Psycho Killer, Qu'est-ce que c'est

by TranquilMatches

Summary

Achilles will do anything to keep Patroclus. Anything. Serial Killer AU

Notes

Did you read the tags? Go and read the tags. If you came here expecting something like Babysitter AU, you're not going to like this one.

I don't know what's going to happen next tbh. I kind of get to the ending as I go so I just tagged a bunch of stuff I think is going to happen so no one will get mad at me for leading them on. :)))

Title taken from the song: Psycho Killer by Talking Heads. :D LISTEN TO THAT FUDGING BASS
It was an accident.

He had meant to hit him in the face, sure, had meant for it to hurt. He had meant to tackle him and push his head down on the asphalt and maybe grind his face against it to leave an ugly scar. He deserved it, the fucker. What he hadn’t meant was for Clysonymus to land on an elevated step and break his neck.

His head was in an odd angle. His body was twitching slightly until it stopped moving altogether. All Patroclus did was stare. The crowd that had gathered around them had stopped cheering.

He was arrested an hour later.

Patroclus didn’t have a history of aggression but he was strong and had often fought back when he was pushed hard enough. Clysonymus had insulted his mother.

According to state law, he needed to spend some time in a correctional facility for underage delinquents. He would be freed when he turned eighteen or when he was deemed fit to be re-integrated to society by the facilities’ psychiatrists, whichever came earlier. If the psychiatrists deemed that extra time was needed for the child’s rehabilitation they could advice that he be moved to another facility or kept there for further observation.

He was fourteen.

They made them wear all white uniforms. They slept two to a room. They were well-cared for. They had classes in the morning and activity time in the afternoon. There was a library. There was a roll-call every morning in the facilities quadrangle. They had chores. They each had time with a psychiatrist to ensure that they’d grow up as well-adjusted human beings.

Patroclus kept his head down. He had a routine and kept to it. He had been assigned a room with some schlub who looked like he hadn’t done anything yet but was put in there anyway to prevent him from going over the deep end. They didn’t talk.

The other boys were loud and exaggerated the reasons why they were there. Some were prouder than others. Patroclus kept his head bowed when the louder ones talked during lunch. One had robbed a grocery store, the other had beat a man with a bat for looking at him funny. Others told stories that were so absurd that no one believed them, and whenever another idiot called him out on his bullshit a scuffle would ensue. Patroclus would get up and walk out of the room not even bothering to watch as the boys bashed each other’s head in.

There was one boy who stood out among the others; the Head Psychiatrist’s son who was there to observe the “troubled boys” so that he would learn from their mistakes. Nothing was wrong with him, or so his father said. But Patroclus heard the whispers from the staff and the nurses and aids. Achilles was the craziest of them all.
There was nothing in his actions or the way he looked that gave it away though. Achilles was beautiful, an angel. He always smiled and laughed at his friend’s jokes. He never engaged in any of the brawls and weirdest of all, the other boys respected him. There were boys bigger and scarier-looking than him and they followed and waited on him hand and foot.

Maybe it was because he was the Psychiatrist’s son and the likelihood of his father giving them a favorable report would increase if they were friends with him.

Achilles passed by him once, while it was his turn to scrub the floors, and he swore he turned to him and smiled. Achilles didn’t notice anyone who didn’t catch his attention. This puzzled Patroclus. He quickly forgot about the incident though, as he had more important things to attend to.

At night, Patroclus would think of the boy he had killed and the odd angle his neck was at. He thought about his poor mother and how his father had refused to talk to him after he had found out. It bled into his dreams.

He was bashing him on the head with his plastic tray. His lunch was scattered all over the floor. He wasn’t really thinking. The larger boy had attempted to take his dessert. Normally he would’ve looked the other way, would’ve given up his dessert because egg pudding wasn’t worth the trouble of having to argue with a boy twice his size. But Sarpedon wasn’t satisfied in taking his pudding. Sarpedon had to make a comment about how he’d like to have his mother.

So when Patroclus finally realized what he was doing, there was a stab wound on Sarpedon’s arm from Patroclus’ fork and he was on top of him on the cafeteria floor. Sarpedon’s face was a bloody mess. Patroclus’ knee was pressing hard against the wound on Sarpedon’s right arm while he held his left hand against the floor. The older boy was screaming in pain.

The cafeteria was in an uproar. The boys were cheering for the unexpected victor.

Patroclus scooped the spilled pudding from the dirty cafeteria floor and pushed it down over Sarpedon’s bloody mouth and nose.

“Here’s your pudding, you gigantic fuck. Eat it. Eat it!”

Sarpedon was struggling to breathe. He managed to blow some puffs of air through his mouth which sent some chunks of the dessert oozing and flying through Patroclus’ fingers but he pushed down harder. Sarpedon managed to free the hand that Patroclus had been kneeling on and tried pushing Patroclus’ face away but he held firm. He eventually started to punch him but Patroclus avoided his clumsy punches easily. Eventually Sarpedon’s arm weakened and his efforts at pushing Patroclus off became feeble.

Sarpedon opened his mouth and Patroclus shoved the egg pudding in. Sarpedon started coughing. Patroclus scraped some more from the floor and wiped it across the larger boy’s mouth before standing up and wiping the sweat off his forehead with his arm.

He looked up. The boys cheered with the exception of Achilles, who stood silently in front of the crowd watching him with wide green eyes, his mouth parted a bit. Patroclus swallowed and ignored the other boys who had flocked to him and patted him on the back. He shrugged them off and they
immediately gave him space. The aids arrived late, as usual and took Patroclus by the arm. He went without causing a fuss. The nurses tended to Sarpedon, and all the boys could do for the rest of the day was talk about the fight.

Achilles stood there for a long time staring at the door that Patroclus had left through. It wasn’t until someone had clapped him on the back that he emerged from his thoughts and joined his friends back on the cafeteria table.

“They say you killed someone,” Patroclus was hiding in the broom closet. His arms wrapped around his knees. Sarpedon had friends and they were currently looking for him. Patroclus could fight but he couldn’t defend himself against five burly boys older and bigger than him.

He looked up. Achilles was standing in front of him in all his glory. It wasn’t a question so he didn’t say anything.

“Well,” Achilles prompted, “did you?”

“Who told you?” Patroclus said, looking away.

Achilles smirked, “Technically, no one. I peeked through my Father’s files. But that’s not important. The records don’t lie. Of course you’re innocent, right? Everyone here is.”

“I don’t deny what I did,” he snapped. “It was an accident. I only meant to hurt him a little.”

“Like you did with Sarpedon,” Achilles nodded. “I don’t think you know your own strength. You could have killed him.”

Achilles eyed him up and down before coming to a decision. “Come with me.”

“Achilles thought for a while. “You don’t.”

Patroclus looked at him weighing his options. He stood up.
I just need to write something alternatively to babysitter au. Too much fluff can rot your teeth. ;)

Special thanks to soisserieuxgrantaire for reading through this first! :D
Achilles was right. Sarpedon and his boys faltered the moment they saw him walking beside Achilles. Even Sarpedon, who had lost both teeth and dignity in the fight, was hesitant to approach them.

They walked past them without speaking a word. Achilles even nodded at them and they nodded back. Achilles looked at Patroclus once the other boys were out of earshot and smirked at him.

“They’re probably afraid that I’ll go and tell my father, right?” he said casually. “Why would they be afraid of me?”

Patroclus didn’t know if he was being sarcastic or not, so he kept quiet. When they had walked far enough that he could reach his room untroubled, he nodded a thank you and turned to leave. He had already taken a few steps when Achilles spoke.

“So you think they’ll leave you alone now? Whenever you’re not with me?”

Patroclus looked back, surprised that Achilles was still talking to him. He was even more surprised at the implications of what he was asking. Achilles looked at him like he was asking a completely valid and innocent question.

“I’m just concerned,” Achilles continued with a shrug. “I’m sure you can take care of yourself but why go through all the trouble? They see you beside me, they won’t even try to approach you.”

“Why do you care?” Patroclus snapped.

“Consider this me helping my father in the rehabilitation of young and promising delinquents,” Achilles said. “You won’t last long here on your own now that you’ve made enemies. Don’t think they’ll stop with beating you.”

“Tell them off then,” Patroclus said turning around. This was ridiculous. Why should he be babysat by Achilles?

Patroclus could feel Achilles watching him as he turned a corner to go back to his room.

He was huddled over by the basketball court clutching at his stomach. He was coughing. He spit out a large glob of blood and saliva. Thankfully, he still had all his teeth.
“You look like shit,” someone said. Patroclus looked up. Achilles was sitting on the bleachers eating some fruit. He wiped away some of the juices dripping from his mouth.

“Fig?” Achilles offered casually, like Patroclus wasn’t on the pavement reeling in pain, like he didn’t just spit out a mouthful of blood. Patroclus shook his head, his forehead brushing slightly against the pavement. His jaw felt unhinged, so he opened his mouth and tried to put it back in place.

“How many were they this time?” Achilles asked getting up and leaving the seeds on the bench. “You’ve been here, what, a month? And you haven’t made any friends yet? How do you expect to survive?” He was walking towards him with an arrogant sort of swagger.

Achilles stopped abruptly and frowned when he got close enough to see the extent of his injuries. “They hit you on the face?!” He sounded surprised and a bit angry.

Patroclus sat up. He rubbed at his jaw and winced at the pain. Achilles slapped away his hand and grabbed his chin. He pushed it up, roughly. Patroclus’ eyes immediately met Achilles’ angry green ones.

Up close, Achilles was even more beautiful than he had previously thought. He could pass off for a girl. Puberty was not done with him yet, and there were still a softness to his face that would sharpen once he grew older.

Not for the first time, Patroclus wondered what a beautiful person like Achilles was doing in a place like this.

Achilles seemed to be carefully cataloguing every injury on Patroclus’ face, and his eyes landed on his lips. Achilles ran his thumb down the cut in the middle of Patroclus’ bottom lip, making Patroclus wince. Achilles scowled and looked at him angrily in the eyes.

Patroclus was amazed at the number of emotions that passed through Achilles’ face. What the fuck was he doing here? Why did he even care?

“Do you believe me now, Patroclus?” Achilles said. “They could kill you next time, or worse. Raging teenage hormones don’t stop just because you’re in here.”

Anger flared inside of Patroclus. Who was this boy, telling him that he wasn’t strong enough to protect himself? How did he presume to know what he was capable off just by a few lines in his record and what he had done to Sarpedon? How dare he think that he was stronger than him? That he needed him? He could take him right here, right now.

Patroclus launched forward, catching Achilles off guard with the attack. He fell backwards. Patroclus was about to land a punch straight at that smug face of his and break his perfect little nose when Achilles caught his fist and kneed him in the stomach, knocking the air out of him. Achilles rolled him over and pushed his shoulder down to keep him from getting up again. Patroclus’ instincts made him grab at his stomach, which hurt from being hit there too many times. Achilles raised his fist and swung at Patroclus, the punch impossibly fast. Patroclus closed his eyes in anticipation of the hit and turned his head to the side. Nothing came. He opened his eyes hesitantly. Achilles’ fist was mere millimeters away from his cheek. He uncurled his fingers and put both hands on either side of Patroclus’ head. He leaned down, his curls brushing lightly against Patroclus’ forehead.

“Do not make me hurt you again,” Achilles said threateningly. He pushed himself up and off him. He stalked away angrily, not looking back at Patroclus.
The next day, the five boys who had attacked Patroclus didn’t respond during roll-call. When the aid asked for them, his assistant said that they had been transferred to a hospital. An actual hospital, not the nurses’ ward where they treated minor cuts and bruises and where Patroclus had gone the day before.

Patroclus looked around him, trying to catch a glint of Achilles’ golden hair. He found him already looking at him. They made eye contact. Achilles’ lip curled before he looked back at the aid calling the rolls.

"Why are you doing this?" Patroclus confronted him on the bleachers. Achilles and his friends were watching a basketball game. Achilles was leaning against the step behind him, his arms spread out lazily. He looked like an ancient king surrounded by his servants. Patroclus completely ignored the other boys around him. Achilles looked up at him innocently.

"Doing what, Menoitiades?" He blinked slowly.

"It was you," he accused. "It was you who sent them to the hospital."

*What did you do to them?* Patroclus didn’t ask.

Achilles held eye contact with him for a long time before speaking to the other boys. He never took his eyes off Patroclus.

"Excuse us for a moment, boys, I think Patroclus would like to have a word with me." They all stood up immediately and left. No one even glanced at Patroclus.

"They hit you on the face, Patroclus," Achilles said matter-of-factly, like it was explanation enough for why five boys were in the hospital. He looked at him in concern. "How’s your jaw? I see the swelling’s gone down."

"Yes, and I hit them on their faces as well," he ignored his concern, ignored the fact that Achilles had been keeping track of his fucking bruises. "And I’m not in the hospital. Why did you do it?"

"Do you *really* have to ask that?" Achilles said sounding annoyed at having to explain something that he thought was obvious. He sat up straighter. "I want to be your *friend*, Patroclus," he grinned at him. "You’re the most surprising thing that’s ever happened in this place in a long time."

"So that’s it, you just want to be my friend?" Patroclus asked. He couldn’t keep the incredulity out of his voice.

"Why is that so hard to believe?" Achilles sat back again sounding frustrated. "Here I am, offering you friendship and protection. Here I am, sending five boys to the hospital because they cut your lip. And here you are, doubting my intentions and practically spitting on my goodwill! What the fuck do you want from me, Patroclus? Flowers? If you haven’t noticed all the other boys here are practically *begging* and *groveling* to be the boy who stands next to me and you get to be it without so much as batting an eyelash. Do I repulse you so?"

He even spoke like a fucking ancient king and this annoyed him even more. What a pretentious...
“I don’t need your protection,” he almost spat out.

“I didn’t say you did,” Achilles answered coolly. “I said, it would save you so much trouble and pain. And it’s not just protection you get either, Patroclus. You also get perks. That shitty cafeteria food? That awful grime you fought Sarpedon for? None of that shit for you, Princess. You eat what I eat. You sleep where I sleep. I’ll take such good care of you, you won’t even feel like you’re in prison,” Achilles smirked. “And that’s exactly where you are Patroclus, prison. Don’t let that whole rehabilitation shit fool you. It’s just a fancy name adults throw around to make them feel better for throwing kids in jail.”

“And all you’re asking for in return is my friendship?” Patroclus asked dubiously.

Achilles shrugged a shoulder. “What can I say? I like you, Patroclus.”

Patroclus shook his head. He didn’t understand what was happening or why this was happening. He didn’t trust Achilles. There was always something people wanted in return. No one ever did anything for free. This was way too much trouble for friendship. He somehow felt safer alone than having to owe a debt to Achilles.

“Thanks, but no thanks,” he said with a shake of his head. He turned and walked away.

“Think about it, Patroclus!” Achilles called out before focusing his attention back on the game.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so so much to soisserieuxgrantaire for editing this chapter. :D
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

“He’s pretty, isn’t he?”

Chapter Notes

Aaaaahh, this is so late! Real life and stuff. I hope you like this one! :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There was a new boy who arrived a week later.

He was as handsome as Achilles - beautiful even, with his black hair, dark brown eyes, and full lips.

The boys immediately took a liking to him, and he received a lot of unwanted attention. Attention Achilles would’ve likely gotten if he wasn’t so strong and influential among his peers.

Patroclus was too wrapped up in his own problems to even notice the boy at first. He was busy trying to figure out ways to protect himself in case people jumped him again. He was also busy trying to avoid Achilles as much as possible. While Achilles had never truly hurt him (only that one time and for basic self-defense) there was still something about him that set-off warning bells in Patroclus’ head.

It was on one afternoon, while he was taking the lesser used corridors back to his room, that he found the boy lying in one of the darker corners, bloodied and bruised with his shirt torn off.

Patroclus rushed to him immediately.

“Are you alright? Hey look at me, are you alright?”

The boy coughed a little and flinched at Patroclus’ touch. He had bruised eyes and his lips were bloody. His nose was still intact though, sparing his face from any permanent damage.

“D-don’t touch me!” The boy said, flinching.

“Alright,” Patroclus held his hands up, showing that he meant no harm. “I’m just trying to help. We need to get you to the Nurse’s office.” Patroclus didn’t comment on the state of his shirt.

“How can I trust you?” The boy spat out angrily. “Everyone here is fucking crazy. Everyone has been trying to pretend to be friends with me and when we’re alone they try to grope me. How do I fucking know you’re not the same?!”

He reminded him of a small animal, hurt and cornered, but willing to do anything to stay alive.

Patroclus recognized the distrust the boy had for him as the same wariness he felt towards Achilles. It made him doubt himself for a second. He wasn’t going to hurt the boy, he just wanted to help him.
Maybe that was what Achilles was doing. Maybe he had been wrong about Achilles all this time?

But Achilles wasn’t the problem right now. This boy needed help and he didn’t look like he was going anywhere even if he was hurt. He was still traumatized from being beaten.

Patroclus stood up slowly. “Okay, I’ll call a nurse to go to you and then I won’t approach you again. If you, um, need any help, or are receiving any trouble, just approach me if you see me or whatever.” Patroclus considered giving him his room number but thought better of it. It might scare the boy off even more.

He left the boy huddled in a corner as he headed the other direction to the Nurse’s office.

The next day at lunch, Patroclus found Achilles sitting at the table Patroclus usually sat at. He was surrounded by his usual posse of friends, but the seat right next to him, the place where Patroclus usually sat, was conveniently empty.

Achilles looked at him and smiled. He gestured to the seat next to him with a shake of his head. He looked like someone calling his friend over, and for a second, Patroclus believed it. He remembered the boy yesterday and his wariness towards him. What if he was just feeling the same way about Achilles and Achilles was like him, trying to be nice but getting rebuffed. Maybe he was being unreasonable towards Achilles. He had shown him nothing but kindness. Kindness in the form of beating his enemies into a bloody pulp for dislocating his jaw, but what did he expect from a place like this?

He stepped forward intending to take the seat next to Achilles, when suddenly someone called him from another table.

“Menoitiades! Menoitiades, right?”

It was the boy from yesterday. The swelling had gone down but he still looked fucking terrible. He had a nervous smile on his face. He patted the seat next to him.

Patroclus looked back at Achilles who had a frown on his face but was surrounded by friends and comfort and good food, if what he had said the week before was true. He looked at the boy who had been beaten bloody and didn’t trust anyone, who was taking a chance and reaching out to him. It was a cry for help if he ever saw one. Achilles didn’t need him, this boy did.

He looked at Achilles apologetically and mouthed a sincere ‘sorry’ before walking towards the boy. The boy’s face lit up and he scooted over to let Patroclus sit beside him.

“The nurse gave me your name,” the boy said. “I’m sorry I didn’t trust you.”

Patroclus nodded, remarking that it was probably smart of him not to trust just anyone in a place like this. He then asked politely if he was feeling any better. The boy nodded and started talking. It didn’t take much to get him going and tell his life story unprompted.

His name was Paris. He was sent here for eloping with his girlfriend. He claimed (Patroclus always kept what he thought was a healthy amount of skepticism at what his fellow inmates said) that it had been consensual. It was only when he was caught that her parents made up the story of him kidnapping her. They even accused him of raping her but they never found any proof and the girl
had refused to testify.

The boy looked grateful that he finally had someone to talk to. Patroclus started feeling better by association. It was always nice to feel needed and he had forgotten what it was like to talk to someone and have a friend, even if he was just listening most of the time.

It was Patroclus’ turn to wash the dishes so he nodded a goodbye to Paris when they were done eating. Paris asked if they could hang out in the afternoons when their classes were over, and he agreed. Paris waved goodbye and left the cafeteria while Patroclus headed for the kitchen.

Patroclus was putting a dish on the dish rack when somebody spoke behind him.

“He’s pretty, isn’t he?”

Patroclus’ shoulders tensed until he realized who was speaking. He eventually relaxed and almost jammed the next plate onto the rack.

“You need to stop doing that,” he said, annoyed. He didn’t bother looking back at Achilles. “Sneaking up on people like fucking Batman. Stop, it’s not cute.”

“He’s cute though,” Achilles said.

“Who are we talking about?” Patroclus looked back. Achilles was leaning against the table counter, casual and arrogant as ever.

“That new boy you were talking to,” Achilles said. “Cute as a fucking button. Of course he looks fucking terrible now but you can tell when someone is hot even if his face is all swollen and gross.” He leaned his head to the side. “That boy better be careful, though. I know a lot of people in here who have a thing for pretty boys.”

Patroclus stalked forward, hands wet with soap but still managing to look intimidating. “Is that a threat?” Patroclus said with a growl. “You leave him the fuck alone, Pelides.”

Achilles raised his palms defensively, an amused smile on his face. “So protective already, Patroclus?” he sniggered. “I’m a bit jealous here. What’s he got that I don’t, huh? Weak and pathetic really isn’t my thing but I’ve definitely got the looks down,” he pouted, feigning hurt. “Or do you think he’s prettier than me?” his lip curled slyly. “Oh well, I can fix that.”

Patroclus aimed a punch to his face. Achilles grabbed his fist and twisted his arm behind his back. He slammed him face-first onto the counter he had been leaning on. Patroclus struggled but Achilles pulled his arm farther up. Patroclus didn’t have any doubt that he was going to break it if he didn’t stop struggling, so he did. Achilles relaxed his grip.

Achilles leaned down. His lips brushed against cheek and ear.

“You should really stop doing that,” Achilles growled menacingly. “I really like you Patroclus and I don’t like hurting you, but don’t think I won’t.”

Patroclus felt a slight chill run down his spine but he didn’t show any fear. He held a defiant look on his eyes. He could feel Achilles’ breath on his cheek. Achilles nuzzled his nose against his cheek
before pulling back a bit to whisper harshly against his ear.

“I won’t touch your pretty little boy, Patroclus, don’t worry. Pathetic fucks really aren’t my type. Now if only someone could convince the other boys to do the same, hmm? I could tell them not to. Tell them he’s off-limits and you know they’ll listen. Your little friend will be safe and so will you. You just have to be my friend and sit beside me during lunch and sleep in my room in a bed next to mine. It’s a good deal, Princess. You should take it.”

“Go to hell,” Patroclus replied angrily, hoping to get a rise out of Achilles. He was never going to doubt his gut-feeling again. Achilles was fucking crazy and the staff and inmates were right to fear him. If anyone believed the lies his father spread about him being sent here to learn from the inmates, he was a fucking idiot. Whatever the reason Achilles was sent here, it must have been bad if no one ever talked about it (but Patroclus had killed someone; surely nothing could be worse than that? He could still take him if he really had to). He was going to stay as far away from him as possible and he was going to try and protect Paris too. He was making a very powerful enemy. This was not one of his better decisions but he wasn’t about to let Achilles get away with his fucked-up messiah complex.

Achilles scowled and let him go roughly.

“Suit yourself,” he spat out. “Good luck taking care of you and your boyfriend without me, Princess.” He started walking away when he suddenly stopped.

He glanced back. “Fair warning though and it would be good for him if you told him: if he touches you, he’s dead.”

He left Patroclus clutching his arm.

Chapter End Notes

Special thanks to my Beta soisserieuxgrantaire! :

Updates aren't going to be as consistent as usual just FYI. Real life and shiz. But I'm going to try to update as regularly as possible. :D

Have a great day everyone! :D
“I thought I wasn’t either,” Paris said gently, as if Patroclus was just too afraid to come out rather than fearing for Paris’ life. “You changed that.”

Patroclus didn’t tell Paris about his encounter with Achilles or the threats he had made towards him. He didn’t want Paris to worry unnecessarily when he was already wary of the boys, and even some of the aids who eyed him when they walked down the hallway.

Achilles’ threat had been very specific. He didn’t actively bully or hassle them but he didn’t try to help them either. Achilles ignored them most of the time, but Patroclus noticed the slight frown that would pass momentarily on Achilles’ face whenever he caught sight of them.

He had just gotten his food at lunch in the cafeteria when Patroclus noticed that Achilles wasn’t sitting at his usual table. He was sitting much closer to where Paris and Patroclus usually sat. They had to pass directly in front of him to get to their table. Unwilling to be bullied out of what he considered to be his, he stalked past Achilles without sparing him a glance. Paris trailed quickly behind him.

“Wait up, Pat!” Paris said.

Achilles banged his plastic cup down so loud that half the cafeteria turned to his direction before they realized who it was that had made the noise and turned away quickly. Paris, who had never been confronted by Achilles personally and hadn’t known of Achilles’ strength and influence, looked at him curiously.

“What’s his problem?” he whispered to Patroclus, not taking his eyes off Achilles.

Patroclus stalked to their table, knowing full well who Paris was talking about but not bothering to look back and risk the possibility of eye contact with Achilles. He set his tray down roughly and dragged his chair loudly back before sitting down and attacking his food.

Paris sat down, still looking at Achilles. “They respect him,” he observed.

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“What’s his problem?” he whispered to Patroclus, not taking his eyes off Achilles.

Patroclus stalked to their table, knowing full well who Paris was talking about but not bothering to look back and risk the possibility of eye contact with Achilles. He set his tray down roughly and dragged his chair loudly back before sitting down and attacking his food.

Paris sat down, still looking at Achilles. “They respect him,” he observed.

“What’s his problem?” he whispered to Patroclus, not taking his eyes off Achilles.
practically spending all their time with each other.

He didn’t know if he was being overprotective or if this was just fanning the flames and making Paris an even bigger target, but the boys had to know who they were dealing with and he wasn’t about to let Achilles think that he could just bully him around.

Part of him felt like he was courting a girl. Sometimes when Paris looked at him through the fringes of his hair with his thick dark lashes and his pretty face, and a shy smile, he could almost imagine that that was exactly what he was doing.

But he wasn’t really gay or anything. At least he didn’t think so. He’d never really thought about it. And if he did ever decide to think about it, he wasn’t going to start with Paris.

*If he touches you he’s dead.*

Patroclus had been right, in any case. He didn’t need Achilles’ protection.

But it was *exhausting* as Patroclus’ guard was up most of the time, and he had Paris to worry about now. Paris constantly received cat calls and wolf-whistles and invitations to rooms and broom closets from almost everyone and Patroclus couldn’t possibly fight each and every one of them. He was going to choose his battles. He curled his fist up tight and gritted his teeth whenever it happened. Paris would unconsciously walk closer to him whenever this happened and one time he tried to clutch his elbow. Patroclus froze and yanked his arm back. Paris looked hurt but didn’t comment on it.

There was only one person Patroclus couldn’t protect Paris from and he wasn’t taking any chances. He didn’t know how literal Achilles was when he said he’d kill Paris for touching him.

Patroclus stabbed at his food and chewed fiercely, ignoring Achilles who he knew was looking at them (it was almost impossible not to, every time Patroclus looked up, his peripheral vision caught sight of him, even if he was making an effort to look away). Patroclus was so concentrated on ignoring Achilles that he hadn’t noticed that Paris was looking at him and trying to catch his attention. Paris put a hand on his shoulder. Patroclus jumped and swiped his hand away automatically.

Patroclus looked up immediately and saw Achilles smiling smugly as he forked some pasta (the cafeteria lady wasn’t serving any pasta) into his mouth. He chewed in a self-satisfied manner, looking at Patroclus as he did so.

*That arrogant fucking—*

“Sorry.”

Patroclus turned quickly to Paris. He looked like he had been burned.

“You don’t like to be touched,” he said in a rushed manner. His cheeks were flushed red. “I get it, sorry. I didn’t mean to…”

“It’s fine,” he said. “You just caught me off-guard. I was just thinking about something, don’t worry about it.”

“Right,” Paris nodded, looking unconvinced. He looked down at his food, his hair falling into his eyes.

Patroclus wanted to brush the hair out of his eyes and tuck it under his ear.
The loud sound of a chair being dragged back caught Patroclus’ attention as Achilles stood up angrily, leaving his tray of food on the table for one of his friends to clean up. He stalked away.

Patroclus ignored him, and actively conversed with Paris.

---

Paris was telling a story about how he had met Helen in a beauty contest and how they had fallen in love and planned to elope together. He had left a note for his brother, Hector, to find so that his family wouldn’t worry. Helen had done the same thing with hers.

Patroclus had heard this story a couple of times already but he was very patient and listened, although he was a bit tired of hearing it. When they had reached his door, Paris stopped talking suddenly and Patroclus looked up, surprised that he didn’t continue with his usual “…and when I get out I’m going to find her again and we’ll be together…” part of his story. He turned around to face Patroclus.

“But I received something in the mail today— from her. She’s breaking it off.”

“Oh.” Patroclus said at a loss for words. How do you comfort someone who had just broken up with someone who was the reason he was in the institution in the first place? “Sorry.”

Paris hugged him and buried his face in his neck. Patroclus froze, his hands up in the air, not daring to make contact with Paris’ body. They were still a few feet outside of Paris’ door. They were still outside. People could be looking. People could be watching. Shit.

Paris pulled back, looked at Patroclus’ lips and dove in quickly for a kiss.

Patroclus had never been kissed before and the kiss was a chaste press of lips on lips. Patroclus’ eyes were wide. He blinked rapidly as he stared at Paris.

He pushed him back quickly.

“Paris. I’m not—I’m not—“

Fuck. Fuck.

“I thought I wasn’t either,” Paris said gently, as if Patroclus was just too afraid to come out rather than fearing for Paris’ life. “You changed that.”

He backed Patroclus onto a wall. There was no escape.

“It’s alright, Patroclus.” Paris said, caressing his cheek and kissing him again, with more passion this time. Patroclus scrunched his eyes closed and pushed him back roughly.

“Paris,” he said with as much conviction as he could muster. “I’m not gay.”

Paris swallowed and nodded, looking hurt.
“Oh, right.” He nodded again, looking like he was trying to convince himself. “Sorry, I just thought —”

“No Paris,” Patroclus had to be harsh to make sure Paris wouldn’t try anything like that again. “I’m sorry.”

Paris nodded and walked silently towards his door. He muttered a goodnight before shutting it close.

Patroclus quickly scanned his surroundings to make sure no one had seen anything. He walked quickly back to his room hoping to avoid any further encounters for the rest of the night.

Chapter End Notes

One month exactly since the last update. It's all going downhill from here.

Thanks once again to soisserinexgrantaire for the invaluable beta-ing and for helping me flesh out the plot! :D
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

“Oh it’s everything it looks like, you pathetic weakling,” Achilles said, cruelly. “Now leave us, or I’ll break your face.”

Chapter Notes

Okay here is where the archive warnings truly begin to apply.

Please re-read them and read them again. Thank You.

Patroclus punched ferociously, imagining it was Achilles he was hitting instead of the punching bag in the facility’s gym. Sweat flew from his hair and body as he quickened his moves.

He needed to be ready for anything, as well as let out some unwanted anxiety.

It had been a week since Paris had kissed him; a whole week of worry and dread that someone was about to leap out of the corridors and attack him or Paris. Not to mention that Paris was now actively avoiding him.

He punched the bag again in frustration. Paris was being such a baby. They couldn’t afford to do this. They couldn’t be separated, not right now, what was he thinking? Diving in for a kiss like that? It was insane.

And then he remembered the sad look on his eyes and the way he had looked down and rushed back into his room. His punches weakened.

Guilt was such a funny, useless thing, he thought. He slowed his punches until he stopped altogether.

“Why’d you stop?”

Patroclus’ head snapped up. Achilles was leaning against the wall, watching him.

He ignored him and started hitting the bag again.

“You’re doing it wrong.” Achilles remarked.

Patroclus pretended not to notice him but he sensed Achilles pushing himself off the wall and casually walking over.

Achilles stilled Patroclus’ bag. “Here,” he said, as if he was doing him a favor. “So it won’t swing as much.”

“Let go of the bag,” he said, through gritted teeth. Achilles would not bully him into leaving when he
was not yet done practicing.

“Must we always be so aggressive with each other? What have I ever done to you, Patroclus? Well, aside from threatening your pathetic little boyfriend, I can’t think of anything.”

Patroclus visibly flinched at the mention of the word ‘boyfriend’. Achilles’ eyes narrowed.

Patroclus began punching again, taking Achilles by surprise. He needed to get Achilles’ mind off whatever suspicions he had. It worked, Achilles held the bag tighter.

Patroclus punched harder. With Achilles’ face so close to the punching bag, he didn’t need to imagine it was him he was punching anymore.

Sweat flew as he moved. The endorphins that came with physical activity made him ignore the hungry look in Achilles’ eyes as he watched him. He didn’t like it. He wanted him to never look at him that way again.

“Fight me,” Patroclus said suddenly, stopping.

“I told you, I don’t like hurting you, Princess, not if I don’t have to.”

“Are you scared?” Patroclus threatened.

Achilles laughed, “Scared of breaking that gorgeous nose of yours, maybe.”

Patroclus jumped him. Achilles fell back, in surprise but he recovered quickly. Patroclus was on top of him. He grabbed at Patroclus’ arms and wrapped his legs around his waist to prevent him from moving.

“I must admit, I imagined this would go differently,” Achilles grunted as they struggled, and grappled on the floor.

They were close, much closer than they had ever been. Achilles had somehow overpowered him and was straddling him on the ground. Patroclus thrashed wildly, a hand managing to escape from Achilles’ grip as he tried to push him away.

Patroclus fought urgently, not just because he didn’t want the arrogant fucker to win, but because the intensity of the fight and the fact that Achilles’ butt grazed his cock a few times, was getting him hard.

Achilles was beautiful, his face concentrated as he watched Patroclus struggle. Achilles finally sat down and felt Patroclus’ excitement. Achilles looked down with wide, pleasantly surprised eyes, a knowing smirk forming on his face.

“You like this, Princess?” he said, grinding his hips with purpose this time.

“Stop,” Patroclus said, hoping to keep the desperation out of his voice.

“It’s alright to like it, Princess, people are practically begging for it in here.”

Patroclus growled and thrashed about. Achilles laughed and held on tighter. He leaned down, his face a few millimeters away from Patroclus.

“You’re pretty when you fight back,” his lips ghosted Patroclus’. He stopped grinding his hips. Patroclus stared up at him for a while then drew his head back to head butt him. Achilles drew back before he could and laughed harder. He then leaned down again.
“Stop fighting it, Patroclus.”

The kiss was rough and Patroclus didn’t know who initiated it. Patroclus ravaged Achilles’ mouth. Achilles fought back with equal ferocity, his hands sliding down from Patroclus’ wrists to his chest.

Patroclus bit Achilles’ lower lip, drawing blood. Achilles never stopped kissing him, even as the blood mixed with their saliva and Patroclus could taste metal.

Achilles started grinding against Patroclus, pushing him down, and kissing his way down his jaw and neck. As Patroclus moved his head to give him better access, his eyes, heavy with pleasure, suddenly widened in horror.

Paris was at the door.

Patroclus pushed Achilles away and sat up. Achilles growled and tried to push him back down, but Patroclus pushed him again. Achilles tore his eyes away from Patroclus to glare at the intrusion. His fists clenched at the sight of Paris.

“Paris – I can explain it’s not what it—“ Patroclus began, trying to push Achilles off him. Achilles shoved him back down roughly. A possessive look was on his face, like an animal protecting its prey.

“Oh it’s everything it looks like, you pathetic weakling,” Achilles said, cruelly. “Now leave us, or I’ll break your face.”

Paris turned and started running.

“You fuck!” Patroclus growled, pushing Achilles aside.

Achilles grabbed his wrist. “Why are you so affected, Princess?” Achilles was looking at him icily. A line of blood trailed down the side of his lip where he had bit him. “Is there something I need to know? “

Patroclus pulled his hand away and ran after Paris.

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

Patroclus had looked everywhere, but Paris was nowhere to be seen. He had gone to every place they had ever hidden together or hung out, as well as any place he himself would hide if the circumstances required it, yet there was still no sign of him.

It had been six hours. Six whole hours since Paris had run away and he had left Achilles in the gym. Anything could have happened since then. Had Achilles gotten to him first? Had he told his lackeys to find Paris? Where was he? Oh fuck. Oh fuck.

Images tore through Patroclus’ mind. Paris’ beaten bloody, Paris with his face broken, Paris with his neck sliced open and blood flowing freely from his gaping wound.

He shook his head. He had to keep looking.

Another hour, and after asking the aids, he had concluded that he wouldn’t find Paris tonight. It was
lights out in a few minutes, and he had to go back to his room. He checked Paris’ room again and asked his roommate if he had passed by during the day. Nothing.

He was exhausted and confused. He started walking back to his room, filled with worry.

He hadn’t allowed himself to think about the reaction that Achilles elicited in him. But right now, all the emotions he had repressed came crashing down on him. Dread and confusion mixed together and his heart felt too heavy for his body.

Achilles liked him, no, he wanted him. When he was kissing him he looked like he had been grasping on to Patroclus to keep himself alive. Like kissing him had been all that mattered.

And… Patroclus... did he like it? Who had kissed who? Did he actually enjoy kissing a fucking psychopath who had threatened to kill his friend for touching him?! Fuck.

More importantly, where the fuck was Paris? If Achilles had done anything to him, he was going to fucking kill him, he was going to do it, even if he died trying. If he had harmed even one hair on Paris’ head…

He opened the door to his room. The lights were off. He noted absently that his slob of a roommate wasn’t reading his cynical books tonight. He flicked the lights on. Patroclus gagged, covering his mouth.

His roommate had his wrists tied to the edge of his bed. His mouth was gagged by a roll of sock. A plastic knife lay beside him. He had been stabbed through the neck by its blunt tip, its slightly lacerated edges leaving a jagged open hole crusted with dried blood.

The facility never gave them real knives to prevent this sort of thing from happening. The room began spinning. The sheets were covered in blood.

Something hard and heavy hit the back of his head. He blacked out.

Patroclus was dreaming. He was four years old and his mother was well. They were on the bed, she was calling him “Baby, Patroclus, my beautiful boy.” His mother wrapped his arms around him. It felt good. Everything was well. He snuggled closer to her warmth. He was safe here. He would be protected.

Was he in heaven? Was this what heaven was like? To be in the arms of his mother? She caressed his face and he felt a sharp pain stab through his head. He groaned and started to wake up.

Someone was holding him, caressing his cheek and kissing his face. The person was gentle, so gentle. He groaned and tried to pull away. He was restrained. His eyes shot open. He was in his room, in the facility. His roommate’s corpse was still on the other bed.

“Are you awake, my beautiful Patroclus?” He turned horrified to see the person cuddling him on his bed.

Paris had a lazy, satisfied smile on his face as he ran his fingers gently through Patroclus’ hair. He looked at him like he was the most precious thing in the world. He pressed his lips chastely on Patroclus’ lips and pulled back. “I’m sorry it had to come to this.”
Chapter End Notes

Thank you to my beloved beta le reveivant for being awesome as usual.

Comments appreciated! :D
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

“Shh, Shh, it’s okay,” he said. “I’m doing this because I love you, Patroclus,” he assured him.

Chapter Notes

ALMOST A YEAR AFTER THE LAST UPDATE HAHAHAHA. IM SO SORRY.

This is the rapey-est scene thus far. Heed the tags.

:*

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Achilles was getting angrier and angrier as the hours rolled by. He paced back and forth, back and forth, bouncing a little black ball off the floor to keep his anger in check, just like Dr. Phoenix had suggested.

Automedon hadn’t gotten back to him. Automedon sent him updates on Patroclus’ whereabouts every night, ever since he had first caught his eye that day in the cafeteria. He had learned from the staff who Patroclus’ roommate was, and struck up a deal with the loser.

Achilles had offered him protection in return for constant surveillance of Patroclus. Automedon, aware of his unique proximity to Patroclus, had bargained with him. Protection and access to the same food Achilles was eating every day at lunch. Achilles had agreed with an accommodating smile, right before banging Automedon’s head hard onto the nearest table to remind him who the fuck he was talking to.

Maybe he needed to remind him again so he’d stop dicking around. He hadn’t given him a god damn cell phone to play snake on. He had texted him earlier this afternoon, asking him to be particularly vigilant about Patroclus’ whereabouts after he ran after Paris that afternoon.

He had replied with a “yes sir”, but Achilles hadn’t heard from him since.

He threw his ball hard at the wall in frustration, denting the white plaster and narrowly avoiding the flat-screen television as it rebounded.

“Fucking Paris,” he growled angrily to himself. He sat on the bed and pulled at his hair, willing himself to calm down.

*Anger gets you nowhere*, he heard his father’s voice saying as he took deep breaths. In, out, in, out. *Control yourself.*

He shut his eyes and took another deep breath. Images of Patroclus running after Paris entered his mind. He growled in anger and frustration and pounded his fist on the bed. *It wasn’t working.*
He stood up and headed for the door.

Patroclus was struggling, the pieces of cloth used to tie his arms and legs to the bed were bound too tight. They cut into his skin as he struggled. He was getting increasingly alarmed at how helpless he was, and the implications of what was happening were sinking in. Paris did this? *Paris?*

Paris was watching him, mesmerized, his eyelids heavy and lustful. He brushed his fingertips over Patroclus’ leg, trailing them up to his stomach and chest. “You’re beautiful, Patroclus, absolutely beautiful.”

“Paris, what the fuck? What the fu—” Paris shoved a rolled-up sock into Patroclus’ mouth to muffle his cries.

Paris straddled Patroclus, seemingly oblivious to his struggle and confusion.

“I really am sorry, Patroclus,” he said, tying a piece of cloth around his head to keep the sock in place, his face expressionless. “I didn’t want to do this, but you forced my hand; I had no choice.”

Patroclus struggled and thrashed about, trying to make it harder for Paris to tie the cloth in place. When he was done, Paris sat back with parted lips, watching as he struggled. He palmed his crotch, bit his lip, closed his eyes and sighed heavily. He was getting off on this. Patroclus’ eyes widened, horrified.

“Oh God, Pat,” he let out a moan, “you have no idea how gorgeous you look. You’re making me so fucking hard.”

Paris started caressing his own chest, before taking off his shirt and tossing it casually to the side, careful to not get any of Automedon’s blood on it. He then caressed Patroclus’ chest, running his fingers over his nipples, his shirt rising slightly as he did so.

Patroclus blinked hard. He couldn’t believe this was happening, why was Paris doing this? He was his friend. His *friend.* He felt disgusted and betrayed.

Paris registered the distress in his eyes. He leaned down and gently kissed the side of his cheek, running his hand (the same hand he had been touching his dick with, Patroclus thought, with disgust) through his hair in a soothing manner.

“Shh, Shh, it’s okay,” he said. “I’m doing this because I love you, Patroclus,” he assured him. He tried to gently guide his head to the side but when Patroclus remained firm, he pushed harder, forcing him to look at the body on the other bed.

Poor Automedon. Poor, poor Automedon. He had been tied up, much the same way as Patroclus, but blood was still oozing sluggishly out of a stab wound in his neck, beginning to congeal and pool around him.

“See that slab of meat?” Paris hissed close to his ear, “your roommate, there, he saw us,” he said. “Saw us kissing outside. He threatened me the next day, told me that he was going to tell Achilles all about it, and that there were going to be consequences if I didn’t give in to his demands. Now, I knew that asshole had a thing for you but I didn’t think he was batshit crazy enough to *have you watched.* I had no choice, baby, he saw too much. I had to kill him for both our sakes.”

Paris let go of Patroclus’ face. He glared back at Paris.
“And you’re mad at me?” He genuinely looked affronted. “I killed for you, baby. How many people can say that?”

Patroclus started thrashing about again, growling through his gag.

“Oh, this?” he indicated their current situation, like it had just occurred to him that this was unusual. “I wasn’t gonna do this. I was going to do it the old-fashioned way. Holding hands, stolen kisses, the works. I was going to make you fall in love with me!” He sighed dramatically then continued angrily, "but you had to go kissing Achilles out-of-his-fucking-mind Pelides, after you told me that you weren’t gay. I don’t know about you, Patroclus, but that looked pretty fucking gay to me.” He sneered and something primal and animalistic flickered in Paris’ eyes. He had never seen that look on his face before, nor had he thought it possible for that look to come from Paris.

Patroclus tried to pull away but Paris pushed his face back roughly. Patroclus was so angry, and though he didn’t want to admit it, frightened. He was going to be raped. He was going to be raped by who he thought was his best and only friend in here. He would rather die.

“Look at me Patroclus,” he snarled. “I’m the fucking prettiest thing in this entire facility and I offered myself to you and only to you, and you said no. What choice did I have?” his eyes softened. “I love you so fucking much, Patroclus, I have to have you.” He started kissing his face again.

Patroclus tried to make it hard for Paris. He wasn’t going to give in without a fight. He bit into his gag and clenched his fists. He squirmed and struggled, but Paris was surprisingly strong – stronger than he had ever let on. His knees wrapped around Patroclus’ waist like a vise. Paris started kissing his way down his neck, Patroclus raising his head with a grunt to evade his kisses, until he caught a glance of his roommate. He froze.

Paris noticed that Patroclus was no longer paying attention to him. He scrunched his nose up and looked threateningly at Patroclus.

“Even now, you can’t give me your full attention, Patroclus. You’d rather look at a disgusting corpse than my face. My face.” He spat. Despite the situation, Patroclus almost rolled his eyes. Paris had much more in common with Achilles than he thought.

Achilles. Patroclus’ eyes softened. He was feeling something close to regret, but he didn’t want to admit it. He would never kiss Achilles again.

“Do you want to be like him?!” he threatened. “I could kill you too, Patroclus, if you keep up this nonsense.”

Patroclus’ eyebrows scrunched up in confusion. No, he was pretty sure that Paris was going to kill him. Surely he wasn’t going to leave a corpse and keep him alive to testify against him, was he?

Paris’ face softened and his grip on Patroclus’ cheeks relaxed. He gently brushed the hair off of his face. “But I’m not going to do that, Patroclus,” he said soothingly, kissing Patroclus’ face tenderly and lightly grinding his ass on Patroclus’ cock like Achilles had done earlier that day. He looked at him confidently and alluringly, utterly fascinated by Patroclus’ face and reactions. “I love you too much. I have other plans for you, my darling. This is only the beginning.”

Patroclus was disgusted. He couldn’t help but compare Paris’ sexual assault on him with Achilles’. He had been confused as to what he had felt for Achilles that afternoon, scared to admit that he had liked it, that he had wanted it. But this time, his mind and emotions were clear as to where he stood. He couldn’t help but get hard at the stimulation, but that was a purely biological reaction. He wanted to escape, to think of anything else, to numb himself to the feeling of Paris using his body for his
own pleasure, but Patroclus refused to give in to that luxury. He refused to close his eyes, refused to 
be anywhere else but in the present. He was going to remember this experience, because when he 
got out of this, he was going to make Paris pay. He wanted Paris to know that he wasn’t afraid of 
him and that he was repulsed by him. He refused to break eye-contact. He would not show 
weakness. He could take his body but he wasn’t going to allow Paris the satisfaction of taking his 
dignity as well.

The defiance in his eyes turned Paris on even more. He quickened his pace and leaned down to lick 
at the sweat trickling down Patroclus’ forehead. Gods, oh Gods, Patroclus was just so…perfect. 
He’d never had anyone who was still defiant even when he was rendered powerless like this. How 
was Patroclus even real? Where had he been all his life?

At first, Paris had wanted Achilles. Paris liked all things pretty and unattainable, so when he was 
scouting for a victim he thought, that one. He even reminded him of Helen a bit; blond, lithe and oh 
so sexy with a lot of fire in them.

He tried getting his attention the usual way: by showing off his looks. They were almost equal, after 
all. He was prettier of course, but Achilles came pretty close.

Achilles never even glanced his way.

He passed him again, and again and again, and Achilles never acknowledged him. This frustrated 
and angered him. Paris knew about his past. Knew what he had done to that poor fucking boy. It 
was all over the news before he had even met Helen and he had admired his work. His name and 
face was never released to the media because of his age, but Paris had confirmed with the staff 
members with a bat of his eyelashes, that yes, Achilles was Boy A. They were so similar, why 
couldn’t he see that? If only he could catch his attention. They could rule the facility together.

Paris noticed that Achilles seemed perpetually bored, until Patroclus entered the room. There was an 
immmediate change in in Achilles’ demeanor. He would sit up straighter, laugh louder, make his 
movements more pronounced. Like a peacock showing its plumage to a potential mate.

The way to his heart was through Patroclus, Paris knew. And what better way to strike a friendship 
than to offer Achilles a gift. Befriend Patroclus, tie him up, and invite Achilles for a little fun 
together. It was fine if he didn’t want to share either, as long as he got to have him.

Patroclus was easy enough to read: he was cautious, but he was moral, helpful. A classic good 
samaritan. So fucking naive.

Paris learned his schedule and planned accordingly. He broke his own face and lay on the ground, 
waiting. Everything went as he had predicted.

But there was one thing he didn’t account for. He didn’t expect Patroclus to be so… magnificent. His 
looks were average, but everything else about him was astounding. He was powerful, but reserved, 
kind to the point of stupidity. He was stubborn, but practical. He had a quiet intelligence to him that 
you had to coax out, unlike the ones who publicly proclaimed their wit. Soon his average features 
began to look glorious in Paris’ eyes. This was what Pelides had seen in him. He wanted him now. 
Wanted him more than he had wanted anyone since Helen. Achilles could fuck himself, Patroclus 
was going to be his.

He wasn’t going to do this so quickly. Patroclus already hated Achilles. He was patient. He was 
going to wait for him to fall for him. But what had happened earlier was a game changer. He was so 
angry, he had to take immediate action.
Automedon had done this to himself, the disgusting slob. Automedon had approached him the day after he had kissed Paris. Told him that Achilles was *insane* and that he was going to fuck him up if he told him what he saw that night. But he was a good guy and he was willing to make compromises, strike a *deal*. He had such a pretty face, after all, and such great lips, it would look better around his *cock* than all swollen up. He would have killed him right then and there if he didn’t want to take revenge on Achilles and frame him first.

So he had obliged and agreed that he would suck the horrid man’s cock in his own time.

Today, after what he saw, he rushed back to Patroclus' room immediately. He kissed him, and sat on his lap and pretended that he was crying because Patroclus didn’t love him back. He had tied him on the bed, promising to suck his cock once he did so and the idiot complied. That’s when he stabbed him in the throat. He would look back at that look of surprised horror in Automedon's eyes for the rest of his life with fondness.

That at least took some of the edge off his anger. He waited for Patroclus.

Now they were here and now Patroclus was his to do as he pleased. He was going to do *everything*.

He stopped grinding and unzipped his pants. He watched Patroclus’ eyes widen as he took out his cock, but his eyes went back to their glaring cold neutrality. He sat on his chest and rubbed the head of his cock on Patroclus’ nose and cheeks, a bit of pre-cum slathering over his features. Patroclus never broke eye-contact.

Paris almost came on the spot.

He began masturbating, aiming to come on Patroclus’ defiant face. He was going to mark him first. It didn't matter who had him next, he was going to be his *first*.

“Patroclus, Gods, Patroclus,” he moaned. “We’re going to have so much fun tonight, this is only the beginning. And then tomorrow, when I’m done doing everything I want to you, I’ll let you go and you can beat the shit out of me, or I’ll beat the shit out of myself because no one’s going to believe that poor little *Paris Priamides* could tie down the great Patroclus Menoitiades and kill someone. Gods, I couldn’t even hurt a fly.” He gripped himself tighter and masturbated faster, this was going to be the best night of his life.

And that was the last thought on Paris’ head when the door slammed open and both of them turned to see Achilles, his wide, surprised eyes hardening with anger.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for everyone still reading this, I love all of you!

Shoutout to my forever beta and good friend *le reveyivant* for the beta-ing as always!

Special super duper thanks to *wildecount* for plot development and talking to me and for the stuff he's made!! They're super awesome.

Works inspired by this:
*Photoset* by *wildecount*
Playlist by by wildecound

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