Don't Step Into My Garden

by PersephoneSiren

Summary

From as far back as his memory could go, Billy Hargrove loved reading. Reading was something that fascinated him. And with time, he began to develop a strong taste for writing. But this hobby, which must remain secret, will remain like that? Especially when a certain Steve Harrington takes an increasingly important place in Billy's life?

Notes

This story is a sequel of "Unintended Consequences" and a prequel of "Lighter than Air". It can be read alone or after the other two.
Also, it has not been re-read or corrected by a third person. It's also a translation, and I'm sorry, but English is not my native language, so I apologize for the mistakes I could made. Thank you for your indulgence. If you have constructive remarks, they will be welcome.
The homophobic insults that are used, reflect the time and the state of mind/thought of some characters, not mine.
Some events are from the series, while others are taken from novels that have been published, such as "Runaway Max" by Brenna Yovanoff.

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Small precision: This story is currently written. I don't know, for now, how many chapters will be written or what will be the pace of publication.
Hoping that this story will please you. And thank you for giving it a chance and/or having
From as far back as his memory could go, Billy Hargrove loved reading. Reading was something that fascinated him. Regardless of the subject, there was always something to be learned from it: a beautiful story, a recent or historical fact, information to help him learn or understand some phenomena, and much more. For him, reading was the opportunity to access knowledge and culture that his social class could not necessarily afford. And this simple fact, this possibility of emancipating oneself and one day escaping his environment, and especially his father, was a reason that was amply enough to continue reading and discovering new things.

This taste for reading was due to his mother who had transmitted it to him. It was her who had told him his first stories. It was her too who had begun to teach him to read. And it was her who had taught him what books could do and how to turn them into a weapon, thanks to the knowledge they contained.

Billy still remembered today, more or less accurately, those afternoons when his mother read to him chapters of novels, poems or fables, while he helped her with housework, avoiding that his father, on his way home from work, is no longer in a bad mood. He also remembered those days at the beach, where, between two moments of learning how to surf, there too, he was enjoying that soft, warm voice, similar to the rays of the sun that heated his wet skin, which narrated the epic adventures of Ulysses, the ones of the knights of the round table and the ones which had brought to the tragic end of Romeo and Juliet.

He had loved those moments with her. It was their moments, those secret moments that belonged only to them and that further forged that special bond they had, because they could not have a good relationship with Neil Hargrove, a husband and father who was all too often angry.
All this knowledge, this culture, Billy had little by little learned to exploit it. He may not have been the smartest student, but he was good. And it was something that always amazed, especially despite to his attitude and look. He who seemed to be just one of those big-mouthed teenagers, who would read a Playboy more than a collection of short stories, or one of those bad boys running after sex, parties, cigarettes and alcohol (which was not totally false), he knew how to show that he was also someone with wit. Of course, he always made his fists speak too often and he was also more often seen caring for his Camaro (his baby, the only one who had ravished his heart when he saw her for the first time), to do bodybuilding to take care of himself or just be a dickhead, he was none the less someone who could recite you a fable of La Fontaine, explain the subject and what was important to remember. But that was something that very few, if any, people knew.

And if there was one thing, which was even more secret and unknown, was the fact that Billy Hargrove had a hobby, a hobby he hid from everyone, a bit like some Steve Harrington.

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Hardly had he been old enough to read and write, that he had begun to develop a strong taste for writing. The stories his mother told him had inspired his own fictions. He began by telling them in his head, before telling them to his mother, who had encouraged him to put them on paper, and more particularly, on a school notebook that had never been used before. and whose many blank pages would soon serve him. But with time and too many scenes of violence and arguments between his parents, which took place under his big ocean-like eyes, Billy changed his writings. The cute fairy tales had given way to a more sad, harsh, cold imagination than the young boy with blond curls, dared not tell to his only faithful reader, his mother, for not grieve her even more.

It was one night, when he was secretly reading a collection of poetry that Mrs. Hargrove had lent him a few hours ago, under the reproving gaze of his father (who had recently begun screaming about his son as well, that his wife was turning their boy into a future good-for-nothing sissy), that he began to write again. With a silent step, he walked to the hiding place where he used to put his notebook, then, on the floor and the light of his little flashlight, Billy began scribbling a few words. He threw on the white pages his thoughts, the few ideas that crossed his mind, as well as sentences that would complete the whole.

In March 1977, Billy was ten years old and he had just written his first poem. His subject was the sadness he felt every time he saw his father hitting his mother. And unfortunately, he did not suspect for a moment that in less than a month, this one would leave the house, would not come back for him despite his supplications when she phoned him, leaving him alone with his torturer.

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Billy fights. He uses his fists to communicate. He can answer only by violence, as his father does with him, when he does not say what is expected of him. He stopped writing again. He thought it was no longer worth it, because after all, his mother was gone and it's a hobby for girls and fags. And Billy is not a fag. But Billy is only twelve years old and he doesn't even know if it will be the girls who would make his heart fall for them, because for the moment, the boy just knows he hates baseball. That and the fact that the female sex is despicable, weak, because after all, his "slut" mother (as likes to repeat Neil Hargrove when he drank a too much) ran away, abandoning him to a monster he must call "Sir" and not "Dad". And for that, he hates her. The happy memories he keeps of her, are too painful and he prefers to lock them in a corner of his head, letting hatred overwhelm him, because it is easier to live with, than to repress it and to choose instead, forgiveness.

It's one night, coming home from school, after an umpteenth fight against one of his classmates, who insulted him of moron, a bloody lip, a black eye, that his father will reveal to him two news
that will change his life forever. The first one is that his mother died in a car accident a few weeks ago. And the second is that they will soon have to move, because his father is going to marry a woman he met at work, a certain Susan Mayfield and that Billy will have to be respectful and kind to her and her daughter, his future half-sister. The blond boy is thirteen and although he has not yet met these two new people with whom he will soon live, his hate has changed sides. Now it's not his mother that he hates, but these two new unknowns.

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“Why do you have this look?
- What?
- Are you deaf? I asked you why do you have this look?
- Develops Max, and fast. Or my hand will accidentally catch one of your locks of hair and tear it away.
- You... You... Started stammering the young Maxine, letting fear take over.
- You... You... But yet? Billy asked in a mocking and threatening voice.
- You ... You always have eyelids half closed. Why?
- Because you piss me off. You, your stupid face of redhead and the one of your mom too. In fact, you know what? The whole world piss me off. And I do not even have to get drunk for that.”

Max will never tell him, but she thinks he's partly right, in the sense that his eyes half closed, gave him a stare which looks half-drunk, but also half-stupid. Yes, that's it. For her, Billy Hargrove had a half-drunk, half-stupid look that fit perfectly with the idiotic person he was. But that, the girl will never tell him, because she had no desire to take a slap of this idiot with blond curls, she refuses to call brother.

Billy will never say to this little girl, that he also refuses to call sister, since the marriage of their parents of a few weeks ago now, is that this intervention of her, will become the last straw that breaks the camel's back. The young teenager has not written for several years now, and although the urge has itched sometimes, especially since the announcement of the death of his mother, Billy has not resumed writing. However, that's what he does when, after dark, he brought back one of his old notebooks and armed with a pen, began to write. Maybe it was innate from him? Or maybe it was because he had kept it for too long? But the words, the sentences, the rhymes, everything came naturally to him. It's like if his last poem was from yesterday and he had never stopped. He writes, erases, notes and crosses out everything that came to his mind. It's an explosion, the awakening of a volcano that vomits its lava without interruption. Billy will write until almost falling asleep on his notebook, which he missed so much. And he did not care if it was an activity for fags, because after all, it was perhaps this secret pleasure that would allow him to keep his head out of the water, avoiding him to drown and sink in the ocean of hate, in which his father plunged him by force.

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It was not long after he discovered that Steve Harrington had a secret hobby of drawing that Billy became interested in the young man, but not in the same way as before.

By the time he arrived in Hawkins, he had quickly found people to surround himself with, including a guy named Tommy Hagan. Billy was a strange, new, and even exotic thing, but most of all, terribly exciting for most high school students, mainly because he came from an environment totally different this small town. His mullet made with his blond curls, his tanned skin, his look that denoted (because essentially consisting of tight jeans and shirts wide open on his muscular torso) to the rest of the population of Hawkins, in short, all that was Billy Hargrove was amazing and hypnotizing. He was a sort of luminous lighthouse that others could not help but want to
approach, to get lost, by burning their wings. And Tommy was one of those eager insects, seeking only to get the favors of this new strong man, to better shine against the others. He who had witnessed the fall and the near end of the previous king (all because of a priss girl he was infatuated with), was quick to tell Billy who was Steve "The Hair" Harrington, why he was and continued to be called "King Steve", or how the blond teenager could easily steal the crown of that fallen sovereign.

And in one evening, it was almost done.

Billy remembered perfectly his first meeting with Steve, at the Halloween party of this Tina Something. He had barely emerged from his blazing Camaro, that he had directly attacked the acquisition of the coveted throne, beating the current record, held by some brunet, of the keg. Then, while everyone congratulated him, Tommy had taken him to the king, to make clear to this one, who was now the new champion and soon become the new figurehead of high school. Harrington had lowered his sunglasses, watching his opponent right in the eye. Billy was delighted to see how much the famous King Steve was beautiful. And how much he would take pleasure in slaughtering that angel face. A pale skin, dotted copiously with moles in certain places, a perfectly combed brown hair, which it seemed to exhibit like a lion's mane. But especially, big brown eyes that looked at him, stared at him and seemed to be able to see through the thick armor that a man can wear, to hide his true nature. And that, Billy had noticed. But it was not just that. He could see another detail that caught his attention in that piercing look. Steve was looking at him, but there was this "je ne sais quoi" inside his eyes that seemed to indicate that he did not care about Billy. Or more, that he did not care if Billy took his crown and became the new king of Hawkins. As it was, the young man had already moved on, without really daring to admit it to himself.

This battle of looks had lasted only a few seconds, and yet, Billy knew and had sworn to himself mentally, that he would be the one who would definitively bring down the great King Steve, then bury him and thus, definitely take the power. It was Harrington who first stopped the duel. Without saying a word, without explaining why, he had just closed his eyes, opened them again, to take a look at the crowd and look for someone. Then he began to cleave into the crowd to join the girl, who had left him a few seconds before, not even taking a last look at Billy, Tommy or the others who still continued to cheer the blond.

It was over the next few days that the young Californian showed more of who he was, or at least, ostensibly, to establish his power and show who was Hawkins's new future king. He had quickly joined the high school basketball team, of which Steve was the captain, but he took great pleasure in tormenting this one (this idiot did not even know how to plant his feet properly, so as not to fall easily because of a blow). He had also integrated the old gang of friends of his opponent, who seemed now preferred the company of his girlfriend. And despite all that, in spite of all he could say and do to the brunet, this one never showed the face of the famous King Steve, the one of which everyone continued to whisper to his ears.

It was only after a week that Billy had the pleasure of seeing and finally tasting the rumors that had been told him. It was during the night of Sunday, November 4, 1984, that he was able to face the famous King Steve, in a fight with bare hands, after having crash in front of a strange house, the one of the Byers according to what had indicated to him the delicious, but stupid, Mrs. Wheeler, as he was searching for his half-sister Max. It had not been the meeting of the century, or what Billy really expected, especially after spending such an awful night. He who had planned to go out with one of the cows of his high school, to see a movie in the cinema, before finishing the evening in his Camaro, a beer in one hand, the other on the breasts or the butt of the girl, while she would bouncing on him to make him come... No, really, Billy had not expected that. Instead, he had been insulted and beat by his father, again, because the idiot that Susan had given birth to, had run away and was now to be found. But when the opportunity to let off steam came to him, he took
advantage of the moment to finally explode his hate, his disgust and all the negative emotions he had in him since the move. Lucas Sinclair was the first to suffer of that, although, very quickly, Steve was there, returning to the charge against the blonde, ready to give back the blows to the one who would try to inflict some on one of his proteges or against him. So, why not, thought Billy. Why not finally make his fists speak, break the pretty face of the high school student he hated and show everyone, once and for all, who was the real king? And that is what he did. The brunet's handsome face was quickly covered with blood, both his own and the Californian man, and bruises from the many blows he took and a shattered plate on his head. The only thing Billy had not expected was to be betrayed by Maxine and be drugged without his consent, preventing him from finishing exploding Harrington's head, which was on the ground, the face ravaged. Even today, he still did not know what the red-haired girl had injected him, but it had put K.O in record time. And the rest was a faint memory, a thick fog, which did not allow him to remember how he managed to get home, with his Camaro, in the company of Max, to wake up groggy and nauseated in his bed, the same morning.

End Notes

As you could see, this story is more on the point of view of Billy, than Steve (like it was for the two previous ones). It's the one I already talked, in the notes of "Unintended Consequences".
I hope you will enjoy it. And don't hesitate to comment, it's always a pleasure to know what you though about this story.

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