**Enjoy Yourself, Control Yourself**

by FoxyEgg

**Summary**

(Title from my favorite lyric from Needs by Verzache, good song go listen to it.)

Norman is 100% straight. 100% heterosexual. 80% hetero. 50% hetero. Okay, maybe more like 20% hetero. Fine, he has some thinking he needs to do.

**Notes**

Been thinking about this for so long that I just need to get it down and of course your dealing with me so I had to make some sort of depression/ self-harm. Seriously, look at my other stories tags, either has self-harm, depression, suicide, or rape. Just how things go around here.

(I'm the kind of person who needs to vent through writing or I'll do self-harm, that's why I
have so many depression stories. Also, for the rape? Yeah, part of my depression was caused by someone sexually touching me (wasn't that bad, just a touch on the ass from a creep, my school did jack shit about it, and I can't do much about that.) I just like to vent without hurting myself or others. Besides, this is far healthier. Still have to get eating and drinking normally down though.)

See the end of the work for more notes.

Chapter One
90% Hetero

Norman Jayden, FBI profiler, who now resides in Philadelphia. He works with Carter Blake who is a brute of a man; complete dick-weed Norman thinks. Norman was mostly known for his work on the Origami Killer Case (aka Origayme Killah Case. :) ), he was known for his testing of ARI too. Norman hit his head as there was a knock on his door, really, people should have figured out by now to not bother him when the door is shut. He gritted his teeth and Charlene opened the door.

"Carter needs you." she had a sickly sweet smile planted on her face. Norman nodded and picked up ARI, which he thankfully already had off. He quickly walked out of his office (more of a back closet but I digress-) and headed for Blake.


"You can read, right?" Carter smirked as Norman scoffed and picked up the file, reading the content inside of tit and setting it back down.

"Kidnapping." Norman sighed and rubbed his hand down his face. 'I'm too fucking old for this...'

"Yep, can you find anything else out with your amazing glasses?" Carter narrowed his eyes and went back to his computer.

"Maybe." Norman kept his straight face and tucked the file under his arm and walked away. Norman passed desks upon desks to get to his office; quickly, he shut the door and furrowed his brows, the door couldn't shut fully.

He growled, "Cheep ass doors." He decided to leave it as it was.

Page 1

End Notes

Lil' bit short but eh, who really cares. This will take some time to update because I have SO
MANY STORIES IN THE WORKS LIKE HOLY-

Any-who, hope you guys will like this, I’ve noticed there isn’t a lot of Carter x Norman that has Carter really not noticing/caring about Norm's addiction. Most fics have Norman off of Tripto or they just kinda glance over it. Also, lets hope to makes this a slow burn fanfic! I suck ass at them but I love reading them so much.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!