grew up through them. Weeds. Unwanted. He passed a dog chained to its yard with a stake through the lawn. It huddled against the base of a tree, vying for warmth. It growled halfheartedly as he passed.
Every step caused pain to lance through his foot, then his ankle, then all the way up his shin and into his kneecaps. The pain made his stomach hurt in a strange way. Or maybe that was from his headache.

*Or maybe you’re just weak.*

Or that.

He got home fine. At least, he was just as fine as he’d been when he’d left the park. Richie searched his pockets for his house key as he got closer.

Richie stopped before he could walk across the lawn and to the front door. His bike was leaning against the peeling paint of his house, as if it had never been left in in the street several blocks away over three days ago.

The door was unlocked when he tried it. Richie distinctly remembered locking it the very same morning.

Dread washed over him, then numbing acceptance. Whatever was going to happen was inevitable. Whatever game Patrick was playing would play out regardless if Richie wanted to participate.

The hallway beyond the door was dim. No lights were on anywhere in the house that he could see. A pair of grimy, torn sneakers had been toed off and left by the front door. In some semblance of good manners perhaps.

The tall, lanky form of one Patrick Hockstetter was sprawled over the sofa, his legs were draped over the arm rest and an arm dangled off the edge of the seat, lit cigarette in hand dangerously close to the rug. He was staring right at Richie as he stepped into the doorway.

“Sure took ya long enough.” Patrick complained, “Found your bike. It was outside some house a few blocks away. Some kid was on it, guess they fixed your tires.”

Richie entered the room cautiously, as if trying not to spook a dangerous animal. “What happened to the kid riding it?”

Patrick grinned, “Took a little spill into the street, that’s all.” The way his eyes lit up just thinking about it caused deep discomfort to settle in the pit of Richie’s stomach.

“Aren’t you gonna thank me, doll?” Patrick pouted, swinging his legs off the couch and rising into a sitting position. He patted his lap, “Come here and thank me.”

Richie didn’t move, though every ounce of his being wanted to turn and run out of the house altogether. “…Thanks.”

“Now, doll.” A dangerous edge appeared in Patrick’s tone, “We had a deal, didn’t we?” He took a slow drag of his cigarette, the little embers at the end flared with life.

He shuffled forward slowly, as soon as he was within reach Patrick grabbed his injured hand and pulled Richie into his lap, exhaling the smoke in Richie’s face.

Richie’s eyes watered and he turned his head, coughing. The cut on his cheek tingled.

Patrick smiled like Richie was the cutest thing he’d ever seen, “Here, breathe in.” He ordered, holding the cigarette up to Richie’s lips.
Eyes wide with uncertainty, Richie hesitantly did as he was told. He’d never smoked before and
the smoke that filled his lungs was cloying and bitter. His throat burned and he coughed harder,
unable to help it. Patrick watched with rapt fascination, seeing Richie in any kind of pain was
always a treat.

He leaned in close to Richie’s ear, hot breath causing the hairs to rise on the back of Richie’s neck.
“Listen up Doll, let’s make trade. If you don’t make a single sound, I won’t show up at the little
Jew’s house tonight and do something you’ll regret.” Patrick ran the pad of his thumb across the
expanse of smooth skin on Richie’s stomach, lifting the edge of his shirt.

Richie tried to pull away, “Wait what are you-“ He bit back a shriek as Patrick pressed the butt of
his cigarette into his stomach. A tear spilled down his cheek and the skin of his bottom lip split
against his teeth, but Richie stayed silent. He didn’t know what Patrick planned to do otherwise,
but he couldn’t risk it.

Patrick’s breath stuttered in excitement and he licked his lips, eyes flickering between the little
round patch he’d burned into Richie’s stomach and the way Richie’s face twisted in pain. It was
mesmerizing, the fact that his little doll had come straight into Patrick’s arms. Knowing he was
about to be hurt.

He wiped the tears away and the little smudge of blood that had stained Richie’s lips. He licked
them away from his finger, staring into Richie’s eyes.

“Good boy.” Patrick purred, flicking the cigarette butt onto the coffee table and reaching forward
to pet Richie’s hair.

“Why are you here, Patrick?” Richie asked quietly, “Why aren’t you with Henry or the others?”
Why me? He wanted to ask.

Patrick rolled his eyes, “They’re fun and all, but you – you’re all mine. I don’t have to share you. I
won’t.” He tugged Richie’s head back by his hair sharply and leaned forward to kiss his exposed
throat, sharp teeth worrying the pale skin there.

“At least buy me dinner first.” Richie grumbled half-heartedly, letting Patrick do as he pleased.

Patrick hummed, pulling back again to look Richie in the eye, “I did.”

“What?” He blinked dumbly.

“Dinner. I bought you dinner. Kind of. I brought some random food from my house.” He poked
Richie on the tip of the nose, “Can’t have my brand new plaything fading away right out of the
box, now can I?”

“…What?” Richie asked again, this time out of shock. Patrick had brought him food. Food from his
own house, of his own volition. Obviously Richie was experiencing some kind of pain-induced
fever dream.

“Are you stupid, doll? Did you hit your head harder than I thought?” Richie knocked on the side of
Richie’s head a little harder than necessary. “It’s pathetic how there’s no food in this place. You
obviously need someone to help you with basic tasks like bathing and eating.”

Richie blushed, remembering the rough way Patrick had scrubbed him down yesterday.
You shouldn’t be blushing you freak, he scolded himself, He hurt you. Nothing that happened last
weekend was by any means a pleasant experience.
“I take care of what’s mine.” Patrick continued. He poked Richie in the stomach and watched him flinch, “…For the most part.”

Richie was shoved off of Patrick’s lap and onto the couch. He watched as Patrick stood and dusted off his jeans, “Can’t stay tonight. I’ll just assume you can figure out how to place the food into your mouth own your own for now.”

“You’re leaving?” Richie hated his traitorous mouth.

Patrick reached over and pinched Richie’s cheeks, causing the scab to split, “Aww, you gonna miss me, doll? Don’t worry. I’ll come spend some quality time with you real soon.”

He left, once again slamming the door shut with a bang.

Richie ended up smoking half of the cigarettes Patrick had given him earlier. They really did help with stress. He felt a little shell shocked. Scratch that, what the hell had just happened? Was Patrick trying to be… nice to him? In his own twisted way?

He glanced down at the burn on his stomach. Patrick was decidedly very bad at being nice.

As it turned out, Patrick actually had brought over food. A grocery bag full of plastic Tupperware containers and other foodstuffs had been tossed haphazardly into the fridge. It looked like Patrick had brought Richie his family’s leftovers.

They turned out to be pretty good, even if Richie did feel a little bit like a dog being given scraps. There was no point to turning down free food. He rarely had the chance to eat home-cooked meals. He only ever had the chance if he was invited to have dinner at one of the Losers’ homes.

Richie ate his dinner – some sort of pasta – in front of the television in the living room. It wasn’t too bad, though Mrs. Uris was a much better chef. All that was on were old reruns of The Twilight Zone. That was alright, he’d always secretly loved the show.

For some reason he was in a better mood that night then he’d been in a long time. It was kind of sick, that a little display of affection – if it could be called that – had made Richie feel so much better.

He didn’t even feel bad about the new burn when he patched up his injuries with the supplies Eddie had given him. At least he had his bike back. At least he’d gotten to eat not one but two whole meals today.

At least someone had held him, even if in the end he’d gotten hurt. But he was fine, and everything was fine.

Patrick hadn’t even done anything too bad. It could’ve been worse.

Richie slept much better that night, swaddled in fresh bandages with a full stomach and a healthy dose of aspirin dulling the ache he’d almost grown used to in the past few days.

But he slept on the couch again. And the TV was still on when he drifted off. He couldn’t bring himself to walk past the door of his parent’s room. Even if it was just to get to his own bedroom. The couch was alright. It felt safe.

Richie was fine, and everything was fine.
You guys are seriously the best audience. Sorry it took a while to get this chapter out. Who knows when the next will be posted. Hopefully tomorrow. Maybe not tomorrow though. Midterms.

Remember, you comments and feedback gives me life and keeps me motivated enough to continue writing this! The only reason the last chapter even exists is because of all the lovely readers encouraging me. That said, I hope you enjoyed this. Stay tuned.
Beverly Marsh leaned against the brick wall of the school, smoking and ignoring the dirty looks random passerby would send her way. The usual. Regardless of the shit she got at school, she always made a point to show up early. Anything was better than being at home, honestly.

Now she watched as one Richie ‘Trashmouth’ Tozier rode his bike up the street and left it in the bike rack in front of her. He started past her but at the last moment she reached out and grabbed his arm, stopping him without thinking.

She just saw so much of herself in the way Richie acted yesterday and it had scared her.

Richie flinched when she gripped the bruise on his arm, not that she knew it was there in the first place. He turned to face her, raising an eyebrow, “Sorry, babe. I’ve gotta get to class. No time to ride the Richie train. Trust me, it’s a long ride.” Not his best work, but he tried.

Beverly scowled, letting go of his arm, “Shut up, asshole.” She was tempted to change her mind about talking to Richie but stopped herself.

Richie cringed, “Alright, alright. What is it?” He’d never spoken to Beverly but he knew the rumors. Everyone did.

“Are you okay, Richie?” Beverly asked directly, eyes dead serious, “Are things okay at… at home?”

Unbidden, Richie’s hand rose and touched the spot on his stomach protectively, “Yeah.” He said softly, then he snapped out of it, “Of course I am! I’ve been bangin’ Eddie’s mom all night. Why wouldn’t I be?”

Beverly frowned and glanced down at the protective way Richie held himself, “I know we don’t know each other, but you can talk to me. I know it’s hard to open up… but it helps. Before it gets any worse.”

Weakling. Needing a girl to fight your battles. She’s not really worried. She just senses your weakness.


Beverly took a slow drag from her cigarette, “Right…” She said skeptically.

Richie plucked the cigarette from her hand and stole a puff, “Appreciate the gesture though. Really do.” He turned to walk away and only made it a few steps before Eddie was hurrying up to
“Did you just smoke? A cigarette? Do you even know how many ways that could kill you?” Eddie’s words came out like vomit, all at once in a flood of stress and high anxiety.

Richie blinked, flicking the butt into the hall behind them as they walked, “Okay, and?”

Eddie stared at Richie incredulously, “And you’ll die! Forever!”

“That’s how death works, Eds.”

Eddie stopped, turning Richie to face him with a hand on his arm – Richie really wished people would stop grabbing him – Eddie frowned, “Don’t say that. Don’t act like you don’t care if something happens to you.”

But I don’t. Not really.

Richie scoffed, “It was one cigarette, Eddie. I didn’t even smoke it all. That’s not the equivalent to me writing my suicide note.”

Eddie took a deep breath, “We’re- I’m just worried about you, Richie. What happened to you last weekend? What aren’t you telling us?”

Richie smirked, “You’re right, Eds. I never told you that sometimes I visit your mom and-“

Eddie cut Richie off, “I’m being serious, Richie! You can’t treat everything like it’s a joke and pretend that things aren’t bad just because you’re making light of it!”

Richie knew he was being a dick about it. But if his friends were concerned now then imagine how they’d feel if they knew. Nobody could know what he’d let happen to him. Then Richie really wouldn’t have any friends.

They joined Stan and Bill by their lockers. Richie hated the way they stopped talking just to stare at him as he approached. The last thing he needed was the only bit of normalcy in his life to go away too. His friends couldn’t even speak to him without worrying.

Did they really think Richie was that weak?

No, because they know it.

“Hey guys.” Richie tried for a smile but it felt all wrong. Like he couldn’t remember how it was supposed to go. He felt too nervous.

Bill smiled – a real smile – and glanced at their other friends, “W-who wants to go to t-the arcade a-after school?” He offered.

Richie nearly sighed aloud in relief. It seemed like things would at least stay marginally normal for the time being. His friends still wanted to be around him, at the very least.

“I’m in.” Stan agreed.

Eddie shrugged, “My mom didn’t say I had to go straight home, so…” He gave them a thumbs up.

A genuine smile touched the corners of Richie’s mouth, “Hell yeah, sounds like a plan.”
By the time school let out and all of the students spilled out onto the lawn, Richie had almost forgotten his troubles, preoccupied with thoughts of spending time with Bill, Stan, and Eddie like he usually did.

That didn’t mean Richie’s troubles had forgotten him though.

Henry Bowers found the Loser’s Club just as Richie joined them. He pulled Richie away from his friends by the strap of his backpack, sending Richie flat on his ass.

Henry mussed Eddie’s hair, roughly cuffing the back of his head, “Well if it isn’t the faggot’s club. Do you all fuck each other, or you all in your own little faggy relationships?”

Richie flinched at the slurs, the same his own father had directed towards him on occasion. He pushed himself back up, “Why you asking, Henry? Interested in taking a ride on the Richie-express?”

Henry punched him in the nose. Fair enough, he should’ve expected that. He should’ve known better than to question Henry Bowers’ status as a straight man. Didn’t mean it didn’t hurt though.

A trickle of blood ran down over Richie’s lips. Any other day Richie wouldn’t have cared. Blood didn’t bother him at all. Neither did the pain if it meant defending his friends. But this time the metallic taste of blood made Richie stop in his tracks.

Suddenly he was tied to his parents’ bed and Patrick was forcing his tongue into Richie’s mouth. His heart thudded at the very real spike of fear he felt. Richie felt trapped, or maybe like he was freefalling from a cliff.

He took an involuntary step away from the group, eyes flitting around erratically. Then his eyes met Patrick’s, who had just appeared at Henry’s shoulder, and he felt a creeping numbness slow his heart and freeze him in place. It wasn’t the same as calming down, it was more akin to using a shot collar on an untrained puppy. He felt… reprimanded in a way.

Nobody’s supposed to know, remember? Don’t be a freak and lose your shit now.

Richie tore his eyes away and stared at the sidewalk, watching as a drop of blood fell from his face and created a tiny red stain below him. The little burn on his stomach throbbed. He placed a protective hand over it absently.

Henry and Belch ended up picked Eddie up and carried him to a nearby trashcan. Eddie shrieked and tried to escape their hold, thrashing wildly. They stuffed him in so that only his arms and legs stuck out of the top, contorted in such a way that he was unable to push himself back out.

Henry shoved Bill to the ground and sneered at Richie, “You can’t do shit to help your friends, Trashmouth. You really are useless, aren’t you? No wonder your parents don’t love you.”

Stan lunged towards Henry, fire in his eyes. Ready to defend Richie’s honor. He was easily clotheslined and forced to the ground beside Bill by Belch.

Patrick’s eyes never left Richie. Henry’s words hadn’t had the desired effect on him. Instead of winding him up, they seemed to shut him down. Richie’s face was blank and he stared resolutely at the ground, not even sparing a glance in his friends’ direction to see if they were alright.

The gang walked away, Henry aimed one last kick to Stan’s ribs. Patrick trailed behind
them but stopped uncomfortably close to Richie.

Patrick grabbed Richie by the jaw and jerked his head up to look at him, he swiped a thumb over Richie’s bloody lips and stuck it into his own mouth. He stared into Richie’s eyes, “See ya around, doll.” Patrick winked and stalked away.

That same part of Richie wanted to chase after him or ask him not to leave again. Drop to his knees and beg, if that’s what it took. Richie felt disgusted by his own thoughts and blinked rapidly, looking around for his friends.

Stan and Bill had hoisted Eddie out of the trash. Eddie looked horrified, he was quick to whip out his hand sanitizer and spread a generous amount over every inch of his exposed skin, trying not to gag in disgust.

“Are you alright?” They were asking Eddie, checking him over for any injuries they might’ve missed.

Eddie nodded and glared in the direction Henry had gone, “I’m fine. I’ll just need about a million showers when I get home. What about you guys?”

“F-fine.” Bill shrugged.

Stan nodded in agreement, “Yeah.”

*Look, Richie. They’d be just fine without you. See?*

“…Richie? Richie, are you okay?”

Oh, Eddie had gotten closer. Richie noticed belatedly, he blinked again. Nodded. *Oh shit, bad idea.* The movement of his head had caused more blood to gush down his face. He touched the bridge of his nose timidly and yanked his hand back when a sharp ache radiated through his skull. He held back a hiss of pain, “I’m all good. You know me, I’m well known for being invincible.”

From out of nowhere, Eddie produced a handful of tissues and held them against Richie’s nose gently. “Nobody’s immune to a punch in the face, Richie.” He sighed.

As Richie raised his hand to hold the tissues in place, Stan saw his opportunity. Richie’s hand that had been protecting his stomach left its place and Stan darted forward to yank the corner of his shirt up. All three of his friends gaped in shock at what they saw.

It was funny in a sad way that they thought *this* was bad. Thank God they hadn’t seen the rest of his body.

Richie dropped the tissues, hands flying down to pull his shirt back into place. “If you wanted me naked that badly all you had to do was ask, Stan.” He snapped.

Before anyone could say anything about what they’d seen, Richie had yanked his bike out of the rack and taken off down the street. Angry tears, embarrassed tears leaked down Richie’s cheeks.

*How could you let anyone see? How stupid can you get? They must be disgusted… they probably know everything now…*

He skidded to a stop outside of his house. There was a car in the driveway. Richie’s parents were home. Out of the frying pan and into the fire, it seemed.
Another chapter. I'm so happy you guys are liking this so far! Thank you for all the lovely comments and messages I've gotten on tumblr (My tumblr is antimatics). Let me know what you guys think, alright? Reading your comments makes my day tenfold. And scientists have found a direct correlation to the amount of feedback I get when I write to the number of words written. Just saying...
Next Level

Chapter Summary

Richie learns a new skill.

WARNING: non-con elements ahead.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Richie’s mom and dad sat on the couch with beer bottles in hand, watching television. He lingered in the shadows of the entry hall for a moment, watching them. Occasionally his dad would yell an insult or something suggestive at the TV and shake his nearly empty beer bottle at the screen as if threatening it. His mom seemed really out of it, bottle clutched in one hand and a menthol cigarette in the other, head lolling and looking around the room listlessly.

Empty bottles were scattered around the carpet. The shattered remnants of a particularly unfortunate bottle that looked to have been hurled at the wall lay forgotten in the corner. They had apparently gotten pizza at some point, and judging by the half-empty Tupperware containers balanced on the coffee table, they’d found the food Patrick had brought him.

Mustering what little courage he could find in himself, Richie crept through the living room toward the other hall that lead off to the bedrooms and bathroom. He tried to stay close to the wall, as if somehow that would help.

Richie actually made it to the hall just fine. Nobody even looked up though they were bound to have noticed him walk by. He was relieved to have avoided a drunken encounter with his parents, but at the same time it stung that they hadn’t even bothered to acknowledge his presence.

He slunk into his bedroom and dropped his backpack and jacket on the floor in a heap. He made sure to shut the door securely before allowing himself to flop face-first onto his bed.

Richie lay there a moment, staring at the ceiling. A small spark of worry niggled somewhere in the back of his head. Usually he’d feel angry right now. Or lonely. But he felt a curious sense of… nothing. Like a void had taken up residence in the part of his brain in which he experienced emotion. Or maybe it was acceptance. Richie was finally accepting the fact that he’d never have the same loving, caring family life that Stan and Bill and even Eddie had.

His eyes burned as if he was about to start crying, but the feeling vanished, and Richie was left dry-eyed and world-weary.

Richie had always had all As in school. Tests were always aced and homework was never late. Even if the only reason he did it was to try and block out the sound of his parents’ arguing or the crushing sense of loneliness that would creep up on him after a week or so of coming home to an empty house.

Richie, for the first time in a long time, hadn’t even started the homework he’d been assigned all the way back on Friday. In his defense Richie had been… busy these past few days.
But now he got to work and pulled his aching body up off the bed so he could retrieve his bag. There wasn’t actually much to do, some pages from the book they’d been reading in English – To Kill a Mockingbird – and a couple pages of math problems. They’d both be late, but it wasn’t like his English teacher wouldn’t really be able to tell when he read what he was supposed to and frankly his math teacher could go suck a dick.

It was nice to be distracted for a while. Even if the distractions were really damn boring. Richie felt normal for a moment and that was all he could ask for.

He was working through a particularly lengthy math problem when he first heard it. A loud bang outside his window. Maybe a bird had flown into it? He returned to the problem.

Then he heard it again. Along with the sound of his window cracking.

Richie stood and pulled back his curtains to find a grinning Patrick Hockstetter outside of his – now cracked – window. Holding a handful of rocks.

Richie unlatched and slid open his window, “You know you’re supposed to throw pebbles, right? You broke my window, asshole.”

Patrick tossed the rest of the stones into the grass at his feet and placed his hands on the windowsill so he could hoist himself through. Richie stepped away to allow Patrick to drop into his bedroom and watched as his muddy shoes left tracks on the carpet.

Immediately Patrick crowded Richie against the wall and forced him into a violent, sloppy kiss that left Richie with bruised and swollen lips. Patrick’s tongue probed Richie’s mouth intrusively for a moment before he pulled away and stepped back.

Patrick took a moment to look around the room, opening a few drawers curiously as he went. “Fuckin’ nerd.” He snorted, taking in the large Star Wars movie poster Richie had snagged from the theater and hung above his bed.

“Are you done snooping?” Richie asked irritably, crossing his arms over his chest, “What are you doing here? My parents are home.”

Patrick plopped himself down on Richie’s bed, resting his feet on the homework he’d been doing before being interrupted. “So? Just tell them I’m working on some stupid project with you. I don’t give a shit.” He glanced at the door meaningfully, “I don’t think they give one either.”

Richie felt his face flush red in a combination of anger and shame, “I’m trying to do homework.” He protested weakly.

They both knew there was nothing Richie could do or say to get Patrick out of his room. “Do it later.” Patrick scoffed.

Richie frowned, “Why can’t you just go hang out with your douchebag friends? Aren’t you sick of me yet?”

Patrick made a cooing sound akin to the noise one would make upon seeing a cute puppy or something, “Don’t sell yourself short there, Doll. You’re pretty entertaining, don’t worry. Anyways, Henry, Vic, and Belch are too soft. Dull. Boring. All they do is shove kids in the hallway or steal cigarettes from the store.”

“Trying to turn over a new leaf, Patrick?” Richie asked, knowing that wasn’t what Patrick had
meant.

He smirked, “Something like that. Now come here, Doll. Let me see that pretty face of yours.”

Richie didn’t move, at first. He was tempted to defy Patrick’s order, or maybe throw open his bedroom door and try and escape.

He didn’t do either.

Instead, Richie ended up sitting in Patrick’s lap – something that was happening all too frequently lately – and letting Patrick kiss him again. Richie was pretty sure this wasn’t what kissing was supposed to feel like. There couldn’t normally be this much teeth involved. But for some reason he was starting to enjoy it, almost. Not that he’d ever admit it.

Patrick plucked Richie’s glasses off of his face and set them on the nightstand. Now he could see Richie’s face better, and he could see the fresh bruises blossoming in the corner of each eye and the bridge of his nose.

Richie couldn’t see at all.

Patrick relished in that moment, Richie was so vulnerable in his grasp right now. He couldn’t escape, he couldn’t even see more than vague shapes and colors.

He was helpless.

Patrick could do anything he wanted to Richie right now.

Patrick got hard at the mere thought of it.

Richie felt this and squirmed uncomfortably, but didn’t try and escape. Too bad, Patrick liked it when they struggled. Though there was something particularly satisfying about the fact the Richie had accepted the situation he was in.

“We’re going to try something new.” Patrick grinned, kicking Richie’s homework to the floor with one foot.

Richie tensed up, “Really, what?”

Patrick shoved Richie off of his lap and onto the bed beside him, unbuckling his own pants, “You’re going to suck my dick.”

Richie blinked, disoriented from being moved. He propped himself up on his elbows and squinted at Patrick’s face, “Wait, what?” He tried to sit up all the way.

Patrick shoved him back down with a hand, “You heard me.” He said cruelly, “And I know you’ll be a good boy. Just like yesterday. You know what the alternative is.”

Richie couldn’t help but imagine Patrick climbing through Eddie’s bedroom window instead of his own. He flinched at the thought and nodded tentatively at Patrick, “Fine.”

Patrick pulled his erection from his boxers and placed a hand on the back of Richie’s neck, guiding him towards his crotch.

“If you use teeth, I’ll break your jaw.” Patrick mentioned casually, petting Richie’s hair like he was a dog.
Richie didn’t reply, he was busy mentally preparing himself to suck a dick for the first time. Not exactly something he’d planned on trying this soon in life. Or ever.

_Don’t lie to yourself, Richie. You’ve always known you were a fag._

Closing his eyes, Richie tried to ignore the way he shook as he took his first tentative lick. Then he cautiously took it into his mouth, wrapping his lips around Patrick and pretending he didn’t hear the moan above him.

After the initial embarrassment and fear, Richie fell into a sort of mindless routine of licking and sucking. It wasn’t as bad as he’d thought it would be, even if Patrick would occasionally (read: often) force Richie’s head down further on his dick or thrust into his mouth and cause him to gag and choke.

At one point Patrick shoved Richie down until his nose was buried in his pubic hair and just held him there. Richie sputtered and tried to pull away, hands on Patrick’s thighs trying to push himself off. He couldn’t breathe, and that fact in itself was what caused Patrick to cum. Seeing the way Richie’s face turned red and the way his body twitched involuntarily.

Patrick gasped, spilling down Richie’s throat and letting him go once he was sure he’d swallowed. Richie yanked back, coughing and sputtering. He glared at Patrick and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

“What the fuck, Patrick? You nearly suffocated me!”

Patrick tucked himself away and zipped up his pants, “Good boy, Doll. I knew you’d be good at that. Seems you’re useful for something after all.”

Richie’s face burned with shame, “Get out.” He demanded, “Please just… just leave.”

But Patrick just shook his head and laid back on Richie’s pillows, “Nah. I think I’ll stay awhile. I don’t have anything better to do.”

Richie wanted to beg, to scream. Anything to get Patrick away from him. His throat hurt. He was tired. He just wanted to be alone.

He said nothing, just grabbed his schoolwork off of the floor and his glasses from the table and tried to refocus himself on it. At some point he ended up sitting against the headboard beside Patrick, scribbling equations in a notebook while the other watched.

Patrick ended up lighting up a cigarette, which got ash in Richie’s bed but he couldn’t bring himself to complain. He just reached out occasionally and stole a drag or two wordlessly.

“Do you know what shot-gunning is?” Patrick broke the silence at some point as Richie finished off their third cigarette and put it out on the windowsill beside him absently.

Richie looked up from his work, “What?”

Patrick lit a fresh cigarette, “Here, I’ll show you.” He took a drag and leaned over, pulling Richie into a kiss. This one was gentler than the others – though Richie’s lips hurt afterwards still. He felt Patrick exhale the smoke into his mouth and felt it fill his lungs.

Richie blinked, a little shocked, and let out his breath. It felt surprisingly nice, something he hadn’t come to expect from Patrick.
He heard Patrick laugh to his right and Richie was quick to scowl at him.

“Nice, right?”

Richie shrugged, staring down at the paper in front of him, “’s alright.” He agreed.

They continued like that for a while, occasionally Patrick would lean over and shot-gun smoke into Richie’s lungs, and other times Richie would just snag his cigarette for himself. Eventually, Richie was done with all of his homework but just kept reading his book, reluctant to stop what he was doing and break the sense of peace that had settled over them.

He didn’t want Patrick to leave yet. Richie didn’t want to be alone.

Chapter End Notes

Update took forever, but I'm back. I got an A on my test, to boot. Thank you all so much for all of your comments and support on this fic. I probably would've taken even longer to update if it hadn't been for all the encouragement... and demands.

I love it all though, ever single comment and commentee. Don't be a stranger! Leave me a comment and tell me what you think so far! What was your favorite part? What do you think about Richie’s situation?
Richie woke up alone. He was disoriented at first, couldn’t figure out why he would’ve fallen asleep on top of the covers with his clothing and glasses on still. His throat hurt and his mouth tasted like smoke. He was cold.

His window was still open. The glass was cracked.

Then he remembered.

A feeling of shame overwhelmed him. He dragged himself out of bed, pointedly ignoring the small mountain of cigarette butts on his windowsill and slammed the window shut. Once again, Patrick had left the rest of his pack with Richie. Like some sort of reward for being good.

_Good Boy._

Bile rose in the back of Richie’s throat.

A shower. That’s what Richie needed. He needed to feel clean.

The water was scalding hot. It was the only way Richie could feel like he could burn the memory of Patrick off of him. No, not what Patrick had done. It was the knowledge of what Richie had done. What he’d done so willingly.

No matter how much Richie scrubbed at his skin he couldn’t rid himself of the feeling of shame that permeated his being. Boys weren’t supposed to do that with other boys. Especially psychopathic boys that got off on beating up your friends and killing animals.

There was no way Richie could’ve liked what had happened last night. There had to be something wrong with him, right?

Was he just as twisted as Patrick?

_Only thing worse than a sadistic asshole like Patrick is the person who lets him touch them like that._

Richie sank to the floor of the shower and wrapped his arms around himself. His skin was sensitive and red from the water and the way he’d been scrubbing it raw. It was pointless. Richie was dirty, but not in the way that any amount of soap could fix.

He dug his thumb into the burn on his stomach until the skin split and fresh crimson blood swirled in the drain. The pain was grounding. A feeling that wasn’t just in his head.
Lately it seemed like everything was just in Richie’s head.

School had already started. Richie was late and he knew that somewhere in the back of his mind. But he didn’t move from his place, legs pulled up against his chest and his forehead pressed against his knobby knees.

Richie supposed he was lucky. He knew he looked disgusting. Just a bag of skin and bones. Big glasses. Acne. Not to mention his shit personality.

He knew nobody else would ever have him.

He was lucky to have Patrick.

Better than having nobody.

Richie pulled himself out of the shower and toweled off haphazardly. Ultimately he just ended up tugging the same clothing from yesterday on and left the house with wet hair and the half-smoked cigarette he’d found on his bedroom carpet between his teeth.

His mother was passed out on the floor, his dad on the couch. With one cursory check to make sure they wouldn’t choke on their own vomit while he was gone, Richie slammed the front door behind him and dragged his bike off the lawn.

It was late, by Derry’s standards. Everyone who worked had already arrived and anyone who bothered with school was already regretting their choice and sitting in some musty classroom.

The streets felt like a ghost-town but for the dog in someone’s yard that howled as he rode past. Richie caught a glimpse of the mutt through the chain-link fence. A big ugly mother fucker with slobbering jowls and a heavy sock-collar around its throat. It started barking again but broke off in a sharp whine of pain when its collar activated.

Richie winced and sent an understanding nod towards the dog. He understood how it felt.

The hallways were empty. Empty. Everyone had gone to what must have been their fourth period class by now. Some small part of Richie cringed. He was usually never late to class. He’d never even ditched before. How had he lost track of time so easily?

Dumbass.

Naturally, the class that Richie walked into late was the only class he shared with Stan.

Richie entered while the teacher was mid-sentence. She paused and turned – along with the rest of the class – to stare at him as he took his seat.

“Nice of you to grace us with your presence, mister Tozier.” She said disapprovingly.

Richie shrugged, “Guess I was too busy with my orgy to check the clock. You know how those things go, right teach?”

The teacher’s eyes widened, affronted. Richie said some pretty bad things in class, but he’d taken it a little too far.

Stan shot him a glare from across the room and mouthed, “Beep, beep.”

Richie flushed and cleared his throat, “I mean, of course you don’t. My mistake.”
Never know when to stop, do ya Richie?

As expected, Richie was given detention.

He spent the remainder of class doodling in a notebook and didn’t notice the bell had rung until Stan appeared at his side and placed a hand on his shoulder. Richie jumped and looked up at the clock, “Oh, sorry.” He started packing his backpack.

“You really need to tell us what’s wrong, Richie.” Stan’s eyebrows drew together, “You’ve never acted like this before. What… what happened to your stomach? Who did that?”

That’s not true. Remember when dad hit you for the first time? Almost the same thing. Except that time you didn’t like it you sick fuck. Obviously you can’t tell him what happened. What you let happen.

Richie kept his eyes on the desk in front of him, staring at the heart and initials someone had carved into it but not really seeing them.

“Richie?” Stan prompted.

Richie’s eyes flickered up at Stan’s face and back down again, “Oh you know how it is, Stanny-boy. Puberty and stuff. Hell of a ride.” He ignored the last half of Stan’s questioning.

Some might assume you actually enjoy lying to your friends. Better than the truth though, even if it is was blatantly obvious you were lying.

Richie balled his fists in his lap, knuckles turning white.

Stan sighed, probably sick of Richie and his bullshit, “Let’s just go to lunch, alright?”

Richie took the pass being offered and jumped up from his seat, slinging his bag over one shoulder, “Sounds good to me. You know me, I can always eat.”

“Right.”

They were both thinking about how obvious it was that Richie went unfed all too often and yet denied it with every ounce of his being. They both stayed silent.

“You smell like an ashtray.” Eddie commented as soon as Stan and Richie took a seat with their lunch trays. Stan sat beside Eddie, and Richie beside Bill.

Richie rolled his eyes, “You don’t smell like a fresh daisy either, Kaspbrak.” Another lie, Eddie somehow always smelt like fresh laundry and soap. As if he was immune to the trials of every other teenage boy going through puberty.

Eddie ignored him, “You said ‘it’s only one cigarette’. Why’d you lie?”

“It was only one more cigarette.” Richie quipped, taking a bite from the suspiciously sloppy meatloaf in front of him. It was meatloaf, right? He prodded it with his fork suspiciously.

“D-Did you decide to put the first one out on your f-fucking stomach?” Bill snapped, reaching his breaking point with Richie and his evasive attitude. He barely stuttered.

Richie sneered, getting defensive, “No, I smoked it with Beverly Marsh. You know, your slutty little girlfriend?” Kind of a low blow. Everyone at the table knew Bill had a crush on Beverly. Richie should’ve kept his mouth shut. Beverly wasn’t a slut. He knew the rumors weren’t true.
Just had to burn all of your bridges, didn’t you?

Bill tensed, a dark look overtaking his features, “T-take that back.” He warned.

“Beep, beep, Richie.” Stan tried.

Eddie averted his eyes and stared at his food.

Richie kept pushing, “Or else what, Bill?” Anything to keep the attention away from what had happened to him.

Bill punched Richie in the nose.

It broke.

Anyone in the surrounding area could’ve heard the sickening crack it made, already weak from being struck by Henry. Richie’s head snapped back and hot crimson blood poured down his face.

He didn’t even make a sound.

“Good Boy.” Some sadistic part of his mind mocked.

Richie stared at Bill a moment, shocked. Bill stared back, eyes slowly widening with the realization of what he’d just done. He clutched his hand back against his chest as if that would help him take it back.

“R-R-Richie… O-oh my G-God Richie.” Bill started, panic filling his voice, “I-I’m sor-sorry! I-“

He reached towards Richie helplessly.

Richie flinched back, the pain radiating through his face was mind-numbing. Bill had hit him. Big, strong Bill who protected everyone and would never harm a fly had just broken his nose. He stumbled to his feet, forgetting his bag on the ground as he fled the cafeteria.

Don’t act so surprised. You provoked him. Anyone in their right mind would want to hit someone like you. You’re nothing but trash. This was a long time coming.

Richie ended up in the bathroom, hand cupping his nose in an attempt to contain the blood. It seemed he for forming an unfortunate habit. Running to the bathroom every time something bad happened.

He hunched over the sink, gripping the cool porcelain sides to try and regain ahold of himself. Bright blood smeared along the edges like some macabre interpretive art. Richie stared at himself in the mirror. Blood covered everything. His nose bulged to one side. The bone was obviously shattered.

It looked nothing like the movies made it look.

“Who knew that little freak was so strong?” Patrick had followed him into the bathroom this time, rather than his friends.

Richie tried to ignore the feeling of relief washing over him.

“Saw that, did you?” Richie sighed, turning on the water to try and wash the blood away.

Patrick caught his hands and turned the water off. He watched the way their hands slipped against each other, slick and red.
Richie quickly realized just how excited Patrick was getting about the blood.

His shoulders his the hard, cinder-block as Patrick slammed him against the wall. Patrick was kissing him. Tasting the blood covering his face.

Richie grunted in pain when Patrick bumped his nose. Patrick moaned lustfully and brushed against it again, loving the way Richie started to struggle and tried to push Patrick away. Patrick lapped up the blood on Richie’s face and when they kissed all Richie could taste was the strong coppery liquid. He almost gagged.

“I want you to give me a handjob with your blood.” Patrick panted when he pulled away for a brief moment.

Richie frowned, “We’d definitely get caught.” He pointed out. It didn’t even occur to him to feel disgusted or to say no to Patrick.

Patrick growled, “Rain check then, Doll.”

“Sure thing.” Richie smiled awkwardly. “So uh… someone’s bound to walk in sooner or later. Do you think we should- Ouch, fuck! What the fuck!” Richie cried out, slapping Patricks hand away from him.

Patrick had decided to grab the bridge of Richie’s nose and jerk it back into place. More or less. A stomach-churning pop echoed throughout the bathroom quickly followed by Richie’s yelp of pain.

Patrick laughed and pressed a final kiss against the corner of Richie’s mouth, tongue flickering out for one last taste of blood. “I’d put some ice on that, or something.” He shrugged before turning tail and leaving the bathroom.

Richie slid down the wall and wrapped his arms around his elbows. He felt trapped.

No more friends.

No family, not really.

Richie only had Patrick.

Chapter End Notes

It's been like five or six days since I last updated. Apologies, but thank you for all of the feedback and lovely comments regardless.

So, shit's getting pretty rough for Richie. Tell me what you think and/or what you think will happen next in the comments. Remember, a comment a day (Or more) keeps the writer's block away!
Richie was still in the bathroom when the bell rang and signaled for the end of the lunch period. He sat on the dirty tile with his back against the wall, tucked in the little alcove between the wall and sinks. It was grimy, like nobody had remembered to clean it in months.

Originally he’d intended to wash all of the drying blood off of his face and inspect his newest wound, but Richie found himself unable to drag himself to his feet. Everything felt so surreal, like a bad dream. There was no way Bill would ever hit him. Bill was too kind, the one stable presence Richie could ever have counted on in his life.

It wasn’t a dream though, the constant throbbing in his face kept on reminding him of the fact with every heartbeat. Richie should’ve known he could never be so lucky.

The door squealed on its hinges as someone entered the restroom. Richie pulled his knees against his chest and pressed himself into the wall as if he’d be able to melt into it if he tried hard enough. Maybe Patrick had decided to come back. Maybe some other member of the student body wanted to come and have a laugh at the kid who’d gotten beaten up by one of his own best friends. He didn’t want to see anyone, regardless.

It didn’t work. Today wasn’t Richie’s day it seemed.

Soft footsteps came towards him, “Richie? There you are.” Eddie spoke in a small voice, as if he was afraid speaking too loudly might cause Richie to try and run away like some sort of frightened animal.

Eddie slowly approached the huddled form of his friend and knelt in front of him so as to be at eye level. Something was clutched in Eddie’s right hand.

Richie’s backpack. Eddie had brought Richie his backpack after he’d left it behind in the cafeteria.

He snatched it away from Eddie and held it close to his chest. Richie could only imagine how bad things could’ve been if Eddie had come to him any sooner and seen him with Patrick. Seen just how soiled and dirty Richie really was.

It was wrong to be with another man. Or so everyone had told Richie his entire life. No doubt Eddie had been told the same by his own overbearing mother. She’d probably told her son horror stories of homosexual men dying of AIDs.
Richie paused his own train of thought. That was actually a good question. Patrick hadn’t really fucked him yet, but had Richie caught anything from him? If anyone was going to be carrying around diseases it’d most likely be Patrick Hockstetter. Who knew where he stuck his dick? Other than Richie’s mouth, of course.

Richie felt even dirtier now. Eddie had every right to stay as far away from him as possible.

Besides, even if his friends knew he had let another man touch him and accepted that fact, they’d never accept that it had been Patrick who’d done it. Richie would be avoided upon association.

Eddie was openly staring at Richie, “Jesus Richie. I know you don’t want to tell us what’s been going on and that’s alright for now but you have to get some kind of help. Soon enough you’ll be more blood and bruises than boy. I know you try and pretend you’re alright but…” He sighed and sat back on his feet, “I don’t want someone to hurt you so badly that you don’t bounce back, alright?”

They sat in silence for a moment. Richie let his head thump against the wall behind him and stared up at the ceiling. “Bill hit me.” He said, mostly to himself. Richie didn’t even acknowledge Eddie’s presence after he’d gotten his bag back. “I know I deserved it. Probably deserved it for a long time. I –” His voice broke, “I just never thought Bill would – or could – do something like that.”

Nobody was safe. Everyone had the ability to betray Richie and today had been his rude awakening. Whatever higher power there might be must’ve known Richie had no right to have friends. He didn’t deserve them.

“Bill didn’t mean it.” Eddie was quiet, like he was unsure if there was any modicum of truth to his own statement. “He acted on impulse. He feels really awful about it.”

Richie abruptly stood up, slinging his bag over his shoulder, “And yet you’re the only one who thought to look for me.”

Before Eddie could reply, Richie left the bathroom and slammed the door behind him. Students still lingered in the hallways, glancing at his bloodied face over their shoulders as he rushed past. Nobody seemed particularly concerned.

A teacher – one he’d never met before – stopped Richie with a hand on his shoulder. The teacher must’ve taught for a different grade or subject Richie wasn’t enrolled in. He was one of the younger teachers, maybe in his thirties. Lines were just starting to appear at the corners of his eyes and along his forehead.

Wordlessly, he led Richie into his classroom. It was empty, maybe he had a free period or something. By the looks of the room the man was some sort of science teacher. Richie sat atop one of the work tables, perched, ready to leave at a moment’s notice.

“Can I help you uh… sir?” Richie offered, fidgeting uncomfortably.

The mysterious teacher pulled his chair from behind his desk and situated it so that he could sit in front of Richie. He offered a smile. Maybe it was meant to be comforting, but Richie knew the most welcoming people – especially adults – often turned out to be the ones that could be trusted the least.

“Yes. Richie, correct?” There was that smile again.

Richie stared blankly for a moment, “Uh… yes.”
“Excellent. I’m Mr. Kaspin. Would you like to tell me what happened to your face there, Richie?”

Richie instinctively flinched away from the question. Nothing good came from people snooping around in his business. Nobody actually cared, so why should he tell them anything?

“I fell, sir.”

Mr. Kaspin’s smile became a little more uncomfortable, “We both know that’s not true, now is it? You came to school earlier this week all bruised and bloody. Must’ve been a hell of a fall.”

“That it was, sir.” It took all of Richie’s willpower not to sneer. Who did this guy think he was?

Then Mr. Kaspin said something unexpected, “Have you been getting into fights, Richie?”

He wasn’t too far from the truth but it still stung a little that this total stranger would assume he’d been a part of the problem rather than a victim. But then, Richie was a part of the problem wasn’t he?

Richie let Patrick touch him like that. Let him treat him the way he did. Richie was the one who’d egged Bill on.

Richie deserved what he got.

“No, sir.” He gave his best look of innocence, not that he was well-practiced, “I only fell. The first time I fell off my bike, then I tripped in the hallway. I’m just clumsy I guess.”

The teacher didn’t look satisfied but didn’t push for details, “Alright, it’s just that I’d hate to see such a bright young mind wasted.”

But Richie wasn’t that bright. So what if he got a couple good grades? His brain was sick and twisted and damaged. He couldn’t even talk without feeling his sore throat from the way Patrick had used him. He couldn’t blink with his bruises throbbing.

He couldn’t think without thinking about Patrick and feeling ashamed of the way Patrick made him feel. Richie was wrong in every conceivable way. There was nothing bright inside of him. Not anymore.

Richie slid off the desk, “Can I go now, sir?”

Mr. Kaspin pursed his lips, “I suppose so.”

Nothing more was said between them and the door shut with a gentle thud as Richie left the classroom. Richie didn’t stop there, he walked straight out of that classroom and kept walking until he was out of the school and riding his bike home.

The blood had started itching as it dried and seeped into every pore on Richie’s face. He’d have to throw his shirt away, for it was surely stained beyond repair and beside that Richie didn’t think he could look at it even if it did come clean. The shirt he was wearing when Bill broke his nose.

Maybe there are defining moments in each person’s life that shape who they are. Snapshots that are key to sculpting their personality. Richie felt like he may have gone through several of these moments in the past week alone. This was the week Richie Tozier became an entirely different person.

The first snapshot might’ve been the moment Patrick tied him to his parents’ bed. Maybe the next
would be when Patrick fried Richie’s hand. The moment Bill’s fist had connected with his face would be one as well.

But ultimately they all came together as one epiphany Richie had arrived at. Richie didn’t deserve to be loved by people as pure and loving as the rest of the Loser’s Club. He was tainted to the very core and he ruined everything he touched.

He’d driven poor Bill to hurt him against his better nature. That was all on Richie.

His own parents must know how disgusting their son was. That was why they didn’t want anything to do with him and couldn’t bear to be in his vicinity, and when they were they had to get blackout drunk just to tolerate him.

Richie deserved Patrick maybe. He couldn’t taint Patrick like he could everyone else. Patrick had his own darkness, different from Richie’s but compatible somehow. Patrick was the one constant in his life. Sure, he knew his friends might try and be there for him but at what cost? Originally this had started as Richie not wanting Patrick to get to them but now he was starting to realize that he couldn’t allow himself to get to them.

Sure, Patrick hit and hurt Richie a lot worse than Bill but Richie knew to expect that from the older boy. Patrick was consistent.

Maybe it would be better for everyone if Richie kept his distance.

The house was cold as Richie entered it. Cold and smelling of stale cigarette smoke and too much beer. The house was also empty, and his parents appeared to have left while he was at school. Empty cans and glass bottles attempted to obscure the faded carpet surrounding the couch. The pizza box on the coffee table still had a stale slice inside and the television was still on.

It was like they’d just gotten bored and walked out the front door.

Richie frowned and gingerly sat on the edge of the couch. He forced himself to eat the piece of pizza because it wasn’t really that old and he knew there was no other food in the house. It tasted bland, though that probably wasn’t any fault of the pizzeria. Richie’s own thoughts put a metallic taste on his tongue that obscured anything else.

He sat awhile and stared unseeing at the screen. An ad for Coca Cola played, all bright reds and smiling faces. It reminded him of the state of his own face.

Richie trudged into the bathroom and held a washcloth under the faucet for a moment to get it wet. Not once did he look at himself in the mirror. He sat on the closed toilet seat and pressed the cloth against his face.

He just held it there for a moment, some strange sense of exauhstion made him too weary to move. Then something inside Richie shook loose and he started scrubbing at his face and neck vigorously, desperate to feel clean.

Flakes of blood fell away and settled around Richie’s shoes. The white cloth had turned pink. He only stopped when his face felt too raw to touch and his broken nose started trickling blood from being agitated.

Richie threw the washcloth away from him and fled from the bathroom. He ran into his room and threw himself into bed. The blood on his shirt left a faint pink outline on his white sheets.

Without thinking about it, Richie dragged the tee shirt over his head and threw it on the floor. He
huddled under the covers and let the tears spill down his cheeks.

Once they started they wouldn’t stop and soon enough Richie was sobbing into the mattress with the covers over his head. He clutched his pillow to his chest. He’d thought he knew loneliness before but it was nothing like how he felt now.

Richie didn’t know how long he stayed like that, but eventually the tears ran out and so did the daylight. He felt like a girl, crying in his room like he’d just been dumped or something.

Richie slowly worked up the strength to peel back his blankets and sit up. The room was dim, the sun had just finished setting, but he still recognized the figure leaning against his doorframe and watching him.

“Patrick.” Richie sighed, he was too drained for this, “Figures you’d show up again.”

Patrick smiled, his teeth glinting in the darkness, “Rain check, remember? We made a deal, Doll.”

Chapter End Notes

Dear god it took me a while to get this update out but expect a lot more coming soon! I was just on a little hiatus I suppose. Still amazed at all of the love and positive feedback with this fic, many thanks. Please feel free to leave a comment or two especially if you don't see me update for a while and want to give me the kick in the ass I need to update.

Next chapter is a lot more Patrick, I assure you.
A Dream-Like Haze

Chapter Summary

Warnings for non-con and drug use.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Richie rolled his eyes, “Alright, whatever. I don’t care anymore.”

Patrick grinned and came over to stretch out on the bed beside Richie, “Good. Caring is overrated.” He tugged his belt out of its loops and popped the button on his jeans.

“Are you still expecting a handjob with my blood?” Richie asked petulantly, “Because I can deliver on that but I might pass out in the middle of it.”

Patrick shoved his pants off his hips, “Fine by me, but I’ll also accept you using your mouth and that pretty little hand I held in the flames.”

And that’s what Richie did. His hand had barely scabbed over properly and the friction made it start to peel and ooze blood and puss. Patrick loved everything about it, seeing Richie in pain, seeing the way he’d mangled Richie’s hand, the way the broken scabs felt against his skin. The way Richie tried not to gag when he thrust upwards and he was forced to taste his own blood mixing with the taste of Patrick.

As usual, his mother had left a small amount of cash on the kitchen counter for Richie to use sparingly while they were gone. He never knew how long it was going to be, a week or a month. He pocketed it while grabbing a glass of water. Patrick was still in Richie’s bedroom, probably burning a hole through the sheets with a cigarette or something. He grabbed a small decorative plate from its display in the dining room. A memento from when his mother still cared.

Richie gargled the water and spit it in the sink, trying to cleanse his mouth of the salty-metallic taste permeating it. It didn’t help much, but at least he had the chance to run his burning hand under cool water and wrap it in a dish towel.

Disgusting little whore. Look what you let him do to you… again.

Grabbing his glass of water, Richie almost left but stopped when he saw bright orange out of the corner of his eye. Pill bottles, like the kind Eddie always carried around in his little fanny pack. Several of them, all at least a third full. His parents must have left them on accident.

Against his better judgement, Richie snatched the first one up, opened it, and shook two small tablets into the palm of his hand. He took it before he even checked the label. Unsurprisingly, the prescription wasn’t to either of his parents. Valium. He wasn’t sure what that did but he supposed he was about to find out. Didn’t really matter, as long as it helped his brain shut up. Maybe it would even help with his pain.

He tucked the rest of the bottles into the cupboard and wandered back into his bedroom. Patrick was still there, lounging against his headboard like a permanent fixture, cigarette in hand. There
was ash in his bed, but couldn’t find it in himself to care.

Richie tossed the plate towards Patrick, “Makeshift ashtray.” He offered, slumping back into his place on the bed.

Patrick defiantly put the cigarette out against the wall. Typical. Richie grabbed it from him half-heartedly and set it on the plate.

“Got anymore?” Richie held a hand out expectantly. Patrick dug a new pack from his pockets and gave it to him. “Where’d you steal this one from?” He asked, opening it and lighting up.

“Mrs. Wilton’s purse.” Patrick snickered, “Old hag also had a pack of birth control and condoms in there. Wishful thinking I guess.” He wiggled his eyebrows suggestively, “Didn’t think we’d be needing those.”

Richie blew smoke in Patrick’s face, “No, you’d like it if I caught something from you, wouldn’t you?”

“Of course I would, don’t be an idiot.” Patrick leered at Richie and snatched the cigarette away from him. He took a drag and grabbed Richie by the hair, leaning forward to crush their mouths together. Patrick’s lips were bruising, but the way he breathed the thick smoke back into Richie’s mouth and lungs was – as Richie was reluctant to admit – pleasant.

Patrick kissed him for a while, never one to be shy about groping Richie as he did so. Richie squirmed away from the first few touches but after a while he felt himself becoming more and more relaxed. Eventually his brain was too fuzzy to even really process the fact that Patrick was touching him.

Noticing that Richie was less responsive than before, Patrick pulled away. Granted, it took him a little longer than it should’ve to pause his assault on Richie’s lips.

He stared at Richie, fascinated. Richie was basically limp in the bed, like a ragdoll. Patrick none too gently slapped Richie’s cheek to try and get him to pay attention, “Did you take something, Doll?”

Richie smiled tiredly, “Some pills...” He sighed, thinking for a moment – every time a thought would start to form in his mind it would dissolve like a wisp of cloud. “I think it was called Valium or something?” He jerked his shoulders in an aborted attempt at a shrug, “’s good.”

Patrick snorted and rubbed his thumb over Richie’s lower lip, loving how helpless and willing his little doll was. “I’m sure it is. Look at you, you’re like a real doll now.”

“Oh, that’s nice.” Richie laughed a little, everything felt much better than it usually did when Patrick was touching him. In fact, everything in general felt better than it had in the past week. His problems with his friends, his parents, they just slipped away into the depths of his mind.

Somewhere in Richie’s brain he realized Patrick was taking Richie’s pants off of him. He couldn’t find a reason to care though, he knew Patrick wouldn’t kill him or hurt him too badly. As long as Richie was entertaining enough to keep around.

Patrick flipped Richie over onto his stomach and tossed his pants into a corner of the room. Richie whimpered slightly when his nose bumped into the mattress. He grabbed Richie’s hips and took a moment to appreciate how they felt in his hands. Patrick leaned in close to Richie’s ear, “I’m going to take your virginity right now.”
Richie nuzzled into his pillow and hummed idly, “’mkay.”

“Okay?” Patrick knew Richie was inebriated but he still expected some sort of protest. He nodded, “Sure, Patrick… ‘s not like I didn’t expect it at some point.”

Patrick didn’t push the matter, if his little doll wasn’t going to complain then he wasn’t going to either.

The finer details of gay sex were a complete mystery to Patrick. There wasn’t much information to be found in a place like Derry and Patrick wasn’t the sort of person to check in the first place. Even if Patrick had known he was supposed to prepare someone to have anal sex, it was doubtful he would’ve heeded that advice.

Valium is a muscle relaxer. But no amount of muscle relaxant could really prepare anyone – let alone a virgin – to be penetrated in such a way. Richie mewed in pain as Patrick pressed into him, making weak attempts to crawl away from the source of his pain.

Patrick loved it and grabbed Richie by the shoulders, shoving him face-first into the pillow. He’d never felt anything this tight, it was almost painful. But in a good way. He wrapped his hands around Richie’s waist as he slammed himself forward, savoring the small, nearly inaudible cries of pain below him.

His grip on Richie’s soft, pale skin was brutal. The movement of his hips caused several of Richie’s smaller cuts along his back and ribs to open up. Patrick licked a long stripe from the base of Richie’s spine to his neck, where he started leaving a trail of dark bites.

Richie made a small squeak of pain his every thrust, but aside from that and a bit of discomfort below the waist, Richie was in another world. Everything seemed to matter less there and everything seemed easier to deal with. So what his parents didn’t love him? And so what his friends were all going to abandon him? There was no reason to care about anything, not really.

Eventually Patrick came and the strange pain below his waist dulled a bit, though it never went away. Patrick pulled his own pants back up and ruffled Richie’s hair, “Thanks, Doll.” Then he left through the window.

And the only sign he’d been there was the freshly opened pack of cigarettes on the pillow beside Richie and the come slowly leaking out of his ass.

Richie fell asleep, too tired to move from his position.

When he woke up he was still there, with his underwear around his knees and his naked ass facing the heavens. All Richie could do was stare dully at the wall across from him, of course Patrick had fucked him while he was on drugs for the first time. He shouldn’t be surprised or even upset about the fact that he’d – for all intents and purposes – just been raped in his own bed by Patrick Hockstetter. It was just the next logical step in their fucked up relationship.

Richie resolved not to go to school that day. Sure, he probably wasn’t going to speak to his friends anyways but even the idea of seeing them and knowing what he’d let Patrick do was unbearable. Getting it up the ass from the school psychopath was on an entirely different level than giving him a blowjob.
Though it was a disgusting reminder of what had happened, Richie couldn’t help but be grateful for Patrick’s habit of leaving cigarettes behind when he left. Patrick probably considered it some sort of payment for Richie’s ‘services’ but in the end it didn’t really matter.

Cigarette between his teeth, Richie decided it was time to suck it up and get over himself. Richie had let Patrick do these things, he shouldn’t be surprised that it hurt the next morning. He stood up and limped to the bathroom for a shower.

Chapter End Notes

So, times are a little rough and it's been difficult to justify spending a significant amount of time on my writing. I don't mean to sound like a beggar but if you guys would like to help support me and my current and future works then please consider becoming a Patreon - https://www.patreon.com/antimatics

I'll be giving Patreons early access to new chapters and taking fic requests. Obviously you don't have to become a Patreon, I'm not trying to exploit anything here.

Anyways, thank you so much for reading. I really hope you enjoyed this chapter and the story so far! Please leave a comment letting me know what you think. Comments are my one true love.
Broken Wings

Chapter Summary

Little Richie falls further down the rabbit hole.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The days bled together.

Richie didn’t go to school for a while. He wasn’t sure how long, and he didn’t care enough to check. Nobody checked in on him. Maybe they hadn’t noticed his absence in the first place. He spent the time idly spacing out in front of the tv or sometimes just staring out the window, not really seeing, just thinking. He tried the rest of the pills he’d found on the counter. Ritalin, Cylert, and Xanax. He’d heard a couple people mention Xanax before, but Richie had never heard of the other two. It was impressive how many prescription pills his mother had gotten ahold of actually. The one thing she’d done that Richie could ever look up to her for.

The Ritalin had made him feel good. Great, actually. Better than he could remember feeling in a long time. The Cylert was similar, it made him happier and quieted his brain enough that he was able to stand being alone with himself. Xanax relaxed the parts of him that didn’t seem to quiet on their own. In the moments he was high, he didn’t feel as alone. When he was high Richie didn’t feel scared anymore – not that he’d ever admit to feeling scared when he was sober.

But the absence of the high was so much worse than things had been before the pills. Richie couldn’t stand being sober for more than a couple hours at a time, and during those times he had to smoke like a chimney to keep from going off the rails entirely.

Nervous ticks had developed that Richie had never dealt with before. He couldn’t imagine they could have developed in such a short amount of time but then again what did he know about psychology? Maybe Richie was just weaker than most people. It made sense that he would lose his self-control so easily when he couldn’t even control what little amount of life he had in the first place.

Every time a scab formed over one of his wounds he would rip it off without even realizing he’d made the choice to do so. Even after they were raw and weeping, Richie couldn’t help but dig his fingers into them, watching without really realizing what he was doing as they began to bleed anew. There was a sense of peace when he watched the fresh, clean blood flowing from an old wound.

Richie knew he looked bad. He hadn’t left the couch except to use the restroom in days. Cigarette butts and the occasional stray pill littered the floor around him. Maybe one of his friends would have said he looked like his parents if they could see him. But the truth was that Richie had reached a point of acceptance.

He knew what he was now. One night he took a few extra pills and had a moment of clarity. He was dirty, one of those people who were born into the filthy shadows of the world and never left. Couldn’t leave. Richie was only embracing the lifestyle. Richie had accepted his lot in
life now, he struggled with it before but he’d made his peace. There was no point in bitching and moaning about life ‘not being fair’. There was nobody who cared to listen anyhow.

Richie missed Patrick. It was strange to realize that he’d stop and check at the smallest sound to see if Patrick had come back to the house. But Patrick meant human contact at this point, the only human that wanted to be in contact with Richie it seemed.

When he caught himself looking for Patrick shame would cloud his thoughts and he’d shove a cigarette in his mouth to distract himself from the growing longing for attention from another person. That was if either of them could be considered a person anymore.

And Richie had meant to do just that one evening when he realized he’d finally run out of cigarettes to distract himself with. Irrational fear suddenly made him feel cold. One of his crutches for blocking out reality had vanished all of a sudden. The simple routine Richie had fallen into was shattered in a single moment.

His chest tightened, as if someone held his lungs in cold, vice-like hands. All he could hear was his own quickening breath, heavy to his own ears. Richie had two options: leave the house and maybe shoplift a pack or two from the convenience store or stay inside and go cold turkey for however long it took for Patrick or his parents to give him access to another smoke.

The choice between going without one of his new vices or rejoining society gave him anxiety like nothing else ever had. But the choice was grudgingly obvious – it was time to leave the house.

It was inevitable anyways, he reasoned as he heaved himself up off the couch, abandoning the nice little crater that his curled up form had made in the stained, threadbare cushions.

He didn’t bother to change, just picked a random coat from up off the floor – judging by the size it must have been his dad’s – and wrapped himself in it before tugging his shoes on and heading outside. The light was blinding after being inside with the curtains drawn for so long, he felt like he’d been living in a cave his entire life up until now. Pulling the jacket tighter around his rail-thin shoulders, letting the sleeves cover the yellowing bandages wrapped around his hand.

*Definitely forgot to clean those – then again you can’t even manage regular bathing so nobody’s surprised there.*

Richie slowly heaved his bike up off the ground and climbed onto it with all the grace of a ninety year old. Every part of his body seemed to groan in protest when he started peddling and he only managed to keep his balance for a couple feet before he went toppling into the grass. A lack of eating and an excess of drugs will do that to you he supposed, rolling over to stare up at the sky.

He could just stay there, in the dirt. Let himself decay into nothing but food for the worms and the maggots, at least then he’d serve a purpose, do some good for once.

Maybe later, for now the mindless drive to quell his new addiction drove Richie to his feet again, and he set off on foot to find some smokes, unwilling to attempt his bike again.

There store was crowded. Well, crowded for a place like Derry, where seeing over three different people in a store was considered the equivalent of a throng of Black Friday shoppers anywhere else in the world.

The amount of people was ideal for what Richie had planned, enough people to keep the cashier’s attention occupied but not enough that they had to call in more employees to manage the amount of customers.
So nobody noticed as Richie circled the tiny store with a single candy bar clutched in his hand, pretending to check labels and search for groceries, all the while tucking the occasional smaller item into his jacket.

Richie made it to the counter, candy bar in hand, with zero difficulty. He had thought shoplifting would be harder than that but then again he may have been overestimating how much the cashier, a bored looking teenage girl a few years above him, actually cared whether or not he was stealing.

Originally he’d only planned to steal a pack of cigarettes but once he was inside the store and had set eyes on actual food for the first time in days his stomach made sure to remind him what he was missing.

So here he was, at the counter with nothing but a single chocolate bar and a coat full of food. And he hadn’t even tried to steal the cigs from their little display on the counter in front of him yet.

The girl looked up from her magazine as he set his candy on the counter, “Will that be all?” She asked, her chewing gum smacking annoyingly as she blew a bubble with it.

Richie tried for a smile but couldn’t manage anything more than an uncomfortable grimace, “Yes, thanks.” And woah, maybe he hadn’t spoken in a while, a long while, but he didn’t expect the way his voice sounded. As if he was a lifelong chain smoker who had never had a drink of water in their life.

*Isn’t that exactly what you’ve been doing this past week? Treating yourself like the garbage you are?*

Valid point.

The girl pursed her lips, disgust tinging her features as she looked at him and his countenance, a dirty boy in ill-fitting, stained clothes, cracked glasses, covered in bruises and sounding like a monster from a B-horror film.

“That’ll be seventy five cents…” She paused to look him up and down again, “Do you have the money?”

Richie scowled, jaw tightening as he dug around in his pockets for the loose change he’d managed to collect from the filthy corners of his house. He let it spill across the counter and took no small amount of satisfaction from watching the girl gingerly count out the required amount of money, trying to touch the money as little as possible. A couple coins had rolled off of the counter and as she bent to retrieve them Richie snatched three packages of cigarettes and stuffed them into his pockets.

The girl gave him a sickly sweet smile and dumped the change back onto the counter before him, “You’re short five cents. Sorry, Sir.”

Richie rolled his eyes and made to collect the small pile of coins when a hand reached past him and set a nickel on top of the pile.

“You must have dropped this, too.” The stranger said, and Richie turned to see a dark-skinned boy around his age in line behind him, smiling down at him.

Richie vaguely recalled that this might be the strange, home-schooled boy some people in his school liked to make fun of. Mark something? It didn’t matter. Had he seen Richie stealing the smokes off the display just moments before? But then why hadn’t he said anything?
“Thanks…” Richie offered, eying the boy suspiciously.

The girl rolled her eyes and dumped the coins into the register, “Do you need a receipt?”

Richie just shook his head and grabbed the candy bar, fleeing the store as soon as possible before anyone could say anything else. The girl called after him to ‘have a nice day’ without the barest hint of sincerity in her voice. He made it out of the parking lot and a couple yards down the street before he was interrupted by a hand on his shoulder.

“Hey.”

Richie flinched at the contact and wheeled around, causing his stolen goods from the store to go cascading out of his jacket and across the sidewalk and into the street. Richie froze in fear, locking eyes with the same boy from the store before dropping to the ground and frantically trying to regather his loot.

“I’m so sorry!” The boy dropped down besides Richie and gathered the last few items Richie had yet to shove back into his jacket. A can of Spaghetti-O’s and… a bottle of lubricant. Something Richie had grabbed on impulse in the hope that Patrick might let him use it next time, but was just now realizing how stupid that was and how disgusting and incriminating it looked to have on his person. Patrick wouldn’t care if Richie asked him to use it and the very fact that he’d grabbed it was proof of how disgusting and depraved Richie must truly be. The bottle’s very existence was proof that Richie had enjoyed what Patrick had done.

Richie’s entire body started shaking in fear and anxiety. Someone knew, he thought irrationally, and now everyone will know. They’ll know the disgusting things Richie had had done to him.

*Can you even imagine what he must think of you?*

He scrambled back to his feet and took a hesitant step backwards like a cornered animal.

“I uh... I didn’t mean to scare you.” The boy tried to hand Richie’s items back to him but dropped his hands in defeat when it became apparent Richie wasn’t going to take them back, “My name’s Mike. Mike Hanlon. What’s yours?”

Richie remained silent, the only sign of life his shaking hands held close to his belly as if shielding himself.

The boy – Mike – smiled, “Do you need help getting your things home? I only had to grab a couple things so it’s really no trouble. I’m not expected home for a while at least.”

The thought of this stranger, this stranger who knew his secret – could know his secret – knowing where he lived and seeing the state of his house was enough to kick Richie back into gear and send him fleeing down the street as fast as his legs could carry him.

He left Mike standing there, Spaghetti-O’s and lube in hand.

**Chapter End Notes**

And thus ends the longest hiatus ever. But alas I have returned! And, in the case of my inevitable disappearance - please feel free to come yell at me for slacking off on my Tumblr! Coincidentally my Tumblr is also @ antimatics and I love nothing more than
when you dark little darlings message me to chat. Seriously, unless you message me I won't really end up talking to another human being, so please leave me some comments, questions, and insights below, and message me on Tumblr!
Love you sickly sweet little things.
His parents’ car was in the driveway when he got back – as if things weren’t difficult enough right now. Tucking his bike back along the side of the house under his bedroom window, Richie slid his fingers under the edge and opened it just enough to be able to scramble through and deposit his small pile of food and cigarettes underneath his bed.

Though he couldn’t admit it, even to himself, he had left the window unlatched in the hopes that Patrick might come back at some point to relieve him of his loneliness.

_You don’t even try to hide the fact that you’re a dirty little whore, do you?_

Richie took a moment to stay seated on the floor, head resting on the side of his bed. He closed his eyes and clutched his hands to his chest, trying and failing to quell the tremors running through them. As long as he didn’t engage either of his parents in conversation or show his face, more often than not they seemed to forget he was there. With any luck, they’d come and go without once considering where their fuck-up son – and more importantly where their drugs – had ended up.

Richie had never considered himself very lucky. He shouldn’t have expected he’d catch a break this time.

Something crashed in another room, maybe someone had accidentally dropped a plate or something – but it was never that simple in this house. A broken plate was never just a broken plate.

Then came the shouting, his mom and dad seemingly having a competition over who could create more volume than the other. The walls were thin in this house, it was no strain of the ears to hear what they were screeching about.

Dad thought mom was a stupid, clumsy bitch. Mom thought dad was a good for nothing dead-beat asshole. They both blamed the other for their problems. Too many bills, not enough money, food, or booze, and who lost those damn expensive pills? Each one hated the other but they both blamed that damn kid for being the root of all evil in their lives.

If it wasn’t for him they’d be successful, in love, and on a fucking beach in Cabo maybe.

It stung to hear but Richie knew they were probably right. His presence seemed to leave a black stain on the lives of those around him.

When footsteps started down the hall towards his room following the sentiment ‘Where is that little bastard?’ Richie knew it was time to get the hell out of dodge.
He just managed to wrench the window up and open when his door crashed open and his dad staggered through. Bloodshot eyes landed on his son trying to escape and he bared stained yellow teeth, “Where do you think you’re going, brat?” He lunged to grab Richie as Richie dove through the window.

A clammy, vice-like hand caught his ankle and tugged him back, causing Richie’s chin to slam into the siding of the house as his dad attempted to drag him back inside. His ankle stung as nails bit into the flesh but he managed to twist around in the grip like some kind of feral animal and break his dad’s hold on him. Something in his ankle moved the wrong way and stretched a little too far. There was no time to worry about that now and no time to pull his bike from the bushes.

Richie dragged himself to his feet and scrambled away from the house without looking back. Running felt like the worst idea in the world right now but anything was better than staying in that house.

Though there was nowhere to go now.

It was getting darker and his body was beginning to ache – too many things were hurting and it had been far too long since he’d had anything to help numb his brain. The houses on either side of the street cast long shadows across the street. The wind bit at the wounds on his face and each step felt like his foot was becoming more and more likely to break away from his leg.

Maybe Richie wasn’t meant to be here. Alive. In the world in general. Take your pick.

It didn’t seem to be going so well lately, though it never seemed to go that well before. Even before this shit show his parents were just as awful and everyone, including his best friends seemed bothered by his presence.

Not that he blamed them, if he had to listen to some asshole constantly making crude and meaningless jokes at the expense of others he’d probably hate them too. And he did. Hate himself, that is.

It was easy to.

Richie didn’t know where he was going. It didn’t matter, really. Nothing did.

He hadn’t had a destination in mind when he’d left but when his feet stopped and he looked up he found himself standing outside of the Hockstetter family’s house. Warm yellow light shone out from the windows and cast cheerful shadows across a well-loved lawn and flower bed.

Maybe it was the stupidest thing he’d ever done but Richie couldn’t bring himself to give a fuck anymore about how stupid he was and what his so-called ‘friends’ might think about Richie running to Patrick fucking Hockstetter for comfort. They weren’t here, and the only person that had been there lately was Patrick.

So Richie knocked on the front door and stood awkwardly with his hands stuffed into his pockets as he waited for someone to answer.

For some reason he hadn’t expected anyone other than Patrick himself to answer and found himself at a loss for words when Mrs. Hockstetter pulled the door open and greeted him. Logically, he’d known that Patrick had a family and lived with his parents but it seemed out of place somehow to see actual evidence of the fact.

Mrs. Hockstetter offered him a surprisingly kind smile, “Hello, can I help you, dear?”
Richie cleared his throat and looked down to his feet, shuffling awkwardly in place and fighting the sudden desire to flee down the street and into the darkness. “H-hello, sorry to bother you so late.” He glanced up at her kind face again before looking away again, “Is Patrick home? I’m a… friend from school.”

Something in her eyes changed at that statement and she suddenly seemed a little less warm and seemed to stare and the numerous cuts and bruises littering Richie’s rail-thin form. Richie was all of a sudden keenly aware of the blood slowly dripping down his neck from the cut on his chin. “Yes,” She smiled again – a different smile with thin lips and it didn’t reach her eyes, “I’ll tell him you’re here.” She stepped away from the entrance and waved him inside, “Come inside, dear. It’s freezing out there. We wouldn’t want you to catch cold.”

They both seemed to know that was the least of his worries.

Richie let her usher him inside and stood in the entrance hall while she disappeared into the next room. The house was warm and brightly lit, decorated nicely with little knick-knacks and a nice rug by the front door. Three pairs of shoes were lined neatly by the entrance. It reminded Richie strangely of Bill’s house.

The similarities felt strange. Somehow Richie had expected Patrick to live in a house sort of like his. That they’d had that in common at least. He’d convinced himself that it was a family like his that led to broken people and that maybe Patrick had grown up like that too.

Of course Patrick had a loving family. Everyone else in Derry seemed to but Richie. Richie was fucked up in his very own unique way. It made sense.

The sound of silverware being set down in the other room drew his attention and Richie realized that they’d been trying to eat dinner together when he’d rudely interrupted them.

Just another thing his presence ruined.

Patrick strolled into the hall and his eyes lit up when he saw Richie standing in his home.

He grabbed Richie’s face roughly in his hands and forced Richie into a brutal kiss that left the taste of blood in Richie’s mouth and made the wounds on his face throb.

Richie let Patrick kiss him but tensed up at the thought of either of his parents witnessing what was happening. Most people in this town weren’t all that happy about the idea of boys kissing each other.

Eventually Patrick pulled away, “What’re you doing here, Doll? Did you miss me or something?” He gripped Richie’s chin to make him look up at him. Maybe an endearing gesture from anyone else, but Patrick’s hold was only meant to cause a little extra pain and remind Richie of the brand new wound he was sporting. One that Patrick hadn’t gotten to have the pleasure of putting there.

Richie smiled weakly and kept his eyes on the ground, fighting the urge to flinch away or pull back, “Something like that. My dad was trying to beat the shit out of me and I didn’t know where to go.” He felt his face heat up in embarrassment, “I ended up here.”

Patrick licked his lips and grabbed Richie by the arm, tugging him against his side in a hold that was nothing but purely possessive in nature, “Of course you did. You know you’re mine and you know where you belong.” His blood that had gotten on Patrick’s hand ended up smeared across the shoulder of Richie’s jacket.
Richie looked up at that, meeting Patrick’s eyes. Did he really mean that? Did Richie actually belong somewhere? Nobody had ever told him anything like that before. “Yeah, I do.” He responded quietly.

Patrick pulled Richie down the hall by his arm, “Come on, I’ll show you my bed.”

Richie let himself be dragged and tried his best not to limp and reveal his other recent injury. He couldn’t help but stare at the room they passed on their way. The door way slightly ajar and he could see the edge of what might have been a child's bedroom through it. The walls were painted a soft blue and toys covered in a thick layer of dust lay strewn across the section of floor he could see. On the door in peeling and faded letters was the name ‘Avery’.

A cold feeling ran down Richie’s spine at the sight.

Patrick’s room looked like the guest bedroom of every other house Richie had ever been in. Blank walls with nothing hung up on them, generic blue bedspread, a nightstand with nothing but a lamp on it, and a dresser shoved in one corner by the closet. No mess, no anything, really. It was almost scarily devoid of personality or evidence that a teenage boy lived there.

The only sign that this really was Patrick’s room was the presence of Patrick himself and the subtle lingering scent that was undeniably Patrick’s. Richie was embarrassed by the fact that he had picked up on that and by the fact that he found it comforting in its own way.

Richie jumped slightly when Patrick placed his hand possessively on the back of Richie’s neck, “What do you think, Doll?”

“A-about what?” Richie asked quietly, still not meeting Patrick’s gaze.

Patrick shoved Richie onto his bed and followed after him to pin the smaller boy against the mattress, “You came over because you wanted to see me didn’t you, Doll?” He leaned real close and pressed his lips against the shell of Richie’s ear, “Didn’t you miss me?”

Richie knew what Patrick was getting after and swallowed hard, trying to focus on the feeling of another person pressed close against him and not the feeling of the bones in his wrists grinding together under the pressure of Patrick’s hold. The burn on his hand throbbed in response to the circulation in his arm being restricted.

“But… your parents are home.” He whispered, eyes wide.

Patrick pushed his hips down against Richie’s, “Who gives a fuck?”

Richie spoke without really thinking about it, “I don’t want them to hear us.”

He should have expected the slap that stung his cheek and made his eyes water but it somehow felt like a surprise. Patrick wrapped one of his hands around Richie’s throat and forced him to meet his gaze, “You’re fucking mine. You don’t get to decide whether or not this happens.” Patrick took a moment to appreciate the tears glistening in Richie’s eyes before letting his throat go with one final squeeze as a reminder.

Richie’s throat felt sore and he didn’t say anything, just cast his gaze away again and nodded jerkily. Patrick was right. What did it fucking matter what he wanted?

Patrick ended up rubbing up against him like he had the other night until he came. Then he’d made Richie come with his hand rubbing against the bulge in his pants and another hand covering his mouth to keep him quiet. It was by far the least invasive thing they’d done but it made
Richie feel even dirtier than he had before. All he could think about was the family dinner he’d interrupted and the cold, empty room they’d walked past before.

Patrick had managed to maneuver them under the covers of his bed and had wrapped himself around Richie like some kind of constrictor. It was clear he expected Richie to sleep like that and Richie wasn’t going to protest. There wasn’t any point in it, really.

Richie fell into a fitful sleep and dreamt of a thick, suffocating darkness.

Chapter End Notes

Happy early holidays my children. I haven't updated in fucking forever but my best bud @ Bustarose on Tumblr managed to bring a spark of creativity that banished my writer's block back into my soul. I am eternally grateful. I hope you guys enjoyed the newest chapter - please leave me a comment or find me on Tumblr to let me know what you thought and how mad you are at me for not updating for so long. My Tumblr is also antimatics - thank you for reading sugarcakes
Be Our Guest

Chapter Summary

Not your average BnB stay.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Richie woke up to Patrick sitting at the foot of the bed, staring at him with a blank expression. Richie blinked rapidly and sat up, trying to ignore the way his head spun and his entire body ached. He felt like he could sleep another decade and simultaneously like he would never be able to catch another minute of sleep until he was resting in his grave.

The withdrawals were pretty bad this morning, Richie’s hands shook and he tried to hide them under the covers and ignore the dryness in his mouth. Trying to swallow only brought attention to the soreness of his throat – he only hoped that his neck hadn’t bruised during the night.

Patrick stared at him with such rapt attention it made Richie feel like he was being x-rayed, “My mom made breakfast, get up before it’s gone.” It was clear that that was an order rather than a friendly suggestion and Richie slowly climbed out of the bed, “When was the last time you ate something?”

Richie shrugged and stared down at his shaking hands, stared at the fresh hand-shaped bruises that had made a home around each of his thin wrists, “Can’t remember.” He thought of the things he’d lifted from that store and had had to leave back at home. He’d be lucky if any of it was still there when he got back.

“That’s fucking stupid, you have to eat sometime. You sure as hell aren’t going to die from starving.” The implications of that statement were bleak but it was a little reassuring to hear that Patrick didn’t want Richie to starve to death.

Richie wrapped his arms around his stomach, “I don’t think I can eat. I feel sick.” He responded quietly.

Patrick rolled his eyes and hopped off the bed to drag Richie out of his bedroom, “That’s because you stopped taking all that shit you were on before. You’ll probably collapse or something pathetic like that.”

Richie was about to respond, probably with something along the lines of ‘Would that be such a bad thing?’ or ‘Who the fuck cares?’ but ended up collapsing on the floor in pain when he tried to take a step towards the door. He leaned back against Patrick’s bed and pulled up the leg of his pants to reveal his ankle. It was badly bruised and swollen in a way that kind of terrified Richie.

Patrick rolled his eyes and cuffed the back of Richie’s head, “What the fuck is that? How did you manage to sprain your ankle like a bitch in high heels?”

Richie pulled his leg closer protectively, “My dad tried to pull me back in through the
window.” He mumbled awkwardly. How humiliating.

Patrick laughed openly like he was picturing the scene in his head, “Of course, Doll. You had to crawl through the fucking window to run away from home.”

Richie ducked his head in embarrassment and couldn’t meet Patrick’s eyes, “I know, it’s stupid.” He mumbled.

A cruel grip dragged Richie away from the bed and back onto his feet, “I think how stupid you are is just about the least surprising information you could give me, Doll, but I guess it might be because you’re half-starved and coming off fuck knows what.” Patrick hauled Richie along out into the hall and from the relative safety and concealment of his bedroom, “How’d you even manage to stay that high that long, you rob a drug store?” We grinned somewhat evilly down at Richie, “Or are you just whoring around to get your fix?”

Richie’s eyes grew wide and he shook his head rapidly, “N-no! My parents left some shit on the counter…” He didn’t exactly know why he felt the need to assure Patrick he hadn’t been ‘whoring around’ – though some twisted sickly piece of himself recognized he didn’t want Patrick to think he was some kind of slut. When did Patrick’s (of all people) opinion start meaning anything to him?

About the time you realized he’s the only person who gives a shit about you. And isn’t that a sad fact? You let a guy like this touch you and now you’re worried he’s gonna think you’re a whore? He already knows you’re a whore.

Richie flinched. Whether it was in response to his own thoughts or the way Patrick decided to dig his nails into the tender flesh of his throat at that very moment he wasn’t sure. Neither were particularly enjoyable experiences.

Patrick steered them into the kitchen, and Richie was surprised to see that Patrick’s mom was still home and had seemingly made breakfast for her family. There was an uncomfortable dissonance that came along with the knowledge that even Patrick had a mom that cared enough to make him breakfast.

Richie had thought he and Patrick were somewhat similar in their levels of fucked-up lives but it would seem that a neglectful and cruel family was only Richie’s cross to bear.

Patrick pushed him none to gently into one of the wooden dining room chairs and left his side a moment to collect a plate of food for each of them, not bothering to thank or even acknowledge his mother’s presence or the fact she had cooked for them.

It was surreal when Patrick sat himself across from Richie and shoved a plate towards him across the table heaped with eggs and bacon. If Richie was half convinced already that all the events leading up to this moment were some kind of head trauma or drug overdose-induced hallucination, than this nearly solidified that possibility for him.

Richie realized he had just been staring, in some degree of horror, at the eggs on his plate and blinked rapidly to bring himself back into the present moment. It was only then that Richie realized how horrifyingly hungry he was. As if all of a sudden his stomach had decided to consume itself in sheer desperation. He spared a quick glance up at Patrick to find him staring back with eerily empty and emotionless eyes, Richie faltered, “Thank you.” Was all he could say, his voice barely louder than a whisper.

Patrick’s mouth split his face in that infamously awful grin of his, “Don’t mention it.
Looked like you might just die.” He paused to stab a forkful of eggs rather violently and shoved them into his mouth, “We wouldn’t want that, would we?”

Richie got the distinct feeling that Patrick wouldn’t be terribly upset if he did in fact die. Just that he might be upset that Richie died in such a 

boring way.

“Thank you.” Was all Richie seemed to be able to respond with once more.

He broke his uncomfortable eye contact off with Patrick, if only to give his eye a reprieve from its lack of blinking. The damaged skin around his eye started to itch and burn if he tried to keep his eyes open too long.

Richie scooped a small piece of egg into his fork and cautiously brought it to his lips. He didn’t know why he was hesitating, he didn’t think Patrick would go to the trouble of poisoning him when much more fun and hands on ways of killing him were at his disposal. Maybe he was hesitating because the last time he’d eaten a home-cooked breakfast had been after a sleepover at Bill’s.

He had to close his eyes again to try and suppress the wave of nausea and misery that washed over him at the thought of Bill. At the thought of any of his friends. His nose throbbed in a dull reminder of the last time he’d gotten to spend a moment with the rest of the Losers.

Richie forced himself to just eat and to think of nothing else but the food in front of him. Patrick was right, it had been ages since Richie had eaten last and keeling over from starvation was just about the most pathetic way to kick it Richie could think of.

He paused about halfway through his plate of food to look around the room and locate Patrick’s mother, who was bustling around in a near feverish state wiping down the already spotless kitchen. Maybe she was a hypochondriac like Eddie?

“Thank you for the meal Mrs. Hockstetter.” He smiled politely.

She met his eyes for a split second before whisking around and resuming her chore with a new intensity Richie wouldn’t have thought possible. “It’s no problem dear.” She dismissed.

Patrick scoffed – whether at his mother’s antics or Richie’s, he wasn’t sure – and pushed his plate away from himself. He stood, and for a moment loomed above Richie even more than usual, before Richie too was dragged from his seat (by his neck once again) and towed away by Patrick’s hand.

Richie thought regretfully for a moment of the abandoned food still on his plate, his stomach still far from full, but didn’t dare protest Patrick’s sudden desire to leave.

“Where are we going?” Richie dared to ask. Maybe he should have stayed silent though, for the grin Patrick faced him with sent a slimy cold feeling slithering through the pit of his stomach.

“Just something I want to show you.” Patrick replied vaguely, and said no more as he stopped them in front of a door in the hallway Richie hadn’t entered yet.

Their mission was delayed only a moment as Patrick shoved the door open with his foot carelessly and left Richie in the hall while he rummaged through the medicine cabinet of what Richie now saw was only a bathroom.

Richie couldn’t help but flinch as the cabinet door struck the wall with a bang and the
precarious rattle of a cheap mirror threatening to escape its frame. He dug his nails into the bandage wrapped around his hand as he waited uncomfortably, trying and failing to suppress the tremors running through to the tips of his fingers.

Patrick finally emerged from the bathroom just as Richie felt a warm gush of fresh blood seep through the nasty scabs of his burned hand and into the already musty old bandage around it. Richie looked up as he approached, realizing he had just been sort of staring at a point in the floor and twitching slightly.

Patrick carelessly dumped a handful of loose pills into Richie’s hands – which he nearly didn’t catch – and smiled in a way disconcertingly similar to a cat dumping a half-dead and mutilated bird at its owner’s feet.

“Old bitch takes more prescriptions than food. Maybe you’ll stop shaking like a fucking Chihuahua now.”

Richie was once again shocked speechless at Patrick’s odd act of care towards him. While perhaps not the most conventional way to take care of someone, it was the nicest thing anyone had done for him in a while.

A soft, warm feeling bloomed in Richie’s chest that nearly felt like happiness.

The fact that anyone would do something so nice for someone like him floored him.

Awkwardly, Richie stuffed the loose pills of varying sizes, shapes, and colors, into the pocket of his jeans and popped a couple in his mouth without bothering to check what they might be. He swallowed them dry.

Richie gave Patrick a small but genuine smile, “Thank you.” He said for the third time, even more quietly than before. A strangely broken and disjointed sense of relief washed over him just knowing the pills would kick in soon and that the harsh edges of the world would become a little softer.

Patrick grabbed Richie’s face possessively, long fingers wrapping around his jaw and pressing perfectly into the wounds on his face in a way that made them smart and ache and reminded Richie just who had put them there.

“Don’t I always end up taking care of you?” Patrick managed to make what could have been kind words sound demeaning, though Richie didn’t mind.

Richie was quick to assure him, “Of course!”

In the depth of his cold, empty eyes something glittered. Richie didn’t know what that something was but he recognized the edge of malice it held.

“I want to show you something.”

Chapter End Notes

At long, long last I finally present you all with an update. Is anyone even still in this fandom? Who knows. Thank yo all for being so patient (even those of you that weren't so patient). Special thanks to the people who were on my ass about not being a lazy
author and updating. Leave me a comment or two letting me know what you think so far, and feel free to hound me @ antimatics on tumblr and in the comment section if I don't update soon enough!
Taxidermy Would Probably Be A Better Hobby

Chapter Summary

Patrick has Show and Tell with Richie. Good times follow.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Richie stared down into the open refrigerator with a blank expression.

The trek here, to this ‘something’ Patrick wanted to show him, was long and frustrating. For a perfectly able-bodied person, it might have been no problem, just a casual stroll into the outskirts of Derry. For Richie, it wasn’t so easy.

His leg was fucked and halfway into their walk his pills had kicked in and nearly knocked Richie on his ass in the process. In fact, it had, and Richie had had to sit his ass down in the middle of the street to keep himself from vomiting the meager contents of his stomach down his front.

The only motivator Richie had to keep him going was the swift kick Patrick had landed to his ribs, which had actually just knocked him flat on his back, gasping, but the threat of a harsher punishment urged him back onto his feet.

And now they were here, and Richie had been foggy and confused when Patrick had approached the dilapidated refrigerator lying on its side covered in some sort of orange-brown fluid that had seeped from the edges of the door and dried.

When Patrick yanked the door of the fridge open, however, Richie was more distracted by the overwhelming stench that fell over them like a heavy blanket.

Roughly a dozen or so animals in varying states of decomposition were entombed in this innocuous piece of trash. Some were so mutilated and mangled that Richie was unable to tell what they used to be. Some were just rotted jumps of flesh brought to life only by the stark white maggots wriggling through their viscera.

But oddly, Richie didn’t feel much of anything at the sight. What was he going to do about this revelation, run away? It’s not like he’d get very far when Patrick had had to do everything short of use a cattle prod to get him here in the first place. Tell someone? There wasn’t anyone left in his life to tell.

Besides, the animals were already dead, there wasn’t anything Richie could do for them now. He wouldn’t be able to stop anything from happening to any animals in the future either, history had revealed Richie as the useless, weak little waste of space he was destined to be.

He wasn’t afraid. He knew the implications of Patrick showing him something like this.

Richie knew he was probably next.

Unless you counted the mysterious circumstances surrounding his little brother’s passing, he might be Patrick’s first and most likely not his last foray into preying on… larger game.
Richie couldn’t find it in himself to care all that much though.

It’s not like he was living all that great of a life, anyways. Death would probably be… peaceful. Maybe warm, like a hug from a long-time friend. Maybe blissfully cool, like slipping into a lake after baking too long in the sun.

Whatever it was, it was probably better than the sorry excuse of a life he’d been clinging to since birth. Nobody had ever really wanted him around. His parents had had him by accident and never bothered to rub the fact that they had wanted to abort him and tell him how he’d ruined their lives. His own friends probably barely tolerated his existence and had cast him away like so much trash as soon as he became more trouble than he was worth.

And now Patrick, that had only really wanted him around as a plaything (though being wanted for anything at all was foreign to Richie and something he guiltily desired with all his heart), was done with him. It would all end soon, and at the very least Richie was sure death would welcome him with open arms.

So he stared down into the refrigerator with no real feeling of fear or horror. This was an almost expected turn of events. Like the last weeks and the last lifetime of misery was coming to a close and had been steadily worsening to this climax.

Patrick stared hungrily at Richie, waiting for some kind of reaction to his little horror show, hungry for a flicker of revulsion or what he imagined was the inevitable final chase as Richie tried to flee him.

But there was nothing. Richie didn’t even blink, never even took a step back, even when the smell of death left to marinate in the heat of the sun washed over them.

It was almost like Patrick had actually done it.

Maybe he’d actually managed to break his little Doll so completely that Patrick didn’t scare him anymore. Or maybe Richie had somehow already known? But no, Patrick was sure nobody knew what he did in those hours he disappeared. There were rumors of course, but nothing concrete. And if Richie had known, he surely would have told someone. Right?

“Aren’t they pretty, Doll? Almost prettier than you.” He taunted, vulture-gaze hungrily searching for any sign of what might be considered a ‘normal’ reaction from Richie.

But there was none, and when Richie slowly moved his gaze from the fridge up to Patrick, still standing with the fridge door in his hands, his eyes held no trace of disgust or fear at all. Richie looked passive, calm, almost… understandingly into Patrick’s eyes.

“You’re even more alone than I am.” Richie realized. He hadn’t necessarily meant to say it out loud, or to even let this thought form completely at all. But it was true, Patrick was actually, utterly alone. Even more than Richie, because at least Richie longed to be a part of the rest of the world, at least he could try and make himself fit their standards.

But, Richie thought, maybe all Patrick knew was rejection from the world and the desire to hurt those around him. That was true loneliness.

Patrick flinched back as if Richie had physically struck him, “Shut the fuck up.” He hissed, releasing the fridge door and letting it creak shut on rusted hinges, staying slightly ajar. He dug into his pocket for the nasty little switch blade he had brought along just for Richie and lunged forward to grab Richie by the front of his shirt.
Richie didn’t try to run when Patrick grabbed for him, he had already accepted this inevitable end to be his fate a long time ago and only spared a moment’s glance at the gleaming silver blade held poised to plunge into his stomach.

He felt himself get wheeled around and slammed into the refrigerator, effectively slamming the door shut the rest of the way and prompting a fresh wave of decay to roll over his senses. Maybe that little sensory fact alone should have triggered his fight or flight response, but it didn’t. It felt like nothing.

Richie unashamedly stared back into Patrick’s eyes, the flicker of ill intent he’d seen before now a raging flame. Something about knowing he was about to die imbued Richie with new confidence he hadn’t felt in a long time, especially not towards Patrick, who he had become quite submissive to.

But, in a way, wasn’t this the most ultimate token of submission he could grant Patrick? To let someone not only rule your life and control you, but to give them the power to snuff you out without a struggle?

Either way, it didn’t really matter in the end. That was what Richie was coming to realize. Nothing truly mattered. It never had.

“Do it.” Richie didn’t know if he was trying to goad him into it or just let Patrick know he didn’t particularly mind.

With a snarl and a look so dissimilar to anything Richie had ever seen on a human’s face, Patrick let the knife in his hand bite into Richie’s skin, just under his ribcage. It didn’t hurt as much as Richie had expected it to, but then again, who knew what kind of drugs he was on right now.

Patrick had fully intended on angling the knife up through Richie’s belly and into his most vital organs and watching the life drain from his little Doll’s eyes, but once he felt the initial spurt of hot blood over his hand he stopped. Richie still wasn’t afraid, he never struggled, he was accepting.

And what he’d said… about being alone. Could Richie have realized…? But no, nobody else was supposed to realize what this world really was. Avery, maybe, but Patrick had been sure to put an end to that before he could take his place as the only real person in the world.

But here Richie was, and maybe he was a bit more real than the rest.

Patrick had felt nothing when he’d killed the animals in his fridge. Nothing when he’d killed Avery. But he felt… something at the idea of killing Richie like this.

Like maybe he was rushing just a bit too much.

After all, he had never come across someone so pliant. Someone he could do anything he wanted with, Richie was his. His to possess, his to hurt, and now his to kill.

But not yet.

There was no need to rush, and that was as close a thing to beauty as Patrick could appreciate.

Patrick let the knife skate up along Richie’s ribcage, creating a long, shallow cut instead of the gutting he had been planning.

Richie’s breath caught at the white-hot pain following after the blade, but he didn’t scream
or cry. Maybe Patrick had decided to take his time instead, it didn’t really matter in the end.

“No,” Murmured Patrick leaning in close enough for Richie to feel his warm breath wash over his face, “Not yet. I think there’s still a little fun to be had.”

That broke Richie a little bit more, he had been so ready, ready to be free.

A tear rolled down Richie’s battered, grimy face and landed softly in the Earth between their feet. “Okay.” Richie closed his eyes and slumped back against the fridge, not caring that the knife still slid beneath his flesh tore at his skin just a little bit more.

Patrick looked down at the knife and back at his little Doll’s face. The idea of prolonging their fun had been a good one, Patrick had never imagined he’d get away with doing this much to one person. Let alone that that person would want to stick around him of their own free will.

He brought the glistening crimson blade to his lips and licked it clean.

Their fun was only just beginning.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading, and thank you to all of you who kept me motivated to update with comments and asks on Tumblr. As always let me know in the comments what you thought about this chapter and come chat with me or send me asks on Tumblr (my Tumblr username is also antimatics).

Love you.
Richie didn’t know what to do. He had nowhere to go and nobody left to go to. Home was out of the question for him. If Richie returned now his dad would just as likely beat him to death as forget that he’d been upset in the first place, and it wasn’t like Richie had any friends left that would want to see his ugly mug turn up on their doorstep.

No, he only had Patrick of all people left to turn to. The only place he had to go was with Patrick, and even if it wasn’t Richie suspected he was in far too deep for it to matter much what he wanted to do anyways.

He let Patrick lead him back to his house with the same numb feeling you get when you’re a little too sleep deprived and a little high off hunger pangs. Hell, Richie was all those things and more. The fact that he kept his feet under him and his eyes open was enough of an accomplishment that he didn’t feel too bad about his complete lack of free will or will to live.

Patrick’s house was empty. His parents had gone to do wherever it is they did, and it was just Richie, Patrick, and this nagging sense of vague but justified dread hanging in the air. If Richie had been asked to give dread a color it would be green like nausea and if it had a taste it would be like the taste of bile in your throat when you’re sick. Not that anyone had asked.

Patrick didn’t speak or even acknowledge Richie as they entered the house. Richie followed after him though as he walked into the kitchen. He felt like a lost little duckling that had accidentally imprinted on a hungry house cat. He stayed silent and watched with a cloudy sense of apprehension as Patrick collected an array of items from around the room. Richie hadn’t had the chance to see the Hockstetter’s kitchen before, and just like the rest of the house it was strangely normal and almost downright cheerful.

‘Normal’ and ‘cheerful’ were not words in the potential arsenal of phrases anyone might think to describe Patrick Hockstetter with.

Richie had ended up folded against the kitchen counter where it joined at an angle with itself like an unused mop. He was exhausted, and every ounce of his body hurt to breathe, let alone be asked to stand without support.

He hadn’t noticed that he seemed to be falling asleep on his feet until Patrick was shoving
something into his hands and not-so-gently patting (slapping) his face to wake him up, “Eat.” Came the order.

“Huh?” Richie didn’t understand what Patrick was asking until he looked down and realized the thing in his hands was a sandwich. A very ugly, poor excuse for a sandwich that was actually just two pieces of bread and what might be bologna stuck in the middle. It took another moment for it to register in his foggy brain that Patrick had just made this for him.

Was he actually trying to help him? Why? Wouldn’t it be more to Patrick’s entertainment to let Richie keep on this self-destructive and deadly path of starvation, drug-abuse, and physical abuse until his body finally gave out?

Is that what Patrick wants, or what you want?

Richie wasn’t sure.

“Do I have to force feed you now, Doll? Eat the fucking food. I don’t have all day.” Patrick’s kind words brought Richie back to the present.

He took a bite, all-too aware of Patrick’s uncomfortable stare as he ate. It tasted like cardboard, but maybe that had something to do with the near-constant taste of metal that had already made itself at home in Richie’s mouth.

Richie managed to get through half of the sandwich before his stomach rebelled against this sudden barrage of calories it was being asked to take in. A wave of nausea overtook Richie and he tried to lurch around Patrick to puke. On the floor, in the sink, anywhere but on him. He wasn’t that stupid.

But before he could chuck up the healthiest thing he’d had in his body in days, a strong, pale hand was slapped over his mouth and he felt his body being forced back into the corner where he’d stood before.

Patrick pressed Richie into the counter and tightened his grip over the younger boy’s mouth, “Don’t you fucking dare. You don’t wanna know what happens if you puke this shit up. Swallow it.”

And Richie did. Because, like everything else he’d been presented with in regards to Patrick, what choice did he have?

It took an embarrassingly long time to finish the rest of the sandwich but as soon as he did Patrick was man-handling him down the hall and into the small bathroom he’d been in earlier.

Patrick forced Richie to sit on the lid of the toilet and turned to rummage through the medicine cabinet, “Do you ever look in a damn mirror, Doll? You look awful, disgusting. What’s wrong with you, you can’t take care of yourself at all?”

“I’m sorry.” Was all Richie could respond with.

Patrick snatched Richie’s arm by the wrist, uncaring when Richie flinched away from the touch as a jolt of pain coursed through him. It was the hand Patrick had burned, what felt like years ago, now. Richie couldn’t remember the last time he’d changed the bandage, it much be infected by now.

The feeling of the old bandage being peeled off felt almost like being burned all over again, but with the sickly added feeling of scab and dying skin being ripped off along with the bandage. The nausea was back, and Patrick wasn’t being gentle by any stretch of the imagination in his care.
Patrick stared at the mottled, infected flesh of Richie’s hand with the strangest feeling settling in his chest. It was beautiful, he’d done this to Richie, and Richie was his. Richie’s hand was rotting away and his body was close to death because of Patrick, and Richie was still here.

Patrick thought that maybe that was what love was. Maybe Richie loved him and wanted Patrick to do these things to him and so he stayed. Maybe Richie could understand why Patrick wanted to do these things to him. Because Richie deserved it, and because Patrick deserved to do it.

It was beautiful.

Richie’s hand, every cut, every bruise, every bone poking too-sharp against skin.

He looked to the long cut along Richie’s ribs still slowly oozing blood and staining Richie’s clothes even further. It was like a signature, claiming Richie as Patrick’s to possess for the rest of time.

Richie stared at Patrick as Patrick stared at Richie’s hand. There was something in Patrick’s eyes like happiness, like he liked what he was seeing. Nobody had ever looked at Richie like that before. It didn’t matter that Patrick had caused Richie more pain than anyone else ever had because he also seemed to want Richie.

Want him around, want him as his own. Nobody had ever really wanted Richie around. His parents had never really wanted him, and his friends had most likely only tolerated him at the best of times.

So maybe the pain was okay, if it meant belonging somewhere.

Patrick unceremoniously forced Richie’s hand over the sink and poured isopropyl alcohol over the mess of infection, scabs, and fresh blood that had sprung up after the bandage was removed.

Richie squeezed his eyes shut at the pain and the quietest whimper escaped his lips. Patrick’s eyes never left Richie’s face as he rushed through cleaning and rewrapping his hand. He looked at Richie like a man dying of thirst looks at water.

“Get in the tub.”

“How many drugs did you take, you idiot? Take your clothes off, nobody takes a bath in their clothes.” Patrick came to perch on the side of the bath as you might expect a vulture to perch in a tree waiting to feed.

“I’m sorry.” Richie mumbled quietly, he tried to take his shirt off but was unable to raise his arms above is head, shoulders stiff and screaming their protest. “I can’t.”

Patrick rolled his eyes and grabbed Richie in a disturbing parallel to their earlier scene against the refrigerator. The same knife as before made an appearance and he cut the shirt off of Richie’s body. The threat of the gleaming blade making the hairs on the back of Richie’s neck stand on end, and if his helplessness earned Richie a few new nicks left in the path of the knife, well, Patrick wouldn’t lose any sleep over it.
The shirt was tossed aside followed by jeans and boxers. Patrick took his sweet time in removing them, letting his hands linger far too long on bare legs and hips. When Richie blushed uncomfortably at the close contact, Patrick wasted no time in reminding him that he was no innocent maiden.

*Nothing but a useless whore, anymore.* His own mind reminded him.

How could he forget?

More isopropyl alcohol and some yellowed band-aids that Richie suspected had been in the medicine cabinet just a little too long were slapped on any cuts Patrick found during Richie’s somewhat invasive bath experience that Patrick deemed worthy of treatment. The rule of thumb seemed to be, ‘if it’s still bleeding or oozing something, it might need a bandaid.’

It reminded Richie of Eddie, who would probably go into shock if he saw the sorry state Richie was in these days. Eddie always had a bandaid ready at any moment, and Patrick’s sudden treatment of him now reminded Richie painfully of his former best friend.

Were they former best friends? Were they ever really best friends or even friends at all?

At least Richie would probably never see them again. With any luck Patrick would just force him to stay indoors the rest of his sorry existence, however long or blessedly short that may end up being.

But all good things must end, and after Richie was in no uncertain terms *lifted* out of the bath by Patrick because he couldn’t stand up in the tub on his bad ankle, Patrick told him his newest demand.

“You’re going to go back to school with me tomorrow, Doll. I don’t care if you never go back home or whatever, but you’re coming to school with me. Okay?” Patrick wrapped Richie in a towel and Richie forgot to even contemplate the humiliation of just having been bathed, carried, and wrapped in a towel by Patrick. His mind froze entirely at the idea of what was being asked of him.

“I can’t. Please, I can’t.” Richie choked, he stared up at Patrick like a deer in the headlights.

He couldn’t go back to school. He couldn’t see his friends, or ex-friends, or whatever they were to him now. He couldn’t let anyone see, let anyone *know* what he’d let happen to him. What he was still letting happen to him, and what was probably going to continue happening to him until he drew his last breath. Richie didn’t feel the same helpless fear at the prospect as he used to but he knew nobody but he and Patrick would ever see this *thing* between them as anything other than disgusting and disturbing.

Patrick threw a bundle of his own clothes at Richie once they got to his room and stared at Richie as he fought to find a reason not to do as Patrick was demanding. “Get dressed, Doll, you’ll look good in my clothes. You’re going back to school tomorrow. I don’t care what you want. If you miss anymore school they’re going to send people to your parent’s house and they’re going to find out all of the nasty little things that have happened in that house. All of the fun we had. The sex, the pain, the drugs, and all of it because you wanted it.”

Ice-cold fear shot through Richie at that thought, “We didn’t have sex.” He mumbled, feeble justification crumbling even as it hit his own ears.

“Don’t lie to yourself, Doll. You think anyone’s gonna learn what happened and not think you’re a
little faggy whore who steals his parent’s drugs and gets high and ditches school while his parents aren’t home? You think your parents are gonna defend you? Really?”

Richie knew Patrick was right. Even if his parents lied to child services or whoever showed up at the house it would only be to save their own asses. If they learned about the drugs or his… extracurricular activities with Patrick then they’d either spin some tale to get him thrown in juvie or beat him to death themselves behind closed doors.

“Fine.” Richie whispered, pulling the too-big shirt and pajama pants Patricks had tossed at him on shakily and sitting on the foot of Patrick’s bed, “I’ll go back to school tomorrow.”

Chapter End Notes

Hallelujah, an update at last! Finally saw the second movie last night and wrote this chapter up after I got home. I thought it was pretty good, I'm a big fan of Bill Hader so I'm biased. Wasn't quite as good as I'd hoped but I probably had unrealistic expectations. Let me know what you think though! About this new chapter or about the new movie, either way. I live off of comments and the only reason this fic gets updated ever is because of comments and people talking to me on Tumblr and asking me about updates. I love it! Hope you enjoyed this newest chapter!
Sleep was difficult to find that night for Richie. The thought of school the next morning caused anxiety and dread like he had never felt before. Which was saying something. Who would have thought he’d be laying in Patrick’s bed, in Patrick’s arms, after nearly dying just hours before and dreading seeing Bill, Eddie, and Stan more than any of those things.

He wanted to take something, anything. Something to take the edge off, help him get to sleep for a little while, make all of these emotions just stop for once. He didn’t know what had happened to the pills Patrick had given him earlier. They’d been in the pockets of his jeans but he wasn’t sure where those ended up after they’d been cut off of him.

The reminder of what had happened earlier made an uncomfortable heat flush throughout Richie’s body followed by an equally uncomfortable feeling of shame and self-hatred. What kind of person lets that kind of thing happen to them?

Unwilling to go down that rabbit hole in his thoughts for the millionth time Richie shoved the blankets off his body and sat up in bed. Patrick’s bed. How the fuck… who would’ve thought. That Richie would find himself in any bed but his own ever would have been a laughable idea to most people. But here, now, with Patrick. Because Patrick had decided Richie was the person he wanted to collect like some play thing. Was he a person anymore?

It didn’t take but a second for his eyes to land on the discarded pack of cigarettes and lighter on Patrick’s nightstand and for Richie to scoop them up and be on his way, too-big, borrowed clothes only slowing him down for a moment. He didn’t go far, like some invisible leash kept him within a certain distance of Patrick at all times. It felt like he might risk choking if he strayed to far, or maybe like Patrick would materialize behind him from the shadows and yank him back into his arms if he tried to go anywhere.

But Richie never even entertained the thought of leaving, of anything resembling the idea of ‘escape’. There was nothing to escape from, and nowhere to escape to. Just the promise of the soothing caress of nicotine spoiling his lungs, and the fanciful notion that his body could rot away from the inside out as well as the outside in. Maybe the rot would meet in the middle, blackened lungs reaching for tainted skin until they consumed one another and nothing was left.

Richie sat on the front step of the Hockstetter residence and smoked, cigarette butts joining the out of place little pile under the flower bushes he assumed Patrick or other members of the Bowers’ Gang had left behind before him. He balanced the cigarette between the fingers of his bandaged hand and flicked the lighter on and off with the other, vaguely amused by the little shadows the flame cast and the way his burned hand tingled uncomfortably and a sick feeling welled up in his chest when he stared into the fire too long or the flame grew too hot and began burning the tip of
his thumb.

He didn’t acknowledge the sound of the front door opening behind him, and to his credit he barely flinched when a foot not-so-playfully connected with his side.

“Move over.” Patrick ordered, sitting beside Richie when the younger boy did as he was told. “Here, you little fuckin’ junkie.” Patrick shoved a couple mismatched and unfamiliar pills into Richie’s hand, deftly stealing his cigarette from him in the same motion.

Richie stared dumbly at the pills for a moment, how had Patrick known? Was he really that obvious, that far gone?

Loathe to think about it any longer, he stuffed the pills into his mouth and swallowed them dry.

“Thanks.” Richie mumbled. Was that all he did nowadays? Thank Patrick for taking care of his useless ass then wait around until he needed help again? It was beginning to feel like it.

Patrick just stared at him in the darkness, eyes reflecting the red cherry glow of the cigarette between his lips like some hell-born demon. Come to think of it, it wasn’t far from the truth.

Richie fidgeted, “Did I wake you up?”

“Yes.” Patrick kept staring, smoke billowing from his mouth and nose as he answered. It lingered in the air between them.

“Oh.” Richie looked out at the dark, empty street in front of them, “Sorry.”

“I sleep light. And not very often.” Was that Patrick’s way of telling him it was okay he’d woken him up? Richie wasn’t altogether convinced the drugs hadn’t kicked in already. This entire setting felt strange and surreal.

“Oh.”

They sat like that for however much longer. Long enough for whatever Richie had taken to work its magic. It could have been five minutes, it could have been a few hours. Richie wasn’t too clear on the details of it all.

All he knew was one second he was sitting on the porch in the dark, playing with a lighter, and the next he was waking up in Patrick’s bed, far too much light coming in through the windows for it to be early morning.

“School’s already started. Can we just stay here today?” Richie didn’t even check to see if Patrick was awake, he’d only assumed and been correct that the older boy had been silently watching, awake long before he was.

“No.”

At least he’d tried. A slimy-cold feeling of dread was crawling through his chest, slipping between his lungs and resting somewhere near his stomach. Richie didn’t want to go to school today. He wanted to keep burying his head in the sand and pretending the outside world didn’t exist.

He didn’t want to see his friends.

He didn’t want them to see him.

They’d know. As soon as Richie turned up, limping after Patrick like a parasitic shadow, looking
the way he did, they’d know.

And if they didn’t know, they’d assume. Everyone would. It was easy to draw assumptions when someone turned up looking like he did.

But maybe Richie was just being stupid. Odds were that nobody had noticed his disappearance and if they had, the only thought that had probably crossed their mind was ‘good riddance.’

Maybe in an alternate world Richie had just been killed by Patrick and stuffed in his weird fucking fridge. That Richie wouldn’t have had to go to school.

A set of clothes was tossed onto the bed beside him. Not his, though he wasn’t surprised. Clothes that were going to be very obviously too big for his short, skeletal frame. Patrick was a skinny guy but tall as fuck and muscular in the way an alley cat or snake might be.

Richie hadn’t noticed Patrick get out of bed but now that he’d been shaken from his thoughts it was all-too obvious the state of dress the older boy was in. Which is to say, undressed. Completely.

Richie felt his face flush, as much as it could anyway with his circulation being as shit as it was. Everything felt like it was coming through water. Like he was in a fishbowl and the world around him was happening through thick glass. In a way it was, with his coke-bottle glasses.

It seemed the drugs hadn’t worn off, they must’ve stayed up later than he’d realized, or maybe the dose was stronger than whatever Richie had been slowly growing accustomed to. It was kind of nice though, maybe if he could just take a little more of something else then the day wouldn’t be too horrible to try and get through.

Patrick cuffed him over the back of the head, and if Richie’s vision blurred a little at that move he wouldn’t admit it, “Get dressed. Wouldn’t want to keep the world waiting on you, Princess.”

Patrick had somehow gotten dressed in what seemed like the span of a second. What the hell kind of pills had he given Richie? Whatever they were, they were damn good. Losing time and being unable to experience the present moment through anything clearer than a cotton-cloud fog was pretty much ideal at this point for him.

“Sorry.” Richie responded quietly, dressing as quickly and efficiently as he could and even managing to be minimally embarrassed at the fact that Patrick had to help him put his pants on over his fucked-up ankle and button them for him because of his wrapped hand. Patrick spared no lewd touch as he helped but other than that helped Richie with no complaint.

Patrick took care of his things, after all.

They ate a lackluster breakfast of burnt toast and orange juice that hadn’t faired to well being two weeks past its expiration date. Then they had to walk to school, rather than bike. Richie’s bike was back home and Patrick hadn’t offered to try and fit Richie on his bike along with him or anything. Not that Richie would be able to hold on very well. It was probably for the best.

At the very least, it gave Richie more time to avoid being in school, and more time to try and sweet-talk some extra pills from Patrick.

“I know you’ve got them on you, just one or two? Please? Something to take the edge off at least.” Richie didn’t care anymore that he was whining like a spoiled child for candy in a grocery store. He knew what he wanted and he knew who had the power to give it to him.

“No. Ask me later.” Patrick had a lit a cigarette a block or two back and held it out to Richie as a
weird almost peace-offering. “Smoke as much as you want, but I don’t know how much of the shit I gave you last night is going to knock you on your ass. Just wait until later.”

Richie snatched the cigarette like a man starved and took a drag. They were silent for a while as they walked.

The school loomed up before them all too soon, like a sickly brick sore against the surrounding landscape.

Richie’s head throbbed in protest at the sight, perhaps some kind of psychological response to give him an excuse not to go inside. He flicked the cigarette butt into the trampled and dying grass in front of the school, subconsciously shrinking closer to Patrick’s side. A twisted bid for comfort or protection from the immediate future he was anticipating being subjected to.

They made quite the pair if anyone had been looking at them. Nobody was around to stare, of course, as school had long since started and the miserable students had already been herded into their classes like so much cattle into a slaughterhouse.

Patrick stood unnaturally still, tall and sharp in contrast to Richie’s small, nearly transparent form. Patrick’s clothes hung off Richie, drowning the smaller boy and only serving to highlight his pathetic appearance. Pale, hunched, and battered. He may as well have been a beaten puppy trailing after its master.

They fit though, The two of them like uneven halves of a whole. It was like Richie was some manifestation of all of Patrick’s worst desires. A confirmation through living shadow of what Patrick was capable of, trailing after him. Unable to exist as a separate entity anymore, and if he ever had before, well, that boy didn’t exist anymore.

“Go to whatever class you’re supposed to be in. I’ll find you at lunch.” Was all Patrick left him with before he strolled off and into the school.

It was so much worse to stand there by himself, even worse to think of going – by himself – into class like nothing had happened. But even worse (and it was a sickening feeling to realize) was the idea of not doing what Patrick told him to do. So, he dragged himself in.

Patrick wasn’t in the halls when Richie made it inside. Nobody was. He passed some administrator or other miscellaneous employee of the school on his way to class, a disgruntled-looking woman who didn’t seem to realize anything about his appearance was off at all. She only sent him an ugly scowl as he limped on by, no patience whatsoever for the brand of delinquent he appeared to be.

The classroom door opened under the weight of Richie’s shoulder with the protestant squeal of hinges that had never been oiled. The entire class looked up at him and his teacher stopped mid-lecture to glare at the unwelcome intruder ruining his class.

They kept staring, the entire class, some not recognizing the boy in front of them, and others not knowing how to react to the sight.

“Mr. Tozier?” His teacher spoke first, “Back so soon from your little vacation?”

Of course he was met with snark, sarcasm, Richie hadn’t realized there would be a little part him hoping someone would care that he was more than halfway dead, but the adults in this town never seemed to acknowledge anything of importance. Just his tardiness, apparently.

“Sorry.” His signature phrase, these days. He slumped into his seat towards the back of the room, all-too aware of the eyes of his classmates searing into his skin.
It was going to be a long day.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading and for sticking with me through my - somewhat sparse - updates! Please leave me a comment letting me know what you think or find me on Tumblr (also antimatics) if you wanna be buds. I'm doing NaNoWriMo this month, and while I'm going to be using it to work on my book (I'm writing a book by the way) I will be working on this fic and possibly others as well. I do better working on multiple projects at the same time. Anyways, let me know what you think!

End Notes

Important thing to remember for this fic, in the book Patrick believes he is the only real person in the world. He views Richie as some sort of object of fascination. This makes him dangerous. Even Pennywise (in the book) had trouble figuring out how to scare him.

Also, this is my first fic in this fandom and I would love to know what you all think. I'm working on the next chapter as we speak. Any comments, questions, or suggestions are more than welcome. You can also find me at antimatics on tumblr and at antimatics@gmail.com if you'd like to chat. Thanks for reading!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!