Tom's just so sick of Abraxas and his pretty powder pills. He just wants to watch Harry as he eats his apple. Watch him and dream of having red under his fingernails.

Notes

This was a weird experiment that was written in less than an hour, so feel free to hate it.

See the end of the work for more notes.

i

Madness was fun. Madness was hell. Madness was fun. Madness was hell. Fun. Hell. Fun. Hell. Fun. Hell.

“Tom.”
Tom looked up, Abraxas was watching him. Abraxas was always watching, the big brother of the world, had to always know what was going on, who was doing what and when they were doing it and why they were doing it. He just had to know, didn’t he?

Tom licked his lips.

Abraxas was boring, too boring to waste his breath on. Once upon a time in a land far away he’d been fun, but now he was old and had obligations and was no longer entertainment for the endlessness of time. He was responsible. He had duties. He was dull.

Madness wasn’t dull. Madness didn’t have responsibilities.

Madness was fun. It gave Tom clarity.

Abraxas was hell, he gave Tom distortion.

Abraxas was the one who insisted that he swallowed little penny-pills that tasted of chalk. They always, always stuck in his throat and he just couldn’t think with sedatives swirling inside him.

They made him sick.

Abraxas made him sick.

But Abraxas wouldn’t shut up about it. Just an endless endless endless drone that never ever shut up. Fancy words about what was wrong with him. There was nothing wrong with him. Nothing wrong, nothing wrong, nothing wrong.

All that was wrong was chalk on his tongue and Abraxas in his head.

ii

Tom liked Harry.

Harry was interesting, not like Abraxas, Abraxas was boring. Use up. Like a burned match he was spent. Harry wasn’t. Harry was waiting to be burned.

Harry was the type who chewed his lip in the library, reading something he didn’t understand. Tom liked to watch. Tom liked Harry.

Watching Harry was fun, following Harry was better. How he walked.

Slowly.

So goddamn slowly.

How he smiled, wasted his breath speaking to other people. How those people looked at him. Like they were in love. But love doesn’t exist. It was just the thing people told each other to make them feel better about being alone.

Tom was good at watching when there was no powder in his blood. When he was allowed to think clearly, he could watch forever.

Whatever Abraxas might say.
Harry eats apples.

Sour apples, that you’re not supposed to eat. He just bites into them. Teeth white. Just biting flesh. It made Tom want to bite flesh. Leave his teeth marks so people will remember him. So, Harry will remember him.

He has such a pretty mouth.

It stretches and curves and looks so nice. Tom really wants to take a bite, and he’d never quite felt like this before. The only other person he’s ever wanted to kiss was Abraxas. But Abraxas thinks he’s crazy.

Crazy.

Crazy.

He doesn’t want Harry to think he’s crazy. He doesn’t want Harry to think anything. All Tom wants, all he really wants is to have Harry by his side. Keep him close so that other people can’t hurt him.

Because Harry is just so precious.

Then maybe Abraxas will see, he doesn’t need him.

He doesn’t want him.

Harry’s blood was pretty. It seeped out, oozing everywhere. He hadn’t even dug that deep. Just a little cut all over his neck. Just a smile and a kiss and taste of death because he doesn’t look as mad as Abraxas says.

Tom never realised how much blood was in people. Or how much prettier it looked on the outside of bodies. And how Harry just had the prettiest body. Not that he’d touch it. Harry was too nice to touch, too sweet to spoil with his hands.

His hands that were covered in red.

Red.
Red.
Red.
Red.
Red.
Red.
Red.

So much fucking red. It looked so good. So fucking good.

He stood in front of Harry’s mirror and smeared it over his mouth. Abraxas wouldn’t like that. But he’d pay him attention, and Tom needed attention. Just a little thing to quell the boredom, to use as entertainment.
To feel less alone.

Harry was gone too easy, and all that was left was a mangled mess and so much red. He needed someone permanent. Someone who wasn’t going to leave.

Someone who thought that madness was fun.

“What have you done, Tom.” Even when he wasn’t looking, when he was standing with his precious little Harry, holding his sweet little body and carving nice things into his skin. Tom knew that voice. Knew that tone.

He knew Abraxas was scared. Scared like a little puppy when there are fireworks.

But Tom liked puppies.

End Notes

If you got to the end of this mess, congratulations.

The first part of an extended version of this fic is now up under the name 'Pink Ladies and Pretty Power Pills'

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