Holding Onto Hope
by ganymedethemoon

Summary

The door was forced open and a flashlight was shined right into his eyes, Tweek groaned. “Jesus Christ,” an officer mumbled, his worst fears being confirmed. The boy they determined had likely ran away had been here the whole time (five months to be exact) in the basement of one of the small town’s esteemed members, Frederick Johnson.

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This is gonna be going through some heavy fucking updates in the next few days so probably don’t read it rn it’ll be a mess.

Notes

If you are wondering yes this is inspired by You’re the Blood, I’m the Seed by Athena2693 (https://archiveofourown.org/work;12734838/chapters;29039691), but regardless the only thing thats similar, really, is the set up. I want to give as little as context as possible for those going into this (which is why the significant lack of tags), but just know I do not intend to make this similar. Gotta have as much variety in the “Torture Tweek as Much as Possible” section of the fandom, y’know :3. But I feel like I should at least state they are not ten. The ages of the kids vary in this but the general age group is between 14-16. And yes the time jumps around a bit so uh be prepared for that. Anyway, enjoy my dudes ^_^!
Imaginary Friends

Chapter Summary

Tweek talks to his therapist while in the hospital. Tweek tries to escape.

Besides a new set of clothes, the first thing his parents brought him in the hospital was his watercolour set, at his request of course. They didn’t pay enough attention to Tweek to know that his favourite way to do art was through watercolour painting. At first everyone had thought he went mute, he didn’t really respond to things, but he didn’t want to either. Talking was hard to do and it was even harder to answer questions he didn’t know what they wanted the answer to be. He shrugged in response to everything. The first time he really spoke aside quite mumbles and grunts was when he was asked if he wanted anything from home. He could hear from the hallway how his mother gushed excitedly about how his eyes lit up and finally spoke a fully sentence.

“My watercolour palette, and my, ah, canvas book. Please,” Tweek had said, his voice scratchy from lack of use. His mother kept trying to coax more words out of him, but the blonde felt exhausted from just the couple words he did speak.

After that day they tried to get him to talk more and more, and even brought in a therapist to talk to him. He was surprised it took them that to bring a therapist in in the first place, he had been kidnapped for an amount of time he still didn’t know. That was the first question he asked as soon as he started talking again, and it was met with a shared look of worry among the adults in the room and a lack of a response. Tweek figured it had been longer than the handful of months he had originally figured it had been. Which meant he was likely no longer 14, and had also missed a significant amount of school, which gave him unbelievable anxiety. Amongst other things.

His biggest fear was that he imagined his life before he was kidnapped. That maybe there was no Craig Tucker, who was a sweet boyfriend with a stupid obsession with space and guinea pigs. That maybe there was no Clyde Donovan, who was a big crybaby that would always call Tweek at 2 in the morning to gush about fears and depressive things that he thought only Tweek would understand. Maybe Tweek had imagined all his friends, Jimmy Valmer who would crack shitty puns that still managed to make you laugh in between groaning over how bad it was and booing him. He imagined his unofficial mom friend, Token Black, who would always make an extra lunch just in case Tweek forgot his, and who would keep a sweater in his locker because he knew Tweek wasn’t as cold-resistant as he liked to say he was.

But if they were fake, Tweek didn’t want to know that. He wanted to live in a fantasy of wonderful friends who were supportive of him and his neverending twitching and anxiety. But even as he swirled his paintbrush along the dry blue paint, watching it go from a soft blue to a darker shade, he felt the pit of curiosity inside his stomach grow bigger. Maybe they weren’t real, but Tweek still needed to know.

“Who are you painting?” His therapist asked, as he ran the damp paintbrush across the mini canvas panel, the brush making a vaguely human silhouette out of the blue.

“Maybe someone I imagined,” Tweek said softly, placing the paintbrush back on the pallet to make the brush blue again.
“Oh? And what’s their name?” She asked, Tweek didn’t remember her name, which he felt bad about, she was nice. Nicer than anyone had been to him in a long while.

“Craig Tucker,” Tweek answered, never looking up from the canvas.

The therapist gave a soft laugh, prompting Tweek to look up and look at her face. Her pale face was wrinkled up along eyes and they squinted shut. Did everyone close their eyes when they laughed? Tweek couldn’t remember. He didn’t remember what it felt like to laugh, let alone what he looked like when he did.

To be quite fair he didn’t even know what he currently looked like. He hadn’t gotten a chance to look a proper mirror, only managing to take glances at himself through steel spoons and shiny linoleum floors. He knew his hair was long, but he could tell that without a mirror. They had given him a scrunchy to put it up in a ponytail with, it still fell out constantly, Tweek wasn’t very good at making ponytails as he hadn’t done it all that often. He also didn’t have a hairbrush to help. Though the reflections he could see through weren’t good, they were good enough for him to establish that his entire neck was coloured purple and blue with hickies, but he could’ve figured that for himself anyway. He liked to mark Tweek up. Let him know who he belonged to.

As if the collar wasn’t enough.

“Oh, Tweek, Craig is very much real. You don’t need to worry about that,” She said joyfully, leaning back in her chair and scribbling in her notebook that she always had out.

Tweek looked up from his painting with hopeful eyes, his mouth gaping before a rush of word vomit poured out of his mouth. “Are we dating? Are, uh, Clyde, Jimmy and Token real too? Are we all friends? Or at least were we? Hgn, I’m not sure if we’d still be friends now or not.”

“Why wouldn’t you all still be friends?” She asked carefully, sitting up, pen already placed on the paper, anticipating Tweek’s answer.

“It’s been a while, hasn’t it? I know everyone thought I just ran away, the must’ve been so, ah, so hurt. That I just left! Without saying anything! I wouldn’t blame them if they, hnnn, didn’t want to be my friend anymore.” Tweek knew he shouldn’t, but he felt guilty. He was told over and over again what had happened to him was not his fault, and that he shouldn’t feel bad. But he did. He was a bad friend. Leaving them all to wonder what happened to him. He could just imagine them all messaging his phone throughout the school day wondering where he was, Tweek never missed school, he was too afraid to fall behind. But he never answered his phone. And for all they know he jumped town never to be heard from again.

“I’m sure they still consider you a friend Tweek. What happened to you was not your fault and I’m sure they understand that,” his therapist said, her eyes not leaving the page as she scribbled down word after word. “In fact, why don’t I get it arranged for the four of them to come visit you in the hospital. I think it would be good for you to see some familiar faces that aren’t just your parents. What do you think?” She looked up at him waiting for his response with patient eyes.

Tweek felt small, hopeful tears well up in the corners of his eyes as he nodded eagerly, “yes please, ma’am.”

His hands were free for less than a second, but that’s all he needed. He had already situated his feet
to be flat against the ground when he had moved to untie the short blonde. So as soon as the rope fell from his wrists, Tweek brought his right hand into a fist and moved it to slam against his kidnapper’s face. He made sure to aim right for his nose, pushing it up and back, and he hoped that he broke it. He used the moment that he sat stunned to push himself into a quick standing position and run to the door. He knew the door would be heavy, he could tell by how it screeched against the cement floor every time it was opened, so he was prepared to use all of his fleeting strength to pull it open.

Even with his legs feeling wobbly from a significant lack of use, and his hand sending pins and needles up his arm from the punch he just gave, he managed to pull it open. He ran into what looked like a laundry room, and quickly scanned for a staircase, or even a window he could climb through. But before he could find one he was being grabbed by the neck and lifted from the ground. Tweek attempted to scream, but the hand around his neck clamped down and the sound was lost between his lungs and throat. The blonde pulled his hands up to claw at the calloused hand around his throat, pulling skin with every drag of his fingernails.

It took all but four steps for them to land back in the room Tweek had spent the last couple days in. He was thrown across the room, his ass landing hard on the ground and his hand hanging off the frame of the bed that had been taunting him and his unbearable exhaustion. Exhaustion that hit him hard as he landed on the floor. He watched as the significantly older man locked the door behind him, slipping the key into his back pocket, something that Tweek tucked away into his brain for a moment when the adrenaline kicked back up again. As soon as the door was secure He turned back around and grabbed Tweek by the neck again, who, instead of fighting, played dead weight, letting the hand push against his esophagus. Being carried didn’t last long as he was dropped down on the mattress, which, Tweek noticed with heavy disgust, didn’t have a fitted sheet and looked like it had come straight from the dump.

“You know,” The blonde’s kidnapper laughed humorously as he leaned over Tweek, and pinned the blondes arms down over him, “I was gonna wait, let you adjust. But I think it’s best you learn your place. Do you know what that is, sweetheart?” He asked with a sickening smile.

“An escapee,” Tweek rasped, his tired eyes sending a fire towards the man leaning over him.

Said man snorted and leaned forward so his lips were just brushing over Tweek’s. “My personal fuck toy,” He breathed out, darting his tongue out to run along Tweek’s lips, bringing it back into his mouth before Tweek could get it between his teeth and tear it off.

“You fucking wish you, hnn, sick bastard,” Tweek all but growled, his pinned down hands clenched into fists.

“I don’t have to wish. You’re right here for me babygirl, helpless, and you know it. Best just accept your fate and make it easy. I might even reward you if you do. Wouldn’t you love some coffee?” He told Tweek, his voice keeping a sweet and lighthearted tone despite the content of the words he was speaking.

“I would rather die than, hnn, play along with your sick fucking game,” Tweek spat. He laughed again, moving Tweek, despite his flailing limbs, bringing his hands up to be tied along the frame. Tweek pulled against them to the best of his ability, rubbing his wrists raw and causing them to burn, but like hell was he going to lie there and take whatever disturbed thing he knew his kidnapper was going to do.

“You look so cute like that, I wish I could kiss you, but knowing you,” he trailed off in another deranged laugh that sounded like nails on a chalkboard to the struggling blonde. “I don’t feel like having my tongue bitten off.”
“I promise I won’t, why don’t you give, ah, give it a try?” Tweek bit out, his exhaustion clear on his voice as he spoke.

“You’re feisty-ness is fun, but I can’t wait until you become an obedient slut for me,” He said as he began to unbutton his pants and pull them down. It was Tweek’s turn to laugh as he couldn’t believe his kidnapper genuinely thought he would burn the spirit out of him, as if. Tweek may be a lot of things, but he wasn’t a fucking pushover.

He didn’t say anything more, just pushed Tweek’s legs up, so they were pressed against his chest, resulting in them being immobile. No matter how many times Tweek swung his legs around trying his push his foot against the already bleeding nose, he was unsuccessful. As much as he didn’t want to admit it, he was right, Tweek was helpless.

He was helpless to the liberally lubed finger that penetrated his clenching anus, and helpless as one became two, two became three, and three became his kidnappers penis. The stretch of his rim between the three long fingers to the head of his penis was bigger than he anticipated. Tweek sort of figured the reason he needed to kidnap a teen to get laid was because he wasn’t well endowed, but Tweek was now starting to think it was because he had interests that didn’t run along legally consenting adults. Tweek couldn’t help but scream as it was pushed in, no matter how badly he wanted to stay silent in order to not give the older man the satisfaction of knowing how much pain he was causing the blonde. But the scream was ripped out of him unwillingly, and his tears followed suit. He pressed his fingernails against the palms of his hands, attempting to distract himself in a form of self harm, but no matter how deep he pushed into his palms, he couldn’t ignore the sensation of a throbbing member inside of him. He had no idea why so many of the men in the porn he watched became sobbing messes (in the good way) when they got penetrated. It didn’t feel good. The stretch was uncomfortable and the feeling of something inside of him felt wrong and he couldn’t help but subconsciously clench around it.

It didn’t take long for the older man to cum, Tweek figured old men didn’t have much stamina, he also figured this was one of his sick fantasies playing out, and that only must’ve been enough to make him bust a nut. Tweek was relieved it was over, but he wasn’t happy that it being over meant there was semen slowly leaking out of his abused asshole. As soon as the grip on his legs loosened he began to wiggle his legs around as much as he could, despite them being numb, sore, and tired, doing everything in his power to land a hit on his rapist. He failed and he had to watch through blurry eyes as he redressed and smiled towards the tied up blonde.

He ran his fingers through the mangled mess of blonde locks on top of Tweek’s head in a soft petting fashion. “That was amazing babygirl, you were made for this,” He said in the condescendingly soft tone he seemed to love to use. Tweek tipped his head back as best he could and attempted to bite the hand petting him. He just laughed as he pulled his hand back. He continued laughing as he unlocked the door and walked out of it. Tweek could hear the locks slide shut from outside and he finally stopped struggling in his binds. His wrists were already stupidly sore, and he could tell he wasn’t getting out anytime soon. So he did the only thing he figured he could do, he slept.
Visits

Chapter Summary

The gang visits Tweek in the hospital.

Chapter Notes

I know that the boys have like actual birthdays that are either headcannons by the entire fandom or confirmed, but like I'm just doing what's convenient for me lmao

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Craig cried when he got the call. There was nothing he wanted to hear more than, “You can come visit Tweek Tweak on Saturday at 3pm, along with Clyde Donovan, Jimmy Valmer and Token Black.” Life without him had been hell on earth and he was over-fucking-joyed at the news he was finally home. It had been about a year of being told that his boyfriend had run away without him, and Craig was unbelievably happy to be able to tell them they were more than wrong.

He texted in the group chat immediately after the call:

Gayboi5000: All four of us are allowed to see Tweek in the hospital. Sat at 3.
TACWOAH: !!!!!!!!!!!! FUCK YEAH
Feet Fingers: are we the first ones to see him? i cant wait
Mommy: Are we walking?
Gayboi5000: Besides his parents and the hospital staff? Yeah were the first to see him. And Id like to walk.
Feet Fingers: see yall at craigs house at like 2 then
TACWOAH: I CANT FUCKING WAIT IVE MISSED TWEEN SO MUCH
Mommy: Stop saying y’all Jimmy ffs.

Which is how he ended up walking to the hospital with his three best friends in tow. He couldn’t help the nervousness he felt as he tapped his thumb against the box of cigarettes he knew he had in his back pocket. He wanted one just to relax before he got to the hospital, he didn’t want to be a nervous mess in front of Tweek, not at their reunion, but he also didn’t want to smell like smoke. It took half the trip of nervous contemplation for him to finally decide that smelling like smoke was worse than stressing Tweek out, so he pulled a cigarette out of his box and quickly lit it. Inhaling and letting the tension slowly fall out of his shoulders.

“I hate when you smoke,” Clyde whined pulling his hands out of his jacket pockets to swat at Craig’s shoulder.

“I’m fucking stressed, lay off,” Craig mumbled, the smoke hanging off his lips as he put the box back in his pant’s pocket and the lighter in the side pocket of his backpack.

“Wh-what? Is Cwaigy n-n-n-newvous to see his b-boyfwiend a-again?” Jimmy teased, speaking in
what he calls the “owo voice”, not that Craig is really sure what exactly that is.

“Awe! Don’t tease him! It’s really sweet to see him all nervous like this!” Clyde said, quick to defend ‘love’. As if he wasn’t someone who would’ve tagged right along had this situation happened before him and Bebe managed to start dating. A feat that Craig is still surprised Clyde managed to pull off.

“You can fuck off too,” Craig said, blowing smoke out of his mouth.

“I defend you and this is how you treat me!” Clyde gasped in fake drama, clasping his chest with both hands and bending over at the waist. Craig lifted his foot and pushed against Clyde’s side, prompting the smaller boy to fall over and collapse into the freshly fallen snow laid across the grass. “Oh how cruel you treat me my dear Craigory!” The brunette said in another moan of dramatics.

Token sighed and reached a hand out to pull the still whining boy from the snow. “We’re gonna be late if you guys keep playing around like this,” Token warned, picking up the pace after Clyde stood on his own.

The other three followed suit, making slight banter among themselves, but the tension of seeing Tweek again hung in the air like a thick blanket. It was comforting, the concept of seeing him again, but at the same time it was crushing and too warm. The longer they pondered the more worried they became. No one knew the state Tweek was in, that was all kept under pretty good wraps, but they all knew he had been kidnapped, and that alone was enough for concern. Better than him being dead.

Not that that’s a possibility that often graced the minds of his four closest friends.

As soon as the hospital was in view, Craig dropped the cigarette and stomped it out. As soon as the lack of something to do with his hands and mouth became apparent, he became more nervous, his anxiety reaching levels that hadn’t been reached in a long time. Not since Tweek was first reported missing at least

They entered the main entrance and Clyde rushed to the front desk, he slammed a pudgy hand onto the surface and exclaimed in a voice much too joyful for a hospital “four tickets to see Tweek Tweak please!” The poor man working as the secretary looked more than alarmed by the outburst. Token was quick to push Clyde away and give the man a polite smile.

“Sorry for him, we’re here to see Tweek Tweak. Do you know where his room is?” Token asked carefully and with a almost fake smile plastered on his face.

“Names please?” The man asked, typing at a speed that Craig didn’t realize was physically possible, into his computer.

“Token Black, Craig Tucker, Clyde Donovan and Jimmy Valmer,” Token responded simply. The secretary just nodded and handed little name stickers with each name printed out on it.

“Please put these on and make sure to use some hand sanitizer. Mr. Tweak is in room 108, it’s just down the hall to my left, take the first turn on the right and it’ll just be down the hall on the right,” he paused and made a quick glare at Clyde, “try not to be a disturbance.”

Clyde stood up straight and brought his hand to make a salute. “Yes sir!” He exclaimed. The secretary didn’t even give a proper response, he just groaned and went back to typing on the computer. The four of them stuck the name tags on their clothes and began walking down the hallways towards Tweek. It was silent between them, the anticipation held thick in the air. It took of all of Craig’s restraint not to run towards Tweek’s room, and keep his pace to match Jimmy’s. And
while he knew that Jimmy was moving as efficiently as he could with his crutches, is still wasn’t fast enough for the dark haired boy.

Tweek’s father was standing outside of the room, arms crossed and a sour face on. He held a cup of coffee in his hand that he seemed to be holding onto tighter than necessary. “Hello Mr. Tweak,” Craig said in a voice that sounded less eager than he felt. He glanced up at the four boys, a glare dancing in his eyes as he stretched a smile across his face.

“Hello boys. Don’t be a nuisance to Tweek. I personally don’t think he should be seeing anyone but his therapist thought it would be best to see friends. Apparently he’s been having issues discerning memories and dreams. Anyway, don’t say anything that might trigger him, nothing about school, how long he’s been gone, any big changes that have happened, don’t talk about sex or fighting and don’t ask what happened to him. Got it?” Mr. Tweak said, seemingly more and more annoyed at the four boys the more he spoke.

“Sex?” Clyde repeated, his brows pinched in confusion.

“Yeah sex, don’t bring it up,” Mr. Tweak snapped, standing up more straight, intimidating the boys with a look that could kill. The implications that the warning spoke sent a disgusting burst of worry throughout Craig. But he didn’t want to know more. “Understand?” He asked again, the boys responding in various agreements and Mr. Tweak sighed. He moved to turn the knob of the door and pushed it open.

Craig pushed through the doorway faster than he ever moved before, but froze to the spot as soon as he laid eyes on Tweek. He let out a breath he didn’t know he was holding and moved to the blonde’s bedside. Said blonde was what looked like painting in his bed, his legs tucked up in a criss-cross and a blanket over his shoulders. “Craig!” Tweek all but shouted, a smile gracing his face for what felt like the first time in forever. He was almost afraid he had forgotten how to do that.

“Wow nice to see you too Tweek,” Clyde teased, rushing to the other side of the bed. Tweek laughed lightly.

“Hi Clyde! Hi Token! Hi Jimmy!” Tweek said in a voice way too chipper for someone in a hospital.

“Can I like,” Craig paused for a minute, feeling stupid as the words left his mouth, “hug you?”

“I’d, ah, be mad if you didn’t,” Tweek laughed reaching his arms out in order to encourage the taller male. Craig had to bend at an awkward angle in order to wrap his arms around his boyfriend, but ignoring the way his back locked and his legs went numb as he finally got to hold his boyfriend for the first time in what felt like forever. He was almost afraid he had forgotten how to do that.

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“I missed you so much,” he whispered with a shaky voice into Tweek’s shoulder as they continued to embrace.

“I missed you too,” Tweek mumbled back, snuggling his head into the crook of Craig’s neck.

“As-as-as adorable as this is, the-there are other p-p-people here,” Jimmy said, wearing his signature goofy smile.

Tweek quickly pulled back, pulling his sleeves up to wipe his face with. Craig followed suit. Tweek grabbed the tray that held his watercolour supplies and moved it to the side table then slid over to make room on his bed. He pat down beside him, inviting Craig to sit down next to him. “Ah, hey dad? Can we be, uh, alone? Please!” Tweek almost added as an afterthought and seemed to heavily regret having done so. Mr. Tweak didn’t say anything, just shot another another glare at the boys
visiting his son, and left the room, closing the door behind him. Tweek watched the door close and as soon as it was completely closed, he sat up on his knees in excitement.

“How long was it?” Tweek asked eagerly, training his eyes to watch Clyde, knowing well enough through his shaky memories that Clyde is the easiest to manipulate and the easiest to make crack.

“We’re not supposed to tell you,” Token responded simply, pulling a chair from the side of the room over to Tweek’s bedside.

“Yeah and you’re not supposed to kidnap children either. Please guys, I’ve already gone so long without a, hgn, without a good concept of time, I just wanna know the date.” Tweek pleaded, making his voice higher in pinch and a tad whiny-er.

“Sorry dude, we don’t want your dad to kill us,” Clyde responded with regretful shrug and frown.

“I can’t believe I’m being, ah, punished right now. Do you guys know what I did, hnn, wrong?” Tweek asked, falling on his butt and leaning back into his pillows.

“Wh-wh-wh-whaaaaa- What do you mean, Tweek?” Jimmy asked, situating himself on the foot of the blonde’s bed.

“Did I do something wrong? I know it was my fault for getting kidnapped and all, but my therapist told me no one is mad at me for that. Are, hgn, are you guys mad at me for that? Is that why you won’t tell me?” Tweek asked, his face contorting into a strange mix of sadness and anger.

“Wha-No, babe we’re not angry at you! And it wasn’t your fault, you didn’t do anything wrong,” Craig said, quick to respond, he turned to hold onto one of Tweek’s hands. Tweek let his hand be held for a moment before pulling it away and bring his arms to cross at his chest.

“You’re not being punished either, Tweek. If your therapist doesn’t think it’s the right time to tell you how long you’ve been away for we don’t have authority to tell you despite that,” Token responded, his voice level and careful.

“Am I 15 now at least? It’s fair for me to know my age right?” Tweek asked, sitting back up a little. The four boys looked at each other trying to come up with an answer without using words.

Craig decided to make an executive decision and answer for them all, “uh, yeah you are! I actually brought your present if you want it?” Craig reached down to pull his backpack up onto his lap.

“You got me a present? I don, hnn, even have a present for your birthday yet! Unless that’s passed already. Are you, ah, are you 16 now Craig?” Tweek asked, worry clear in his eyes as he clutched onto Craig’s arm.

“I probably shouldn’t answer that, but don’t worry about it babe. You being back is present enough,” Craig answered bashfully, searching through his backpack and pulling out a rectangular shaped, wrapped present. He handed it to Tweek with a dorky smile on his face.

“You’re such a nerd!” Clyde exclaimed laying on Tweek’s bed, belly first, his head and legs hanging off the sides.

“God I’m such a shitty boyfriend, I don’t deserve this,” Tweek said remorsefully, staring down at the present.

“You’re a wonderful boyfriend, Tweek, don’t worry,” Craig reassured, moving to thread his fingers with the blonde’s.
“Nonononono,” Tweek mumbled to himself, moving his hands to deny Craig the ability to hold them. He placed the present in front of himself, clutched his hands together and slammed them into his left side of ribs. He managed to do this twice before Craig was able to grab his arms and stop him.

“Tweek! Tweek! Stop!” Craig all but shouted, pulling Tweek into a hug in order to restrain him.

“My- my rib is broken, I was told that, hnn, putting too much pressure on it would make it worse, it hurts.” Tweek said, tears running down his face, but his voice didn’t sound like someone who was upset, it sounded like someone who was determined.

“I’m gonna go get someone,” Token said in a no-nonsense voice as he stood from his chair.

“Don’t!” Tweek exclaimed, moving out of Craig’s embrace to plead at Token. “You’ll all have to leave! They’ll make me go to sleep! I know I’m not, ah, I’m not supposed to hurt myself, but no one else is going to do it! I need to be, hgn, punished!” Tweek crawled across the bed, to reach out and grab at Token. “I’m sorry! I won’t do it again I promise!” Token looked skeptically at Tweek before sitting back down on his chair. Tweek let out a sigh of relief and readjusted himself so his blanket was back over his shoulders.

“Why do you keep talking about punishments? It’s not like you did anything wrong,” Clyde muttered, rolling onto his back and pulling himself up a little so his head was on the bed.

“But I got kidnapped. I made everyone worry. Daddy told me everyone got fed up with looking for me because everyone just hated me to begin with. He was really happy when that happened,” Tweek trailed off, moving his hand up to bite at his nails.

“D-d-d-a-daddy?” Jimmy questioned, turning to properly face Tweek.

Tweek looked up from what looked like an intense internal discussion and looked around at the other boys confused, before the realization slapped him across the face. “Oh! No sorry, uh Frederick. That’s his name right?” Tweek asked, looking at Craig, who seemed very visibly uncomfortable.

“Yeah that’s his name. Frederick Johnson,” Craig grumbled, the hate towards the name more than clear as he spat it out.

“It wasn’t any of you?” Tweek asked, in a voice that could only be described as mild betrayal.

“As much as I wish I could take credit for it, it wasn’t me. I never stopped looking for you though,” Craig promised, his hand finally being accepted into Tweek’s, the action causing him to smile.

“Oh. Well I wish I could thank whoever it was,” mumbled Tweek, chewing on his thumbnail.
“Yeah me too!” Clyde bursted, rolling himself so his head was laying on Tweek’s crossed knee. 

“Oh! Before I forget! Clyde, can I use your mirror? No one's let me use a mirror. I just wanna, hgn, see what I look like,” Tweek asked innocently, using a voice that was ridiculously sweet, as he ran through his fingers through Clyde’s hair.

Clyde practically nuzzled his head up into Tweek’s hand, not unlike something a dog would do. “’Course Tweekothy,” Clyde said with a smile, sitting up and digging around his backpack. He leaned back and handed a pink plastic mirror to Tweek. Tweek grabbed it eagerly and angled it to look at his face. He ran a finger along the bags under his left eye, watching his finger in the mirror match his actions.

He angled the mirror down further to look at his neck, running his hand along a harsh red mark. “Oh I didn’t know that left a mark.” Tweek thought aloud, his eyes completely fixated on his reflection.

“What left a mark?” Clyde asked, placing his head back on Tweek’s knee.

“Huh?” Tweek asked, his eyes breaking away from the mirror to look down at Clyde.

“Clyde, y-y-you’re not supp-su-su-supp-. Don’t ask Tweek that sh-shit!” Jimmy scolded, smacking Clyde in the leg to punctuate his statement.

“Oh shit! Sorry, Tweek, don’t answer that!” Clyde recovered tipping his head back to look the blonde in the eyes.

“Okay,” Tweek responded simply, handing Clyde the mirror back.

Craig seemed ready to say something when Tweek’s therapist walked through the door. “Hi boys! It’s time for me to have a session with Tweek, so it’s time for your visit to end. You boys can come visit again soon, alright? Say your goodbyes!” The therapist said, a cheesy smile plastered across her face.

“Bye, Tweek!” Clyde practically shouted, adjusting his body to give Tweek a bear hug. The hug agitated his broken rib but Tweek didn’t make any indication of it. Jimmy and Token, followed suit, giving various dismissals.

“Bye honey, I’ll try to come visit again soon. If you’d like me to,” Craig said bashfully, wrapping his arms around his smaller boyfriend.

“Of course I’d like you too, but don’t, ah, inconvenience yourself,” Tweek mumbled, worried about being a nuisance to others.

“Seeing you would never be an inconvenience, don’t worry,” Craig promised, letting go of Tweek and putting his backpack back on. “Good bye, babe,” Craig waved as he followed his friends out of Tweek’s hospital room, smiling the whole way.

Tweek’s therapist waited until the door closed before turning to Tweek, “how are you?”

“Good, knowing I didn’t imagine my best friends and boyfriend.” Tweek responded honestly, shrugging.

The therapist laughed, “I’m sure!”

Chapter End Notes
I FUCKING love Clyde
Jaune was still alive, that made Tweek breathe out in relief. He wondered if his parents took care of him while he was gone or if Craig did. Tweek figured that the bird probably needed to fly around, after all it had been trapped inside a cage for a year. Tweek would want to stretch his wings too. Tweek opened the cage and reached a finger in, he let the bird nibble at his finger for a moment before picking him up and letting him out of the cage. Tweek moved to close the window curtain, shuddering just looking at it. He watched his bird fly around his room for a bit before properly looking around his room.

His parents hadn’t even done his laundry, clothes that had been dirty since last October were still sitting in his hamper. It felt surreal to be back in his room, it was left untouched since he was last here. There was a thin layer of dust across everything, and a pungent smell that old coffee left. He felt the need to clean his room immediately, the messiness of it had never bothered him before, but now it made his skin prickle in annoyance.

Tweek was told to go to bed, but it wasn’t late and he wasn’t tired. He wasn’t sure exactly what time it was as the digital clock that sat on his bedside table was blinking 12:00, he was pretty sure it wasn’t actually 12, they just ate dinner after all. He had wanted to go up to his room as soon as he got home. But he was told to sit and eat dinner first. They served coffee with dinner, Tweek didn’t drink any of it.

He walked over to his desk, his phone was laying there, it was dead (obviously), so he plugged it in waiting for the screen to light up with 1% battery. It took a couple minutes of him staring at it for it to finally turn on and sat pondering at what his password was. It had been so long he wasn’t sure if he could remember it. It wasn’t Craig. It wasn’t coffee. Or Jaune, or tulips or cupcakes or any of the things he remembered liking before he was kidnapped. So he left it for now. Maybe Craig would know.

He started cleaning his room up. He began with the excessive paper cups stained brown, some with lingering liquid in them still, he tossed them all in a plastic bag he found on the floor, hanging it on his doorknob. It would be his garbage for now. He then moved onto the Lego scattering his floor, placing it all back in the bin with shaky hands, pushing the plastic container under his bed when it was all cleaned up. He wondered what he had been building, it all just seemed like a mess but he always knew there was some method to it. Some plan he had. But he couldn’t remember it now, just
like a lot of things.

He tried to relay what he remembered to the best of his ability. What was done to him, how he was taken, where he might be now, but Tweek was struggling to recall anything. He knew that he was likely repressing the memories, and despite how annoyed his parents were getting with his lacking responses to inquiring questions, he was almost glad he couldn’t remember anything. He knew vaguely what happened to him, rape, abuse, the whole nine yards, and he was glad he couldn’t remember the gritty details. Some things would come back to him, he’d be laying in bed and remember the feeling of a scratchy beard against his face and torso. He’d sit and read in his hospital bed, and remember the uncomfortable feeling of being stretched. But for the most part he was satisfied with not knowing much.

The blonde looked towards his door, where his bag was sitting, he had dropped it there when he walked into his room. He knew that waiting inside was the present that Craig had given him. He still didn’t think he deserved it, he was making everything difficult, he caused so many people worry and he still wasn’t helping. He knew that Frederick has gotten away, and he knew that he was likely the best lead the police had. But he couldn’t remember anything that could help the investigation, and that alone made him feel like he didn’t deserve any kind of gift. But still, a selfish part of him wanted it, and he knew that Craig had gotten it for him, it would be rude of him not to at least open it.

He walked over and zipped the bag open, sifting through pajamas and art supplies to find the slightly crushed present. He tore the wrapping off faster than he’d like to admit to find a pack of oil pastels. The blonde smiled despite himself, holding the pack up to properly look at the colours. It was just an average colour set, varied cool and warm colours, with a black and white added in. Tweek placed it down and crawled over to his bookshelf, pulling out one of his many unused sketchbooks. He knew that this one was adapted to use oil pastels and so he flipped it open and moved back to where the pack was laying on the ground.

He picked up a red out of the pack and ran it across the page. Doing the same with the rest of the colours, to get a feel for them. He looked back at the page after drawing, and something about the lines made him uneasy. He took his index finger and ran it along each line, smudging it into the paper and into the other colours, making the page into a mess of smudged colours. He put everything away after that, placing his new pack of pastels in his bookshelf next to the rest of the drawing supplies.

He sat at his desk next, placing his hands on the smooth surface before pulling back suddenly, his skin irritated by the dust layering the sanded wood. He pulled his sleeve up from his black hoodie and wiped along the top, a clear line was left along the dust and he kept running his arm along until there was none left. His sleeve now had a very distinct grey spot on it, so he took it off and chucked it in the hamper. He pulled open the notebook sitting there to see a half completed math problem he must have been working on that night, he studied it for a moment before finishing it. He wasn’t sure if he did it right but he hardly cared.

He closed the book and looked back at his phone laying on the ground still plugged in. He rapped the pencil in his hand against the desk while staring at the black screen. He wanted to see what went on in the world while he was gone, but at the same time feared it. He knew lots must have happened, he knew there was likely plenty of messages from people wondering where he was, where he went. Did he really want to look through all of that knowing it’ll just make him sad? But he did. A part of him had to know what he missed.

It took only a moment longer of staring aimlessly at his black-screened phone for the memory of his password to hit him. It was Stripe, as in the pet guinea pig Craig has, and will always have. There was something adorably charming about how Craig could never think of a new name for his pigs,
opting to just go with the same name with an added number corresponding to which Stripe they were. Tweek remember changing it after Clyde figured out his old one, and changed the background of the phone to be a goofy picture of the brunette. He also scrolled through Tweek’s internet history, regretfully claiming that he could not find any gay porn, and Tweek must be so tech savvy that he remembers to use the incognito tab. Which, by the way he phrased it, made it sound like Clyde often forgot to use the hidden tab.

Tweek fell to the floor and quickly typed the name and watched as the phone opened to his home. Tweek smiled despite himself at the picture of him and Craig that served as his background. They were using one of those stupid Snapchat filters, it gave them both thin-rimmed glasses and cat ears, Craig was saying something as his mouth was open. But Tweek was smiling with his tongue out. They looked cute. Seeing them being all cute and happy from before made his heart flutter just slightly in his chest.

He went right to the news, terrorist attacks, murder, presidential bullshit. Looks like that didn’t change when he was gone, not that that shocked him very much. He had 99+ Facebook notifications that was mostly him being tagged in “missing person” posts made by friends and family. The comments were filled with sorries and people pretending to be worried for him. He knew they were pretending, mostly, because he wasn’t even sure who they were.

After checking the rest of his social medias (which were filled with similar looking notifications) he finally checked his text messages. There were 51 from Craig alone. 15 from Clyde, 2 from Token, 5 from Cartman, and 3 from Wendy. He opened Craig’s and scrolled up to his and Craig’s last message, and started reading what he never got to.

10/19/17
7:24am-3:11pm

Craig :  Good morning babe. <3
Craig :  Coming to school today?
Craig :  ???
Craig :  Are you feeling okay honey?
Craig :  Text me when you wake up!
Craig :  Or whatever.
Craig :  I love you! :* <3
Craig :  Im gonna come home after school to check up on you. Just so you know!
Craig :  Leaving now, be there soon!
Craig :  Hey why are there police officers outside your house?

10/31/17
11:26pm-11:37pm

Craig :  i miss u bby
Craig :  ccome to cyldes
Craig :  pplz sre telling me ur not comiing
Craig :  u should tho!!!!!!
Craig :  i promasse lots of kisses!!!! :*

11/1/17
1:22pm-1:40pm

Craig :  God babe thats so fucking embarrassing shit.
Craig: I mean when you read these back whenever you get back home I don’t want you to think I’m retarded or something.
Craig: Lol.
Craig: Clyde just got me drunk.
Craig: Still love you sweetie. Even if you’re not here.
Craig: Sorry this is stupid idk what I’m doing.

11/24/17
11:37pm-11:40pm

Craig: Happy birthday! <3
Craig: Still miss you tons.
Craig: I love you.
Craig: So much.
Craig: Fuck

1/1/18
12:03am-12:11am

Craig: HHAPY NEW YEAR!!!!
Craig: *celebration emoji*
Craig: Tooo bad ur not jere for a new years k Kissb !!#!!!!
Craig: Ill ggive u 1 whne u get back!
Craig: ;*

1/1/18
4:23pm-4:41pm

Craig: What the fuck is wrong with me.
Craig: I know you cant respond but I’m still messaging you.
Craig: I’m losing my mind without you honey.
Craig: Please come home soon.
Craig: Please.
Craig: I love you.
Craig: <3

1/13/18
1:13am-2:49am

Craig: I need to pour out my emotions somewhere and I’ve only ever been able to do it to you.
Craig: So fuck it! This is the only way I think I’m going to stay sane!
Craig: I went to a stupid fucking party at Token’s tonight.

Why was he here? Why on god’s unholy earth did he decide that coming to Token’s house on a Saturday night when a big stupid party was happening would be a good idea? “It’s been three months Craig, you have to go do something!” Clyde, Token, Jimmy, Tricia and his parents had warned him over and over again since the new year. He couldn’t stand it anymore, so he gave in. So now he was here, sitting on a plush couch watching a group of 15 year olds sitting in a circle on
the floor, playing spin the bottle while each drinking their own cup of dubious liquid. Cartman had called the game juvenile but he was still sitting in the circle, watching the bottle turn in anticipation.

Craig had rigorously avoided parties but would sometimes come if the occasion was right and the stars aligned. It felt surreal going to them because they literally felt like they came straight from a shitty teen movie. Red solo cups, music so loud you can’t even hear it, the suffocating smell of weed, cigarettes and various forms of alcohol, among other things. And as much fun as patting Clyde’s back as he vomited up his entire stomach’s contents, then carrying his friend to any vacant bed in the Black household, Craig would rather pass.

Said friend was busy joining the rest of the teens in their perfectly cliched game of share spit. Clyde was sitting cross legged on the carpeted floor, resting his back on the couch Craig was currently taking occupancy on. Totally occupancy. Craig was using his long legs to stretch across the entire expanse of the seating in to make sure no one else could sit next to him. Clyde lolled his head back, making his head rest against Craig’s knee, prompting the older to look up from his phone for the first time since he sat down. The brunette was drunk, Craig could tell. “Come play with us dude, don’t miss out because you’re gonna be a baby all night,” is what Craig was pretty sure Clyde said through all his slurring.

“No,” Craig said with enough firmness to deter even the most persistent of men, if they were sober at least.

“Awwwwww, come on dude!” Clyde whined through a wide smile that looked sickeningly fake, but Craig knew it wasn’t. Clyde was never unsincer with his similes. Clyde was a horrible actor.

“Yeah come on Craig, don’t be a pussy. None of us will tell Tweek,” Cartman said a smug smile playing on his lips. Unlike Clyde, Cartman was only mildly tipsy, and even then it was debateable. For someone who ate everything he seemed to hold the reins when it came to alcohol. Cartman leaned as discreetly as he seemed to manage towards Butters and whispered something lowly to the blonde, who looked unmistakably uncomfortable with the exchange.

“What the fuck did you say?” Craig asked, sitting up a bit and putting away his phone. He was met with nothing more than an “innocent” smile and a small shrug from the fat boy.. Craig’s eyes drifted over to the blonde sitting next to him, lowering his eyelids to a glare. He watched Butters shuffle anxiously under Craig’s gaze, his hands coming up to bump his knuckles together. “What did he say Butters?” Craig demanded, tempted to stand up and tower over the sitting boy, but decided against it.

“A-ah, well jeez, Craig,” Butters said, the fear in his eyes imminite as he avoid looking at Craig. The noirette sat up properly, josling the way Clyde was sitting, and repeated his question, carefully and slowly. Butters moved out of arms reach from Cartman and stuttered out his response as quickly as he could manage. “H-he said, ‘if we ever see him again’.”

“We will see him again, you fat fuck. He will be found, so shut your fucking mouth before I kick the absolute shit out of you.” Craig all but yelled, scrambling in his anger to stand up in a mock form of intimidation, much to Clyde’s complaint as he was pushed around.

“Well sorry, Craig, if some of us are just trying to be realistic. Why keep pretending like he didn’t just get on a bus and ditch this shitty town? We all know he just ran away and you’re too caught up in the fact that maybe Tweek wasn’t so head-over-heels for you like you thought.” The words hit his limbs faster than his brain did, his body reacting before he even had time to process it. There were fingers stepped on, and drinks knocked over in the noirette’s haste to get towards the other boy, and do exactly what he promised.
Eric pushed at the ground in an attempt to stand up before Craig managed to get to him, knowing the taller boy holds good on his promises. The brunette wasn’t fast enough and was hindered further as Craig lifted his foot and slammed it as hard as he could into the other boy’s chest.

Eric fell onto his back and kicked his legs about in order to get some leverage as he scrambled to stand up and hold his own. Craig barely gave the other a moment to breath before his fist was slamming onto the shorter boy’s left eye, knowing with disturbing satisfaction that a decent shiner would be left behind because of it. Part of Craig knew he should stop now, Cartman would never learn his lesson but he would at least shut up for a while, and so would anyone else who were saying shit. But despite his brain protesting his limbs wouldn’t stop moving.

He couldn’t seem to stop himself as his leg swung up once more to the brunettes stomach, kicking him down to the ground. He couldn’t stop as he dove to the ground after the former. He couldn’t stop as tears started to run down his face in anger or fear or sadness, he couldn’t tell at this point. Everything he had kept suppressed since Tweek left, came in the form of a fist that would leave mark after mark on the face of Eric Cartman.

It took both Token and Kenny to pull Craig off of the smaller boy. He couldn’t tell exactly what was happening as he was lifted from Cartman and his hands were no longer following orders. Then everything came hitting him at once. All the yelling and screaming and smells and sights and Craig couldn’t handle it all. He let himself go limp in the arms of his friends as they dragged him away from the scene, Clyde following behind, rambling about something that Craig couldn’t force himself to focus on.

“...you can’t just beat the shit out of people everytime they say something you don’t agree with! Even if that person is Cartman,” Token scolded Craig, as soon as he zoned slightly back in. Token and Kenny pulled the boy out of the house and into the backyard, leaning him on the side of the house, making sure he was balanced before letting him go.

“You ruined the entire vibe dude! Now how am I supposed to kiss Bebe!” Clyde slurred in his drunken whine, his hands flying wildly.

“Maybe stop thinking with your dick for once and she might kiss you for a reason other than a stupid middle school game!” Craig snapped, regretting the words as soon as they came out of his mouth. Not that he made that clear. He watched Kenny pull out a pack of cigarettes from his orange hoodie, instead. The blonde took two out and offered one to Craig. He had never smoked before but he accepted it as if he did it professionally.

“Just because you’re pissed that Tweek took off doesn’t mean you can-”

“TWEEK DIDN’T TAKE OFF!” Craig cut his best friend off, stomping his foot on the ground and leaning towards the brunette. “You fucking know that! You fucking know that he would never do that! Not without his phone, not without his clothes, not without money and not without telling me first!” Craig had never snapped like this before, all his emotions were coming out of him for the first time and he didn’t know how to control it properly. He felt bad for Clyde, but at the same time it almost felt freeing to yell at someone for Tweek’s disappearance.

“Well maybe we didn’t all know Tweek as well as we thought,” Clyde said in a moment that seemed almost entirely out of character considering the boy had been practically shit faced a moment ago. But Craig supposed the chilly air outside and all the yelling had sobered the brunette up. Craig knew he should’ve gotten angrier from the words that came from his best friends mouth, but all the could feel in the moment was shock and sadness. It took all of his concentration to not starting crying.
“Fuck you,” Craig couldn’t help himself from saying, in what was clearly his last line of defence. He took the offered lighter from Kenny and flicked it on, cupping his hand around the flame and lighting the tip of the cigarette.

“No, fuck you,” Clyde said before he turned and walked back into the party. Token followed closely behind, not sparing a second glance towards Craig before walking away. Craig exhaled slowly, his breath as shaky as his mental state.

“I know shits hard, but, dude, you gotta chill,” Kenny said slowly, after a moment of silence had pass. Craig watched him inhale the smoke from the cigarette, hold it for a minute before slowly letting it seep out his mouth. Craig tried to do the same but ended up in a bit of a coughing fit. Kenny laughed softly.

“It’s hard to chill when everyone is constantly up your ass about how he’s not coming back or how he maybe just ran away. Everyone knows that’s a bullshit excuse the police gave because they’re lazy and only wanna spend their time beating up minorities and nothing else. Something bad happened and no one cares,” Craig felt himself start to choke up with tears again as he spoke the words and quickly covered it up by taking another inhale of smoke.

“I care, if that's any consolation.” Craig wasn't really sure if it was or not, but at the moment, he was glad there was someone who agreed with him. “I just think people aren't sure what exactly to think. People want him to be okay, and the most likely chance of him being okay is if he chose to leave. I'm sure Tweek will end up alright, dude.” Kenny paused to take another drag of his cigarette. “But whatever happened to him honestly beats me.”

“I just,” Craig breathed out again, doing his ever-loving best to not break into sobs. “I fucking miss him so much, y’know. I just wish I knew what happened. Knew where he was. Fuck me, dude.”

“You want me to walk you home or something?” Kenny asked gently, placing a hand carefully on Craig's shoulder. Craig nodded.

“Thanks, man. For like talking to me or whatever.”

“Anytime, dude.”

Chapter End Notes

Jaune is yellow in french and I think thats fucking adorable so thanks for coming to my ted talk
Little Outfits

Chapter Notes

Stripe is a girl and always will be guys sorry I don’t make the rules I just enforce them

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tweek laid on Craig’s bed, Stripe #5 scurrying across his chest as he stared at the glow-in-the-dark stars stuck on Craig’s ceiling. Craig was sitting at his desk typing away at his laptop. He has to finish an assignment, or at least that’s what he told Tweek when the blonde had messaged him an hour ago asking if he could come over. Tweek wasn’t really allowed to leave the house, aside going to Craig’s house or his therapist’s office, who, by the way, ended up coming to his house more than not. Because of this, the blonde was going stir crazy. Don’t misinterpret his want to leave his house, he didn’t really want to go anywhere besides his boyfriend’s, he was still afraid of the outside world. He knew that at any corner there could be Johnson, lurking, waiting. No one knew where he had went and that alone made Tweek paranoid beyond belief. Could anyone really blame him though?

“Do you still have those, ah, those little outfits? Like the ones you can put her in,” Tweek asked, tilting his head to look properly at his boyfriend.

Craig made a slight grunt of alarm, Tweek’s question clearly knocking him out of whatever homework zone he may have been in. “Uh, yeah, I think somewhere in all her shit, you can dig through to see if you can find them if you want.” Craig pointed to the dresser that Stripe’s cage sat on.

Tweek picked up the furry rodent, her little nails poking sharply into the palms of his hand, and wandered over to the dresser. Tweek placed Stripe on his lap and began shuffling through the variety of little things Craig had in the mess of storage. The bottom drawer had food, the middle had the cleaning supplies, and the top drawer seemed to be what could only be considered the ‘others’ drawer. He found a couple of old toys that he gave to the pet on his lap as he kept searching. Amongst other trash he found a little cape and a little pirate outfit. And in the very back he found a little pink harness and leash, that Stripe didn’t seem to like as she chirped and clawed at Tweek’s jeans once he pulled it out.

Tweek didn’t really like it either.

“It’s the same colour,” he muttered to himself as he ran a bitten nail along the smooth leather that made up most of the harness.

“Hmm?” Craig questioned, turning in his chair to look at Tweek, who seemed completely engrossed in the harness. “Oh? That thing? I used to use it to take Stripe on little walks around my room, back before I trusted myself to watch her and y’know, make sure she didn’t make a mess. I haven’t used it since like,” Craig paused to think, leaning back in his chair a tad. “Since Stripe #3 I think.”

“She doesn’t like it.”

“She has no reason to not like it, she’s never even seen it before,” Craig responded walking over to his boyfriend and sitting down next to the blonde. He picked up the rodent, who was still chirping irritably.
“I don’t like it. It looks similar,” Tweek practically muttered to himself, still running his fingers across the leather.

“Similar to what babe?” Craig asked almost absentmindedly, playing with Stripe on his lap.

Tweek’s hand seemed to instinctually raise to his throat, grasping around it loosely.

“The collar.”

He came down still wearing his winter boots, there was snow on the boots that made wet tracks as he made his way to Tweek. The blonde watched little pools of water form from the melted, and felt himself become disgusting over his want to drink up the water from the floor. He would take almost anything at this point, he was getting woozy from lack of a proper sleep or food or water. Tweek also hated himself for being practically excited from seeing his captor. Not for any reason beside he hold the ability to provide actual sustenance to the teen.

“I got you a present,” Tweek’s kidnapper said in a sing-song voice, after arriving at the side of Tweek’s bed.

“Is it, ah, my freedom, food or a shower?” Tweek asked with a bite in his voice, despite the shakiness and clear exhausting lacing it as well.

He cracked a mocking smile and followed it with an equally mocking laugh, “The latter two are possible if you’re a good girl-”

“I’m not a girl.”

He purposely ignored Tweek, continuing on as if the younger hadn’t said anything at all. “But those aren’t the present I have for you.” He dug around in his pocket for a moment before pulling out a pale pink collar. Attached to it was a heart shaped tag, that definitely had writing on it but Tweek couldn’t decipher it from the angle he was at. “It’s to show you’re mine sweetheart,” He said with, what Tweek considered, a sick looking smile on his face.

“I’m not yours. I am my own fucking person,” Tweek practically growled, his malice towards the object being held by the older clear by the glare he was giving it.

There’s no reason why Tweek didn’t expect the slap that came only seconds later, he had just sworn, either way he didn’t see it coming. So when his head snapped to the side and a blooming burn came from the side of his face, he really shouldn’t had let out such a surprised scream. But he did anyway, and while Tweek expected to be reprimanded for his words all he got instead was his captor coming closer in order to place the collar on him.

Tweek wiggled and wormed, to the best of his ability, away from Johnson. But with his hands tied he couldn’t do much, and he managed to close the collar around Tweek’s pale neck. He attached a steel chain to the collar and closed a tiny padlock too it. Keeping the collar not only trapped on Tweek, but as well locking the leash in too.

Tweek raised his knees to his chest and attempted to push him off by using the soles of his feet. He was promptly ignored and the chain was wrapped around the headboard, a bike lock keeping it attached. “That I kept the key too,” he said running a hand through blonde hair.

“What does that mean!” Tweek asked, in exasperation, still attempting to kick at the older.
“Oh, I just got rid of the key to the lock keeping your collar closed. I kept the bike lock one though, because maybe one day you’ll be a good enough girl for daddy that I’ll be able to let you walk around freely,” Johnson with a soft smile on his face, as if he was imagining a day in which Tweek would become nothing more than a proper sex slave. As if.

“They only place I want to be walking freely is out of this fucking house,” Tweek said with renewed strength in his thrashing.

“Anyway, baby girl, I’m going to untie your hands. But if you’re bad they’ll go right back to being tied up. The reason I’m doing this is for a special activity. Do you know what that is?” He asked, his fingers still running through the blonde’s hair.

“You’re giving me the opportunity to, ah, sock you in the face?” Tweek responded sarcastically, slowing his movements for a moment, anticipating the concept of being untied.

“No, no. You’re going to suck daddy off.”

“Like hell I will-”

“If you don’t choose to willingly suck daddy off, I will have no choice but to fuck your mouth. I am giving you the chance to not have to deep throat or anything, and to go at your own pace, Tweek. If you don’t choose to take this chance, then I will have no choice but to use your mouth like a right hole to fuck. Do you understand?” He said, speaking clearly and slowly, as if he was talking to a toddler.

“I think you have a lot more choices than to rape my mouth,” Tweek mumbled, turning his head away from his kidnapper.

“Do you understand?” Johnson repeated, louder this time and in a tone a voice that made Tweek almost think of his real dad and how he would get yelled at for making a mess in the back of the shop.

“Yes,” Tweek said begrudgingly.

“Yes what?”

“Yes,” Tweek paused, running a sand-papery tongue over equally dry lips, wondering if he really was going to play into the older man’s games. “Yes, daddy.”

Chapter End Notes

You wanna yell at me in a more private form?? Message me on tumblr!!
@totallynotganymededethemoon I'm shitty at holding a conversation but I'm all for yelling about the boys so please feel free to message me my dudes uwu
Vomit and Chalk

Chapter Notes

I actually love writing ppl text. I just like writing the different quirks each person has when they text
Idk
Wild

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was Bebe that brought it up first.

10/9/18
Bebe: hey babes!!!! when you coming back to skool?? We all miss you sm <3 <3
Tweek: idk i havent rly thought about it
Tweek: i dont think im enrolled in any classes anyway
Bebe: just talk to the principal!! she gotchu covered bb
Tweek: kk ill talk to my parents about it

Truth be told Tweek didn’t talk to his parents about it until four days later. By then it was a late Saturday night and his parents were sitting down in the living room watching the news. Tweek padded down the stairs in his pajamas, his socked feet protecting him from the unforgiving hardwood floor in the living room.

“Uh, dad when will I, ah, being going back to school?” Tweek asked, unbuttoning and re-buttoning his pajama shirt.

“Your therapist was actually just talking to us about the very same thing!” His mother said, a cup of coffee in her hand as she smiled sweetly at her son.

“We were thinking about going into your school this Monday to see about getting you back into some classes, and then you can start the week after that,” Tweek’s father said, pulling out his phone and doing something or other on it, Tweek couldn’t tell.

“I-I don’t know if I’m ready to start school this soon,” Tweek said, stumbling over his words, knowing his parents weren’t going to listen to him.
“Nonsense, Tweek. You’ve already missed one entire year of school, if you don’t get on retaking it, then you’ll never pass high school and your mother and I won’t be able to give the store over to you when we get to old, because you’ll be incompetent. Then you’ll have nowhere to work, and end up on the streets, and likely get kidnapped again. Do you really want that Tweek?” His father asked rhetorically, barely paying any mind to his only son practically breaking down from his words.

“No sir.”

“That’s what I thought. Now go to bed.”

The day in which they were to meet with the principal came too fast. They went during school hours, right when second period was going on. Tweek had texted Craig to tell him this, the latter dipped from his class to say hi to his boyfriend. Tweek’s parents found it remarkably cute, not even slightly miffed by the fact Craig was skipping his class. They eventually had to part and Tweek felt like he was on his way to death row. Every step was another stab to his heart and lungs, and by the time they made it to the office he could barely stand any longer.

He paid almost no attention to the meeting, allowing his parents to organize everything. They only thing he did pay attention to was how he was going to take credit recovery for his civic, careers and his history courses. He would be taking grade 10 science and English this semester, and grade 10 math next semester, the rest of his classes were electives that he could take the grade 11 version of this year, and take the grade 10 ones online over the summer or in direct summer school. He had to make that decision by the end of this semester so they could enrol him in those classes. It was a lot for his hazy mind to take in, but he did his best.

By the time they were done it was lunch. Tweek may not had been in school for a year, but he knew exactly what those halls were like during lunch time, and he was terrified to walk through it with nothing but anxiety and his neglectful parents. Luckily Craig was already waiting outside of the office, and took the blonde’s hand as soon as they stepped out the door. Tweek and Craig walked hand in hand through the halls, Craig attempting the maneuver the crowd through the hordes of pubescent angst and sweat.

They almost made it out the doors when a voice cut through the air. The one voice Tweek did not miss during his time being kidnapped. “TWEEK!” Eric Cartman screamed as he pushed through teens attempting to get close to the blonde.

Tweek groaned, and Craig squeezed his hand sympathetically. “Hi, Cartman,” Tweek said politely, turning to face the overweight 16 year-old.

“Man! You look like shit! Oh, hello Mr. and Mrs. Tweak! What’s up with that gross mark on your neck? You’re so pale too,” Cartman broke out into an inappropriate laughing fit, the mocking tone of it running shivers up Tweek’s spine. He had been mockingly laughed at too much recently.

“Yeah that, ah, happens when you don’t go outside for a year,” Tweek responded drily, his voice so flat it made his boyfriend proud.

“Well it really do be like that sometimes, as they say,” Cartman said, a govil smile on his face, showing of his stupidly perfect teeth.

“Well it really do be like that sometimes, as they say,” Cartman said, a govil smile on his face, showing of his stupidly perfect teeth.

“It’s very nice to see you Eric, but we do need to get going. You’ll have plenty of time to talk with Tweek next week when he comes back to school,” Mrs. Tweek said pleasantly, her hands clasped neatly in front of her.

“You’re comin’ back next week?” A small voice spoke up from behind Cartman, Butters peeking up
from over the fat teen’s shoulder.

“Uh yeah,” Tweek responded, shuffling awkwardly between his feet.

“Oh! That’s wonderful! I can’t wait to see you more Tweek!” Butters chirped, smiling brightly.

“Yes, yes, wonderful. Now sorry boys but we really must be going, the shops been closed too long. Tweek will see you all later, goodbye,” Mr. Tweak said sternly, gripping Tweek by his shoulder and turning him around.

“Bye-bye!” Butters called after him, waving his hand before it was grabbed by Cartman and he was led back into the crowd of puberty by it.

Mr. Tweak led the other three back to the car where Craig had to part ways again, he gave Tweek a hug that they both deemed respectable enough in front of their parents, and left. Tweek sat in the backseat and pretend to listen to his parents prattle on about the plan for his education. He pulled his phone out and texted the “Girls ;)” group chat he was a part of, only because he’s gay.

10/15/18

**SoftmanTM:** ill b back at school next monday

**Wendzilla:** You’ll be back already? Are you even ready?

**Green:** sweet! I’ve missed u!

**SoftmanTM:** doesn’t matter if im ready or not im coming back lol

**BaeBae:** it totz matters!!!!

**Besther:** Want me 2 beat your parents up?

**Green:** esther u cant even beat ur bfs meat let alone tweeks parents

**BaeBae:** RED JFC LMAO

**SoftmanTM:** fhdloflksdf

**Besther:** Okay wow

**Wendzilla:** You ladies are getting way off topic

**Green:** sorry mom but i couldnt not lmao

**Wendzilla:** Anyway, Tweek if you need support we always got you sweetie! <3

**SoftmanTM:** thnx <3

Tweek sighed putting his phone down on his lap. Part of him felt like he would be holding Wendy to that.

As soon as the door closed, Tweek was on the floor throwing up. Whatever little food that has still be sitting undigested in his stomach poured out onto the floor, along with the spunk of a pervert and too much stomach acid for comfort. Tweek’s tongue and throat burned, for more reasons that just his barf. The blonde sat and retched for what felt like forever, spit and bile dripping out his mouth as tears accompanied the pile of fluids on the floor.

He sat back on his butt, not caring how the cold cement felt against his skin, sobbing tears he couldn’t afford to cry. He felt so dehydrated he didn’t have anything to swallow anymore. *He* had to spit in Tweek’s mouth in order for there to be any saliva in the equation. The equation being Tweek sucking dick for the first time. And despite what he would say if ever asked, he did it mostly willingly. While he did it for his own wellbeing, he still regretted his choice. Not much that he could do about it now.
Tweek climbed up onto his bed and fingered at the chain connecting him to the bed. He slid to the foot and climbed over the frame, just able to stand with his back bending. Tweek sunk down until the chain caught the end of the bed, and as Tweek continued to sink, he placed all his body weight against the collar and thus against his neck. At the first cut of air he stood back up shakily and gripped the frame of the bed.

Tweek hadn’t considered himself particularly weak or susceptible to suicidal thoughts, but here he was. He pushed himself up over the frame and lade back on the bed, his legs hanging over the edge. He tucked a finger under the collar and ran a finger across his skin, feeling the roughness of his skin from the raw rubbing it had been getting. The blonde sighed and rubbed at his eyes, not even having the strength to cry anymore, despite the hopelessness he felt. Tweek knew that if he wanted to he could hop back over the frame and just go limp, the collar would do the rest. But part of him couldn’t stop holding on, he had no idea how long he had been in the basement, but it felt like years.

Tweek didn’t even flinch as he heard the door open, the floor screaming as it got scraped across. He felt the impact before he even noticed what was happening, a plastic water bottle flying through the air and landing on his stomach. Tweek scurried up into a sitting position and practically ripped the lid off of the bottle, drinking the entirety of it in a couple seconds. Tweek had never felt such relief from just a bottle of water, it felt like absolute heaven to him and was more than disappointed when he finished it.

“I got you a present,” He said, standing by the foot of the bed, a plastic bin in his hand. He lifted it up to show it off to Tweek, it was a bin of coloured chalk. “Thought you’d might like to doodle on the floor and such. You’ll have to do something for me first, though.”

“Sucking you off wasn’t, ah, enough?” Tweek asked slightly rhetorically, eyeing the bin with pretend indifference, despite wanting nothing more than to doodle. He’d been going mad without the opportunity to draw.

“It’s a lot easier than that babygirl,” He said approaching the teen, sitting on the edge of the bed, having placed the bin of chalk out of Tweek’s range. Tweek held his tongue as He seemed to anticipate some kind of rebuttal, but the blonde didn’t give him that satisfaction. “You just gotta gimme a little kiss, and I’ll even go get you another bottle of water.”

Tweek’s initial reaction was to yell no in his face and then kick him in the nuts, but instead his mouth formed words that he didn’t know was coming, “and something to eat?” He shocked himself with his answer, but didn’t take it back. Some part of his brain had prioritized his well being over his dignity.

“Sure, sweetie, but it better be a good kiss.” He moved closer to Tweek and gripped his head with his hand, pulling the blonde closer to him. Tweek immediately closed his eyes and let himself pretend he wasn’t actually going to kiss his fucking kidnapper. Their lips brushed against another and Tweek almost pulled away, he wouldn’t have had much of a chance anyway as he gripped the other side of Tweek’s face and pushed him fully forward. Instantly the older man’s tongue was pushing into the younger’s mouth, the latter letting him in and more or less let it happen. He didn’t move away and didn’t make any attempt to bite his captors tongue off, he just sat there and let his mouth be violated. When he finally pulled away their mouths were connected by a string of saliva that Tweek wiped away with the back of his hand.

He sighed and sat back, a wistful smile on his face. He leaned over and handed the bin of chalk to Tweek. “You’re a very good girl, Tweek.” Tweek didn’t respond, instead opening the bin and looking through the different colours, the dust lingering on the tips of his fingers. Faster than Tweek could comprehend his face was pinched between his hand and tilted up in order to face him. “Say thank you,” he said sternly, his eyebrows pinched in annoyance.
“Thank you, daddy,” Tweek responded robotically, once again barely registering the words crossing his lips.

Chapter End Notes

Sorta short f
Taking Notes

Chapter Notes

Sorry this took so god damn long jfc. I've been writing shit for other chapters but this has to be put out before and lemme tell you writing some of this was not easy. So warning on that part it gets a tad heavy. But if you don't expect that at this point...why? Hopefully the next chapters won't take over a month for me to post but who knows? I'm a procrastinating piece of shit.

Enjoy fellas~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It had mostly been a dare. Mostly.

“Come on man! What else are you gonna do with an old laptop other than turn it into one that can browse the deep web?”

“Sell it? Donate it? Take it apart? Do literally anything else?”

“Come on! Don’t be a fucking loser! Stop ruining everything like you always do!”

So he did. He had always been a bit susceptible to peer pressure. Even those from Eric Cartman, whom - for your knowledge - had never shown interest towards him before this. Aside a couple of times in elementary school in which he had been nothing more than a pawn in his plans. He gave Eric no control over the laptop, however, in fear of what the sociopath might do. All they did was do a quick look over the forums, then they caught view of a person selling human body parts and that’s when they called it quits.

So the dark-haired boy wasn’t sure exactly what compelled him to go back on that laptop. Maybe it was because he had an idea. An idea that could perhaps save Tweek Tweak. Who wasn’t exactly his friend, but Craig Tucker was. Not that Craig would ever admit it, they were like...undercover friends. Friends who only spoke over Steam until the early hours of the morning talking about Star Wars or Star Trek, or space. Nerdy shit like that. And only every week or so. But things had been a bit different recently.

It was January 13 at 3:21 am when his phone lit up. He was busy at home playing Star Wars Battlefront II on his Xbox One when the soft vibrations his phone made when he got a text startled him out of his game. No one messaged him. And especially not this late at night. Or this early in the morning. Whatever.

1/13/18
3:21am

C. Tucker: You’re probably asleep but I need someone to talk to and I couldn’t think of anyone else.

Me: Oh? What’s up dude?

In a matter of two hours Craig had calmed down and fallen asleep. And now the pale boy was left awake and shaken at 5 am. And with an uncanny urge to venture back onto the deep web. No matter
how much he did fear it.

He didn’t know he would be the one to save Tweek Tweak. But he’ll never say. A secret he will take to the grave.

Tuesday, February 20th, the date read out like a gross mockery to him on his phone screen. Tweek was given just over a week to recover before he was supposed to go back to school, aka today. He was still technically enrolled in the classes he had signed up for at the beginning of the year, he had just missed two weeks of the second semester. By some form of miracle he knew someone in all of the classes he had this semester, so they were able to send him notes and catch him up. Though prepared, he was no less afraid of attending school again. If the doctors in the town were good, or if his parents had any sort of awareness of their son, they might have been able to conclude that he was in no way ready to attend school yet. He could barely handle going for walks around the small town.

He was thankful to have Craig around, the older boy seemed to want to never leave his side. Almost as if he was afraid that if he turned his back Tweek would be swept up and disappear again. The possibility of it wasn’t even all that far-fetched considering his kidnapper was still walking the streets somewhere. Officers were posted all across Park area, leading almost all the way to Denver. Although Tweek was pretty sure if he had managed to get to Denver he was never going to get caught. From what Tweek was told by Frederick he knew his way around Denver fairly well, he said, once, that when Tweek is finally very well behaved they might move there. That motivated Tweek to be more good, there was no way he could pull off moving with a kidnappee in his house. He was saved before his escape plan was put into motion.

Tweek remembered how excited he had been when he received his timetable in the mail at the beginning of the school year and discovered he had Science with Craig first period second semester. Not only did that mean he had a class with Craig, it meant that he had a science nerd to help in through the class, science had never really been Tweek’s strong suit. But now, he was even more excited to have Craig in his first period. Craig promised Tweek that if he couldn’t handle the first period they would skip the rest of the day and spend it watching Red Racer at his house. Tweek wanted to stay the whole day thought, he wanted to be strong. He was so tired of being stupid and weak.

He was getting better with battling his anxiety before he went away, he was getting better at everything. He’d always been a reasonably strong kid, and he was always more than willing to fight to defend himself. But now, he felt weak. He was significantly skinner, not eating much does that to a person. He was weaker mentally as well, just when he was starting to combat his anxiety properly and effectively, he gets kidnapped and goes all the way back to square one. Or square -4, with the added bonus of trauma from being kidnapped.

Tweek felt like he was back in grade 9, the first day of school. Craig held his hand throughout the entire car ride to their highschool, only letting go long enough for them to exit the car. They just got onto the school property and Tweek could already feel all eyes on him, hear people whispering. He couldn’t tell if he was imagining these things or not. Craig didn’t seem to be worried though, his head was held high and he walked with a very set look on his face.

They stepped through the front door and in a matter of seconds the girls had descended upon him. “Hi, Tweek! I’m so glad to see you!” Bebe said in a chipper tone. Her hair was cut short, her frizzy hair billowing more into her face as a result. Tweek thought it looked nice regardless. She opened her arms in what could be assumed an invitation for a hug. Tweek took it, embracing the fellow blonde.
“Tweek!” That was Red, she hugged Tweek from behind. Various other girls said his name and greeted him before joining the hug. Some were crying. Tweek was fairly surprised anyone missed him this much aside Craig. He had always been a friend of the general girl group, he was their gay friend, but he didn’t like to see it like that. They were genuinely fun to hang out with and Tweek enjoyed their company thoroughly. He felt bad that he hadn’t missed them nearly as much as they seemed to have missed him.

They only parted once Craig coughed loud enough to get their attention. He instantly grabbed Tweek’s hand as soon as he could and brought him to his side. “Awe, Craig’s all possessive,” Red said teasingly, Tweek was pretty sure the two of them were related in some way but couldn’t remember exactly how. The girls all went into a chorus of coos.

“Yeah, yeah,” Craig groaned, pulling Tweek along as he walked to his locker. “We gotta get to class or whatever.”

“See you in second period, Tweek!” Bebe called, her voice high and bright. Tweek looked back and waved eagerly at her.

“They annoy me so much,” Craig said in a disgruntled tone. Tweek smiled up at him and laughed lightly.

“You find anyone that isn’t Stripe annoying. They’re, hnnn, really nice, y’know” Tweek said, doing an awkward half run to keep up with Craig’s long legs.

“I don’t find you annoying,” Craig mumbled bashfully. He stopped and opened his locker, shoving his coat in roughly and pulling out two text books. He handed one to Tweek and dropped the other into his backpack. “It’s for science. I think Kyle has the one you need for History. I don’t know, I don’t talk to them much.”

“Heh, y-yeah I know,” Tweek said matter-of-factly. A slight smug look on his face. “And yeah he does, we were talking yesterday.”

“You talk to those assholes?” Craig asked, a scoff following his words.

“I-I just messaged Kyle about History. I ha-haven’t spoken to Kenny since we saw him the other day. So I’d, hnn, barely count that as talking to them,” Tweek said, taking off his coat for Craig to shove in his locker alongside his own. The likelihood of Tweek remembering his locker combination was very low, and they didn’t feel like going to the office today to ask what it is. Thus they figured they’d just share for today.

“Great, we’re finally up to two gay couples, took long enough.” His voice sounded like nails down a chalkboard. Not once during those months did Tweek even think about Eric Fucking Cartman. He almost had forgotten the fatass had even existed. Yet here he was, in all his disgusting glory.

“So glad we made it to this achievement. Now fuck off,” Craig snapped, emphasising his words by slamming his locker shut, hooking the lock on and locking it.

“What? I can’t say hi to my old pal, Tweek? I missed him so much,” Cartman made an effort to walk closer to Tweek reaching to touch him and Tweek’s hand started to move before he could stop it. With strength he was surprised he still possessed he pushed Cartman away, watching as he bumped into Clyde, who was making an advancement to join the small group forming in the hallway. The both of them fell to the floor with a loud thump, and Clyde immediately started tearing up.

“Oh! Sh-shit, I’m sorry!” Tweek said quickly, his hands quickly going to the turtleneck he was
wearing to pull at the fabric.

Craig bursted out laughing and moved to help Clyde up, “That was great, babe!” He pulled the shorter boy up off the ground, helping to get his balance. Tweek rushed over to Clyde and apologised again, he wiped the tears that were building up in his eyes and waved it off.

“It’s cool Tweek,” Clyde said as nonchalantly as the giddy boy could. “I’m glad to see you at school!” Clyde curled his hand into a fist and offered it to Tweek. The blonde followed suit and they did a light fist bump.

“You’re only glad he’s back so you can copy all of his history work,” Token said, stepping around Cartman, pointedly avoiding to help him up.

“I was glad he was back, but considering he greeted me with a push to the floor I’m sorta hoping Freddy comes back for seconds,” Cartman grumbled, finally managing to pull himself up from the ground. Tweek yelped, reaching back to lace his fingers with Craig.

“Cartman you just got up from the ground do you really wanna go back down?” Craig asked, his eyes narrowing as he took a step closer to Eric. Token and Clyde moved to the side of the couple, not wanting to get in Craig’s way. Eric responded with a single finger, noticing Butters across the hall and doing a semi run away.

Craig scoffed and turned to face Tweek, “you okay, honey?” Craig moved to hold Tweek’s other hand.

“Y-yeah I’m fine Craig. I just forgot about how much of a dick he is,” Tweek said looking in the direction the tubby boy had gone. Craig laughed lightly, agreeing with the other.

There was idle conversation made between the four boys, Tweek staying mostly silent unless directly spoken to. They made their way over to the science class, and Token and Clyde went their separate ways, promising to meet up at Craig’s locker for lunch. Craig tugged Tweek’s hand, pulling him into the classroom behind him and made their way to what Tweek figured was the desk he normally sat at. The spot beside it, however, was already occupied by Kevin Stoley, a kid Tweek didn’t even know Craig knew existed.

“Hey Kevin, do you mind if Tweek sits there now?” Craig asked, his voice soft and relatively kind.

“Of course, dude! I didn’t realize Tweek was coming back today. Good to see you man!” Kevin said eagerly, his face donning a bright smile as he looked up at the blonde. Tweek made a slightly confused face, his nose scrunching up.

“Hey, Kevin,” Tweek stuttered, doing a tiny wave at the dark haired boy.

Kevin laughed softly, his laugh made him sound nervous, Tweek wondered if he was. “Well I’ll see you guys around I guess,” The short boy said, after he had gathered his things and stood up. He started to walk to one of the few empty seats left in the class and sat down, his smile never faltering.

“Since when are you and Kevin friends?” Tweek asked, sitting down on the now empty seat. He put his elbows on the desk and pulled on the top of his turtleneck, chewing on the fabric.

“Me and him used to talk all the time, dude. Guess we just got closer when you were gone,” Craig shrugged, grabbing at Tweek’s shirt and tugging it out of his mouth. Tweek just grunted in mild annoyance and placed his face down on his hands. The second bell finally rang and their teacher came into the room.
“Sorry I’m late kids, photocopier was backed up, but when is it not,” she laughed to herself. She turned to face the students and scanned the classroom until her eyes landed on Tweek. She smiled widely, her skin wrinkling around her eyes. “Happy to finally see you, Tweek.” Tweek’s face lit up in a blush. He grunted nervously, not wanting any attention on him. He pulled the turtleneck up again, hiding his face in it.

The teacher seemed to wait for a greeting of some kind, but when that never came she nodded slightly in understanding and turned to the whiteboard. “Alright, students, please get out some paper and a pen, we’ll be taking a short note today as we continue getting into the beginning of our optics unit.”

Tweek used to hate sitting in class and just writing notes, but learning something new was bringing him simple joy. Just living a normal life again was making him feel more alive than he’d felt in a while. Though he was relatively thankful the rest of his classes didn’t involve much note taking. He was also thankful the teachers attempted not to bring much attention to him, they just made sure he had all the work he needed to catch up on and such. He was mostly thankful for Craig walking him to and from every one of his classes, and not leaving until someone Tweek arrived.

For second period, drama, that was Bebe and Red. The linked their arms with Tweek when they saw him and brought him into the classroom. The drama classroom didn’t have any actual chairs or desks and they all just sorta sat wherever they felt on the ground. So Tweek sat next to the two girls and they chatted his ear off about how their life had been when he was gone. Bebe told Tweek he got together with Clyde finally, which made him smile a bit, he was happy for the two. Red told Tweek all about how close her boyfriend, Kevin, and Craig had gotten. She said she was happy they could go on double dates now that he was back. That made Tweek smile too.

At lunch Craig, Tweek, Jimmy, Token and Clyde all sat at a table and ate and talked noisily (well, that was mostly Clyde and Jimmy). People came up often and said hello to Tweek, people he barely knew. He knew why they were doing this though, they all wanted to see for themselves, the kid who was kidnapped for months and subjected to god knows what. Tweek was glad that his mom had bought him the turtleneck, so he could properly cover up the almost faded hickeys. He didn't want people to make their assumptions, though he assumed most had already guessed what had happened. They didn’t stay longer than to say a greeting, luckily, they left after that. Leaving the boy to eat his lunch in relative peace.

After lunch Tweek had History with Kyle and Clyde, he didn’t talk with Kyle much, just took the notes and various other papers the boy had collected for the blonde and sat next to Clyde. The brunette made a ruckus during most of the class and often asked purposely stupid questions, he sent Tweek into a fit of giggles more than once. He got detention by the end of the class but Clyde swore it was worth it.

Finally he ended the day with academic Spanish, a class in which he had Stan and Wendy in. They were mostly focused on each other, flirting back relentlessly throughout the class. Tweek thought it was okay, cute even, he didn’t need any help to keep up in the class. He understood what was going on (with the assistance of all of Wendy’s notes of course).

After class he found Craig standing outside the door with Kenny by his side, Craig gave Tweek a gentle smile once they made eye contact. “Hey Tweekers, long time no see,” Kenny said with a goofy smile tugging on his lips.

“Hi Kenny,” Tweek said softly, stepping forward to grab at Craig’s hand. They started to walk away, Kenny following closely along.

“Anyways, come on Craig! ’m sure Tweek can go home alone, or he can hang out with us!” Kenny
said, a his bottom lip sticking out in an exaggerated pout.

“What is he talking about?” Tweek asked cautiously, eyes following the fellow blonde.

“Me and Craig hang out e’ery Tuesday and Thursday after school ’nd he’s ditching on me!” Kenny said in a whiny voice, stopping as Craig stopped at his locker.

“I gotta take Tweek home,” Craig said flatly, reaching into his locker and switching out binders.

“O-oh! You can, ah, hang out with Kenny, Craig. I don’t mind I can get my mom to drive me home,” Tweek said pleasantly, hiding his mild worry that he was ruining Craig’s life. He was taking all of Craig’s attention, he couldn’t even spend time with his friends because he was too busy worrying about Tweek.

“Yeah, Craigory! Tweek can get a ride, come on! Hang with me,” Kenny pleaded, his hands clasping in a mock prayer.

There were quick light steps approaching the three quickly and a voice followed it, “you’re not fucking hanging out with Craig again so you can go smoke behind the school Kenny McCormick!” The high voice of Kyle hit the three as they turned to face the close-to-fuming daywalker.

“Got me again, babe,” Kenny said teasingly, pulling on Kyle’s arms to bring him closer in order to give him a quick peck on the lips. “Looks like we’ll have to put a raincheck on that Tucker.”

“No, no. You’re not supposed to be smoking, Kenny,” Kyle said, looking down at his boyfriend with a frown on his face.

“Who said we're gonna smoke, can’t two buds jus' hang out?” Kenny asked innocently, his bright blue eyes blinking in feigned naivety.

“No,” Kyle said simply, pulling out of his boyfriend’s grasp and walking away. Kenny sighed with a shrug, waved at the couple and chased after the redhead.

There was a slight pause while Tweek thought over the conversation. “You smoke?” Tweek asked, turning to face the taller as he pulled out their jackets from his locker.

“Sometimes,” Craig said slowly, handing Tweek his forest green coat.

“Craig what the hell! You can’t just smoke! Ah! You could get lung cancer and die! Craig you can’t die!” Tweek said stressfully, pulling at Craig’s shirt in order to make sure that Craig was still there and alive.

“I don’t do it all that much Tweek, I won’t die anytime soon. I promise I’ll stop okay?” Craig said, holding Tweek’s hand in his own. Tweek breathed a breath of relief pulling Craig into a hug.

“Promise?”

“Yeah, Tweek, I promise.”

Daddy had said that this wasn’t a punishment, that this was a reward for being so well behaved, it certainly didn’t feel like one to Tweek. His hands were tied up above his head, stretching his arms out just enough to make it slightly uncomfortable. Daddy’s hands were running up and down his body, slowly, softly, sensuality. It felt so wrong and unnatural, he was never this careful or considerate. Tweek wasn’t sure why but it made his anxiety worse than it had normally been in the
basement. He wanted to tug at his hair but was unable, so he settled for scratching and his dry skin
instead.

Tweek felt heated breath hover just above his left nipple before it latched on, tugging painfully at it.
The blonde grunted in clear discomfort, as he wiggled slightly under the older man. Daddy switched
to the other nipple, leaving the other to sharpen quickly in the cold air, Tweek pulled at his ropes
trying to keep his attention to the pain in his wrists. It worked up until he felt a rough hand palming
against in penis. Tweek wish he hadn’t - but he gasped in surprise, subconsciously pushing his hips
up to press harder against the hand. The older man laughed softly, moving to give soft kisses along
Tweek’s neck.

“You like that baby?” Daddy asked, the blonde had to stop himself from screaming out at him. He
hated it, he hated everything about this! He wanted to go home so badly it was killing him. “You
deserve it sweetheart, you’ve gone so long without coffee, I’m so proud of you!” Tweek wondered
how long was “so long”, Daddy was very careful to avoid giving specific measurements of time
leaving Tweek to constantly wonder how long he had been here for.

Tweek wasn’t sure when the hand turned into a mouth, but he felt wet warmth encompass his rapidly
hardening penis. He hated his body, he hated how it betrayed him. How fucking dare it react
positively to his molestation. He felt a lubed finger probe at his backend, pushing slowly into the
entrance. He curled the finger until he hit against Tweek’s prostate, smiling at the quick gasp the
blonde made.

Tweek hated himself so much for feeling good. But he couldn’t help it. He couldn’t help himself
from moaning at slow dip of Daddy’s mouth, and each careful insertion of his finger. He started
speeding up his pace, and Tweek’s breath quickened to match. He felt himself grow closer to
coming, something he hadn’t felt in so unbelievable long. He wished he wasn’t feeling it now,
however. He wondered if he should warn that he was going to come, but he didn’t want to admit it
to himself that he was.

Daddy didn’t get mad at him that he didn’t say anything , luckily. He just brought his head up,
swallowed, and kissed Tweek. Just as carefully and slowly.

And Tweek kissed back.

Frederick left after untying the boy and making sure his collar was still properly tied to the frame of
the bed. Tweek couldn’t cry. He was left feeling numb. In a moment of spontaneous energy he stood
up on wobbly feet and walked to the end of the bed. He faced towards the door and got onto his
knees. Tweek took a deep breath and closed his eyes.

“Honour to him, the blessed one, the worthy one, the fully enlightened one. Honour to him, the
blessed one, the worthy one, the fully enlightened one. Honour to him, the blessed one, the worthy
one, the fully enlightened one.” Tweek started to cry.

“Please Buddha, God, Jesus, whatever’s out there, see me through this. I-I know I don’t deserve it,
but I-I’m trying so hard. I wa-wanna go home so badly. Th-this is all my fault b-but if anyones
there, pl-please just give me the, hnnn, give me the strength to,” Tweek paused for a moment in order
to swallow heavily, “the strength to see my parents again. I know they can be terrible, but I miss
them. I miss them so much! I miss everyone s-so much! Please, please, please, please, please.

“Honour to him, the blessed one, the worthy one, the fully enlightened one.” Tweek sat there on the
floor repeating the phrase over and over again, until his knees were bruised, his throat was burning
and he no longer had any more tears to cry.
Feel like talking to me and wallowing in the messes we know we both are? Message me on tumblr! https://totallynotganymedethemoon.tumblr.com/ or even just follow me I occasionally reblog some good shit. Please please please please please please please also comment something, hella motivates me. (Remember guys comments don't have to be some crazy analysis of the chapter, literally comment anything you thought of the chapter, or even something that may have stuck with you!) If you don't know what to comment just comment diccie be that makes me laugh. Thank you for reading you lovely beanies!
Wrong Number

Chapter Notes

If ya'll haven't figured it out yet large groups of italics mean its some kind of memory. Which is weird considering time is not linear in this story and why didn't I just make that its own section but idk I'm fucking tired so take this awful angst. I also have no reason to why this took me so god damn long. I've been going through an artists block recently so hopefully that'll gimme me more time to focus on writing.

Anyway fuckin enjoy!!!!!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

_Tap_

_Tap_

_Tap_

Nearly silent rapping against his window pane was sending Tweek into a full fledged anxiety attack at 1 am. He was clutching his blankets so hard he was sure he was going to rip them apart. There was tapping again.

_Tweek pulled his window open, a fully grown man with deep eyes and a soft smile met him on the other side of the window. “Hello Tweek, do not be afraid. I mean you no harm. I am here to simply show you the kindness of the world. If you would like to follow me out?”_

_The blonde was nervous, but there was something about the gentle glow his crown gave off made him feel calm. He was sure he could trust this man. So he pulled on a pair runners he kept in his bedroom and crawled out of his window after the older man._

Tweek shoved his face into his pillow, screaming into it. He felt his limbs shake with adrenaline he didn’t need at the moment. He stood up to start pacing around his room, deliberately avoiding his window, the taps were likely nothing more than a stray branch, but what if it was Johnson, and what if he was back, and all he was waiting for to break in was the sight of Tweek’s face.

If Johnson wasn’t here now he was probably plotting how to get Tweek back. In what ways he could properly coax the boy away from his house alone, in order to kidnap him once more. He had meticulously planned out the first time he abducted Tweek, what was stopping him this time?

Tweek collapsed onto the floor in the midst of his pacing, squatting and pressing his face to the carpeted floor. He clutched his hair tightly in his hands pulling at it with all the strength he had in his body. He could feel loose strains be tugged out by the assault, but he couldn’t stop. He needed to get his mind off of the what ifs. Tweek stood up abruptly, biting on his hand as he raced to the bathroom.

_Tweek had received a text from an unknown number three days prior, he could interpret it as nothing but a threat. It read simply “soon”. No capitalization and no punctuation. It had set Tweek on paranoia overdrive, he screamed if anyone touched him and feared anyone and anything. He ran_
to and from school and refused to leave his house. Craig had told him to just respond to the message asking who it was from.

“It was likely just the wrong number, Tweek, no one is actually out to get you. Don’t worry about it babe.” Craig had said to him, getting him to delete the message if he wasn’t going to respond to it. The blonde had lost all trust he had in everything because he wasn’t sure anymore, anyone could be the one to get him. Even Craig. Even his parents. He locked his bedroom door and pushed a chair under the doorknob for extra measure that night, just in case his parents attempted to get him.

So it was more than a little out of the ordinary when a strange man had shown up at his door and he just went out with him. But he hadn’t done anything, he didn’t force Tweek, he didn’t hurt Tweek he did nothing but show Tweek the good around their small town. How he doesn’t need to worry about someone hurting him all the time because despite the fact the news only reports on the bad stuff, there’s a lot of good that goes on.

It was all a ruse though. He told Tweek the next place was a little out of the way. “Just hop into my truck, and I’ll take you there, it’s a bit too far to walk.” Tweek had trusted him. The one time Tweek had let his guard down.

Tweek swiftly tugged open the medicine cabinet and searched for sleeping pills. He grabbed the one the doctor prescribed him and, though he knew he was only supposed to take one, downed three dry. He didn’t bother properly putting the bottle of pills back properly, opting to just shuffle back to his bed. He pulled the covers over his head as he heard the tapping continue against the glass.

He pressed the side of his index finger into his bottom teeth and clenched his jaw, trapping his finger between the teeth. He focused on the blooming pain coming from his hand, and not on the sound bringing back memories he thought had gotten repressed.

The car was warmer than the cool night air that had been biting at him since he left his home. His pajamas weren’t all that warm. The car smelt of cigarettes and old pine freshener, it was a smell that made him feel uncomfortable for a reason he couldn’t place. The Ghost of Human Kindness sat down in the driver’s seat and pulled a bag from the back, telling the blonde to turn on a radio station while he looked for something. He didn’t say what, and Tweek didn’t ask.

Tweek was leaned forward attempting to fiddle with the near-ancient radio that was in his car. He was relatively focused on the task at hand until he felt a hand slide around his neck, bringing him into a tight chokehold. The elder was quick to shove a rag into the blonde’s mouth and placed his now freed hand around the back of Tweek’s head, pushing it forward. Tweek’s hands came flying up, gripping angrily against the arm that was currently cutting off his circulation. He clawed as deep as he could, skin coming off on with every swipe downward, but he knew it was futile. He could see his sight darkening as he did everything he could to swallow in air.

He managed to push the rag out of his mouth and attempted to scream. But nothing came out by a frail whine. Tweek could feel his energy leaving his body quickly, and willed himself to stay awake. To fight. To do anything to get out of this situation. But it was all in vain, he had no hope. With the last of his energy he did a particularly deep scratch against his attackers arm. And as he drifted into unconsciousness he held a small bit of pride knowing he drew blood.

Tweek cried himself to sleep that night.

Just like every night before it.
Craig liked -likes- Kenny, but that doesn’t mean he couldn’t be annoyed by this. Whatever this could be considered. They had gotten significantly closer after the party at Token’s, considering he was more or less the only person who was talking to him for the four days after. Clyde got over it after Bebe said yes to him asking her out and was too ecstatic to think of anyone else to call. But Tuesdays and Thursdays (usually after detention) was when they would stand out around the back of the school and smoke.

Craig hated to admit it but it was becoming more and more of a habit of his, smoking that is. Kenny had got him more or less addicted and he watched himself spending most of his allowance on buying them off of the smaller boy. He knew it was bad, oh he knew. But who was going to tell him to kick it? Tweek wouldn’t. Tweek wasn’t here.

Kenny had someone to tell him to kick it though, not that he listened. That took form of his boyfriend, Kyle Broflovski. It seemed that once there was no gay couple in town to fawn over after Tweek went missing, Kenny jumped on the opportunity to get more attention and asked Broflovski out almost immediately after Tweek’s case had been dismissed by the police. Those fuckers.

Now, Craig had never considered him a jealous type, but it turns out he is. A very jealous type. Not because someone was giving someone he was interested in attention, he didn’t give a shit that McCormick and Broflovski were dating, not in the slightest. He was jealous because there wasn’t anyone he could be a gross couple with. Kenny had that. And it made him annoyed, to say the least.

“Kenny I swear to god if I find you out here smoking with Craig again I’m going to kick your ass personally!” Kyle had such an annoying voice, so high pitched, so nagging. He still wore the ushanka he’d been wearing since elementary school, which could barely contain his absolute mess of red curls that were spilling out the back. Craig wondered why he didn’t just take it off, or switch it for a newer, better hat, like Craig had done.

“Didn’t realize you got married already, always figured Broflovski would be a nagging housewife,” Craig said distastefully, watching Kenny’s posture go from stressed to relaxed in a matter of moments.

“Oh he’s much too smart to be a housewife Tucker, if anything that’s me,” Kenny said with a goofy smile on his face, gap tooth showing prominently, his cigarette hanging loosely off chapped his lips.

“Does that make you the bottom too?” Craig asked, the suggestion of a smile on his face and a hint of humour slipping into his question.

“As if!” Kenny said, snorting loudly as his boyfriend snatched the burning cigarette from his mouth throwing it to the ground and stomping on it.

“Shut the fuck up, Kenny!” Kyle said in his annoying fucking voice, grabbing Kenny’s hand and leading him away from the garbage bins him and Craig had been standing next to.

“See you after school on Thursday, Craig!” Kenny yelled out behind him, waving awkwardly with his hand that wasn’t occupied by the taller daywalker.

“See ya then, McCormick!” Craig yelled after, annoyance very clear in his voice as he did an awkward side wave with his hand.

“You absolutely will not!” Kyle yelled back, dragging Kenny around a corner away from Craig’s line of sight. Craig sighed and sunk to the ground.

He didn’t care that there was snow on the ground and that his ass was getting soaking wet and
freezing cold, he needed to sit. He took another inhale of the smoke, holding it, before letting it slowly seep out of his mouth in a stupid way. Or in a way he thought was stupid. He felt like crying. Again. This was happening more and more, he just felt like the could break down at any moment. He knew that smoking was just a distraction. He was acting more in school just so he had something to do after school other than sitting at home staring at a wall and feeling like death. At detention he could at least do his homework, or an essay. Whatever Mr.Macky felt like making them do that day.

He leaned his head forward before slamming it hard against the brick wall behind him. It hurt, it hurt like a bitch, but the dull throbbing was something else to concentrate on, so he did it again. And again. And again. Soon he was tearing up from the pain he was causing himself. He took another drag of his cigarette and coughed in surprise at a soft greeting that came from the left of him.

“I thought you might be back here. You really shouldn’t do that with your head, you might cause yourself to get a concussion.”

“Fucking good,” Craig groaned as he slammed his head back again.

“Hey! Dude I'm serious! How would Tweek feel if he came back and his boyfriend had brain damage?”

“You seem to be under the impression he is coming back,” Craig’s voice came out sour and harsh. He felt bad instantly after saying it, but didn’t take it back, just put his cigarette back in his mouth. And looked up to face the eyes of his interrogator. The grey-blue ones of Kevin Stoley met his.

“So were you. What happened?” Kevin asked carefully, his voice was nothing like Kyle’s, it wasn’t fucking annoying, in other words. He walked closer to Craig, taking off his blue/red hoodie-jacket and placed it on the ground next to the follow raven-haired boy, sitting on it. Craig figured he actually cared about not getting his ass wet. “Can you put that out, also? My mother will kill me if I come home smelling like smoke.”

With a grumble Craig followed the request and threw it down beside him, moving his leg in an awkward way in order to stamp it out. Kevin mumbled out a thanks and Craig grunted in response. They sat silent for a moment before the taller broke the silence. “Guess everyone finally convinced me. What good is being delusional in a situation like this?” He asked rhetorically.

Kevin had to restrain himself from spilling everything, this was delicate. He had to be delicate. “Craig, giving up on him won’t help anything either. Who’s supposed to save him if no one left in the outside world believes he’s still out there?”

“Outside world?” Craig questioned, peering suspiciously at the half-Asian.

Kevin turned red, fuck. Five minutes in and he was already fucking up. God dammit. He was able to recover quickly, he should be, he roleplays enough to be light on his toes. Mentally. Mentally light on his toes. “Sorry, I just have my assumptions as to what happened. So I just- well I think you get it well enough.” Craig grunted again. “Either way man, just keep holding onto hope. I guess. Don’t let Tweek down.”

“Heh, I’ll try not to, Stoley. Why do you give a shit all of a sudden?” Craig asked, his fingers rapping against his pulled up knees.

“I’ve always cared. You just looked like you need some support right now, bud.” Kevin said softly, a kind smiling gracing his thin lips. There was silence between them again. The sound of cars passing and the chill wind the only sound between them.
“So did you watch the new Star Trek: Discovery episode?”

“What the fuck Fred! What were you thinking? And now you’ve pulled me into it? This is fucking absurd, you’re lucky you’re the only family I have left otherwise I would turn you in and leave you in jail to rot!” Christopher Johnson was at least slightly mad at his older brother. Of course considering said older brother had kidnapped some 14 year old kid and kept him for around 5 months, this anger was relatively justified.

“Age is just a number, Chris, love knows no bounds,” came the defence from Frederick Johnson, who had been hiding in his brothers apartment for almost a week now. At first he side that he couldn’t sleep in his home well anymore and needed somewhere else to stay, his brother (who was always a social butterfly), was more than happy to welcome Frederick into his home for however long he wished to stay. But despite Frederick’s best efforts to keep his younger brother from watching the news, he eventually did and figured out exactly why his brother had wanted to stay so long.

“Love? Love? For god’s sake Frederick he’s just a kid! You’re fucking delusional! What do you even know about love?” The younger Johnson had begun pacing around the relatively cramped living room, hands flying in the air as the TV relayed the weather report in the background.

“What do I know? What do you know? The longest relationship you’ve ever been in, Chris, was less than a year. I’m sure I know about it than you do!” Frederick was getting antsy. He never considered himself a murderous person but without the relief of his sex toy he was going a tad insane. More than before, at least.

“However much we know about love it kinda irrelevant right now, Frederick. You kidnapped - and for that matter- raped an underage kid. Which is sort of illegal! The fuck are you going to do? I’m not housing you forever, I refuse to go down with you!” Chris yelled in his brother’s face, an accusatory finger pointing at him relentlessly.

“Get him back and get the fuck outta dodge,” Frederick said simply, his temper simmering down.

“Like hell you are! Where will you go? A fugitive and a kidnapped kid? Good god damn luck! You’d have to leave the state at least and then what? Set up a new life? Get a new job? As soon as you use any form of ID the police will come running. You’ve screwed yourself Fred!” Christopher paused for a moment to take a deep breath, letting his mind run with ways to assist with his criminal of a brother. “Turn yourself in now. Not only if you do they’ll probably go lighter on the sentence, if you do it while the kid’s still afraid of you maybe he won’t be able to testify. No one to testify, no way to convict. At least I think that’s how that works, I don’t know much about law.”

“I’M NOT TURNING MYSELF IN!” Frederick screamed, standing up from his seat on the couch. He stopped, running his hands through his hair as he turned away from his brother. “I am not turning myself in. Risk never seeing Tweek again? I could never.”

“While you’re going to have to think of something. It’s only a matter of time before they find you here, Fred.” Christopher said softly, placing a reassuring hand on the shoulder of his brother.

“I’ll think of something, don’t you worry.”
FOLLOW ME ON TUMBLR @totallynotganymedethemoon BECAUSE I'M LONELY AND I WANT FRIENDS WHO I CAN YELL ABOUT SOUTH PARK WITH.

Same note about comments as last one but like if you don’t know what to comment, comment fuckin birb or something idk I’m like half asleep rn kill me lmao.

Also get yourself a brother Christopher like damn thats the kind of support I need in the world

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