Are you afraid, my little one?

by nightfall_in_winter

Summary

True love hurts and can be terrifying...

“If darkness is really not darkness at all, but rather, the absence of light, then my flaws are not really flaws at all, but rather, the absence of you.”

— Christopher Poindexter

Notes

The Buddhist tale about the four wives of a dying husband can be found here:

http://aumamen.com/story/the-four-wives-of-a-dying-husband

I am @holdmygazeoliver on tumblr.
The soul

Are you afraid, my little one?

I see you through the dark pupils of my cruel lust – a delicate gazelle caught in the crosshairs of a sniper. Curled in the corner, arms around your knees. The bony knobs of your spine are twitching with every little hiccup, stopping at irregular intervals when you remember that you need to catch your breath. I fucked you so long and rough, Timmy, and I know that every muscle and bone in your fragile body hurt now. You are turned inside out, and you whimper, destroyed by dread, shock and shameful pleasure that crawl over your bruised back. You loved it and you hated yourself for loving my cock ravaging you with a brutal force that echoed across the room in painful cries, ass slapping madness and wet slurping noises coming from your butt hole.

Afraid? You must be.

I tossed you around, I left marks on you, I took you by force. I have always been intoxicated by my wish to conquer, possess and hurt the purest things I set my eyes on. Who are you, Timmy? Aren’t you every bitter hidden disappointment that I bottled inside me as a child? Every time when I slept alone and teary-eyed as the pirate toy set on top of my wardrobe turned into a scary ghost ship in my dreams and roamed the shores of my lonely childhood? Aren’t you my every anticipation of a caress and loving words that disappeared from my hope radar and accumulated as a painful lump in my throat? My sweetest vulnerability, a fragile butterfly, despised and stomped on by everyone’s cruelty, including my own? Aren’t you my wish to hate myself, at least that part of me who is still owned by my childlike fascination and dares to trust and love. Despite all…Oh, how you deserve to be punished, for you are betraying me every time!

Afraid? Come here.

Do you remember the old Buddhist tale about the four wives of a dying husband? Were you amazed that the only wife who wanted to follow her husband to the grave was the abused and neglected one – the one who metaphorically represents our soul? Not the body, not the money/career, not even our family and friends. The one who suffered in silence when we were at our worst, the one who hoped for crumbs of affection and spiritual food, for tenderness, for mercy. The one who still wanted us and cherished us even after being desecrated, raped and tortured. I look at you at my feet – little, naked and broken but I know that your groins are still twitching in the aftermath of an orgasm as powerful as the foundations of the Earth. I saw you clinging to my leg, white knuckles and curly head below my balls – overcome by love, hate, pleasure and gratitude. You inhaled my cum like you were starved of oxygen. Your eyes were fixed on mine as you swallowed me deeply until my fists became gentle birds and my heart was going to burst filled with warmth and satisfaction unshared with another human being. I know that you have all the power in the world to exorcise my demons, to keep me grounded and to offer me the life-saving pleasures of your sinful innocence. I know who you are, Timmy. You are my long-suffering, devoted soul and the only one I wish to take with me to the next life.

Afraid? Me too.

I swear that one day I will be so deep inside you, I will ejaculate in your heart. And I will keep pumping your tight little ass until all the blood in your veins is replaced by my semen and you forget who you are and that there is any life outside the bubble of my possession. I want you to disintegrate on top of me when I fuck you, to go under my skin and disappear inside – four lungs, four kidneys, two cocks, two hearts. I want to look in the mirror and see myself with green eyes, I want to laugh with your laughter, I want to remember a peaceful childhood in northern France and the smell of the
old theatre where you had your first rehearsals at 10. Have you seen a tree growing out of a rock, Timmy? I want my veiny, deep roots filling you, breaking you, exposing you to the cruel storms. I want you and me in a symbiosis beyond life and time where the rock is organic, and the tree isn’t and vice versa. I want us to cease to exist together. Destroyed by a powerful lightning that is going to turn us to ash and sand one day…

Afraid? Don’t be. Beyond fear is eternity.
The Beast and the conker leaf

Chapter Summary

...You smiled, and you shivered with affection before saying “I’ll make the pain go away” and you picked the largest leaf off the tree. You forgot to breathe as you held it close to my skin and you navigated it all over my bruised, throbbing, mistreated body, generating only the slightest touches – bird feathers, carried by the wind and landing on my nipples, collarbone, the inside of my thighs, my scrotum, my circumcision scar, my aching crevice. I cried, and I whispered to you, my sacred Asclepius, that I never knew that these large hands can move so gently and make me feel like I am walking on air. You slowed down, each contact just a butterfly wing, and then you sped up in circular motions, driving me mad. The leaf was charged by my tremors and body heat and my genitals turned into warm soapy bubbles ready to fly to the Sun. I came over your large green hand letting out a small mewl between the spasms and then I was gone – white sea foam on top of a wave, a luminous spirit bound to earth by my desire to belong to you...

Chapter Notes

Timmy’s POV

All feedback is appreciated! Thank you.

@holdmygazeoliver on tumblr.

“Armie, don’t…”

The emotional plea, as soft as a whisper lingers for a second in Timmy’s dry throat and evaporates on his cracked lips. All resistance abandons his pale hands and they no longer try to push away the overwhelming pressure of Armie’s hot chest. He can’t move, constricted in a predatory hug and all his futile attempts to put up a fight against this naked Goliath disappear together with his strength and dignity. “Don’t…” Don’t you dare feeding on the fears and longings of my fluttering soul! Don’t you fuck me like a dirty slut only to melt in my arms afterwards and seek the soporific melody of my beating heart! Don’t make me feel the sweet pulse of your ejaculation before withdrawing to a lonely place where I can’t follow you! Just don’t...

Don’t hurt me...

A volcano rises inside me when I feel the unchained lust in your loins. Hate and dissipation choke me in equal measure when the untamed Beast inside you takes me apart bit by bit, hair by hair. You are big, brutal and merciless as you move inside me and my throaty moans echo desperately somewhere beyond the border of life and death. I am torn, my insides burn, and I feel, with an almost instinctual fear, every nerve ending in your glans. My sphincter muscles contract to form a tight wedding ring around your swollen cock. And I am not sure whether I belong to this world or the underworld, for the pleasure and pain blur all boundaries and I don’t exist in any other form - only as
an extension of you and your anatomy. Your rapid breathing on my skin scalds every inch of me – a branding iron that leaves permanent fire marks on my flesh. In these moments when I see the scary irises of carnality and lethal desire, I dissolve myself in the pain and rise above it, because I know that it will bring me…you. The real Arnie who wrestles with the killer inside and whimpers glued to me when the blue-eyed child prevails…

Don’t hide from me…

Once we both lied under the conker tree after the Beast had left and you were drowning in the dark whirlpool of regret and agony. I held you as the streams of our tears merged to form a river of sorrow where we both washed our tired bodies and souls to come back reborn, helpless and needing each other like air. My hormone-laden brain and blurred vision captured vivid hallucinations in the tree crown above us and I sobbed into your chest that you are EVERYTHING. That I can hear your laughter in the bird song above us and that your steps are traced by the marching ants – hurrying to save the seeds of the forest from the wildfire that comes with your ferocity and anger. And that your giant hands on my body remind me of the leaves of the conker tree and that I’d happily stay there forever having hands, hands, verdant hands falling over me, covering me, making me one with nature and life itself.

Don’t stop…

You smiled, and you shivered with affection before saying “I’ll make the pain go away” and you picked the largest leaf off the tree. You forgot to breathe as you held it close to my skin and you navigated it all over my bruised, throbbing, mistreated body, generating only the slightest touches – bird feathers, carried by the wind and landing on my nipples, collarbone, the inside of my thighs, my scrotum, my circumcision scar, my aching crevice. I cried, and I whispered to you, my sacred Asclepius, that I never knew that these large hands can move so gently and make me feel like I am walking on air. You slowed down, each contact just a butterfly wing, and then you sped up in circular motions, driving me mad. The leaf was charged by my tremors and body heat and my genitals turned into warm soapy bubbles ready to fly to the Sun. I came over your large green hand letting out a small mewl between the spasms and then I was gone – white seafoam on top of a wave, a luminous spirit bound to earth by my desire to belong to you.

Don’t do that…

And then all I could see was your thirsty mouth and your piercing eyes peeking through the leaf, holding mine, as you licked every drop of me from this most unusual pleasure tool. Your tongue swirled, slowed by sharp intakes of breath as my orgasm slowly melted away in your throat. Will I survive this? And does it matter? All that I know is that this leaf is our cosmological model of the Universe and each small netted vein covered in spit is a road to the stars…

Don’t you ever say that you didn’t know…
This is a violent chapter, so I issue a non-con warning here.

Armie's POV.

I am slaughtered, skinned, defiled and stripped of everything that makes me human. I exist as a mere projection of a demonic lust that materialises itself in loud grunts, growls and spanks, mixed with “so tight, so good!” His seed floods my bowels and I feel my whole being dripping on the sand, a painful mixture of blood, tears, sperm and pee. I am Hyacinth, hit by Apollo’s discus and as I lay dying I see all the night stars smudging above me – dead fireflies disappearing one by one in my stifled sobs. I wonder if flowers will grow where I once was. He hesitantly tries to offer some comfort, brushing my cheek with a numbly “it’s OK” but I am so detached from my previous life that I only hear some faint splashing. Is it the Ocean or the lazy waters of the Styx?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The summer night whispers sweet nothings in my ear and looks me in the eye – a lustful dark-haired youth made of supple skin, fireflies and promises. I am turning 15 soon, I am lanky, sweaty and sun-kissed and I feel strangely light-headed when he looks my way. I pretend not to notice how he licks his lips and laughs nonchalantly while his eyes are fixed on me and I look down, sticking my fingers in the belt loops of my shorts, twisting and trying to conceal the growing moist bulge below my belly button. He knows, God, he knows! And he likes it…

I turn, and I make my way to the palm trees lining the beach below. They shake their sultry bodies slowly. Their hypnotic, seductive dance melts in the salty voice of the ocean. A small lingering smile glimmers on my lips as for the first time in my life I am fully aware of my power. Something stirs inside me, my heart pumps in my throat, my cock twitches impatiently. Another night when I will have him in my fantasies. There, in the comfort of my own bedroom, I can lie down thinking of him and stroke myself as I imagine him holding me, kissing me softly, sucking my nipples and palming me through my blue boxers. Will he tell me that I am beautiful and trace my cheekbones and eyelashes with a slow lick? Will I repeat his name in muted tones, like a mantra escaping my heaving chest? Will I tell him how much I have longed for this moment when he will finally treat me as an equal and show me what my body is made of? And how we can extract sweet pleasure from the tips of our tingling fingers and hot tongues? I want him here, in my world – between my Star Wars sheets, school books and with the reflections of my lava lamp in his eyes as he tucks me into bed.

A companion, a brother, a lover…

He is so perfect – a real-life Apollo, tall, lean and strong with a pearly smile and beautiful hands. He
is all tropical tan, long legs, coconut lotion and ocean breeze sweeping through his chestnut hair. An adult – confident, charming and alluring. I admire him from afar for months now, telling myself that this is who I want to be when I am 22. Then slowly my admiration turns into infatuation and I develop a fixation for his soft lips and square jaw. I start imagining him naked – the sweet curve of his armpits and the soft pressure of his prominent hipbones on me…

*If I could have him like this in my dreams every night of my life…*

Almost home, ten minutes and I am there! I am transfixed by the sensual images in my head. My adolescent anticipation breathes innocently in my throat and I feel caught out when I hear soft panting behind me and a familiar coconut smell licks my nostrils. He’s come after me. The wet dream of my sweaty nights. Oh, God! He is here. Does he want to talk to me? To ask me something? I blush covered by a comfortable blanket of soft summer dusk. My eyes look through the darkness with longing, curiosity and warmth. I smile…

*Why won’t I believe it tomorrow morning?*

The punch comes out of nowhere and completely knocks me out. I crash and embed myself into the sand, unable to move, and I feel a distinguished salty taste in my mouth. Strong fingers pull me by my hair and lift me. He stills my head above his crotch and unbuttons his shorts. “Stay still and take it all, kiddo! Don’t make me hurt you!” I freeze, overwhelmed by fear as he pushes his cock violently at the back of my throat. I choke, spitting out pre-come, saliva and my own blood and he pushes in again, squashing my tonsils and blocking my air supply. Fear and horror cripple me as the palm trees show their true forms – menacing giants stalking the night and tearing her delicate flesh with their hungry fronds…

Two swift moves and he rips my clothes off my body. I don’t struggle, paralyzed by my crushed dreams that fall around me with a thud as he fucks me dry. Brutally, fiercely, tearing my insides, drawing blood from my core…He pulls my hair out in clumps and presses my throat with such force that I lose consciousness. I float over my body in a blurry dream as he hisses in my ear:

*Are you afraid, my little one?*

I am slaughtered, skinned, defiled and stripped of everything that makes me human. I exist as a mere projection of a demonic lust that materialises itself in loud grunts, growls and spanks, mixed with “so tight, so good!”. His seed floods my bowels and I feel my whole being dripping on the sand, a painful mixture of blood, tears, sperm and pee. I am Hyacinth, hit by Apollo’s discus and as I lay dying I see all the night stars smudging above me – dead fireflies disappearing one by one in my stifled sobs. I wonder if flowers will grow where I once was. He hesitantly tries to offer some comfort, brushing my cheek with a numbly “it’s OK” but I am so detached from my previous life that I only hear some faint splashing. Is it the Ocean or the lazy waters of the Styx?
I almost crawl home, flattened by shame and guilt. Isn’t THIS what you wanted, you freak? To feel like a grown-up, to taste desire? Isn’t this what was making your dick so hard all these nights? Not like this, not like this, the betrayed child in me screams, burying all tender dreams and longings. I cry, I scream in silence, I vomit wilted hopes of caring hands stroking me gently and lips muttering sweet words between kisses.

Do you speak or die?

As I enter the big, bleak house and as my bruised feet touch the cold marble, I organically crave some warmth and compassion and a shoulder to cry on. I hear my parents through the giant glass door. They discuss Hammer International Foundation and their voices are chilly, professional, withdrawn. As usual, they don’t even notice that I am back, and I wonder if they will even acknowledge if I never return home…So I go upstairs and cry until I have no tears left before wanking in self-punishment - painfully, with such vigour and brutality that almost rip my cock out.

So I die…

Chapter End Notes

Hyacinth was a beautiful youth, Apollo's lover. He was killed by Apollo's discus. Read more about this myth here: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hyacinth_(mythology)

The quotes: If I could have him like this in my dreams every night of my life…Why won’t I believe it tomorrow morning?...Do you speak or die? are from Aciman's novel.

Work of fiction, this is NOT real!
Chapter Summary

Armie POV. Olga von Root was Armie's great-grandmother - a singer and an actress.

The italicized text is a slightly modified version of dialogues taken from "Ondine" by Jean Giraudoux (translation by Dan O'Brien) "Ondine" is a play that is essentially the Little mermaid story with Greek tragedy elements.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Don’t ever try to wrestle with self-loathing.

Pretend that it is tame, feed it, pet it and hope that one day it will consume you completely. And it won’t matter that you were someone else before that fateful merging or that you were even human before you became a meal. When you fight it, you increase its appetite and it comes back with a vengeance, eating you slowly, bit by bit…Give your whole self and watch it choke.

***

“My complaint? My complaint is the complaint of all mankind. I claim the right to be left in peace in a world that is free of intrusions by these creatures. Has there never been an age when they did not afflict us?”

"An age? There has never been a moment." The judge answers.

"Yes, there was once a moment. For that instant, the whole world was single-hearted, at play, at peace—and yet I tasted for the first time a certain loneliness.”

***

What else can happen to me now?

He took everything. I am Armie Fucking Hammer, a dirty shadow of an innocent dream, a depraved skank who watches his miserable life unfolding and jerks off at the thought of being punished and desecrated.

Hold me strong, Hate! Don’t ever let go.

These days you are giving me life. You fill my lungs with air and my cock with blood. I am your shameless little whore, take me. Just give me the privilege of pain and allow me the pleasure of your suffocating embrace. I’d do anything for you! Crawl all over me, fuck me senseless and don’t forget to remind me of my own worthlessness.

I feel him behind me again. I follow an unknown, strange impulse that guides my steps to the beach night after night. I spread my trembling legs willingly, offering my tasty young flesh as a sacrificial gift to Apollo. The harder he fucks me, the stronger I grow.
I am neck-deep in this corrupted and degrading arrangement. Tarnished innocence for a poisonous fuck. Crucified self-respect for a sweaty intrusion.

More, please! The wrath of the Gods has come to Earth and I am happy to be in its path.

***

The stage lights danced adoringly with Olga von Root’s delicate features as she threw her hands in the air and looked up. A distraught Ondine, who faced the King.

“They are trying to take Hans away from me.”

But what if they did, would that be such a misfortune?” The King said.

“Oh yes. If he DECEIVES me, he will die.”

“Men have been known to survive such things.”

“Not this one,” Ondine replies.

“How difficult it is to live among you, where what has happened can never again not have happened. How terrible to live where a word can never be unspoken, and a gesture can never be unmade. Yet, I am human by choice.”

Olga was beautiful and otherworldly with her long blonde curls, verdant eyes and freckles. She moved like the wind and owned the stage – it was the role of a lifetime.

***

The daylight sometimes brought me a different version of him. Tame hints of sweetness that I have desired and dreamed of in the past but found repulsive now. Moments of longing in his eyes that harboured sadness in his pupils - different in size and sorrowful in the brightness of the day. His shaky voice when he invited me for afternoon swims. His constant wish to brush past me and to be close to me. The regret in his fingers when he wanted to hold my hand and I recoiled in disgust.

“Please, don’t, kiddo. I am sorry…”

“Don’t DECEIVE me.” I wanted to shout, but no words came out. “I don’t want your affection. Just fuck me and DIE.”

I saw the despair as he pleaded with me. For any form of comfort, for any sign that I could erase the hate and offer a speckle of love and care. For anything different from a brutal, mindless fuck. I wanted nothing but his viciousness and savagery. He taught me that. I still remember his hands, lonely and shaking at my rejection, some barely visible scars on his wrists from long ago and his hunched shoulders when he was leaving, carrying the weight of his guilt. Because he knew that his chance of experiencing true human feelings has slipped away.

I knew it then, Apollo was vulnerable.

***

"If you wish, I will let him die at the same moment that you forget him."

Olga’s Ondine is desperate and tries to buy time. Her sisters will call her three times, and then she will forget everything. Tears flow over her freckles and her beautiful green eyes say goodbye.
“Our parting will be a real farewell, a farewell forever. Not like those lovers who part, but are destined to be reunited again in the afterlife. We part for eternity, we go to different worlds” said Hans.

They recall their first meeting, the night Hans came out of the storm.

“In after years we shall have this hour to remember. The hour before you kissed me.”

“I can’t wait, now, Ondine. Kiss me now.” Said Hans.

As they kiss, the third Ondine calls. Hans dies.

Ondine looks around in puzzlement.

"Who is this handsome young man lying here, can you bring him back to life?"

"Impossible."

As the curtain falls Ondine says:

"What a pity! How I should have loved him!"

***

The distinctive, harsh taste of the ocean water, the weight of the waves, and the strong, tanned hands lifting me up to safety are the last things I remember before succumbing to darkness. Was it an accident? Or did I just want to disappear? And did it matter anymore? I lie on the sand, the world collapses with every laboured breath that I take, and everything is a blur. I am still here. Damn you for bringing me back! Damn you for saving my life! How dare you? The sour lips of the inevitable whisper in my ear and I know with every bit of my being that nothing will ever be the same again. Like that fateful night at the beach where I collected the corpses of my childhood fireflies but now even more hopeless and cruel in its finality…

How many minutes have I lost? Or hours? Or lives?

And where is he?

As if through a dream, I hear people around me shouting, hurrying and I turn my head slowly. I see him lying on the sand a few metres away. Calmness, comfort and a redeeming half-smile soften his features. I don’t need anyone to tell me that he doesn’t belong to this world anymore.

Stay alive, motherfucker, don’t do this! Stay alive so I can kill you.

But in my heart I know.

Apollo is mortal.

I hear the people murmuring. Suffocation. Drowning. But also, more sinister, muted local rumours that creep up my spine and gather in my throat as a bitter lump that floats on the salty water aftertaste. Rape. Step-father. A monstrous beating. Coma for 10 days. Pupils changed size since then. Slit wrists.

The doctor who kneels beside him and open his dead eyes mentions brain trauma and a weird condition I have never heard of before.

Ondine’s curse.
I no longer want to know who the handsome young man lying next to me is. Or to bring him back to life. I am free and even before the sea creatures call three times I would have forgotten his name. And the life he gave me, forsaking his.

Forget! Forget! Forget!

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Verdant eyes and freckles. And miles of pale, creamy skin. Who is this handsome young man sitting behind the piano?

- You are Timmy, right?

Timothee Chalamet. I will remember your name!

***

Chapter End Notes

Ondine's curse (Central Hypoventilation Syndrome) can develop as a result of severe injury or trauma to the brain or brainstem. Brain trauma can also cause unequal pupil sizes.

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