Aware.

by sfk

Summary

There are so many fanfics about heartless mob bosses. This is one of them.

Only this one kind of falls in love.

Notes

I don't own Harry Potter or anything because if I would, let's be honest, I wouldn't be here on this site.

This is pretty unhealthy guys, no matter the romanticization that was forced into this fanfic. Proceed carefully.

Beta: SeaDreaming and me lol
Enjoy.
Aware.

Always aware, always knowing things, always deducting. They would ask: "Isn't that a good thing?" It's not. It's late nights, unslept beds, ruffled and tear-stained sheets. It's anxiety and unfinished meals; it's socially impossible, and it's maddening. It's... killing him.

He sees people staring at him, he sees disapproving and approving glances, he somehow sees himself in everyone.

He is still trying to figure out when he became like this. After or before his father's death? After that heartbreak that had nothing to do with a girl? After what? Why does he know so much? Why does his brain never stop working? Thoughts, thoughts, thoughts... going round and round and round.

He lights a cigarette and somehow, although he thinks too much... he stops. Never one to have self-control in public, always panic attacks just waiting around the corner. But always; he is always someone better, someone who is not worthless when he is alone.

Always so alone.

Always the same old apartment, always coffee and cigarettes, always working hard, always studying, always knowing he won't get out of this shit-hole because this shit-hole is all that he fucking knows. No money but art and fucking professors. Always so fucking nervous at restaurants but he is the heart of the party at some bar being shitfaced. It always feels good being fucked in weird-smelling bathrooms. Always feels dirty being fucked on silk-like sheets. Always not giving a shit. Always caring, though; in his way. Always stuttering in the light; always feeling so goddamn good in the dark.

Is he that dirty, that broken, that lost that he never feels good knowing things? Because knowing things means knowing how people think; because knowing how people think means knowing just how wrong you look, how different you are, how dirty, broken, and lost people see you.

Because there are nights full of loud, obnoxious music; full of fucking, drugs, and liquor. Full of running from himself. People are smiling at him and beckoning him; and 'this is ok, I can do this, this is safe, we can fuck or something, this isn't the real me, they don't know the real me.' And then it's morning and he always hates mornings; never a goddamn morning person. And there are headaches and he promises he will never drink again; he has to get out of bed, has to get out of his apartment, buy something, eat, piss, study, eat again, shower, and sleep.

When you are aware of everything, you are aware of your existence too. You are aware of every flaw you have. You are aware of everything you do; of every minute you spend pissing, eating, sleeping and not doing something great, something meaningful.

The sad thing? You don't give a damn. Never did. No remorse.

Look at the things running through his head at 1 AM on a Tuesday, getting shitfaced. Liquor – what a beautiful thing. Shots of vodka and a pleasant buzzing and he feels invincible, he feels like he should every minute of his life.

'No wonder my brother thinks I'm self-centered!' It was always about him; scratch that, IT IS always about him. Moaning about having no money for college, moaning about professors, moaning for professors, moaning this, that, those, these.
'Always pitying myself', he thinks.

He zips his jeans, doesn't look in the mirror (for what? He looks like shit, nothing new there), washes his hands and exits the bathroom. Another night of partying, another night of feeling untouchable, another night of running from himself.

His black hair (more like a nest of birds) looks messy, like bedroom hair; like 'I just got fucked' hair. He is not stylishly dressed enough for a club such as the one he is in right now, but the bouncer knows him so he gets free passes whenever. Ripped jeans, black shirt and what he likes to call, 'these motherfucking grey Converse that used to be white a long time ago.'

He is probably a little too pale and skinny, but he thinks he's nicely built – he is tall, with lithe muscles and confidence in his moves. His eyes are the greenest; a black-green, a forest green. An angelic green. His face is rough; jawline and cheekbones and all that hot shit that girls nowadays are dying for. He knows he looks angelic, but he is anything but.

Looking good but having a bad opinion of yourself is the weirdest shit and it throws people off guard. They think you want their reassurance, their nice words, their adoring glances. You think you look ugly and hideous, even though you are handsome, because you feel that way. You are that way. All of your choices up until now, all the people you’ve met and befriended, all that you’ve done up until now is ugly. Is scarred. Is broken.

He orders a shot, throws himself on a barstool and drinks that shit down in a second. He is Harry James Potter and he is not depressed or afraid of feeling.

He is simply aware.
Monachopsis:

Chapter Summary

The subtle but persistent feeling of being out of place.


On your hands. On this man's hands. He was annoyingly keeping them near his own hands. He had nice hands; hands that'd probably fucked and choked; hands that, minutes ago, had probably worn a ring; hands that he can envision tangling into his hair; rough hands.

He looked decent, always throwing a smile to the bartender while getting his drink. He looked polite; probably had a wife, children, and a house with a white picket fence. Probably fucked like a brute, too.

Twenty minutes later and he was doing just that. Twenty minutes and he'd made the man so horny that they'd had to do it in the bathroom – not one of the most comfortable places but Harry didn't give a fuck anymore.

Harry's hair and clothes were all looking decent by the time he exited the bathroom. He'd left the man to fend for himself and he was glad the most-likely-married-dude hadn't asked for his number. They were always asking for his phone number, why were they always doing that?

As he headed towards the bar he threw a glance at Ben, one of the bartenders. Ben was one sexy motherfucker – he had long, dirty blonde hair, long beard and thick muscles. He was also one of Harry's only friends and a co-worker at the club...which meant he was off-limits; which meant Harry wanking to the thought of him at least once a week.

They got along just fine. If it wasn't for Ben's quick temperament and all of his playful flirting and banter, working at the bar would have been a fucking boring thing. They knew each other – as much as you could know a person who you shared nights with at a club full of drunkards, drugs and liquor.

Ben was a nice dude who had a fucked-up life. He had fucked up parents and a fucked-up childhood but a nice girlfriend, Alessia, and a beautiful dog. Harry loved the latter, hated the former.

Ben always said Harry was just too afraid of failing and that he liked to hide away from his problems. He would always throw pointed looks whenever something like the bathroom scene happened. Harry didn't like to talk about his less than charming traits, or how Ben sometimes described it as 'you're whoring yourself, mate'. Harry never actually took it to heart, though. He didn't care what people thought about him and Ben was no exception. He usually just laughed it off but he usually did that with all his problems, though.

"That was fast!" Ben said as he tossed Harry a beer.

"Lad was probably very sex-deprived," Harry laughed but looked smug nonetheless. "What can I say, man? I have my ways."
"Yeah, but" Ben arched an unimpressed eyebrow "I mean...he was probably cheating."

"Are we really talking about this?" The uncomfortable grin he sent Ben's way was fake. He was way too fucked and drunk to care at that point. "I got a cock up my arse, that's kinda the only thing that matters to me now."

"Just sayin'..." and after a beat, "say, how's college goin'?"

"Why, you just have the best subjects tonight, don't you? The shit is going, that's all that matters. Probably going to end up washing dishes at this motherfuckin' club for the rest of my life. But that's not a bad thing, eh, Ben?"

"Fuck off, mate!" Harry laughed at Ben's offended expression and finished his beer. He was wasted but what was new? He'd finished his shift an hour and a half ago; he had a paper and project to finish but all he could think about was sleeping. He was so goddamn tired. Always so tired.

He said goodbye to Ben, gave his farewells to a bunch of people who were standing outside smoking and decided to light a cigarette on the way back home.

Just as he was exiting the back alley, he noticed three people all wearing black coming his way. The thing was, he was a little too drunk. And the other thing – he wasn't paying attention that much at his steps.

The first guy he passed was tall. Tall. Yep. That was the thing he noticed first. You know how in books they write the character noticing so many details in such a short period? How their eyes are the colour of the universe, or how their nose is small but not too small? How they have either cocksucking lips or thin ones; moles, nice eyebrows, cute forehead?

That's not what usually happens in real life. In real life, in the short span of, let's say 10-15 seconds, you barely get to take in 1/3 of the details. Perhaps his stature, the way he moves and the air he gives. And this one – this one was a tall one, with graceful movements.

Harry didn't know how to describe it but his crazy, drunk, still fucked out mind recognized it as dangerous. He looked, acted, and walked exactly like a dangerous creature. Confidence and testosterone. All that fucking macho shit.

And all Harry could think was, 'fuck me, I bet he's never taken a cock up his arse!'

But before he could think or do anything more than that, he found himself sprawled on the alley's concrete, directly in front of the tall and dangerous dude, with that last thought still on his mind. What a fucking way to die. What a fucking thought to have before he died. And what a fucking way of getting himself noticed. And damn, his fucking arse still hurt from that fucking in the bathroom.

"Are you okay?" a booming, loud, obnoxious (and every other fucking thing that screamed confident) voice sounded from the above. It sounded like thunder and lightning striking. Powerful. Almighty. All those fucking things and more; all of the things Harry had never been. Never would be.

He hated him from right from the start.

There was a beat, a second, a noise, and probably some shoes scratching against the pavement. 1

2

3
"Fuck off, mate!"

Silence.

There was a flash of movement but it stopped just as fast as it'd started, and it wasn't long before Harry realized there was a gun – a freaking gun.

5 seconds, probably even less, that's how much the man needed for Harry to be dead. He could see himself getting shot in this back alley, his good for nothing life suddenly coming to an end.

He mused that he should have called home more; heck, he should have visited home at least once a year. He should have done so fucking many things though. And fuck but he was so young.

But then there was a hand stopping a chest, followed by the same low but handsome and thunder-like voice. "Leave it."

"Boss?" That voice was strong, too, but not as strong as the first one. He sounded surprised. Harry was too. He was a drunk, out of his mind kid who looked no older than twenty, who’d had the spunk to yell and curse at this guy’s boss – and he’d gotten away with it. Well, for now.

Harry saw the tall dude nod his head once and all of a sudden he felt like he could breathe again.

"Today must be your lucky day, kid," the bodyguard spat, taking a step back.

"Thank you, Alexander."

While the two of them exchanged words, Harry realized that he wasn’t dead and that he was, in fact, pretty much okay and alive. In two seconds he was on his feet, ignoring the hand that was stretched out to help him. 'What was wrong with him? He was never this impolite.'

The tall dude grinned, seemingly amused by his drunken antics. "All good?"

'What's it to him? I’d just disrespected him in front of the other two.' Harry hated nice people. They were only nice until they weren’t...until they wanted something. Nobody was ever nice 'just because'. And that one dude certainly didn't look all that nice. He was anything but nice. Why was he acting like it?

Harry stared at him for a long time, blaming his drunk mind for his inability to come up with anything that wasn't a curse. The tall dude stared back.

"I-it's...I'm fine. Thanks." For not killing me or letting that big guy over there do whatever it was he was thinking about doing; what I think he wanted to do. And isn't that a nice thought; Harry couldn't remember the last time he'd gotten into a fight. As often as his mouth got him into trouble, it often got him out of it, too. God, he was so tired but this handsome, albeit dangerous-looking man just kept staring at him. "And sorry, for... you know..."

"No need to thank me." His grin was way too wide and smug. Harry hated it.

There was tension and a weird feeling in the air. Harry didn't even try to stare the dude down. God, he was way too drunk for this.

Upon deciding that the whole situation was way too weird and uncomfortable – and that luck probably went just as fast as it came – he replied with an awkward, "Ah, okay... I'm gonna go now!" and then moved past the trio.

He couldn't help but cast one last glance at the tall dude. He was still staring, still grinning.
"You sure you're okay?" the dangerous dude asked, but his voice didn't sound at all caring or worried. It was curious. Harry could do curious. Curious was okay.

"M'fucking perfect, mate. Peachy." His squeaky, ('damn what is wrong with you, Potter?'), borderline girly voice sounded so fucking drunk and a little bit terrified. Harry couldn't help but blush at the sound of it.

He inspected Harry from head to toe, throwing him one last glance before moving in the direction of the club; but not before muttering a few last words. "Careful now, the night is a fun time to be both alone and clumsy... and how to put it...so deliciously drunk."

And there was that. And there was Harry, all alone, in a back alley, with a forming headache, a project and paper to finish, and a confused look on his face. "Jesus fucking Christ!" He looked down at the cigarette still in his hand, half-way finished.

"What the fuck was that?"
The rays of sunshine made Harry open his eyes. The fucking alarm, which was going off for the billionth time, was only worsening his headache. He'd stayed up all night in order to finish his assignments, which was something he was currently regretting.

God, his head. He tried to remember the reason as to why he was feeling this sore and tired, but at the moment he was only drawing a blank...right. Last night. He suddenly remembered the tall and dangerous dude. Fucking with him. Harry had fled the scene as fast as he could and had made it home in record time.

He was not a coward. He was just smart. Smart and aware that the tall dude had been, in fact, dangerous.

'Oh, what gave him way? That fucking gun, maybe?' To own a gun and to flaunt it around (and only now did Harry realise that, if it hadn’t been for the tall dude's intervention, he’d be dead right now. OH GOD) meant that they hadn’t been playing; meant that He somehow had power.

He’d spent the entire night working and tiring himself out just so he’d be able to sleep the moment he hit the bed. He’d always hated going to bed when he wasn’t tired – all of those thoughts, all of that turning around, with legs tangled in sheets and eyes that hurt from staying open...Insomnia was frustrating.

It was morning, sometime between classes and lunch. He just knew that if he didn’t get up within the next 10 minutes, he would miss his afternoon classes too. He stared at his ceiling and groaned.

"God!"

He hated this – this feeling of hopelessness and tiredness. Of not having enough; enough sleep, enough energy and enough will to get up in the morning. Although he liked what he was studying, he didn't see the point anymore. It was all the same. Every day. No end.

Too much coffee and cigarettes and missed buses and trying to find something to eat in his mini fridge. And all alone. Always so alone.

He left his warm and comfortable bed – which was actually just a mattress, situated in the corner of his studio apartment – and entered the bathroom. He was stuck trying to decide between a quick shower, or simply saying ‘fuck it’ and settling with washing his face and brushing his teeth.

He ended up choosing the shower and stepped under the hot water. Because he never took long showers, he always had hot water at his disposal. He didn’t need to have a lot of things; just some of them and the knowledge of how to use them.

'Oh, look at me being so wise. And especially in the morning.'

He went about his day; made coffee, drank it, and made some more. Ate a sandwich and got dressed.
Missed the bus (hey, what's new?) and decided to wait for the next one at the station, listening to music and tuning out everybody else. He felt good; for 10 minutes, at least.

His classes were okay; he’d managed to fall asleep in only one of them, and for that he was proud. He bought a coffee on his way to the club, and overall forgot about the tall dude. It was only when he headed for the back alley that he felt a shiver travelling down his spine; he remembered, for a second, that strong, thunder-like voice. But it’d only been for a second, after which he headed for the club, already forgetting everything. The tall dude had made an impression, of course. But with Harry, impressions never worked and never lasted.

He felt light-headed when he entered the club, the loud music and chattering making his heart beat faster. The club was bathed in total darkness and for that, he was glad. Harry said hi to Ben, shed his jacket and put it on a chair, and then started preparing drinks. His lithe muscles wouldn’t have been noticeable if he’d been wearing a baggy shirt, but the tight one hugged his arms in all the right places. He looked, well...delicious!

His messy hair and big green eyes looked enticing in the dim lighting. The club, despite it being quite early still, was already full of people. The shot of vodka he’d taken before his shift, and the thought of the weed in his jacket pocket, helped him through the night. He exchanged a few words with some people who’d recognised him but, for most of his shift, he remained quiet and distant.

"Heya, sexy!" And that was Gabe, who was quite possibly Harry’s favorite human in the entire world. But he’d never admit that; as smart and funny as Gabe was, he was annoying too.

"Stop calling me that, idiot!"

"Woah, shortie! Who fucked you but didn't make you come?"

Oh god! "What do you want?" Harry spat and turned his back, hiding his smile in the process. He’d fucking missed his best friend.

"A lot. A beer and some good conversation, for a start. This club reeks of drunkards and bitches only wanting to get laid and high."

"Last time I checked, those were your life goals too!" Harry winked at him and, along with the beer, gave him a shot.

"They're on the house!"

"Oi, look at that...are you thanking me for my services?"

There was a pause, a sigh and then Harry retorted, "Man, you must suck if you're this cheap!"

Gabe laughed, gave him a high-five and told him just how much he hadn’t missed him; which was followed by a "because Gabe doesn't miss anybody, what the fuck!"

And then he continued, excited, "So, you know how I told you about finding that book at the library? Man, I read it and this fucking writer wrote about all the religions! Like all. So freaking wicked."

"Oh, even though that sounds really interesting...let's not."

"Oh come on, man! Wouldn't it be nice to practice some Buddhism or Hinduism? Of all the religions, those are my favorites. I really – how do the kids these days put it? - ‘dig them’."
"Dig them, then," Harry said, calm and collected.

"How's school going?" Gabe switched to another subject after seeing Harry's 'you bore me to death' face.

"Why does everybody have the sudden need to ask me that?"

"Well, the exams are almost here and I know for a fact that you're not ready."

"When was I ever?" retorted Harry with a smug look on his face.

"Still can't believe you managed to pass through two years of college without putting any effort into it. What are you, a god?"

"Haha, easy now...you're boosting my ego too much."

"Ugh, I hate you...you're one of those people who doesn’t need to study much because they just know everything. You're just a know-it-all; yes, that's what you are!" Harry laughed at his best friend’s stupidness.

"You do realise that all I do all day is paint, right? I'm just talented." Harry shrugged, dismissing the boring subject.

"Talented? You say that like it's a bad thing. Hello, some of us have to work, y'know?" Gabe's wide eyes and incredulous face made Harry stop.

"I didn't mean it like that and you know it. Look at me, working although I'm 'talented'. Life doesn't work that way."

Gabe looked left, then right and then whispered-yelled at him. "That's because you don't make it work!" And then he made a bitch-I'm-done-with-this face and attempted to stare at his beer for the next half an hour. The silence stretched while Harry attended to a customer, and then he returned to Gabe with another beer. "We'll talk about it later, okay? Enjoy."

He proceeded to busy himself with washing and preparing more drinks, while Gabe watched him silently. Harry could almost sense what the other was thinking about – whenever they touched upon a heavy and sensitive subject, Harry always reacted the same way. Although Harry was a jerk and an asshole, he was actually a good person; just not many people knew it. Talks about the future, his career and the important stuff in life were sometimes too much for him. He was like a void with no emotions, desires or sympathy for himself. He had a strict moral code and that was all. No empathy and too much social anxiety. He was sometimes so afraid, so shy and so unsure of himself that he knew it had to be painful to watch. After a while, obviously bored and a little tipsy, Gabe reminded Harry that he would be on a break soon and suggested that they go outside and smoke. Harry nodded and asked Ben if he wanted to come too; when the latter declined, he headed for the exit with his jacket in his hands.

"So fucking cold, man!" Gabe muttered. His American accent had come back full force and could be heard more clearly now that it was just the two of them.

"Talking weather, mate?" Harry's harsh, British accent was loud and amused.

"Oh shut up," Gabe spat smiling, and then started rolling the joint, all the while humming a nice, chill song.

"What's that?" Harry asked, curious.
"What's what?"

"The song?" Gabe paused, as if he'd momentarily forgotten, but then responded, "Ah, it's called Antidote. 'Got a pill that comes with a little bit of dopamine. Got everything to keep you high and low, and I also got some antidote.' This man is pretty wicked; he released his album a week ago and the songs are all awesome."

"I like it," muttered Harry. "It sounds pretty chill."

Gabe made a noise of approval and then started smoking. They spent Harry's break in a comfortable silence, passing the joint between them.

Gabe hugged his friend, but seemed careful about it - he knew Harry disliked being touched too much. "Got to go but take care, man! We should hang out sometime this week!"

"Yeah." Harry watched him go, while trying to think about anything but what they'd discussed earlier. He entered the club and headed to the bar. After nodding to Ben's question, "The kid's gone?" Harry returned to serving customers. He spent a good while washing and preparing drinks, but when he looked up, he was met with a pair of grey eyes and a smirk. He immediately recognised him. The tall dude.

"Hello." The thunder-like voice hadn't lost volume to the club's loud music and Harry wasn't surprised. He realised that the tall dude was the kind of man who never had to fight for attention. It was probably handed to him on a plate faster than Harry could fill a shot.

Harry paused for a moment and thought about the gun and the bodyguards – why hadn't he thought about last night's event more? Was the tall dude some gangster? Serial killer? Nah, usually they worked alone. He was probably someone from the mafia. Someone important too, judging by the way the bodyguards had reacted when Harry had cursed at the man...as if Harry had actually put a bullet in him. He was probably someone who wasn't used to being cursed at.

He only paused for a moment, during which the tall man raised an eyebrow and kept his amused stare. But then Harry thought 'fuck it!'. He would just serve the man and be polite. No more scenes or cursing. The dude would go on his way and Harry would keep to himself, and all would be just fine. Yes. He would do that.

After a "What can I help you with?" and a fake, mocking smile from Harry, the tall dude furrowed his brows, wearing a not-quite-angry but still I'm-not-liking-your-tone expression. If Harry hadn't been staring at him (well, it was a nice face; all handsome and rough angles. Sue him) he wouldn't have caught it.

'Yeah bastard, I can play too!'

"Scotch!" His snappy reply made Harry inwardly laugh. 'Damn I'm good!'

He poured the drink and momentarily thought about spitting in it; but then he remembered that the man had actually saved him from a possible-death. He could at least act decent.

"It's on the house!"

"Why, thank you." The grin was back and it was accompanied by a wink. Harry felt himself flush and panic, so he turned his back to him.

After a moment of awkward silence, that strong voice brought Harry’s attention back to its owner. "I kind of saved this pretty lad last night. He left so fast I hadn’t even gotten his name."
His voice sounded calm but a little frustrated. Pretty? PRETTY? He was man, for fuck’s sake. Okay. Calm down. No more curses. He’d promised no more curses.

"Chris. I'm Chris. And thank you for last night, again." Harry thought about saying 'I owe you' but then decided against it; he didn’t want to owe anything to a man this dangerous looking. Not to mention he’d had the nerve to call him pretty. He was not a girl. Not that there was anything wrong with being a girl; he just didn’t appreciate being treated like one.

"Try again."

"Excuse me?" Harry asked, confused.

"Your name; try again." Harry stared at him and scoffed.

"What's with you?"

"For a fact, I know that's not your name, so why don't yo-"

"For a fact, that's fucking creepy!"

"-you try again?" Harry stared. The tall dude stared back.

"Harry. My name's Harry!" His British accent always came back when he was nervous.

"Nice to meet you Harry James Potter; my name is Tom Marvolo Riddle."

Harry threw his head back and laughed. "You must be kidding yourself if you think that was impressive; it wasn’t. It was creepy. Knowing my name and all." Tom's face (‘no, Thomas’, Harry thought, ‘I’ll call him Thomas from now on’) seemed confused for a moment, but then his face returned to its previous expression faster than Harry could blink.

"Now, now, that sounded just so... disrespectful, don't you think?" The glint in his eyes made him look madder than Harry remembered seeing him. Dangerous.

"Right." Harry gulped and nodded.

"Enjoy!" He made to try to walk away but soon found that he couldn't; his arm was being held by a much stronger one.

"Stay for a few more moments, I like your company."

"What, curses and sarcastic remarks..." Harry wanted to say 'turn you on' – but what if the dude wasn’t gay? He’d get mad. Then he remembered Tom's flirting and thought against it. 'Still, Harry, you can’t risk it with this one. Just look at him,' his subconscious yelled. Harry agreed; there were no bodyguards around but one could never be too sure. "-are something that you enjoy on a regular basis?"

"That is actually not true at all; I must admit that I am confused. Maybe it’s because of you...or maybe enjoy your company because I find your attitude and your reactions amusing."

"I'm glad you find me amusing," Harry snapped but then changed his tone. "Look, man, we both know that I won't have sex with you, so you don't need to waste your time playing these kinds of games."

"Who said I wanted to have sex with you? Maybe I just want a scotch and a good conversation. You look like you can give me that." His retort sounded awfully similar to Gabe's and that’d been a close
one. He hoped Thomas hadn’t been near them when he’d been talking to his best friend.

"Ok, Thomas-" Tom stopped him by laughing way too loud.

"Thomas? You sound like my mother. Please, call me Tom."

‘NO. I won't call you Tom.’ "Riddle, if you don't stop this – whatever this is – I will have you get thrown out because you're stopping me from working. So please, drink your scotch and leave me in peace."

Riddle looked surprised for a moment; whether it was from Harry using his name or because of the threat, Harry didn't know.

But his heart stopped beating at Riddle's next words. "Now, how will you manage to throw me out of my own damn club?" And Riddle started laughing again at Harry's terrified face.

"You're...you're my boss?" But then Harry straightened his posture and with a bit more confidence, he said; "So, you're a businessman?" The sarcasm lacing his voice didn't go undetected but Tom seemed to have chosen to ignore it.

"You could say that." Tom's smile was really beautiful, Harry thought.

"Look, I acted like an asshole and I'm sorry about that and you kind of saved my life, somehow, but I really have to go and-"

"Everything good here?" Ben's strong voice startled the two men. Harry instinctually compared it to Riddle's voice; it wasn’t as strong as his and – why was he doing this again, ohmygod? Ben had most likely sensed the tension between them but he was also aware of the fact that Harry could handle himself; if he’d intervened earlier, Harry would have been offended. However, he and Riddle had been in their own bubble for nearly 10 minutes and it was likely Ben had grown concerned for his co-worker's wellbeing.

"Yeah," Harry muttered. Riddle didn't look pleased at the disturbance but nonetheless smiled.

"No, actually, it's not. You see, I’ve just received this drink from the house and I figured your boss wouldn’t like this fact very much, seeing as I'm new here. I'm sure as hell the kid can't afford to give free drinks from his pocket, am I correct?"

"What?" Harry's usually wide eyes were now enormous.

"But you said you're-

"So I thought," Riddle interrupted, "that I’d sort this business with the one that made the mistake, of course."

He now threw a quick glance to Ben. Riddle's face was blank but stony, indicating that he hadn’t liked the interruption at all. Ben, despite being a big guy, shuffled from foot to foot and glanced to Harry, who was stunned and his expression incredulous. Riddle had an air that surrounded him; an air that screamed danger.

His words were harmless but also a threat. It was obvious that the threat had been aimed towards Ben rather than Harry, which the former seemed to have picked up on. Ben, who knew how to pick his battles, had most likely realized he wouldn’t stand a chance against Riddle.

"I...of course, sir; I'm sorry." Seeing Ben reduced to an-almost blubbing mess used to be fun but
'Don't leave me!' Harry wanted to yell while he watched Ben go.

"Now, where were we?"

"You're the fucking boss, what the fuck were you talking about?" Harry spat, rage on his face.

"You gave me the drink before you knew that."

"I gave you the free drink because I wanted to thank you. And I wasn't stealing. That was from my pocket, okay? I don't do that."

"Go out with me," Riddle interrupted him, with the same smug grin on his face.

"I...what?" Harry stopped. Literally stopped.

'Not this, man. I don't need this.'

"Go out with me."

It wasn't even a fucking question.
Lust:

Chapter Summary

strong, sexual desire

Chapter Notes

I don't really know if it's dub con or not because in the end Harry's into it but just a little warning won't hurt.

"I don't date!"

There was a pause.

"Well, you're doing it now."

The reply was spoken lazily and Riddle's posture was laid back. He was neither disturbed nor hurt by Harry's obvious rejection.

"I'm sorry? Can you please repeat that?" Harry's face was full of rage.

His posture was stiff, his mind going crazy at the simple thought of dating; at the thought of having to put effort into something like that – the energy and the attention. Especially with this smug, 'knows-no-boundaries', man.

No! Oh god no!

"You - you can't just... just make me!" Harry's incredulity was obvious in his voice. He was shocked. The man looked 100% serious; his blank face gave no room for anything but that.

"You heard me."

Now Riddle's voice was anything but sweet, amused or seductive. It was calm. It was collected. And it was scarier than anything Harry had ever heard.

"You - you can't just... just make me!" Harry's incredulity was obvious in his voice. He was shocked. The man looked 100% serious; his blank face gave no room for anything but that.

"Well, look at me doing it." Riddle's smirk came back.

"Look, man, I don't fucking care that you own this club! You can fire me for all I care, but I won't go out with you!" Harry's resolve was absolute. It was a big, fat NO!

No matter that Riddle looked like he’d come from a fashion magazine or that his attitude – although arrogant and infuriating – made Harry's dick twitch a little. He just did not date. He had the words 'It's not you, it's me, I just don't date!' on his lips but then he thought Riddle would be insulted by that. The dude didn't seem fazed or hurt; his confidence seemed real and genuine. He didn't need Harry's sympathy to lick at his non-existent wounds.
Riddle's face showed no signs of being hurt by the rejection. He simply smirked and asked Harry if he could have another drink. Harry, stunned for a couple of seconds, only stared at Riddle but soon came back into motion and refilled the glass.

"You're not mad?" Harry had to ask that. He simply had to. He was still waiting for that big bodyguard and his gun to show up.

There was silence while Riddle kept his eyes on Harry, seemingly looking for something. Whatever it was, he'd apparently found it and, with a blank face, muttered the words:

"No. I understand and respect your choice. But can I enjoy your company and maybe make a little conversation here?"

If those words had come from any other person, Harry would have felt pity for them; but Tom (what? since when had he become ‘Tom’?) had said it so gracefully and so smugly that Harry actually felt proud.

Harry shrugged, tossed a glance towards Ben as if to say everything was okay, and then simply said, "Yeah, I mean it's your club."

Riddle (not Tom, goddammit) smiled and then relaxed his posture on the stool. Harry could’ve seen himself on his knees for this man. Rolling his eyes at that thought, he turned around and made himself busy.

"Besides working here, what else do you do?"

Seriously, he didn’t know when to stop with these infuriating questions.

"I thought you had it all figured out when you said my full name," Harry bit back.

"Ah, I thought you’d forgotten about that by now." Riddle's smile seemed smugger, which Harry hadn’t even thought was possible. "While that may be true, I would like to hear if from you!"

"Why? This is not a date. You don't need to know things about me and I don't want to know things about you. We probably won't ever see each other again, so what's the deal?"

Riddle ignored the answer and focused only on what he was more interested in. "It could be a date. I could buy you a drink and we could simply relax."

"If you hadn't notice, I'm working right now. And you're not actually buying a drink seeing as you own the club. And I would be serving myself. What a date it would be!"

"I bet you’d like it." Riddle's eyes twinkled with something that Harry didn’t think he wanted to know. But he smiled at the older man and, for once, it was genuine. The man was infuriating, yes, but he was funny too. And he hadn’t actually insulted Harry thus far, which made Harry’s reluctance towards him all the more confusing.

"Probably because Riddle seems dangerous?" his subconscious yelled.

Oh. That.

"Ha, you’re so full of yourself," Harry retorted and turned around to hide his own smile.

"I bet you like that, too."

Shaking his head, Harry looked at Tom for the millionth time that night and wondered why he had
such a bad feeling about him. He tried to figure him out; Riddle seemed nice and laid-back, funny and a little crazy. If that scene in the back alley had never happened, Harry could have fucked this man without any thoughts of the gun.

But now, the only thing he could see when he closed his eyes was that bodyguard waving his gun at him, threatening to kill him. Geez, and to think he’d had such a good day so far. He mused that he was probably in some sort of denial – he’d practically forgotten that he’d been threatened with a gun, simply going about his merry way the entire day.

"You're funny, I'll give you that. But I'm the type of guy that likes one night stands. Pity, really."

And at that Harry winked, feeling quite brave. It must’ve been the atmosphere in the club, he thought. The lights being off and the shots he’d taken while talking to Tom seemed to be doing their job. This was his territory. He could probably fuck Riddle in ten minutes max. Suck his dick right there.

"Funny, you don't seem to be that type. And neither am I. But okay, how about this: one night. Give me one night and I'll make it worth your time." Tom's voice was seductive and dark and it did all kind of things to Harry's body.

'No! Come on, Harry, don't do this. You don't really want this!' Harry stared.

And stared.

And stared.

And then –

"Goddammit, Ben I gotta go!"

He received a confused "What?" in return but he was too busy hauling Tom off his stool and dragging him to the nearest exit to pay any attention. All the while Riddle's laugh could be heard throughout the club.

"You're ditching, Potter? Your shift isn't finished yet."

Tom smiled and smiled and smiled and Harry felt so high he thought he was in love.

"Oh, for the love of God, shut up!"

And there was it. Their lips met and Harry was shocked; not only by the hot, angry lips forcefully taking his own, but also by how quickly he was losing control. Tom was anything but merciful. His tongue battled with Harry’s until the latter had practically forgotten how to even use his own tongue. Harry tried to take some of the control back but he couldn't do anything except let Tom have his way – hard and hot.

If someone would’ve asked Harry his opinion on kissing in the past, he would’ve replied with: "It's nothing special mate, just some lips locked! It helps with having sex most."

But now; now he would’ve answered with: "It's like fucking, but better."

And that it was. They were standing in the middle of the back alley where, not too long ago, he’d been threatened with a gun by the bodyguard of the man he was currently kissing; and now was letting the same man fuck his mouth with his tongue. What was his life?!
The need for oxygen and Harry's mumbling brought them back to the present. Riddle took a quick glance at Harry's flushed, out of breath state and his face crumbled. His eyes showed a speck of red and his smirk was smugger than ever.

"Don't make me force you. Tell me you consent to this, because even if you want to stop I don't think I can stop myself," and then, "I don't want to stop."

The words were dark but honest and Harry could work with that. At least Riddle wasn't just taking; there was a warning there, somewhere.

"Okay, yeah," Harry's out of breath voice sounded so loud in the empty and quiet alley, "let's fuck!"

"God!" Tom's voice was so aroused and his mouth was on Harry's once again.

A throat being cleared and a "sir!" made them stop and turn their heads. There was a black car there – probably waiting for them, Harry mused – and two bodyguards standing near the car. Harry didn't recognise them and for that he was grateful. He doubted he would've liked to see the man who’d threatened his life again.

"Oh, yes," Riddle's voice sounded so composed and Harry hated him for it. "Gentlemen!"

And then Harry stopped. He stopped breathing. He was frozen. He was actually doing this. He’d only needed one funny remark and a quick witty retort for Riddle to turn him to putty in his hands. Damn it, Ben was right – he really was a slut! He thought about bailing out; but looking at the bodyguards, he decided against it. He wouldn't stand a fucking chance.

Or?

What about the element of surprise?

Oh fuck it. He always went with the flow and improvised along the way.

While Tom straightened his unruffled clothes and nodded to the two men standing in front of them, Harry decided to bolt. Simple as that. No second thoughts. He knew these alleys better than anyone, so he took the first shortcut he saw and ducked.

Riddle only needed a few moments to realise what Harry was doing; as soon as the latter was gone, he ordered the bodyguards after him. His voice was cold, quick, and full of anger. His hard on was uncomfortable as he entered the car and took a seat. He greeted his driver, Levi, and waited.

'This won’t take long,' he mused as he slicked his hair back. His posture was one of confidence; although he was sporting a pretty big and painful hard on. His face was blank and his eyes hard. He truly was the proud image of a mob boss.

Harry ran. God he did! He was used to it by now. He’d run so much in his life – away from his family, away from his friends and lovers; from school and potential, from art and from himself. He was so used to it by now that he could already envision himself getting home, having a nice shower and then, in the morning, holding a coffee in one hand and a cigarette in the other.
He’d go job hunting in the city because he was never returning to this club. Never fucking again! God, he was so stupid. This guy was really dangerous and he knew that; but he just couldn't fucking help himself. When Riddle looked like that, acted like that and kissed like that, even Harry – the epitome of self-control (HA! yeah, sure) – had some problems staying put. And now he’d probably pissed off the dude, too.

He rounded another corner and saw an opening somewhere to the left, somewhere he could hide… but just when he thought he’d escaped the two men, there was heavy weight on his back. He heard a crash, a yell that was 99% his, and then felt pain flaring throughout his front. He was on the ground, with a heavy man restraining him. He couldn’t get up. He was doomed. They’d gotten him.

"Oh, fuck!"

The bodyguards hauled him up and took him by his hands. They weren't rough but they weren't gentle either and he soon found himself back at the car. He was thrown through the car's door by the two men and landed on his knees. He heard a cold and angry chuckle.

'How could someone have a cold and angry chuckle?' Harry thought as he came face to face with Riddle. He felt himself stiffen and he was sure his face had gone white. Riddle's smile was one of the ugliest he'd ever seen. He looked livid.

"Stay there."

And stay there, he did…because he couldn't move or do anything for that matter. The car had started several minutes ago and they were probably somewhere on the driveway by now. He was still on his knees, still frozen, still scared shitless. Riddle hadn’t said anything else and Harry felt sick; Riddle looked like another person now. His face was stony, his eyes were hard, his stature was one of a predator and he just kept staring at him. For several minutes now he hadn’t done anything but stare at him.

Harry tried opening his mouth and tried saying something, anything; but he didn't know what. He only now realised the magnitude of his situation. Although he’d thought about it and had mostly joked about it, Riddle was truly dangerous. And Harry was his prey now.

He felt so stupid. God! This had all been a trap. Of course Riddle hadn’t expected Harry to accept dating him; or maybe he had but he’d also had a back-up plan. He’d only had to make Harry go a little crazy – which he hadn’t even needed to work very hard at – and get him out of the club for only a moment. He was well lost after that.

A car waiting, bodyguards outside in case Harry decided to ditch (which he had) and now there he was – on his knees, in front of this man. It didn’t matter he kissed like no other, Riddle had been very clear that he didn’t care about Harry’s consent.

He would take him, either way.

"You can't do this!" Harry's broken voice was so loud he flinched at it himself.

Riddle, who had been staring at his phone and typing away, looked up at Harry. Somehow, his eyes softened, if only for a moment.

"I hadn’t pegged you the type to be a coward, Harry." His taunting voice made Harry sick.

"You don't know me at all," he whispered but then added, "I didn't run from you!" And Harry somehow believed it himself. Riddle looked impressed at his sincere voice.
"So why you did it, then?"

Silence.

"Do I scare you?"

Harry's laugh was hollow. He'd never tell him anything.

"No."

And he wasn't, he realized, because Tom had a thing for him. He wouldn't hurt him. He would have sex with him but he wouldn't hurt him. As long as Harry played his part, he would probably get out of this situation unharmed.

But how far would Tom go? How much did he want? He didn't seem the one-night-stand type and he'd said so, too.

Tom stared at him for a few minutes and then brought his phone to his ear and started talking.

"We will be there in ten minutes. Yes!" and then he hung up. The tone was brisk and hard – the tone of a boss. But Harry had also heard something else in it. Hurry. He was in a hurry. He wanted this bad. Only then did he cast a glance toward Riddle's front and – yup, he had a massive boner.

And all Harry could think, scared shitless, was “damn!” because damn. That was big.

He heard a chuckle and then realized he'd said that out loud.

"I'm glad you like it." Riddle's eyes were still hard and his face still unreadable.

Harry wanted to, although he really shouldn't have. He was on his knees, abducted, in a stranger's car with someone in the front seat and holy shit only now had he realised this was a fucking limousine. But back to the point. Yeah, where were we? Okay, he was in a car with this dangerous looking man and all he wanted to do was suck him. Suck his dick.

He watched Riddle's boner, then looked at his face, then back at his boner and thought 'the hell with it, I'll be having sex with him soon, anyway; I could at least enjoy it' and scooted closer. Tom didn't make any move. Didn't show any emotion except opening his legs to let Harry know he had permission.

'God! I'm actually doing this!'

He moved slowly, afraid and aroused and all of those things. He'd never felt this way before. He felt out of control, scared shitless and numb; but he also felt confident because sucking dick he could do. He'd done this so many times that he could do it in his sleep.

He put his arms on Riddle's legs, touched the hard muscles there and felt his dick twitch. Okay, wow, size difference had never been his thing until now but okay. He could work with it.

Harry looked up at Tom but his face was still hard and in line. He exhaled shakily and put his right hand on Riddle's clothed dick. No reaction still. He rubbed a little, applied some pressure and then put his mouth on it. He breathed on it and kissed it a few times. He looked at Riddle's face again but now the bastard had his eyes closed and head thrown back. Fuck!

Okay.

He slowly unzipped the pants but then stopped. He didn't know if he should take Riddle's pants off.
or only take his dick out.

"Pants on; dick out!" The response came seconds later.

Harry stopped, flustered at the clear order and little aroused. God, his dick was half hard.

"I-okay." His voice was so shaken and he was embarrassed.

"No talking!"

The booming voice was so loud throughout the car that Harry wanted to take a step back. Okay, no talking. Got it.

He wasn't even a little surprised Riddle wasn't wearing underwear, so he simply took his dick out and gave it a few long strokes. He was big. And Harry used to think that everyone's dick was as big as their ego. He himself had a pretty decent size but, damn, Riddle had one big ego. He licked it. Kissed it and pecked it. He thought about all the things his old roommate had told him once.

'Squeeze but not too hard. Guys like a little pain. Everyone does. Pain and pleasure go hand in hand. Lick. You can never go wrong with licking. Prepare it for your mouth. Make it all slick. And then take it. Suck the head. Put your tongue on it. Graze a little with your teeth.'

And there it was.

"Go--od!" Riddle's voice was rough and hard. Harry had to stop himself so he could breathe.

'Suck again. Lick where you grazed.'

"Yeah, lovely, that's it."

And fuck if that pet name, or whatever it was, hadn't made his dick harder.

"Look at me."

Harry looked up to see that Riddle's face was as hard as ever but his eyes were twinkling and his grin was big. "That's it. Keep going"

And Harry did just that. He sucked, hollowed his cheeks and took more of it. Riddle's hands were in his hair so he was controlling the pace now. Harry just followed. He used all of his tricks as if his life depended on it (well it kind of did); and judging by the way Riddle moaned, he was good at it, too.

Riddle's dick was taken from his mouth way too soon and for a split second, Harry wanted to go after it. Riddle chuckled and patted Harry's hair. His hands were on Harry's jaw massaging it. "All good? Does it hurt?"

Harry was shocked by Riddle's concern for a second, but he recovered quickly. "I…" he wet his lips and tried again softly, "yeah – uh…no!"

"Hmm." Riddle smiled predatorily; like he knew something Harry didn't. "Your voice sounds so lovely."

Pause.

"Let's wreck it!"

And he put his dick in Harry's mouth again, proceeding to fuck the latter's throat hard but somehow
gentle at the same time.
Chapter Summary

The ambiguous intensity of looking someone in the eye, which can feel simultaneously invasive and vulnerable.

Chapter Notes

I had a midlife crisis this weekend, drank my weight in coffee and couldn't write a thing. Almost deleted this story, too.

I hate this chapter with my whole being.

Sfk

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The car stopped not long after Tom spilled himself into Harry's mouth. The latter attempted to spit but just a warning glare from Riddle and Harry swallowed it all. He knew how to pick his battles; he wasn't that stupid. He was still hard but he decided to remain silent about it; although Riddle glanced at it, he didn't say or try anything, either.

Tom left the car and signaled for him to do the same. Harry grimaced. Right. And now the sex part. He knew this was bound to happen in the end, and it wasn't like the thought of it disgusted Harry. Quite the opposite, actually – Riddle was a handsome one. He just felt so out of control. Riddle had decided how things went from the very first second Harry had met him and he was supposed to go along with it. He would have to go along with what Riddle decided from now on too. He couldn't!

He used to decide with whom, where, when and how he had sex.

'Well, not anymore,' he thought miserably.

He scrambled from his position and went for the door. His knees hurt and his mouth ached. He felt sore and tired already and they hadn't even begun. Harry decided that when it came time for the sex part, he was just going to stay still and let Riddle do all the work. That'd serve him, the bastard!

He hadn't even finished getting out of the car before he was surrounded by two bodyguards, one on each side of him. He realised they were the ones from earlier.

"Paranoid much?" he spat in Riddle's direction. The latter only chuckled at Harry's offended face and turned his attention to one of the bodyguards.

"Axis, you're with me."

The man to Harry's right, who was apparently called Axis, took a step forward and nodded.

"I have some business to attend to that won't take long, I promise!"
The words were directed to Harry now. He snorted and turned his head in the opposite direction. Riddle only chuckled and turned his attention to the other bodyguard.

"Take Harry upstairs. Keep an eye on him until I come back."

The words were met with a 'yes boss!' and before Harry could even process it, he was being hauled by the arm by the same bodyguard.

"Woah, wait a minute! Riddle!" Harry tried to stop the bodyguard, but the latter was way too strong for Harry's lithe and tiny stature. When he looked back at the car to gain Riddle's attention, the bastard was already gone. "Fuck!"

And somehow hearing the bodyguard's chuckle only made it worse.

They soon entered what seemed to be a big-ass building and came face-to-face with the receptionist. The beautiful lady smiled warmly at them; if the scene before her surprised her or confused her, she didn’t say anything. Judging by the lack of emotion on the woman’s pretty face, seeing young twenty-something year old boys being manhandled by large bodyguards was a common occurrence around here. Harry wouldn’t be the least bit surprised if Riddle did these kinds of things often. Kidnapping young men, that is.

The lady even had the nerve to bid them goodnight and Harry decided right then and there that he hated her.

'Oh look, another nameless human added to the list of people we hate,' his subconscious said. 'Same ol' Harry.'

He wanted to tell himself to shut up but he just shook his head and focused on his surroundings. The sooner he escaped from this nightmare, the better.

It wasn't like he didn't want to fuck Riddle because he did. But the bodyguards, the limo, this fucking shady building in which – besides the receptionist – it seemed nobody lived, not to mention Riddle's dangerous air and attitude, made him want to get away and get away fast. He’d always trusted his instincts since he was six. The proof was that kid who’d lived in his neighbourhood; who’d looked harmless and innocent. He’d turned out to be some sociopath who harassed girls at school and had pictures of them naked. He’d never liked that kid. Then he knew why.

But, now here he was, regardless of his instincts and attempts at running away. In front of them an elevator opened and he was rushed into it. He watched the bodyguard press the 'penthouse' button and Harry was almost shocked. Almost. Of course Riddle was filthy rich; of course. He inhaled and tried to relax himself – an attempt which was both fruitless and amusing. How could he relax when he was being kidnapped by a filthy rich and dangerous, but nonetheless handsome, man who wanted to do dirty things to him? Fuck.

'Well, when you put it that way... it doesn't sound that bad.'

Oh god!

Their ride was spent in tense and awkward silence. The bodyguard seemed on edge and kept staring at him while Harry just tried to relax and think of anything except what was about to happen. He couldn't! He was disappointed in himself. That bastard had tricked him with nice words and funny comebacks and now here he was. God, he felt so stupid.

There was a ding and then the doors opened into a large hallway. The hand, which hadn’t let go of his arm the entire ride up, squeezed a little bit harder and then let go. There was a brisk "follow me!"
and the bodyguard took a left turn and disappeared.

Harry turned, ready to bolt in whatever direction he could, but he was stopped by a “don't even think about it; the elevator is closed and unless you want to jump from a window thirteen stories up, there's no way out!”

Harry huffed, accepting that he had no choice but to follow the voice. He did just that and soon found himself in a beautiful and enormous living room. There were couches – really comfortable looking couches – and a big ass TV that was turned on. There was also an opening to a grey-coloured kitchen that looked expensive and spotless.

'So Riddle was a neat freak. Not surprising at all!'

The bodyguard was sitting on one of the black couches in the living room and was staring at him with a blank face. Harry, a little bit intimidated, shuffled from foot to foot. He didn't know if he should sit his ass on the couch or not. He decided for the former and took a seat far away from the large, scary man.

"So, what's your name?"

The bodyguard kept his face blank and looked like he wasn’t going to answer anytime soon.

Harry smiled uncomfortably and tried again. "Look, unless you want me to call you big and scary man you could tell me-"

"Axel."

Harry stared for a little while and then snorted. "Wait, the other one is Axis and you're Axel. Ten points to Riddle for coming with that one.

The bodyguard, Axel, looked at him strange and when he spoke, there was some anger in his voice. "He is my brother. What's wrong with our names?"

Harry's wide eyes and stuttering didn't make it any better. "No, no…I-I just thought...Ugh, never mind!" He turned his flushed cheeks in the opposite direction, unable to stand Axel's stare anymore.

The seconds turned into minutes. Harry was restless now; his throat hurt, he was tired and all he wanted to do was sleep. But this scary looking man kept staring at him, gauging every movement Harry made. He hated this. He wanted Riddle to hurry up and fuck him so he could go home and sleep for a week.

There was a ding, probably the elevator, and Axel was on his feet the moment Riddle entered the living room. Harry remained sitting, not giving the bastard attention like his bodyguard did. Riddle nodded to Axel, who bid his boss a "good night!" and ignored Harry altogether before disappearing from view. A silence encased the whole room after the elevator doors closed. Riddle shed his coat on a chair and headed towards what Harry assumed was a mini-bar. He poured some kind of alcohol into two glasses and offered one to Harry, which he took eagerly and sat himself on a chair. Harry drank the alcohol down in one go, while Riddle only sipped from his, all the while staring at the former.

Harry was at the breaking point. He’d waited God knows how long for this, trying to relax himself and failing, and now that they were face to face there was only tense silence while nothing happened.

But then there was a flash of movement and Harry mused that he’d spoken too soon. He found
himself on his back with a surprising heavy weight on him. There were hands in his hair and breath on his cheeks that smelled like alcohol and blood. Wait, blood? But before he could speak one word, there was a mouth on his neck, sucking aggressively and almost urgently.

'Is this man always in a hurry or is it only with me?'

"Ah, wait...wait, Riddle!" Harry tried to get his attention but nonetheless failed. Riddle was like a man set on a mission, sucking and biting Harry's poor neck like he was a hungry man. "Oh my... god!"

And Harry could do nothing but stay there and take it.

'And like it,' Harry thought bitterly.

Not giving attention to Harry's obvious attempt at stopping, Riddle grabbed him from the couch and walked to what Harry assumed was the bedroom. He had no choice but to follow the bastard.

"Okay. Okay, Jesus..." Harry complied when Tom threw him on the bed. "If we do this, I think I have a say in it too!"

Tom stopped to look at his face enough for Harry to understand that he had Riddle's attention.

"No BDSM and all that shit!" To which Tom gave him a funny look. "What? You seem the type-"

"I don't know if I should be insulted or flattered," Tom cut Harry off. Harry paid him no mind and continued.

"No funny business, no toys, no bondage or shit like that. I mean it!" Harry spoke with burning intensity and it seemed Tom had to stop himself for a moment to admire Harry's fierce spirit.

Riddle chuckled. "The only way you'll be coming is by my hands and my hands alone." His tone was hard and dark; the only clue that spoke of his arousal.

Harry gulped and nodded.

And like that, he let himself fall.

Riddle's hands were anywhere and everywhere – in his hair, cupping his jaw, on his stomach, squeezing his buttocks and shedding his clothes. His lips were hungrily biting and claiming everything that was naked to the eye. Harry couldn't breathe. Somehow, this felt more intimate than anything he'd ever done. And they hadn't even started yet. His moans were louder now and Riddle took them as encouragement.

Even if Harry had previously decided he would not get involved in this and would let Riddle do all the work, he couldn't stay away. His hands were in the other man’s once perfect hair, which was now ruffled and sticking up in all places, and his mouth gave as good as it received. Riddle didn't seem to mind one bit, too distracted undressing Harry and fucking his mouth at the same time.

It was all too much and somehow they both realised it, because they stopped at the same time. The world seemed to slow down for a minute and they stared and stared; and if Harry knew what it meant to fall in love, he would have seen it in Tom's eyes, but he didn't. He only saw lust and hunger because that was all he knew.

And as fast as they'd stopped, they started again. Aggressively kissing and aggressively undressing. Harry soon found himself in only his underwear, whereas Tom only had his jacket off.
"Get...n-naked! Come...o-on!" he tried to spit out but he wasn't sure if he managed to make himself clear.

Harry's request made Riddle chuckle but he didn't start to undress. Harry tried to do the task himself but the moment Riddle touched and kissed his nipples his mind went blank and he forgot what he was about to do. Riddle seemed satisfied by this and continued. He bit along his chest and stomach, sucking and licking.

"One thing you'll learn is that I don't fall on my knees for my lovers, ever!"

Harry was about to retort something but he found that he couldn't. He whimpered as soon as Riddle touched his clothed dick. He squeezed just enough to hurt but to be pleasant, too. He acted like he knew what he was doing and 'oh, he fucking knew!'

Despite what this scene showed, Harry used to have not only equal but sometimes more control than his partners. He was a bottom, yes, but that didn't mean he couldn't control how things went. He was a pushy bottom and he was a good at it, too.

With Riddle, however, he couldn't do anything but let the other do it his way and follow along. And although Harry felt panic and anxiety at having no say in it, he realised he liked it. He liked it enough to be hard as steel, too.

With his mind numb and his body over sensitive, he let Riddle do whatever he wanted. The latter was still in his clothes and he looked like he wasn't going to undress anytime soon. Harry tried to understand the reason why but he was in too much pleasure to think clearly. To deduct.

The sheets were too warm from their frotting and moving on them, the air was tense and filled with moans, and Riddle was now hungrily licking at his hole. He wasn't stopping anytime soon and Harry's eyes went wide when he realised what Riddle was trying to do. Not a second later Tom inserted two of his fingers, experimentally nailing Harry's prostate and making him come. His yelling stopped sometime after a good minute and Tom probably couldn't have stopped his smirk from growing bigger even if he'd wanted to.

That bastard!

When Riddle moved his fingers again, he was met a resistant Harry that whimpered and begged: "No more, please!"

But Riddle paid him no mind.

"Come on now, I still haven't entered you and if I don't, I will be very unhappy. But you don't want to make me unhappy, do you, Harry?"

His voice was trying to be calming and soothing but Harry saw through it; it was greedy and manipulating. He couldn't say no though, already having agreed to the whole thing in the first place.

Tom left him in peace for a few minutes, nonetheless, only kissing and biting his jaw; and for that, Harry was grateful.

But the fingers returned again and Harry fell into that blissful feeling; everything seemed to be too much with this man. He heard something being opened, then closed, and he felt once warm but now cold fingers stretching him. It felt too good.

"You know, Harry, the first time I saw you I thought you were unreal. I had to ask my bodyguards if they could see you too because you were that beautiful...that broken." He paused for a moment,
looking at Harry directly.

But before Harry could ask what he meant, two loud moans sliced the air. Riddle was entering and stretching Harry like he was being fucked for the first time. Harry could do nothing but take it, nothing but like it. Riddle set a fast pace; hard and hot and Harry felt like he was torn in half...in a good way. It never felt this way for him. It was too much, too fast, too good.

He gave as much as he got, though. While earlier he barely had any control and felt himself falling and going with the flow, rolling his hips and biting back was something he knew. He marked the other almost as much as Riddle marked him. Felt Riddle's bare cock nailing his prostate with every thrust. Scratched where he was needed too, licked marks he’d made and kissed with all his being. They were both close and somehow he just knew they would come together. Riddle's face was hard now, his eyes set on Harry's face with only one thing in his mind: to make the other come. He pounded into him mercilessly, the pain and the pleasure mixing together. Harry felt like he couldn’t breathe.

It was probably the hand in his hair that made it all too good, or the other one on his hip that bruised and squeezed just right; or it was probably Riddle's attention on him, looking at him like he was the only human on the planet. Because Harry fucked a lot of people but it was never this good. Oh God, never, never this good!

It was probably the talking.

"Take it! That's it! God, look at you!"

"You feel so good! Better than I thought...God, you're milking me!"

"Come on, baby, be a good boy and come!"

Or it was probably Riddle's mouth that licked and sucked everywhere: his nipples, his lips, his ear lobe, his cheeks, his collarbones, his stomach.

...

Harry didn't know what the heck it was, but it made him want to run far away from him.

Far, far away.

Chapter End Notes

My first attempt at writing smut and I discovered I suck at it..
Chapter Notes

I think God hates me because half of this got deleted. I stared at my laptop for a solid 5 minutes, trying not to cry.

And it was the fucking good part too. Like, for once, I fucking loved what I wrote and puff, nada.

I tried to re-write it but I must have left out some words. Somehow I'm still proud of it.

Slowly but surely this fic is starting to shape and I'm loving it. It must be confusing, probably on one part I'm giving too much away and on the other I'm not so I must apologize, it's my first fanfic and I'm still learning.

Sooo, enjoy

Sfk

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The room was silent except for the traffic that could be heard through the open window. Little rays of sunshine bothered Harry's face but he gave them no mind. The silence was hard on his ears, the rustling of sheets often reminding Harry that he was not alone. Hard flesh touched his back and, for a flash moment, Harry's mind replayed last night's events, leaving him breathless and trying to put distance between him and the silent, sleeping body beside him.

Now that he could breathe and think, he became aware of every little thing that was in the room. Like the sheets he was on were silk, the left wall was entirely made of glass and there were three white doors leading, most likely, to the bathroom, the hallway and what Harry assumed was the closet.

He was also aware of how the room seemed lifeless and bland, almost lonely. Like nobody lived there.

The view from the penthouse was stunning – the horizon and the buildings that looked so tiny made it all the more magical. London was one of the most beautiful cities, in Harry's opinion. But now, looking at it from dirty sheets with a hand splayed possessively on his hip, London looked...

Looked almost ugly.

He’d been awake for hours now, simply lying in bed and thinking. He thought about everything he’d done in his short twenty-one years of life. He thought about all of his decisions and actions, all of the people he’d left and who’d left him, all of the art he’d done and destroyed and all of the art he would never do. His mind went to his favorite books, to coffee shops full of students with tired minds, to all the music he loved and listened to, to the concerts he’d been to and would go to, to his hometown and the smell of home, to his mom, to his family. To his dogs that probably missed him and were confused as to why he’d never come back. Heck, he was confused too as to why he’d never go back.
This love-making that had turned into hard sex that had turned, again, into love-making had made him quite nostalgic, he thought in amusement.

And then, another thought.

Riddle.

He was exactly that...a riddle. He wanted to laugh because he didn't even have to think about that one. But he realised he couldn't; the funny noise got stuck in the back of his throat.

Riddle...he had bodyguards carrying guns, he had cool cars, he had a Penthouse. He carried himself with grace, had an unreadable, blank face and kissed like he was both burning you and throwing you into ice-cold water. That was all Harry really knew about him up to this point.

'Well,' he thought, 'for two days, that's a lot of information.'

He snorted and felt helpless.

Riddle knew him. Saw him maybe not too long ago. And that's what bothered him. Riddle knew him; knew a lot about him. And that was not only creepy, but disturbing also. Not also harassing but alarming in a way that Harry knew he should bolt.

Oh, and what was it that he'd said? "...you were so broken." And he was so right.

Because Harry was broken. That's why he did what he did next; that's why he got out of bed quietly and carefully, looked for his clothes, dressed himself and left without as much as a glance at the sleeping body next to him. His footsteps sounded so loud and guilty in the empty and quiet hallway even he had to repress a flinch. He passed by a mirror but managed to turn his head at the last moment. He put his Converse on and waited for the elevator. The ding sounded so unfamiliar to him now, too loud in the empty penthouse. He felt like an intruder even as he was about to leave. He felt so uncomfortable and strange in this house that even he was surprised and baffled by it.

The ride down was spent with him looking at his feet and trying to make himself as invisible as possible. When the doors opened for the second time that morning, he exited the elevator and headed to what he remembered to be the reception area. Nobody was there this time, and even though he felt grateful for it... somehow he felt a little bit lonely, too.

The world outside, though, paid his thoughts no mind. It was non-stop movement...the passerby coming and going, cars and noises, smells and voices. He realised how people could come and go without noticing how someone was having a breakdown on the sidewalk; how people didn’t just stop what they were doing, how they were so caught up in their own lives that they never wondered about other people's struggles; how everyone could have their own messes to clean and minds to restore back to normal but they did it so quietly, so invisibly that nobody noticed. He wanted to scream, he wanted to let them know that this life was so much more than jobs and relationships and things going right.

But he just put his hood on instead, said an "excuse me!" to a lady that didn't even acknowledge it, and went on his merry way.

Leaving behind a sense of sadness and goodbye.

He walked around for a while, with no destination in mind and nowhere to go. He knew the city like the back of his hand but he was so disoriented that, for a moment, he truly thought he was lost. His mind was tired from the thinking that didn't seem to stop, his voice was hoarse and his body sore but he kept walking, kept moving. And he never looked back.
He always felt so open, so vulnerable in the morning that he almost never met people then. He usually hid in his apartment or slept until lunch. It was that time of day when everything was raw and too much. He was a night person. His insecurities and stories were too dirty for the daylight.

His street was, as always, quiet and peaceful. His mind thanked him for the billionth time that morning for renting an apartment in a lonely area. It wasn't the safest one but it wasn't a dangerous one, either. There were no street thugs or large groups of kids playing around all day – only people coming and going from their apartments and his old neighbour that took his dog out every day at 12 PM sharp. There was a bit of an eerie feeling in this weird routine of his neighbourhood, but he liked it nonetheless.

Somehow it grounded him.

And now he needed it. All of it. Because he felt so damn out of control. His emotions were going a mile per minute, his heart was beating fast and his head was on the verge of exploding the moment he set foot in his apartment. He knew what a panic attack felt like...and this was one. He prayed he could at least make it to his bed.

---

If Tom Marvolo Riddle could make a statement in the sincerest words he could muster, from the deepest depths of his non-existent heart, it would be this: he was never confused, disoriented or LATE for work. Never.

But now, staring at his white ceiling, sitting on a too-expensive bed that he'd never liked and trying to look anywhere but at the right side of said bed (and failing), he could pathetically admit he was all of the above. The reason being, there was a cold spot where, not too long ago, a warm and soft body had been lying next to him. He'd never been ditched, never been rejected and never been treated like this...as if he were merely a body to fuck and nothing more. He was usually the one that kicked them out of his apartment – politely of course. He was usually the one who went on with his day, forgetting about the other. He was never, ever the one who was left like this.

He mused that he must've been cursed by all of those people he'd hurt or something, because karma had sure done her job.

There was only boy he'd ever wanted and the kid wouldn't even throw him a second glance.

He got out of bed slowly, with the same grace he'd use if there was an audience there to witness it. Although he was a little dazed, he still went about his day as usual – washing, shaving, slicking his hair and dressing himself in one of his expensive and really good-looking suits. Although he never put value into these things – clothes, his hair, his cars and house – he always cared about his image. His image was all he had...because of it, people were afraid of him; because of it, he was powerful and rich. And he had to keep that image. It wasn't so much tiring as it was boring.

That was why he was so attracted to that Potter kid. He seemed fierce and interesting; cocky and unrelenting. He was, to put it in only one word: extreme. Yeah, something like that. His clothes were ruffled, dirty and broken. His face was clean but full of emotions – emotions that ran a mile per minute. If Tom could put it in simpler terms, it was almost like his face was a show; something that
Tom could watch endlessly for hours. For someone who was, most of the time, incapable of feeling more than lust, anger, disgust and boredom, Tom was really interested in Harry's face, which portrayed emotions he'd never even known existed. There'd been one time when the kid's mouth had almost formed a real smile but then his nose had gotten all funny – something he did when he was angry; and Tom wasn't sure if Harry had been smiling because he was angry or if he'd been angry because he was smiling. He would bet money it was the latter...but why be angry if you were smiling? Having another emotion because you already have an emotion?

The emotionally constipated Tom was confused and truly...fascinated.

So he had to have him.

And now that he had and his obsession still hadn't left...he was troubled. He came to the conclusion that he hadn't gotten enough of him and he probably never would. And wasn't that a scary thing?

In his line of work, that was more of a weakness than anything.

But what kind of powerful man would he be if he couldn't protect at least one kid?

He knew toying with this one would be so much fun but risky as well. But he was Tom Marvolo Riddle, nothing stood in his way...not even a skinny college child.

He left the building with his two bodyguards, Axel and Axis, in tow. He was ushered into his car and before he was even seated, his assistant handed him a file. He scanned it briefly, storing the information fast. The car was silent for some time while he was reading. Then Tom acknowledged the other man, nodding to him.

"AJ!"

"Hey, man, so, what do you need me for?"

---

"So, I can assume it didn't work out?" Ben asked, all the while staring at Harry's pale face and bloodshot eyes.

Harry waved his question off, looking bored of it and interested in anything but that...and if that didn't make quite a sight to see, Ben didn't know what did.

After all these years and this kid was still the same. Still full of pride yet somehow humble; full of guts yet scared shitless when it came to normal, simple things; talented but still in this shithole of a club. He never understood why Harry was still here. It seemed like the kid was stuck. Every afternoon he was greeted with the same sight – a pale, skinny kid who sometimes looked better than he did tonight but never good, who wobbled on his feet sometimes with a confidence that could move mountains and sometimes only throwing shy glances and backing into a corner or going outside to smoke. But Ben never felt pity for him, only worry and admiration...the kind of admiration when you realise that a person could have anything he wants. The worry was because this kid seemed to want nothing from life except some kind of peace; peace that came from having a shitty apartment and cigarettes every day.

He never felt full pity...but Harry brought a feeling in him he couldn't quite put a name on – a mixture of confusion and understanding; disgust and admiration; affection and hate. Because Ben was a loser in every sense of the word, all while Harry wanted to be one, was trying to be one.

Harry was everything Ben couldn't even hope to be. And he was probably not even aware of it.
But Ben was wrong, because he couldn't comprehend that some people had everything figured out for them but they could still be quite confused with life. While Harry was an enigma to everyone else, he was actually quite simple. Sometimes there was more in life than career and having an easy life, with people to love and a house to call home.

Harry knew that. And although for some people it was a cold truth, Harry embraced it. He would never be normal. Nor special. He was just Harry. He didn't have a sudden urge to prove himself or leave something behind. He was okay with only living and then disappearing without a trace. It was something he was good at it.

The club was empty, the hours being too early for any patrons to be there. Harry made himself busy by washing a few glasses and preparing a few cocktails. He went to the bathroom after that. While he was washing his hands and trying but failing not to look at himself in the mirror, three men entered the room. Having a flashback for a moment, Harry took a step backwards. Being alone, in a bathroom, with three boys who looked like jocks screamed way too much of bullying and high school disasters.

But the men only nodded at him and proceeded to lay a few things out on the counter. In the moment that Harry wanted to head for the door, one of them asked him if he wanted any. Now Harry was neither stupid nor naïve – he knew to refuse anything that a stranger offered to him unless it was an unopened beer and even then, he only accepted if it came directly from his bar. He made a questioning noise and the boys supplied with "coke".

"I could be a cop!" he said, amused. They just looked at him with blank faces and yeah, his wide, red-rimmed eyes and pale face that looked strange in the too bright bathroom probably made him look like a junkie.

"Yeah, okay, hit me!" His careless nature flooded through his veins and his smile couldn’t get any wider while he snorted the white substance.

He felt the rush throughout his body while his mind started floating and his eyes rolled back in pleasure. Although he tried to stay away from the hard stuff and only smoke weed, sometimes he caved in. And this night he needed it.

He bid his thanks to the men but the three only waved at him and returned to their conversation. Shrugging, he headed for the exit but before he could disappear altogether, he turned around and yelled to them that they should come to the bar for a round of free drinks. The guys looked shocked for a moment but then they grinned, letting Harry know that they would accept the offer. He didn’t know their names but he didn’t need to. What was the fun in that?

Feeling a little bold too, he winked at the cute guy who’d kept staring at him the entire time. The guy made an ‘o’ with his mouth but nonetheless smiled, albeit shyly.

Harry grinned while he was headed to the bar. The blood was pumping in his veins, his head felt fuzzy and nice and he would probably get laid by a cute jock – something he’d only dreamed of in high school.

It was a good night, indeed.

He headed towards the bar when he heard a voice.

"What does a girl have to do around here to get a beer?"
Ana? And yes, there she was! The short, energetic, always smiling girl was standing there in a white dress and heels. Her hair, which was even shorter than his, was styled in a messy quiff and she had red lipstick on. She looked beautiful and, as always, confident.

"Bitch?" His voice sounded breathless, though the curse sounded more affectionate than anything.

"Jerk!"

They both started embracing, laughing and smiling at each other.

"How are you? Oh my god, I haven't seen you in ages," Harry started muttering.

"How's Ax? Still chubby and tiny, I hope?"

Harry turned to get her a beer, all the while spitting out questions here and there.

"Still so beautiful. Did you cut your hair again? It's shorter than mine now."

"Wait, did you come here all alone?"

"Heya, loser!" Gabe appeared out of nowhere and threw himself onto a stool.

"Of course," Harry said. "You would be here!"

Ana watched the whole scene deeply amused.

Gabe smiled charmingly at him and then proceeded to take Ana’s beer. "Oh is that mine?" But his hand was quickly slapped away, the girl's glare frightening Gabe a little.

"Hey, I waited like 20 minutes for that. Get your own!" And then she turned to Harry. "And where the fuck were you? I know for a fact it's not your break yet." Her glare was making Harry nervous now. Aware of his pale face and twitching fingers, he turned his back and tried to make himself busy at the bar.

While he, Ana and Gabe smoked weed from time to time...the other two, Harry would bet money, had never tried anything else. He knew they'd be disappointed if they found out, so it’d be best if they didn’t. They would make him promise not to do it again and he would break that promise because he was never good at keeping promises in the first place.

The worst thing? He wouldn't care.

"Bathroom."

"Oh, so what did you do?"

He only now remembered how much he hated this.

"Oh, I don't know. What people usually do... take a piss? What else do they do?"

"Oh, you seem to know!"

Ana kept staring at Harry's turned back but the other wouldn't answer.

"Soo," Gabe, seemingly realising the tension between the two, said. "We wanted to go out and drink, y'know, but then we thought about you and we decided to come and keep you company." At that, Gabe threw his arms in the air. "Surprise!"
His position brought a smile to Harry, who was facing them now.

"Yeah. We wanted to see you and I-," suddenly, her tone became somewhat darker, "wanted to know why you haven't called me. At all!" Her accusing glare made Harry blink and grimace.

Gabe, obviously sensing the tension again, tried to make things better. "Harry never calls me, either." He cracked a smile and chuckled. However, at seeing both Ana's and Harry's expressions, he started muttering about how he always makes things worse instead of better.

"I just want to know – and isn't that funny that it's me who’s initiating a conversation and not you, again, but whatever – I just want to know why you haven't called me at all, when you promised you would? When I told you it's always me that tries to contact you, you said you would be the one that would do it from now on. So I waited for a call that wasn't about to happen. I felt stupid, Harry."

"I-" Harry tried but didn't know what to say. "You know that's just the way I am, An." He used the nickname he'd chosen for her and knew she loved in hopes of somehow softening the girl but even that didn't change her accusing glare.

Gabe looked from Ana to Harry and tried again. "Come on, Ana. He doesn't even call home...you wouldn't expect-" But at Harry's flinch, he stopped, deciding to just keep quiet.

"Look, guys...even if I tried to tell you my excuses, which are true by the way-" To which Harry heard Ana mutter "yeah, sure" under her breath but he chose to ignore. "-you wouldn't believe me!"

"Excuses? Oh." Here she turned to Gabe. "Those excuses." Her voice was ironic now. "Which one, Gabe? That one with 'You know my lack of social skills'."

"Or that one with 'I'm not one to have small talk, mate. Let's talk some deep shit or nothing at all.'" Gabe imitated Harry's British accent.

They spoke like Harry wasn't there. This happened so many times he was used to it. He put his bored face on and waited.

"And when you actually start to talk deep shit with him, he gets bored so easily I barely have time to blink," Ana said while Gabe was snickering beside her.

"Okay, haha," Harry cut them off, a little annoyed. "Very funny."

"But true!"

"Okay, look," Harry started, "I'm not probably the most talkative person on the planet-" Ana and Gabe both snorted at this "-but I…"

Ana sighed. "You what?" Her voice was soft now, like she was speaking to a child. "We don't want much Harry – just a call or a text, to know that you are doing okay and that you're well. We want you to be interested in us, too. I don't suppose you’re that busy that you can't call your best friends for a few moments."

"Yeah, mate," Gabe butted in. "We don't want much. It's just nice to know we’re more than just mere presences in your life."

"Oh, so it will always come down to feeling special and important for you lot," Harry said bitterly.

Gabe stared, confused.
Ana spat with an ice-cold tone. "Special? Important? Oh, I'm fucking sorry, your majesty, but us humble peasants have hearts. Even if you don't have one – and god knows why – that doesn't mean we don't want to feel appreciated and loved sometimes. Even if you can live without emotions and affection, that doesn't mean we can too. Plus, it's just a fucking text, why is that so hard for you?"

"Why is that so important for you then, if it's just a text?"

"Are you playing stupid now, or what?" Ana was livid.

Harry shook his head, biting his lip. The coke was still running through his veins and he wanted to let loose. He wanted to dance, drink and fuck but he couldn't with these two in front of him. That was probably why he couldn't stop himself from speaking angrily.

"You know what? I'm not like that and I won't change anytime soon. What do you want? Us chatting like some high school girls about boys and such, sending text after text? I will probably forget to respond or will only respond after hours or days. You know I was never good at keeping in contact." Here he turned to Gabe. "And yes, even with my own family."

Gabe looked down to the ground guilty.

"Probably, or you just don't care enough!" Ana said sadly. Harry watched the realisation hit them full force. While other people were first surprised, then hurt by the truth, Harry was neither. He'd been aware of it for so long that it didn't even make him feel guilty anymore.

Not caring about people that loved him...it was something that he just couldn't do and he’d made peace with it.

And both of his friends looking hurt and sad should make him hurt. It didn't…

'And things just keep getting worse,' he thought.

"I."

'Well nice job, Potter. You used to be a great liar but you can't even form a word now.'

"Come on," Gabe turned to Ana now. "We went out to have fun! Let's not spoil it."

It was more like 'Let's not let him spoil it.' Harry directed his glare to the floor, feeling suddenly ashamed and out of place.

Ana stared at Harry some more but then sighed and turned her attention on Gabe. "Yeah. Let's dance."

Gabe agreed happily and headed for the dance floor. Ana was following him when she suddenly turned around and spoke.

"You have a little coke here." She put her own finger under her nose. "Maybe you might want to clean it." Her face was sad for a moment, but then she turned around, heading to the dance floor and leaving Harry stunned.

"Well, that was one hell of a conversation!" A new voice spoke, amused.

Harry was still staring at the spot where Ana had been only a few moments ago. He directed his attention to the new man and saw him sitting on a stool a few meters away. He was dress in all black.
Harry snorted and wanted to reply with a "cliché!" but then remembered he was always dressed in black too. And then he also remembered why and he wanted to forget about the subject altogether.

He directed his attention to the new man's face and the other looked amused. Harry felt mocked. The man threw his arms in an "it's not my fault!" gesture, managing to not look guilty at all. Harry didn't buy it.

He sighed and headed towards him. "What do you want?"

"A Blue Moon." Harry cocked an eyebrow at the request but nonetheless went to fetch it.

"You know," the dark-haired man said when Harry returned with his drink, his handsome features sharp in barely lit club, "you were yelling, so it was a little hard not to hear."

Harry didn't believe him one bit but after throwing a glance around and seeing Ben looking at him with a worried face, he thought against it.

He shrugged, not really caring about a stranger's opinion of him.

"So, you got a name, heartless kid?"

At this, Harry cracked a smile and put a hand in his hair, a gesture he did when he was nervous or when he met new people.

"Harry. Yours?"

The man gave him a shark-like smile. "Nice to meet you, Harry. I'm AJ!"

Chapter End Notes

And no, I did NOT want for Ana and Gabe to turn out like some weird interpretation of Hermione and Ron but only now I realised that my bestfriends are exactly like that. Wow.
I literally don't know what to name this chapter.

Chapter Notes

Senior year is here so that means slow updates from now on. Also my laptop is kinda broken so idk how I'll make this work, but I'll try.

Be kind and love always,

Sfk

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

If Harry ever wanted to get drunk, he would do it alone. Get lost in a sea of people, dance with strangers and fuck random guys in the club's bathroom.

Looking at AJ inhaling shot after shot, he thought he should reconsider that option. He would be one hell of a drinking partner.

This man was a beast. In Every Sense Of The Word.

He kept telling Harry stories about his glory days and kept drinking liqour like it was water, all the while girls was parading around them, one more beautiful than the other. Harry was lucky with the ladies too, although they never had what he was looking for, but this man was a fucking special case altogether.

His rough jawline and dark amber eyes were enough to make you drop to your knees right then and there. But his smile, damn.. if Harry wasn't already thinking about another dark eyes and smug smirk, he would misunderstood as the thing he had for AJ was a crush. But it wasn't. Because Harry didn't do crushes. Like.. at all.

"Y'know, and I tell the fucker, man, you see me standing here and talking shit to me still... you got some guts-" AJ kept talking and Harry kept listening, although he had no idea what it was about. The fucker had such a pretty fucking mouth...

"Uh, hei!" Their one-sided conversation was intrerupted by a shy voice. Harry turned his head towards the new comer and his eyes went wide when he saw who it was.

"Hi!" Harry said, a figure standing in the bathroom staring at him while he snorted coke was the first thing that came to his mind.

AJ turned also, interested to see who it was. He only smiled, a predatorly smile. "Sorry kid, you're cute but you are not my type." He smiled sympathetically and turned to Harry to resume their conversation.

"I- uhm, I am actually here for him."

At this AJ arched his eyebrows, staring at Harry with a fake knowing-smile, all the while remembering what boss-man told him. 'Under no circumstances he is to know about this!'

Ok, so that means no hitting or threatening the kid. He prayed Harry would refuse this one because
neither of the options he had were good enough for his boss... so as far as he saw it, he was stuck.

Harry just shaked his head, amused at AJ's reactions. "Hi, want a drink?"

"Uhm, yeah. Two shots."

"What will it be?"

"Surprise me!"

Harry smiled at that and went to fetch the bottle of Vodka, because you can never go wrong with Vodka.

"These are on the house." Harry smiled at him, remembering his promise.

"Oh, well I kind of ordered one for you too, uhm" and at this the shy college student gave a weak smile "if you want to!"

AJ arched his eyebrows again but otherwise he kept silent while Harry was debating what he should do. He shrugged and went with it. "Sure!"

They threwed their heads back and drank the whole thing, while Harry was already used to it the kid still made a grimace when he felt the aftertaste.

"You wanna dance?" the jock, and now Harry really wanted to ask for his name because he couldn't keep calling him that in his head, asked.

Harry made a gesture with his hand towards the bar and told him he was working. The kid shrugged, said a "Too bad!" and headed towards the dance floor with hunched shoulders, looking a little sad.

"Well, I wouldn't blame him. It was his loss after all." AJ muttered, but his smile looked weird in the barely lit club.

"It wouldn't be a loss. We would probably fuck until the end of the night." Harry stated. AJ's stare was blank and unnerving now and it was directed at him but Harry only shrugged, directing his attention back to his work.

'Interesting,' AJ thought, 'interesting indeed!' He saw what Riddle was telling him now. This kid was something else altogether.

--

Time passed like it always does when he was working in a large room full of intoxicated people who couldn't handle their liqour or problems. Some of them usually hitted on him and the others would talk about their problems like Harry was their own personal psychologist. AJ kept quiet for the most part and Harry realised it was nice to have someone at the bar who wasn't there to get in his pants or tell him what it was bothering him. And the silence between them was comfortable too.

Ana and Gabe came back to the bar sometimes during midnight but their conversation never strayed from small talk or the usual banter. It was clear there was a weird tension between the three but AJ didn't comment and Harry kept his mouth shut and jokes to himself for the most part. They left soon after, without making him promise to do anything now and he was relieved.

"You look relieved!" AJ was drinking from a beer now and staring at him all the while.

Harry was so not in the mood to discuss this.
"They are my best friends but they can be a pain in the ass sometimes too." And he made a gesture as to let it go and AJ did just that. What he saw and heard until now was enough for his boss, already. And Harry was looking out of place all the sudden so he changed the subject.

"So, what about that cute college kid?"

"Did you just call him cute?"

"Did I sttuter?"

"But yeah, thanks for reminding me, I gotta go mate!" Damn his fucking mouth. He should have kept it shut.

"See you later!" Harry winked at him.

AJ supressed a wince. He thought he could make Harry change his mind but the kid did the opposite and left the bar, disappearing in the crowd that was on the dance floor, probably looking for the jock.

Atlas wouldn't be so thrilled to clean the jock's remains after Riddle was done with that one, but oh well, AJ could say that he at least tried.

--

"Fuck!"

Oh yeah, this he could do. Like all day. There were hands trapping his, fingers dugging into wrists and marks already forming on his hips. (author note: Jesus fucking christ these all rhyme)

Marks that would hid other marks, old marks that were only uglier and more possessive. His hair was pulled, hard, and he was kissed so breathlessly he thought he was gonna die. If he wouldn't die of the pain in his ass, first. Because bitch that hurt.

Or maybe it was just fucking in a bathroom that hurt but still, he should have been used to it by now.

The jock, Chan was his name, was good. As in taking the lead and all, although at first he was shy and actually asked him out. He should have been used to this too by now.

He wasn't.

The first times he tried to decline his lovers, he used to stutter and stammer and they would take pity on him and just smile and leave. But now he knew what to say and how to say it to not insult them and still fuck him afterwards.

He was good at it, keeping people away, that is.

Chan's lips left his earlobe and start sucking on his neck, his teeth digging painfully. Although he was no masochist, Harry embraced the pain because it always better than nothing. He could see it in the bathroom's mirror, their bodies moving in the same rhythm and fitting quite good together. He was flushed, his hair messier than ever and his lips red and bitten. His pants were at this ankles and his upper body was half naked. Chan only had his pants off, his shirt was still on and his weird-looking necklace dug annoyingly in Harry's back. But overall, the fucking was ok.

"I thought you were good but god, not this good..." Chan panted, his hands squeezing Harry's wrists tighter. Harry's moans would have been heard in the club too if it wasn't for the loud music.

"You are so fucking tight! Look at you.."
"Ah!" He didn't know if that was from the pain from his ass or the pleasure from his hand on his cock. He mused it was a little from both.

"God.. you take it like a slut!"

And there was it. The thing powerful men, like Riddle, and jocks had in common, beside bragging and showing off.. The dirty talk. Harry didn't know why the sudden need to restore the dominance while they were having sex. He was the one getting it so basically, yeah, he was the bitch. No need the rub that in his face. Fuckers.

But it was good. I mean..

The jock's cock was both reminding him it was not big enough and that whatever Riddle did, he almost broke him for every man there was... because coming? Not so fucking easy anymore. He had to think both about that family friend who would always come and visit them when he was barely above 16. The man would smoke cigars and be all classy on their living room's couch and fuck if that wasn't sexy, and... his fucking highschool crush which he never had the guts to ask out or kiss. And he had to jack off the entire time. But it was good.

Oh, who the fuck he was lying?

It wasn't even ok. The kid fucked him like he fucked a girl. Well, he was trying to be rough and all, hence the dirty talk, but he tried too much and it was all too planned out... not natural or y'know, whatever. Harry mused Chan was probably a closeted gay who tried too much to be straight and when it came to being gay, he didn't know how to act.

The only thing that made him actually come was the thought of Riddle and his fucking strong and beautiful voice. And if that didn't annoy him even more.

The jock came seconds after and kissed Harry's spine for the last time while he was slipping out.

"You still don't want to?"

What? Go out with what people think is a straight jock but it's actually gay and let him hide me for the rest of his life, or well, until his father retires and he gets the company and money? Or well, something like that?

Harry just smiled sadly at him and shrugged. He was sweet and probably nice, the type to have a dog with and watch Saturday morning's cartoons. But he was just not for him.

"Oh, well, I could say I tried, huh?" Chan rubbed his neck and looked down, probably to hide his blushing cheeks.

His embarassing would be endearing if it wasn't mostly fake. Harry wasn't that stupid. The kid was a jock after all. Probably bullied kids like him daily while he was in highschool.

And after the jocks got away from the stereotypes and all that shit they usually go to the club and fuck kids that look exactly like their victims because people just are that way. And Harry knows this, although he would never understand it. If it wasn't so cliche he would have smiled. But it was. So he nodded at the jock and left the bathroom, trying not to limp too much.

The burning stare that he felt on his back while he made his way out and that was sure followed by a smug smirk made him hate the jock a little more. But it was okay, at least he came. It could have been worse.
He made his way to the bar but there was no AJ there anymore and somehow he regretted fucking the jock. It wasn't even worth it.

He sighed and looked at the watch. 3:57. He usually finish(es?) his shift at 4 and doesn't stay for cleaning. Happy that he can go home every minute now, he relaxed on a stool and watched how the patrons started leaving the club.

He exhaled and only now he realised how fucking tired he was. His back ached and his shoulders were way too stiff and his head felt too heavy. Remembering he hadn't slept a wink last night, because of a certain someone, and then his panick attack that left him more drained than ever, he wanted nothing than just to sleep. He looked around for his jacket and spotted it exactly when he heard his name being called.

It was Ben.

Slightly drunk.

"Oh. Ben?"

"'arry, mateh. Youh lok goo."

Feeling a little flustered at the compliment, he barely managed to arch an eyebrow.

"'m drunkk." Ben's face was flushed and his long blond hair and beard were messy. But he looked so good Harry thought it wasn't fair. Not when drunk Harry looked like shit.

"I can see that. How come?" He was surprised, Ben was rarely drunk, especially when he was working.

"I- well, y'kno.." Ben's drunk words stumbled out somehow "nev'knew Bourbon tasteed so gutt until'nigt. Bein drunkk iso gutt." His german accent came in full force and Harry winced.

Slightly drunk? Ah more like really, really drunk!

"Okay big guy, let's get you home!" He tried taking his arms to lead Ben towards the exit, thinking he will put the drunk man in a cab and then come again and close the bar and maybe help at cleaning since Ben used to do it all the time. But the lad took a step back and shaked his head, his wide eyes and handsome face looking so weird suddenly. His white shirt was dirty and wet, probably with beer or something. God, he looked wasted!

"Don wanna!!" The 1.87, full of muscles and full-adult whined. Whined. Fucking whined!

Harry rolled his eyes and sighed.

""Life iz zooo fun, let's liv ittt!"

And then.

"Why you so sad 'arry?"

Harry rubbed his eyes, feeling the drowsiness cooming back full force. God, he was so fed up with this. Ben never got drunk. Not like this, at least. He could barely stand. He felt alert and sober all of the sudden, the idea of going home and sleeping seemed so foreign to him now. He had to get Ben home somehow.
"Ok, what happened?"

But Ben only looked at him, frowned for a moment and then smiled at him again. Harry felt like he smoke something hard because this was way too weird, even for him, and he had seen things.

"Well," he was about to leave Ben to fend for himself but then though against it, because Ben would never leave him all alone and drunk at a club, doesn't matter that it was the club where they worked at,"how about you come with me? Take a walk, talk about life?" His suddenly sweet voice that sounded way too weird hurt his own fucking ears.

"Oly tak'a walk, no'talkin. I'ate talkin."

'Yeah, you ate all the talk, I bet.' Harry thought amused, 'you ate my sleep, too!' He sighed and went to help, well more like pick, Ben off of the stool he was sitting on and headed for the near exit. The dark alley looked as always familiar and brought memories back. He shooked his head and directed his attention on Ben. He stopped on the sidewalk in front of the club and hailed for a cab.

The yellow thing stopped in front of them. Harry searched Ben for money for the cab because, well he likes Ben but not that much, and tried to remember Ben's address to tell it to the driver.

"Youh sad we gonna walk!" Ben's slouched figure was getting harder to uphold and Harry was so done with him he throwed the drunk man in the back of the cab and gave the money to the driver.

"'arry, wait.. got somethin'tell youu!" Ben was yelling but the car was already in motion and Harry never had the chance to ask what it was.

He sighed and decided to put that on his list of 'The strangest things that happened to him'.

But when he turned to walk home he stopped frozen. In front of him stood Riddle, tall and powerful in all his glory. Behind him were two bodyguards again, Axel who was smiling at him cruelly and oh, the one who fucking waved a gun at him the other night.

Riddle smiled.

Harry's insides churned.

Fuck, he looked livid.

He tilted his head and assed Harry silently, nobody said anything and there was only silence. Harry would have found it funny how no people left the club, although it was already closed, but still, or how no cars passed.

Riddle still observed him, Harry wanted to take a step back, he so desperately wanted to but he found out he couldn't, his limbs stopped working all the sudden.

They were alone and the silence between them was so hard to bear.

Then Riddle looked behind Harry, in the direction the cab took off and kept his stare there.

"Interesting friend you got there. He sounded so urgent when he wanted to tell you that something."

Harry blinked, confused. What?

"Also," and at this Riddle started walking and circling the still stunned Harry,"interesting morning I had, too!" He had his hands in his pockets with an air of laziness around him.
He stopped behind Harry now and the latter wanted to turn back so badly, but he still couldn't. A breath ghosted on his neck and a hand curled around his trembling arms. He did both a sound of 'tsk tsk' like it was mocking and a sound of 'shhh-ing' like it was soothing.

"I woke up alone when I should have woken up to this soft sleepy body besides me." At this Riddle started kissing Harry's neck gently, almost lovingly.

Harry tried to open his mouth and give a retort but he found himself he couldn't, the kisses and the hand that started to caress his shoulders felt too good. It was distracting him and Riddle knew that.

"There should have been a pretty compliant mouth waiting for my cock and a greedy hole that couldn't wait to be stuffed."

Now he started biting. Hard.

Harry's whimper wouldn't have been so embarrassing if it wasn't for his dick twitching in his pants. He was still facing Riddle's bodyguards who were looking at them with their blank faces. But they were nonetheless still looking. Riddle didn't order them to turn around or leave and Harry wanted to throw up a little at that thought. This was a sort of punishment. Treating Harry like this in front of his men was both Riddle staking his claim on Harry and Harry being used like a little slut. Like he was nothing.

At least Riddle's words weren't loud enough to be heard by the others, but still, Harry felt dirty.

"But you know what I woke up too?"

Fuck, he was good but not that good. And Harry was already dirty and intimidated and it wasn't the first time he felt and was treated like he was nothing so if the bastard thought he could manipulate and break Harry, he was fucking wrong.

So he had it coming anyway.

"A morning wood and no Harry in the room?" Harry said innocently. "Bet it hurt! But I don't know which more, your boner or your fucking pride... hm!" And at this Harry made a humming noise, like he was deep in thought. Inwardly he smiled, two can fucking play at this game.

Riddle left his back and appeared in his face way to fast for Harry's already tired eyes and mind. There was a hand on his neck, squeezing hard and lips on his, taking all the air from Harry. He couldn't breathe and his vision was starting to become blurry. Fuck. Riddle was just looking at him blankly, his eyes burning with an intensity that frightened Harry. He tried putting his hands on Riddle's wrists to stop him but the bastard was way stronger.

For a moment he truly thought he was gonna die, and because of what? A bad comeback?

But Riddle stopped as soon as he started and kept his face in Harry's own one, his breath who oddly smelled of blood and liqour hitting Harry hard.

"You think you are funny?"

Harry would say in his defense that he was running on no hours of sleep and bad sex.

"I think I'm the funniest, you know why? Because I left but you thought I would have stayed. You. Literally. Thought. That's one hell of a joke." Harry could barely tilt his head with Riddle's hands
that although stopped squeezing were still on his throat, but he did it and it mimicked a mocking
gesture. Yeah, Harry was fucking good at this. Making people as miserable as he was.

If Harry could have seen Riddle's bodyguards he would have mimicked their expression because they
were one of pure fear and they had their fucking reasons too, but he couldn’t see them so he kept his
own proud one. Riddle stared for a while and Harry's satisfaction at his remark disappeared for good
when instead of anger or hurt, Riddle smiled dangerously.

"Oh, I must admit, you sure are funny. But you know what? Hmm? I'm funny too. And I'm gonna
fucking make you laugh!"

Harry gulped.

Chapter End Notes

Lemme know what you think.
Drop of blood on my tongue.

Chapter Summary

"I thought I saw the devil
This morning
Looking in the mirror."

Chapter Notes

Warning: violence or I think it is, it's not that explicit.

I'm back!! You guys are lucky, I decided to skip school this week(yeah, I actually have the guts to do that) so I had time for this.

Ok, so..
Except Tom, all the other important characters are from my real life, so he is the hardest to write. His character is almost as complex as Harry's so I need a lot of time and peace and y'know, TIME!

I hope you like him and me and this story and Harry(him you probably won't) and AJ bc he's my baby!

So enjoy and lemme know what you think!

Love,

Sfk

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Same limo, well it looked like the other one so Harry assumed it was the same. Same position, on his knees, and Harry didn't know if Riddle got a sick satisfaction of seeing him in this vulnerable position or Harry was too dirty for his leathered seats, either way, Riddle still hasn’t invited him to take a seat. The fucking bastard that used to act so polite was gone from the picture now. He let his own bodyguards haul Harry into the car and Harry hasn’t moved an inch since he was thrown on the limo’s floor.

But Riddle was not staring at Harry this time, instead he opted on keeping his eyes constantly on the scenarios that passed by as the car kept moving forward. He was staring at the window and Harry was staring at him.

It was probably the first time Harry got a chance to look at his on-going kidnapper. He was perfectly right about one thing and it even pissed him more. Tom Riddle was a truly handsome man.

His hair, which was a dark brown, was slicked back and looked almost too perfect, not even a strand of it being out of place, while Harry’s own messy hair could not be tamed, not even a little bit. And
Harry thought this contrast was not only between their hairs but also between their lives too. He didn’t know Tom that well but what he knew was that this guy had it all figured it out. His life was probably too easy; he had too much money, cars and bodyguards that would never let something bad happen to their boss.

Well, if the way he acts and carries himself, with a natural elegance and grace, and his confidence are saying something, is that this guy controls things and manipulates people until they cave and everybody does what he wants.

Now Harry wasn’t that sure about that one but he does look like someone who could make you do anything, even if you actually don’t want to. Perfect example? Harry himself.

Ok, maybe Harry’s traitorous body had a say in it. And yeah, he was kind of a slut and the guy looked nice and all but still, Riddle had that dangerous vibe around him. Maybe the way he was in control with himself while Harry was a total mess of emotions and contradictions, made him be so attractive because his sparkly personality sure didn’t. Harry caved too soon (he shouldn’t have done it at all), but in his defense, he hadn’t actually thought that Riddle would want a second time or would be interested at all, really.. so, that leaves him a little confused at the moment.

Ok, yeah, Riddle truly was the man Harry only hoped to, but will never be. And Harry hated him more and more, and each minute that passed weighed down on him.

There was a reason why Harry even liked men in the first place. And yeah, biologically speaking, he was gay and all... but mostly, he was always just entranced with the way men speak and act and control themselves, so very different than women and girls. Like his dad’s friends that were too old for him to lust after and who came to visit very often, all looking so perfect in their suits while they were smoking cigars in the backyard and were speaking about politics (he was not that sure though, he never actually listened to them, only liked to stare at their pretty thin lips).

And he hated to admit but he admired Riddle in a way. Maybe that’s why he’ll never say the thing between them was rape because it wasn’t. He admired and wanted to fuck him, and that’s enough of a reason to fuck someone, but that doesn’t mean he didn’t hate him.

His thoughts kept circling around his already tired mind, all the while he stared at the powerful man in front of him who gave him no mind.

He found himself speaking before he could even process the words.

“I’m tired.”

No take me home, no please fuck me fast so I could sleep, no I don’t want you, want this.

Riddle directed his attention on Harry lazily, taking his time in admiring the beautiful young man on his knees in front of him, who was having a sort of tired-look on his face. Except it was not that tiredness that would go away with sleep, but that tiredness that never went away.

This kid was tired of himself.

He was hunched, all withdrawn in himself and staring shyly at him. But it was burning shyness, one that wasn’t faked or coming from a weak person. Just a shyness that never went away from the very first years of his life, a shyness that could be easily replaced with boldness and temporal confidence if only just for a few minutes.
God helped him but he liked this kid.

Maybe because in his line of work there were few people who always looked honest and sincere and who played their emotions on their faces. This kid was like a fresh breath of air compared to all of those manipulating snakes.

This kid was a breath fresh of air compared to himself.

He tilted his head a little, furrowing his eyebrows and regarding him silently. Why the sudden admission?

While the kid has his emotions on his face, his words though were few and brutal, never telling the truth if he didn’t really had to. But he understood where the kid was beating.

He simply nodded and waited for the car to stop.

Harry was ushered from the car silently by Riddle, with a hand on his lower back and one on his upper arm. Both hands were there to offer comfort and assistance and although Harry noticed, he paid the fact no mind, not impressed or happy about it, only ignorant. Like he was with all the things he did in life.

They entered the same building, the building Harry assumed by now that it was one of Riddle’s own, and they passed the same receptionist who smiled at them happily and bid them a good night. Neither of the two men responded back or even glanced towards her. Harry was too tired and could barely hold himself up and Tom had only one goal in his mind, to get Harry into his bed.

Harry heard one of the bodyguards stop and talk to the beautiful lady, but he couldn’t quite tell which one of them was, the voice was a little familiar but only slightly. Maybe it was Axel, maybe it was Axis, but to Harry all the bodyguards spoke the same, harsh and direct. Then he stopped his train of thoughts altogether, scowling at himself for even tiring his mind more with these unimportant matters.

Riddle was still gripping his arm now, while with the other he pressed on the elevator’s button. They waited in silence.

Riddle’s presence was suffocating though and Harry couldn’t stop himself from squirming. The way he sat, straight and tall, with the other hand, that wasn’t on Harry’s arm, in his pants’ pocket and with an air of laziness that was mixed with a little bit of impatience, made him look so beautifully dangerous, all without even trying to.

He looked like he was going to war… but he was simply waiting for an elevator.

The ding was hard on their both ears, breaking the silence between them and making Harry jump a little. When they entered and turned around, the lobby was deserted with no receptionist or bodyguards around. Harry exhaled and the doors closed, leaving him with Riddle all alone.

But he didn’t do anything and the hand that was still on his arm was only gripping lightly. The seconds were excruciating. Harry didn’t want to be here. He wanted his peaceful neighborhood and his lonely apartment and no presence around him. But instead he got one big Penthouse, cold walls and a man that was looking at him with both sick infatuation and confusion.

They headed towards what he remembered to be the bedroom. The room was still the same, still
looking lonely and cold, still with a big-ass window that overlooked that city and still with the same white bed. But he didn’t care anymore, he just wanted to sleep.

Tom put him on the bed; his actions were gentle but firm. When he tried to take Harry’s jacket off he was met with a whimper.

“Only the jacket. You can sleep in your clothes.” Harry huffed and nodded, letting himself be manhandled by Tom until he was in a position Riddle was satisfied with. His eyes were already closed and body already relaxed. He was slipping in the unconsciousness when he felt a hand on his forehead and a gentle voice reaching his ears. “Sleep now!”

No sex, no suck me or any other sexual activity except this. Sleeping.

Well, this he could do.

----

Tom stared at the city below him. His city. The big window let him see a good proportion of London, with its beautiful buildings and its prominent color. Grey. His hands were in his pockets, his shoulders were stiff and his stature was almost prepared-like. He lost his suit jacket somewhere in the room, but even without it and only in his white immaculate shirt he still managed to look intimidating and powerful.

And an intimidating and powerful man like him could do anything but good when his mind was full of ‘those’ thoughts. He sighed and blinked, probably the only downgrading emotion he let out in the past 24 hours. And wasn’t it also great that his walls and tough façade were crumbling whenever he chanced a look towards the sleeping body in his bed?

He stared at the beautiful sight for almost an hour now but for he felt it was only a couple of seconds. The mop of curly and messy hair was the only visible thing to him now on the big white bed; the kid must have hid under the covers when he wasn’t paying attention.

The lump was going up and down and Tom was feeling gratitude and fascination and all kinds of shitty feelings only looking at a kid that was breathing air. He felt suddenly out of control, the morning coming back at him in full force. The contrast between his bed now and then is huge, and his happiness at it being occupied by a certain someone was nagging him.

He felt too happy just because a kid was unconscious in his bed.

Feeling blood between his hands, or a powerful gun going off, or people begging and crying for his mercy, or loads of money on his accounts, that was what made him happy. Not a skinny kid sleeping a few meters near him. If he will think too much about it, HIM, he would surely get a migraine, instead he opted for closing his eyes and relaxing himself.

Talking about blood…

He left the bedroom, throwing one last glance at the little and curled up all in itself lump, and the fondness that was on his face just a few seconds ago when he couldn’t help but be satisfied that the kid was in his bed and safe of all harm, was gone once he came face to face with the man sitting on
his couch, sipping from a glass.

He didn’t know if he should be insulted or amused by AJ demeanor towards him. The man was way too comfortable in his presence, with a too boyish attitude that, fortunately, didn’t lack any respect but... still, AJ was like a bigger and meaner version of Harry, if only for their temper and nothing else. Because he couldn’t see himself fucking this man or feeling anything towards him except maybe respect.

He cleared his throat and AJ jumped slightly, leaving the couch in one fast stride and nodding at his boss. Good, Tom thought, at least he still has some brains left from all that drinking and fucking around.

Tom headed for the bar lazily, his steps silent on the hard floor of his living room. He took his sweet time, pouring liquor in a glass and turning around to sit himself on one of the couches, laying one leg on the other and staring with a perceiving look. Time for business.

“I see you already served yourself,” and at this he nodded towards AJ’s glass who in return smiled boyishly, with maybe a little embarrassment, “so let’s start.”

AJ exhaled and all playfulness left his face the moment his posture straightened more. This is what he liked most about AJ, when it came down to business he didn’t play or slack off. He reminded Riddle of himself, a little too determined and straightforward in his pursue of gaining power. He didn’t lack the brains either, but he had a long way until Riddle could put him on his list of rivals… and what a short list that was.

“Of course, sir. Do you want me to start from the beginning?”

Riddle only stared at him blankly.

“Right. I got there around 11 and I started minding my own business, stopping to say hello and chat with some people, you know, not to look too obvious by going straight to the bar and starting a conversation with him. So I waited a bit and then headed his way. I couldn’t see that he was busy speaking with other people because I would have been near them from the beginning… you know how the club is, the corner around-”

“Of course I know my own damn club, Lackey! Get on with it.” Riddle’s harsh voice stopped his rant.

“I- of course, sir. I’m sorry. Uh. So when I was heading towards him I was surprised I couldn’t take a stool because there were already people sitting on them. But the ones that caught my eye were a girl with short hair and tall man who were already speaking to Potter. And by the looks of it, it wasn’t a good conversation either. I got the chance to get closer to them when a girl not sitting very far left her stool so I took my seat and tried to listen to what they were saying. It wasn’t actually really hard because his friends were yelling a little and while his tone wasn’t exactly loud, it was kind of harsh, so I could hear them clearly and with no problem. Uh,” and at this AJ looked down for a moment. When he glanced at Tom, his boss was clearly intrigued because he was arching his eyebrows and his eyes were tracing AJ’s every moves,” they were having a fight.”

“A fight?” At this Tom arched his eyebrows even higher.

“Yes boss, his friends were both against him and he looked out of place and a little sad. I mean, as I got to know him better I realized that is just the way he is, sad, but in that moment he looked sadder,
if that was the case."

At this Tom furrowed his eyebrows but said nothing, so AJ continued.

“They, uh, they were accusing him of not keeping in touch with them, or that he was ignoring him or something. I didn’t actually get what their point was but Potter became suddenly very closed off and defensive.” AJ was almost as good as reading body language as Tom was, that is why he put him on this job in the first place.

“He told them he just isn’t like that(whatever that means’), he just doesn’t text or call all the time and when he was accused by his friend that he doesn’t even call home, he… uh, he confirmed.” At this AJ laughed a little, with no amusement in his tone. “I think, Tom, that your boy isn’t that good at keeping people around him, not even his family.”

Tom only stared blankly and didn’t say a thing, his mind going miles per minute. Interesting.

“From what I could understand from their conversation slash argument, is that Potter has social anxiety and his friends seemed to be unaware of that and also that he kind of doesn’t give a fuck about that, about them knowing or caring. Well, more like he doesn’t give a fuck about everything, if I am right. You got yourself, sir, a troublemaker.” Tom only sipped from his drink.

“His friends are, uh, interesting. The girl, Ana St. P., looks like a tomboy, with short, blonde hair and petite, lovely face. Although she was dressed in a dress, she looked uncomfortable in it. The boy, Gabe C.D., is tall with broad shoulders, he looks weird and his gestures are even worse. Although they look like some special cases too, they uh, seemed more confident than I ever saw Harry be in the three hours I was in his presence. They are not exactly the friends one like Potter would have-”

At this Tom cut AJ off and tilted his head, his posture screaming curiosity. He didn’t actually missed the way AJ talked about Harry, calling him by his last name with a formal and impersonal tone. That was good, but still…

“One like Potter?”

AJ shrugged and played with his glass which was now empty of any drink.

“Yeah, y’know boss, gorgeous, talented and smart person. Who seems special to you from the very first moment you meet him.”

“Careful now, if I wouldn’t know better, I would think that you have a crush.” Tom smiled, all sharp teeth and purpose.

AJ nervously smiled back, his usually tall stature stood a little hunched now, letting Tom see his submissiveness and the innocent purpose behind that statement. Tom nodded satisfied, it was always nice to see tall and powerful-looking men like AJ bow before him.

“Why do you think that way?”

“They look like outcasts, and I strongly think they are. Potter, for all his intentions of being, is not one. And I think the only reason why he is even friends with them in the first place is because hanging with them means he is one of them too.”

“He is using them, you think?” Tom asked softly.
AJ gulped. “I’m not trying to insinuate anything or insult him, sir, I- I’m just saying what I saw and understood from the little interaction I had with him this evening.”

Tom waved at him as to say it’s not a big deal.

“He is trying to stay low and, I. I don’t think he likes the attention to be on him. At all.”

“He doesn’t, huh?” Tom said thoughtfully, his attention now directed at the carpet.

“No, sir. And he usually acts insecure.. unless” and here was the hard part “when is about fucking someone.”

Tom lifted his head, his glare throwing daggers at the man standing and reporting in front of him.

AJ gulped. The brief call in which he told Riddle about Potter and the college student was the most anxious and nervous call he had ever made.

“His name is Chan Moore, he is a college student and he is majoring in Economics. He has a baby sister who is 16 years old and her name is Kayla Moore, his father, John Moore, is a CEO to his own not-so-big company. His mother, Leila Moore, is a nice lady who wears a lot of jewelry. Also their charity events are being held annually. Am I wrong so far?”

“No, sir!” AJ wasn’t surprised that Riddle already knew these things. It was stupid not to be aware of every little detail if you are in this business. He admired his boss for that and for his blank face and emotionless voice too. He was talking about the boy that his lover fucked only hours ago, after all.

“Anything else?” Tom asked.

“He’s a closeted gay. He hasn’t come out yet and he has a quite beautiful girlfriend, Christina is her name, she’s majoring in business.”

Tom tilted his head on the left side, looking obviously bored.

Important information, right.

“Chan came sometime during 2:30 AM and ordered two shots. Potter gave him vodka. He asked Potter if he would drink with him and they downed the shots in front of my own eyes. Chan asked your boy if he wanted to dance but the latter declined. Not because he didn’t want to, but because he was working. When I said something about him declining Chan’s offer, he shrugged and told me they would probably fuck until the end of the night.”

AJ threw a quick look at his boss who was still staring at him. He turned his attention on his still empty glass, feeling more anxious and uncomfortable. Riddle kind of does that to people.

“He went to look for him not too long after that, and uh-” ..

“Yes?” Riddle voice was too soft, way too soft and gentle.

“They fucked in the bathroom. Uh, right there. Their moans could be heard if someone was near the door.”
He glanced at his boss, who was still looking at him… but his jaw was clenching and unclenching.

“Tell me,” AJ didn’t actually wanted to tell him anything now. “Did my boy liked it? Was he into it?”

What? What kind of question is that? If he says yes, Riddle would probably kill him, if he says no, he would lie and Riddle doesn’t like liars.

“I’m sorry, sir, wha-”

“It was a simple question. Answer it.”

“Well, his moans, I mean.. I-I guess yes sir, but I-”

He was cut off again. Riddle was already standing, leaving the couch and his glass on the coffee table.

“That would be all, AJ. Thank you. Goodnight.”

AJ tried again although the tension between them screamed danger.

“Sir, I-” but then he thought that that wouldn’t do. “Man, Tom-”

They were friends, to an extent. Riddle held his hand, cutting him off, and with the other he ran it through his hair, the first sign of an anxiety that AJ until now never saw on his boss/friend’s face.

“Ok, yeah. Goodnight, sir!” he spoke slowly.

He turned to exit the room, heading towards the elevator when he remembered.

“Tom, sir…” Riddle was heading for the mini-bar when he looked up at him.

“There is one thing that I forgot.” Seeing that he caught Riddle’s attention, he exhaled and prepared for the next words that will leave his mouth. “As an ex cocaine-addicted I know the signs very well myself. I’m not saying your boy is one, just that tonight he was obviously with it in his system.”

Coke, Riddle thought. Coke.

You got to be fucking kidding me.

But instead he nodded at AJ, thanking him for his good work and promising rewards in return.

He poured a drink in a new glass, forgetting about the other one, forgetting about how much or little he should drink, forgetting about everything actually. The only think on his mind was the sleeping lump in his bed.

Fucking coke.

---

Harry was a enigma, a complicated puzzle, a mix of contradicted emotions, a paradox. He never met a human quite like him in all his 34 years. But he would break him, get to know him, crumble his
walls down and make him bleed. He would do anything.

He was never this frustrated. His business was doing perfectly and when it didn’t, he would solve all the problems and be done with it. There was never a challenge he didn’t take or didn’t win.

But now, staring at the peacefully sleeping body in front of him, he felt impatient and couldn’t hold himself still for at least a moment. His hands kept running through his now messy hair(something that rarely happened) and his eyes kept moving over all of Harry’s features.

He hated this. Feeling out of control and helpless. Because you can’t just say to someone, hi, I’m not in love with you or anything, but I’m kind of obsessed with you from the very first moment I saw you, you know? You were looking at my office building and you were wearing a sweater too big for you and your shoulders were naked and your hair was black, black like the night sky and messy, and you had an amazed kind of look on you, and then you smiled at a chubby kid who was staring at you too and was probably falling in love with you just like me.. and no! NO! no in love. But I’m infatuated with you and I’m confused because I’ve never felt like this but I’m Tom Riddle, I’m the perfect example of what control means and I just… I don’t know? You don’t seem to like me and I don’t know what to do about that.

Fuck. He can’t do this.

He left the bedroom in a hurry; his movements lacking the usual grace Tom used to have. He was impatient and scared. Yes, scared.

He found his jacket on the couch, put it on and took his phone out.

“Bring the car in the front, I will be downstairs in no more than 5 minutes. And call Axel, I want Moore!”

He spoke a little too harsh so he stopped himself and inhaled. He needed to relax. His bodyguards did nothing to deserve his wrath, it was his own damn fault for having feelings and not knowing what to do with them in the first place.

He entered the car, nodding to his driver and Axis.

“Where is Atlas?”

“Already at the warehouse, sir. AJ told him.”

For the very first time that night, he truly smiled.

As he was sitting in the moving car thinking about all the fun he would have, he failed to notice how infatuation, obsession and fear were not the only emotions he was feeling. Jealousy was among them, too. In fact, jealousy was the strongest of them all. But he couldn’t process the fact that he was jealous on a college student who was a closeted gay too, or that he was jealous at all. He had everything, he was everything. A god doesn’t do jealousy.

If he was a Christian he would have known that even the God they were all worshipping, felt jealousy from time to time.
The warehouse was all surrounded by darkness. There was only one light and it was directed to the figure standing in a chair, all tied up. He had a tape on his mouth, his eyes were already in tears and he had two big bruises near his left eye.

Atlas already started without him.

He didn’t know if he should be grateful to him for the pain he already inflicted or be mad the kid was beaten and he hadn’t been there to watch.

Axis already brought a chair for him to seat so he took it, seating with a little more grace than he had minutes ago. The car ride gave him time to think and to relax.

He stayed in the shadows. The victim was in the lit centre of the warehouse and he couldn’t see anyone beside Atlas who was nodding at Riddle when he saw him arriving. He turned his back after that, redirecting his attention on his victim.

Riddle blinked. Atlas threw a punch. He was his biggest bodyguard, that’s why he was his personal one too. Although big and full of muscles, he wasn’t dumb or only relaying on his strength. He was his best man at strategy.

While Axis was the informant/quiet/deranged bodyguard and Axel was his hacker/flirty/crazy one, Atlas was his first employee besides Leo, who was his right-hand man. Both of them were the only persons Riddle could trust with his life.

A kick at his legs, one at his right ribs, one at his gut.

“Not the head. I want him sober and awake for a long time. I want him to suffer.”

For what? Because he fucked your not-actually-lover (you both met only two days ago and you aren’t even together yet), lover who left and went on his merry way, leaving you a littlebrokenhearted?

Because said lover went and shagged this kid once? They will probably never meet again.

Why put the police on your head if this Moore kid decides to snitch? His already decision of being kept in the dark ant not being there throwing punches excluded that possibility.

Ok, his mind asked for the last time, why beat him though?

Probably because I’m feeling all kind of funny shit right now, I’m confused and scared and Harry fucked this guy the day after he fucked me and…

Oh, there is it. He is fucking hurt. He is… jealous.

Jealous?!

He blinked again. A punch in his stomach. Two at his chest.

The kid was screaming, the tape muffling his voice. He looked quite sober now, although the way his eyes were moving, disoriented and hazy, was a sign the kid was still a little drunk.

“Cut the tape. I want to hear him!”
Atlas stopped just so Axis could free Moore’s mouth.

Then he started screaming. And boy, did he scream.

Atlas stopped suddenly and turned to his boss. Riddle nodded. Atlas crunched to the kid's eyes level and started talking, voice commandind and loud.

"Harry Potter? It rings a bell?"

The kid was obviously confused.

"The skinny art student who you fucked hours ago?" Moore's eyes went wide. Tom grimaced.

"Know him yeah?" The kid nodded, scared and dazed. "This is your last warning, don't ever come near him again!"

Atlas delivered a last punch, knocking him out. Riddle left the warehouse only slightly relaxed and calmed. His mood still bitter, but the kid’s screams were sure an indulged sweet.

Only the thought that a warm sleeping body was waiting for him at home lifted his mood.

Chapter End Notes

almost 5K
whaaat?
am I good or am I good?
Cover me up. Cuddle me in.

Chapter Summary

"I was made to keep your body warm
But I'm cold as the wind blows so hold me in your arms."

Chapter Notes

At first I wanted to make Tom deny his own feelings but then I thought, how is he still brilliant and so powerful if he is not aware of his own being?

So tada, and smut scene for someone comenting about Harry not walking for a week, here is it..

Enjoy and idk, lemme know what you think, comments are love!

warning: asphyxiation kink

Sfk

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Life has it’s strange ways of making you as miserable as it can. Of course there are choices and decisions you make but at the end of the day, sitting in your bed, you think there was nothing you could have done. You can only fuck up so many times until you don’t care anymore and just go with the flow. Life has it’s strange ways, yeah, but yours aren’t any better sometimes.

His fingers are twitching, something he does for years now, for a cigarette. Or maybe three. Or maybe a full packet, because waking up in the same room, Riddle’s room, twice now it’s frightening.

This is turning up into a habit, and he has way too many. And he’s getting used to a habit way too easy.

And isn’t that a frightening thought?

There were eyes on him, piercing through him, trying to decipher his whole being and he couldn’t help but to snort. Well good luck with that. He ran a hand through his hair, thought about bolting the room, the Penthouse, hell, the country but he sighed instead. He never fought for the things he wanted… he wouldn’t start now.

Well here goes nothing.

“That’s creepy.”
Riddle was sitting on a chair near the bed Harry was laying in. His right leg was folded on his left causally and in one hand he had a glass with liquor, most likely. His head was tilted on one side and his eyes were resting on Harry’s form, burning.

That did things to Harry’s both groin and his stomach. Fuck.

“Excuse me, what?”

Ever so polite. The fucker.

“Your staring, it’s creepy.”

Riddle’s lips turned a little upwards, a mocking grin or a smug smirk. Harry didn’t know. It was way too early to give a fuck, anyway.

“Oh, that’s the least thing you need to worry about right now.”

Harry was confused. He was kidnapped a second time by this rich, powerful bastard. What could be worse than this?

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

Riddle left his seat, his posture tall and straight and proud. Nobody should look or feel like that in the morning. It was illegal.

Riddle started talking the same time he started undressing.

“I watched you the whole night… tracing your features and memorizing them with my eyes. Stared at you for hours. Somehow, I still can’t get enough of you.”

If it wasn’t for the situation between them Harry would have admitted that was sweet and romantic, but coming from Riddle’s mouth that sounded almost like a threat.

“Your hair has a life of it’s own” at this Harry snorted, “your eyes are the darkest shade of green I’ve ever seen.”

“My eyes were closed.” Harry spoke, trying to shift the conversation into something less intimate and more impersonal and amusing. He failed.

“Your lips are just too perfect.” Riddle already lost his shirt and pants, his front and arm’s muscles looking way too big and strong for Harry’s liking. Of course the fucker was so strong, his actions may look like he was a gentle and elegant person but his form stated otherwise. Harry’s own lith and lean muscles couldn’t stand a chance to Riddle’s own. “Not too big or thin. Attached to my dick, and sucking it like your life’s on the line makes them even more perfect.”

Riddle had both his knees on the bed now and his posture screamed danger. Harry tried to put distance between them, but his legs were entangled in the sheets and he cursed his way of sleeping. The moment the back of his head touched the headboard he gave up. He never had the chance of bolting, this time. He was doomed from the start.

Riddle titled his head on one side, the same old gesture he does every time he mocks Harry.

“You do know that your life it’s on the line?!”

Tom didn’t want Harry to know about his business. It wasn’t that he was afraid of what the kid would do or worse, if the kid would leave him. No. Harry was trapped and the faster the kid knew it,
the better. There was no going back or running from him.

If showing him just a glimpse of what he can do will make the kid submit and acknowledge Riddle’s power over him, well, he will do it.

Harry stared, entranced by the sight in front of him. Riddle was something else, for sure. He let the remark of his lips attached to the bastard’s dick slide; he never cared nor was hurt of degrading comments. But when the threat came he couldn’t help but to freeze.

“What do you mean?” He looked into Riddle’s eyes, searching for the lie. It wasn’t there.

“I thought hard and long and finally I discovered the reason why you didn’t want to date me or fuck me. Tell me, it’s because I’m too confident and powerful or too dangerous? Or maybe… both?”

Riddle’s hands were on his sides, caging him and stating the fact that he lost his chance of ever getting out. Like he already knew, he was trapped.

“Are you scared?” His tongue was tracing Harry’s neck vein and his right hand caressed Harry’s arm, applying pressure here and there. “That I’ll make you fall in love?”

Riddle’s knees came between Harry’s own, parting them and taking his rightfully spot.

“That I’ll make you love this, me, too much.” He kissed Harry’s shoulders, then sucked, then blew on them. Harry’s first moan that morning came when Riddle started biting and sucking his jaw. It was such an animal-thing to do that his primal instinct was to surrender and like it.

“S-stop!” He tried, god knew he tried, but he was never caressed or kissed or held like this and it felt so good.

“You hate me, don’t you? I can see it in your eyes. They are burning with such hate.” His big hands were on Harry’s love handles, squeezing hard and painfully. Leaving bruises.

Harry laughed, because as turned on he was, he still could hear the bullshit that came out of the fucker’s mouth. Hate? The most he could do for people is give them his indifference.

“But that’s okay baby, you know why? Because hate is better than nothing.” Harry could feel Tom’s arousal poking in his thigh. It was as big as he remembered it to be and as deliciously looking. God, how he hated this man. And god how he liked him too.

“Hate is perfect, actually. Hate is stronger than most things-”

Harry cut him off, not standing to hear him anymore.

“You are deluding yourself, mate. You aren’t that important to me, you’ll never be that important to me!” He looked up from Riddle’s massive and beautiful boner to his gorgeous face. Yes, the bastard was perfect. Was everything Harry wanted in a man. He was also a bastard and a jerk. Harry couldn’t forget that.

“No?” Riddle grinned maniacally.

Well this is not good, Harry thought. Rejection usually turns people off. But no Riddle, god forbid Riddle be like the normal people.

Riddle tilted his head and kept grinning. His right hand moved downwards while his left moved upwards. One settled on Harry’s hard dick and the other on his soft neck. Both squeezed and took
Harry’s breath away. (author’s note: what a pun! I’m ashamed of myself)

Tom started jerking Harry’s dick slowly, painfully slow while with the other he applied pressure for a few moments and then stopped. He had complete control over Harry’s both pleasure and breathing. He stood big and towering over Harry’s small and hunched figure and until now Harry never had a size kink. And seeing and feeling how Riddle’s own dick twitch at their size too, his own one got harder if that was even possible.

He was in heaven, and remembering last night fuck he inwardly laughed, that was nothing like this. Riddle’s hands were big enough and his voice was deathly enough and Harry was feeling helpless enough. Enough to scream Riddle’s name and came over his hand and his own stomach.

Riddle laughed, his face happy and eyes twinkling.

“You see Harry, I can give you all… take you across the limit and beyond. Even make you come like a teenager and make you scream my name like you know I own you. Make you mine.”

Riddle’s right hand went to Riddle’s own mouth and his tongue came out and playfully started to clean two of his digits that were covered in Harry’s cum. Riddle’s grin and eyes were playful. And Harry had never been that turned on. Never.

Riddle stopped sucking his fingers at one point and then moved his hand behind Harry’s balls, stopping at Harry’s opening and tracing his rim with the two fingers that were still covered in cum. Tom’s left hand left his neck and moved to Harry’s mouth, his fingers intruding and going in. His fingers were long and they could have easily touched Harry’s throat but Tom left them on Harry’s tongue.

“Suck!” Harry started lapping, intrigued and a little angry.

The order was finale, they would fuck and the only lube he will get will be his own cum and saliva. The fucker.

Soon Riddle inserted his fingers in Harry’s hole, their slide was easy and smooth. If Tom would only fuck Harry like this, Harry wouldn’t mind. The fingers were long enough to ah, fuck, touch his prostate and big enough for Harry to feel full.

But then Tom started to fuck Harry’s mouth too. Both hands went forward and then back at the same time and the same pace and Harry felt like he was in heaven. His both mouth and hole were stuffed and full and it was bliss.

The sounds were sins to Harry’s ears. His moans that were half-way cut by Tom’s digits and the skin hitting on skin were too dirty, too hot. He was hard again and he was feeling hazy for his last orgasm and he wanted, he wanted… he didn’t know what he wanted but he knew that whatever Riddle wanted he already got because Harry was a mess. A mess for him.

Riddle fingers were taking up the pace now and Harry was about to come again. Riddle stopped (and Harry’s mushy brain couldn’t fathom the thought that Riddle knew when he was on the breaking point) exactly when he was about to come.

“Noo! Come on!” Harry sneered and whined, letting his displeasure known.

Riddle chuckled and patted his thigh. “Shh, shh.” He tried soothing but Harry was aware of his mocking tone.

His fingers that were fucking Harry’s mouth went to his hole instead and Harry was now fucked
open with four slippery fingers that felt so good. His toes were digging into the sheets and his hips were trying to go into Riddle’s direction, seeking more pleasure and fullness.

“I-I... your… not enough!” He whined, not beg, never beg, for something bigger and better.

If Riddle’s grin could be smugger it would have been, but Harry’s eyes were closed so he couldn’t see. But he could feel, and god he felt good.“There, there.. shh!” Riddle said gentle and cruel at the same time.

He took his left hand and ran it through Harry’s hai. He gripped it and pulled, hard.

“Aaah!” Harry’s eyes went open and wide and his mouth formed an ‘o’. That hurt!

“Look at me! That’s right.” His fingers were now soothing Harry’s soft scalp. “Tell me what you want? Specifically.”

Harry narrowed his eyebrows in confusion. What?

Riddle took his fingers out and with both his hands he parted Harry’s knees further when the latter still remained confused. He took his own dick in one of his hands and proceeded to trace Harry’s rim with it.

If Harry though that was hot, well nobody needed to know. Harry’s own hands fled to Riddle’s hair. The latter traced Harry’s jaw and looking into Harry eyes, he asked.

“What do you want? You want my dick?” His voice was seductive as well as harsh. He pushed the head of his dick a little, but only a little and Harry wanted more, way more.

“Oh come one!” Harry’s hips with which he was trying to impale himself on the other’s dick were stopped, Tom’s hand squeezing and bruising them as always.

“No. Tell me.. Harry. You want it? You have to earn it.” His cock was entering and leaving Harry’s hole but it wasn’t enough for Harry whose eyes almost produced tears from the desperation at not feeling stretched and full. He was acting like a bitch, he knew… but at the moment he didn’t give a fuck.

“No!” He won’t do it. The bastard could rot in hell for all he cared. Suddenly he didn’t felt all pliant and blissful anymore. He started scratching and kicking Riddle, not to get free but to get closer. He wanted Riddle’s cock and he would get it. End of the story. He didn’t owe Riddle a thing.

“No!” He won’t do it. The bastard could rot in hell for all he cared. Suddenly he didn’t felt all pliant and blissful anymore. He started scratching and kicking Riddle, not to get free but to get closer. He wanted Riddle’s cock and he would get it. End of the story. He didn’t owe Riddle a thing.

“No! Bastard, either you fuck me or let me go. ” His nails was breaking Riddle’s back skin and the bastard deserved it.

But it seemed he was not the only masochist if Riddle’s hiss and dick entering him a little more had anything to say.

“No can do. Either you beg or we will be like this for hours. Now, beg!” Riddle’s voice had a mix of feelings, but the more prominent was not impatience so Harry was screwed.

“Fuck, fuck.. fuck you, you fucking fucker!” Harry started screaming, feeling Riddle’s now full dick hitting his prostate once and then leaving his hole altogether. The feeling was blissful but short, oh so short!
“Come on Riddle! Come on!” Harry’s cries were music to Tom’s ears. He loved everything Harry gave to him, the desperation, frustration, arousal, hate. It was all for him.

“Beg, lovely! Tell me you are mine! Tell me you love this. You want this. You want me!” Riddle’s voice was anything but soothing, his breath hitting Harry’s neck and ear and his lips sucking on Harry’s lobe.

It felt like heaven. But Harry knew it was hell.

“Na-ugh! No!” Now Harry tried to let go, to back away but he couldn’t; another stroke of Riddle’s dick and he was back to square one.

The hardest thing to do sometimes is to admit you want something that you said you hated for a long time. It was like not being true to your own self.

But what scared Harry it was that he wanted Riddle more than he hated him, now.

Tom had him helpless, with nothing do but stay there and take it the way he liked and fancied to give. Riddle’s dick was half-way in now, just staying there, pulsing and being hot and Harry couldn’t do it anymore.

He screamed. “What the flying fuck I’ve ever done to you?”

Riddle’s eyes which were burning with lust and infatuation and sick satisfaction took a darker shade at this, stopping at Harry’s own scared shitless and frustrated eyes. He put on hand on Harry’s hips and the other in his hair. His next stroke was hitting Harry’s prostate dead on and the latter couldn’t do anything besides be grateful and a little scared. Oh, maybe a little more scared.

“You want to know? You really want to?” But it was a question that wasn’t expecting an answer. His thrusts now were hard, slow and painful. Harry didn’t know if he should scream, moan or whine. He did them all at once.

Every time he pulled his hair or applied more pressure on Harry’s hips or hit his prostate with hard thrusts, he spoke with a harsh and angry voice.

“This is for that time you made me horny and then ran, making me put my bodyguards to chase you.”

Another pull at his hair.

“This is for all those time you turned your back on me, retorted to me and just be your usual self who I can’t help but to fuck senseless and make love to at the same time!”

Wait what?

Another bruise on his hips.

“And this.. oh, this is for Moore. For you thinking you could fuck someone after you’ve just fucked me. For you cheating on me.”

No, stop, stop, no.

Thrust, thrust, bruises, pull, suck, bite, lick. His prostate was hit dead on and he would need just a little more, just a little more.. wait, Chan?? Noo, no don’t stop.

Riddle stopped and he laughed out loud at Harry’s poor attempting to keep him inside, his walls
clenching so deliciously around him.

Oh his poor boy. He knew the kid was on verge of coming so he kept only his head in, Harry’s rim clenching around it and sucking it so beautifully.

“And now, beg!”

And Harry did just that.

His whines were loud, his mind hazy and his movements were out of control. He was clingy and desperate and there were thoughts of Moore and how does Riddle know him but also he wanted, oh god, he wanted to come, so, so badly so please, pleas-

“-e, please, please. I need it! Please!” He was crying now, real tears and he felt ashamed and turned on more just at the thought that he was crying for this man’s dick.

“Shh, shh.” Riddle’s fingers were rubbing circles under his eyes, into his tears. And he had a sick look on his face. So amazed and so.. so obsessed. “It’s okay baby.” His voice was so soothing, so so soothing and Harry loved it. Oh. He fucking loved it. “Tell me what you want? I’ll take care of you!”

“Say it, lovely.”

“Need your dick, Tom,” At his name being spelled so innocently from Harry’s moth, Riddle allowed a loud moan and Harry thought it was so hot that he kept repeating it over and over again. “Come on. Please, fuck me? Please.”

“Will you be good? Hm? My good boy?” Riddle’s lips was tracing patterns on Harry’s cheeks but his dick was still not moving.

“Y-yeah. Your good boy.” Harry was slowly losing it, being on the verge of coming so many times and not being allowed to do it. His wrists were now in Riddle’s arms, his attempt at coming by being jerked off was impossible to do now.

“MY good boy? Mine?”

“Yours.”

There was silence, and both men were frozen waiting for ‘something’ that Harry in his hazy and out of the world mind didn’t comprehend back then. That ‘something’ was Harry giving not only his soul, but himself and his future and his everything to the devil himself, Tom Riddle.

“Always.”

“Fuck!” And that was not Harry cursing but Riddle himself, and if Harry was not in his headspace he would have laughed because seeing such a perfect specimen succumbing to such a common curse was hilarious.

And Riddle’s next thrust was the only thing Harry needed, his scream and Riddle’s name mixing together to create a perfect noise for Tom to spill himself too. Harry could feel the other’s come warming his insides and he felt it was as dirty as it was hot.

Tom left himself crash on Harry’s little figure for a second before he put his weight on one side and brought the other with him too, placing Harry’s head on his chest and wrapping his arms around him.
Cuddles? Yeah, Harry’s mushy mind replied, they were cuddling. Harry would have laughed if he wasn’t already fast asleep in the next second.

Tom ran a hand through Harry’s way too messy hair. He kissed the other’s forehead gently, careful not to wake him up. He looked at the window but the curtains kept the light from coming in. It was somewhere between 8 AM and 9. He needed to be at his office for hours now but his turned off phone was thrown somewhere in this mess.

He couldn’t believe what Harry said. Of course he expected the kid to agree with him and beg but that promise coming out of his boy’s mouth surprised him. The kid said always. And Tom never had that in his mind until now, until the kid’s plump and cherry lips said so, so beautifully. Yes, Tom had feelings for him, and in return, Harry would learn to have too. It was just a matter of time.

He squeezed him a little tighter and then closed his eyes, dosing off with a content smile on his face.

Yes!

Harry was too good, too perfect to let go!

--

“Let me go you bastard!” Harry was angry, no, he was livid. He had two bodyguards on his each side and he recognized them as Axel and Axis. He looked around for, Alexander was his name?, the bodyguard that waved his gun at him but the man was nowhere in sight. He sighed in relief, if only for a second, and after that he started trashing and screaming and kicking and giving hell.

“Kid, calm the fuck down!” The voice which he knew was Axel’s was as amused as ever. He knew his attempts at breaking free were futile but he didn’t have to rub it in his face.

“Ugh!”

He felt his right arm being squeezed painfully and when he glanced at Axis, the bodyguard looked fed up with his attitude. Good.

“Kid, cut it!”

“I’m not a fucking kid, you morons. I’m 21. Now let go of me. I don’t care what your boss said-”

“Yeah? Well we do so shut up and stop moving so damn much!”
“Come on Potter! Admit that you are weak and just relax, you know you will get in the car one way or another.” Axel’s taunting voice was angering Harry.

Just because that bastard fucked him twice, it didn’t give him the right to go around and kidnap him whenever he saw fit.

Right now they were in front of his Uni and people were staring at them and great, just great, he was a no one until now but from now on he will be the kid that had problems with some gang and was beaten to a pulp or something. Nobody would think that he actually was fucking the gang boss, or mafia boss(wait is that actually what they are called?) or whatever Riddle was.

He knew a simple billionaire wouldn’t have dozen of bodyguards carrying guns with them and looking so scary and mean. He was doing something shady but Harry didn’t know what. And he didn’t care actually.

If the bastard would just let him go and forget him or something.

That night, he would later discover it was actually morning, came back to him for a moment. So yeah, he said some things in the heat of the moment but he was horny and the bastard was teasing him for hours and ok, he is a slut, he is not as strong when it comes to sex as others are but that doesn’t mean he married the dude or something.

Not like the said dude didn't act that way, well minus the husband calling and the ring.

That was a week ago and when he woke up that day, he was met with a hard chest and a sore body. He was hurting everywhere. Even his fucking scalp where the bastard pulled his hair. Even his tongue where his fingers were fucking his mouth. And oh, not the right time to get horny.

“Get in already!” Axis shouted to him. The jerk was afraid now and was keeping his distance a little, letting his brother do the action and he was sticking to do the talking. Harry bit his arm two days ago when he tried stopping him from drinking more. He knew he should have been grateful to him and not bit him, because drunk Harry could only mean him fucking other dudes or him fucking Tom, and neither of those were good choices.

He was brought in front of a Tom who was a little pissed off at being called out of a meeting(and who the fuck has meetings at 2 in the morning? Shady business, see? Told ya). Riddle took one look at an angry Axis and one at an innocently looking Harry and he started laughing. Harry was confused and Axis was livid.

“Got myself a feisty one.” He told to the whole room. His bodyguards, assistants and employees all laughed together, thinking secretly that their boss had lost his mind.

Only Harry hissed and tried to lunge at his SO NOT lover. His actions and movements exactly like
the ones of a kitten, something that Tom took to call him. He hated it.

He hated how Tom thought they were together or something, or how they were fucking every night, or how he has seen his apartment only twice since that night and... all is falling out of control. Tom stormed into his life and changed everything.

He was thrown into the car, a SUV now, and he took his seat, throwing himself angrily on the leather and pouting like he was a spoiled kid. Well if they were calling him kid why not act like one?

Riddle wasn't there and for that he relaxed, being molested and fucked in a car was something he would not do ever again. Instead there was a ginger man looking at him, his pale face was blank and devoid of any emotion and Harry wasn’t even surprised. All of Tom’s people were like this. He didn’t know this one but he must have been important if he was sitting in the backseat with him.

Axel and Axis would usually seat in the front, and they were somehow really close with Tom but not close enough it seemed.

So he looked curiously at the man, arching a brow. Thing is, after spending time with Tom over and over again and getting used to his powerful and dangerous presence he wasn’t afraid of anyone now. Nobody could look or act more dangerously that Tom, but this man sure as hell was close.

But Harry has guts and what was worse than being Tom Riddle’s fuck toy?, so he spit out.

“Who the fuck are?”

The pale man only arched an eyebrow and the shifted his attention on his phone. His glasses were perfectly clean and it remembered of Harry’s own dirty ones. His fingers itched to grab them and clean them with his shirt but he stopped himself, the man will only laugh and mock him.

Harry huffed but nonetheless felt happy with the silence treatment, if it meant silence he was on. He glanced towards the window and tried to do anything but get back to that day, but he found out he couldn’t.

Riddle’s arms were strong and felt safe around him and the man was humming a tune in his hair, leaving kisses here and there. It was as happy as Harry could ever get. But he knew it was only temporal so he opened his eyes and tried to get himself free.

Tom had made a questioning noise but he only wanted out, out... out of his safe hug and arms, out of the bed and the room. The air was full of tension and something else, something Harry didn’t want to delve on even now.
He tried to get out of bed but his legs were still entangled in the sheets so the next thing he knew after Riddle let him go was that his face met the floor. He heard a chuckle from above but extracted himself furiously and left the bathroom, giving Tom his middle finger.

He went for the sink and started washing his face with cold ice water. When he finally looked at himself in the mirror he was met with a stranger’s face. His eyes were dull, lips bitten raw, cheeks flushed and neck full of angry bites. The only thing that stayed the same through years was his messy hair, who looked even worse now.

He wanted to cry, but he couldn’t, wouldn’t give Riddle satisfaction of knowing that in a way he broke him. He remembered the other night too well and when the ‘always’ came he almost fainted, his hands squeezing the sink tighter and his eyes closing shut. Oh god.

Then Chan came through and his hands were shaking, badly. Tom wouldn’t be as furious as to go after the jock too? I mean he punished Harry enough, what with the whole begging and teasing. He hadn’t prayed in a long time but right then he sent a little one to whoever was out there. Chan didn't deserve Riddle’s wrath.

There was a knocking on the door and Riddle’s booming voice could be heard through the wood.

“You okay there?” Harry realized he hadn’t done anything for a some minutes now so he started heading towards the shower and entering it.

“Yeah. Leave me alone. I’m taking a shower.” Bastard.

Just when he heard the door being opened and a way too loud chuckle for it to be outside the room, he panicked and realized that he hadn’t shut the door and he was naked, standing in a shower with Riddle gazing at his body with obviously not innocent intentions.

Riddle’s smirk was truly ugly, Harry wanted to make himself believe. “Shall we?”

At least he hadn’t broke anything fucking on that slippery floor. And if he came twice in a row, well, nobody has to know.

A throat being cleared and file being handed to him got him out of his memories. He arched his eyebrows.

“You probably heard of me by now. I’m Leo, Mr. Riddle’s right hand.” Yeah Harry had heard of
him, but he just tilted his head, a gesture that he obviously got from Riddle and he hated it.

“This is your apartment and job contract. You only need to sign it.” There was a pen being held to him now.

Harry stared confused. What?

He opened the file with a lump in his throat, praying for the billion time that week, to not be what he was thinking it was.

“Dear Tom Marvolo Riddle,
Please accept this letter as notice of my resignation from my position—”

Oh my god! He looked at the other file and it was him quitting his contract for his apartment. No! Riddle wrote a letter for him? Riddle wrote a letter to himself seeing as he was Harry’s boss? Harry would have laughed if the pain in his chest and the sting in his eyes weren’t that painful.

Leo was watching him carefully and the car was going at full speed, probably Levi taking precautions in case the crazy lover of his boss would actually have the guts to get out of a slowly moving car.

He couldn’t breathe, he could only stay frozen and watch how his life was taking from his own hands again.

That fucker.

Oh no!

He would kill that fucking bastard!

Chapter End Notes

Not beta’d so all mistakes are my own.
Wow guys, 180 + kudos and so many hits. Thank you for reading this story. I’m so nervous when I post because it’s my first fanfic and English it's not my main language. But you make it all better (what?)

Also love your opinions and comments. They keep me going.

Sfk

The car was moving slowly, way too slowly for Harry’s liking. Levi was humming a happy tune with his fingers drumming on the steering wheel, relieved now that the kid his boss was fucking hadn’t tried to kill himself in the process of escaping them, again. Axel, who was sitting in the passenger seat, kept his mouth shut and hadn’t made fun of Harry not even once, but he would sometimes cast glances towards him with a smug smirk on his face. For them… all was good.

The kid was safe inside the car, all quiet and submissive and looking so small on the leathered seats Leo couldn’t help himself but wonder how the fuck had this kid survived a week with his boss. But then Potter’s eyes were burning with an intense anger and frustration even he, the closest that Riddle had to a friend, was feeling a little scared. He had to give the kid a little credit, as scared as he was looking; he still managed to keep something akin to pride in his eyes. The fear mixed with anger made Harry look even interesting and Leo could see why his boss was so infatuated with this one. Leo kept staring at him, the show in front of his face was captivating in a sick sort of way.

Harry was furious. No. He was livid.

Riddle’s right-hand man had a pitying but nonetheless content look on his face and although he was sometimes throwing wary glances towards him, words weren’t escaping his mouth. Harry was left in peace, and for that he was grateful. Besides feeling ashamed and insulted, his anxiety was getting the best of him. The panic attack that would surely happen every second now had him more anxious, if that was the case.

The lump that was in his throat never went away and he wanted to be anywhere else but where they were heading. But then he felt anger flooding his veins again and he couldn’t control himself anymore. One minute he was feeling so scared, then the other he could feel himself clenching his hands and gritting his teeth.

That bastard wanted Harry to move in with him. There was no other explanation and Harry wasn’t stupid. There was no reason behind Riddle’s actions beside this. Why would the asshole want Harry homeless and jobless if not to cage the young man and had him trapped in his complete control? Living with him? They barely knew each other. Except for the mind-blowing sex Harry hasn’t done anything with the bastard.
It wasn’t like he wanted to be dated or courted. Fuck no. But this was stupid and way too rushed. Riddle had to have some sort of explanation. But Harry couldn’t find one and his mind was almost exploding from all the constant thinking and the mixed feelings that were weighing him down.

The bastard. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. If he thought he could get away with this and manipulate Harry he had another thing coming.

The car finally slowed down and Harry hadn’t waited for someone to open the door, he got out hurriedly and was almost entering Riddle’s office building when Leo was screaming his name.

“What?” If Harry had cared before enough to be polite, he stopped somewhere between meeting Riddle and getting fucked by him on every surface of that bastard’s Penthouse. He gave two fucks about his bodyguards. They were all taking orders from the bastard anyway. If the bulky men would just leave him in peace and would not haul him in cars whenever Riddle saw fit to get his dick sucked, he would ignore them without sparing them a glance. But life had other plans so his attitude got harsher as time passed by.

Leo was walking, not running (Harry didn’t think the man have actually done something as mundane as running, ever), fast towards him with an alerted face. He was looking way too elegant and sharp in that suit. His eyes were hard and his thin lips were pulled into a grimace. Harry didn’t give a fuck anymore if the people around him were pleased with him or his attitude, hadn’t give a fuck for some years now so he just stared blankly at the man.

“Mr. Riddle is in a important meeting. I would strongly advise you not to disturb him.” His tone was clipped and strong. Jokes on him, Harry wasn’t scared.

“You see me giving a fuck? I just need to sort this shit out and then I will be on my merry way. Wouldn’t dream of keeping him more than I need to. Believe me.” Harry’s sarcastic voice was ringing loud in the big hallway where people were going and coming from different directions. He hasn’t stopped once to turn around to the man he was talking to, his pace was fast and hurried and clumsy.

Leo was behind him, trying to keep up with his pace and at the same time looking for threats. Of course it was Riddle’s building with surveillance cameras and bodyguards, but still, you can never be too sure. Plus the kid was with him and because Axel stayed with Levi there was no bodyguards with them.

The kid was jabbing his thumb in the elevator’s button with too much force. Leo would bet money Potter was imagining that the poor button was Riddle’s face. Still, it wasn’t his business (it kind of was) but he too also thought Riddle was making a big mistake. He was keeping his mouth shut, as always, because Riddle hadn’t asked for his opinion.

The doors finally opened and fortunately the elevator was empty. They entered and proceeded to ride to Riddle’s office floor in complete and awkward silence. The anger was rolling in waves from the kid. This would get nasty soon. Leo made a note to keep Axel and his jokes away.

Harry was out of the elevator as soon as the ding was heard. Although he visited Riddle’s office only once he remembered the way so he passed the startled receptionist without giving her a glance. The assistant met his face with wide eyes (Harry would have laughed at how all the people working for the bastard knew him suddenly but it wasn’t surprising anymore) and she scrambled from her desk way too fast and gracefully for the shoes she was wearing.

“S-sir!” They weren’t expecting him? Then why did that bastard hauled him in a car and made him so mad? He hadn’t thought Harry would barge into his office demanding explanations?
Now, Harry was pissed off and livid and apparently jobless AND homeless so you could understand him when he spoke harshly and way too impolite.

“I don’t care where your bastard of a boss is or what important meeting is being held right now. I want to talk to him!” He sounded like a brat. No. Worse, like the boss’s bitch. Well, if the asshole wanted to play that game, they would play.

The blonde girl nodded and scurried off in the opposite direction of the big and pride-looking office that stood in the middle of the hallway and that had big black letters written on the glass. “Riddle Enterprise” Haa, as if! This was all just a façade, hiding the illegal stuff with some legal ones. When he googled Riddle on of those shitty computers his University’s library has he was surprised to see the bastard was quite famous and regarded as not millionaire but a billionaire. He had it all, face, body, money, charisma and confidence.

Well, whatever. But the nagging question, since he found about that asshole, was what the fuck Riddle saw in him? Why him? He was a no one. Just a regular art student living in a crappy apartment and working a shitty job. He was neither rich nor famous.

Harry chanced a look around the room and he was suddenly aware of the stares he got from Leo, a bodyguard that was sitting emotionless near Riddle’s office and the receptionist. He felt out of place and his face went red. In his rage, sometimes, he forgets about his surroundings. He forgets to be aware.

The ginger girl returned not too long after with Riddle in her toes. Just the sight of him got Harry’s blood pumping. From both arousal and anger. He ignored the tingling sensations running around his body and instead he focused on both his teeth gritting and hands clenching. The fact that the bastard was walking lazily and relaxed made him see red. Riddle took one glance at Harry’s figure and his face broke out in a smug grin.

“Love, did you get my present? I knew you would like it.”

You know those people that are so annoying you can’t do anything except to stare dumbfounded at their stupidity? You can’t do anything else but to open your mouth and stand there staring? Their logic is so, so stupid and their faces and they way they speak and act and just, ugggh. You want to scream but they leave you so drained you don’t have the energy to do nothing but stare.

Well, Harry did just that.

“You- I-”

Riddle arched his eyebrows, clearly amused, at Harry’s reaction.

“I think you broke him, sir!” Axel’s sudden voice and presence broke Harry out of his trance.

Harry would never support violence. Never, seeing as he was one of the victims who suffered at the hand of it, he was always against it, always. But that bastard? That bastard had it coming. He lunged at the tall man before anyone could react but instead of his punch being met with a face, his arm was caught in air and Riddle, acting way faster than a human could, had Harry with his face pressed against his broad chest and arms behind his back.

Harry desperately tried to get out of the hold Tom had on him but he couldn’t, his face only ruffling the bastard’s face and getting red from all that trying. He stopped and tried to relax himself, inhaling and exhaling slowly.

“You done now?”
Harry didn’t nod; he would never give the bastard satisfaction or attention. He would call this quits and then disappear somewhere. Yes. He would run. That was the best thing to do in his case, run far, far away from this jerk.

Riddle caught his right-hand man stare and ordered him to go to the meeting he had left behind and finish it. Axel was still standing there with the beautiful women but Riddle gave them no mind.

“Let’s go to my office.” Harry extracted himself slowly and gently from Riddle’s hold, knowing that every sudden movement he will make will end with either him in Riddle’s arms again or Axel restraining him.

They entered the big and spacious room that overlooked half of the London. The office’s view was almost as beautiful as the one from the Penthouse. He envied the man for the things the bastard clearly didn’t appreciate. Instead of staring out the windows, the man would always stare at him.

Riddle headed towards the bar, he poured himself a drink but didn’t ask nor served Harry one. The bastard was polite only when he got something out of it. Harry didn’t want to beat around the bush so he simply threw both contracts on Riddle’s big desk.

Riddle arched his eyebrows, again.

There was only silence between them.

Harry started messaging his temples and thinking hard and fast on what was the best way to approach Tom. From where he was standing the 34 years old acted like a child while he, the 21 years old “kid”, was the logical person between them. “Riddle,” Harry sighed.

The bastard took great joy at seeing Harry so frustrated, if his grin and laid-back posture said anything. “Tom. Call me Tom.” His amused voice infuriated Harry further.

“No, Riddle, I WON’T call you Tom. I won’t call you anything, you know why? Because- this... God!” Harry couldn’t find his words. He was truly lost.

Riddle kept his posture and seat, waiting. Harry felt another rush of anger flooding his system. “I’m not moving in with you. This is disturbing not to say fucking creepy and weird. We only know each other for a week. What the fuck should I expect next Sunday? A fucking ring?”

Riddle chuckled, his eyes going a little darker. “Don’t tempt me!”

“G-aah! Stop this. Stop playing games.” Harry started pacing the room now with one hand in his hair and the other gesturing as he was speaking. “I’m not moving in with you. Riddle, stop it!”

“Who said you’re moving in with me?”

“I’m not doing it. You leave me jobless and homeless. What the fuck do you have in mind? What are you playing at? You know that I’m still in college, right?” Harry all but ignored the other man, moving fast and talking loud.

The other tried again, his eyes never leaving Harry’s form, checking him out and appreciating the view, all the while still paying attention to the kid. He was forming new plans in his head as the minutes were ticking by. But the only plan that was dominating his thoughts was fucking the young man, so in order to do that he had to clean up his own mess. “Who said you’re moving in with me?”

“Huh?” Harry stopped suddenly and looked at him.

“YOU said it. Not me. Never me.” Riddle shrugged, an action that looked so weird when it was him
who was doing it.

“What are you talking about? I have no money if I don’t work and nowhere to live if I lose my apartment.”

Riddle suddenly stood, sighing as if Harry’s stupidity and lack of acknowledge was hurting him physically.

“I’m open to make a deal, of sorts.” They were both face to face now and Harry suddenly felt very small.

“Deal?” He barely got out. Riddle left him and headed towards his desk, opening the contracts and looking over them.

“Yes. Of course, working for me would be the best thing right now but that club is too dangerous and filled—” he titled his head too look at him, a strange twinkle in his eyes, “with young men.”

Harry knew at what he was referring to but instead he opted to play stupid.

“Of course it’s filled with young me, it’s a club.”

Tom smiled, disappointedly. “Tsk, tsk… you know Harry, I shouldn’t actually give it a thought because you are still new and are still learning.” Harry had no idea of what he was talking about.

“Maybe you know or you don’t, it’s not like I tried very hard for you to not find out, but I’m a very, very important man. And with that comes the responsibilities.” He took his glass and downed it.

“Stop talking in riddles, god damn it!” Harry whispered-yelled at him.

Riddle glanced in Harry’s eyes and Harry only now started to feel that beginning of a panic attack. His voice was dark and cold. “But I’m also a very dangerous man. If I want things, I get them, simple as that.” It was subtle but it was there.

“No.” Harry said, broken.

“Yes.” Riddle grinned.

“But yeah, let’s say I don’t. I won’t do it. What do you have to give me in return?” Riddle’s voice and eyes were dark and he looked so ugly now Harry turned his head away.

Harry had nothing. His body, Riddle already took. He didn’t have a heart. And his mind was his most precious thing. He would never lose his mind.

“Nothing.”

“Exactly.” Riddle’s glee was disgusting.

“So what, then? What is with this deal anyway?”

“I must admit,” Riddle chuckled lowly, turning his back and heading for the big glass window. He stopped there and kept his stare on the city. His city. “at first, there was no deal. It came to mind while we were in here. Those contracts are valid, though, but my intention was never for you to
move in with me. I already found a better apartment for you, in a safer neighborhood. I would pay for it, of course. Also, I know you barely have time for your studies so my best solution was for you to quit working and focus only on what is important. ” Harry didn’t move from his sport, he was frozen and surprised and what? Riddle turned to him, his eyes somehow softening at Harry’s dumbfounded expression.

Harry cleared his throat, everything was too overwhelming. But his anger won. “Have you ever stopped, if only for a second, to realize that I’ve managed to survive just well without your unwelcome help for years now? I don’t need your bloody money or your concern. Take them and shove them in your fucking ass. You think I’m just a kid? Do I look that helpless to you?”

Riddle frowned, of course he wasn’t expecting for Harry to just cave in but the kid was taking it way too personal.

“I’m not, you fucking idiot. I’ve been living like this for years now and I’ve never failed a class or was evicted… until now, it seems. You have no right!”

“You think I care? Huh?” Riddle’s whole form was frigid now, and as he was heading towards him, Harry couldn’t help but to compare Riddle to a deathly predator. “I don’t give a shit.” The sudden and unexpected curse surprised Harry. “I told you I take what I want, when I want.” Harry took a step backwards, and another one, and two, three, fours and he stopped. There was a wall behind him.

Riddle stopped in front of him and put his two arms on each side of Harry’s head. Caging him. “Now that your motivational and I’m-full-of-myself speech is over, maybe we can get to the serious things?” Harry bristled, offended and ashamed. “It’s either the apartment or…” Tom tilted his head and pecked his cheek gently, an action that was the opposite of his cold words, before he took a step back, clearly braced for Harry’s expected reaction. “.. a personal bodyguard.”

Personal bodyguard? What? His whole life and intimacy gone?

Well, Harry lost it. He lunged and tried to strangle the man but he found himself suddenly on the floor with a way too heavy weight on him. He trashed and kicked, but Riddle was too fast. He found himself immobile and frozen in the older man’s hold. Damn it, he never learns.

“No, no! No.” Then. “You can’t do this. I’m filling a fucking restraining order and let’s see how you can fuck me then.” But at this Riddle snapped his hips downwards, towards Harry’s own groin and grinned, sadistically.

“Oh, I think I could find some way or another.” He bit on Harry’s bottom lip and then dragged his tongue on it, soothing the sting. “I own this city, baby. You’ll find soon there’s no way you can run away from me.” Run? Sounds like a really good idea now.

“No, Riddle, no!” Harry started thrashing again, obviously not consenting to any of what Riddle was doing to him. But it seems that his body had other plans... what with his boner being hard and obvious and all “We need to talk about this. Stop it. I’m not –ah- having a bodyguard.”

Riddle sighed and stood up, offering the kid his hand. This scene was so identical to the scene when they had first met. And exactly like then, Harry ignored Riddle’s hand and stoop up himself. Riddle headed towards the bar again, but Harry only crossed his arms and started glaring at his back.

“We need to establish some boundaries.” Harry’s serious voice started, looking and sounding fed up.
“‘Like?’ Riddle turned to him, taking a sip of his drink and seating himself on the couch.

Harry sighed. “Like this is not a relationship and we both know it. I’ve never consented to t-”

“Never?” Riddle’s calm demeanor gone. “You kissed me, sucked me and told me with your own words ‘let’s fuck’. And you already forgot about the Always?”

Harry felt himself starting to blush but nonetheless replied back. “It was in the heat of the moment.”

“Oh sure, let’s throw excuses.” Riddle mocked him. “I had asked you if you were mine, not for how long or something like that. It was you who said it. You cursed yourself. You gave me ideas.”

“Sometimes people say things they don’t mean it. You should know it by now! What are you, six? Plus who the fuck ask things like ‘are you mine?’”

Riddle was suddenly in Harry’s face, snarling. “In my world, you don’t make promises easily. But you made one and I’m going to fucking take advantage of it, one way or another.”

“Whether you like it or not.”

Harry couldn’t take it anymore. Riddle got it all wrong. So, so wrong. All he wanted to do was come. He would have promised his first born child in that moment. Fuck his slutty body, always putting him in trouble. “Oh my god!”

Then he exhaled and tried to calm himself. “You’re suffocating me. There are always bodyguards hauling me in different cars and you are always there, somewhere, and I don’t want this. We aren’t even together. We haven’t even gone on a date. You are just…” Harry whispered. “Too much.”

Tom’s eyes softened, if only a bit. “Then let’s go on a date.” He held his arms high as in ‘hear me out first’. “Let’s start slow. Give me one chance. Just one.” His voice still sounded pride and strong compared to the begging words leaving his mouth.

Go on a date? He must be fucking kidding him? Harry was always running away from him, if he thought he was going to spend more time willingly with him, he must be stupid or something. But then a creepy shadow, an always presence, being behind him and following him everywhere, came to his mind. A personal bodyguard was worse than a date.

Harry couldn’t believe he was actually going along with this. “If I go with you then I can keep my job and apartment?”

“Yes.”

“And no bodyguards.” Well, Harry was feeling brave all the sudden.

Riddle gritted his teeth but nonetheless agreed. “No personal bodyguard.”

“That’s not what I-”

“Leave it or take it.” Riddle turned around and took the contracts in his hands.

“Fine!” He spit out.

“Fine.” Riddle grinned maniacally at him.

Harry just felt like he made a deal with the devil. Only when Riddle was pounding into him, his face squashed into the couch’s leather (they were taking it slow, sure), that he realized his mistake. He
lost. Riddle got more than he bargained at first. He was dating him AND the bodyguards hauling him in different cars will still be there.

The fucker manipulated him.

At least he wasn’t having a personal bodyguard. Phew.

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“The kid actually went with it?” The voice was surprised and Riddle felt insulted.

“I’m running the Underground, you think I can’t make a skinny kid date me?” His voice was too prideful but he didn’t care, Harry was sound asleep on HIS couch in HIS office. The feeling was almost as good as the one he usually gets whenever Harry is sleeping in his bed. Ownership.

“No, that wasn’t what I meant.” Leo sighed. They were sharing a drink in the conference room. AJ was there, both paying attention to them and to his phone. “He seemed smart but your manipulating ways are one of the best, I admit.”

Riddle chuckled, not caring about the praise, at the thought that Harry could have outdone him. “I fooled him with the moving in first. He was already angry and he couldn’t think straight. Then I made the deal when he was the most desperate, he compared them both and he chose the one benefitting him most. And the personal bodyguard-” he looked at AJ who straightened in his seat. “is going to start his new job tomorrow.”

AJ nodded, grinning from ear to ear. “Yes, sir!”

“But still, were the contracts really necessary?” Leo was the only one who witnessed the kid’s almost breakdown. His white face and wide, angry eyes kept hunting him. The kid could have it worse, of course, but still, Riddle could be sometimes… too much.

Riddle turned to Leo and shrugged. “I got him angry and stuck only on the fact that he will lose his freedom. I knew that is all that he cares about so I took advantage of it.”

Leo sighed. “Asking him directly wouldn’t have done the trick?”

AJ snorted and turned an incredulous face at him. “Have you met the kid?”

Riddle arched his eyebrows. “Harry would have never given in intentionally. I had to bribe him and threaten him. I don’t care they ways I use to get what I want as long as I get it.” That is how he actually became the King of the Underground, all three parties thought.

He turned to AJ. “Befriend him. Go to the club every night. Try to spend time with him as much as you can. Hell, try to get with one of his friends if you must” AJ sputtered and tried to speak back “Have you seen them-” but Riddle cut him off. “I don’t care AJ. Do your job, and do it good, and try to be as invisible as you can when you are out following him. You got another bodyguard with you, but he will only interfere if something is to happen with Harry. You are only there for information and strategy. Do try to not jeopardize yourself or put my boy in danger.”

“Sir!” AJ nodded, already out of his seat.

“Leo, I need you to take it from here. Solve the mess with the Russians and don’t contact me unless it’s really urgent. I’ve left a mapped out plan for you to follow for tonight. All you need is in there. I’m having an early night,” if both men were surprised, they didn’t show it. “Now if you’ll excuse me, I’ve got a kid sleeping in my office.” He grinned sharply at them and left the room.
“That kid is doomed.” AJ said sympathetically. Leo couldn’t do anything but nod.

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Harry’s limbs were stiff and sore and he couldn’t help but to groan. He felt awful. There was a hint of an already gone headache and pain in his bottom. He couldn’t recognize the room and besides a lamp, there was no light around him. He shivered and stood up. There was a big black suit jacket laid on him, Riddle probably put it there when he was sleeping, but it was warm so Harry snuggled into it properly and went towards the only source lighting the room besides the lamp, London’s lights coming through the big window.

The view was gorgeous and Harry couldn’t help but to sigh. His apartment view was never this good, he could never see more than a few blokes away and working plus studying hadn’t left him much time to go hiking or explore the city as much as he would like to. He often even forgot that he was in the city of his dreams. He let all of his problems weigh him down and making him bitter so he forgot to appreciate the little things.

But this was nice. Except the hand that was suddenly gripping his waist and it’s owner. Those were not nice. Like… at all.

“Kitten…” Harry hated that pet name.

Riddle was snuggling his neck and laying pecks here and there. It was tickling him and Harry hated being tickled. “You look good in my jacket.” Of course he would say that, of course. It’s all about staking claim and restoring dominance. Every fucking time.

He could feel Riddle’s boner pressing on his ass, his hips going back and forth in a seductive motion. If Riddle had a libido like that when he was 34, Harry would never like to know how horny the bastard had been at 20. Ugh, never mind 16. And Harry was a fucking slut, so that was saying something.

“What are you doing?” Harry asked alarmed when Riddle’s hand was creeping down towards his groin. No, not again.

“What does it seem like?” The bastard chuckled. “I happen to know you are free this night.”

Harry struggled, trying to lie and deny the statement. “What- no. I got to go the club. Let go-”

“Harry, Harry” Riddle’s voice was amused and dark and dangerous now. “You should know by now that lying to me is futile.”

“Ugh. Stop it, you bastard. That thing is going nowhere towards my ass again.” Harry knew it was useless as he was sitting there in front of the big city. That man could do anything and Harry couldn’t stop him.

“Sh, sh. I’ll be gentle.” His hand was rubbing Harry’s boner softly, applying just the right amount of pressure here and there. Harry sighed, if Riddle couldn’t manipulate him he would use his body against him instead.

Only when his pants were being opened and dragged down along with his boxers in one, swift moment did Harry realize that Riddle actually wanted it do it right there, in front of the window where they could be seen by anyone. The people only had to glance up at the building and see him being fucked. Humiliated, he started to struggle.

“No, no. Not here. We could be seen. Please.” Harry was desperate. This man was vicious in taking
every layer of Harry’s invisible walls and clothing and leaving him naked and ashamed. This man was trying to break him and Harry hated to admit it, but he was doing a good job so far.

Riddle complied and Harry was surprised for a minute, maybe it was the ‘please’ or probably his small, scared tone but nevertheless they took it to Riddle’s desk. He was bent over and Harry tried not to think of how many people Riddle fucked right there. The thought disgusted and disturbed him. Riddle unzipped his pants and gave his dick one, two, three strokes and then he was pushing into Harry. When he slammed home both men groaned, in equally pleasure and pain. Although Harry remained stretched from the other fucking he was still too tight for Riddle’s big cock.

Riddle tried to breathe and stop himself from fucking Harry’s brains out, the kid’s hole was squeezing him painfully good. Harry had also problems breathing because although they had fucked like rabbits for the past week, when Riddle slammed home it still felt like the first time. It took all of Harry’s last strength to grit his teeth and push his orgasm back. It would be way too embarrassing to come that soon.

Harry soon realized just how easy was for him to fall in the mess of their groans, moans and bodies and to forget just who he was fucking. The man was driving Harry mad, something that never happened. This man came into his life and turned it upside down. Harry felt so many things that week, anger, lust, desperation, embarrassment, pride, all so very different from what he would usually feel. Like numbness and tiredness and nothing.

Riddle was pumping into him hard now and when Harry couldn’t take it anymore (the desk was biting his hips and chest and his sore bottom was being stretched a little bit on the painful side) he reached down for his neglected member only to have Riddle slap his hand away.

It wasn’t that what made Harry spill himself all over Riddle’s files and desk, it was actually the bastard’s unashamed display of possessiveness. “No. That’s mine!

Harry was mortified that he had just came from that statement but Riddle wasn’t leaving him much time to think, he was manhandling Harry on his knees and putting his cock into his mouth. The thrusts were how Riddle’s usual behavior was, hard, fast and hot. He came not too long after but instead of taking his now soft member out he let it there and simply started to pat and massage Harry’s head. The action was so bizarre Harry coughed to gain his attention and to put a stop to it.

Riddle chuckled, ignoring Harry, and turned his head up, towards the laid-out city in front of him. Harry mused this was one of Riddle’s weird kinks, having his cock in a warm mouth while he was admiring his city. The bastard, it was all about power for him. He couldn’t stop himself but to observe just how different they both were. One wanted to own all while the other wanted just to have a cigarette and for once a good, long sleep. He was a nobody compared to Riddle. What the rich and powerful bastard wanted from him, Harry would never know.

There was silence for some moments. Harry’s face got redder and redder. It probably was one the most embarrassing situation and Riddle’s display of ownership was humiliating. But then Riddle took his cock out and dressed himself. Harry had just finished zipping his pants when Riddle spoke.

“Do you like Chinese?”

Harry stared. “What?”

“Chinese food, you like it?”

“I-yeah? It’s ok, I guess. Wait,” Harry said alarmed when he saw Riddle putting the phone to his ear. “We’re going on that date now?”
“Bring the car downstairs in 10 minutes.” He spoke briskly, then he turned to Harry, chuckling.
“Kitten, when we go on a date, it’s not going to be” he looked at his watch “at 23 PM with you dripping come for your hole and me looking like this.” This? What this? Even after two rounds of sex the bastard looked like nothing happened, all calm and collected, while Harry looked like he’d been through a war. But yeah, he was kind of right.

“So where are we going then?”

“Ever heard of take-out?”

Harry made a scared face.”We’re going to your Penthouse?”

Riddle laughed, taking the lead and putting a hand at Harry’s lower back. His cruel words were so loud in the big hallway. “Yes kitten, you are going to eat Chinese and then I am going to eat you.”
Ben sighed slowly. “It wasn’t a guess. Someone called me. There are talks in the Underworld that Riddle’s got himself a pretty someone. And that he is off the market. Untouchable.”

“Untouchable?”

“Someone touches him, they’re dead. That is a rule.”

Dead. Oh. Chan.

“They said my name?” Harry asked, shakily.

“No, but I knew it was you.”

Harry gulped, dreading the next words. ”Knew from the way he was looking at you that night. Like you were his and his alone.”

Chapter Notes

I either sleep all day or drink 2 l of coffee. There's no in between. This is a result of those two.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harry couldn’t keep his right knee from bouncing although he had tried. He would stop for a few seconds and then start all over again. His hands were constantly in his hair, messing it up more, if that could be possible. The clothes that he was wearing were too tight and looked too expensive, he was even afraid of moving so that he would not ruffle them. Why he was actually wearing them was another mystery too. Tom didn’t budge when Harry told him that it was okay and he would be fully content of putting the old clothes he had worn last night, but no, the bastard only raised his eyebrows and dialed someone on his phone. He was dressed in ten minutes (how the fuck Riddle got a hold of those clothes so fast? And designer clothes nonetheless) Harry would never know. So it was the
understatement of the century that he was feeling quite uncomfortable. And the death glares he was constantly receiving from Axis were not helping, either.

“Quit moving so much, kid!”

Harry rolled his eyes. The kid joke was so last week. Well not really last week since it was still Friday and he had classes in an hour, but still. And yes, he was heading to the College dressed in clothes that were more expensive than his rent for half a year. Fuck his life.“Look, I told you to drop me at my apartment. This was really not necessary.” Being dropped in front of his campus by a limousine, that is. Yesterday he was hauled in an expensive car by some shady, big, scary-looking dudes and now he is leaving one looking better than ever, dressed sharply and with his hair ruffled (because he can’t fucking stop running his hands through it) like he just had sex. Well he had but people didn’t need to know that.

Fuck. If people had thought yesterday that Harry was going to be beaten to a pulp by some gangster; today they will definitely believe he was screwing the said gangster.

The car was finally slowing down but before he could make himself scarce his hand was gripped by another one, hard, and he was thrown all the way back where he was first sitting.

“What the fuck, man?” Harry spit.

Axis just smiled at him, venomously. “Look kid, I don’t trust you. Heck, I don’t even like you. But for some reasons my boss seems to do it so listen here and listen carefully,” The big bodyguard was suddenly in his face. "you try anything, anything at all and Riddle will be the last of your worries. We all can be as vicious as he is. And believe me, you don’t want that.” Then he put a fake smile on his face and wished him a good day, taking his phone and ignoring Harry altogether.

The young man stared dumbly at the other, incredulity written on his face. A flash of anger appeared on Harry’s face before he took Axis’s jacket between his hands and brought him face to face. He spit out.

“Look, Axis, if you think I fucking care about you hurting me I’ll have you know that you’re entirely wrong. I don’t.” He was spreading his arms and grinning maniacally. “You talk as I can actually hurt the man. He’ll get rid of me at the end of this month, most likely. So let’s keep this as impersonal as we can because it may be one of the last times we actually meet.” He tilted his head in a mocking gesture and said gently. ” Have a good day!” mimicking the other’s last words back.
Axis watched him weirdly, not believing that the kid could be actually so dense. The kid, in his victory at reducing the other silent, didn’t notice Axis’s incredulous and pitying stare.

Harry snorted before he left the car. He was amused more than scared because that guy actually thought he was scary. What a fucking joke. He chuckled as he was heading towards his first class, ignoring the looks he was receiving. They could come; actually, all of them could come. Harry didn’t care anymore. He just didn’t. He entered the room and headed for the back, taking a seat and cursing Riddle for the million times that day for making him put those clothes on, his hoodie was probably somewhere thrown away and he couldn’t put the hood on now that he wanted to sleep. He opted instead to stare at the professor that had started the lesson already and imagine how Riddle would scream if Harry would set him on fire. It was fun and the hour passed by, albeit slowly.

He was heading towards his second class and was trying to make room so he can pass through the hallway when he heard his name being called. At first he thought he was wrong, he didn’t have friends that were studying there so he was surprised to be recognized. Unless it was a one night stand, he couldn’t think of anybody else.

“Harry…” A breathless voice suddenly spoke.

“Chan?!” The boy in front of him was definitely not Chan. At least not the Chan he used to know. The beautiful blonde boy had his face heavily bruised, with a split lip and a black eyes being the most prominent. The jock smiled brokenly at him, the smile turning a grimace after a few seconds.

“Fuck, I shouldn’t have run.” He put a hand on his rib, gritting his teeth at the contact but otherwise letting it stay there.

“Hey, are you okay? Oh my god, what the fuck happened to your face?” Harry took a step forward, snapping out of his trance and blinking. He nodded towards an empty bench that was sitting outside and could be seen through the building’s big doors. “Come on, let’s go there. You could seat and catch your breath.”

“N-uh. Believe it or not, it is easier to handle the pain when I’m up. It’s okay, just give me a moment.” Harry looked with wide eyes at him but nonetheless nodded. Chan inhaled and exhaled for a few seconds and then tried to smile at Harry, again.

“Fuck, running wasn’t the best option for me, huh?” He tried to joke but it was weak and Harry
was not amused. The kid was beaten to a pulp, which was the only thing Harry could think of. A ball or a door couldn’t have done that.

“Chan...” Harry swallowed the lump in his throat and ignored the people that kept passing by and were throwing wary glances at them. It was no point in asking if he was okay because clearly he was not. “What happened?”

But the jock ignored the question altogether and decided to ask one of his own. “Where have you been all week? I kept looking for you for the past two days but you weren’t here, of course I didn’t know what classes you have and at what hours but I thought that I would run into you somehow.” The question wasn’t accusatory, it was almost worried. Harry was confused.

“Uh,” Harry scratched his neck, “Sometimes I skip some classes, y’know…” his accent coming back full force.

“Doesn’t matter now. Can we go somewhere so we could talk?”

“Well there is always the bathroom.” Harry joked but he was surprised when Chan only took his arm and escorted him in the direction where he knew that the bathroom was. Okay. He was so not expecting that.

“Okay Harry, I need you to listen to me and listen very carefully.” Harry was having such an Axis vibe he almost snorted. “I don’t know in what shit you’ve gotten in but I was almost beaten to death because I fucked you.” That was so direct and blunt Harry had to take a second to just stare open-mouthed at the jock because that? He was not expecting it. Except he was. Somewhere deep in his mind he always wondered how Riddle knew about Chan and what had he done about it. His fucking coward side never asked and now, this. This fucking happened.

“He did this to you?” He wondered out loud, his voice soft and gentle.

“He? Look Harry I don’t know who you are talking about but there were a lot of men and they-ah” Chan visibly paled and put a hand to his stomach unconsciously. “Never mind, I just came to warn you. You seemed like a really nice lad and I thought it was either your protective father or some kind of psychopath ex boyfriend-”

“Boyfriend...” Harry muttered softly.
“I was left unconscious on my Campus room’s doorstep and my roommate found me. I’ve been in and out of it the first two days.” Chan’s wobbly voice was hurting Harry physically. He wanted it to stop but he actually wanted him to continue. To know everything, because Harry soon realized he could hate Riddle more than he had before.

“How do you know this was my fault?”

Chan watched him strange. “Your fault? No. Harry no,” he sighed, continuing when Harry’s determined face didn’t waver. “I never said it was your fault. But they, uh, kind of mentioned your name.”

Harry didn’t say anything, obviously waiting for more. “They told me to stay away from you…”

“Who? Who told you?” Fuck but his voice was so broken and small.

“I don’t know, it was dark and I saw a lot of shadows but I was also pretty drunk and there was a big, big man with tattoos on his arms. He uhh—he did it, y’know” he looked in a different direction before he muttered a quiet “he beat me.”

Harry gulped, well tried to, but there was a lump in his throat that wouldn’t go away. He felt like he was slapped and was finally brought to reality. This was Riddle. The sight in front of him was his doing, himself almost being fucked in front of the whole London was Riddle, being manipulated into dating was all the bastard. He felt sick and stupid because Riddle won’t let Harry go. Never. If Riddle had beaten the jock was probably because he had felt jealousy, so the bastard had to have some feelings for him. Not love, because Harry never thought Riddle could actually be capable of such emotions but something, anything. Ownership. Possession. Those were probably. Obsession? Maybe.

Oh fuck.

He directed his focus once again on the man standing in front of him, heavily bruised, and Harry couldn’t stop from feeling guilty. A little bit. Because if he hadn’t fucked Chan, the jock would have been okay now. But still, it was Riddle’s blame as well. He clenched his fists and gritted his teeth.

“I’m really sorry Chan. So, so sorry…” he tried. Chan just looked at him brokenly.

“No Harry, I’m sorry. For you. I don’t know what kind of fucked up life you have but people just don’t this kind of things. Normal people anyways.” Harry gulped. “I came to warn you.”
“Yes,” Harry cleared his throat. “Thank you for that. But should you be near me? It is safe?”

“Hey, what else they can do to me? Is there something worse than this?” He joked. Harry winced at Chan’s pathetic figure. Yes, there was.

“Thank you for telling me. I owe you.”

“Don’t mention it. I just wanted for you to be aware of the situation.” Harry nodded, obviously grateful. He sighed and tucked his shirt. He was finally aware of the way Chan was eye-fucking him and the fact that those clothes were kind of not hiding anything from people. He missed his long band shirts and ripped jeans. At least he managed to save his Converse and the dirty, black shoes were an interesting sight now that Chan was still staring at him. Harry nodded to him in thanks and goodbye for the last time and then started to head for the door.

“You look good by the way.” Chan muttered.

Harry’s grimace as he was leaving the bathroom was definitely not a smile

“You look good.” Harry was brought out of his thoughts. He was looking for something on his phone, clearly entranced by whatever the fuck it was so Ben had to clear his throat a second time. Harry brought his stare up and widened his eyes at the person in front of him.

“Mate, where the fuck have you been the last week?” He asked curiously and a little worried. Since he had put Ben in a cab Harry hasn’t seen him at all. Harry called him the next day to make sure Ben got home safe and was relieved when that turned out to be true. The driver even helped him to his apartment and fortunately didn’t try to rape him or steal from him. Harry was glad he gave the driver extra money when he was in a rush to get rid of his co-worker, it seems like the man appreciated and was kind enough to return the favor. But Ben didn’t tell him he wouldn’t come to work the next week so Harry was a little lost.

“Ugh,” Ben rubbed his temples and sat down on a stool next to Harry. “ Fucking flu.” Well he looked bone-tired and his air smelled of drowsiness. Harry winced, smiling sympathetically.
“I’m glad you are better now.” Ben just watched him weirdly for a moment but then nodded to.

“I’m sorry for the other night. Me being drunk and all. Hope I didn’t say anything embarrassing.”

“Oh, no” Harry waved “you took care of me so many times when I was drunk it was just obvious I’ll do it too.”


Harry shrugged, unaffected by the whole thing. “Why did you do it, though? I mean you never get drunk, not that level of drunk…”

Ben sat up suddenly and scratched his neck. “Problems, life. Y’know… well, gotta go to work, I slacked enough.” He crossed the distance until he was at his own counter and started mixing some drinks, clearly putting an end to that conversation.

Harry narrowed his eyes and watched him for a little time, his attitude way too weird and unlike Ben. But Harry was never the one to pry or mingle in someone else’s business so he just shrugged and returned his attention to his phone. What he didn’t know, won’t hurt him.

He sighed and then tapped on the first tab again. His black Iphone 5 was kind of old and broken but the thing worked and he has hundreds of songs on it so he couldn’t let go of it. Plus those things were fucking expensive anyway and he was poor, so the old thing would have to do it. He switched to the other tab and sighed again.

The first tab showed a picture with one tall, handsome man who was wearing a clearly expensive suit and behind him another tall, bulky person who was fully covered in tattoos. The first man was a smiling Tom Marvolo Riddle, billionaire and businessman, and the second, if what he had gathered from the internet was correct, was Atlas Z, Riddle’s personal bodyguard and head of security. The man was big as a house and had an angry looking face. His features were sharp, but not in Riddle’s sharp way, as in handsome and elegant, but sharp as in street-thug and I-definitely-have-a-prison experience. As in ‘I will kill you and after that, eat you.’ Now that was someone scary, not Axis and his threats or that Alexander dude and his gun. Atlas must be the man that Chan was talking about.

He ran a hand through his hair and exhaled shakily. He looked around the club but it was mostly empty, only with a few girls enjoying their cocktails at a table and a clearly married-looking man who kept throwing glances at him. If it would have been any other day, Harry would have enjoyed
the fuck but right then he barely could walk, all his nerves and limbs shaky.

He mused he should get up and do something, wash some glasses, wipe the counter or start mixing some drinks but his eyes and mind couldn’t stop but go back to the second tab every few seconds. He inhaled, preparing himself for the next decision.

Right there, as he switched on the other tab, was a site where you could buy online train or bus tickets. The question was: where? Not home, if the bastard could somehow trace him it would be suicidal to head home, he must have hated his family but not to that extreme. The other option would have been sleeping on one of his friend’s couch and disappear for a few weeks but he couldn’t think of anybody besides Max, his stoned friend and dealer. That was the easy option but he wasn’t really sure if it was the safest one.

But running away? Well he was really good at it and it was more like his thing anyway. The problem? Riddle may be better at finding him than Harry at making himself disappear. And then he would be really fucked. Of course he knew what option to choose because he already decided from the moment he saw Chan’s yellow, green and black marks all over him and knew who did that but it was still difficult.

It wasn’t that he was a coward. Every other sane person would do it if they were in his place. The only fucking problem was that Riddle most likely has some bodyguards on Harry 24/7. And he wasn’t even sure if Riddle kept true to his word and didn’t hire a personal bodyguard because lately it felt like there were always eyes on him.

Now that he took a decision he only needed to find a way to make himself disappear.

1. Only cash so that meant no credit cards or online shopping. Fuck.

He turned towards Ben, smiling like a homeless man would smile. His wide and green eyes could sometimes do wonders so he pulled those too.

“Hey, man!” He fluttered his eyelashes, a gesture Ben was tracing obliviously.

The blonde man licked his lips and cleared his throat. “Yeah?”

“So,” Harry tried, unsure of what excuse he could choose. He opted for the family thing and
although he felt a little guilty lying to Ben, Harry remembered about Riddle and his not-so-little bodyguard and all of his doubts were gone in the next second. Surviving sometimes meant lying and cheating and playing dirty, Harry did them so often he would not back down now. “I know this is really low of me to ask you this and I promise I’ll return it once I got the money…” (If Riddle won’t kill me first, he wanted to add).

Ben watched him confused and then crossed his arms and told him to spill.

“Okay, uh.” God he felt bad. “I need some money. My family has some problems so I need to head there… But I’m a little poor at the moment so I wanted to ask you if you would borrow me some. Please. For the train ticket and then to solve my problems there— ”

“How much?”

“Huh? Oh, well…” he scratched his back, “5 hundred?!”

Ben cocked an eyebrow. “You’re asking me?” Harry muttered a more clearly ‘5 hundred’ after that. “Fine. You want them in cash I presume?”

Harry widened his eyes and nodded. “I—, thanks man. God, you saved me.” Ben smiled a little weirdly but then waved him off and told him to drop by at his apartment sometime the next day.

Harry exhaled relieved and shook his head, happy. That was easy.

2. Disappear sometimes tomorrow, during his classes where, if Riddle was watching him like paranoid Harry thinks, he could slip up and be already on his train by the time his classes were finished.

One thing? The next day was fucking Saturday. Ok, he felt his legs starting to shake just like an ADHD kid's would. Calm down!! What now? Would it be better if he would do it that night? There was a ding and Harry soon realized that his phone was doing the weird sound. He checked and saw that he had a message. Tom? Why was there a number save with the name Tom on his phone? Oh no, the fucking bastard.

“Kitten, be ready by 7 tomorrow! A car will be there to pick you up. I can’t wait to see you.”
Then another one.

“Behave! I don’t want any of my men being eaten again. ;)”

What? The date was the next day? Fuck, Harry thought, I need to be gone by yesterday.

He turned to Ben and asked him if he could have that money that night. Ben watched him knowingly but didn’t say anything, which was unusual; sometimes he would make sure Harry won’t waste that money on drugs and booze. He nodded and told him they could both drop at his apartment after their shifts.

Great.

3. Where the fuck should I go? Somewhere far, far away. Some big city where he could disappear in the crowds. Leeds? Glasgow? Birmingham?

He googled where could he go from London with the train and the results were interesting but he opted for Dublin. He would take the ferry to Dun Laoghaire and the tickets were really cheap too. He would stay low with the money he got from Ben, then start working at some club or bar and make a living there. Harry was fucking daydreaming. Somewhere along those thoughts the college thing came up and he shrugged, it was either his life or career so it was simple, really.

The fear of what Tom could do him (or that Atlas dude), made him quite desperate but he knew this was something he should have done ages ago. Like the first day he met the bastard. He should have run home, clean his apartment and disappear.

He blinked… Marks of black, blue, yellow, green and red on his body. Marks that weren’t from fucking. He could see Tom doing it. He could see himself wearing those. He gulped and clumsily searched for his cigarettes, heading for the exit and plowing his ass in one of the chairs outside. He shakily brought his lighter up and lit his Blue Dunhill. He inhaled and felt the smoke rush through his lungs, already forming a light headache and feeling the need to lay his head and sleep. Cigarettes were one of the only things he brought from his old life. He could never give up, lungs or throat cancer be damned.

His eaten and disgusting nails could still be seen in the barely lit night, thumb resting on the butt of
the cigarette and flicking it lazily. Harry loved that motion, loved to stare at nothing and just inhale cancer, he loved to put his lips on the stick and suck, hollowing his cheeks and parting his teeth. He loved having a cigarette in his hands, he loved looking at his dirty Converse, loved going to his lonely apartment, loved listening to his music at 3,4 AM when the London was quiet and it was only him and the starry night. He loved his freedom. That’s why he was running, because Riddle meant no more of that.

He played with his phone a little and then started another cigarette, feeling more collected and calm now.

“I knew I would find you here.”

“Gabe?” Harry looked up, seeing his friend for the first time in maybe 10 days?

“Where have you been man? Didn’t text or call, I thought you fucking died.” The brunette kid joked. He took a seat on one of the chairs and lit his own cigarette, exhaling and inhaling for a few moments, letting the silence stretch a little further and then moved his blue eyes onto his friend.

“Well, y’know…” Harry shrugged. “Here and there.”

“No, I don’t know.” Gabe tilted his head. He looked so much like Ana Harry would have laughed if his shaking would have stopped and he wouldn’t have felt like shit. The pressure of having Riddle on his back, the date, the tickets, his running and to top it all, didn’t matter that he was actually losing almost three years of college, his fucking friend was fucking with his head too. It was all too much.

“Look man,” he stood up and threw his cigarette, only now feeling the cold that was slowly creeping through his bones “I don’t need this.” He made a gesture between them and then started to head back inside.

Gabe yelled after him. “What the fuck did I do now?” But Harry ignored him. He huffed and focused his stare on his on-going cigarette, his eyes heartbroken and sad. “Fuck.”
Harry felt like shit. He felt like a motherfucking bastard. He felt like… like Zion must have felt all the time. He ran a hand through his hair, his limbs and movements still shaky and he hated it. He should have all of this under control but instead he was feeling so small and lost that for a second he thought it would be best just to let Riddle ruin him. It’s not like the bastard can do worse that all of the other bastards that came through his life…

“Harry?” He turned his stare from the glass that he must have washed for some good minutes now, if the raw skin from his thumbs was any proof, to the man in front of him.

“AJ?” He asked, lost. The man looked from his face to the glass in his hand and back to his face, worriedly.

“Are you okay?” His voice was soft and gentle and Harry hated it. Why people have to care about him? Why people have to like him? Why couldn’t they just leave him in peace? He exhaled and put the glass down, blinking rapidly and shifting his weight from one foot to the other. He took a minute to calm himself down, remembering that the only thing he ate that day was the breakfast Riddle had shoved down on his throat that morning. He smiled brokenly at AJ.

“Yeah, man. I just have a bad day.”

“Are you sure? You look like you’re on the verge of passing out.” The older man took a step forward but Harry obviously didn’t like the small distance, even if there was a counter between them. It seemed that he hated everyone’s touch except Riddle’s lately. And wasn’t that fucking with his head?

“Nah, man…” he muttered. “Believe me, I had worse.” Oh yeah. This was nothing.

“You sure? I could always drop you at your apartment. I’m sure the people from club will understand.” And I would call Riddle and somehow magically he will make it seem like he already wanted to visit you and he would fucking take care of you because I feel useless.

Harry thought about Ben and the money and waved his hand in a let-it-go gesture. “It’s okay. Do you want something?”

AJ stared at him for a moment and then took a seat. “A Blue Moon.” Harry smiled, amused. “You sure are okay, kid? You kind of look like shit.”
Harry chuckled, despite his fucked up state. Maybe a little of coke won’t hurt now that he feels like shit. “That’s just how I look but thanks, I guess.”

AJ giggled (fucking giggled, Harry stared incredulously) and nodded. “You’re welcome.”

Harry served other patrons while AJ took his phone out and texted his boss because Harry looking like that was a big fucking deal. The kid looked half-dead. He received a text in the next moment, and he thought amused that Riddle was acting exactly like a teenager girl with a crush. Riddle told him to never leave Harry out of his sight and help him if he could. It would be too suspicious if Riddle would drop by now at the club and he actually couldn’t, he had some business to attend. Harry was AJ’s business now, he was strongly advised to not fuck it up.

Well. No pressure at all. Fuck.

“So, Harry…” Harry turned to look at him curiously and AJ had to suppress a wince at the sight. The kid looked pale with bloodshot eyes, his black hair looked too dark in contrast with his porcelain skin. His eyes were pale, a forest green washed by many winters and too much rain. He looked exhausted and sad. “Who’s your friend over there?” Well, he ran out of ideas so he had listened to Riddle’s advice and was going to befriend and seduce the bestfriend.

“Gabe?” The kid was definitely confused now. AJ grinned.

“Yeah.”

“Why?”

“I think he’s cute.” Harry’s wide eyes made AJ grin wider, yeah, Gabe was definitely not his type and Harry totally knew it. The green-eyed narrowed his eyes.

“I thought you were straight.”

AJ only winked and then proceeded to stare at Gabe who was sitting only three stools away and was nursing his beer in silence. “Hey, kid!” Gabe turned his face to them. “Wanna join us?” Gabe watched from Harry to AJ and back and only when Harry nodded in yes did he approached them. He was still wary, his figure guarded and tense.
“Yeah?”

“I see that you already have a drink so I can’t really buy you one now. But the next one will be on me, mkay kid?”

“I-I” Gabe looked confused, asking Harry for help but the latter couldn’t actually do anything, his friend was a grown-up, he could handle some playful flirting. “I’m not gay?!”

AJ only put a heavy hand on his shoulders, if the wince Gabe showed on his face wasn’t fake, and grinned.

“Nonsense, is just a drink.” The wink that followed after those words clearly stated that it wasn’t just a drink. Gabe’s eyes were still staring at Harry but the young man was way into his own head to notice anything. Harry was worriedly biting his lip while Gabe was trying to pay both attention to that action and to AJ who was happily talking about this and that.

“Hey, Ben.” Harry entered the now empty bathroom except for his co-worker who was washing his hands and looking in the mirror. The other turned to him and arched his eyebrow. “Are you ok?”

“Yeah,” Ben snorted. “why shouldn’t I be?”

“I don’t know, you kind of acted weird this night.” Harry was meet with silence so he switched his weight from one foot to the other and then started again. “Look, never mind. Forget I said that.” He looked at his phone’s clock. “It’s almost 3, you think we should head to your apartment?” Harry still had to pack a bag and write a note to his landlord.

“Why the sudden rush?” Ben was heading to the door, making Harry a sign to follow him. AJ was still at the bar with Gabe, they were flirting now but Gabe still looked a little uncomfortable. Harry would have said something by now if he hadn’t noticed the way Gabe sometimes threw glances at the older man when he thought he wasn’t aware. His friend clearly liked him, he was just probably shy. AJ was sometimes looking around the club with guarded and intelligent eyes but otherwise his
whole attention was directed to the one sitting next to him.

They were both in a bubble, dead to the real world so Harry decided to take his coat, leave through the back door and not interrupt them. A goodbye would have been nice to say to Gabe but he didn’t do them, and even if he did, it was all a waste of time anyway. Goodbyes? Harry never felt anything, nor hurt or pain, when it was his turn to say them so he exhaled and headed towards the exit.

Ben was already hailing a cab when he stepped outside, they entered it and proceeded to stay in silence the whole ride. Only when they were softly walking to Ben’s apartment that Ben took Harry’s arm and ushered him through the door. Ben exhaled and looked around his home for a bit after turning to Harry.

“Where’s the girlfriend?” Harry asked, clearly confused by the lack of presence and Ben’s weird attitude.

”Gone.” He didn’t elaborate on that and Harry was guilty that he had felt a little spark of happiness when he heard that. He never liked the bitch.

“Look, Harry” Ben was heading towards what Harry remembered to be the bedroom. “I know you are in trouble.” Harry stopped, frozen, at the door and stared at Ben, who was now looking through his drawers for something. “Riddle, is…” Ben turned to him and sighed, running a hand through his hair. He was holding something in his hand. “dangerous, I know.”

“H-.. how?” Harry cleared his throat, his voice coming out scrappy.

“Let’s just say I learned that the hard way.” He handed Harry the thing. It was a sock full of rolled money. The 5 hundred… “Here, I think you need them more than me now.” Harry soon realized that Ben acting weird and not coming to work had to do with Riddle somehow. He took a step forward.

“Did he hurt you?” He fist his hands.

Ben shook his hands, smiling brokenly. “Not in the way you think, Harry.” The kid stared confused. “I’ve heard of him before, when, you know, I didn’t have the best reputation. He was clearly feared and respected, even big and scary man who could snap your neck in half were quivering at the thought of him. Some called him demon, they were saying he was as deadly as a firing weapon. If it was a name well respected in the world I used to be a part of, it was Riddle. Everybody feared him, even the reckless ones.”
“I— what?” Ben grinned with a pity look on his face.

“God, kid.” He ran a hand through his hair. “And you still don’t even know what you’ve just gotten yourself in, huh?”

“Why…” Harry had to clear his throat a second time so he could speak. All seemed more real and true now that someone was sharing his opinion. He knew the man was dangerous, but fuck that he gave it much thought beyond the gun and the bodyguards. Riddle was someone powerful. He may have killed people, fired a gun, beaten someone. Oh god. _He definitely killed people._

Harry barely got in time to the toilet to let his breakfast out. He kept throwing until his stomach was empty. There was a little blood there too and he exhaled, not ready to process that information. His body was sweating and shaking and he felt like shit. He brought his head up and stared at Ben who was watching him worriedly from the door. “Why didn’t you tell me earlier?”

The blonde man gulped and looked away, with a guilty expression on his face. “At first I didn’t know. He looked familiar to me but you must know that not many people know how Riddle looks or have met him. He has an inner circle and has people, thousands, working for him. He looked familiar because I had a friend who was Riddle’s personal bodyguard’s cousin.”

“Atlas.” Harry said hollowly.

Ben thinned his lips but otherwise nodded. “Yes. Dangerous man, he used to be the best fighter in the Underworld until Riddle took him in.” He cleared his throat, running his shaky fingers through his long, blonde beard.

“So, I saw Riddle’s face only once. I was sitting in a car, waiting for my friend. It was a long time ago but I could never forget his imposing figure and dangerous air. When I realized who he was it was a little too late, you were already gone. I wanted to tell you but I…” he grimaced. “I was threatened, to put it simply.”

“When you were drunk.” Harry stated, remembering Ben’s slurred words “I need to tell you something.”

“Before, actually. Something happened…” Ben helped Harry to stand up. “Maybe one day I’ll tell you.” Harry only stared, confused and disoriented.
“Look, you need to go. You’ve already stayed too much.” Harry tried not to wince at Ben’s slightly accusing and worried voice. It was normal that the man would want Harry out of his apartment, Harry was a threat to anybody right now. “I hope you know what you are doing.” He waved at the money. “This is the only way that I can help you, I would do much more if I could but I don’t think that it’s a good idea for the both of us.”

They were already at the door, Harry still shaking and feeling the bitter taste on his tongue. Ben gave him some gum when he saw Harry’s wince and smiled sadly. “I hope you’ll take care of you.” Harry knew that Ben did much more than anybody, he risked his life when he clearly knew what it could happen. Harry would never forget that. “Be careful. Please!” His tone was sad, so, so sad.

Harry nodded, feeling torn inside. Not for the goodbye, but for the realization that he was fucked and even Ben could see that. “Thank you, for everything. Seriously Ben, thank you.” He looked for the last time at his long-time co-worker.

“I won’t ask you what you are going to do. I don’t want to or need to know. Just stay low for a while. Leave if you must.” Harry was biting his lip and clenching his hands.

“I really hope you know what you are doing.” Harry gulped and nodded his thanks and goodbye to Ben, turning around and heading towards the door.

He was just leaving when he remembered something. “Hey, how did you know that after the night Tom and I left together, we still saw each other?”

Ben sighed slowly. “It wasn’t a guess. Someone called me. There are talks in the Underworld that Riddle’s got himself a pretty someone. And that he is off the market. Untouchable.”

“Untouchable?”

“Someone touches him, they’re dead. That is a rule.”

Dead. Oh. Chan.

“They said my name?” Harry asked, shakily.
“No, but I knew it was you.”

Harry gulped, dreading the next words. "Knew from the way he was looking at you that night. Like you were his and his alone."

Harry wanted him to shut up suddenly. He didn’t say anything, he just stormed out the door and into the cold night. He ran all the way home, all 5 blocks, until his lungs couldn’t take it anymore and his throat was raw and hurting. He made it to his apartment and packed his bag in 5 minutes. His movements were shaky, afraid and desperate.

He was hungry and shaken and bone-tired but he knew he couldn’t stay an hour more in that city. He needed to get away fast. He needed to get away from him.

He booked the next ticket and sat on the uncomfortable train seat, putting his earphones on and blasting his music to the maximum volume. He was already fast asleep by the time the train started moving.

Chapter End Notes

The next one will have Riddle’s reaction and Harry's adventures. Stay tuned and tell me what you think!
Where are you and I'm so sorry, I cannot sleep, I cannot drink tonight.

Chapter Notes

Warning: torture, drug use

Enjoy, Sfk

12 November 2016

Harry stared at his black old phone; the decision to throw it away was a hard one. His SIM was already in a trash bin somewhere in Birmingham. Aware of the fact that if Riddle was as powerful as Harry had found out, he could be tracked in less than an hour. Now, he didn’t know if his paranoia was talking or maybe Riddle had really put a tracking device in his phone too. He was sad to let it go; the thing used to be his only friend most of the times.

He exhaled slowly and looked around, it was somewhere between 6 and 7 PM and people were going home, all in a hurry. The subway was packed but except for the odd smell, the crappy lightening and the creepy stares he would sometimes get, it was fine. It was okay. Harry was relieved and a little surprised he actually got away that far.

His eyelids were dropping and he hadn’t eaten anything beside breakfast that morning, which consisted of a shitty sandwich and coffee. He wanted a bed and a shower and warmer clothes than his shitty and worn-out ones. He had finished his cigarettes sometimes during lunch but he was way too afraid to buy some from the store there because it had surveillance cameras. Yeah, he knew. The paranoia was getting the best of him but he could never forget how his body was shaking so badly or how much he wanted to cry, not from pain, but from fear. He had been, and still was, scared shitless.

“Knew from the way he was looking at you that night.”

Exhale. He closed his eyes shut and gritted his teeth because that felt as perfect as it fucking hurt him.

” Like you were his and his alone.”

As beautiful sounding as it fucking terrified him.

He wanted in and he wanted out. He was a fool to lie and to not admit that he had loved it, every second of it, at least the sex part. For those moments he wasn’t Harry Potter, the skinny gay art student, but he was someone who Riddle both fucked and made love to at the same time. Someone who was wanted.

Yeah, he had his share of one night stands, he thought snorting. But they were never that good. He had never got lost in such a way that he would open himself and let people in. Riddle made him feel, doesn’t matter what fucking weird emotions those were, but Riddle made him feel alive. And he hated it. He hated it all, the confusion, the lust, the embarrassment, the fear, the pleasure, the hate.
His train has finally arrived so he got up and looked at his phone for the last time, deciding that it was better to play safe than sorry he threw it and with a heavy heart he took his seat, closing his eyes and preparing himself for another long ride.

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“You”

Exhale.

“are”

A big gulp from the drink. Scotch, most likely.

“telling me”

Feral grey eyes turned onto him.

“that you lost”

Wide, wide, wide eyes. Not feral, AJ realized, but drunk with agony, drunk with fear.

“Harry.”

Silence.

Axis was keeping his distance and Axel, the fucker, was shifting from foot to foot, completely terrified. Leo and Atlas were the only ones who had their poker faces on. Probably because they weren’t the ones who had fucked up.

“He is gone.”
It was not denial. Riddle didn’t do denial.

“He just left? You tell me there is no trace of him? One moment he was at the club and the other poof, gone?”

“Gone.” Riddle repeated the word, tasting it on his tongue. It tasted like shit. Like someone cut his tongue in two and took all of his teeth out or like he was hangover and 16 all over again. It felt like sand and ash.

Silence. AJ wasn’t that stupid as to open his mouth.

“You tell me there is nothing of him? You lost him? Why? Because you were flirting with his friend,”

AJ didn’t try to tell Riddle that he was the one who had given him that idea in the first place. Basically it was his fault. But it kind of wasn’t, really, AJ used to be good at his job. Heck, AJ was the best at his job. Just one moment, that was all it took, and Harry left without a trace.

“and you weren’t paying attention? You tell me that his apartment is somehow messier than usual and you think because of that, what? He grabbed a few clothes and left?“

“You tell me he left without saying goodbye to everyone or calling his College? He just disappeared? He discarded his SIM card and phone?”

“One moment he was there, and then he wasn’t?”

Nobody said anything; his questions weren’t actually waiting an answer. He was mulling over, his mind going miles per minute, analyzing things, putting them together and finding solutions.

“And that is what he actually did.” He finally answered himself. Tom didn’t know if he should laugh or scream. The little shit played him, got away so quietly and at a time when Tom thought the kid had made peace with his fate and had stopped struggling. Well not really done struggling, but the deal had been a step forward, at least in his perspective. The date, the courting and all that shit and the kid would fall. He would. He was sure about it.
Well not anymore.

AJ didn’t smile nor feel proud at Riddle’s answer on that he finally saw his reasons and assumptions as right. It wasn’t the case, the kid was gone and they had nada. And it was his entire fault.

AJ was shaking badly by the time he arrived at Riddle’s office. He was afraid, yes, but he wasn’t that stupid not to tell Riddle face to face what happened and what his assumptions was, the news being told through the phone would have been a lack of respect and an act of a coward. Riddle hated cowards.

The man needed some time (mostly because he was way too astonished, never before had his lovers managed to run away from him, not that they actually wanted, Harry was the only exception it seemed) but he finally got around it. And when he did, well wasn’t that a pretty terrific sight. Riddle’s eyes were burning with a boiling rage and his arms were gripping the desk with force. He exhaled slowly and all parties, except Atlas and Leo, had to take a step back and stop their eyes from going wide, their boss was slowly losing it and it was such a rare sight to see. To think he had stood in front of dangerous and powerful men and he hadn’t shown any emotion besides maybe boredom but then this one scrawny kid came out of nowhere and managed to make him lose control.

_The kid was fucking special. And he was... gone._

‘Fuck’ all men, Leo, Axis, Axel and AJ thought. Atlas only stared.

But suddenly Tom was all right...he ran a hand through his hair fixing it. He stood straight and grinning maniacally; he turned towards the others and ordered them briskly. Hia image of the mob boss was back in place. It was time for business.

“Leo, hack every single surveillance camera from UK and if you don’t find anything, try from all Europe. You have a team, use them.”

“Axel, Axis, you go and visit all the places that kid has been in the last year, heck, last years. I don’t care; Leo will give the addresses after he finds them. Then try his friends, I don’t care what you must do, find out where the fuck he is. Maybe he is hiding somewhere.”

They all went into motion, Leo already on his phone while the two brothers were checking their guns and waiting for Leo for directions. Atlas was still standing still, silently at his sight, a comforting shadow that has been there for years and Riddle felt relieved that it was there now too, being thrown out of a really important meeting at 4 AM just to be told that his boy was missing was really fucking with his head. The Russians were a pain in the ass and the yakuza were no better. At least Atlas could handle the mess while he would search for that fucking boy of his.
“Sir!”

He turned around to look at the man. The sight made him exhale and grit his teeth, the disappointment and rage were still boiling up in his blood.

“AJ, get the fuck out of my sight before I put a fucking bullet in your head.” He tried to get past him, Levi’s number already dialed, when the other put his hands up.

“Look, I can help!” Axel was snorting somewhere in the corner and Riddle was fucking done. ”I may have information that could help.”

The fact that Riddle stopped to listen to him, even for a moment, showed just how lost he truly was and how much help he actually needed.

“The kid surely had a reason as to disappear so suddenly. You need to know that he wasn’t feeling well when I saw him. His face was pale and he was shaking. He seemed distracted and would throw glances almost every minute at his co-worker, Ben.” Tom stopped.

Fuck. And that was his first mistake, he fucking underestimated that fucker. He threatened him and even after everything, he still spilled. He chuckled darkly, his assumptions correct; the fucker was having feelings for Harry. Nobody would risk his life unless there was something there. The jealousy was roaring, with a red and hot feeling in his chest and a blue and icy feeling in his head. He nodded his head towards AJ, at least the bastard wasn’t truly incompetent.

Levi was waiting on the line for him, always patient.

“Bring the car downstairs. We’re going visiting.”

Ben had it coming.

When AJ tried to get past Atlas and join Riddle, his chest was met with a hard fist.

“You’re not going.” The big man said with no expression whatsoever on his face.

AJ turned his wide eyes onto Riddle. “What do you mean? What does he mean? Tom?” Tom grimaced. Ok, maybe not the best time to call him that. Surely his boss would take AJ from his
bodyguard position but he hadn’t thought that the man would actually take him from his position in the inner circle too.

“If you still value your life, I strongly advise you to get lost.” Atlas said simply.

No, no. Come on!!

“Sir— please…”

Tom just shook his head and left for the elevator, Atlas following him obediently and silently.

“I don’t think he would want to hear you begging. Someone will call you after we clean this mess. We will keep in touch.” Leo touched his shoulder gently, in a comforting gesture. It didn’t do the job. He had fucked up and *he needed to clean the mess himself.*

AJ left the Penthouse, waiting for the next elevator impatiently. The two brothers and Leo gave him no mind, being too busy finding that brat. *Well, they all could suck it, he would find him first. Out of them all, AJ knew Harry the best.*

Riddle’s head was pounding slightly, most likely a forgotten headache resurfacing slowly, and his throat felt like some little annoying bugs were crawling there. They were eating his insides, *if the feeling of the hollowness in his chest* was any proof. His thoughts were going back and forth miles per minute and every other scenario he would make in his head was worse than the previous.

Harry *dead,* found by his enemies.

Harry *starving and feeling the November’s weather in his bones.* If the information Leo had sent was correct, Harry hadn’t withdrawal any money from his credit card, so unless the kid has some cash (which was the only explanation) he was fucked. He could give Harry some credit; the kid was a genius. No tickets were bought in his name and his credit card hadn’t been used. The phone and SIM card were discarded somewhere so the tracking device he had put there was of no use. The kid
thought about every fucking thing.

Leo promised him that Harry would surely make a mistake, like going into a store or something, and his facial description would be recognized right away. All they had to do is to wait.

Well, not in his case. He was looking at the apartment building in front of him, a quite decent-looking place for someone who only worked shifts at his club. He paid them money, of course, but not big money. But oh well, it was not Ben that had afforded this. It was his girlfriend. His girlfriend that fortunately worked for Riddle.

He grinned and nodded to Levi who had opened the door for him. Atlas was at his side in a second, waiting for him, clenching his fists and grinning too. The man had been silent the whole ride and Riddle was glad for that. Atlas didn’t much care what his boss did to whom, why or how. He understood Riddle on other level, the love for blood and their sadism brought them together a long time ago. They were in sync and both didn’t take or give. At least here, they were equals, in their love of dominating, of feeling powerful and in control. In the daylight, Riddle usually pulled the strings.

Their steps were the only noise that could be heard in the building. All was quiet and peaceful. It was 6 AM and Riddle needed blood.

The knocking, which Atlas had take upon him to do it, was loud, clear and demanding. Probably Ben was not as paranoid and careful as someone in his situation should be or he was simply stupid, because when he answered the door with wide eyes, ruffled hair and pajamas Riddle felt slightly hurt and disappointed and a little stupid. He thought this man could be a rival of his, someone whom he had to fight so he could have Harry. The pathetic figure standing in the doorway was disgusting him.

Atlas acted way before Ben even realized what was happening. He was hauled and thrown into one of his chairs in the kitchen, but he wasn’t that stupid to try to move or bolt. The bearded-man was watching them with fear, from Atlas who was standing tall over him and Riddle who took a seat on a chair and smiled, charmingly.

“What do you want now?” he spat.

Riddle chuckled, looking at Atlas now. He waved and then sank more comfortably in the chair, preparing for the show. As soon as Riddle waved his hand, Atlas was on Ben. But now there were not fists, kicks or words and dirty secrets that hurt more than anything, but a short and sharp-looking knife. Ben couldn’t do anything but gulp and watch in complete fear how Riddle’s poker face, Atlas’s crazy glint in his eyes and that fucking sharp knife were directed to his own face. No.
Riddle was the one to speak first. “How about we have some fun?” It was so politely spoken, so calm. So cold.

He prayed the kid had made it and got lost because seeing Riddle now; he knew that that night was Harry’s only and last chance at a normal and healthy life. If Riddle will catch him, the kid would be doomed.

Atlas grinned at him and said. “Don’t worry, it won’t hurt… much.”

He couldn’t stop his screams as he felt his collarbone being caught into tiny but painful lines. They were done way too fast and experimentally but when the pain came, fuck it kicked in. The blood was slowly going down on his chest and nipples, his upper torso now being exposed and naked. Riddle only watched in fascination, like it was his favorite movie or TV series and he was having the best of the times.

He was sick. They were all sick. *God, Harry, run.*

Atlas suddenly stopped, after a few cuts on his shoulders that were deep enough to leave scars. His throat was feeling like it was on fire. “Now let’s have a little chat, hm?” Riddle was getting up from the chair and Ben wanted to put distance between them so badly but the rope that Atlas worked around him sometime before he started cutting was holding him in place.

He wanted to cry but he gritted his teeth instead, deciding that he would not speak a word.

“Oh, we are going to play that game?” Riddle said softly while crunching down to his level. His hair was suddenly pulled from his roots and his eyes started stinging. Fuck that bastard.

“Listen to me you pathetic being, I will find him and when I do, his fate will be worse than yours. And that depends on how fast I find him. So for your sake and his, start talking now.”

He will abuse him? No. There were no rumors of Riddle abusing his lovers but fuck, he can’t just rely on rumors.

“You’ll never find him!” He hadn’t wanted to talk at all but he found himself spitting those words
out before he could process them. The chance of Harry escaping Riddle forever was slim to none but he just liked twisting that figurate knife in Riddle’s figurate collarbone. He could do damage too, didn’t matter that he was trapped in that chair with no way out unless you count the mob boss’ mercy.

Riddle chuckled hollowly. “My team is looking for him as we speak. I’ll give him,” he looked at his expensive watch and then back to Ben’s white as sheet face. “five hours top.”

Ben chuckled too, although he was still hurting and scared. “You don’t really know him, do you?” Riddle’s jaw ticked. “If Harry is something, he’s a survivor. And a hella good runner.”

“Talk.” Riddle spitted, face full of rage.

Ben held his head high and eyes determined. There were suddenly blows to his head and neck and it had taken him by surprise when, after the blows stopped and the pain dulled a little, he realized that it was not Atlas but Riddle who had done that. Riddle with wide, angry eyes and blue veins bulging in his arms. The pride left and the fear returned full force. Fuck, Riddle had never, never gotten his hands dirty. Well, not literally. But now, as the tall and imposing man was shedding his jacket, Ben feared for his life more than for Harry’s.

“Maybe you can take one of us,” Atlas said smiling, twisting his knife, “but I don’t think you can take the both of us at the same time.”

Riddle’s fists started the same time Atlas’s knife touched his left arm. If the pain had been bad, now it was excruciating. He had never felt something so cruel or downgrading. He had never felt that kind of fear. The desire to die and for it to be all finished was strong. Cut, cut, blow, kick, fist in his mouth, cut on his chest, one rib probably broken, wait, scratch that, two. Cut above his heart, cut on his stomach, fuck, his arm. His head was pounding and he vomited whatever he had in his stomach exactly in the space between the two mafia men. The two gave it no mind, continuing their cuts and blows.

Between his screams and cries and grunts and moans, after some time, some words had started tumbling through.

“..please”

“I don’t know..”
“oh god” He started crying.

“don’t. gave him some… please… just some money…”

His voice was breathless.

“I don’t know …“

Sob.

”…where he is”

“please.” Desperate. He was desperate.

They stopped sometime after he fell into semi-unconsciousness. He was still begging and repeating that he didn’t know, he didn’t know, please, he didn’t know. His swollen eyes were just a little open but it was enough to see Riddle’s ugly smirk directed to him as the man was crouching down.

“I don’t know, oh god” he sobbed ”please…”

Riddle smiled. “Sh, sh. ”

He stood up, probably took his jacket and as he was heading for the door he spoke softly and cruelly. “Of course you don’t know.”

He couldn’t breathe. Everything hurt, the cuts stung and he was fully covered in blood. His own blood. He took another breath, which made him feel ill, when he just realized.

Scum. Ben was feeling like scum. Riddle had know from the very start Ben had no idea where Harry was.

13 November 2016
Harry hurt everywhere. His body wasn’t accustomed to train or bus seats. His back and butt ached from standing in the same position for hours. He was hungry but he was afraid to get something so he was stuck with coffee and shitty subway for now. He was somewhere near Dublin but he still couldn’t stop himself from looking over his shoulder every now and then. The relieved feeling of actually getting away was squashed by the fear of what it would happen if the bastard actually caught him.

He exhaled and shook his legs when he got out of the train. He flexed his fingers and ran a hand through his hair, which was now oily and dirty. He grimaced; he really needed to take a shower. He looked at the board and saw that his train for Dublin would be leaving in ten minutes. He decided to go take a piss and then board his train.

He was washing his hands and trying to straighten his clothes when he heard a voice talking behind him. He had been so lost in thought he didn't see the other man entering the room. Paranoid he turned abruptly back and tried to make a run for it, thinking that the man was one of Riddle’s.

“Whoa, hey mate, calm down.” The Irish accent was full at this one and he liked it, enough at least to stop and arch an eyebrow at the other

“Oi, I just asked you if you was okay?” The brunette man shrugged. “Sorry If I scared ya.”

Harry closed his eyes, every other human interacting with him meant not staying low and Riddle having some kind of leverage over him, with all that torture shit. But fuck he was tired and he needed to shower and he needed, god, he needed a cigarette and someone to talk to. “Uhm, not really.”

“Yeah, you kind of look shaken.” The other took a step forward, watching for a reaction. When he got nothing besides Harry’s narrowed eyes he took another one and smiled at him. “You need anything?”

“Cigarettes,” Harry croaked out.

“I have those. Anything?” The other one grinned at him.

Harry said no. They both left the bathroom and exited the train station and sat on a bench. “What are you doing here? I could hear your British accent so that means you aren’t from here.”

“Looking for my brother.” Harry shrugged and took the cigarette, thanking him in gratitude.
“Here?”

“No, Dublin.” Harry felt like shit so he sounded like shit. His throat was raspy and his voice shaken.

“You want to talk about it?”

“You wouldn’t believe me, mate.” He laughed mirthless but the other only looked at him expectantly.

Harry decided to let the bomb drop. “I’m running away from a mob boss who has some kind of obsession with me. I’m afraid he’ll either kill the people around me or end up killing me.”

The other looked at Harry shocked and stayed silent for a moment. Then: “What’s your name?”

“Harry.” He said without thinking.

“Harry. I’m Thomas.” Harry’s heart stopped a little at that. “Nice to meet you.”

Harry nodded. The other tried again. “Want to tell me more? You look like you kind of need it.”

Harry inhaled the nicotine, looked around a little lost and then started to tell that stranger everything. The man listened silently, clearly believing Harry word for word. When Harry finished and took a big breath, Thomas looked enraged while he spat.

“So, wait, he manipulated you?”

Harry ran a hand through his hair and took a puff from his fifth cigarette. “I know, I was stupid but I needed my apartment and job, it was my only option if I wanted to keep the freedom I had desperately craved since I was like 15. I knew finding a job or another place to stay was hard and moving with him was clearly not an option. I wanted to say no, believe me, but I was cornered, overwhelmed and distracted.”

“By what?” The other seemed confused.
“By him!” Harry said, like it was something Thomas should have known by now.

The other shook his head. “So, let’s rewind. You kissed, you both wanted to fuck, then you bolted, he put his men to chase you, threw you in his car, you sucked him off, he fucked you” he looked at him “how did you put it, he made love to you and then fucked you and then he made love to you and so on, he kept kidnapping you the whole week, he fucked you more, he forced you into a deal and a date and when you found out what he was from Chan and Ben, you ran away?”

“Yes.” Harry hissed.

Thomas groaned. “Man, my life is boring.”

Harry couldn’t stop from chuckling.

12 November 2016

“Still nothing?” Leo asked, rubbing his temples.

Axel and Axis were both breathing heavenly and taking gulps of water from their bottles. They were still at Riddle’s place which was packed now with people coming and going, helping here and there, looking for information, talking on the phone or typing furiously on their laptops.

“No. Nothing. His friends have been acting normal all day. There was nothing in their apartments. You?”

“No, fuck, no.” Leo answered, the twins had to stop themselves at Leo’s sudden and unexpected curse.”The kid is probably wearing some hood, no pictures on street cameras too. I don’t know, it’s like he is a ghost.”

No word of him too. The kid was smart; all of them could give him that. A full day had passed and it was 9 PM now, Saturday. Riddle was sitting in his home office, lost in thought, staring into the big window and London’s night lights.
“Where are you?” he whispered.

Atlas was sitting on the couch with a drink in a hand, silently staring at his boss. Tom felt his stare but didn’t comment on it. They were both lost, the excitement and euphoria from the torture had already left. Riddle didn’t want to kill that motherfucker, not yet, or going on a rampage and torturing different people just so he could feel something. As high as he had felt that morning, as low he was feeling now.

“Why?” Atlas asked. Riddle didn’t have to ask why what.

Hopeless, he answered with a small voice. “I don’t know.”

Atlas wanted to scream at him that he always knew everything, he was the king of the Underworld, and he owned everyone and everything. Seeing him like that, sitting in his chair, his drink already forgotten in his hand while he was staring at nothing, he believed him when he had said that he didn’t know. Because Atlas now didn’t know too.

What to do with this.

20 November 2016

Early in the mornings when I think about you…yeah… In the mornings when I want to know you

I-I could fuck you all the time-aaaah-aaa

The loud music was like a soft whisper to his drugged ears. The light was purple and had invaded the whole room.
He was naked and there was a mirror in front of him. His lips were obscenely puffy and pink and he kept dragging his hand around his body. His skin was a pretty purple and everything sparkled, his eyes were finally black and his wet hair was like lava, touching his shoulders and falling like a curtain.

Yeah.

He put two of his five fingers in his mouth and sucked them. He moaned around them and then took them out. He dragged them around his body again, touching his purple nipples.

Laugh.

The music kept repeating and it was like heaven to his head. He was naked, he was looking in the mirror, he was purple, he was happy, he was… most likely on drugs.

There was a weird noise and then he realized it was coming for him, he was both moaning and laughing. It was only him and that purple light, making him so pretty, so pretty.

Oh god, so pretty. Finally pretty.

He closed his eyes and then opened them. He bit his lip and then poked his tongue out. One hand was running through his hair because he was wild so his hair should be too. His cock was lazily lying half-hard. He stroked himself one, two, three times and then got distracted again by his purple body and lava hair.
Fuck. Yeah.

In the mornings when I wanna know you

Yeah I hit you like what you sayin…

There were hands on his hips now and they felt so wrong. They felt so right.

“God, you look so beautiful.”

“Come’ere princess.” Harry obeyed, looking at the other man sitting on the shitty couch. There was a couple somewhere in the corner who was fucking, letting out loud and obscene moans. He was grinning at them and send them thumb-ups, just like a cute wasted college student will do.

Well that was him, but as he knelt between the man sitting on the couch and let his head sit on the other’s thigh, purring when his hair started being stroked, he couldn’t remember who he really was.

Or what he was running from.
Chapter Summary

When he put Harry in the shower, under the spray, his boy’s blue and green and white skin hurting his eyes, Tom didn’t know if he was crying or there was the water from the shower going down on his face.

Chapter Notes

Sorry, sorry but I’m full of inspiration and I can’t wait to get deep in this shitty ff so I updated again.

Warning: rape, drug use, dub con, maybe you'll get sad at the ending idk

I don't really know much about coke so I wrote what I thought it need to happen so I can continue this story. I wrote Harry on drugs probably different from how people are usually on drugs. 1. Because my google doesn't work so I couldn't do some research and 2. Because I needed Harry to be exactly like this for my ff.

So if you had been on coke and it had been different, this is my excuse.

Hope you don't hate me and you like it and tell me if you do.

Sfk

See the end of the chapter for more notes

13 November 2016

“Fuck, fuck.” Panting, Harry ran a hand through his sticky hair and blew some from his eyes. Thomas was behind him too, his blue eyes wide at Harry’s sudden behavior.

“What happened?”

“Fuck, I lost my train.” The other watched him confused for a moment and then threw a glance at the board.

“Dublin, you said?”

“Yeah.” Harry looked around, clearly paranoid. Thomas hadn’t met this Riddle guy but if Harry was that scared then the man must be really fucking dangerous.

“There is one at 9 PM. Is that too late?”
Harry groaned and shut his eyes closed. “Yeah, I don’t know where my brother lives. I will arrive sometime at midnight. I think he would be already at home and not at his work place which is the only address I can remember now.”

“Can’t you call him?”

Harry groaned again. “I threw my fucking phone.”

“Well you already know that I’m heading to Dublin too. We can take the 9 PM train and you can crash at mine’s.” Harry watched him weirdly. Thomas put his hands in the air and grinned innocently. “Only if you want to.”

Harry chuckled. “You tryin to take advantage of me?” The flirting came way too easy and Harry had to stop himself in that moment. Fuck, now was not a good time. He needed to find his brother, stay low for a while and then find a job. Not fuck the first stranger that talks to him.

“If you’ll let me.” Thomas winked, fucking winked.

“If I’ll let ya, you wouldn’t be taking advantage of me.” Thomas just grinned stupidly. Harry shook his head.

He took a seat on a bench and exhaled, closing his eyes. He couldn’t stop himself from flinching when Thomas took the next seat and was way into his personal space. The other probably hadn’t noticed it or if he had, he didn’t care. Well, both assumptions were terrifying and Harry wanted to breathe.

The other’s voice startled him from his thoughts. He opened his eyes and was met with brown hair and sunken cheeks. Maybe Harry hadn’t put too much thought into Thomas’s appearance but the kid looked Russian, which Harry later would learn that Thomas was indeed from Russia but he came to Ireland when he was five so that explained the accent. He had wide blue eyes, really, really prominent cheekbones and porcelain skin. His sunken eyes and the dark, black circles under made him even more attractive.

And Harry was 99% sure Thomas was a junkie.

“Are you scared?” The other’s voice was small.

“Shitless.” Harry confessed.

Silence.

“Wanna get high?”

Harry watched the other silently. Then he shrugged.

“Sure.”

13 November 2016

And that’s how he found himself in a small club 3 hours away from Dublin. He still didn’t understand what was with him and clubs because he had spent more times in this good for nothing
buildings than everywhere else, really. The music was loud, way too loud, even for Harry’s ears who were accustomed to loud music. His good earphones and his job at the club made sure of that.

He was inhaling shot after shot. After the fourth he stopped feeling guilty that Thomas was buying them. His money, what he still had, was too important to be wasted on things like this. If he wanted to survive he needed at least some money. His running would be futile otherwise.

Thomas tried shouting over the loud music but Harry couldn’t hear a thing. He laughed at the Russian’s desperate face, feeling the alcohol already kicking in. Fuck, it always felt so good, like it was his first time all over again, forgetting about heartbreaks and parents and life. It was just him, a field and his best friend. It was only him throwing up, on the verge of passing out and his friend laughing at him.

It was only him, his body dancing to the music’s beats and low light. And maybe some hands splayed playfully on his hips.

Thomas was grinning at him while he was grinding his crotch into Harry’s ass. Fuck, Harry closed his eyes in pleasure and sighed. This. This was it. They both had taken coke before they entered the club. He used his fake ID and kept to himself and away from corners and cameras. Thomas assured him that they would get just in time to take the 6 AM train.

Harry sighed, he was still dirty and sticky all over but now he didn’t care, his mind wandering elsewhere while his pupils were blown wide. He felt like he was levitating, his skin tingled with pleasure and his member was already half-hard. Sometimes he wondered why he hadn’t just stopped going to College so he could spend his nights just like this, dirty dancing, consuming happiness and feeling like he was flying.

He fucking loved it.

Thomas was tugging with his teeth at Harry’s lobe and Harry laughed. It always felt so fucking good. Every touch and caress. He hated Riddle for calling him kitten because he was exactly like that. He always loved to be caressed and touched. Well, when he was drunk at least. When he was sober he could barely stomach it.

The songs changed way too fast for Harry’s liking and time and space didn’t seem that real anymore. He felt like he was flying, then like he was crawling and his knees hurt. He looked down and then up. Fuck but his knees hurt. Thomas was watching him from his right, somewhere, with wide eyes.

He was actually on his knees now and he didn’t remember when he got there. There was a man grinning wickedly at him. “Go on.” He encouraged softly. Harry suddenly felt shy, there were others there, looking at them, others even jacking off.

What? What was happening?

“He is indeed pretty, Thomas.” Another voice, stronger, not as feminine as the first who told him to get on with it. He licked his lips.

“Fuck.” Someone moaned behind him and Harry felt dirty. Ok, not his fucking cup of tea. But his body betrayed him as always when he felt his dick twitch. No, he didn’t like to have an audition. He had never liked. Stop.

His body that was on drugs did though.

“Come on princess, open up.” The voice sounded sinful. Harry couldn’t think of nothing but Riddle.
But he opened up. He licked the tip, sucked and hollowed his cheeks. He did all without thinking, without putting in an effort. His mouth already knew the motion so his body started acting before he could even realize it. He felt like he was floating somewhere. He felt like he was out of his body and this Harry was a new Harry who did all of those things. He couldn’t control his body. Fuck, he knew he had taken too much but he just wanted to forget about everything. He needed coke and now more than usual. It wasn’t his fault, it wasn’t.

“Good boy. Yes.”

Harry fluttered his eyes at the praise. And then he was back in his body again, and now he felt everything and he still liked it. He was him again but he was still going on, still sucking that cock. He couldn’t stop. He didn’t want to.

The man came down his throat and Harry wanted to spit it out, suddenly feeling the dirty sticky substance in his mouth made him want to throw up.

God he felt so dirty.

Another man, bigger than the one he had sucked off, hauled him up. They all had sharp features and looked to be in their early thirties. Harry suddenly felt way too young, way too defenseless and way too scared.

Who were they?

“You fucked him pretty good.” The other holding him said to Thomas. Thomas looked at Harry and then back at the man who had spoken to him. Thomas shrugged, an act that was forced. He clearly looked enraged. “Can we go now?”

“Who is he?”

“No one, really. Just someone I met at the train station.”

“You like him? He sure is pretty.” Thomas only smiled and came closer to Harry.

“You jealous, Joseph?” Thomas said, gripping Harry’s way too drugged body and put him behind his back.

“Thomas, don’t fuck with me. I am your brother.”

“And I just saw your boy toy fucking my friend’s mouth. We’re even.”

Thomas turned around and headed for the door. The man in question looked offended but didn’t say anything. Harry felt like he was on another planet. Who were these fucking people?

“You do something stupid and you’ll regret it.” His brother warned him. Thomas and Harry didn’t look back, disappearing in the club.

They were parting ways through the club until they stopped at the bar. Thomas threw Harry onto a stool and ordered water.

“God, Harry. What the fuck was that? I took my eyes off of you for a second and you disappeared. And then I find you in a bathroom sucking my brother’s boyfriend with my brother watching it all and his friends.”
Harry’s face turned paler than usual. He tried to say something but in the next second he threw up all he had in his stomach down, some of it even on Thomas’s shoes. Oh God, Harry prayed that that didn’t actually happen. But it did.

Thomas could do nothing but pity him. They were both so alike, he realized. Same mistakes and same love for drugs, alcohol and loud music. Only this kid was way too lost, more than he had been.

“Maybe we should go. We still need to catch that train and it is around 5. Drink this.” He put the bottle to his mouth and Harry drank, wincing at the vomit’s taste and cum that were still in his mouth.

He cleaned his mouth with the back of his hand and closed his eyes, inhaling softly. Ok, maybe going hard on the coke was not the best thing.

“That was your brother?”

Thomas’s eyes darkened a little but he nodded. “Yeah, real pain in my ass.”

Harry would have laughed if he hadn’t been so shaken. “Did your brother’s boyfriend cheat on him with me?”

“Well, I don’t know if it was actually cheating since that bastard liked it. Way too much, I may add. Ugh.” He made a face.

“Why did you stay and watch?” He wasn’t accusing him but his still drugged tongue had a way of putting the words together.

“I didn’t want to. He made me and…”

“What?”

“I wanted to stay and make sure they don’t do anything else. Make you sure you were alright.”

Harry’s heart skipped a little at that. Harry was a little scared that he didn’t remember how he actually walked to the bathroom, or when he met Joseph’s, Thomas’s brother, boyfriend. He couldn’t remember a fucking thing.

They were outside now; the air was crispy and cutting Harry’s cheek. They were walking towards the train station. Thomas said it wasn’t a long walk.

He was feeling ashamed now and he kept his head down. Fuck, he couldn’t believe he did that in front of all those people.

“Your brother is an asshole.”

Thomas smiled grimly. “Tell me. Can’t really believe he did that. But hey, it’s ok. I’ve done things like that too, so y’know, if you feel ashamed, don’t!” Harry’s eyes went wide at the statement but he nodded in thanks, Thomas trying to make Harry more comfortable was nice. Thomas was nice.

“Thank you.” Thomas only shrugged.

They reached the train station after a few more minutes. Thomas told him to take a seat because he will be with him in a minute. He came back with two sandwiches and two cups of coffee. Harry was in heaven; he took the cup between his hands and let them stay there. The warmth traveled all the way down to his stomach when he took a sip of it. He was way too busy making love with that
coffee and sandwich to notice Thomas’s amused and somewhat horny expression.

Harry stopped and blushed. “Oh, don’t stop in my regard. Please do continue.”

“Shut up.” Harry hissed and looked down.

Thomas noticed how this Harry was way too different from last night Harry. The kid looked so small and insecure now while not 2 hours ago he had moved his hips seductively and experimentally. Well, he really was another thing altogether.

They took their seats and ate their food in silence.

“You know, I didn’t actually ask you but do you live here or in Dublin?”

“Dublin.” When he saw Harry’s mouth opening he continued. “My brother too.”

“Why was he here?”

“Relax, we don’t live together. I have my own place. And to respond to your question, he owns the club.”

Harry took a deep breath. He didn’t want to ask.

“Is he, you know… like Riddle?”

Thomas watched him knowingly. “Not really. And if he is, he isn’t that powerful. He wished.” He snorted.

“You don’t really like him, hm?” Thomas didn’t respond and decided to look down.

Harry knew the feeling too well.

The train arrived and they both took their seats. Harry played with his jacket while Thomas was looking around in his bag. When he found it he made a happy noise then shifted his attention onto Harry.

He twisted the package he had in his hand and grinned. “Wanna get high?”

“Here?” Harry asked surprised and a little too excited.

Thomas only grinned wider.

They smoked the joint faster than usual and when it hit them, they were already comfortably sited. They kept laughing and stretching around the whole ride. Harry was so happy he had met Thomas.

So, so happy.

And Thomas was too.

_____________________________

Thomas’s place was nice. With way too many pictures- the man was a photographer so it was to be
expected- and maybe a little messy and crowded than Harry was used to but it did just fine. At least he had a roof above his head.

“As soon as I find my brother I’ll get lost.”

Thomas waved him off. “Nonsense. You can stay here as much as you like.”

Harry nodded in gratitude. He would take the couch because Thomas only had a bedroom; the other room was his study where he was developing pictures. Thomas scurried off in his study, telling Harry to get comfortable and that he can do whatever he wants. He would be engrossed in his work so Harry would be alone for some time. Harry nodded and decided that a shower and nap would be great. The moment his head touched the pillow, he was dead to the world.

The days past in a blur, Harry slept almost all day and at night, when Thomas would come from his job, where he unsurprisingly photographed people, they would get high, order take-out and watch old movies. He soon found out that Thomas had been an IT student, just like Harry had wanted, but he hadn’t felt that it was his dream job so he quit. He went towards photography when he realized that he was way too good at it for it to remain just a hobby and voilà, here he was. Harry was glad the man was doing what he liked; Harry would never actually amount to that. He was good at art and he was just the amount of fucked up to feel it but he lost all interest in it. “Well,” Harry shrugged when he told that to Thomas, “it happens sometimes.”

Thomas was a fan of old movies and music too, and Harry absolutely loved that. Harry’s dad used to be a fan too so his love and obsession for the old passed through the generations.

Thomas majored in photography and minored in philosophy so they had a lot to talk about. From Kant to Descartes to Hume to other philosophers that weren’t that famous and their opinions were even better than the others who were well known. They criticized and discussed, laughed and got high. And it was all fun and quiet. Until it wasn’t.

Thomas was just like him, Harry had realized. Not only because they liked the same music and had things to discuss, but because they both were in love with drugs, especially coke. They got high again one night so they decided to went to a club. Harry would go hunting his brother the day after so that was their last day together. They decided to make the best of it. But it all went to hell.

19 November 2016

“You can’t find him.”

Leo had a desperate and fucked up look on his face. His suit was ruffled and worn-out. His stance was an uncomfortable one. He looked bone-tired.

“You’re telling me you can’t find him.”

Riddle watched him daze.

Leo was sick of this. Of Riddle talking like he was a lost child somewhere in a crowd. Of repeating the same words. He knew his boss had it bad but not that bad.
Atlas entered Riddle’s office and threw a file on his desk. His expression desperate, the Russians were breathing down their necks but his boss was way into finding that brat than to care of his own business. He could give Riddle two days and if things won’t change he will face the man and tell him. This was not him, the kid was changing him, making him soft and lost and all that shit that a mob boss can’t afford to be. He wanted to scream at him to get his shit together because Riddle didn’t do anything besides reading contracts, asking his crew if they had find that brat and drink liquor as it was water.

Riddle arched an eyebrow and took the file. “What is this?” He asked hopefully when he saw the contents.

“We are not really sure. But it looks like it’s him.” The picture showed a kid, man, whatever, in his early twenties. He didn’t look like a twink but neither like a full grown man. It described Harry’s appearance perfectly but his face was obscured; only his profile could be seen and it wasn’t that clearly. It could be him, it could be not.

Leo was watching the picture like a hawk, his eyes going back and forth and his mind was processing every detail. “This is the best you could get?”


It has been five days and still nothing and suddenly they had something? Leo couldn’t believe.

“At a club situated in a small town, 3 hours away of Dublin.” Atlas looked at Riddle with a blank face.

It was Riddle, surprisingly, that asked him next. “Who gave this to you?” At least his boss still had some cells in his brain from all that drinking.

“AJ.” Tom arched his eyebrows and turned to Leo.

“I thought I said to tell him to get lost.”

Leo looked confused. “I did.”

“That little shit.” Tom laughed.

Atlas continued, cutting the two off. “He sent me this file this morning. He said he is already there and is waiting for us.”

“How come he found him before us?” Leo asked no one in particular.

Riddle was already out of his chair, his movements more elegant that they had been the last days. The knowledge that he could find that brat soon made him feeling more calm and collected. Atlas nodded at his boss, that was good. It was a start.

Leo still looked sick at the fact that he hadn’t found that picture, that he hadn’t seen it. “It was taking from a club. Of course, I never actually put that much thought and didn’t search through club’s cameras that much because I thought the kid would hide somewhere else. AJ knows the kid better than me. Of course.” Leo hated every time he came second.

And Riddle was angry that he had to admit that. But yes, AJ knew Harry more than he did too.

Fuck, a club. Of course he would be in a club.
18 November

AJ was running his hands through his hair and couldn’t stop pacing. They should be there any minute and he was not ready. Five days, he had searched for that little bastard five days and finally he founded something. He just prayed that kid was Harry because if he was not he had just made Riddle come to Ireland for nothing. A mistake likes that and he could kiss his position in Riddle’s organization goodbye.

The little brat was good, he could admit that, but AJ was better. He knew Harry’s figure perfectly because he had stared at the kid for hours, learning his body language and imprinting it in his own mind. The man in the club looked exactly like him but it still could have been someone else. AJ prayed that it wasn’t.

Two black cars appeared suddenly and they stopped exactly where AJ was waiting, in the front of the club. It was 10 PM and the club was already packed with people. AJ wasn’t sure if Harry would come that night but they could talk to someone that had seen that kid or had talked to him.

Riddle exited the car and AJ was suddenly nervous, more than he had been before. Fuck, he loved and admired this man. He hoped he wouldn’t disappoint him again.

Riddle nodded at him but otherwise remained silent. Leo was at his left while Atlas took his right. They were a pretty fucking terrifying trio. AJ gulped.

“The club is owned by Joseph Stepanov, a big man running a little business.” AJ did his homework, this way Riddle wouldn’t have to spend time searching for the man. He would go right away, confront him and get his information.

“Russians?” Leo asked. Atlas only stared. Fuck, he hated that man’s stare.

“He runs this club for them, but nothing more. He is a little bug, a no one. We could take him out with no problem.” Riddle nodded. Good, it won’t interfere with his problems that he had with the Russians.

They entered the club right away, the bouncer stepping out of the way at their imposing figures and air. AJ was the first one, the three following him silently. Axel and Axis remained outside, in case of anything. The three could handle themselves in, with Atlas skills and Riddle’s persona they were safe.

AJ stopped at the bar and grinned wickedly. The bartender eyes went wide and he scrambled to serve them. Riddle held his hand to stop him. They didn’t want anything. They only came for some information and then they would be gone.

“Have you seen a kid here on the night of 13 November, morning of 14? He is this tall, had green eyes and black, messy hair.” AJ supplied the man with the information. He gave the bartender the picture too, hoping it would help.

The bartender watched the other three dangerous men who were behind AJ and realizing that it would be best for him to answer sincere, he nodded. “Yeah, probably if he hadn’t thrown up down and on his junkie friend, I would have forgotten about him.”

Thrown up? Harry, what have you been doing?
“Friend?” It was Riddle who had asked.

The man nodded. “Yep, they came here around 10 and ordered a lot of shots. The kids could quite handle their liquor.” He knew Thomas, it was his boss’s brother but he didn’t want to out him so he didn’t say his name.”The kid was kind of weird though, he looked like he was clearly on drugs. ”

Riddle couldn’t stop himself from gritting his teeth. He would kill the little shit. Leo and Atlas shared a look while AJ winced.

“Bad?” He didn’t want to ask but they needed to.

“Yeah, I reckon he was on coke or maybe even something stronger. Heroine probably.” The bartender shrugged. He felt pity for the kid, now more than then; he saw all of the four men’s murdering faces. That kid was fucked, whatever he had done to them.

“Thank you,” it was Leo who hadn’t forgot his manners. “Could we see the manager or the one who owns this club?”

“The boss has left so the only one who is here is the manager. I could show you the way?” Riddle nodded. The music was loud while they parted through the crowd. People were backing off and sending them confused and weird glances. The four men looked good but they looked dangerous too, a vibe that held most people away. For them it had always been like this. The bartender though, was clearly flustered.

They took some stairs and were soon in some kind of hallway. They still could still see the club and the people when the bartender knocked on the door and they were let in. Riddle’s mind was working fast. Harry could have been seen from here so whoever was in this office could have gotten a glimpse of him. The fact that he could finally find the brat was making his body buzzing with excitement.

The manager was a man in his early thirties, fairly good looking. Russian. He stood up as soon as he saw the four men and looked with wide eyes from the bartender to them. Riddle was the one who spoke first.

“Calm down. We’re not here on business. I am looking for someone.” The bartender, clearly sensing the tension between them, got lost as soon as possible.

The man shook their hands and invited them to take a seat. Riddle was the only one who did; the other three remained a silent presence at his back. “My name is Petrov, with what I could help you?”

He was shaken and nervous. Riddle smiled. Good.

“Do you remember anything from the night of 13 November?”

The man narrowed his eyes in confusion. “Should I?”

Riddle tsked, not loving the sass. He continued otherwise. “A kid barely above 20, with wild black hair. Looking really skinny.” He gave him the same picture.

Petrov stared in confusion then his eyes went wide a little. “Porcelain skin?”

Riddle didn’t smile. If the Russian knew Harry has porcelain skin that meant they were close enough for the man to notice it. He didn’t like that.

“If it is him then yeah, he sucked my boss’s boyfriend while some of us watched them.” He said it
without thought, his mind getting the best of him. The man was clearly stupid.

So fucking stupid.

Atlas, Leo and AJ thought the same. They all winced when after barely two seconds Riddle was on him, pinning the Russian to the wall.

“What?” He spat, enraged.

You don’t say those things when someone is asking you if you have seen a person. That person could be their lover, child, friend.

The Russian, confused and scared, tried to get away. “I-I…”

“Tell me!” Riddle didn’t want to know, actually, but he needed to.

Petrov was clearly struggling to speak while Riddle had his hands around his throat but he did that somehow. “He- Alexei, he is my boss- ugh, boss’s boyfriend.” His voice was shaken. “He saw him dancing with my boss’s brother. We were all here. He- ah,” the man was trying to remember that night’s activities but it wasn’t that easy when you have a scary man pinning you to the wall.”He told my boss that he wanted him so he went and got him and took him to the bathroom. The kid sucked him off while some of us and my boss watched.” He told it all in a breath, clearly wanting for it to be all finished. “Please.”

Riddle threw him in the centre of the room and straightened his clothes. Atlas could do nothing but admire him. The glint returned in his eyes and his smirk was deadly than never. His boss/friend was back. Finally.

Leo watched Riddle, clearly waiting for the permission to ask the Russian questions. He did just that when his boss nodded. “Who was his friend?” He asked, remembering the bartender telling them that the kid had been with someone else. A junkie. “Your boss’s brother, you said?”

Riddle took the seat that the Russian had previously sat on. The man winced, ashamed at his position, on his knees, while the stranger held the powerful seat in the room. Riddle lit a cigarette and watched him with a deadly stare.

He answered the best he could. He feared for his life. “Yes, yes.”

AJ watched the pathetic sight in front of him smiling relieved, so he was right. Harry had been here. AJ had been the one that had found him.

Petrov continued. “His name is Thomas.” Anything, any information that could get him out of that situation, he would tell them. Atlas watched him with disgust on his face. He hated people like him, coward people, while Riddle absolutely loathed them. He was clearly putting his boss in danger but the coward didn’t care.

“He, he didn’t actually liked the scene. He dragged Harry after the blowjob, saying something along the lines that he had met your kid at the train station and that they are friends.”

Thomas, Riddle mused. Oh, Harry, you could never escape me fully.

The four men stayed silent for a few minutes. Riddle was only thinking about Harry while AJ and Atlas winced at the fact that they had to clean this mess after Riddle was done with him. Or maybe put someone to do it. Yeah, that was the best solution. Their boss needed them to be with him.
“Where is your boss?” Tom said while he stood up. He put his hands in his pockets and nodded towards Atlas. Petrov was hauled up and kept in place.

The man sighed relieved, obviously thinking that he would get away. “Dublin. I can give you his address if you want to.” He was scared shitless and Riddle smiled, content with all the information coming so easily.

“Sure.” Riddle smiled charmingly. Leo was at his side in a second, giving him a pen and a paper. AJ was at the door now, looking out for the bouncer or bodyguards. They didn’t want more problems than they had.

Atlas knew that Riddle would have no problem with the Russians if he would kill this man and his boss and his boss’s brother and especially his boss’s boyfriend so he just watched for Riddle’s next move.

When the address was written— Leo could have come up with that on 2 minutes top but it was still fun to play with people’s hope like that— Riddle nodded to Atlas and the Russian was back on his knees again. Leo took AJ’s side at the door.

Riddle fired the first bullet before the Russian could realize what was happening. It was a clean wound. He aimed for his arm. “And this is for you being a snitch. Fucking coward.” He spoke so calmly Atlas was proud.

Another one in his stomach. “This is for talking of my boy like that.” The man screamed but nobody could hear him over the club’s loud music.

Another and the final one in his head. He wanted the man to die right away, hating to see the sight of the eyes that had watched Harry sucking another man off. “This is for watching my boy giving head.”

He put his gun away and ran a hand through his hair. Leo was talking on the phone with his team, instructing them to wipe all the cameras footage from that night and the night when Harry had been there. The bartender would be taken care of, as same as the bouncer and the people in the club had been way too drunk and would not remember their faces if they were to be asked, their imposing aura made most of them to keep their heads down and not look at them. Riddle would kill all of them if he needed too. He felt like he could kill everyone. That little shit, just wait until he has his hands on him.

They headed towards the back exit and disappeared into the night, black cars taking off.

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19 November 2016

“This club is your brother’s too?”

Thomas nodded, a little ashamed. “Yeah, he has only two though. I just need to talk to him quick and then we’ll hit another one, promise.” Harry felt a little uncomfortable, truth be told, but he mused he would get lost in the crowds and the club looked big enough not to be seen by those two, so he nodded and headed towards the bar while Thomas took a turn to the right, probably going to his brother’s office or VIP section. Harry ordered a drink and sat on a stool, deciding that if he should wait for his friend at least he could enjoy himself. The coke was kicking in fast and he could feel his mind already starting to get fuzzy. Yeah, he laughed, yeah. He would enjoy himself alright.
He couldn’t remember how much time has passed but he was dancing with a pretty girl now who had a great ass. Thomas hadn’t shown his face since he went to find his brother and Harry would have gone to find him if he hadn’t been so drunk and high. He could barely walk straight but dancing was easier though, he was putting most of his weight on the girl who looked like he didn’t mind, so he was ok.

He was out of his mind, barely in tune with reality, when he felt that he had to pee. He was heading towards what he assumed was the bathroom, wobbling and laughing at himself, when someone gripped his arms hard. He barely got to glance at the intruding stranger before he was hauled up on some stairs and in another room. It was fancier, with less people that were sitting on different couches. When he recognized Thomas he felt relieved. If Thomas was there, all was good.

He finally got a good look at the man that was gripping his arm and took a step backwards when he was met with Alexei, Joseph’s boyfriend. What?

He turned towards Thomas, his friend had promised him Harry won’t meet them, but the Russian was making-out with some big, bulky guy who had his hand in his friend’s pants. What?

He was way too high and out of it to understand a thing but when there were two sets of arms caging him between two bodies and two tongues lapping at his neck, he understood he was going to have sex. He realized that much.

He was moaning before he could fully notice what was happening. His knees hit the floor and he opened his mouth to let Joseph’s cock enter it before he could stop himself. No. No!

At least it was nice that coke had killed his senses, because he was doing things he couldn’t fully comprehend. Things he didn’t want to comprehend.

When he felt another hand caressing his hair and encouraging him to suck harder he closed his eyes and forgot about anything. The coke was doing the job.

Harry couldn’t remember how he had actually made it to that room and bed. His head was pounding and his throat was full of fucking sand or something because it felt awful. He hurt everywhere and he was confused.

“Hey.” The russian accent woke him up from his thoughts and he looked up to see a man watching him like a hawk.

“Alexei?” The man smirked and nodded.

“What the fuck? Where am I?” He was alarmed all the sudden, his eyes looking around the room. He saw Thomas sitting on a couch, making out with a man that Harry didn’t recognize.

Alexei helped him sit up and gave him a glass full of water. “Here, be careful, not all at once.” He took the glass and put it on the night stand.” You’re at our place of course.” He didn’t look confused at Harry or told him that he should know they were there. Harry realized the Russian knew he had been on drugs and that Harry didn’t remember anything. That fact didn’t sit well with Harry.

God, Harry, what the fuck have you done? He hated himself. When he was on coke he did things he normally wouldn’t do. But coke was good. He loved coke. He couldn’t stop himself from taking it.
And coke also made him forget.

“Did we have sex?” He asked alarmed. The man only smirked.

Harry felt all of his body flooding with an icy feeling. No.

Alexei disappeared somewhere but Harry couldn’t move from the bed, frozen and still. He remembered Thomas being there and looked at him only to find his friend staring at him too. The bastard, who clearly looked high, winked and then got down on his knees, unzipping the stranger’s pants and taking his cock in his mouth. He proceeded to give Harry an obscene show where Harry stared with wide eyes while the man that was being sucked off kept his own eyes on Harry’s figure with an expression full of lust.

Harry tried to feel dirty and sick and broken, but he couldn’t anymore.

When Thomas, after he had finished swallowing, came to his side and asked him grinning if he wanted to get high again, Harry nodded. Wanting to forget about that scene. Wanting to forget about everything, he snorted the white thing and let his head fall on the pillow. He was laughing soon, making out with Thomas.

Harry was out of it for the most part. But he remembered clubs full of sweaty people, full of liquor and loud music.

He remembered dancing with Thomas, sucking him off in some bathroom, being fucked by Alexei, being fucked by Joseph with his face squashed on a big window. They were in Joseph’s office, Alexei was jacking off to the sight in front of him. Joseph was holding Harry up, his front body touching the big window that overlooked the club and he was fucking him. Everybody could see him. He later found out that that was wrong. He didn’t know if he had felt relieved or disappointed.

He remembered putting ecstasy pills in his mouth with Thomas, laughing at the other, bodies grinding.

He remembered the VIP section. He was on his knees in front of a coffee table and there was coke on the surface. He snorted and then let his head lay on the thigh of the big man that was sitting on the couch. He heard a chuckle but he was out of it.

He was heading somewhere, taking the stairs two at a time. His legs were shaken but he was laughing because he was feeling invincible. He loved it.

He lost himself in the big crowd of people who were drunk and dancing. He started grinding with someone, although he couldn’t make the shape of his face or even the shape of his body. There were colors of green, purple, pink, blue. And nothing else.

Shots, pills, coke, cigarettes. Dancing, loud music, sex.

On and on and on. He didn’t know if he was alive anymore.
But he sure felt like he was.

The room was purple. The room was purple and he freaking loved it.

Their bodies were purple and the dick going in and out of his mouth was too. Not as pretty as Tom’s dick but pretty enough. He couldn’t feel the motion though, he couldn’t feel anything. Not the dick thrusting into him or the hands bruising his arms.

Alexei, probably, was the one that had his dick into Harry’s mouth and the one behind his back was probably Joseph, but he wasn’t that sure. He remembered giving head to Thomas, once, too.

The light was purple.

He didn’t know how much time has passed or what day was it or if it was night or day. Thomas had left with the stranger a long time ago and Harry hadn’t seen him since. He couldn’t even remember the last time he ate. He only remembered inhaling coke and moaning. That was it. That was all. And he fucking loved it.

“God, princess. Look at you.” The man from behind groaned. Suddenly there was a tongue lapping at his skin and Harry shuddered.

Alexei grinned at Joseph. “Soon he’ll take the both of us.” The two men shuddered in pleasure while Harry’s hazy mind couldn’t process that information. What? The both of them? He was taking them right then. What were they talking about?

They both spilled themselves at the same time and then proceeded to make out above Harry while they still had their members in him. He came from that sight and fact alone.

He was thrown out on a bed, the previous activities had being held on the couch, and here too the sheets were purple and his body was swimming through them. It was an ocean of purple. He sighed, wanting more coke but not knowing where it was.

He wanted to ask the men that were smoking cigarettes on the couch if he can have any when there was a loud noise coming from outside. Outside being the key word because it could have been coming from wherever, another room or hallway perhaps. Harry didn’t know, the only rooms inside this place that he knew were that bedroom and the bathroom. He still didn’t know what day it was or heck, even year. He just wanted coke.

He sighed and unaware of the two men getting up from the couch with confused looks on their faces, he fell asleep, wanting coke and dreaming of coke.

Everything was purple and peaceful.

20 November, 10 PM

He was woken up by a weird nose. Groaning, he tried flipping his body to the other side but he
couldn’t. There were arms on his body, pulling the sheets around him and hauling him up. He was thrown on a hard shoulder and he moaned at the motion.

“Kitten…” The man sighed.

He couldn’t talk, although he tried articulating some words. There was a “what?” that came out of his mouth when he saw two bodies slumping on the floor. He thought his mind was playing tricks with him. Coke can do that sometimes.

He was thrown in a car, his naked butt hitting the soft leather lightly. His hazy and drugged eyes could see some people around him, all in black, all big and bulky. He was way out of it but he could still make out the face of one Tom Marvolo Riddle sitting in front of him and staring at him. He couldn’t make anything but a scared face before he felt his heart going at a faster speed than normal and he passed out.

Riddle could only lunge towards him when he saw the kid recognizing him and then passing out. He suddenly felt alarmed at Harry’s faster pulse and slumped body.

“AJ!” He could only shout for the man because he had been a cocaine junkie too so he should know what it was happening. He wanted to snarl at him when he felt himself being thrown out of the way but Atlas and AJ only took the kid and tried to stabilize him. They were looking into his eyes and checking his pulse and giving out orders to Levi who had already started the car and was driving fast but otherwise calm.

Harry was shaking badly and was looking way too pale. Riddle couldn’t help himself but drown in fear, a fear that was slowly wrapping around his body. There was bile wanting to come up and his insides churned. No. No.

He knew way before AJ shouted alarmed. “He overdosed.”

No. No.

The car stopped at their hotel and they were out before Tom could realize it. Leo was on his phone, shouting at someone all the while asking information on what they should do, Atlas was the only one with a poker face on, holding the brat in his arms while AJ had a determined look on his face, his eyebrows narrowed in thought.

Riddle was the only one shaken and frozen, going through the motion while being out of it.

When the elevator dinged and they were in his apartment, only then Riddle snapped out of it and took Harry out of Atlas’s arms. His bodyguard wanted to protest but Riddle was already heading towards the bathroom, AJ helping him with the kid.

When he put Harry in the shower, under the spray, his boy’s blue and green and white skin hurting his eyes, Tom didn’t know if he was crying or there was the water from the shower going down on his face.

Chapter End Notes

I'm going to eat now cause I haven't eaten all day so I could write this.

Man, I'm fucking starving.
I'll guide your sweet soul into mine.

Chapter Notes

warnings: Harry is having a panic attack in this one

yo, yo,yo

I'm back. And you ask, so quickly?
And I answer, well this is for --gnomi-- who wanted a chapter so badly that I said, fuck it, and I spent my WHOLE day writing this. Man I got so much homework. I'm so screwed. But she/he/they wanted it so I said, if my readers ask, they shall receive. I'm that good :D

No really, I'm a ff reader and I know how is to wait after a chapter so I hear you guys and I feel you.

So this is it, tell me what you think, all the negative comments too, I love them. Point to me my flaws and all that I did wrong so I won't do it in the future. You are all too nice.

Also the poem is not mine, it's a romanian one and it's awesome. I'm studying it right now.

It was 4 AM and there were no birds singing. Only street lights and traffic noise and it was peaceful, as peaceful as it can get in a big city like Dublin. His footsteps were scratching the pavement, slow and steady. Like a human’s heart while they were sleeping. It was comforting for him.

He was smiling while he was getting his keys out, a memory coming to his mind that put a fond smile on his face. His hands stopped shaking and he was glad, as glad as a cocaine addict can be when he goes 10 hours without it. His sunken eyes were blue, almost white, devoid of any emotion. There was no door to his soul, only a white wall that couldn’t let you see anything.

The hallway was deserted, the light was off and the air was crispy. The atmosphere reminded him of a house that hasn’t been lived in a while. It took his senses to a whole level, at least when he was high. He liked to think of himself in the worse situation. He liked to pity himself, and others people to pity him.

Just like that Potter kid. That boy clearly sought attention and pity and he would do everything for them. It was pathetic; the sight of him, that clearly bitten nails, his hair, dirty, sticky and disgusting, his eyes that were too wide and big for his petite face and his white, pale skin. His anxious air and scared figure, with his shoulders hunched and always a cigarette between his fingers. The kid, as a whole, looked good. But that was all. He may have that innocence that only came with a young, flawless face and an anxious, shy air but as far as it goes, the kid has the eyes of a dead soul. A dead soul that was still there, still clinging. But barely.

He had been all alone, a pathetic figure shaking in a train station’s bathroom. The kid had been clearly begging for some help, for someone to take his pain away. He was a beautiful mess. He had learned a long time ago to stop romanticizing things, like the hand that holds the cigarette on a rainy day or a daisy in cute girl's hair. But the kid had been beautiful, didn’t matter that the way he was
holding himself was weak and pathetic. He was a scene that disgusted anybody yet they would be enticed by it.

You sure know a person that is beautiful but somehow they are not. Sometimes you see the way their smile lights the whole room and the rays of sunshine warms up their skin. But sometimes they smoke from a cigarette, drunk out of their minds, and they cry, and cry and you think, wow, that is the ugliest thing I’ve ever seen. And sometimes we’re not pretty, we’re not smart. Sometimes we’re disgusting and ugly and pathetic and people pity us. And that kid man, that kid got it all. And he made the most of it, the ugliness and the beauty. He was pretty in the purple light, while he was sucking a cock and moaning. He was hideous when he was panting in a bathroom, the dim light casting shadows on the face of a broken kid who was being fucked while he couldn’t even comprehend the normal act. He was beautiful when he was daydreaming, lost in the crowd of drunk people. He was ugly with his intelligent eyes and flawless skin that should have never looked that good.

He hated the kid, but somehow, he liked him. If only a little bit.

He was humming a song, something that resembled the Lachrymose by Mozart, and it sounded so poetic in that hour of the day. When birds didn’t sing anymore because they had already left and people were sound asleep, unaware of the ugly parts of life.

He put the key in the lock, twisted twice, took a step forward and then stopped.

There, on the floor, were two bodies who were not breathing anymore.

The thing about life? There is no such thing as doing something without having a reason to do it. Our whole lives are made of the decisions we take, the human you want to spend your whole life with or the thing you want to do for the rest of your life, everyday. We weigh the pros and cons and sometimes we risk and sometimes we fail.

But there was no such thing for Tom Riddle. Fail? What was that? He had never known the meaning of it or the hurt that would crush his lungs and stop him from breathing. There hadn’t been moments in which he would feel entirely drained and spent. He had never felt his legs give in or his muscles being weak. Even from a young age he knew to hold his own, never cry, never stop and for godness’ sake, never show weakness.

The thing about emotions? We bury them so deep, we forget about them and we move on with our lives and we forget how it is to feel. But then there’s comes a moment, a rainy day in Riddle’s case, when all he can do is stare at the raindrops falling from the sky and all he wants to do is scream. All those emotions came back at once and he didn’t know what to do with them anymore.

He never cried when it was the time to cry and he never laughed when he heard a good joke. Only smirks and grins, and eyebrows arching up and polite, reversed remarks. Biting words leaving his mouth and an elegant figure, with an air that screams I know all and I’m better than you. He never had to beg for attention. He never had to beg, period.

Now he’ll do anything. And isn’t that such a funny thing? That he was ready to do the thing he used to loathe the most. And for what? For a self-destructing weak, pathetic, skinny kid? Who was almost failing in all his classes? Who was accepting his fucked up life and wasn’t doing anything about it?
If there was something that Riddle hated more than cowards, was this: the pale skinny body sitting in his bed, with dark, messy hair. The kid was failing at everything, even life.

But why couldn’t he stop shaking then? Why was he so frozen, so scared? Why did he feel so weak, so mortal, so... human? Why when he saw Harry’s shaking form did he had the need to throw up? He had killed people, tortured, mutilated. Why did this body make any difference?

He shook his head, his disheveled hair sticking out in different directions. His expensive suit was still wet from the shower, his hands were blue from standing in the cold for such a long time now and his muscles were still frozen, still shaking. And he didn’t even love the kid! He was a pathetic sight, and he felt like it. He clenched his hand and jaw, his eyes burning as he was staring at the sleeping city. *There were no birds singing, it was November, it was cold and he was coming to the conclusion that Harry Potter would be the death of him.*

*And he realized that he could do nothing but accept it.*

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*Lips, eyes, graves, flowers.*

“*Lips, eyes, graves, flowers.*

*I don’t kill the wonders of the Universe.*

*My light will guide them, hide them. Your light will always, always, want to own them, to have them.*”

Wasn’t that how that poem he studied in the 11th grade sounded? *Lips, eyes, graves, flowers...*

*Sex, liquor, coffee, cigarettes.*

*I don’t kill my emotions, I just hide them.*

*My light will always try to hide; your light will always want to shine.*

Wasn’t that how his life was? *Sex, liquor, coffee, cigarettes.*

*Sex is love, liquor is life, coffee is food and cigarettes, well, they mean that there is a quiet night or a late afternoon when the sun sets, and everything looks better when there is smoke coming out of your lungs.*

He loved that poem, would spent hours trying to decipher it’s words and it would always be different from what his teacher would say. It was subjective anyway, for example, take two people and make them taste coffee. One would say it’s too sour, the other that it’s perfect. That’s how it works with poems too; his teacher had felt something different when reading the poem than what he had felt.
For his teacher lips meant love, for Harry lips meant beauty. It was the only thing he liked about himself.

For his teacher eyes meant the window of someone’s soul, for Harry they meant brown, dark brown. Zion’s eyes.

Graves. His teacher said they meant death, but god he was so wrong. Graves for Harry meant peacefulness, meant happiness. His father's grave was his favorite place.

Flowers. He was not even surprised when his teacher said that those symbolized the nature. For Harry, flowers will be and always be something that he hated. They were so pure, so beautiful. Unlike him.

So his teacher had been wrong and he had been taught to think others’ thoughts, to feel others’ emotions, to act how the others did. No wonder that when it was his turn to do it, he had been lost. Hopeless. Helpless. All alone.

He could hear the rain outside, a gentle sound that was lulling him back to sleep. He didn’t want to, although his muscles were sore and his head was pounding. The room was dark and the only thing he could decipher it was the tapping of the rain on the windows. It felt peaceful in a way, and he had the feeling that he was forgetting something. That there was something important he should remember. Although his mind screamed at him that that bed was way too comfortable and it was just the perfect temperature in the room, he didn’t want to acknowledge it. It was all bliss and he didn’t want to leave.

The tapping continued into the night and only after a long time he fell asleep, unaware of the figure sitting frozen, staring at him in the dark.

Harry had woken up when a ray of sunshine started to dance on his face, the curtain that was supposed to be closed left just a little place for the sun to enter through. He groaned, ran a hand through his hair, out of habit, but nonetheless he remained with his eyes closed. He felt like throwing up but he also felt the emptiness in his stomach and he was confused. He was warm under the covers and it stopped raining, at least the tapping on the window stopped. He recalled loud music that somehow was still buzzing in his ears and an ice-cold feeling in his nose. It was something about purple and russian accents but his head was all so fuzzy.

“Ugggh..” He wanted to stand up but he felt the room spinning so he let his head down on the pillow with a huff and a groan. Why was everything hurting so much? From his bottom to his head. Even his fucking toes were feeling sore and he was confused as to how he had managed that.

There was no one in the room. Everything looked expensive and beige. The bright colors were hurting his eyes so he closed them and proceeded to just lay there, waiting for something. Waiting for his memories back and his functioning part of his brain. He felt like he couldn’t even decide something simple, he was feeling that helpless and defeated.

It must be the flu? He remembered now how Ben had said something about the flu and money? And train? His phone? Guns and someone killing someone and… What?

He stood up so fast he started feeling dizzy and shaky. His pale face was drained, wide green eyes and messy hair and he looked nothing like a human should. More like a porcelain doll, those ones
you take care of and handle gently because they might break any second.

Riddle? Thomas? Someone named Alex.. no, Alexei? Joseph? He wanted to vomit so bad but when he
turned on his side and started to let out the confusion and pain and misery, all he got out was
blood. So much blood. He stood straight when he had finished and tried to wipe his mouth but he
only got more blood on his hand. He wiped his hand on his pajamas bottoms. He suddenly felt so
cold so he put the blanket around him, like a shield.

What? What was happening? He started shaking and sweating. He wanted to leave the bed but he
couldn’t, he had no force left in him. He was hyperventilating, a sign that he was going to have a
panic attack soon. No, no! His heart was beating so hard, so so hard and his head felt like exploding
and he couldn’t breathe. He couldn’t breathe.

Oh.

He couldnt breathe? Oh no, this is bad. Why is it not stopping? It should stop by now? Riddle...

Riddle? Are you here? Tom please come and get me. Pleas-

“… please, please. Where are you?”

“Tom…”

He hadn’t realized he was shouting. The sound of a door being forcefully opened came to his ears
before he found himself in strong, warm arms. But he couldn’t stop, he couldn’t fill his lungs with air
or calm his limbs, his actions were those of a madman. He could hear shouting, from somewhere far
away but it was too far and he couldn’t understand a thing. He wanted to understand. He wanted to
stop and try to hear what was saying but he couldn’t, his eyes were filled with tears and there was
snoot coming from his nose and he couldn’t, couldn’t, oh god, couldn’t stop himself.

He had no control.

There was a voice trying to reach to him, it was weak but it was there and he tried to focus on it.
That voice may help. Maybe he would be okay. The voice was easier to hear as time passed by and
now there were words reaching his ears, gentle but firm. Loud words. It was grounding him. It was
working.

“Sh, sh…”

"Listen… my heartbeat.”

“T’m here… it’s okay.”

“everything’ll be… won’t leave you.”

“… sorry baby, so sorry.”

“You..it’s… okay now.”

“You are okay now… I’m here!”

“I’m here!”

“Sh, sh!”

It was so sweet, to listen to a voice so soft when you were embraced by strong, safe arms.
“Dad?” His voice was scrappy and weak. He was afraid his dad won’t hear.

But his dad didn’t answer nor the words stopped, it went on and on and he finally calmed down. He was still gripping hard on that person’s clothes and he was all sweaty and cold. But it was good. The person(his dad?) promised him it would be okay. Everything would be okay.

Person? What person? His dad? His dad was dead.

He turned his head up and froze. There was Riddle, embracing him firmly but softly and staring back at him. With concern.

He entangled from their embrace with a scared face. “Wha-..” Harry tried to ask.

“Yo-you.. you found m-me!” His voice was shaking as his limbs started to do, all over again.

Riddle put his own calm and warm hands around him and not paying attention to his words, he tried to say as softly as he could. “Calm down! Come on Harry stop! Breathe baby! That’s it.”

“In and out. Yes.” He praised and Harry could do nothing but obey, his functioning part of his brain coming back but only partially. And even if he wanted to rebel he couldn’t, he had no force left in him. A second panic attack and he will be in a grave.

Wait… what was that about? Graves, lips, flowers? He remembered something, something about rain and his professor and what? What was happening? He was so, so confused.

Why was Riddle holding him so gently?

“Y-… you?” He clearly had that question all put together in his mind but his mouth clearly didn’t work.

Riddle sighed and with a heavy heart he arranged Harry’s head softly on a pillow that was up. He couldn’t remember the last time he had acted so gently. That boy could break him easily. That boy had all the power and he didn’t even know it.

Harry groaned at the act, his stiff muscles protesting. Had Riddle fucked him until he broke him physically?

No. There was something about Russians and clubs and white thing on coffee tables.

“Tom…” he said so softly the mob boss stopped, frozen.

“What happened?”

The kid was asking so genuinely, like he didn’t know a thing from the last week, like he hadn’t almost killed himself. Well not from overdosing—which he found out when the doctor came, the kid fainted from overstimulation, his body couldn’t handle anything anymore- but, still, Harry hadn’t had any solid food in him for days, his liver was slowly shutting and he could have either died from alcohol poisoning or starvation. Also hypothermia, if that fucking cold apartment had any say in it. And Riddle didn’t even want to get started on the drugs. Cocaine, fucking cocaine. He should have done something when AJ first told him but no, he wanted to wait and make Harry trust him. But things will change from now on. Oh they will, even if it’s the last thing he will do.

Harry coughed once and Riddle made a mental note to call Leo and make him buy some meds.

“Why…” he coughed again and Riddle grimaced, okay maybe he needed that meds right in that
“fucking moment, “why am I feeling like this?”

“You don’t remember anything?” He kept his voice gentle and soft, hiding his anger and shouting for other days, when the kid would be better.

“I-..” he looked down and made a horrified face at the blood on the carpet. He had forgotten about that. Riddle glanced at it too and froze. For a second they both stood in complete silence, staring at the blood. Riddle snapped first and grabbed Harry, proceeding to check his body thoroughly. When he didn’t find anything besides his bruises he calmed a little and realized the kid must have thrown up. Harry was still in shock when Riddle got up, headed towards what he could remember was the bathroom and came back with a glass of water.

Only then did Harry realize that the room was Riddle’s and they were at the Penthouse. That meant they were currently in London. England.

England? The last thing he could remember wasn’t much but he knew that he had been in Ireland not too long ago. He was sure.

Riddle put the glass to his mouth and a memory came back to him, someone in a purple light handing him a glass of water while he was smirking at him. Alexei.

He gulped the water and blood that had remained in his mouth. He was so afraid to ask. So afraid.

“What happened?” He tried again. It was like he only knew that line and nothing else.

Riddle sighed again and put the glass on the night stand. Harry felt his forehead being checked and his pulse being taken and it was all so overwhelming and weird because Riddle, dangerous, mob boss, powerful Riddle didn’t just check people for fever. The Riddle he knew, the Riddle he had run from, was this bad, bad guy. He was bad news. He was a murderer.

Riddle’s hand was suddenly slapped away and Harry’s once vacant, dreamy eyes started to burn fiercely. And Riddle wanted to grin; he truly did, because that was it. His Harry was back and it only took a little love from him. What was wrong with him expressing his feelings? Why did Harry loathe so much his caring actions?

The Harry before him now was angry and scared and… well, sue him but even if the kid had just spilled his guts on his damn floor Riddle still thought he was hot. Even in that very moment.

He put his both hands in the air; an action that meant he was innocent and that he won’t do anything bad. He was surprised at his own actions, such a boyish act and he had done it. Putting his hands in the air, ha! What he doesn’t do for his kid.

Harry clearly didn’t buy it because he was still keeping his tough façade up.

“You are a mob boss!” It wasn’t a question. Riddle made a surprised face at that, not because Harry knew that, he thought the kid had known by now, but because the boy was clearly, clearly scared and enraged and just… just like someone that had founded something for the first time and it scared the shit out of them. The kid must have known, right?

“I thought you… knew?” He winced at his own answer/question. With his head titled on one side and his confused face, Riddle made a pretty good sight. Harry had been entranced by the other’s air and aura since day one but it was the first time he had the man so close to him where he could see all of his sharp and elegant features. And he had to admit, the bastard was gorgeous. Royally gorgeous.

Harry processed the answer a little too late, being way too smitten with Riddle’s beauty and all, so
when he realized what Tom had said he stopped. Was the bastard fucking with him?

“Do you think that I would still have sex with you if I had known that you were a fucking mob boss?” He spat, well, not really spat since his voice was weak and scrappy but he still sounded pissed. Like a pissed kitten, but pissed nonetheless.

Riddle bit his lip, from both laughter and confusion.

“Not that I fucking wanted to have sex with you, even if you weren’t…” Harry continued. “Fucking made me do it and all but still you fucking kill people, people that have lives and friends and family and you-you are the bad guy…” he was blubbering now, clearly terrified when he came to that conclusion.

Riddle snorted. “Bad guy? Hardly.” He stood up from where he was kneeling on the bed besides Harry. “If you were a saint, yes, I’d let you call me all of those things but you aren’t.”

Harry’s eyes went wider, and on his ashen face they looked even more comically and well ugly. Or in Riddle’s opinion, who -was/is/will be completely smitten with the kid, may I add…- they looked really beautiful. Pretty. “Excuse me?”

Riddle didn’t want to do this. He really didn’t want to. He wanted the kid to take a warm bath and then he wanted to feed him and then maybe take a long fucking nap, the both of them, because it had been a fucking bad week. He also wanted to choke the kid, fuck him and make him come until he couldn’t anymore, shout at him and shake him any other day except that day. But some things were just inevitable.

“Look kid, cut the fucking bullshit.” His street words were coming back full force and he winced at that. He left that Tom behind such a long time ago. “You are a fucking mess!”

They stared at each other for some moments, both enraged.

“Are you comparing me to yourself? You kill people, you- you have bad guys in your payroll and prostitute rings, I’m sure of it, and god knows what you fucking do to children.”

“And you are a fucking whore, you are a cocaine addict, you have no life, no family and nobody who fucking loves you. You are no one.”

Riddle always liked to brag that he was the epitome of self control. Well, not anymore.

Harry expression flickered to hurt only for a seconds before it was replaced with anger. He got up from his bed with wobbly legs. Riddle didn’t want to do this. He promised himself he would kill the kid any other day but that one but fuck Harry had it coming.

“And you are fucking better? I’m only destroying myself while you are destroying everybody else.”

“You fucking ran!” Tom shouted, rage boiling through his veins.

“You are a fucking mob boss!” Harry shouted back, staggering a little. He still had no force in his body but he promised himself he would not back down. Cocaine and club life and fucking Russians it was his fucking choice. Riddle had no right to interfere.

“We are not together. I fuck who I want, I smoke what I want and I go where I want. You are not the boss of me.” His voice, who was still a little scrappy, sounded more firm and loud now. Yeah, he was worked up and it showed.
“Baby, I fucking told you…” When did he begin to curse so much?

“Don’t call me that. Stop calling me that you bastard!”

“I won’t fucking stop!” Riddle didn’t trust himself so he didn’t take a step forwards because he was sure he would strangle the kid and he didn’t take a step back because behind him, on the couch, was his jacket and under it, was his gun. He didn’t trust himself that he wouldn’t shoot the kid, obsession and all be damned.

Harry grimaced and groaned. ”Why won’t you leave me alone? You had me, fucked me. Why the fuck do you still want me?”

Riddle took a step then, when he saw Harry’s self-esteem dropping even lower-if that could be possible- and Harry’s somewhat body starting to calm. He needed to fix whatever they started so they can both bathe, eat and then sleep. In that fucking order.

“I mean, if you had found me then you know what I’ve been done this whole time so yeah, I’m a fucking whore. Then leave, leave me in peace and stop this.” His words were making Riddle take pity on him but Harry’s tone was proud and strong, he didn’t care that Riddle was considering him a whore. Harry knew what he was and it was not that.

He didn’t need his fucking approval and Riddle admired him for that.

But then the whole thing came back to his mind, the men in that apartment, the situation in which he had founded Harry.

Harry almost dying.

He was on him before both of them could blink.

“Oh, you’ll going to regret it. All of it.” His hands were on Harry’s throat, gently holding him up on the wall. He knew that the kid was starving and still suffering from all that had happened so he was careful. But his words were not. They were harsh and biting.

“You make me go crazy for a whole week. Make me go and look for you across the UK. Make me put my men to chase you again. Your mistakes make me do mistakes. My mistakes cost lives. You fuck up, I fuck up. You understand that?” He was calm now, collected even

“Do I fucking have to cage you? To put a fucking collar and leash on you?”

“You had the freedom baby. I gave it to you in exchange for the date. But now…” Harry was shaking, although Riddle applied no pressure on his throat, the arms were there to hold him in place and nothing more. “Now I won’t be so lenient.”

Harry tried to say something but his voice came out breathless. He was stuttering and he was scared, shitless. “I-I…”

“No, no.” Riddle was touching Harry’s cheek with his lips gently. Such a sweet gesture. “You don’t get to talk anymore. Let the grownups do the talking. Seeing as you don’t care for you well being at all I’ll take the responsibility myself. “

”You don’t understand. Not now. But you will.” He continued.

“Fuck, baby… the things you put me through.”
“That’s all on you, you bastard. Don’t point the finger at me. I never begged you to be obsessed with me.” Harry has had enough.

Riddle shook him a little, if only to put the kid’s brain in a one place so that it could start functioning. “You don’t decide what I do and not do. What I feel or not feel. You lost that fucking right.”

“No, scratch that. You lost all your fucking rights.” Riddle was calm, too calm. Harry didn’t like it.

“You do realize this is not fucking healthy, do you? Do you?” Harry was so, so done with this.

“And starving yourself to death is? Almost overdosing on cocaine is? Running god knows where, where I don’t know and can’t keep you safe? Fucking…” at this he took a breath, his eyes burning with misery. “Fucking men and letting others see it?”

Harry’s pale face got even paler. No. “How…”

“Does it matter?” He shook him again. The desire to strangle him was so, so strong. “Tell me, does it? The men are all dead anyway. You see? Your mistakes cost lives, baby.”

Harry was frozen. “So go on, go running, little bird. I’ll fucking kill anybody if they so much as touch you.”

“Oh? We are getting it now?” Riddle’s tone was seductive, but the bad kind of seduction. It was mean, it was malicious and it was sinful. “Are you still going to run now? Huh?”

His whole body was keeping Harry’s body in place. Harry had nowhere to go. The wall was behind him and the monster was in the front. “But please, do! Go on. Fuck all the men you meet and snort as much as cocaine you can. I’ll kill them all and pump that entire fucking drug out of you. You want to have fun? I’ll give you fun.”

“No…” Harry whispered.

“Want to be entertained? I can entertain you just fine baby. I’ll start with those friends of yours…”

“Maybe take a trip in the North East huh? Would you want that?”

“Stop…”

“No. Just like you didn’t stop until I stopped you. Your actions have consequences baby, you should have known that.”

“Tom…”

“Oh, so now you call me Tom?”

Harry snapped out of it. The trance of fear that clouded his mind and made it all hazy wasn’t there suddenly. He pushed Riddle back.”Start then. Go on. Fucking destroy me.”

“Or what it’s left of me.”

“Oh don’t go poetic on me now. You little shit. If you think you can manipulate me you have another thing fucking coming.” Riddle was done. Fucking done.

“One thing like that, Harry, I warn you, do that again and you’ll fucking be sorry. A personal bodyguard? You’ll have an army. Your apartment? I’ll buy you a fucking cage.”
“You don’t have any right, you conceited asshole.”

“I have every right. I take my right.”

“Shut up. Shut up.” Harry wanted to scream. “I fucking hate you.”

“Welcome to the club, Harry dear, everybody does.”

“What about Chan? Huh? You are going to beat me like you did to him?”

“What?...” Riddle stopped. His hands were clenching at his sides, the urge to take the kid and smother him. In pain or pleasure, he didn’t actually know.

“Is that how is this going to be? You’re going to abuse me?” What was the kid trying to do? Trip quilt him?

“Harry, what are you talking about...?”

“Fucking put green, red and black marks all over me?” Riddle growled possessively. He’ll mark the kid all right, just not the way he was thinking.

“I don’t want you. I don’t want to be with you.”

“Well, you don’t have much choice. I own you now.” Riddle stated, firmly, with finality.

'Yeah? Well if that's how it's going to be, I'll give you hell!’ Harry thought angrily.
I owe you nothing.

Chapter Notes

Warning: somehow its a suicide attempt, somehow

Heeei, I'm putting this here because you may not hear from me for the next week. My bestfriend is having her birthday party and I'm going to drown myself in liqour. Literally.

So enjoy babies, Sfk

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The first thing Harry did the next morning was to try and maybe get out of the penthouse. He was met with a wall of muscles standing at the door, silently daring Harry to make a move. The man had no expression on his face, but his eyebrow was slightly arched, mocking either Harry’s lack of clothing which only consisted of Riddle’s old but really big shirt, either Harry’s stupid mind that had hoped he could really get away again.

Harry shuffled from foot to foot, staring at the big man who was still watching him. After realizing there was no hope from him to get out, he headed towards what he assumed was the kitchen, remembering Riddle’s note that said there was food there, and some other things Harry didn’t want to read or pay attention to. The food was the thing that had made him get out of that bed in the first place; he was starving.

He remembered Riddle’s angry words that had spoken of starvation and overdosing which left him a little shaky after he processed the information. He had really put himself in danger. But really, there wasn’t any difference between him dying of starvation and him dying at the hands of that monster. But of course Riddle wouldn’t see it like that.

He sighed as he was remembering the way Riddle had cared for him the day before. There had been anger and hate written all over his face but his hands were gentle and he had even complied to let Harry bathe himself alone. Harry didn’t know if Riddle had done that because he had listened for once to Harry’s demands or because the man couldn’t stand to see his broken and shattered skin. Which was a sore sight to eyes, he realized, when he was watching himself in the mirror. He looked ashen, with blue, red, black, yellow and green marks all over him. Some were old and some were new, some were bruises and some were hickeys.

Tom had averted his eyes and left the bathroom the moment Harry had started to undress.

The bath had done wonders to his body, his muscles had relaxed and everything stopped being sore for a few minutes. He was making his way to the room when he collided with Riddle; the man was holding a shirt in his hands and some underwear.

He tried to apologize, his manners kicking in but the asshole didn’t even spare him a glance, he quickly gave him the clothes—which weren’t even clothes, mind you—and he told him there was food in the kitchen and headed towards that way. Harry wanted to protest about the lack of clothes but one strong and dominant glance at him from Riddle and he kept his mouth shut. The man was challenging him but also telling him that there was no way Harry could win. He sighed and started to
dress.

He didn’t want to go after him but his stomach was growling and he couldn’t even remember the last time he had eaten. It was probably that night at Thomas’s apartment and… fuck, Thomas!! What happened to him?

He was afraid to ask Riddle, one, probably his friend had managed to escape so he would put him in danger telling his name to Riddle or two, Riddle had killed him and Harry didn’t want to know that. He really didn’t. Sometimes it was better living in complete and utter denial.

He made his way to the kitchen and faltered a bit when he saw Riddle comfortably sitting on a stool at the counter with a mug in front of him and his phone in his hands. There were some files on the counter besides a plate with beautiful, mouthwatering fruits. Fuck, he was so hungry.

He weighed his options and realizing that going back to the bedroom with an empty stomach wasn’t the best one— he knew Riddle wouldn’t let him leave the penthouse that night, he had mentioned the nap thing like a hundred times— he was stuck. He said fuck it and approached the man warily.

Riddle wasn’t paying attention to him at all, he looked too engrossed into whatever he was reading but Harry wasn’t fooled, he knew the bastard was as vigilante as ever. He took the stool that was the farthest from Riddle’s and shyly looked at the plate. He had done so many rude things to this man but taking some fruits from the plate that was clearly put there for him seemed to Harry to be the worse. Or maybe that was only because he was sober, it was daylight and for the first time he had Riddle in front of him without the man being between his legs or yelling at him.

It was all so domestic and shit Harry could barely hold in his laugh. Riddle didn’t glance at him when he told him to serve himself. Harry did, devouring all the fruits and feeling a lot better after. His clouded mind became clearer and his strength came back to him a little.

It was awkward, at least for Harry. Riddle seemed comfortable and even a little amused at Harry’s constant fidgeting. Harry always loved sitting in silence, he had always been quiet and shy, so that was never a problem for him but right then, sitting less than a meter away from London’s mob boss—or UK? Europe? Harry would have to search that one because Riddle had the balls and the pride of someone who was more than just a mere gangster— he felt himself sweating and his heart beating fast. The silence was killing him although whenever Riddle was talking Harry was always praying for someone to shut him up, from his dirty talk to his threats or nicknames. Right then, in that very moment he would have done anything for the bastard to say something, just so that silence would be filled with something. Just so Harry would know where they were standing.

Although he had made that loud and clear, Riddle owned him and Harry could do nothing about it, Harry couldn’t actually believe it. He was aware of the man having a weird, romantic, disgusting connection with him but Harry had thought it would pass. He had even fucking prayed. But it seemed like it didn’t and it wouldn’t pass for a long time. He was stupid to run, stupid to think once the asshole had gotten Harry out of his system, Harry was free to go and everything would be the same.

But Harry was a survivor and he wouldn’t give up, he would keep his freedom and sanity, even if it would kill him.

He bolted the second Tom was on his feet, standing up from the stool. He could hear the amused chuckles of the other one as Harry was rushing towards the bedroom, intending to lock the door and keep the asshole away for a while. Surprised and a little scared that the door had no lock, Harry threw himself on the bed, hided himself under the covers and held his breath, praying that his gesture would come as a ‘’back off’’ to Riddle. But the man never entered the bedroom, the door remained
shut and the only breathing that could be heard in the room was his own, which after minutes of sitting and waiting for the man, slowed down and took a steady pace, a sign that Harry had fallen asleep.

His belly was full and he was warm. Exactly how Riddle wanted him. The man watched Harry for a few minutes, pecked his forehead gently and then left the room, barricading himself in his office and working until the morning. He could not leave the kid but he also could not leave his business. So he made due.

So that’s how Harry found himself in the kitchen the next morning. There was another plate with fruits for him— Riddle had said something about his stomach being tender and that Harry would have to eat easy things— but Riddle wasn’t there and Harry was craving cereals.

He was surprised when he actually founded some in the kitchen’s cabinets and they were chocolate too. He poured the milk on them and took the stool, eating slowly all the while staring at his bowl. He couldn’t believe that all of that was happening. He was there, in Riddle’s kitchen, in only underwear and the bastard’s clothes, eating cereals like some wife or something. It was insulting, domestic and above all, quite funny. He started laughing so hard that the guard was in the kitchen the next second, looking at him worryedly and thinking that he was hurt. Harry only waved his hand, telling him that he was ok. The guard took a second look at him and thinking that Harry was crazy, if the look on his face was real, headed towards his previous spot, disappearing from Harry’s sight.

He sighed, abandoned the half-finished bowl and headed towards the bedroom. He had no phone, no laptop and no way of contacting his friends. He soon got bored so he decided to snoop/ explore the penthouse. There were several bedrooms which Harry realized were probably guest rooms, there was a door locked and although Harry had tried, the damn door didn’t want to open so Harry assumed there was something important in there, mafia important, and it was enough for Harry to bolt and to decide to keep his distance. It was one thing to have sex with a mob boss but another to know his secrets.

He opened the TV, ignored the guard that was sitting at the door frozen and still and proceeded to watch cartoons for the next hours. He fell asleep at some point, was woken up by another man, who was going to guard him for the next hours. The unsurprisingly bulky and expressionless man told him there was take out on the table and that he should eat. Harry ate, still dazed and confused from his nap, and after that, realizing he had nothing better to do than watch TV, he did just that.

He had finished the fruits that were still on the plate for his dinner when he saw that it was midnight. He yawned, stretched and stood up. The guard was ignoring him still but Harry needed to know some things.

“When is your boss coming here?”

The man only watched him with a poker face on. Harry assumed he had been ordered to only say the things Riddle would like for Harry know, such as eat this or no, you’re not allowed to leave. The green-eyed kid tried a different approach.

“Look, I…” he sighed. “If I’m already asleep by the time he arrives can you tell him to wake me up then or at least in the morning? I need to talk to him.”

The guard didn’t nod but Harry was content that at least Riddle would hear his message.
He didn’t. Or probably he did and that was even worse, because Harry would wake up alone and would go to sleep alone. He would eat, watch TV and take nap after nap. It was crazy. There were only so many showers he could take in a day until his skin would get all wrinkly and raw. He was slowly going crazy.

He realized he needed to have a talk with Riddle, he couldn’t do it anymore, watch TV and eat and then watch TV again and then take naps for the rest of his life. If Riddle’s threat of a cage and army had actually been real Harry was screwed.

The third day came around and he couldn’t take it anymore. There had been pants laid out for him and a black, big blouse, the bastards’ probably, and he bitterly smiled at Riddle’s constant need of wanting to claim him and show him that he was his. He went to the kitchen but didn’t prepare any food, instead he watched the frozen guard at the door. He formed a plan and smiled wickedly at the outcome. He would be out of the apartment and back to his in maximum an hour.

The third day was also the best day for his escape; he was feeling so much better and strong. The food had done wonders, his mind was clear and the naps brought him all the energy he needed. He didn’t want to dwell on the fact that Riddle was ignoring him, for some reasons he didn’t know, but instead he channeled all his energy on the fact that the bastard was trapping him in the penthouse like he was some pet.

He had been prepared, vigilante. He decided to rush clumsily to the bedroom and fake his fall exactly in front of the guard. He exaggerated his gasps and moans and the man, who was clearly new, looked stricken with fear at the fact that his boss’s lover had managed to hurt himself on his watch.

He rushed to the kid, worried, and if Harry hadn’t been caged in the apartment for so long and if he hadn’t wanted to leave and get back his freedom, he would have taken pity on the scared guard. But he didn’t. He moaned harder, whimpered and even attempted to sniffle, like he was about to cry.

“Are you okay? Where are you hurting?”

Harry bit his lip.

“My foot. Please.” The guard took Harry by the arms but the kid screamed at the gesture.

“Fuck, don’t move me. I think I broke it. Fuck, fuck, Tom would kill me!” Harry’s Oscar worthy performance made the guard pale.

Oh no, he wouldn’t kill the kid. He would kill him.

“There’s ice in the fridge. Go and get it. Let’s pray it’s not actually broken and it’s only swollen.” He advised the shaken guard.
The guard nodded and headed towards the kitchen, rushing to help. Harry smiled, there was no ice in the kitchen, Riddle kept it in his bar and that guard would take a lot of time until he would figure it out. Enough time for Harry to escape.

He stood up as soon as the guard disappeared from the hallway. The elevator was there already. He was smart enough not to get out of it at the reception; instead he pressed the first floor, from there he would take the fire escape stairs and Riddle would not be quick enough to catch him.

How wrong he was. He managed to get down on the stairs, to feel the pavement between his old Converse— which Riddle hadn’t thrown away— but his smile fell when he looked toward his left and saw three men running after him. Alarmed, he sprinted in the opposite direction. Thanking himself that he had got as much sleep and food as he had because he clearly needed the energy right then.

But they were three and he was one and they were healthy, sportive men with a job that involved a lot of running while he was skinny and his lungs could collapse any second. He had run almost 2 blocks before the men were on him.

Frustrated at losing a chance like that, he started giving them a hard time, trying to escape, trying to bite them and trying everything that could help.

“Let go of me!” Somehow it always got back to this.

“Stop moving so damn much.”

“Fuck kid, where the fuck are you going?”

Harry tried to punch one which he did, but the man seemed unfazed and then started to scratch but it was all futile. They were three and they were big.

“Help! Fuck. Someone help me!” The people around them threw them confused and worried glances but before Harry could scream again he was suddenly thrown in car that had arrived in front of them.

“Fucking shut it, kid!” They weren’t rough, between the manhandling that was more soft restraining than anything and the gentle but firm hold they had on him, Harry knew that was Riddle’s work.

He didn’t want this. He didn’t want his pity. He wasn’t a china doll.

The ride was spent in silence; the three men were strangers. He had never seen them and probably would never see them again. It was weird to think just how many people Riddle had under him. His escaping and staying away would be futile with his minions all around him.

The car finally slowed down and Harry was surprised to see that they hadn’t been heading towards the penthouse. Riddle’s office building stood before him, tall, towering and proud.

Well fuck. The fact that he would see the bastard the first time in three days brought both fear and determination. Fear because the man would be really fucking angry and determination because the bastard would have to listen to Harry and won’t ignore him anymore.

The three men had still manhandled him—even in the elevator where he had no way of escaping they were still gripping his arms—until he was thrown ungraciously into Riddle’s office. He stood up from his knees and mustered the deadliest glare he could at them.

“Fuck you!” Harry spat. The men only nodded towards Riddle who was sitting at his desk, staring at some files and ignoring them, before they left.
Harry turned towards Riddle who as fast as you could blink checked the green-eyed for injuries and then brought his stare to his files again. If Harry hadn’t been already staring at the bastard, he wouldn’t have noticed it.

“Ok. Hey, we need to talk!” Harry took some steps forward, not close enough for Riddle to lunge at him but close enough to the door if he ever had the need to bolt.

Riddle had checked if the kid was hurt, which he wasn’t, and because that was the only thing that interested him in that moment, he didn’t glance at the kid or paid attention to him after that. He kept his stare on the papers, almost like Harry wasn’t there and the kid hadn’t spoken to him. And Harry was clearly not happy.

Seething, he made his way towards the big, mahogany desk and placed his hands on it, his fingers covering the part Riddle was reading right in that moment.

“I said we need to talk.” Riddle only arched his eyebrow at Harry’s gesture, silently telling him to take his hands off in that very moment all the while looking a little amused.

“Look you bastard, you can’t lock me up in your apartment! I have school, friends and a job…”

“You weren’t thinking like that when you ran away.” Riddle spoke lazily, sitting back in his chair.

Harry stopped. Then he tried again, ignoring Riddle’s remark. He knew better than to say the asshole had no rights. That statement would always be slammed with Riddle’s own ‘I take my rights’. What a load of fucking bullshit.

“Except watching TV and eating and sleeping I don’t have anything to do.” That apartment, although it belonged to a billionaire, was so boring, so lifeless and bland that it may as well belong to a poor man who couldn’t afford much.

Riddle only sat in his chair and watched him, clearly looking bored.

Harry put his hands in his hair. “Look, I know you’re trying to prove something here, something along the lines like I can do whatever I want, I own you blablabla, but does it have to be done on me?”

Riddle watched him, amused. His eyes were asking him: Do you really want me to answer that question?

“The thing I’m trying to say is that I’m slowly going crazy.” Harry spat, not liking Riddle’s delighted expression. The man was enjoying this way too much.

Harry was still waiting for the other shoe to drop. He had tried to escape and Riddle promised him he would not be so lenient the second time. Well he wasn’t going to actually leave the city, only to swing by at this apartment and maybe never go back to that boring penthouse ever again.

Riddle stood up and buttoned his jacket. He looked impeccable. “Good. Now you know how I’ve been that whole week.”

Harry made an incredulous face. “Oh my god! Are you still about that? Man, fucking get over it!” Harry couldn’t believe it. Was this man suffering from PTSD or something?

Riddle’s face was in Harry’s own before the latter had closed his mouth. “Get over it? You want me to get over it?”
“Yes. That was what I was fucking saying.”

“This is me getting over it.” The grip that Riddle had on him now was much stronger than the one from the first day. Harry was looking slightly better so now the bastard thought he could be roughened up?

“Me actually getting over it would be you laying dead at my feet.” Riddle said, with a lazy drawl and Harry froze. He talked about killing people so easily.

“What the fuck are you saying?”

Riddle took a step back and tilted his head. “I’m being merciful. You should appreciate it and not play your luck. I don’t think I can be this merciful a second time.”

“I wasn’t going to leave the city. I wanted to head to my apartment…”

Riddle cut him off. “I don’t fucking care. I told you to stay at the penthouse. I put a guard there too. I thought you got my message.”

“Told me? You have been ignoring me all these days, you coward.”

Harry was suddenly in Riddle’s arms, the latter’s grip was unforgiving and bruising. Riddle hadn’t touched him at all since he had founded him and Harry didn’t know why. He assumed the bastard was going to be pumping fucking babies into him by now. After his ‘stunt’ and all. But Riddle didn’t.

“Oh, so now you want my attention?”

“Yes, when I have things to tell you.”

Riddle turned around and headed towards his bar and fixed himself a drink. The same old, same old. They would argue, the bastard would drink. He would try to run; the asshole would chase him and catch him. What was new?

Harry didn’t know what to say. He wouldn’t beg. He had already told the bastard that he was going crazy being caged like that. That was all that he had to say. Now it was Riddle’s move. But he tried anyways.

“I wouldn’t have run if you had shown your face at your penthouse once in a while.”

“Yes, you would.” Riddle took a sip from his drink, staring at him. Ok, yeah, he would.

They stayed in silence… Harry wanted to say something, he opened his mouth but then he closed it, then he opened it again.

“So, you like it?” Riddle drawled, unaffected by nothing and no one. The man had a perfectly poker face on, his eyes were vacant, soulless.

“What?”

“Being caged?” He didn’t need to elaborate.

Harry didn’t know what to say.

Tom took a step forwards. “That, baby, was the most harmless thing that I could do to you but you started to go mad after only three days?”
“Imagine being tortured by me.”

Harry gulped, his heart was hammering in his chest and his mind was telling him to bolt. But bolt where? This was his office, full of his bodyguards and employees. He couldn’t stand a chance.

Riddle was way too close to him, now. “Imagine actually hurting you. Because you mentioned it and you are clearly set on that I would do such a thing.” His voice was bitter.

He was in front of him now. His drink was left somewhere, because his bare hands were gripping Harry waist now. His mouth smelled of scotch and cologne, a musky scent that was clouding Harry’s mind. “Imagine all your loved ones being killed.”

It was something that Riddle didn’t find joy in doing but he had to. He had to tell the kid that he could do way worse than this; he wanted the kid to accept him already, to accept the easy way.

_Come one, Harry, get it. Get that you won’t ever manage to leave me. Accept it. Accept me._

Harry whimpered, the sinful sound woke a beast in Riddle. He tried to squirm but Tom’s grip was firm.

“No! You won’t do that! You can’t do that.” Harry argued.

Riddle laughed. “You had spent so much time in my presence and you still hope I won’t do it, I can’t do it.” It was ironic, really.

_Maybe if you had been rougher with him and wouldn’t have handled him so gently he would have known by now that you mean what you are saying. But the kid, his mind laughed, the kid still thinks you are somehow a good person, that you have principles. We both know you don’t, Tom._

He never had principles, and the kid needed to know that. The only thing that will keep him around would be _fear_; fear that his friends won’t make it, his parents won’t make, _he_ won’t make it.

It was simple, really. At least in Riddle’s mind it was.

Harry took a shaky breath and collected himself. Ok, he could do it. He only needs his mind and freedom anyway. He could let Riddle fuck his body, kidnap him, and make him do that and this. He would accept it. He tried running but he had seen that the bastard would do anything to get him. He understood he couldn’t stand a chance.

“My apartment and I accept to date you.” It was simple, it was heartless, and it was emotionless. Riddle didn’t like it. Plus that apartment was long sold.

“No.” He stated before he returned to his drink.

“No?” Harry asked numbly.

No. What no? What the fuck is no?

“I told you, you lost that chance a long time ago.” Harry would have begged in that moment, he would have done anything because a life like he had lived the past three days would surely kill him faster than those _damned cigarettes._

“Sir, you have an appo-” Leo cut himself off when he saw Harry’s lithe figure dressed in black standing in his boss’s office. His eyes went wide but he nodded at him, acknowledging his presence. From the growl leaving Riddle’s mouth Harry understood the bastard hadn’t liked that reaction. That
sparked something in him.

“What? You don’t like your employees treating me with respect?” He spat. From the very first moment they had met he had been insulted by Riddle’s minions, Alexander being the perfect example. Not to mention Axis and his stupid face and Axel and his stupid mouth. He had been manhandled, roughened up, thrown into cars, and threatened.

Riddle’s eyes went wide for a second, a comic look on his always composed face, until he masked it with complete boredom.

“I’ll be there.” He nodded towards Leo, dismissing him.

What Harry didn’t know was that Riddle felt so insecure and so scared that every man, being Harry’s own brother or his own right-hand man, was a threat to him in those moments. Seeing Harry’s skin baring other’s claims and marks woke something in him, something that was raw and animal.

Riddle didn’t say anything. He downed his drink, popped a gum in his mouth— Harry did a double take, he had thought the man to be so perfect he mused he never needed something as mundane as gum, he would always have his mouth smelling good, ha, as if— and headed towards the door.

He stopped and turned his head towards Harry. Smirking, he challenged Harry with his eyes.

“Try and run. Please do.” The words were said so softly Harry would never see them as threat if he hadn’t known the man.

Riddle left and Harry found himself in the big and elegant office, all alone, without any explications on what they were, where he was going to live or what he was allowed to do and not to do. He exhaled, took a seat on the comfy couch and proceeded to stare at the city. He yawned so he decided to take a nap, thinking bitterly that that was the only thing he seemed to do lately.

Tom stared at the files in front of him; his mind analyzing and processing the information fast while restoring it in one corner of his mind after he had finished reading. It was simple, mundane, boring. But that was his job, and also putting his signature almost everywhere.

The numbers were dancing on the paper while his calculating eyes were doing their job, always being vigilant and careful. It wasn’t that he doubted Leo, the man was after all his right-hand man, but it never hurt to pay a second and closer look. Fortunately, Leo had never failed.

Harry was sleeping peacefully on the couch in his office, something that became a routine after the first week. Although the kid had had a feral expression on his face when Tom had put it bluntly that there was no escape for him, Harry had been oddly silent, obedient, understanding. And because of that, Tom was always on edge. He didn’t like the feeling.

The first week there had been a constant battle in his mind. The urge to throw the kid out was always there, the urge to torture him for the treason, to fuck him dry, make him bleed, kill him. But the urge to keep him close, feed him constantly, even tuck him at night when he was coming home from the office and Harry was sprawled on his big bed, with his legs tangled in the sheets, naked from his head to the waist – he kept that in mind and would always make sure the room was comfortably

...
warm so he won’t freeze to death or get sick—, the urge to smother him in pleasure and safety was stronger and it was driving him crazy.

He had never cared for someone that much. He didn’t love the kid, that was for sure but he felt weird in his chest whenever he glanced at him, he would shake a little whenever the messy-haired would rub his sleepy eyes in the morning and yawn. There were such normal acts but he was lost whenever Harry was doing them.

He couldn’t keep his eyes off of him, he couldn’t stop himself from touching him or making sure he was okay. So that was why the first week he had been always gone, leaving first thing in the morning and coming back late when Harry was already asleep. After the third day, the kid couldn’t do it anymore and Riddle decided to have some mercy.

From then on Harry was brought to his office at noon, they would eat lunch in his office, Harry always silent and closed up and Riddle always reading something or checking his phone. There was an awkward silence between them that will only go away if they fuck, Riddle realized.

But he couldn’t, he was disgusted but not by the younger man -those marks faded away and his skin was porcelain and flawless as always- no, He was disgusted by the thought that he would lose himself in the kid if he would touch him in any way. If he will start, he is afraid he’ll never finish. The beast inside him was still awake, waiting, analyzing and ready to pounce.

He didn’t think Harry was ready for the true, raw, animalistic Riddle.

They had fallen in a silent routine, he would wake up early, kiss the kid’s forehead, go to work, they would meet at noon, he would be working in his office all the while watching silently over the silent body sleeping or lazing on his couch. It was an eerie he didn’t want to disrupt, he liked it like that. To live in denial, that is.

But Harry confronted him one night, before the guards would come and take him to the penthouse.

“I need to go to the college.” He had been silent and obedient the entire week. He hadn’t asked questions about his friends, his job at the club or Ben. Riddle knew it was just a matter of time until everything exploded.

They hadn’t touched, kissed or fucked and the Harry was clearly confused. It was like Riddle didn’t want him, despised the sight of him but still checked on him, made sure he was alright, safe and in his clutches.

* Riddle was a fucking paradox.

Riddle was signing some papers when Harry had asked the question. His pen stopped writing and his head turned to him. He didn’t ask any questions.

“I need to take my exams.” Harry had been told that Riddle took care of his absence and that his studies wouldn’t be affected by it, neither his grades nor the scholarship. God knew Harry barely made it work even when he was attending.

“Oh.”

And that was it. An answer and then silence. And it had been like that for the whole week.

Harry exploded.

“Can you look at me for a second? Can you fucking stand to look at me in the eyes, held a fucking
conversation with me seeing as I’m your captive? You should fucking take better care of your things,” his voice held so much misery, resentment. *He was only a thing and he knew it.* “Why the fuck do you even want me here? So I can sleep in your bed, eat your food and stay here all pretty on your couch while you go and destroy lives?”

Riddle was frozen.

“Talk to me you bastard. I feel like I’ve aged a thousand years since you’ve found me. I’m going crazy. This is what you want? This is the torture? You should kill me then. Fucking do it.” Harry was on his feet now, flushed cheeks and ruffled hair and burning eyes.

He headed towards the bar, where on a stool was Riddle’s jacket, and Tom felt panic at that action. He acted fast but not fast enough. Harry was holding Tom’s own fucking gun in his hand and Riddle was too far. Three steps but Harry didn’t need more time than that to pull the trigger and kill… himself.

Harry, with red cheeks and shaky figure, was holding the gun to his own head.

“I’m going to kill myself. One step and I pull the trigger, Tom, I’m not joking.”

Tom knew he wasn’t. His insides churned, the same old feeling he got whenever Harry was in near distance of harm, and he couldn’t do anything but speak. He tried gently this time.

“Harry put the gun down.”

“No!” His arm was shaky and his eyes were wet. God, what had he done with this kid? He only wanted him safe. But by keeping him safe he kept himself away from him. It wasn’t the best option, now he could see. *He should have fucked the kid.*

“Do you think I’m just a doll that you can put on a shelf and let it stay there?” He was screaming, disoriented and feral.

Leo and Altas both surged through the door at the same time, hearing the screaming and fearing for what they could find. They had never thought it would be that. Maybe Riddle squeezing the kid a bit or shaking him but not that, never that.

When they wanted to take a step towards Harry, Riddle gently told them no. He seemed in control for someone whose lover was having a gun to his own head. *His own gun, his favorite one. He started to hate it from that very moment.* “Harry, put the gun down. Let’s talk about this.”

“No, don’t try to talk to me like I’m a child or a cornered animal. *Fuck you.* I know better than this. What’s your fucking problem? Why can’t you stand to look at me more than a few seconds? Why do you still keep me around if you hate me?”

Riddle’s bodyguard and right-hand man were both frozen and confused. Riddle sighed.

“I’m going to tell you but put the gun down. Harry you can hurt yourself.”

Riddle hoped the kid didn’t know a thing about guns but right then the safety click was heard. Fuck.

“No! You tell me now!”

Riddle didn’t want to do this. He never wanted to tell him anything, especially with his men right there.
He acted before any of them could realize, the years he had spent on the streets made him move like a panther, fast and quietly, and he had Harry in one hand and in the other the gun. All in one second. He professionally clicked the safety on and tossed it towards Atlas who caught it. He spared a glance at them, telling them to disappear if they knew what was good for them. The second his men left the office he was on Harry.

*Shaking him, squeezing him, hugging him.*

“Are you out of your fucking mind?” He shook the body of the trembling kid.

“Tell me! Do you want my rage so bad? Do you crave it?”

Harry whimpered. Oh God, what had he done?

Riddle couldn’t stop his hands from checking Harry, making sure he was ok, he was safe. He was going crazy thinking about it, *the picture of Harry holding his own gun at his messy hair* left him wanting to throw up. “Tell me!”

*Harry dead.* Oh, god, he couldn’t.

He threw the kid on the sofa, turned him around and brought his pants and underwear in one swift movement.

“You want my eyes on you? *My attention on you?* You crave it so much?”

Harry whimpered. He didn’t know what he had done but this Riddle wasn’t the Riddle he had known, the Riddle that although he was fucking him somehow he was making love to him.

“I’m going to give it to you *baby.*” His voice was different, feral and animalistic. His body thrummed with possessiveness and anger and fear and *God, the kid was having his own gun to his head.* Riddle couldn’t erase that image from his mind.

“I’m going to give it to you and you will regret ever asking for it.”

Harry’s body thrummed at the words, with fear, anger… and pleasure.

Chapter End Notes

Also I know this is a filler chap but the last scene is really important for where I want to go with this story. Bear with me.
People can be cruelest to those they love.

Chapter Notes

Warning: there is a scene in this chapter where it starts as rape until Harry wakes up and agrees with the whole thing.

Yeah kids, don't stick it in sleeping people's mouth.

He didn’t know how he got there.

What wrongs had he done in his short existence or what possible curses could have been put on him for his life to turn out this miserable and out of control?

His face was squashed in the couch’s soft, black leather. His hands had been tied together to his back by Riddle’s green tie. He could barely breathe, his face was red and splotchy and his chest was going up and down at an alarming fast speed. There was panic running through his veins. He was sweating, from fear and arousal and he was confused. Why did he feel so good yet so terrified at the same time? How could it be possible?

His pants were at his ankles, tying them somehow together; not that it could have been a possibility to run, but still, maybe that thought made Riddle calmer? He didn’t know.

What he knew was that the man had had his front to his back for 10 minutes now. His big, muscular body was thrumming with anger, his pores were still letting out a dangerous air between them and if Harry hadn’t been restrained he would have bolted by now. The man had been silent, quietly opening him up with one, then two, then three fingers.

Harry was confused. Riddle had promised him hell but there he was, making sure Harry was opened and ready to be fucked. It was confusing as it was arousing and all parts irritating. Harry didn’t want his pity or gentleness. He wanted his cock.

He tried moving his hips back but Riddle had one, restraining hand on them and he found out he couldn’t move. At all. The only thing he could do was try to breathe through the couch’s expensive leather. His dick twitched, and Harry wanted to believe it was from not being fucked in almost two weeks, not from Riddle’s obvious, extravagant power over him.

He sighed softly and tried to endure the soft torture. Riddle hadn’t spoken a thing to him and the office had been silent for quite a long time. He wanted to say something but what could he say? ‘Sorry for almost killing myself, I’ll try not to do that again.’?

Riddle was still fully dressed and Harry tried not to think too much about that one aspect of their relationship. It didn’t disturb him or upset him that Riddle wanted to have that one more thing that he hadn’t; the fact that Harry was always naked and Riddle only unzipped his fly when they would fuck (except that one time Riddle fucked him good and hard in his penthouse after Harry had left the man the morning they had fucked for the first time) didn’t mean that Harry was less than him or that he was his bitch. In Harry’s mind it meant that Riddle was afraid of something, was trying to hide something and he didn’t even notice that he did it when he was having sex too.
It was maybe a barrier he would put, a metaphorical wall? So that sex won’t become too much, too intimate, too affectionate? But they already had intimate, affectionate, too much-sex.

No, maybe the bastard was only lazy. Or maybe he wanted to prove something. Yes. He wanted to show Harry, in every aspect of their relationship, that Riddle was the one with the pants on and Harry was the naked one. How ironic it was that their relationship was exactly the opposite, but he would let Riddle think whatever he wanted to.

Harry laughed at his bizarre thoughts but he stopped half through it when Riddle’s fingers brushed his prostate. He breathlessly moaned and tried to get more.

The fingers left his hole soon after and he couldn’t stop a whimper at the act. Riddle’s hands manhandled him quickly and harshly and Riddle was now in his face, burning eyes shining bright with fury and arousal.

Harry took a step back mentally and prayed that whatever would come next won’t be dramatic, scary and all the shit they were used to.

Riddle only tilted his head, a lazy drawl, almost unaffected by their previous act, was heard. “Tell me, Harry…” his fingers found Harry’s opening again and in one, swift movement they impaled the young man, making him scream in equal fear, arousal and anger. “When I do this, you imagine me or…”

The fingers left Harry just so they would return again more angrily, more skilled, and seeking more pleasure. They hit Harry’s prostate dead-on and Harry’s whimpers echoed in the big room. “Do you imagine someone else?”

Oh.

Riddle hadn’t been quiet, he had been thinking. While Harry was having thoughts about Riddle and his obsessive act of keeping his pants always up, Tom was stressing himself over Harry fucking other guys. Well, Harry knew now who had it bad, anyway.

“Are you never satisfied? Always want another cock, a bigger one?” His left hand trailed towards his spine, making circles on Harry’s skin and leaving goose bumps.

“Tell me, kid.” His hand was suddenly in Harry’s hair, pulling hard and making his head go up.

“Aaaaah!” Fuck it hurt. Harry’s eyes stung but his dick twitched so embarrassingly his cheeks flushed.

Now his voice was a whisper, something that it was only for Harry’s ear alone. “You are mine. Do I have to fuck it into you so you could get it? Because I can do that.”

Harry’s skin was prickling. The words were so terrifying but oh, so good and Riddle’s touch was like a feather now, rediscovering Harry’s skin that became a stranger to it in the last few weeks. It seemed like the man forgot him and he was touching him now for the first time.

Harry was on fire.

His Converse were scratching Riddle’s office floor and his belt that was still in his pants was biting his leg’s skin. His hands were in an uncomfortable position and his dick was leaking precum on his stomach. He had the London’s biggest mob boss staring at him with sick adoration and he had exams and he had had a life before all of this but right then he could only think about one thing; that if this man will make him live a life like he had lived in the past weeks, he will not make it. The boredom,
the feeling of being caged, of being kept away will make him a pathetic, human being who would crave affection and Riddle’s touch for the rest of the eternity. So he had to do something, he had to act. He knew what Stockholm syndrome was and he refused to be a victim of it.

“Do it. Fuck it into me.” He whispered back. He didn’t know why they were talking so softly but he was glad, the words were like a curse and his ears couldn’t handle the hard, loud truth in them. Harry hadn’t learned what Tom could do, but if he could fuck it into him, maybe he would.

Tom blinked an expressionless look on his face. The snarl he made and the growl he let out before Harry was suddenly back in the previous position, with his face squashed in the couch, let Harry know all that he needed to. He was going to be fucked. Hard.

Riddle didn’t do anything for a moment and Harry felt nervous. He could feel the other’s stare on his back, fingers lightly playing on his hips and nails scratching his skin softly. It was unnerving, the silence and his blindness at what there was to come. He felt opened, vulnerable and Riddle’s stare made it all raw and animalistic.

The kisses came all at once, first they were soft but then they turned to bites and marks; Riddle licking the skin of his back like a madman. Harry was still empty; Tom’s hands were bruising his hips, and his cock had been neglected for far too long.

“Are you gonna do it or not?” He spat; his voice sounding half aroused and half frustrated.

Riddle only laughed. “You never gave me the impression that you are so in love with my cock, what with your running away and all…”

Harry rolled his eyes. Were they going to discuss his running away when they were having sex too?

Riddle only scratched his teeth on Harry’s spine and kept himself silent. It was unnerving, frustrating. And it scared the shit out of Harry. The silence stretched on and on while Riddle kept rediscovering Harry’s body. When he realized the man was going to keep kissing and touching Harry’s skin, the young man tried squirming and turning his body around but Riddle’s big hands stopped his actions.

They were in a weird position then, with Harry half-turned and Riddle bent over his figure. They stared in their eyes for a long time, both trying to discover the other’s next actions. When Harry tried to approach Riddle and kiss him the man, harshly and fast, turned Harry’s body around, put him on his belly with his ass high in hair and hit home in one, swift movement. Harry screamed, the pain and the pleasure when his prostate was hit dead on made him delirious, confused and aching for more.

“I have just one proposition for you and you are going to accept it.” Riddle’s tone sounded restrained and harsh, a sign their act was taking a tool on him too.

“W-what?” His cock was entering Harry and leaving him way too quickly, only hitting his prostrate and then disappearing. Harry tried to clench his walls and keep the delicious thing in him but Riddle was faster.

“You are going to move in with me, you are going to continue your studies and you are going to never, ever set a foot in a club without me!” He finished his proposition with a hit on Harry’s prostate and a hard, painful bite at his neck. Harry had been lost way before the man started talking, his swollen lips letting out whimpers and obscene sounds.

He tried to say something back but the only thing he could get out was a moan. “You are going to accept it like the good little boy you are.” Riddle’s biting words kept coming out of his mouth. He
couldn’t stop; he could barely restrain himself, the beast inside of him was roaring at him to be free. He knew it was just a matter of time.

Harry tried squirming, his mind finally processing Riddle’s words. “What? No…”

“Ahh, let go. Ahh, hey!” His hands were tied and his flushed face was squashed on the couch so he was defenseless, hopeless and pretty much fucked.

“You want to know what I did to the men who dared to touch you?” Harry’s eyes went wide and his heart started beating fast for another reason; fear. Would Riddle use murder talk as dirty talk? Did he get off on it? Of course he did, he was a fucking murder, criminal.

“No, Riddle!” Harry tried to turn his upper body but he had no force left. “Stop it!”

“I’m going to tell you.” Riddle’s mouth was at his ear now, licking his lobe and shushing him. “At first, I killed the manager of the first club you went to.”

Harry shook his head, silently telling Riddle to drop it. “He told me he and his friends watched you sucking another man off.”

“No, no!”

Riddle paid him no mind. “I wanted to take his pretty eyes out for that, I ached to do it, but I had no time; I had to find you.”

“Riddle…” Harry warned, his once flushed face was white now.

Tom put his two hands on the couch, on both sides of Harry’s head, trapping him more. Seeing those hands there only reminded Harry that he had no way of escaping.

“Three bullets baby. And they were all for you.” His tongue was tracing circles on Harry’s right cheek. Riddle was in heaven.

His hips were still hitting Harry’s own. The pleasure from Riddle’s fucking was mixing with the pain and fear from his words and it was all a complicated, confusing mess. Harry didn’t know anymore. “I’d empty an entire magazine for you, keep that in mind.”

Harry’s frozen figure shook. “So fucking romantic.” He spat. The fucking bastard, trying to pin the blame on him.

“Oh,” Riddle laughed and stopped himself from fucking Harry. “You know it.”

He left the kid on his sofa and headed towards his desk, his mind was screaming at him to stop what he was about to do and his heart was beating way too fast but he didn’t. He didn’t stop from taking his spare gun from his desk’s drawers. He stared at it, felt his weight and smelled it.

He headed towards the silent and frozen, barely breathing body, on the couch. He stared at it for a long time; his marks that he had spent a long time putting there and his bites were a vivid red, almost purple color. His claiming had been thoroughly made; at least on the kid’s skin. He would make sure the kid’s brain will know about it, too.

He trailed the barrel of the gun down and up on Harry’s spine. The frozen body froze even more, if that could have been possible. Maybe the kid didn’t know what Riddle was holding but he had a good idea.
Tom chuckled, lightly and heartless and kept drawing circles, words and lines on his back. The skin erupted in goose bumps and Harry shivered.

“Interesting things guns are, don’t you think?” Riddle circled him once, pulled his head by the hair up and stared at Harry’s wide, terrified eyes and flushed face. He let his motionless head down after, squashing it harder in the leather.

He was at his side in one second, letting the gun stay on Harry’s back and proceeding to softly trace his arms with his fingers. The ring he always had on his index finger was cold and unwelcomed on Harry’s burning body.

“They do all kind of interesting things.” He kept his tone neutral, unfazed.

Harry let out a breath and tried to send a prayer to his family, apologizing and telling them that he was so, so sorry.

“Like killing.” Riddle nuzzled his neck.

Harry stopped breathing.

“Like killing yourself.” He continued, his voice bitter. His right-hand traced Harry’s jaw and gripped it, hard.

Riddle had Harry on his knees in one single movement. The gun was on his left hand while with the other he was still gripping Harry’s jaw. His fingers trailed until they were touching his mouth, he petted Harry’s lips and silently told him to open up. Harry could do nothing; he only stared at the powerful man in front of him and prepared himself for whatever was to come.

Riddle’s fingers entered Harry’s mouth and like the last time, he left them on the tongue. It was an obscene scene; a fully dressed, powerful man having his fingers down on a naked, shivering young man’s throat.

Harry’s dick twitched. Riddle’s eyes only sparkled. He took the gun in his right hand when his fingers left Harry’s mouth. He trailed the barrel on Harry’s face now, on his cheekbones, forehead, nose and lastly, on his lips.

“Kiss it.” Harry’s cheeks flushed with embarrassment but nonetheless he pouted his lips and kissed.

Riddle’s smile took half of his face. Harry hated him, he loathed him. It was the most humiliating act. Riddle titled his head and made a humming sound.

“How about a deal?” Harry’s eyes narrowed, Riddle and deal should never be put in a sentence.

Riddle only smirked. “You either suck this gun or I put a bullet in your head.”

Silence. Harry’s heart could have been heard in the silence that had descended. He was pale, sweating and shivering.

Obediently he opened his mouth and took the barrel in. Riddle only stared. He licked the hard steel; the smell and the taste of powder made him want to gag. He couldn’t believe that he was doing that, with Riddle there. He couldn’t believe that that was his life.

He licked and then hallowed his cheeks and tried anything really, but he couldn’t do much, the gun wouldn’t come(except for the bullet that would end his life and haa, look at that, he was funny even
in his last moments) so he proceeded to give Riddle something that he would always remember. From the look he had on his face, Harry sucking his gun would hunt him, for sure.

“If you like so much my guns, I thought it would be just fair to make you more accustomed with them, don’t you think?” He asked softly. Harry only stared with vacant eyes, his heart beating madly in his chest. His eyes stung and his nose started to run and Riddle looked at him with pity but also with hate. The man hated him, he could see it now. And Harry should have been glad.

“Now, should I pull the trigger?”

Harry’s figure shook once but he tried to control himself.

“I’m waiting for an answer.” The gun was still in his mouth, resting on his tongue now.

“Hm?” Harry shook his head as in no.

“Are you going to listen to me from now on?” He shook his head as in yes.

Riddle crouched to Harry’s eye level and patted his cheek. “Are you?”

Yes, Harry screamed with his yes.

“I don’t believe you.” The kid started shaking and Tom left him wallow in his misery a little more time.

He smiled at him softly, crinkles and sparkling eyes. “I’m not going to kill you, baby.”

He took the gun out, his movements so elegant despite the obvious boner he was sporting. “Now, what do good boys say?”

Harry’s throat was fucked and raw and his voice was raspy. “Thank you.”

Riddle stared for a moment and then he lost it. He lunged towards Harry, turned him harshly on his belly and plunged in. Harry’s scream was stolen from his delicate throat and his eyes burned. His dick was still hard, despite the previous degrading activities.

He whimpered, begged and moaned. “Please!”

“Oh baby.” Riddle moaned. His dick was going in and out of Harry’s puffy hole and it was the most beautiful sight. *Riddle was in love.*

Tom’s tie was biting into his hands and his skinny figure could barely hold all the power behind Riddle’s maddening thrusts but Harry fucking loved it. They fastened the pace, both men needing more and craving each other.

Tom opened his mouth when he sensed they were on the edge.

“I just want you to know that I killed the last two men that you had fucked with the same gun you just sucked.” Riddle whispered softly.

Harry screamed and they both came at the same time, right in that very moment.

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They were in the car, but Harry’s clouded mind couldn’t remember how they had gotten there. He
was in Riddle’s lap; the older man was gently running his hand through Harry’s hair and whispering things in his ear. He couldn’t understand all the words but some of them were praise and loving words and some of them were promises and threats.

He yawned and nuzzled the man’s neck, searching a more comfortable position. He forgot whose lap he was currently on and whose hand was handling him so gently. He tightened his grip on the man and the man tightened his grip on him too. *Just like a promise.*

Harry’s first thought was that he couldn’t breathe. He just couldn’t. There was something in his mouth which was cutting his much needed supply of air and when he blinked his eyes open, he choked.

They were on some white, soft and warm sheets and Riddle was having his head on the headboard. The bastard was staring at him sleepily and lovingly. They were in a bed and Riddle had his cock inside Harry’s mouth.

He choked a second time. Oh my god.

But he was still tired and all hazy and his movements were sloppy when he tried to get away. Riddle only tightened his grip on Harry’s hair.

“Sh, sh.” His voice was sleepy and raspy and fuck, Harry’s dick twitched. This was a different Riddle. This was Tom, without his suit, all unarmed and sleepy with ruffled hair. “Go on.”

Harry couldn’t protest; he didn’t have any force in him besides sitting there on his belly, between Tom’s legs. He couldn’t even deep throat the damn cock. He chose instead to lap sleepily and sloppy at it, his tongue giving small kitten licks.

Riddle moaned nonetheless and threw his head back. That sight was so sexy Harry couldn’t stop himself from humping the soft sheets. It wasn’t enough but he didn’t do anything to change it. He was way too tired to even get up.

When Harry couldn’t do it anymore he silently told the man to finish himself as soon as possible. Riddle ordered him to let his mouth pliant and then gripped Harry’s hair tight. He proceeded to fuck the younger’s throat, his dick going in and out. When Harry sucked a little harder on the head, Riddle’s eyes rolled back and shot his load down the former’s throat.

He made Harry come by getting inside of him and hitting his prostate relentlessly.

Harry didn’t know when they stopped fucking, but it was after he passed out anyway.

The water was too hot and Harry didn’t like it but he was way too comfortable and sleepy to move. There were hands caressing his back and thighs and massaging his scalp. He purred sleepily and tried to stretch. He found out he couldn’t.
He opened his eyes that went wide when he realized he was in Riddle’s arms in a bathtub full of hot, scalding water. He tried to move but he only jostled the water.

“Hey, hey.” Riddle said gently. “Calm down!”

“Wha-” He blinked and tried to recall the last thing he could remember. Riddle was fucking him, the limo, and the bed and… and he made him suck a gun… the same gun that he killed Joseph and Alexei with.

So they were dead.

Death, such a weird thing, isn’t it? They had been alive, fucking him and kissing him only a few weeks ago. And it was his entire fault that they weren’t anymore.

“You–.. you killed them?” His voice came out afraid, small and lost, exactly like he was feeling right then.

Riddle sighed and took his hands off of Harry’s form. He left the bathtub, dressed himself in a robe and took a towel in his hands. He crouched to Harry’s eye level and ran his hand through the latter’s wet hair.

“The only thing you need to know is that they won’t bother you anymore.” He whispered softly. Harry’s lost eyes traced Riddle’s every move. The older man gripped Harry’s arms and hauled him gently on the edge of the tub, he put the towel around his form and with another towel he started to dry his hair. Harry stood silent; an unmoving and frozen form.

“What do you mean?”

Riddle searched Harry’s eyes with his own. They held pity. Harry acted like he had been burned.

“They didn’t rape me.” He protested.

Riddle’s jaw ticked. “You were out of it for the most of the time.”

“So what? Do I act like a rape victim? I don’t.” Harry slapped his hands and left the bathtub, putting the towel around his hips. He thought against exiting the bathroom and turned around to spat at Tom.

“So this is what all of your moods were about? You were scared of touching me because you thought I was traumatized or something?”

Riddle shook his head and took a step back. “No. Maybe it was one of the reasons but not the only one.”

“I’m not a rape victim.” He crossed his arms on his chest and spoke with finality.

“You are in denial.” Tom stressed the word out.

“What the fuck do you even know? You never ask me, you only assume things and then go and act the way you think is right. You barely looked at me these weeks. I’m not a china doll and I’m not weak, you bastard.”

“I couldn’t look at you because you were bearing marks and claims that were not mine.” His voice was clipped. It was hard for him to say those things but he needed to, it was one of the few moments they were both lucid and calm enough to talk things civilly.

“Wow, and it was so hard to let the truth out? You had to fuck it into me? To tell me all those things?
To do that thing?"

“With you, yes. I have to fuck everything into you because you never listen.”

The kid threw his arms in the air. “Oh my god. Are you hearing yourself?”

“I was jealous, so what?”

“You killed them.” He whispered. He wanted to yell at Tom, to punch him, to curse him and throw a fit. But he couldn’t anymore, he had done those things so many times and it had always ended up in the same way. He was tired of it.

“Well, maybe now you realize the lengths I would go for you.”

Harry looked at his naked and frozen feet. “You don’t even know me.”

Tom gripped his left arm. “I know enough.”

“Tom…” Harry felt his heat beat faster but he couldn’t stop the words from stumbling out of his mouth. “I’m not.” He whispered now, the words weren’t meant to be yelled out. “I’m not a rape victim, that wasn’t rape, and I’m not a cocaine addict.” He didn’t know why the sudden urge to defend himself and show this man that he wasn’t how Tom thought he was.

Riddle laughed. "I'm fucked up just like you are and you're fucked up just like me. We make quite the couple." Harry ran a hand through his hair.

Tom tilted his head and stared at him with burning eyes. “Why did you run, Harry?” Maybe it was bit bitter and accusing but his tone had some curiosity in it too.

“Because I found out you are a mob boss.” He will be honest, he decided.

“What did you think that I would have done to you?”

Harry’s skin erupted in goose bumps. “The things you do to me now.”

Tom smiled sadly. “Then you had a good reason to run.”

“Are you going to keep me caged forever? Wont you eventually get bored of me?”

Riddle rushed past him in the bedroom. Harry followed him and took a seat on the bed. Riddle undid his robe and dressed himself in some underwear. The clock on the nightstand read 4:27 AM. Harry had never been fresher than in that hour. He needed answers and he would get them.

“Tom you can’t…” The man stopped from throwing the dirty sheets on the floor and looked at him.

“What on earth I can’t?” He was mocking Harry.”

"You can’t kill people." Harry took a step towards him. He was scared, afraid and shaking. He only had a towel on him and he felt way too vulnerable and naked. “That is not right.”

He really wanted to yell at the man, to punch him and scratch him because the russian men had no fault. Harry was the one who had fucked up. They didn’t deserve to die. But it was like he was on drugs; he couldn’t even manage to make himself angry enough to shout at the man in front of him.
“Tom, I…” he fiddled with his towel; his shaky hands wouldn’t stay still. “I won’t stay with you if you keep doing those things.”

Riddle only headed towards the bed and climbed in. “Get in the bed Harry.”

“No, Tom. You need to-”

“What I need is for you to get in the bed right the fuck now and stop talking.”

Harry gulped and approached the man. He looked around for an item of clothing or some underwear, anything really, but beside the dirty sheets there wasn’t anything there.

“Lose the towel and get in.”

He would be naked. Ok, whatever. He grabbed the covers, which was only a white sheet and got under it.

There was silence between them, they were acting like some married couple who had a fight, both keeping their distance and staying silent.

Harry’s chest was full of emotions and he was freezing. He craved something but he didn’t know what. Only when Riddle gripped Harry and brought him into his arms, the warmth radiating from the older man relaxing him a little, only then did Harry slumped and closed his eyes. *He craved him.*

“I hate you.” It was so innocently spoken. He felt defeated and hopeless and he was tired of it all.

Riddle laughed but deep down, *his heart broke a little.*
Always back at ya.

Chapter Notes

I would ask you if you had missed me but it has been only two days since I posted. The fuck, I'm such a dork...

Warning: violence, homophobia

Also, this is unbeta'd so if you see any mistakes I'll go tonight and fix them.

Also, and this is really important and if you have a second I would like for you to answer me. but only if you want to. Is this too slow? The way I'm writing? Am I focusing too much on the details and their relationship?

I have two plots which are awesome by the way haha but I need them to trust each other and to have a little history, something I'm working at rn, so they could survive what I have in store for them.

I also want their relationship to be something they build and for Harry to fall in love with Riddle and for Riddle to see Harry more than just an obsession.

I feel like I'm focusing too much on it? I don't know, it has been 17 chapters and we are nowhere near what I feel like this story is about and... I'm scared I will lose it somewhere on the way.

I don't know man. This is my first fanfic... I'm just scared I'm not handling good.

It was the beginning of the December and Harry found out only that morning. He had been in such a haze the past weeks, what with having a mob boss as lover, that he simply forgot about mundane things such as dates or the tasks he had to do.

He woke up the morning after Riddle fucked him the first time in weeks to a closet full of his old clothes. He stared confused at the items for a full minute. Riddle was getting out of the shower, hair wet and in only a towel, when he had turned around and asked him what was going on.

The man only snorted. “I fucked the fact that you’re going to move in with me so many times last night and you still forgot.”

Harry wasn’t impressed. He knew that there was no way out of it and he made peace with it. Of course he loathed the man, no, the criminal, and he could barely stand the sight of him. The easy thing was that Harry just didn’t care anymore, he had played the indifferent fool for such a long time that he had became one.

Just looking at Riddle and thinking about the fact that he had killed three people for him and beat one(Chan) made him throw up. But the thing is; Harry stopped caring. Of course he cared that those people were dead and if he hadn’t run away they would be pretty much alive now. Of course he hated himself more each passing day but was it because of Riddle? Or because that just who Harry was? He clearly destroys everything.

His broken, shattered, black clothes looked so weird and ugly in contrast with Riddle’s expensive suits. He was still looking for an answer as to what Riddle saw in him and he was more and more
certain that the only thing Riddle liked at him it was his rejection. Riddle wanted what he couldn’t have. It was his fucking fault that he denied himself to Tom in the first place; maybe if the man had had him the first time they had met; Harry wouldn’t have been there now. It was simple, really.

Now he had gone and made the man obsessed with him. Way to go, Potter!

His dad had told him once that although he met good people he would only destroy them slowly after. Riddle wasn’t a good person but you could understand his point.

He sighed, rubbed his sleepy eyes and decided on his Blink-182 shirt and some of his black jeans, he threw his arm out to take them the same time Riddle tried to extract his suit which was next to Harry’s clothes. Their arms touched and both men shivered, one from obsession, the other from the disgust of liking the touch in the first place.

Their arms met and for a split second they didn’t dare move; both locked in some kind of bubble. Harry had acted first, like he had been burned. He took his clothes, took the first pair of socks—which he would later realize that it was Riddle’s—and bolted towards the bathroom.

While he entered the shower and stood under the lukewarm spray, he realized that Riddle was no exception to his fear of intimacy, he could just not let himself be comfortable enough if he wasn’t high or drunk. He didn’t know if he should laugh or cry; Riddle was still no exception. If the man knew it, he would not be happy.

At least Harry wasn’t scared that he would develop some kind of feelings for him. He may crave his body and the way Riddle made him feel safe but really, what was the difference between this man and the others?

He wouldn’t admit but he hated himself a little; maybe if he felt something for the man, the whole thing between them would be much easier.

But there was also the fact that Riddle was a criminal so he would hate himself more if he developed feelings for him.

“Ugh!” He put his head on the shower’s tiles and groaned. It was a big, complicated, shitty mess.

One month ago he only had to wonder about his rent getting paid and his stash of weed not going empty. Now he had bulky bodyguards, a freaking expensive penthouse where he suddenly started living and a man which was still confused if he wanted to fuck Harry or kill him.

Why hadn’t he stayed that night at the club and fucked some random dude and left to his apartment an hour later?

Realizing he had been under the spray for far too long and he still had to wash himself, he made quick job of pouring the shampoo and shower gel and scrubbing himself meticulously. He had been cleaned from the last night’s bath -where everything seemed to have been in slow motion, his tired mind only talking back to Riddle in a shameful, lost way and he hated himself for it, he should have punched the man,- but he continued scrubbing furiously like somehow he could erase the previous night’s events.

He rinsed and the stepped out of the shower, dried his hair and body and then clothed himself. He looked like a punk, except he had no tattoos. He hadn’t gotten around to actually getting any because of money problems and lack of inspiration. He wanted homemade ones and a lot of them; he just hadn’t started drawing them.

His hair was still messy and a little longer than usual; he would have to get a haircut soon. Also he
needed a new phone. Suddenly remembering that he lost his wallet, credit card and ID when he had been high and staying with Thomas, and – auch, the memory of him gave him a shiver, he prayed the man was safe— he marched towards the bedroom to ask Riddle if his lost belongings were in his possession.

Except the bedroom was empty; but he could hear voices from the kitchen/ living room so he headed there.

“I don’t care Atlas. Solve the mess!” Riddle angry voice was tight and clipped, tired? Harry didn’t know if it was the right time to make his presence known.

“Listen to me-”

“Harry?” Leo was there, bent over the kitchen table, looking over some papers. His glasses were perfectly clean, in contrast with Harry’s always dirty ones which he had kept forgetting on the nightstand these past few weeks. He should go and get them, he was 99% blind without them.

Riddle cut himself off and glanced at him. The man was wearing a suit which seemed that had been made especially for him, the damn thing was hugging his form in all the right places and it was making Harry a little light-headed.

He cleared his throat, gulped the knot forming there, and politely asked. “Can we talk?”

Riddle arched an eyebrow but otherwise nodded. “I’ll call you back.” He spoke in the phone and then pocketed it.

Harry should have felt giddy at the fact that the man would drop anything for him but it wasn’t the case. Or maybe it was, he didn’t know, but there was something happening in his stomach. Something that made him feel funny. Or maybe he was just hungry. Yeah. Hungry. Definitely hungry.

“What’s wrong?” Harry wanted to yell at him to stop; stop all that nonsense, all that concern.

“Do you have my wallet?” He rushed. “The one with my credit card, ID and such?”

Riddle furrowed his brows but then he remembered that he had made Leo look for his things when he had been carrying Harry’s unconscious body in his arms. He had forgotten about it.

Leo cleared his throat and looked at Riddle for permission of speaking. Harry watched amused and a little angry at the way Tom had everyone under his complete control.

“I have it. It’s in your office, sir. Top drawer.” Leo politely offered.

Riddle came back with his brown wallet. Instead of giving it to Harry he opened it and proceeded to snoop around it. Harry crossed his arms and sneered.
“Mature.” Riddle only smiled boyishly. He wouldn’t find anything anyway. Unless the first condom he had bought but never used because he hadn’t lost his virginity with someone of his own age would count as something. And… wait, no! The picture with his dad in his early twenties was there and that was sacred and intimate, damn it. He lunged towards Riddle to try and take his wallet back but he was too late, the man already had the small picture in his hand and was inspecting it.

“Who is this?” Leo looked interested too, trying to catch a glimpse of the picture but Riddle had it safely in his hand, hidden from anyone’s eyes but his.

Harry started shaking a little. His father’s existence wasn’t and would never be a matter of discussion, and less so with Riddle.

“No one, give it to me!”

Riddle only took a step back and furrowed his brows. He stared at it for a long time. “The picture is black and white and looks old, which means the man should be old too by now. So it’s not a ex boyfriend, I hope.” He smiled sharply. “Either your father or your brother?”

“None of your fucking business. Give it back to me!”

“Tell me.”

“Riddle, back off!” If he started answering that one question, Harry knew more would come.

Riddle, maybe sensing Harry’s obvious discomfort or maybe taking pity on him, put the picture back in the wallet and handed it to him. Harry, for the first time since he had met the man, felt grateful. The bastard had listened to him.

Riddle cleared his throat, to disrupt the awkward and tensioned atmosphere between them (Leo was still watching them confused). “Axel would be downstairs to take you to your class.”

“There is no need to-“

Riddle growled. “Want to try and say that again?”

Harry only pocketed his wallet and glared.

“Now, I chose Axel because there isn’t much of Axis that you can bite—”

“Did you just attempt to make a joke?” Attempt was the key word; because if Harry was honest, the stiff, dangerous vibe Riddle had going would never work if he ever tried making a joke.

Riddle glared back at him. “As I was saying, he is going to drive you to your college, you are going to take your exams and then you’re going to head towards my office building. We have a date lunch at two.”

“We have?” Harry asked, unimpressed.

Riddle smiled cruelly. Harry sighed.

“Look, I don’t really need Axel with me. Let’s make a deal, I’m free the whole day but I’ll come back at the penthouse tonight.”

Riddle stared at him, bored.

“Promise!” Harry tried again, smiling sheepishly.
Nothing.

“Ok, fine.” He turned around and stormed towards the hallway but his actions were stopped by a frozen and unmoving Axel standing in the doorway.

“Harrrryy.” Riddle purred.

“What?” He turned around and spat.

Riddle smiled boyishly at him. Again. The bastard.

“Aren’t you forgetting something?”

Harry only stared in confusion.

“A kiss.”

You got to be fucking kidding me?! This was so foreign to Harry he couldn’t actually decide if Riddle was fucking with him.

“Yeah? Now be a good boy and come and give it to me.” And the smirking bastard just had to rub the salt in the wound. Humiliated and aware of the fact that he wouldn’t get out of there if he didn’t give the bastard his kiss, he marched towards him, took Tom by his tie (green again, ugh), well more like pulled him hard by the tie, and proceeded to give Riddle the kiss of what would be his pathetic and short life (Harry would make sure of it). He sloppily sucked the other’s lips and then bit them. For short, it was a messy, heated, pornographic kiss. When they separated, a string of saliva could still be seen connecting their lips.

Harry’s cheeks were flushed and burning and Riddle wasn’t doing any better; he was wearing a flustered, awe-struck look on his face. Harry 1- Riddle 1 billion, whatever.

He turned around then, unaware of both Leo and Axel’s look on their faces which were part confusion part admiration, and marched toward the exit. Axel nodded once at his boss and followed him.

The car had been silent. Axel was also driving so he was sitting all by himself in the back. He hadn’t actually studied anything and he realized that then. He had somehow of a photographic memory but he had been out of it the past month that he barely knew how to hold a brush in his hand. Ars Erotica; Sexual Imagery in Culture and Art… what the fuck was that though? He knew a little but not enough. Well, whatever, his life was going to hell anyway; he won’t probably survive the disaster that it was Tom Riddle and if he will, well… that fact could speak for itself the person he will turn out to be. So art? He won’t need that anymore.

Axel stopped the car exactly in front of the campus, parking exactly where you didn’t have the right too. Well, when you have Riddle’s power and balls…

He opened the door but stopped when Axel was at his side the next second.

“What are you doing?” Axel looked at him venomously but he gave his own arm to help Harry get out.
The weirdest thing ever? Axel and Axis started to act so weird after he had been caught and brought back. They would glance at him with clear hate in their eyes but they were otherwise really gentle and polite to him. It was throwing Harry off, he knew it had something to do with his getaway but that decision wasn’t his fault; he had been scared god damn it. And did they know who Riddle was in the first place? They had no right to judge Harry, but they were doing it anyway.

“I’m escorting you to your class.”

“You got to be fucking kidding me?”

Axel only stared at him.

“Give me your fucking phone!” He took the damn thing out of the guard’s hand after the man had already dialed Riddle’s number.

The phone rang twice.

“Axel?” Riddle’s voice was tight and worried, Harry didn’t want to think about that or let himself be washed by warmth at the former’s possible concern. He was angry so he tried to stay focused on that.

“Riddle, what the fuck is your fucking problem?” He heard a sigh.

“Harry…”

“No. I let you force me into moving in with you, I accepted your plans for the day but in no fucking way I’m going to let your fucking dog escort me to my classes like I’m some child. Fuck you Riddle!”

Axel bristled at that. Harry rolled his eyes, he didn’t care. He was so fed up with it.

He heard some commotion and then silence, only Riddle’s breath.“What the fuck are you doing?”

“Well I was just chewed by my boy in front of half of my personnel. Now I’m licking at my wounded pride.” Riddle’s words would have made Harry feel a little sorry if it wasn’t for his tone which indicated the opposite of any thought that Riddle was feeling ashamed. (author’s note: English is not my main language, does this make sense? Cause for me it does)

Harry’s cheeks flushed. “I need my privacy.”

“This isn’t about me controlling you.” Harry snorted.

“It’s about your safety baby.”

“Riddle, I had fallen asleep with a criminal these past weeks. I don’t think I can ever be safe.”

Riddle rewarded him with silence for a few minutes and Harry wondered if he had pushed his luck. He didn’t care but still, it was his ass which would take the beating. At that thought he imagined his ass actually taking a beating from Riddle and his cheeks turned purple. What the fuck, Potter?

“Who would even go after me? Come on Riddle, don’t do this.”

The other sighed. “Give the phone to Axel.”

Harry threw the phone to Axel who barely caught and crossed his arms, sulking.
“Yeah. But I thought you said-”

Axel was clearly confused. ”Of course I would be here the second…”

“But are you sure boss-”

“Yes. Got it, sir!”

Harry arched an eyebrow, looking intrigued.

Axel pocketed the phone and turned his head towards him. Sneering, he said. “It’s your lucky day, kid. Now fuck off.”

He rushed towards the building the second those words left Axel’s mouth, wanting desperately some freedom, even if only for a few hours.

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Well, the exams were a disaster. Not only he didn’t know a thing but he attempted to write something so the paper wouldn’t be blank. He pitied the soul that would have to mark that.

Smiling, he rushed for the store near the UNI. He was alone and free for the first time in what seemed like forever so he thought about buying some coffee and cigarettes and just enjoy the solitude. The bell rang when he opened the door and he headed towards the cashier. Smiling charmingly, he asked for a packet of Marlboro reds and paid the price. Next, he headed towards the café that was near and stepped into the line of tired and exhausted-looking students.

“Harry?” He turned around at the familiar voice that he couldn’t quite place it. His eyes went wide at the sight of Chan Moore. He looked better than ever, his bedroom blonde hair was ruffled in the best possible way and he was wearing a white tank top. Well fuck. He was sitting at a table with some guys and two girls, probably enjoying their coffees that were placed in front of them.

Harry fiddled with his shirt. “Hey Chan…” He remembered the last time he had spoken to the guy and that their conversation leaded to something not so good. But Chan was looking better now; there were no more bruises on his face and if only for a moment, Harry forgot that hey weren’t supposed to speak.

The boy smiled handsomely and stood up. He took a step towards him. “Hey guys, this is Harry…”

Someone from his side asked “The Harry who…” at the same time Harry felt his arm being gripped and a furious Axel spitting in his ear. “Where the fuck have you been?”

It happened all too fast. One moment Axel was at his side and the next moment Chan, with wide eyes and pale face, screamed “Y-you!”

Axel manhandled Harry from the coffee shop and into the busy street. He could hear shouting and movement from behind but he couldn’t do anything as Axel was gripping him and dragging him not so gently towards a different direction.

“Hey, stop!” The screaming intensified. Axel wouldn’t stop and Harry was right with him on that; they were already making a scene as people were watching them weirdly.

Suddenly there wasn’t any force dragging him and he couldn’t do anything as Axel was gripped
from Harry’s personal space and thrown in a different direction.

They were near a hidden alley and Harry gulped; it wasn’t looking good and he feared it would only get worse.

“He is the one who beat you up?” Another jock, one slightly bigger and bulkier than Chan, asked. Harry shivered. Oh no!

“No, but he was one of them.” Chan spat.

Harry intervened too late when two of the five boys that were with Chan took the bodyguard by his shoulders and threw him into the alley. People were going faster and refused to look at them, so even if Harry tried getting help, he wouldn’t get any.

Axel stood up, proud and big, but Harry knew he had no chance. They were six and they were big, athletic jocks too. Fuck, why didn’t he fuck some random skinny dude that night?

“Chan, stop!” The boy watched him for a second but then smirked.

“Are you taking his side, Harry? You saw me, the way he beat me and you still defend him?”

“This isn’t fair. There are six of you and he is alone.”

“I was alone too, drunk may I add and they were a dozen of them.”

“Actually, the are two of you.” Another one butted in, smirking cruelly at Harry. The kid shivered and Axel stood in front of him.

No, no way that was happening.

“Chan, stop. Look, we can work this out.”

But Chan gave Harry no mind; he was staring directly at Axel with a burning intensity. Then two of the guys threw themselves at the bodyguard at the same time, and it made Harry angry. That wasn’t fucking fair. Axel avoided the punches as best as he could and he threw some of them too. He stood his ground for a little while but then another advanced on them and suddenly the blond, big man was restrained.

Chan smirked, all prideful and powerful and Harry loathed him. If the guy had been alone, he would have bolted the second he saw Axel, Harry was sure. But now, as he had two others restraining the guard he had the balls to go ahead and slam his fist in Axel’s cheek. Harry winced.

The punches were clumsy, messy and hard. They were everywhere, one at his head the other at his gut. Chan was grinning madly now and Harry tried to remember the college student like he had met him, a laughing, shy kid but he couldn’t. The monster in front of him was a kid who was trying too hard to feel like a man. Harry knew what Riddle had done was no better but the scene, the scene in front of him was making him want to throw up.

“So, you’re Harry.” He turned his head at the two guys who were just watching on the side lines. Harry’s eyes went wide at the burning rage he saw in their own eyes. The same eyes that were set on him.

The other smirked. “Y’know, Chan couldn’t play for three weeks, he still can’t. He had several fractured ribs and a broken hip. That is almost like you killed yourself in the football world.” Harry gulped.
He tried to catch Chan’s attention but the jock was too busy beating Axel to death, Axel who was still trying to break free and was throwing some punches too in between.

Two arms gripped him tight and then threw his body onto something hard. His head exploded at the impact and he felt a spark of pain going up and down his spine. He tried to take a step back but he found out he couldn’t, there was a hard wall behind him.

He felt panic washing him and his heart beating wildly in his chest. That was not good. The two, bulky jocks advanced on him, both of them sporting smirks on their faces.

“Pretty little faggot.” One of them spat the word like it was burning him.

“Chan keeps talking and talking about you, it makes me sick. He was okay before he met you, he could actually keep his homosexuality in check but you came along and then he started to become this fool that suddenly was in love. He also took a beating for plowing your ass and it makes me wonder if that ass of yours is that good.”

Harry froze. His heart felt like it was going to explode. No.

“You’re lucky I’m disgusted just looking at your ugly mug otherwise I would have ripped you apart.” The man was way too close, his fingers taking a thread of Harry’s hair. He rubbed the thing with his two fingers and Harry was memorized by the act. He hadn’t saw but he had felt the punch that went directly to his stomach. He heaved and coughed.

Another one and this was a messy one, directly to his face. He could feel the blood from his nose going down on his lips. He wet them and tasted copper. He was thrown again on the hard wall and his head exploded for a second time, only with a more intensity than before.

A punch to his ribs and on to his chest and he felt like he was going to die. Another three at his face and he felt his skin swollen and break.

“I feel like we should break his legs.” Another, familiar voice stated and he turned his head towards that direction. Chan was heaving but otherwise smirking, and looking with a murderous stare at Axel.

What, no! Riddle. Fuck, Riddle would kill him. And Axel, Axel that was pain in his ass but otherwise had stood his ground and put himself in front of Harry, had protected him. He couldn’t let him do that.

“Chan…” He whisper-yelled and the boy, stunned, turned towards him. He froze even more when he saw the state Harry was in.

“What the fuck have you two morons done?” Chan took a wobbly step towards them, the confidence and smirk disappearing in a second.

One of the two jocks that had took to make Harry feel like he had been hit by a car shrugged. “He had it coming.”

“Are you fucking kidding me?” Chan yelled, eyes going wildly from Harry’s pathetic state to the two. “I told you whoever beat me had told me to no go anywhere him again. You have a death wish?”

“But the man…” The other tried, confused at the fact that one would take the beating and the other would not.
“The man had been the one who beat me, but not the fucking kid, you idiots.” Chan was acting like he was burned, his movements were those of a madman, he clearly looked scared. No, make that terrified.

Harry tried to get up but a pain in his rib protested against his action. Chan was looking horrifically from Harry to Axel who was barely breathing on the ground. All of the six jocks were frozen and silent, waiting for Chan’s command.

“Fuck!” Chan gripped his hair. He was looking like he was having an internal debate going on, looking from Harry to Axel again and again.

Harry wasn’t sure if what he saw in Chan’s eyes had been a sort of apology when the jock turned around and ordered his friends. “Fuck, let’s get out of here!” They were all freaking out by Chan’s terrified figure so they took off the second he ordered them too.

Harry wasn’t sure if he was feeling grateful or angry at the fact that they had been left alone, with no help to get out of there. He knew Axel was in a worse shape than he was so he stood up with great difficulty and made his way to the crouching guard.

“H-hey.” His voice was shaking and his hands were too. Axel was having his eyes closed and Harry didn’t know if it was from the pain or the fact that his eyes were so swollen and purple he couldn’t get them to open up.

He gripped the other’s shoulders and Axel let an almost silent scream at the act. Harry freaked out, he didn’t know if the man was injured badly and if he needed to go to the hospital. He tried to think about the best option and he realized that going to the hospital wasn’t one. They would be asked and Harry couldn’t actually explain the whole thing; that the boy that had beaten them to a pulp had actually been beaten too but by his mob boss boyfriend. So he got his revenge and here they were.

Axel was big and weighted a ton. Harry’s skinny figure could barely hold him but he tried his best although his own body was protesting against the action. They were both breathing hard by the time they left the alley and were in the open. People were looking at them weirdly but nobody came to help them but Harry wasn’t surprised anymore. He noticed their car a few meters away of them and realized if they had been quicker to get to it all of that wouldn’t have happened.

He made his way slowly; Axel, who was barely coherently, tried to tell him something but he couldn’t understand a thing. He put the man in the passenger seat and closed the door. Seeing his reflection on the window left him stunned, he almost looked as bad as Axel. He took a deep breath and got behind the wheel.

The bad thing was; he didn’t have a license. The good thing was; he knew how to drive. He didn’t get around the actually get it when he was in high school, his senior year had been wild and if he was being honest, he couldn’t remember much of it. And when he left for College, he didn’t have any time to get it. Good thing his dad has been obsessed with cars and he taught Harry how to drive one when he was a kid.

The car started slowly and Harry remembered all he needed to know in the next second plus the car was expensive and easy to drive. Harry would sometimes glance at the heaving and still body in the seat next to his.

“Come on Axel, stay with me.”

He put his right hand on the other’s forehead and tugged his hair away from his face. The man was cold, sweating and shivering.
So he decided; Riddle would be at his office, it was still two hours until noon so that meant nobody would be at the penthouse. He knew his way around an aid kit so he could patch the man as best as he could.

He was shivering too, from fear and pain and god, he couldn’t think about Riddle’s reaction. He still didn’t know what to say to him. Of course what Chan did hadn’t been good but he knew there was a 100% chance that if Riddle knew who had beaten them, the man would kill him. Chan only wanted his revenge and maybe his pride being put back in place, the fact that his team mates started beating Harry for another reason wasn’t his fault. What a fucking complicated mess.

He knew the way to the penthouse since he had been kidnapped so many times and brought there in a car. He parked the car behind the building; he knew he had no chance of going in undiscovered if he used the front door. The fire escape stairs were still there and although they would be a pain in the ass to climb with a barely conscious Axel in his arms, he would take them. It was the only way.

He had struggled, his rib that had been fractured broke a little more, his arms were killing him and he was all sweaty, with dried blood going from his nose to his chin. Every time he opened his mouth he could taste the damn thing. His eyes stung, one was swollen for sure and his head was killing him. There was also a weird beeping sound in his ears and he was afraid he would collapse any second.

They got to the first floor and Harry thanked whoever was up there when the elevator was empty. He pressed the penthouse button and adjusted Axel’s slumped form. The man was still out of it. Harry prayed he could resist just a little longer.

The elevator dinged and Harry was met with the perfect view of Riddle’s, now his too, penthouse’s hallaway. He took a step towards but froze when he heard the voice.

“Yes, I just came by to collect some files I forgot. How are the Russians, Atlas?” Riddle’s voice was cold, as always, but Harry’s figure shook when he heard it. Riddle was there. Riddle was there.

Riddle was there!!!

He put Axel’s slumped body on the ground and adjusted his head on the wall gently but hurriedly. Riddle’s voice indicated that he was in his office but the volume intensified since then so Harry knew it was just a matter of time before the man would see him. They were talking about Russians and Japan and Harry could barely breathe.

He was glad though, Riddle would see Axel so the guard would be better taken care of. (author’s note: Is this correct? Cause it sounds weird)

He only needed to disappear, get out of there before Riddle saw him too and maybe kill the entire planet. He knew it was a coward thing to do and he would pay for it after but he couldn’t see Riddle, not while he looked like that. Maybe the man would actually cage him after it but Harry really needed a drink, a cigarette and a good fuck before he would be trapped and he wouldn’t see the light of the day anymore.

He rushed towards the elevator and stepped in. His finger was hitting the button with a ferocity it scared even him.

“Come on, come on! Fuck.” He looked from the button to the penthouse from where Riddle’s voice could be heard more clear and louder.

He proceeded to stare at the button and make it work with the power of his mind but nothing happened. It was all happening too slow. Harry looked up and his heart froze when his eyes met the
figure of one Tom Marvolo Riddle who had his mouth opened. His hand was still holding his phone to his ear but his attention was focused directly at Harry. His eyes flickered from Harry to Axel’s slumped figure and understanding downed on him. Well, the understanding that they both had been beaten and that Harry was trying to get away. Again.

Harry jabbed the button frantically and finally the doors started to close. Riddle, with a growl, lunged towards him with fast speed, his eyes were burning and his face was set in a scary look. He looked murderous.

“Come on, come on!” His eyes stung and he knew that if Riddle got a hold of him; that was it. So he couldn’t let that happen.

Riddle put his hand between the doors and the stupid thing opened again. Harry took a step back but his form hit the wall, he had no way out.

Riddle was on him in a second, his hand gently taking Harry head and patting the back of it. He felt blood and took the hand out to look at it. Harry was as surprised as Tom was; the kid hadn’t known that there was blood too.

Riddle looked from the blood on his hands to the swollen eye, to the split lip, to the dried blood on his chin and mouth and to Harry’s weak, slumped figure. He felt himself going crazy, his heat beating fast and madly and he couldn’t stop the same fear washing over him, leaving him cold and empty and scared.

Oh, god, so damn scared. He hated the kid for making him that way. Human.

“You got two seconds to tell me what happened before I put my hands around your throat and strangle you.” He wasn’t lying, he felt so angry that he knew he was capable of doing worse things than that.

Like caging the kid forever, if it meant that that was the only way of making sure the kid was safe and out of harm’s way.

And he would do it, he promised himself. Harry would never be free, even if it meant killing him. If the kid was dead, there wouldn’t be scenes like that, where he couldn’t stop himself from throwing up at the sight of those bruises and dried blood marring Harry’s face.

The kid shivered. Wide, green eyes were staring at him so innocently and afraid that Riddle double promised himself. He couldn’t stand that sight anymore.

Yes. Even if it meant killing him.

Harry’s feet were dangling back and forth; his butt was sat on the kitchen’s counter and his hands were obediently staying on his lap. He was silent, always looking down even when Riddle was having his chin up in his hand so he could clear and patch Harry’s face.

People were going in different directions; Axel had been sent to the hospital and Axis had been right there at his side the whole time. Harry couldn’t look the other twin in the eyes; the quilt was killing
him so hard he could barely breathe. If only he hadn’t fucked Chan that night…

Riddle had been silent too after Harry had started talking. He told him everything; he told him that he had fucked Chan that night (something that Riddle already knew but Harry wanted the man to fucking suffer, if only a bit, because god knew Harry was suffering enough), that the jock had told him about the beating that day and that was what set Harry off, and he told him how he had met Chan and his friend in the café and what had happened after it.

He emphasized on the fact that Chan wasn’t the one who punched Harry but Riddle wasn’t listening anymore, he was already on the phone giving orders. Leo had been at the penthouse faster than anyone; then some people came too and took Axel’s unconscious body with a silent and fuming Axis following after them.

Harry didn’t dare to do anything, he took the seat silently and obediently when Riddle told him to, he didn’t let a sound when his face hurt while Riddle was putting the antiseptic on and he stood there even when Riddle left for his office with Leo. People were still in the penthouse, Riddle’s beautiful assistant smiled at him sadly once but Harry couldn’t muster to smile back, and another bodyguard, someone that Harry had seen occasionally but didn’t know his name, stood frozen at the door. Probably in case Harry wanted to run.

But where would he run to? He had no apartment, barely any money and no one to go to. He remembered about Ben and he froze. He didn’t know what happened to him but he should go and see him sooner rather than later. He prayed the man was ok.

Riddle had been, gentle? Weirdly so and Harry was freaking out. He waited for the bomb to drop, for the yelling to start or anything really. It’s not like Harry hadn’t try to run. He didn’t want to know what kind of punishment Riddle was plotting inside his head. The last comment he had said to Harry had been about Riddle strangling him to death so Harry wasn’t exactly relaxing right then.

He looked like a child, waiting for a candy or something and staying there, on the counter, so he won’t be in the way of the adults. He sighed. He knew for a fact that he had something broken around his stomach area and that his head should be checked too but he didn’t want to talk to Riddle or add fuel to his rage.

He plopped down and the whole room directed their attention to him in an instant. Harry felt weird but he ignored them and made his way towards the bedroom. He would take a bath; wash himself so he would look better when Riddle decided to undress him himself.

“Where are you going?” The door to Riddle’s office was opened and the man was hunched over the office with Leo in the same position. Tom’s stare was unnerving and piercing, demanding answers and Harry’s full obedience.

Harry shuffled from foot to foot. “Bathroom.” He replied.

Riddle stared for a little while and then directed his attention at Leo. Harry froze when Riddle spoke next. “Solve this mess.” And then the bastard shed his jacket and headed towards Harry.

His arm was gripped and they made their way to the bedroom. Riddle crossed the room, with Harry behind him, until they reached the white, perfectly clean bathroom and closed the door. He proceeded to undress Harry and the latter’s heart started beating wildly when he thought about Riddle seeing his body like that.

*The man would go crazy.*
Riddle was gentle and attentive; his hands were holding Harry like he was made of glass and his eyes never left his. It was making Harry’s skin burn and flush. Everything with Riddle was so… so intimate.

His black shirt was full of blood, his and Axel’s too and when Riddle’s jaw ticked he tried to reassure the man. “You should see the other guy.” He joked but Tom didn’t laugh.

He knew the other men were in a perfect state.

His pants were taken off too and Riddle stopped then. Harry could feel the other’s shaking hands and he didn’t know if he should pity Riddle or himself. He was afraid to look down at his body but Riddle had other plans.

He softly gripped Harry’s figure and then turned him around, with his front to the wall’s big mirror. Harry let out a gasp.

His body was marring big and small, red and green and some of them were blue too, bruises. His legs had been left in peace, fortunately, but he couldn’t say the same about his face which was the worst of it all.

Riddle ran a hand through Harry’s messy and sticky hair, his hand founding the blood again. He took the hand out and showed it to Harry. In the bathroom’s bright light, it looked more horrible than ever. Riddle’s hand’s flawless and white skin was smeared with dark red and black blood.

“Fascinating, isn’t it?” His eyes sparkled.

Harry’s throat formed a knot.

“Go on; tell me to spare their lives.”

Harry couldn’t do such a thing.

“I’m waiting. Beg me!”

Harry shook his head.

Riddle trailed his head on Harry’s body, exactly like he had done the other night, but now his touch held no sexual purpose behind it. It was to calm down, to relax, to reassure but also to frighten at the same time. Harry didn’t know anymore, his mind had gone mush.

“Tom…” he gulped.

“Harry.”

He could see the both of them, Harry only in his underwear while Riddle was in his suit, which was smeared with blood too, probably Harry’s.

Riddle put an arm around Harry’s middle but the act was soft and gentle. He kissed Harry’s neck, all the while looking at Harry’s eyes in the mirror. The green-eyed kid didn’t know anymore, the man was making everything way too intense. He was taking what should be normal between two people to a whole new level.

“I’m going to kill them Harry. And I’m going to enjoy it.”

His tongue come out and lapped at a little blood that had been left behind on his jaw.
“And you are going to watch it.”

Harry shuddered.

Riddle washed him with the gentlest movements Harry had ever seen, he never knew the man could be that soft and loving. The man was kissing him softly and praising him all the while he was staring at him with a burning intensity.

When they stepped out of the shower, Riddle dried him and kissed his forehead.

“Harry?”

“Hm?”

“If you ever try to leave me again or try to hide something as big as this from me; the bruises I’ll give you will not be physical but you’ll wish they were.”
I'm sorry I've been MIA. I spent half of this week being a vegetable and staring at my white ceiling and the other half showing up at random parties and getting drunk and high.

If this chapter seems off to you, it's because I was too.

I still don't have a beta.

Enjoy!

Everything was white and black and he could see a cigarette burning slowly, somewhere in the distance.

His mind welcomed a feeling he had spent so much time worshipping and then trying to kill it.

He stared at his dirty shoes and exhaled, he could feel his body suddenly taken by that kind of tiredness that refused to go away, doesn't matter how much he tried sleeping.

“Tell me Harry, where does it hurt?”

“It doesn’t. I think that’s the problem?”

“Then explain it to me, what is the problem?”

“It’s just… You know, when life goes on without you? It’s like you are on autopilot and everything is happening without you having a say in it. You put the spoon of sugar in your coffee; you lace your shoes and you get up in the morning.”

Silence.

“And you sleep for days.” His scrappy voice was so loud.

“Continue.”

“It’s like… you don’t remember much. It’s always the same walk home, the same bus and the same people. You buy the same type of cigarettes and get drunk at the same parties, and fuck random dudes in the same bathrooms.”

“I see.” The person wrote something on a paper and then proceeded to stare at him again.

“I’m suffocating. I hate… I hate myself. I hate you. I hate… I hate what I write and I hate my dad for making me write in the first place. I…”

“You hate me?”

A nod. “I could kill you right now.”
“Did anybody tell you that you are really sincere?”

He started laughing.

The room slowly dissolved and then he was in his basement, staring at his ceiling and thinking. The mattress was hard and his back hurt.

His life had been a pathetic thing he couldn’t even write about. He couldn’t feel anymore, couldn’t think about pain without it breaking his heart for the million times. He couldn’t let himself be opened up again.

He couldn’t paint. He couldn’t paint… oh god, he just couldn’t. He looked at the blank paper and he wanted to bleed on it, just so he could paint something.

The basement disappeared and there he was…

Shaking, whimpering, crying. So, so pathetic.

Then the images kept going back and forth, scenes happening way too fast but somehow, way too slow. Slow enough to feel the pain.

White bathrooms and Zion’s laughing eyes and please don’t do this. He had been an innocent, lovely thing… opening up for all the wrong people.

Expensive cars and hard fucking and laughing loud at his stupid jokes and crying, again and again and again. Punches and a split lip, green eyes begging brown, and a shaking pathetic sight sobbing at a party.

And then…

He’s there, walking home from school, with a too heavy backpack. There wasn’t a dad he could high five anymore.

He was laughing.

His screaming had woken Tom up. For a second, Riddle couldn’t understand what was happening but then he was fast to shake the sobbing body. He gathered Harry in his arms and gentle, so fucking gentle, he started to rock his body back and forth. He hated to admit but his hands were shaking madly and his heart was beating fast.

The sobbing body stopped suddenly, going still. Riddle ran his eyes over Harry’s frozen face which was red and sweaty. His eyes were wide and black, too black. Tom didn’t like them.

“Hey…”

The kid acted like he was burned; one second he had been frozen then the next he slapped Tom’s hands away, shaking and screaming.

“Get off!” His eyes were wild and burning; a sight that Riddle hated to admit but it terrified him. “I said get your fucking hands off of me!” He was screaming.

Harry’s first instinct was to run and hide; he wanted to be alone, wanted to stop shaking and stop thinking about it.
“Harry…” Tom’s lost mind was coming back slowly. He was confused. He was still holding tight onto the kid but he had no idea how to react.

Harry pushed him with a surprising force which made Riddle back away for a second. That’s all that the green-eyed kid needed. He left the bed and crawled messily to the left corner of the room. Crouching, he put his back to Riddle and brought his knees to his chest; hugging them afterwards.

Soon after; he started sobbing. His body was going up and down and the noises were muffled and quiet. Riddle was still standing on the bed, frozen and confused.

He had never seen Harry like that, so raw and… lost, sad? Terrified? Riddle knew he had a nightmare but what could have been so bad for the kid to react like that?

Was it him? His threats? The gun? Was he breaking the kid?

He took a step forwards but then stopped himself, he had no idea what to say or do. He hated feeling that hopeless.

“Harry, I…” he cut himself off and, running a hand through his hair, he exhaled angrily. He was a king, a god… he had never… What was he supposed to do?

The sobbing body in the corner ignored him, he was still shaking and heaving and it seemed he won’t stop any soon. Riddle gritted his teeth and left the room. He came back with a glass full of water, which he put it on the floor near Harry. He wanted to help, badly, but he knew it wasn’t the right time to push or force.

He left the bedroom with a heavy heart and mind and locked himself in his office. He could still hear Harry sobbing, even through the walls, so instead of doing any work; he raided his bar and drank himself to sleep.

The next day, Harry acted like nothing happened. When Tom finished his shower and dressed himself, Harry was already in the kitchen staring at his cup of coffee. His face was still bruised and swollen and his body screamed that he was in pain. He was moving carefully, trying not to do any sudden moves.

Riddle opened his mouth to say something but the kid beat him to it.

“I have two exams today. We’ll probably see each other tonight.” His voice was strange and impersonal, and it washed over Tom’s body like a bucket full of ice cold water.

Tom was lost. “Harry, I think we need to…”

Harry looked into his eyes. “I’ll wait for the bodyguard downstairs.”

He brushed past him and Riddle felt like he could explode. “Now wait a minute…” He gripped his arm hard and turned him around. Harry started struggling but it was futile, Riddle’s body was big and bulky and Harry barely had any muscles.

“Get your hands off of me!”

Riddle winced, the scene from the other night coming back to him.“What is the matter with you?”
“What the fuck do you want? I told you I’ll take a bodyguard and I’ll be back tonight, just like the fucking good boy you want me to be.” His red split lip made Riddle see stars.

Tom stared at his face and eyes, searching for something. Harry hated when he did that, it was like the bastard was opening him up and commanding him to spill all his dark secrets. He tried hard to not let anything show; his jaw was ticking and his eyes were vacant so good luck to Riddle reading into that.

“Tell me what it’s wrong.” The growl was much louder now, a sign that meant that Riddle was losing his patience.

Harry couldn’t stand to look in the other’s eyes anymore so he let his stare wander and fix itself on Tom’s lips. His body still hurt, the other night late visit to the hospital told him he didn’t have anything broken but he was still bruised so he needed to be handled with care. Screw that.

He innocently asked. “Fuck me?”

Riddle froze. There were a few moments in which nobody said anything. The time was stretching and stretching and both parties stared at each other. They both sported expressionless looks on their faces and their eyes were blank. It was weird, somehow they had this strong connection but they did anything in their power to ignore it. Riddle just wanted to control him while Harry just wanted to be free. It wasn’t about love, it have never been about love.

They lunged at each other at the same time, their mouths crashing painfully and both moaned at the contact. They couldn’t tell apart the pain from the pleasure; Tom’s hands were touching every bit of Harry that he could reach and Harry’s nails were scratching Tom’s back. They got lost in it. Harry’s butt was sitting on the kitchen’s table and his shirt was bundled up at his arm pits. Tom was sucking his right nipple while he was playing and pinching the other. It hurt but… Harry didn’t care and Tom seemed to forget about his state; he was that far gone.

Their hips were rocking experimentally at the same pace and it was like a dance they both knew and were good at so they fell right into it. They were doing all of it without putting much thought, Tom wanted to reassure himself that the body in front of him was his and Harry wanted to remind himself that he was alive, he was ok, he wasn’t that person anymore. They were feeding of each other, both giving and receiving at the same time. Unhealthy yes, but so, so good… it felt so damn good.

Harry’s mouth let out a sinful moan when Riddle bit under his ear and the latter froze at that. Harry searched Tom’s face when he noticed the other stopping and then he wished he hadn’t done that. Tom’s eyes were raw, burning with sincerity and sick infatuation and for a second Harry was back in a white bathroom, unable to breathe or to stop sobbing.

But then Riddle kissed him on his lips gently and sensually, coaxing him into a consensual and heated kiss. Harry’s heart stopped for a bit then, his mind going crazy at the thought that Riddle could make him forget or that he could make him relax and calm down so fast. Nobody did that, nobody…

He clamped his knees shut, stopping Riddle’s junk from pressing on his own and stopped the kiss. He exhaled loudly, his hard dick was hurting and his mind was going a mile per minute. Riddle’s lips were still puckered but his face was sporting a confused look.

“What?”

Harry would have laughed seeing that powerful and scary man so lost but he didn’t. There were some things that had never given him any satisfaction and destroying people was one of them. He
was a broken boy with no future, that’s all.

And Tom was just a weak man wanting to control anything, running after something that nobody had or would have. Gun, cars, bodyguards and money be damned, the man would never be happy. Or Harry saw it like that because himself would never be happy? He didn’t know.

He stood shakily on his legs and cleared his throat.

“Yeah, I…” He gave him a fake smile. “I need to go.”

Tom took a step back, lost. He blinked the haze that had descended on him since last night and growling, he lunged at Harry for another reason now. He put his right hand on the kid’s throat and squeezed.

“What the fuck is the matter with you?”

“Woah,” the kid laughed with a fearless expression on his face. “Haven’t you noticed already?”

Riddle was searching his face still but it was hard to read the kid. One moment he was shaking, sporting a terrified face then the next he was laughing maniacally.

“You. That is what’s wrong with me.”

Riddle stared.

“What?”

Silence.

“Hey Riddle, are you really going to kill them?”

“Who?”

“Chan and his friends.”

Riddle had left that at Axis and Axel’s decision. They would wait until his bodyguard will be ready to fight.

“It doesn’t concern you.”

“I don’t think you know how fucked up you really are.” Harry muttered.

Riddle’s eyes went wide.

“Sometimes I think about how much I loathe you.”

“Harry…” his voice sounded hurt. Good.

“You killed three people because of me. And you expect me to sleep well at night?” Riddle gulped, so that was it.

“That’s what…”

“Nah. That was something else… you’re not that important to me, you don’t scare me enough to give me nightmares. You’re harmless, really.” His smile was bitter.

He took a stool and turned around to stare at Riddle, Riddle who was still standing in the middle of
the kitchen, frozen.

“Hey Riddle, want to make a deal?”

Tom hated the patronizing tone but his curiosity won. “About?”

“You ask me 6 questions. I’ll answer them honestly. If you like the answer, you don’t kill one of the 6 jocks.”

Tom snorted but the thing sounded pretty interesting. “And if I deliberately don’t like the answers?”

Harry shrugged. “At least I tried saving them…”

Oh.

Riddle weighed the options and then he said screw it. “To whom did you lose your virginity?” He clearly couldn’t wait, he needed to know that.

“Math professor. He was pretty fit.” Harry responded mechanically.

Riddle was taken aback.

“What?”

“Is that one of the questions?”

“No, I…” Riddle froze. That was definitely not what he was expecting.

“Next?”

“Who was that man in the picture?”

Harry gritted his teeth. He knew it was a good idea to get high for when he would answer the questions so smoking a fag he had saved in one of his boxes currently sitting in Riddle’s closet was a must.

“My dad.”

“What happened to him?”

“He died. You have three left.” Harry’s voice was tight.

“Why do you hate me so much?”

Harry froze. “I…”

“Well?” Riddle was waiting.

Harry smiled sadly at him and then took the cup with his coffee and sipped some. He cleared his throat and took his time, playing with his fingers then running a hand through his hair. Riddle only crossed his arms and took a stool near him.

Harry turned his head in another direction and stared at the wall. When he spoke, his voice was weak. “It’s not that I hate you. I just hate everyone…”

Riddle arched his eyebrows, clearly confused. So, what? Harry was some kind of a depressed kid who had daddy issues and loved art but life somehow got in the way? Well, if it was like that… then
things were easy, he could work with an addict drop out.

His phone started ringing then. Riddle let it go to voice mail, he was still staring silently at the kid.

“Why are you like this?”

Harry laughed. “I can’t put that in only one answer.”

Riddle gritted his teeth. “Why don’t you call home?”

Harry tilted his head. “How the fuck do you know that?”

“Answer the question.”

“What the fuck Riddle? Going through my calls? Are you that desperate?” Harry stood up, running a hand through his hair all the while screaming at the older man.

Riddle crossed his arms, clearly unimpressed. Those were old news. “You still have so much to learn.”

“And you need to learn the concept of personal space.”

“Fucking bastard.” He cursed again.

Riddle only looked at him with an unnerving stare. “You still haven’t answered.”

Harry weighed the pros and cons and decided that although those jocks were assholes, they didn’t deserve to die. He sighed. “I, uh… I left home and they didn’t like it.”


“Not an answer that can save a life.” Riddle gritted through his teeth.

Harry cursed. “Had some arguments with them, they didn’t like the person I was becoming so I left. They want me to change, I don’t. We don’t get on well so its better we don’t talk.”

“Why do I feel there is more to that?”

Harry shrugged and then laughed. Riddle looked at him weirdly. “Look at us, having a friendly conversation.”

“Well, as friendly as a conversation where I bargain lives with you can be.”

Riddle couldn’t stop himself and chuckle. Harry’s eyes went wide at the action; he had never seen the other so… so carefree and human? Harry put the blame on the drugs, he was definitely seeing things.

“There are no more questions left.” He stated.

Riddle furrowed his eyebrows. After a few moments, he spoke. “Wait! How about this; you answer to one more question and I promise you I will spare their lives?”

“Spare?”

Riddle smirked. “Take what you can get, baby.”

Harry thought about it. It wasn’t like he hadn’t confessed already. Although he had said things, he
still managed to spill only the unimportant details and not the ones that he tried to hide badly.

His father’s death was a public thing. He supposed Riddle had already known about that.

“Ok.”

“You tell me what last night was about; the nightmare and what was that you dreamed and you have my word I won’t kill them.”

Harry stopped himself. “Are you lying?”

“No.” Riddle’s eyes were burning and dark as ever, but… maybe Harry could trust him? Just this once?

“Promise?” He knew he was acting like a baby but…

Riddle chuckled. “If you want, I can pinky promise.”

Harry stared at him weirdly but couldn’t hold a smile of his own. Look at them; talking about not murdering people and pinky promising. What was happening with his life?

“No, it’s ok. I…” fuck, but it was hard to tell. He knew Riddle had no idea that he was lying so he only had to keep his face straight and his voice calm.

He exhaled, and then did a show of blushing and shaking his hands. He had lied so much when he was younger he was a pro at it. “I dreamt about… uh,” he fiddled with his hoodie and then he directed his stare down. “y’know, when I ran away.”

Riddle’s eyes took a darker shade at his answer and his body froze. “Some memories are coming back to me at random hours of the day or sometimes in my dreams.”

Fuck, he hated himself but then… Riddle was a criminal and the jocks didn’t deserve to die. He was playing but for how long? And will he win?

“I see people watching me,” embarrassment rushed through him and that was good, it made things easier. “I see myself snorting things and dancing and I don’t remember much but I remember…”

The thing was, telling that lie wasn’t that easy. He refused to admit that the russians took advantage of him or that Thomas fucked him up in way somehow. He stored that somewhere in his brain. He was stronger now, he was better. He had wanted it and he loved it, didn’t matter that he was on drugs or that he was fucking people and letting others watch it. He knew he was a slut so… what was the problem? It happened and he could do nothing about it. The end.

But he still couldn’t gulp the knot in his throat when he was thinking about that purple color or that feeling of being hopeless but happy at the same time or that feeling of knowing you had fucked up, really, really bad.

For a long time he didn’t know about himself or where he was. And Riddle had been so terrified. And then the threats, the moving... he knew he had to process everything but he kept it all stored away. There was only a matter of time until he exploded and he feared that day was coming soon.

“I…”

Riddle had been calm. He had been easy on Harry with the whole drug thing, he hadn’t pushed or forced or asked but for how long?
“Yeah, that’s kind of it.” It wasn’t exactly an answer but Riddle appreciated the sincerity.

He didn’t know what to say though… or how to comfort the kid. Sometimes he felt so… stupid, hopeless. He had never felt that until he met the dark-haired. “I’m sorry.”

Harry smiled sadly at him. “I don’t need your pity”

There was an awkward silence between them and Harry felt himself starting to sweat. He needed to bolt before his anxiety decided to make itself known again. Standing up, he looked around the room, checked for his wallet and then he nodded at Riddle who was silently staring at him.

“Oh, I need to go. I’ll probably stop at a store to buy myself a phone.” It was domestic, weird and disgusting. Harry wanted to scream and punch the man but instead he had played games with him and tried to save people. Riddle was silent and observant, as always.

“We have a date tonight.” He yelled after him.

Harry only waved his hand in goodbye as he was heading for the elevator.

Their poetry professor stared at them silently for a few minutes, looking around and asking for people’s names. Harry had been sitting in the back of the classroom since day one so he proceeded to stare at the wall and direct his attention to his thoughts and last day’s events like he used to do every day. He was going to take an exam in less than 5 minutes but his mind won’t stop picturing him and Riddle in the bathroom’s bright light, both looking in the mirror. His lips had been so cold when they touched Harry’s jaw and licked the blood there.

He shuddered and then stared at the blank page in front of him. People were already writing, some looked as they were thinking hard and others were having bored expressions on their faces.

He had to draw a picture representing the poem he also needed to write. So first, he needed to invent a poem. Right.

The ceiling was white and spotless and the noises of students sighing or turning pages were hard on his ears. He thought about going to the club afterwards and checking on Ben. He should probably call Gabe and Ana after he would buy that phone.

Right…

The poem.

His knees wouldn’t stop shaking and his tongue would click around his teeth every few seconds. A student shushed him but Harry only chuckled. He caught the stare of the professor who was watching him closely and Harry felt like he was in tenth grade all over again.

He gulped and directed his attention to his poem.

Ok, so now he needed to analyze his feelings. What was he feeling? Tired. Yeah, that was the most prominent one.

He needed to write about tiredness…
“I’m so tired…” he wrote it down and then stared at it. Cut it and then thought about phrasing it differently.

He couldn’t force the words out of his mind so he wrote, “I’m so tired…” again.

He remembered last night’s events and the way Riddle handled him so gently. The bastard hadn’t even fucked him. What was that he had said when he thought Harry was already sleeping?

“Sometimes I look at you, and you are so fragile, that just the thought of making love to you it’s driving me crazy, and makes me believe I could break you somehow…”

Harry almost laughed. Wait… the thought of making love to you…

“I’m so tired,

That just the thought

Of making love to you on paper

It’s driving me crazy.”

Well, damn. He was good. He stared impressed at the words for a while and seeing he had another half an hour, he proceeded to draw something. He started with some black lines that soon enough took shape into two bodies that were holding each other close, but looked so distant and indifferent at the same time.

It was perfect. Well not perfect, his art had never and would never be perfect. He always hated his art but he was glad at least he finished it and the weight of having to do it had gone away. He took his papers in his hands and stood up, students were still writing or drawing and looked at him weirdly when he started heading towards his professor.

“So soon?”

Harry shrugged. “Inspiration strike.”

“Well, you’re lucky then.” He was a good looking man, probably in his early forties, with a beard and calm, warm eyes. Harry could see himself fucking the man. He smiled and put the papers on his desk.

“Can you stay after class?” The man asked, his voice holding a subtle seductive tone. Harry shivered, his body having a mind of his own.

“I already finished, sir.” The man looked at his watch and then at his students.

“It’s about your grade, of course. Come here after an hour, and then the students would have already left.”

Harry couldn’t do anything but nod, his mind going miles per minute at what a bad decision he had made. He left the classroom and headed towards the black car sitting on the sidewalk.

Levi was driving him that day and he didn’t want to think about the fact that Riddle had given him his own driver, Levi who looked really badass, really nice and really fucking dangerous, even if he was only a driver. Another bodyguard was there too, frozen in the passenger seat. The fact that Riddle hadn’t put the man to escort him to class spoke volumes and Harry didn’t want to know how he would pay for that later. The bastard gave him gifts just so he can receive the payment after.
“Where to, sir?” Harry grimaced but he nonetheless gave him the address.

With a new phone in his back pocket and an freaking expensive coffee in his hand, courtesy of Levi who had bought it and told him it was from Riddle, Harry made his way towards the club where he had worked for such a long time. It was a bittersweet feeling, the back alley that woke so many memories to him or the bar where he had made many friends and drank himself into comas every few weeks.

His hand on the coffee tightened when he entered the club and his eyes instantly went to the bathroom’s door. His body and mind were somehow screaming at him to head there, smoke a fag or do some lines, just like he used to do in the past. But his mind was also dead set on finding Ben so he shook his head and directed his attention elsewhere.

The familiar bar put a big smile on Harry’s face, seeing it and being there again felt like the past weeks hadn’t happened at all. He would indulge in it just for a little more time. He shed his jacket on a stool and looked around the bar, his eyes searching frenetically for Ben’s handsome face.

The image of a bulky body clothed in a blue blouse made him smile and he made his way there. Ben saved him; somehow, he risked his life for Harry so he had so much respect for him. He owed him, big.

“Oi, Ben mate…”

The lifeless eyes were the first thing that Harry saw, then the fact that his friend had cut his beard and there was just a 2 day worth of stubble on his face. Harry was alert in the next second; his paranoid mind getting the best of him.

“Harry?” Ben’s eyes were wide, surprised but mostly, terrified.

“Yeah, it’s me.” He smiled reassuringly.

Ben’s hands were on his face the next second, then on his body, gently looking for injuries.

“Had he done this to you?” His face was set in an ugly scowl, his features showing his anger.

Harry blinked for a few seconds; he was clearly lost at first. “No, no…”

“I didn’t want to believe he would abuse you but…”

“What? No. It wasn’t him.”

Ben was sneering now. “Are you defending him?”

Harry took a step back, exiting the warm but somehow too tight hold Ben had on him. “I’m not defending anyone, especially him. But it wasn’t him who did this.”

“Harry, don’t fool me. Riddle would never let anyone harm you and I know that for sure. In his world you’re off limits.” He growled.

“What the fuck is your problem?” Harry yelled.
Ben grimaced then he headed towards the bar, taking a rag and wiping the counter with it. Harry took a seat on a stool near him. “So he had caught you then…” he spoke the words like the last two minutes didn't happen at all.

Harry looked longingly at the bar shelf where different kinds of beers and a full bottle of Vodka could be seen. He knew it would be a bad idea to go drunk to their date so he only put his head in his arms and stared at Ben’s mechanic moves. “Yeah, uh… he did.”

“Was it bad?” Ben’s grimace told Harry he already assumed it had been as much but still, he asked.

“Really bad.”

“Do I wanna know?” Harry wanted to continue the song’s lyrics but he stopped himself in the last moment, the hipster in him could see it wasn’t the right time.

“Let’s just say it ended up with me almost overdosing…”

Ben almost dropped the glass he was holding. “You fucking with me?”

Harry scratched his neck and smiled sheepishly. “Eh, not really…”

“Harry, I….” the man sighed. The man was looking weirdly at him again, just like last time, so Harry needed to ask.

“Are you ok? You’re acting weird, just like the last time.”

Ben arched his eyebrows. “Well, I don’t know… probably I’m acting like that because you’re dating a fucking mob boss?”

“I’m not dating…” he cut himself off when he saw the look on the other’s face. “Yeah, ok, whatever.”

“I swung by your place last week.” Harry’s body froze. “Someone else lives there now. What’s up with that?” Ben’s tone was accusatory and Harry hated it.

He shrugged. “I think you know the answer to that.”

“You moved in with him.”

“Is that what your friend had told you?” Harry was mocking him.

Ben gritted his teeth. “Don’t fuck with me. You should have put out a bigger fight than this!”

“What the fuck you want me to do? He has bodyguards chasing me and money and relationship. He is powerful, Ben, like really powerful while I’m just a normal college student. The only way I can fight this is to keep my sanity in check and pray that I will get out of it in one piece.”

Ben stared at his beaten face with a bitter smile. “Well, you’re doing a hell of a job with that…”

The kid inhaled and tried to calm himself. He really didn’t want to argue with Ben. “I just came to say thank you for everything you have done and that I’ll give you the money sometime next week, I just need to head to the bank.”

Ben stared at his face for a long time. “So, this is it?”

Harry looked at his dirty Converse then up at him. “Well, probably it would be okay if we’ll keep
distance for a while… I mean, I don’t want to put you in trouble. He doesn’t even know you gave me the money so it’s best we stay low.”

“You coming here, in his own club, where he can see us talking, it’s staying low for you?” Ben snorted.

“Look, I wanted to see you and make sure you’re okay. I’ve been gone for such a long time I…”

“Well, I’m not fucking ok. And you’re not either… He is no good news.”

“Fuck Ben,” Harry ran a hand through his messy hair. “Don’t you believe that I know that?”

“Who did this to you? Tell me it wasn’t him.” Ben’s voice was loud now. He kept staring at Harry’s broken lip.

Harry was done. “I already did. What’s it to you? Why the fuck do you still bring it up?”

“Because he did this to me, so I’m inclined to believe he can abuse you too.” He growled and then he revealed a portion of his skin which was cut and mutilated. Blue and red cuts could be seen on his chest and stomach area and some scars were just starting to show. It was a truly, ugly mess.

Harry’s coffee and breakfast ended up on the floor.

He left the club in a haze, his stomach was doing weird noises and he was still heaving and coughing. He felt himself light-headed and starting to sweat.

Why was it always him? Always meeting fucked up people, always destroying good people, always doing bad decisions?

He didn’t want to know but he needed to. Ben only told him a little of what Riddle had done to him and Harry, although Ben had assured him it wasn’t his fault, he knew it was. If only he hadn’t ran away.

And it always came back to that.

If only he hadn’t ran away, if only he hadn’t fucked Chan, if only he hadn’t left that club that early and had met Riddle…

Somehow, everything the man had done, Harry ended up believing it was because Riddle had a good reason to do it. But it wasn’t like that. So what that he had fucked Chan, Riddle had no right to beat him. Harry will not become the person that would take the blame on himself and Riddle will not end up the hero in this story. No way.

Fuck you, Riddle.

Fuck you.

He searched for his cigarettes and then looking around for the black vehicle, he lit one. The gold Marlboro was a blessing to his aching throat and mind. His body relaxed in seconds and he quickened his pace, the walk to his UNI wasn’t that long so he would be there in less than 10 minutes.
Some students were still there when he entered the big building, some were discussing and others were looking around or reading. He felt his legs shaking by the time he reached the classroom. There was only one light and it was coming from the desk. His professor was still there, probably marking some exams.

He cleared his throat when the man still hadn’t noticed him. The surprise coupled with the delight of seeing Harry again made the older man smile big and seductive.

“Hello Harry.”

“Sir!” Harry’s heart was beating fast, because although he had come there to ask about his grades which he knew were low, he also knew there was no way he would leave that room without him being fucked on that very desk.

The sharp-like smile was the only thing he remembered before falling into an abyss which he knew Riddle would only deepen when he would find out.

*No, but really, it was like tenth grade all over again.*
His hands shook when he exited the building. The sidewalk was deserted and the street lights were blinding his tired eyes. He looked around for a bit, disoriented and miserable, and then took out his cigarettes. He needed a full minute to actually light one. Inhaling the nicotine and closing his eyes, he realized he officially hated himself.

Although there was no cum dripping from his hole or bruises marring his body, besides the ones from the fight, he still felt dirty, marked and used. The knowledge that he had fucked his professor left him numb.

He looked at his hands which were red from the cold, looked at his dirty Converse then up at the night’s sky. His heart was beating wildly in his chest. He had a date to go to but he wasn’t sure he could look in Riddle’s eyes this time.

The things were slowly catching up with him and he felt the weight of it all on his shoulders.

Riddle…

Riddle was obsessed with him. He was a mob boss. He had killed people. He had killed people because of Harry. Riddle has guns. Harry tried to kill himself with one of his guns. Harry had run away, had left all that he had worked for all those years just to get away.

Cocaine. Russians men and him being fucked, being watched… He… oh God.

He put his hands in his hair and pulled. He embraced the pain and the feeling of receiving what he deserved. He fucked up, he so fucked up.

“Fuck! Fuck! Holy shit!” His fist met the wall next to where he was standing and the pain travelled through his whole body. He punched it a second time, and then again and again until he couldn’t feel anymore.

“Fuck it! Fuck.” He took two steps back and stopped. Frozen, he put his head into his hands. His fingers met something wet and then he realized he was crying. His chest was heaving and he could barely breathe. Fuck, fuck, why him?

His fingers were full of his blood and his tears. In the left hand he still had his cigarette. He stared at it and tried to remember the first time he had smoked. He had been chilling in the woods with Zion. He took it in his right hand and watched in sick satisfaction how the blood and the tears travelled downwards and soaked the half Marlboro. It was a scary sight, a pathetic view. He loved it.

Wasn’t it his thing though, to ruin? He felt like his mind was poisoning everything around him lately.

He was sick, sick. Why wouldn’t he be? He always attracted the wrong people. And then he also
went and fucked the whole thing in the worst way too.

One of his tears travelled downwards on his face and stopped on his lips. He wetted them and tasted vinegar. He inhaled from his cigarette again and took a seat on the pavement right there.

He lit another one and took his time, staring into nothing and waiting.

After maybe another 10 minutes, a black car stopped right in front of him. Harry stood up and dusting his jeans, he headed towards it. He entered it in complete silence.

Levi was silent but his disappointment was clear, his eyes were hard and his glare was directed on the road. The ride was spent with Harry staring at the blood on his hands and Levi trying to find an acceptable song on the radio. He gave up eventually, letting an awkward silence dominate the whole car.

The apartment building stood tall when Harry looked up. The penthouse’s lights were on and Harry gulped. He was home.

Levi spoke calmly and distantly while Harry was getting out of the car: “I don’t know how many more times he will forgive you if you fuck up.” It was an advice.

Harry nodded and didn’t say anything. He appreciated, although the tone held resentment and anger and maybe hate? He wouldn’t start caring about Riddle’s minions’ opinion now though.

When he entered the building, the receptionist’s eyes went wide at his disheveled figure and at the blood on his hands. He ignored her and took the elevator. Everything was white, beige and looked immaculate and then there was him; all dressed in black, with bruises on his face and blood on his hands, smelling of cigarettes and mistakes.

Somehow, in all that mess… he found some kind of comfort. He liked all that he was and the fact that there still were ways in which he could break himself. He loved the feeling of being an outcast, a weird human that did mistakes. It was easy; to feel the smoke invading his lungs or watch his bitten nails full of blood. He loved to hate himself, to feel a rush of misery crushing his heart, to punch walls and to take a cock.

Oh god, he was such a mess.

The feeling of self destructing was like no other; he somehow had everything under control exactly because he had no thing under control. He was free, with no expectations, no good things that he had to do.

No failures when he would try to do a right thing.

Only mistakes and cigarettes and hard fucking and he loved it.

The elevator’s doors opened and he was met with the expensive and spotless hallway.

He gulped and tried to dry his hands on his jeans. Riddle would kill him, he was sure.

He heard laughter and his insides froze; he knew that laughter. No way, he couldn’t be there. Numb and void of any force in him, he kept repeating in his head that he was dreaming and that it wasn’t real.
His legs were taking him to the living room before he could understand what was happening. He stilled when his eyes met the image of Riddle sitting effortlessly on one of the couches, the sight of him still made Harry weak at the knees and his heart beating fast. He was truly an exquisite and dangerous creature. And in front of Tom, his sister, Clara, and… Zion were laughing, embraced on the couch.

Zion? Zion?

“Hey, there you are.” Riddle’s smooth but still strong voice resonated in the room. He ignored him; his stare was fixed without his will on the man that was sitting right there, in front of him.

Zion. Zion was there. No, no fucking way.

When he had seen him last; Zion was only a boy. Now there was a smirking man who had his arm leisurely thrown on Clara’s shoulders. But his actions were still forced, his muscles still frozen and his figure still inexperienced. Harry knew that then; looking at Riddle who made everything seem so effortlessly and perfect, even sitting on a simple couch, his elegant figure reminding Harry of a piece of art, that Zion only looked like a silly boy who was trying too hard.

Harry understood as much that Riddle had been born to be a leader, to command and make people beg.

“What is happening?” His scrappy voice reminded him how he had let his professor fuck his throat only an hour ago. Fuck.

“Harry!” Clara was up in the next second and putting her arms around his neck, she squeezed him into a breathless hug. Harry remained motionless in her arms; his mind still couldn’t process the image in front of him. Riddle and Zion were basically 3 feet apart. His sister didn’t notice his lack of enthusiasm, like he hadn’t noticed a lot of things, and taking a step backwards; she stared at his face and took him in.

It had been, after all, 3 years since he had left home.

“You’re still as handsome. Oh god! I missed you so much.” She kissed his cheeks and smiled big. Harry remembered then why he hated her so much. She was a naïve, stupid thing.

“Clara… what-” he cleared his throat and then continued “what are you doing here?”

How the fuck had they found him? No, the important thing was, what the fuck were they doing in Riddle’s penthouse?

Clara’s eyes twinkled. “Remember when you told me you were working at the club near Hyde Park? Well, Zion is on a business trip for his father’s company so I came with him and we decided to pay you a visit.”

Harry watched how some blood remained on Clara’s white dress after he took his hands off of her. The girl had yet to notice, but not Tom. The man was on his face in the next second, his hands gently taking Harry’s head and then his arms.

“What happened?” Riddle smelled of Bourbon and Harry of cigarettes. The kid wondered how that would taste on both of their lips. The older man had been right though; they made quite the couple.

They were both so f*cked up.

“I’m fine.” He cut the other off and politely exited his embrace.
He directed his attention on Clara although everything in his body was twitching to get near Zion, to look at him, talk to him and give him his undivided attention. He managed to stop himself in time. Riddle was looking at him weirdly as it was, what with the blood on his hands and his glare that had been fixed on Zion the first moments he had entered the room. The older man was way too observant so Harry needed to be careful.

Careful? How could he be careful when Zion and Riddle were in the same room?

A gasp left Clara’s mouth when the living room’s light caught Harry’s profile. “Harry? Are you okay?”

Harry remembered about the bruises on his face and nodded. “Yeah. That’s not important. How did you find this place?”

Riddle was still standing next to him, his stare hadn’t left Harry’s face since the moment the kid had entered the room. His eyes were piercing and burning through Harry. “I was at the club; I heard them when they were asking for you.” He supplied the information.

Harry’s eyes glanced in his direction for a second. The bastard, of course it was him.

“Yes. He was so nice with us… he told us you are living here. I didn’t know you were making this much, Harry.” Clara sounded jealous and everybody noticed.

“Really? He said that?” Now his attention was on Riddle’s smirking face. What was he playing?

“Yes. Your roommate was the best host.”

Roommate? Harry didn’t know if he should laugh. Riddle had never done something for Harry without expecting something in return. And he had never jumped over an opportunity where he could stake his claim on the younger man.

Riddle’s face was smirking, yes, but his eyes… his eyes were dark and cutting. Fuck.

Harry tried to convey his thanks through his eyes but Riddle was already heading towards his bar. How the fuck had the bastard known that Harry still wasn’t out?

“So, Harry…” Clara’s smile was taking her whole face. She was petite, with a face that resembled a heart and she had brown, washed-up eyes. She was also a spitting fire and had a mean soul; Harry had grown up with her so he would know. She was an interesting sight, with the same dark hair as his but hers had always been more obedient. She cut it after she had graduated but now it was longer and it was falling over her shoulders in wild curls. She was beautiful and Harry hated that about her.

“He’s nice.” And there was it. She liked the attention, the money, the power.

“And your boyfriend is sitting on his couch right now.”

His sister pouted and then laughed. “I was just kidding, you silly goose.”

Harry rolled his eyes inwardly. The urge to pull his hair and punch something was growing by the seconds.

“I missed you Harry.” Harry gulped and smiled bitterly.

“Yeah.” He had never been good with feelings, but he clearly knew he hadn’t missed her so what was the point in lying?
He still ignored the man that was sitting on the couch and was having a conversation with Riddle. Riddle was looking around for some kind of drink and was asking the other what brand he would prefer. Harry’s sudden realization that the others two will most likely spend the evening with them made him want to throw up.

“So, Harry…” Clara started to say something but Harry excused himself before she could spill any more bullshit out of her mouth.

He still hadn’t said a thing towards Zion and he knew he had to, unless he wanted to make Riddle suspicious. Clara already knew they didn’t like each other and she was ok with it, for the most part.

He entered the bedroom, threw his jacket on the bed and headed towards his bathroom. He caught the clock on the nightstand that read 8:48 PM. Tom told him to be at the penthouse at 7 PM.

Fuck.

He inhaled and looked at himself in the mirror. His face was still fucked up and his eyes were vacant. He turned on the water and started to wash his hands. There were bruises on his fingers and on the knuckles too, and the water mixed with the blood made a brown, black, dirty mess. He watched, fascinated, how more and more of his skin was peeled off and scarred.

What was with him and bruises lately? He was sure 50% of his body was somehow sporting some marks.

“Where were you?” Riddle was standing in the doorway, staring at Harry’s hands.

Harry laughed, the sound felt weird in the tensioned room. “You tell me I never learn but neither do you…” Did Tom really expect Harry to tell him?

He dried his freezing hands and ignoring Riddle, he brushed past him towards the closet. He never made it there though; his hand was gripped by Tom and in one swift movement he was in the other’s arms.

“I’m not asking again. Levi told me he lost you after you went to the club. I came to take you home but you weren’t there.”

“What?” His laugh was bitter. Harry squirmed and tried to get free but the other only tightened his grip. He sighed and gave up. “What were you expecting, me sleeping on a stool somewhere in the club, drunk out of my mind?”

Riddle growled. “I wouldn’t have been surprised.”

Harry wasn’t even hurt when the other admitted that. Riddle knew that could have been a possibility and he knew it too. He stared at Riddle’s chest and decided to stay silent. *He could still feel his professor’s touch somewhere on his skin and it was fucked up to feel Riddle’s arms there too at the same time.*

His chin was tipped up and his eyes met Riddle’s, which were burning. He could feel Riddle’s fingers drawing circles on Harry’s bruised knuckles. “What happened?” His voice was so soft and Harry was so compelled to tell him.

His eyes shut tiredly and his forehead hit Tom’s shoulder lightly. He stood there, no; they stood there, in complete silence. They were both inhaling and exhaling at the same time and Harry felt grounded all of the sudden.
With Zion in the living room and his professor’s touch still lingering on his skin, Tom’s arms were the best and the safest place for him right then. He blinked alarmingly at those thoughts and took a step back, extracting himself from the loving hold.

He ran a hand through his hair. Tom was watching him like a hawk, his eyes boring into his skin and Harry felt that if he spent any more time in his presence, Tom would know. He would know everything.

“Roommate?” Harry changed the subject. He headed towards the big, white doors and entered the closet.

“Yeah,” Riddle stared at Harry who was searching through the closet for some clothes. “You owe me.” His smirk was still as infuriating as always, Harry noted.

He rolled his eyes. “What do you want?”

“Tell me what happened with your hands?”

The kid snorted. “I punched a wall.”

“Why?”

Harry stayed silent while he started to dress himself.

He had buttoned his jeans when he felt himself being pushed to the wall, Riddle taking his rightfully place between his parted legs and his hands on his throat. Harry’s heart skipped, as always. The man could still wake up something in Harry which nobody could.

“Harry, I asked nicely for three times now.” His fingers squeezed a bit and Harry hated himself for liking it. He feared it too though, with the knot in his throat and his heart going miles per minute.

“You won’t like it when I ask the fourth.”

Harry kind of missed this Riddle. At least, he knew where he was standing with this Riddle.

“Are you sure about that?”

Riddle stared at his face for a long time, eyes wide and a frown marring his handsome features. “I never pegged you to be a masochist.”

The kid snorted. “You clearly hadn’t paid attention when we were fucking.”

Riddle chuckled evilly and squeezed harder. “How about now?” His hold was cutting the air Harry needed and he suddenly felt alarmed. Gripping Riddle’s big arms, he squeezed in warning.

“Stop.. Tom..!” His words got somehow stuck in his throat.

Riddle was taking it to a whole new level and the kid regretted ever mentioning the masochism thing. He had never been one; he only liked pain because it grounded him, but only pain in small doses, of course.

Riddle gently put him on the ground but he still kept his arms around Harry, sensing the other’s shaking knees. “Do you want to repeat that?”

Harry’s lips were a bluish color and Tom was so fascinated by them that he couldn’t stop staring.

“Ok, fuck. You made your point.” He was heaving, his heart beating madly in his chest.
Riddle then directed his attention on Harry’s neck where his fingers had left red bruises. Smirking, he proudly stated. “Well, I like those.”

Harry rolled his eyes. “What the fuck are you playing at?”

“I’m sorry?”

Harry crossed his arms and glared. “You know what I’m talking about. Why did you take them here?”

“She’s your sister; of course I wanted to meet her…”

“Keep her out of this Riddle. I warn you, stay out of it.”

Riddle’s hand gripped Harry’s shoulder and turned him around. Insulted, he growled. “Hey, I don’t go and hurt every human I meet.”

“Really? You could have fucking fooled me.” Harry wanted so much to punch him, spit in his face and kick his ass but Clara and Zion were currently in the living room. And he was never one to make a scene. Not anymore.

Riddle’s scrunched up face clearly conveyed his confusion. Harry sighed. “Whatever.”

“No, we are going to talk about this.”

“About what? Because there are so many things we could talk about. Like my run, or you killing three fucking people Riddle, or you beating Chan, or you probably forcing me in the future to watch you killing him, you want to talk about that?”

Tom’s hand ran through Harry’s hair and pulled. “I want you to focus. Are you with me?” The man was livid.

Harry was confused but otherwise sober and alert. He nodded. “Now, we are going out there to have dinner with your sister and her boyfriend and you are going to be on your best behavior. If they ask about your bruises, you tell them the best lie you can come up with because I realized you are really good at that…” Harry’s beating heart stopped. “You are going to play nice and after they are gone, we are going to have a little chat about your drug problem, you running away, your mouthing off and the fact that you disappeared God knows where today too. Are we clear?” His voice was hard.

Harry gulped, and terrified, he could do nothing but nod. If his dick twitched a little in his pants, nobody needed to know.

“Be ready in 10. We are going out.” Riddle kissed his forehead gently while his tone was nothing but. Riddle left the room, leaving Harry dazed but furious.

Harry cursed and threw his dirty converses in a corner. They were broken and smelled of liquor so he couldn’t show up like that in whatever 5 star restaurant Riddle was taking them. He was looking around for his vans when he heard someone chuckling behind him.

With wide eyes, he turned around and braced himself. He knew the day when they would meet again will come, but god he wasn’t prepared for it.

“Still as clumsy as ever.” Zion’s smirk was truly ugly.

Harry gritted his teeth and tried to play it cool, although his heart was hammering in his chest and he
felt like he would faint any second. The boy, no, the man in front of him was his worst nightmare.

“What the fuck do you want?”

The other shrugged, unaffected by Harry’s sudden yell. “I see you’re doing well.”

“I can’t say that about you.”

Laughing, Zion took a step forwards but not near enough to be in Harry’s personal space. But when it came to Zion, Harry had never had a personal space to begin with. “Still bruised, still walking like you have just been fucked, still that I’m fucking pampered expression on the face; you haven’t changed at all.”

“Fuck off!”

“Roommate, that’s a load of fucking bullshit.” his tone sounded serious now, and pissed. “You upgraded a little, from my fortune to his but hey, I can’t blame you, and this penthouse is pretty awesome.”

Harry blushed purple and he saw red, he swung at the other but his fist never connected with Zion’s jaw. He was gripped and pushed into the wall by a livid Zion whose eyes were burning holes into Harry’s face. Fuck, he forgot how angry the other one could get.

“Don’t do something you’ll regret.”

“Let go of me.”

Laughing, he took a step back. His voice was mocking and infuriating. Harry remembered then how much he hated it and him. “Harry, Harry… I thought Riddle would have trained you by now.”

Harry blushed harder. That thought was a mortifying one. “Fuck you!”

He left the room as fast as he could and entered the living room where Riddle seemed to be on his phone with Clara hanging off of him, clearly trying to get his attention. Harry was so, so done with everything. He wanted to cry, scream and punch something. A whole evening with the three with him and Harry feared the outcome.

They took the same car, Riddle’s limo, and in the confined space things were even more awkward and hard to bear for Harry. Riddle was the one who made the conversation for the most part; he was charming, good looking and a good speaker so it was no problem for him to coax people in talking to him freely. Clara was the worst, telling Riddle about hers and Harry’s childhood and spilling dirty little secrets. Zion looked amused; he already knew everything there was to know about Harry, so he took great joy in staring at Harry’s obvious discomfort.

Riddle was the happiest, asking Clara too many questions and sometimes even flirting with her so she would tell him more about their family, hometown or past. Harry was mortified.

They dined at a fancy restaurant where Harry was the only one feeling underdressed. His mind kept going back to that classroom and what had he done so he was so distant and closed off that he didn’t even notice some people glaring at his outfit or Riddle and Zion’s constant eyes on him.
He decided that if he will survive the evening, he would go and get wasted until he would forget his own name.

The tension atmosphere went unnoticed by Clara who was showing off too much and talking too loud. When they were serving the second course, Riddle’s eyes wouldn’t leave Harry’s pale face. He looked concerned and would always touch Harry whenever he had the chance. Tom was worried, Harry had been silent for the whole evening, staring at his plate and shrugging whenever he was asked.

Harry was still lost in his mind. He couldn’t process the fact that he was having dinner with Zion again. And that Riddle was there too.

Fuck, if Riddle founded out…

He excused himself when he felt the need to throw up all the expensive food and ran towards the bathroom. He looked at himself in the mirror and paled more at the pathetic, weird sight. He couldn’t even recognize himself, the stranger that was looking back at him had the same messy hair but he looked more broken than ever.

His hands shook when he tried washing his face. He was so lost in his own thoughts that he didn’t hear the sound of a door being opened or the sound of shoes hitting the concrete. He was taken by surprised when his body was suddenly turned around and thrown into a wall.

Zion’s smirking face was the thing that he saw first, then the lust and the impatience in his eyes which frightened Harry to the point of wanting to run away. No, no this again.

“Hello Harry.” His tone was sick, sick. His face was sick and it made Harry want to throw up more. The kid couldn’t bare the sight of the human he hated the most.

“We’re both in a **bathroom, our usual place.** How about we fall into old habits, huh?” Harry gulped and shook his head. No, no! Fuck no.

Zion’s body was big and athletic as always. He had always been good at sports and he had always been stronger than Harry. His dark hair was buzzed cut, like always, and his jaw line got more prominent over the years. He was handsome, Harry couldn’t stop himself from admitting, but he was also a fucking excuse of a human being.

“Get away!” He scrambled towards the door but Zion was faster. His head was gripped hard into the other’s big hands and his hair was pulled. He whimpered in pain and tried to scream but the next second his mouth was taken forcefully by rough and chapped lips. No! Please no.

He tried hitting Zion’s chest with his hands but the other only laughed and then ran his lips on his face. “You ran away once but not the second. I won’t let you.”

“Fuck you! Let go!” His shook his head when the other tried to kiss him a second time. His eyes stung when he was thrown into a wall again. “Zion, don’t do this. This is not your thing.”

“Not my thing? Well it became my thing after… “ the other exhaled shakily and then spat the next words like they were hurting him. ”You want me to tell you how I felt when your sister told me you disappeared? When I found you had gone to the freaking London?” His body shook with anger and hate and his eyes were black.

“We were done, so fuck off and get over it!”

Zion laughed bitterly. “Oh Harry, you are so, so wrong.”
“We are never done!” His fist was meant for Harry’s jaw but it never made contact. His arm was gripped hard by another and for a split second Harry was grateful. But then he saw who the other person was and all blood drained from his face.

Riddle. Riddle was in the bathroom, in all his glory, with a dangerous air and sporting a hard smile. He was looking at Zion like he wanted to kill him any second. Harry started shaking.

“I’m sorry, can you repeat that?” His voice was deadly and calm, too calm.

Zion gulped and tried to take a step back but he found out he couldn’t, Riddle’s grip on him was hard and unyielding.

“What is happening here?” Tom looked from Harry to Zion but the question was clearly meant for the former.

“Riddle, it’s not what you…”

“What I think it is?” Tom cut Harry off, his eyes burning with anger. Fuck, Riddle was done and Harry feared whatever would happen next.

Zion, the stupid human being that he was, spoke with a proud voice, although his body betrayed the fact that he was scared shitless. “We have some unfinished business, sir, so maybe if you could. . . .”

“Well, silly me for interrupting you two. Go on, finish them.” He pushed the other towards Harry. Crossing his arms he proceeded to stare at the two younger men who were frozen.

“How much did you…?”

“All of it.” Harry couldn’t read him, his face was blank and bored, but he knew Tom could barely control himself from strangling Zion, or Harry. Or both.

Harry took a step forwards and put his hands in the air. “It’s not… I don’t…” he stumbled over his words, realizing he couldn’t find the right ones to justify the previous scene.

“Explain.” Harry was so glad Riddle hadn’t started throwing punches that he did just that.

“It’s not what it looks like, Tom, I promise.”

Zion snorted from behind him. “It’s exactly what it looks like.”

“Shut the fuck up!” Harry spat in his direction then turned his attention onto Riddle, Riddle who was staring at Zion with a murdering glare. *Fuck, no, no!*

Harry’s worst nightmare was happening right there. He couldn’t do anything but admit that they had an uncanny resemblance. They were both rich, prideful bastards who liked to dominate. Riddle was only more experienced and did everything more effortlessly than the other.

Why was it with him and people like them?

“I won’t shut up! You were mine from day one and you still are.” Zion turned to Riddle and spat. “You can fuck off!”

“Shit, Zion stop . . .” but his sentence was cut off by his scream. Riddle was on Zion in one movement, his fist hitting the other’s cheek and throwing him onto a wall. Why couldn’t Zion just keep his mouth shut?
“Yours? Over my fucking dead body!” the curse was unexpected and weird coming out of Tom’s mouth. “He had never been and would never be yours.” His tone was deadly calm and it sparked a fire in Harry. It reminded him about his father’s tone so much that the fact terrified him. He took a step back and shaking his head, he refused to believe that what was happening in front of his eyes was real.

“Tom, please…” he whispered the other’s name because he couldn’t find it in him to scream or do anything else.

Tom ignored him, his fist connecting with Zion’s jaw for the tenth time. The latter’s face was a bloody dirty mess and Harry feared for his life.

“Tom…” he lunged towards the other when he saw that Riddle wouldn’t stop soon. His hand gripped the other’s arm and pushed him off. Riddle looked surprised for a minute before he schooled his expression into a murderous one. After all, he had just seen Harry kiss another man for the first time.

“Get here!” Harry’s shaking body obeyed the older man. Riddle ran a hand through his hair so gently despite how his body was thrumming with excitement and the hunger to kill; he kissed Harry’s jaw softly and licked a hickey right there. Harry whimpered and moaned.

Zion’s wide eyes stared at the sight of them. Riddle made Zion watch how he claimed the younger man thoroughly right there.

Turning his head towards Zion, he proudly stated. “He is mine now!” Harry’s heart stopped beating.

“I don’t think I have to warn you what will happen if you dare to put your hand on him again.” Riddle’s was still gripping Harry tight in his arms, almost like he was afraid the younger man would be taken from him.

He turned to Harry, tipped his chin and kissed his lips softly. “Are you alright?” Harry couldn’t believe that this Riddle was the same Riddle that was punching Zion only seconds ago. Dazed, he nodded.

“Let’s go!” They exited the bathroom, leaving Zion crouching on the floor.

“What about-”

“Don’t worry. I will send a driver to take them to their hotel.”

He was still gripped hard by Riddle’s arms when they arrived at their table. Clara jumped up and asked them worriedly why they were leaving so soon when she saw them taking their coats. Riddle advised her to check the bathroom and to wait for a car to pick them up.

Harry was glad he was hauled by the older man when Clara clearly wanted to hug him again and wish him goodbye. He had been touched way too much that day, one more wrong move and he would throw up everything. **He felt sick.**

They entered the limo, Levi was silent in the front of the car, and Harry lost himself. Just thinking about Zion and that he saw him again in three years left him numb. The man had tried to what? Beat him, rape him? **Oh god.**

He exhaled shakily and put his head on his hands. Riddle was staring at him silently, clearly wanting answers but letting Harry take his time.
“Fuck, fuck!”

He felt so dirty, used and broken. Riddle watching him that fondly only reminded Harry of what he had done. Tom had protected him, had handled him so gently and now was letting Harry calm down and was giving him his space. Harry didn’t deserve all that.

For the first time in a long time, Harry felt guilt. And his heart stopped when he realized it.

No, no! He couldn’t let himself feel guilty. That would only start something Harry wasn’t ready for.

They entered the silent penthouse both lost in thought. Riddle rushed for the bar while Harry headed towards the bedroom. He knew Tom would want answers but Harry would never be ready to give them.

Looking around the white and expensive room, he suddenly asked himself what was he doing there, what Riddle really wanted from him and what was in store from them.

Will his past finally get the other man away from him? Was it worth a shot to use that? Harry only wanted to disappear, run away and sleep for days. He wasn’t ready to date a man as Riddle, who had expectations and wanted the truth.

“Fuck it!” He left the bedroom and entered the living room where the sight of Riddle bent over his bar and drinking from a bottle welcomed him.

The older man noticed him and put the drink down.

“How about you start from the beginning?” Harry didn’t want to.

“No.”

Tom arched his eyebrows. “I’m sorry?”

“Ask how many times you want Riddle, I won’t tell you.”

The sight of Ben's scars reminded Harry why Riddle would never be trusted.

The other growled the words but kept his position and didn’t get closer to the kid. He feared what he would do to him. “You tell me right now or I swear Harry…”

“What? What are you going to do to me?” He was yelling now. Why did Riddle want him so bad? Why wouldn’t he let him go? Why, why, why?

Riddle’s jaw ticked and he bit his lip. He was obviously restraining himself. "Harry, what the fuck happened between you and your sister’s boyfriend?” He emphasized on the words because after all, Zion was Clara’s boyfriend and Riddle was confused.

Just the memory of that boy left Harry feeling cold and scared. “I don’t want to tell you. Don’t you fucking get it?” Harry was yelling and he couldn’t stop.

The other gripped his own hair and pulled. Tom was trying so much to control himself but he just couldn’t. He didn’t want to do something bad, he so didn’t want to.
“Get out!” He chose the safest option.

“I’m sorry?”

“I said get out!”

“Tom, I…”

“Get out, Harry. Get out!” Harry took a step back and shook his head. No, what? He was confused.

Riddle pushed him towards the hallway now, his expression was wild and feral. “Get the fuck out kid, can’t you understand? Get out!” He smelled of vodka and misery.

Harry’s insides churned. He fled towards the exit. Oh god. He couldn’t look at Riddle while he waited for the elevator, so instead he stared at his vans and prayed he would somehow disappear. The clinking of glass was the last thing Harry heard before the doors closed. *Riddle was still staring at him.*

Harry walked the streets of London disorientated and in a haze. His head was pounding and his heart was beating madly in his chest. The sight of Riddle, all fucking done with Harry, brought an emotion he had long buried inside of him.

*Regret.*

And he was terrified that the man could make Harry feel all those pathetic emotions. He was scared shitless.

He needed to do something, to take some of the control back, to feel like the old Harry again.

He looked around his wallet and seeing that he still had some money, he entered the first bar he saw and proceeded to drink his feelings away.

The place was mostly empty and Harry was glad. He took a stool and asked for a bottle of Vodka. The bartender watched him weirdly for a second, from his bloodshot eyes to his pale face and slumped figure, but he gave it to Harry anyway. He was only there to make money, not to care about strangers.

Harry downed shots after shots and pretty fast, half of the bottle was empty and he was pretty much drunk. There was no loud music or people dancing so Harry only kept his stare in his glass and tried to empty his mind. He had never been a sad drunk so he won’t start now.

The bartender kept throwing glances at him but seeing that the kid was behaving normal, he left him in peace.

Harry took the bottle and throwing the money plus some tip on the counter, he headed towards the exit. He lit a cigarette and then he almost crashed into something, he founded his balance at some point but his head was spinning way too fast. Blinking his eyes at the bright screen of his phone, he searched for Ana’s number and then dialed.

The woman didn’t answer but Harry didn’t care, he would go to her anyway. Barely walking and taking sips from his bottle, he made his way towards Ana’s apartment complex.
He rang the door and then stood there, barely keeping himself on his legs. He crashed three times on the way there and he was pretty sure he was sporting some bruises on his hip and thighs. The door opened and a disheveled and sleepy Ana stood in the doorway.

The girl’s eyes went wide. “Harry?”

“Heeeey.” Harry’s drunk form lunged at her, an action that made them both crash to the ground.

“What the fuck?” Ana spat, confused and slightly angry. “Are you drunk?”

“Maybe?” Harry giggled and then stood up, only to clumsily crash again. He laughed harder then, his head hurt and his stomach was doing funny noises but he was so, so damn happy.

“Oh Harry.” Ana sighed and helped him up. “What have you done?”

“Nothing?” It was a tradition of him to swing by Ana’s place when he was drunk. They would smoke weed and chill, sometimes even fuck. “What?”

“What? You ask me what? You disappeared, you were nowhere to be found and seen and now you show up at my door drunk and giggling and asking me what? Fuck you! You don’t know how worried I was.”

“Hey, hey!” Harry tried to protect himself when the other punched him in his arm. The girl was clearly pissed and Harry was too drunk to found an excuse.

“I’m sorry, ok?”

“You’re sorry?” Ana snorted. “Fuck you! I don’t need your sorry ass, I need an explanation.”

“Look, I’m drunk, ok? I… I fucked up Ana, and I don’t need you judging me too.” His voice came out weak and sad.

Ana stopped and looked at Harry’s slumped figure worriedly. “Are you ok? What happened?”

Harry ran a hand through his hair and looked away. His eyes stung and he didn’t want the girl to see him like that. “I did something bad and I don’t think it can be fixed.” He was talking about his life, about his situation with Riddle, about Ben, about Alexei and Joseph. And Zion…

“Oh, Harry…” Ana’s arms wounded up around his neck and she squeezed him affectionately. “I’m sure everything will be alright.”

Harry exhaled shakily. “I need to forget… about everything. Please.” He put his hands around Ana’s head and bit her earlobe. He stared into her eyes and tried to convey everything that he couldn’t speak with his mouth. He needed her. He kissed her neck and sucked.

Ana moaned and whimpered, clearly affected. “Please, help me forget… if only for a bit.” Harry begged.

The girl nodded and kissed him slowly. They undressed each other clumsily; one was drunk and the other still sleepy.

They fucked, they got high and then they fucked some more all night long. Somehow Harry managed to forget about Riddle, Zion and Ben’s mutilated body and he was ok, if only for a few hours.
Waking up was always the worst thing for Harry. The sunshine was burning into his eyes and his head was pounding. Ana was still asleep next to him, her petite face looking so innocent and pure that Harry, remembering the other night and how he had corrupted the girl, wanted to throw up. He wanted to run and not look at the lovely girl anymore. *God, he kept fucking up!*

But his weak body still needed sleep and energy, so he turned around and closing his eyes, he prayed for sleep.

He woke up three times during his sleep. The first time was when Ana left and told him to take his time and spend his day in her apartment. The second was when a phone was ringing. The third was when Ana stopped by to tell him there was food in the fridge and she will be gone with some friends somewhere but Harry hadn’t paid attention where.

The fourth time he was woken up by a phone that was ringing non stop. He realized the sound was coming from the nightstand so he took the object and threw it away. The damn phone still wouldn’t stop ringing.

Huffing, he left the bed and looked around for it. He realized it was his and that Tom was calling him.

*Tom! Holy shit.*

His heart started beating madly in his chest and his hands started shaking and sweating. He looked around the apartment and remembering what he had done there, he only felt more regret and guilt crushing his heart.

He let the call go to voicemail and dressing himself fast, he left the apartment. He forgot to leave a note to Ana and when he remembered, he was too far away.

It was 9 PM, he had slept the whole day and he looked like shit. He needed a shower and something to eat but he couldn’t stay in that apartment. He promised to himself he would stop fucking her, he knew she had feelings for him but fuck, he went and ruined it all again.

He walked around for a bit. He didn’t know if he was really heartbroken or he was seeing things but whenever he would look, Riddle’s firm logo, the lightning bolt, was there. On a restaurant, on a bar, on a shop, on a store… even on a fucking club. The bastard was everywhere and Harry was suffocating.

The image of Ben’s mutilated body wouldn’t leave his mind. God, he wasn’t sure what he was feeling anymore.

He was half way through his cigarette when a car suddenly stopped to his left and the door opened. Harry watched the commotion frozen. A big, bulky man got out of it and headed towards him. His arms were full of tattoos and he had a beard. Harry realized too late that the man was Atlas and he was clearly heading towards him.

The man had a murderous expression on his face and his movements were precise and deadly. He gripped Harry’s body and hauled him in the black vehicle.

“What?” He squirmed and tried to get away but Atlas growled.
“Hold still!” Harry went to punch him when he felt the car starting up but Atlas was faster. “I said hold still! Fucking kid, don’t you understand?”

Harry was scared shitless but he was also hungover, starving and freezing. He didn’t think he could handle another of Riddle’s outbursts.

“Where are you taking me?”

Atlas was staring at him with such a hate. The man was big and ugly and pretty terrifying. Harry squirmed in his seat and tried to look everywhere but at him.

The ride was spent with Harry freaking out and Atlas trying to control himself from strangling the kid. When Harry got out, one of his arms was still gripped tightly by Atlas, he was confused to see that they hadn’t drove to Riddle’s penthouse or office, but instead he came face to face with a big, fancy building where people could be seen laughing, chatting and walking in and out of it. They were all dressed fancy and were holding glasses in their hands.

Harry was left confused and bewildered.

He tried to ask Atlas what was going on but the bigger man ignored him and hauled him into a unfamiliar direction. They passed through an alley and they were met with a back door. There were bodyguards all dressed in black talking between them. They all stopped when Atlas appeared and some of them acknowledged him with a nod of their heads. Some of them were staring at Harry with interest and Harry somehow understood that they all knew him. Fuck.

They passed through a hallway where servants were coming and going in different directions and then they took some stairs. Harry was still shaking, scared shitless and confused and everything really.

He was afraid to see Riddle again.

They entered a room that looked a lot like an office. There were three men dressed all in suits and Harry realized he knew them all. Axis and Leo were there, sitting on a sofa and… Riddle, who was with his back to Harry and was staring at something. Harry realized it was the ballroom from downstairs. There was balcony there and it had the perfect view of the people that were chatting, eating and dancing.

But what was Harry doing there?

Tom didn’t turn around. Leo acknowledged him with a small smile while Axis stared at him with a bit of curiosity. They both stood up and left the room with Atlas.

Harry found himself only with Riddle in the room and he didn’t know if that was a good thing or not.

“Where were you?” Riddle’s voice was strange and unfamiliar. It was devoid of any anger or emotion. It scared him.

He knew it was best to answer. “I… uh, I crashed at a friend.”

“Which one?”

“Ana.” It was pointless to lie. Yeah, kill her too, beat her too… do whatever you want. Harry stopped caring.
The sight of Riddle beating Zion, Ben or killing people left him heaving and shaking. Sometimes he would forget, sometimes he would remember. He hated himself from letting it go that far. He would end things right then and there.

He lit a cigarette and inhaled.

“I know what you did to Ben.”

Riddle turned around slowly. His face was blank and his eyes vacant. Harry hated the sight of him.

“I hate you, I hope you know that. I despise the sight of you.”

Riddle’s jaw ticked but he kept silent.

“You make me sick to my stomach.”

He ran a hand through his hair but he wasn’t done, he was only starting. “You’ll never have me. Not in the way you want me too.”

“And I know you want me, crave me, heck, maybe even love me.”

Riddle stilled and couldn’t move from that spot. Harry didn’t know just how much he was hurting him.

“I want you to know that it was you who ruined it all.” Harry’s voice shook.

“God.” His eyes stung and he could barely hold the cigarette between his fingers. “Look at what you have done to me.”

“I loathe you, can’t you see it?”

Riddle was still silent, still staring at him with those vacant, soulless eyes.

“Say something, you bastard!”

The other acted like he was burned, he pushed Harry onto a wall and took his neck between his hands.

“I don’t care.” His voice was empty.

“You don’t care?” Harry was yelling now. “Well, let me see if you care when I’ll tell how I fucked my professor yesterday. You were looking for me and waiting for me to come home but I was taking it up my arse and loving it.” He had hated it actually but it wouldn’t make a damn difference.

“Would you care if I tell you how much I loved fucking Ana last night? I left you so miserable and broken, you were truly a sobbing mess, and I went and fucked her all night long.”

Riddle took a step back, his face was pale and his hands were shaking.

“Harry, what…”

“I fucked so many people and I loved it. Look at you, a fucking mob boss, lusting and waiting for someone that doesn’t give a shit about you.”

“You truly are a pathetic sight.” Harry spat and smirked. He inhaled from the cigarette and looked into Riddle’s eyes with no remorse.
He needed to do that. He wanted to be left alone, and for the man to let him go.

“You can mark me how much you want to, bruise me and suck hickeys on me. I’ll never belong to you and you know it. I’ll never bear your mark.”

Riddle stared and stared, dazed and confused and cold all of the sudden. Then the beast inside roared and he felt himself growl. He saw red, something in him snapped and he was done.

He couldn’t stop himself from lunging at Harry, from taking his head in his hands and squeezing and yelling. “Yeah? I’ll mark you forever and then you’ll know, you can never run or hide from me.”

He knew it was crazy, knew it was wrong but he couldn’t stop himself. All those words, all those people that Harry had fucked, all that pain… Riddle watched himself in a daze how he took the cigarette from Harry’s fingers and then proceeded to draw a lightning bolt on his forehead.

The kid screamed, begged and tried to get away but Riddle was stronger.

He stared at the red mark that suddenly appeared on Harry’s forehead, at the blood running down on his face and at Harry’s opening mouth and pale face. The kid fainted from the pain in the next second, and Riddle let him fall down on the ground.

He snapped out of it too late and watched alarmed how he had just scarred Harry for life.

*His own mark, the lightning bolt, was there on Harry’s forehead.*

He let the cigarette fall from his fingers and he watched numbly how he had ruined everything he had worked for.

Chapter End Notes

holy shit HOLY SHIT
Red. All that he saw was red, a cherry color going down on flawless, porcelain skin. Emerald eyes rolling up and then shutting down. Black, long eyelashes and their shadows and oh god, what has he done?

*Smoke.* He could smell the damn thing that used to be his only comfort while he was a teenager but not anymore. He looked at the cigarette that was still there where he had thrown it and all he wanted to do was cry.

*What has he done?*

Harry’s barely breathing body was crouching down on the floor and Tom felt like a child again, begging and praying and wishing for something, anything. He stopped doing that, stopped praying a long time ago, but right then he would have done anything.

His knees hit the floor near the unconscious kid. He gathered the still body and started to rock him back and forth. He couldn’t do anything, he couldn’t think, couldn’t stop himself from shaking.

He only wanted to keep him safe, clutched, trapped in his arms and always, always there, somewhere where he could see him, touch him. *Taken care of, loved, adored, and cherished.* It shouldn’t suppose to be like that. Not scars and fights and cheating. The kid was supposed to love him, not hate him, and oh god, not loathe him.

The urge to take the kid’s soft neck and break it in half was strong and it was pulsing through him, in his veins and in his mind and all he could think about was, how peaceful, how safe and happy the kid would be if he was dead. And how relieved Riddle would be to know that *he got rid of his only weakness.*

The thoughts sobered him pretty quickly though, and realizing what he had been thinking, he returned to the real world where he was still rocking an unconscious Harry tight in his arms.

His lungs started working after some time and he finally found his voice. He stood up and taking some shaky steps towards the door, he yelled Atlas’s name. He needed help, and quickly.
That’s how Atlas found them when he entered the room. The bodyguard froze, confused for a second, and then snapping, he rushed towards Harry’s mess of a body, throwing Riddle out of the way and ignoring him altogether. His hands shook when his eyes discovered the bloody mark on the kid’s forehead. He knew that mark so well, he had it tattooed on his wrist and back, and he loved it. Realizing what had happened, he couldn’t stop himself from muttering: “Oh Riddle, what have you done?”

Leo was in the room the next second Atlas called for him, with Axis hot on his heels. Both men froze at the scene, paling at the way Riddle had marked the younger man. So thoroughly, so… final. The mark never looked more deathly than when it stood there, on the kid’s forehead, all bloody and proud. The cigarette was still somewhere on the floor but all parties ignored the damn thing. Riddle was still staring at Harry, dazed and high.

Then Leo acted like he had been burnt, he took his phone out and asked for a doctor. Axis, looking confused from Atlas to Riddle, who was still unmoving and frozen, took Harry’s body when Atlas ordered him to.

Riddle was suddenly gripped hard and thrown into the hallway. A furious Atlas was suddenly in his face.

“Sir… with all due respect, what the fuck were you thinking?” The bodyguard yelled at him, ignoring the consequences an act like that could have. Fortunately for him Riddle was still out of it. The man got out of the other’s tight hold and blinked. Looking down, he could see his hands which were full of blood, Harry’s blood. He felt sick. He gulped a knot that had been forming in his throat; realizing he was suddenly feeling cold and numb. Helpless. He had worked so hard, cheated, lied, stolen and for what? So that one day a kid will come barging in his life demanding his utmost attention and affection and making him weak? He had all that power but somehow he had none over one college student?

He couldn’t process anything, he could only blink and watch in a daze how Axis was carrying Harry in his arms out of the room, with Leo in front of him talking on the phone. Neither men looked at them when they brushed past them in the hallway, Leo was giving orders about some car and some medicine and Axis was trying to hold the other carefully and not jolt him.

Riddle was supposed to do that. He was supposed to hold him like that, think about his safety and take care of him. But instead he stood still and watched how Harry disappeared from his view, being carried gently by someone else.

His mind was still clouded and he felt fuzzy. Atlas was watching him with something he had never seen on the other’s face, not while it was directed at him. It was pity. Pity.

Instead of doing anything else, he gritted his teeth and ignoring his bodyguard; he took his phone and dialed Levi. He needed a drink.

Riddle was drunk. That much he could tell, and probably even his two bodyguards- that were standing silently at his back and were sending worried glances towards Levi, who was seating stiff at the table- could tell that much too. It was definitely not his thing but hey, until now it wasn’t his thing to abuse and hurt innocent young men that he had a thing for too but what can he do…

Fuck.
He ran a hand through his already disheveled hair and tried not to think too much. The image of the kid’s pale skin and his red blood going down on his face was still there fresh in his mind and it wouldn’t go away no matter how much he tried. It looked like one of the nightmares that had kept him awake those past weeks. He couldn’t process the fact that he had been the one to…

To what? Abuse Harry, mark him, claim him, and ruin him for anyone else?

He knew the mark would only complicate his plans, would fuck everything up and Harry would never be safe, not as long as he has the lighting bolt on his forehead and oh god! What has he done?

He tried to still his shaking hands as he was pouring himself another glass.

“Drink, Levi.”

“Sir… I- with all due respect, I can’t…” the drive stuttered through the sentence. He had never seen his boss so decomposed and broken. Levi was confused.

“Drink! I don’t like drinking alone.” The mob boss insisted kindly and unhurriedly, like he had all the time in the work, like he hadn’t ruined what could have been his everything, like he wasn’t needed elsewhere, somewhere where he could tend to bruises and scars and try to mend what he had broken.

“I have to drive after, sir… I-”

“None sense, we have nowhere to go. Drink. ” the order didn’t sound final but it might as well be, Levi understood Riddle had a limited patience even when the man was drunk.

The driver took the glass and sipped from it under the watchful eyes of his boss, who looked pleased at the act. They proceeded to drink their liquor in silence.

The rain was falling down on the grey buildings and everything looked dead. Thomas’s pale and unhealthy thin face was hidden under a black hood; his skinny body was making even the simple movements, like walking, seem like a hard thing. His steps were calculated but somehow unsure and his breath was haggard, lips almost as blue as his eyes.

“Name?”

“Thomas.” He didn’t need to tell his other name, the man already knew him.

The bulky, ugly looking bodyguard let him in. His freezing and wet figure entered what seemed like some kind of dark hallway. With only a broken bulb to light the way, you would assume he would get lost. No, Thomas knew the way, had actually memorized it step by step. Starting counting them, he made his way towards a black door.

The room was dirty and smelled awful and the pipes were broken. A tall man who looked in his forties stood proud in the centre, two more bulky men stood in two different corners, frozen. There was another man who was standing on a chair with his legs folded on the table. A boyish air surrounded him and he didn’t look Russian, and that alerted Thomas.

He entered the room still worried at the stranger’s unexpected presence. He searched Ivan’s eyes
hurriedly, but the tall Russian was smoking lazily staring at the foreigner with burning eyes. Thomas remained standing, awkwardly waiting to be recognized.

Ivan abruptly turned his head towards the young Russian and smiled; all teeth and threats. “Thomas.”

The blue-eyed man tried to stay as still as possible and tried not to show any emotion on his face. “Sir!” His voice came stronger and steadier than he was feeling.

Nobody said anything after that and the silence stretched awkwardly. Thomas could feel himself sweating, the beads going down on his spine and neck. The stranger was still standing with an air of indifference and Thomas tried not to let his surprise known. There was a man lazily staring at the head of the Russian Mafia with no care in the world while Thomas himself was sweating bullets.

Ivan finished smoking his cigar and taking a seat on a chair, he addressed Thomas. “So, what can I help you with?” His voice was rough and scrappy at the edges. It was far from a smooth voice that could wash over you seductively, it was more like a drizzle of rocks, hitting you hard in the chest and reminding you just who that man was.

Thomas’s voice betrayed how nervous he actually was in that moment, but nobody commented on it. “It’s… It’s about my brother, sir.” His eyes reverted to the other important occupant in the room but the stranger was still lazily staring at Ivan. “You promised you would think about it.”

“Ah, yes, yes.” The man made a show of throwing his hands in the air, a weak attempt at showing off or acting normal out of the sudden, when not only moments ago he was staring at the stranger like they were the only occupants in the room. The rings on his fingers looked expensive but devoid of any style. His hair was black and cropped neatly and his beard would have made him look sexy if the man had had a handsome face, but he didn’t. He looked beaten, washed and old. His eyes were gray but they lacked that licker of knowledge, so instead they were vacant and soulless and maybe prideful, but a stupid kind of pride.

Gulping the knot in his throat, Thomas asked the same question he had kept asking for some quite time now. “Would you help, sir?”

Thomas didn’t know why it was different this time, why the mob boss didn’t just tell him to go and suck him off, why he wasn’t already shown the way to another room where he would be fucked.

He didn’t know why Ivan suddenly stopped and paid attention to him. The stranger now too, had his eyes set on Thomas’s form, burning with curiosity. He looked American.

“I think that was our deal, yes.”

“I think that was our deal, yes.”

Thomas tried to stop from getting too excited so instead he bitterly asked. ”When? How?”

“My, my…” Ivan threw his head back and laughed, and then addressing the foreigner like they were old pals and were sharing an inside joke. “You give them a little and they suddenly want everything.”

The other only cracked a small smile but Ivan looked unfazed by that. Thomas was still waiting, heart beating fast. ”I said I would help you, of course, but what can you do for me in exchange?”

Te young Russian was clearly confused. “Wha--. sir?” The stranger smiled at his pathetic question and finally deeming Thomas a weak, uninteresting thing, he took his phone out and proceeded to ignore everything.

Ivan waved his stuttering question. “Something meaningful Thomas,” his smile was truly ugly,
Thomas noted, “I can find young men like you in every one of my clubs.”

The thing was; Thomas knew something like that would happen. From being fucked in weird smelling rooms, to his mouth being fucked in front of Ivan’s men, to doing god knows what more degrading and humiliating things, he knew it wouldn’t be enough. He needed something meaningful.

Good thing he had it.

“I can give Harry Potter to you.”

Both Ivan and the foreigner’s heads snapped in his direction in a second, one’s expression laced with clear joy, the other with disbelief. Thomas didn’t know who that stranger was, but it looked like Harry’s name sparked something in him.

“You hear that, he is going to give me Harry Potter.” Ivan threw his head back and laughed, clearly taking to the stranger.

Thomas only stared at them with burning eyes, a complete determination to succeed washing over him.

Harry’s first thought when he woke up was that everything hurt. A headache was forming and his eyes stung, the pupils weighed too much and he couldn’t keep them open. He recognized Riddle’s bedroom from how the bright colors hurt his eyes like always so he relaxed a little. Then everything came back in one second and he stopped breathing.

His shaking hands went without his own accord to his forehead and met a patch there. No, no! He scrambled from the bed and rushed to the en suite bathroom. The mirror showed him a complete stranger, pale skin and black, black hair. His eyes fell on the white thing on his forehead and his hands tore at it. It hurt a little but he needed to see, needed to know.

Red.

There it was; a bloody red scar in a form of a lightning bolt. Harry’s heart skipped a bit.

Tom.

Tom kept his promise, with that ugly thing on his face Harry could and would never escape from him fully. Only looking in the mirror the thing would remind Harry everyday of him.

Harry wanted to cry.

It didn’t hurt anymore, he supposed it was the shock and pain that made him faint but right then it was only a slight pain that it could as well be from the headache. Looking at it though, left Harry numb.

Everything that Zion had done in those two years; every evil thing, degrading comment and beating Harry had endured, and it still didn’t hurt or came close to what Riddle accomplished in only two months.

And that scar right there was the proof of it. Harry suddenly realized there was no way to run from him or escape, not anymore. The problem was; if he couldn’t leave Tom, how would he learn to live
with him?

How would he learn to live with that scar, to accept the man that gave it to him?

He took a deep breath and left the room. His form resembled that of a subdued animal. He was submitting and it was such a beautiful sight but Riddle wasn’t there to see it. Harry gave the thought no mind; he softly crouched down on the ground in the corner of the room and closed his eyes, waiting for him.

*But Riddle never came.*

---

Riddle never came.

It had been one week and Harry didn’t know what to think anymore. Did Riddle want more? Did he want to break Harry thoroughly, make him go mad from the lack of communication, touch, affection? But Harry was told he could go and come as he pleased; he was free to do what he wanted as long as he would take a bodyguard with him. He was even told he could move from the penthouse, heck, even from city but the bodyguard would have to go with him. The fact that Axis was the bodyguard was not the reason why Harry hadn’t left the penthouse or the city yet. It was the fact that Riddle had still not shown his face.

Harry never pegged Riddle as a coward. It seemed he was.

He should had fled the second Leo told him he was free, should have packed and left the continent. He didn’t. He was confused why Riddle insisted on him having a bodyguard although it seemed like they were over.

Was it another form of manipulation? Was Riddle succeeding with it too? Showing Harry that he cared -what with making sure Harry was safe, from what, Harry still didn’t know- but leaving him alone and cutting all ties at the same time. Was this his last attempt? ‘I give you freedom but I also give you a last proof that I would do anything for you so yeah, take me back?’

And Harry was confused why he was still there, why he was still sleeping in the bed of the man that had scarred him for life, why he was eating his food, and why he was still waiting for him.

Was it Stockholm syndrome? No, no. He knew it wasn’t the case. But why the sudden urge *to stay, to wait, to submit?*

Harry knew why though, but he couldn’t make himself admit it. Maybe Riddle was it? Harry had seen that type of madness only once; that crazy way of losing yourself into another until you don’t know where you finish and the other begins.

He had adored Zion and he would have done everything for him. And Riddle was the same with him. Riddle would do everything; he had even scarred Harry for life just so he could keep him, somehow forever.

Harry maybe needed that. *Harry maybe needed forever.* But Harry knew that forever didn’t exist. But what he needed was answers and closure before he would leave and never come back.
It had been 2 weeks. 2 weeks and Riddle hadn’t shown his face. It was Christmas Eve and Harry was sitting on the couch, staring at the lit fireplace; the warmth was invading his body and was making him sleepy. His scar still tingled whenever he was thinking about Tom.

His phone had been in his hand for some quite time now but he just couldn’t make himself dial the number.

A melancholic song was playing on his old radio that he had set in the living room. He had been alone for some time now, Axis was a silent figure guarding him. Only Leo and Atlas came from time to time to check on him. They were still as surprised as the first time when they saw that he still hadn’t left. They hadn’t said anything about Tom and Harry hadn’t asked. And Harry would hide whenever they were in the penthouse, not standing to see their eyes full of pity directed at him.

Tom’s birthday was approaching and Harry decided he would go and face the man then. He heard Leo talking about a big party thrown in a building in the centre of London. After that, he had no idea what he would do…

He pressed the green button and waited. After some seconds, a feminine and elegant voice answered.

“Hello.”

It was lovely, it was his mother’s and it sounded like home.

“Hello mom.” His voice shook, the emotions spilling over it, and his eyes stung.

“Oh, baby…”

Tom’s fingers and eyes hurt but he still didn’t stop from writing or reading. He had another dozen of files to check and reports to read and it was close to midnight. He took a sip from his Scotch, gulping it hurriedly without stopping to taste and savor the flavor. He had been on autopilot for some time now; barely sleeping, working all the time, killing, beating, and searching.

He was slowly going crazy and maybe it would have been easier to know that the kid wasn’t in the city anymore, had left, and had disappeared. He knew the kid hated him but why the sudden stay? Why was he torturing Riddle in that way? Flaunting in front of him what Riddle could have had but lost?

On the other part, he was relieved. Harry was safe, nobody could get to him there and that made Riddle’s job much easier.

He had slept at his office for those past weeks and although it was cowardly of him, he still couldn’t make himself to face Harry. It was pathetic, yeah, but he just couldn’t. Only a glimpse at the scar and he would go crazy. So instead he worked and worked and drank.

Atlas and Leo hadn’t spoken a thing about that incident. He was their boss and except for that one time when Atlas had thrown him in the hallway and yelled at him, they were silent and respectful. Riddle had gotten drunk every night that first week, falling asleep with the phone in his hand all the while staring at Harry’s number. He hadn’t called, not once.
He couldn’t.

He loathed himself and he realized there was nothing that he could do. There was a beast inside of him begging to be released whenever Harry was near him. He was afraid he would not learn to tame it and if he wouldn’t, then Harry would never be safe around him. But he still couldn’t let himself to throw the kid out. He still couldn’t let him go.

He founded himself not knowing what to do so he did what he knew. He drank.

He looked at the file with the big title ‘RUSSIANS’ on it and gulped. He poured more scotch.

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Riddle had hated his birthday since he was a child. He had never received a gift when he had been a kid and he felt much more unloved in that particular day than in any other. It had always rained and everything had looked grey and dead and Riddle thought amused how the weather always seemed to be in perfect synchronization with his soul.

Even after he had gotten rich and he started receiving presents or parties were thrown for him. Even after leaving expensive restaurants in beautiful cars with beautiful women and men hanging off his arm, the weather had still had the same grey, soul crushing, sad air to it. Although Riddle had gotten richer, he hadn’t gotten any happier.

The party had been held in a big building in the centre of London. He had put his best suit on and entered the limo—the same limo in which he had fucked the kid so many times. He averted his eyes from the spot on the ground where Harry would usually stay on his knees with anger evident on his face.

Everything seemed dull and boring without the kid and he couldn’t understand how he had managed to live without him 35 years. The fear of getting old and dying was haunting him still, as it always did on his birthday, but somehow it was different now. It was just a tiny thought that was barely there, nagging him. It was hidden by more important ones.

Harry had spent the Christmas alone. Tom knew the kid had dialed home once; the call had been 3 minutes long—too short, in his opinion. He had worked non-stop those days and then drank himself to sleep. He had buried the urge to go to the kid, it was hard but he managed. He just waited for Harry to leave so he could go back to his old life.

He left the limo, smiled at the photos, entered the big salon and proceeded to greet his guests. His heart hurt and he felt numb, wanting to be anywhere else but there.

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It was the worst idea ever but it was too late to back down. He stood in the front of the big building that was illuminated and had fancy dressed people coming and going through big doors. He felt undressed in his washed up jeans, white shirt, black jacket and his Converse. It was the only formal clothes that he had. But that was beyond the point.

Everything was beyond the point because there he was, at a formal, social event where his anxiety
would go crazy for sure. And if it won’t go crazy because of the big crowd, it would surely go crazy when he would see him. It had been almost three weeks.

His heart was beating madly in his chest and he started sweating but he had already made up his mind. He would face the man, find some closure and leave.

Interesting how things never turn up the way we want them too.

The bodyguards at the door unfortunately didn’t know him or that he was/had been Riddle’s lover. They didn’t budge and Harry could do nothing; he had no invitation and he was definitely not dressed for an event as big as that.

“Look, just one minute. I just need to talk with him. Call him and ask him about me and you’ll see I’m not lying.”

The men only snorted; as if they would disturb their boss with things like that.

Okay, uhh…” Harry ran a hand through his hair and thought about any other options. "How about you call Leo or Atlas? Maybe they aren’t that busy.” His hope was evident in his voice.

He recognized his mistake though; he should have talked with the two men before he decided to go and find Riddle all by himself. He should have known that they wouldn’t let him enter.

“Beat it, kid!” The bigger of the two spoke, clearly done with Harry talking and asking for different people.

“Harry?”

Harry turned around, recognizing that voice. What?

“AJ?”

AJ seized him up and down worriedly. “What are you doing here?”

“I, uh… I’m looking for a friend.” AJ didn’t know about Riddle.

The man rushed towards him, gripped his arm hard and searched their surroundings before he spoke to the two bodyguards at the door. “Did he come alone?”

The men nodded, clearly surprised that AJ knew Harry. It seemed like the kid hadn’t been bullshitting after all.

“AJ?” Harry was confused. Firstly, what the fuck was AJ doing at Riddle’s party? Secondly, why was he talking like that to the bodyguards and why were they answering to him?

Oh fuck no! Harry tried to squirm from his grasp but AJ had his grip on him almost to the level of pain.

“AJ? What the fuck?” He was ignored though; the brunette kept looking from the big doors to the parking lot and the street in front of the building. He looked like he was trying to make up his mind. Suddenly the man rushed through the doors and Harry couldn't do anything but go with him.

The party was in full swing, people of any age were dancing, chatting, laughing or eating. Harry’s instincts kicked in, looking after a corner or a restroom and feeling relieved when AJ started heading towards one.
Someone was just washing his hands when they entered but they scrambled hurriedly when AJ harshly ordered them to. Harry kept freaking out as seconds passed by. *AJ was working for Riddle…*

“What the fuck are you doing here?” The man yelled, his face contorting into an ugly expression. He was angry. Harry felt like everything he did lately was wrong.

“I-I…” he didn’t know what to say. He had become so closed off and fragile those past weeks that he couldn’t stop himself from wincing at the loud words.

AJ started at him angrily before his face contorted into a livid one. Harry took a step backwards. “That fucking bastard!” His figure shook for a second before he inhaled and somewhat relaxed himself. AJ didn't seem angry with Harry.

“He didn’t tell you.” It wasn’t a question but a statement and it was full of venom.

“What? What he didn’t tell me?” Because yeah, Harry suddenly started to feel like there was more to everything that happened to him. For starters, why the fucked nobody told him that AJ was working for Riddle? Plus AJ’s actions and words made him feel like he had been left out of something.

“Harry, you can’t be here.”

“So, you actually work for him?”

AJ winced. “I need to get you out of here.”

“Why?”

AJ winced again and stared worriedly now at Harry. “I can’t believe he didn’t tell you but he lets you roam the streets all alone at night.”

“He-, uhh,” Harry cleared his throat, suddenly feeling like it was better for him not to know. “He doesn’t know. I just came to talk to him and,” realizing that AJ probably knew all their history, Harry continued to talk. “And after tonight I’ll leave, I have everything packed.”

AJ’s confused expression gave Harry a bad feeling. “What do you mean you’ll leave?”

“He won’t let you.” The words washed over him and left him cold and numb. *What? This again?*

“Not when you’re in this great danger.”

“Danger?”

AJ cursed but the green-eyed kid couldn’t make himself laugh at the fact that he wasn’t the only one calling Riddle ‘bastard.’

The bodyguard ran a hand through his hair. “I thought he had told you by now. What the fuck Riddle?” He kept muttering and walking back and forth. It was making Harry feel sicker as time passed by.

“AJ, what is going on?”

“We don’t have time for talking; we should get out of here.”

“No!” Harry stood his ground. “I’m not leaving this bathroom until you tell me. What the fuck is happening?”
AJ turned around to stare at his face with an expression full of pity. “Harry, I don’t know why Riddle didn’t tell you. He might have his reasons...

The handsome man sighed. "...but I think you should know."

“What?”

AJ ran a hand through his hair and exhaled. “Okay. Fuck!”

“When we found you at Joseph’s apartment,” Harry dreaded the next words. “I uhh, I don’t know how to tell you this. Fuck, I don’t even think I should be the one to tell you this.” He looked uncomfortable.

“Just fucking tell me.” He crossed his arms and tried to play it tough but he was slowly crumbling.

“We found some *files* with your name on it.”

“What?” Harry’s face got pale. “No.” He knew what it was about. No, no. It happen’d way too often to young people like him.

“Yeah…” He let the words sink in. “You were already sold. You were to be sent to a prostitution ring, a Russian one not ours, after they…” *dispose* was an ugly word. “…got *sick* of you.”

No.

“Riddle tried to do anything he could to buy you back but the Russians aren’t exactly our allies.”

He wanted to throw up.

“They are still looking for you and they are powerful people. Riddle was supposed to meet them tonight and buy you back. You here would fuck everything up. I thought he had you trapped and safe until all of this would clear up.”

Riddle was going to buy him back? Even after everything? Was that his way of saying sorry or will he demand for Harry to pay him back?

“How much?” He heard himself asking.

AJ licked his lips and directed his attention elsewhere. “Enough.”

“No. AJ, how much?”

“I don’t know, ok? He is the only one that knows.”

“Why me? I mean, I’m not a virgin. I would just be another prostitute to them.”

“I think you spilled the fact that Riddle is your lover to someone.” AJ arched his eyebrows.

Thomas, fuck. So he was that valuable only because he was Riddle’s lover? Go figure.

Harry’s scar itched and the urge to scratch at it was hard to ignore. The moment he parted his long hair- which was falling down his forehead and was hiding his scar- away, AJ’s eyes went wide, he had forgotten about that. Harry diverted his eyes on the floor and with shaking hands he hid the scar with his hair again.

AJ cleared his throat. His voice sounded sad.“I know he did some things to you… bad, horrible
things. And somehow I’m not surprised that he hadn’t come and told you all that I’m telling you right now. He had fought with the Russian people that want you for weeks now. He hadn’t told you anything at all?”

Harry shook his head. He felt numb. “He bargained, begged and forgot about his pride. Harry, I think you should know these things. He is not that bad. Yes, he is a mob boss and he kills people but… besides that scar, he had never given you any bruises, did he?”

Harry knew what AJ was trying to say and he hated himself that the man was right.

“No.”

AJ stayed silent for a while. ”So, I fucked up and he is trying to clean the mess?” Harry’s lips hurt from being bitten that much.

“He keeps cleaning the mess since we found you. There was more to it and there is more to it.”

“Why? Why didn’t he tell me these things? I had a right to know.” He felt angry, at the man and at himself.

“Riddle wouldn’t have sunk so low as to beg your affection through this kind of things. In our world, we take care of what is ours. He only does what he preaches. It’s his duty to keep you safe…”

And it’s your duty to appreciate and be grateful of it, AJ didn’t say it but Harry understood.

And Harry understood a lot. He understood how he had brought it on himself. It wasn’t Riddle’s fault that Harry had met fucked up people who decided to sell him, but he tried to help Harry anyway. Riddle had begged and bargain with another mafia for Harry while Harry had gone and fucked people and then had thrown everything in his face and had said all those words.

Oh, God.

What has he done?

Riddle put his hands in his pockets; proceeding to look at the beautiful London and wait, a lazy air surrounding him. He was alone on the balcony, Atlas was a frozen statue guarding the doors and Leo was standing beside him, hand on the phone and diligent eyes searching the room.

A man in his early thirties approached the two men carefully. He grinned at Atlas while he spoke with a prideful voice. “Wolf.”

Not many people lived to talk or see Riddle so closely, the man was feeling damn proud that he would do both. The ‘wolf’ was the password that the Russian which owned the prostitution ring had chosen. That’s how Riddle would know who would come for the money.

He stared uninterested at the briefcase and then at the man that still stood proud in front of him. Judging by his eyes and figure, Riddle would give him 5 minutes before he will crack. Not from torture, no, but from the silence.

1 minute, Riddle thought about Harry and his black, messy hair.

2 minutes… the man hadn’t said a word but Riddle wasn’t impressed.
3 minutes and Riddle was craving so badly a cigarette but he couldn’t stand the sight of them anymore, or their smell or the way they fit so perfectly between his hands. He was scared of them.

4 minutes and the guy started to speak. Riddle smirked; he was getting rusty if he missed with a minute.

“Sir, I…” he stopped himself when he saw Riddle turning around. Scared, he took a step back when Riddle took his hands out of his pockets, an action which made the mob boss arch his eyebrows. His hands were empty of any guns or knives; this was about Harry’s safety so he would never fuck around.

The Russian understood Riddle was waiting for the file and scared shitless, he gave it to him without demanding the money first, Riddle noted amused. He looked briefly over it, saw that it wasn’t fake, and checked everything that was important. It looked okay but Riddle wasn’t stupid. He called for Leo and the Russian freaked out.

“Relax.” His smooth voice washed over the man, making him shiver. Although Riddle was a murderer and a mob boss, you couldn’t deny the fact the man was charming and handsome and had his wicked way with the words.

Leo read the file and after coming to the conclusion that everything was ok, he nodded at Riddle. Riddle took the briefcase and handed it to the man. The man didn’t stop to count the money, said his thanks and bid them goodbye, scrambling from the balcony. Riddle smirked; at least his reputation was still intact.

“Sir!” Atlas’s voice sounded alarmed.

“Axis called, the lump in the bed wasn’t Harry.”

“What?” Riddle’s heart started beating madly at thought of Harry disappearing.

“He said his bags are still there, all packed, but the kid-” Atlas didn’t finish what he was going to say, a loud crash sounded from the hallway and the door was opened with AJ carrying a squirming Harry after him.

“Oh, hey lads, look what I found outside.” AJ’s cheerful voice broke the short silence that had descended.

Riddle’s heart stopped beating for a moment, relieved to know the kid was alright, only for it to start beating madly the next second, realizing he was in the same room with Harry in what felt like weeks.

Harry put his innocent face on, remembering AJ’s words to play dumb. His advice still rang in his head; I told you what he has done for you, what he would do for you… now is your turn to decide, would you accept him or would you run, even after everything that has happened?

Chapter End Notes

I still don’t have a beta so sorry for any mistakes.
Maybe I'm crazy.

Chapter Notes

It's short, I'm sorry. These chapters keep getting harder to write and I keep getting tired as time passes by. I literally don't want to do anything but sleep all day so I'm sorry if you had to wait and you got only this.

PS: I promise I knew where this was going... now I'm slightly confused.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The silence stretched awkwardly for another moment. Leo was the first to move from his spot and take Axis’ arm while he was heading towards the door. Atlas did the same to AJ, who squirmed and fought but in the end relented and left with them. Harry’s heart was beating so fast and his gaze was so focused on Riddle he missed the scene; he would have definitely laughed if he had seen AJ bad-mouthing Atlas and throwing a tantrum.

Only when the door closed did Harry realize that he was alone with Riddle, Riddle who was standing frozen, barely blinking. Harry knew the man was trying to make himself look inoffensive so that he would not feel threatened but whatever Riddle would try to do, it wouldn’t matter, his dangerous air and tall, imposing figure couldn’t be buried. Riddle was a brutal, exquisitely force that could never be tamed or covered entirely.

The kid was trying not to notice those things. It was hard to stop himself from feeling good that this God, this gorgeous, powerful being wanted him. It was exhilarating in some way but he knew that whatever they had would end badly… really fucking badly. It won’t be any good to dwell on what they could have or be, they had fucked up from the start and there was no hope for them.

His scar itched but he refused to part his hair and scratch at it. Riddle would catch a glimpse of it and would definitely go crazy. Or would he? Harry didn’t know, but he wanted that to be true. He wondered if Riddle had gone crazy, if had blamed himself those past weeks. Or maybe he was the only one who suffered in some way, who regretted things, who wanted to beg for forgiveness and in return to forgive.

He wanted to know that Riddle had been hurting as much as Harry had been.

But he also knew that none of that had happened because realistically speaking; Riddle would have never felt something as degrading as that for Harry. Looking at him in his expensive suit, hair slicked back and eyes burning, Harry knew the man could never show remorse or feel guilt. Who was Harry to demand such things? Riddle was a king, a God, he was powerful… Harry was no one.

Why it took him so long to realize that? Riddle could kill him in any moment, could trap Harry, could put his hands around his throat and squeeze the life out of him. He could hurt his family, friends. He could and he would… he knew that then. The bloody mark on his forehead was enough proof. Riddle could do anything so who was Harry to stop him?

His thoughts were interrupted by Riddle walking towards what looked like a bar. The man’s movements were graceful and dangerous. He looked like a masterpiece which Harry was suddenly asking himself why he had never painted.
Yeah, why he had never painted him? Why was he so reluctant and defensive with this man? Maybe because he was a murderer, a mob boss, a predator… a beautiful one, though, a really fucking sexy one.

All those thought made Harry feel subdued. The past weeks, the constant thinking and wondering left him at the other’s mercy. Was it truly Stockholm syndrome?

He felt himself submitting. The humiliation, the pain that this man had gave him, the power that was surrounding Riddle; all of it made his head dizzy. He wanted something, he needed to say something. He had a goal in mind but he couldn’t remember…

He felt afraid. For the first time, he felt real fear being in the proximity of the man. Would he treat Harry gently if he decided to surrender or would he be the same? He was shaking and his heart was beating madly. The last time he had been in a room with Riddle, the man had given him a scar.

What the fuck should he do?

A little part of him yelled at him to leave, to find right then some closure and then disappear. But a bigger part reminded him all the things that could happen if he left. It was horrible of him to accept Riddle only for the safety that the man could provide but then, Harry had always been horrible…

Ok. So prostitution rings and Russian mafia? It was a good enough reason to ran towards Riddle and beg for shelter and safety in his arms. Was he a whore for doing that? Not that he cared but, he kind of felt like he was.

Riddle was sipping from his glass now, silently watching over the ball room and the people that were dancing and chatting. Looking at him, Harry only saw a powerful king admiring his kingdom. His posture was still and stood tall, proud. He was such a beautiful sight Harry hated himself for touching the man.

But then, Riddle wasn’t the innocent man either. Fuck he had been right; Harry was fucked up, Riddle was fucked up… they made quite the couple.

He chuckled at that thought and the action brought Riddle’s attention on him.

“What’s so funny?”

“Us.” He approached Tom and took his side, turning his head towards the ballroom too.

“I’m glad you found us amusing, given the circumstances and…” Harry sighed. “…everything that has happened.”

They stared at the fancy dressed, laughing people in silence. Tom hated their happiness while Harry seemed bored by it.

“I’m sorry.”

Harry snapped his head so fast he almost got dizzy. Riddle’s words were spoken so soft and quietly he was worried he only imagined them. The other cleared his throat and tried again.

“I’m sorry.” He turned his head towards Harry now, his eyes burning through the kid’s ones. Then they flickered to Harry’s forehead and suddenly darkened. His jaw ticked when he left Harry and went to pour more liquor in his glass.

“You’re sorry?” Harry couldn’t believe it. The man had never apologized until now and he did a lot
of ugly, terrible things. Yeah, maybe the scar thing was the cherry on top of the cake but why now? Why? Did he think it would make a difference?

“Yeah kid, that was what I said. Don’t make me repeat myself.” Riddle felt embarrassed for even thinking those words, let alone say them aloud… let alone repeat them again.

“Oh, so what if you repeat yourself? God forbid you repeat two words a third time, it’s like I asked you to move mountains. Do you think saying those words would somehow erase what you did?” Harry’s voice increased in volume.

Riddle bit his lip and shook his head, a clearly frustrated expression on his face. They were falling down the rabbit hole again. It always fucking happened and they would get nowhere on the times they were lucid and sobered enough to have a decent conversation. He knew they have to change tactics and communicate differently if… the kid stayed. But he wouldn’t, Riddle was sure of it.

“No.” He sighed defeated. “No, of course not. Why are you here then?” He asked Harry, his tone curious and wary.

“You look tired.” Harry noted.

Riddle arched his eyebrows confused. “Great observation skills.”

Harry laughed and Tom did a double take, he had never heard Harry laugh like that so he took it all in and cherished the moment. “Hey, look at that, you can be funny.” Harry said between chuckles and snorts.

Riddle smirked and Harry surpassed a shiver. He let the older man stare at him and take him all in; he stood still under the burning gaze of the other and bit his lip when he recognized the lust in Riddle’s eyes. He felt hot all of the sudden.

His mind was a battlefield; one part of him yelled at him to run away while the other told him to stay. He felt like he would break whatever morals he had if he accepted Riddle but then the danger of being sold or kidnapped was strong too and it kept coming back to him. He was truly afraid and… he was also a coward.

Using Riddle would be such a bad thing? After everything the man had done?

“Do you have feelings for me?” He blunted out without thinking. Realizing what he did, he took a step back. One second he was yelling at the man and being sarcastic with him then in the next one he would be wary and truly afraid of him. He couldn’t understand himself or how Riddle kept managing to make him act like that.

Tom laughed now; he threw his head back and laughed hard. “Oh god, Harry…” he ran a hand through his hair but then his expression turned into a serious one. Riddle took his time in letting his eyes burn through Harry’s own before he stated. “What I feel for you is stronger than some feelings.” The truth was, Tom was realizing these things as he was speaking them. He hadn’t known it until then but that didn’t mean it wasn’t true. It was actually dangerously, terrifically true. So true even Riddle felt afraid of the statement.

Harry felt truly confused and lost. “So, why then? Why did you give me this?” He brought his hand to his forehead and parted his hair, revealing a bloody red scar. Harry wasn’t yelling anymore, and neither was Riddle attempting to put his hands on the kid’s throat. They were so tired they both stood in the centre of the elegant room and stared at each other. Their encounter was calm, devoid of punches and insults. They were truly lost.
Riddle stopped breathing for a second; the sight making him sick and proud at the same time. The contradictory feelings left him dizzy and disorientated. He couldn’t turn his head or eyes away from the scar. *It was such a fascinating, horrible sight.*

“Because of it, because of what I feel… ” *If I only had feelings for you, I wouldn’t have given you that…*

He knew he needed to be sincere from then on and to reveal himself to the kid. He needed to show him what he truly was and could do at least. If the kid knew, the better, and it would make things easier for them. If Harry will accept what he has to offer, if he will stay, then Riddle needed to be honest.

He approached the kid warily without breaking eye contact. Harry didn’t try to run but he nevertheless winced when Riddle brought his own hand to the kid’s forehead. Tom didn’t like it but he understood why. He made a note to try and remediate that, as soon as possible.

His fingers touched the cold skin firstly. He thought he would never see the kid let alone touch him but there he was, his fingers an inch away of the scar that he had crafted. At first his fingers met hot, scarred skin and his eyes went wide when he realized the scar was indeed pulsing. His eyes searched for Harry’s ones and the latter only nodded. So it has been burning for the whole time. Was he ok? If it wasn’t a fever what was it?

He could feel Harry’s form trembling and he gritted his teeth. He brought his hand down and took a step back. He had made hundreds of scenarios on how their first meeting—he wasn’t sure they would actually meet again—would play out. This wasn’t what he was expecting.

“You were right.”

Silence.

“*I am a horrible person.*”

Letting the truth out and admitting it to Harry— he had admitted to himself a long time ago—brought him such a relief he took a seat down on the expensive looking sofa and turned his gaze to the opened door that leaded to the balcony. London could still be seen from the spot he was currently on and it was beautiful as always. He felt so light and relieved that if the kid left the room he would do nothing but accept it. He knew he had fucked up the only chance he got.

But if the kid stayed and showed just a little sign of hesitance, then Riddle would pounce. He was a terrible person, after all, and he would not stop fighting. He only need a yes, one. A brief moment of hesitance, a faltering step and he would claw his way into the other and never let go.

Too bad Harry didn’t know that, because if he had known, he wouldn’t have spoken those words… in fact, he wouldn’t have spoken at all.

“*I am a horrible person too.*”

Harry laughed and continued. “You know, you were right… we do make quite the couple.”

Riddle stilled, he didn’t make any move except turning his lips upwards and smirk. His eyes burned through Harry’s body, caressing it with his gaze until he could do so with his hands too.

Harry felt then like he destroyed everything he had worked those past months; his escapade, the insults, him standing his ground, his morals and above everything else, his friendship with Ben.
He also felt like he destroyed himself. There he was, submitting in some way to the man that had scarred him for life. But then, Riddle was a better option than him being sold or kidnapped or... god knew what else.

Riddle sipped from his glass then cleared his throat. The suit he had on was black and immaculate and his face had a deadly expression, burning eyes and a smirk marring his handsome face. He looked and felt like a storm. “Enlighten me Harry so I won’t understand wrongly what we are talking here. Are you forgiving me?” His posture screamed confidence and laziness but Harry knew, Tom was stressed and on edge.

Harry took a seat on the sofa too. He was face to face with Tom now and at the same level but Riddle looked like he would always be the superior one and Harry would never reach him... and that was fine with Harry, he never wanted that. He only wanted to be left alone. “Do you really think I can forgive something like this?” His hand shot up to his forehead but he didn’t part his hair now.

Riddle’s eyes flickered to it again and like the first time, they took a darker color. Harry didn’t know if it was from lust and possession or from how sick and sorry he was for giving him that. He assumed it was from both. The sick infatuation playing on his face could never be faked. He truly was a paradox, a human full of contradictions and Harry knew he would never figure him out. “I’m not talking about that.” His tone sounded hard and on edge. Good, Harry liked that. The bastard should suffer too.

“I just want to know where we are standing. I’ve always been blunt with you and I don’t want whatever we will have in the future to be based on games, lies and manipulation.”

Harry snorted. “Can that be possible with you?”

Riddle ignored him. “So I want to know. You have” had- Riddle would never actually let him go, Harry knew that and he knew that, “the freedom to chose. What would it be?” It was, after all, still a game.

Harry tried to stop himself from squirming under that burning gaze. It was harder than he thought it would be. Finding closure should have been easier but then AJ appeared out of nowhere and changed Harry’s perception of what his future looked like entirely. Even looking at Riddle, the haunting thought that this man had tried to save him and pay back for him changed a little the perspective in which he saw him now.

Funny how you could have detested someone and then they came and did something good for you and you started having doubts. The human nature was never stable and that was what Harry was most afraid of. People couldn’t be trusted... and it seemed like neither could he and Harry hated himself for it.

Tom looked as deadly and dangerous as ever but knowing that this dangerous and deadly creature wanted you safe changed a lot. His scar itched and he shook his head. He was truly confused. He wanted to go but he needed to stay.

He was curious though. “Do you really think we can work this out?” The thought sounded irrational and delusional.

Riddle titled his head not breaking eye-contact. He had been staring at Harry without blinking, his gaze felt lovely on Harry’s soft skin and the kid hated himself for thinking like that. He should have hated him, Riddle scarred him for life and fucked him up so good Harry would never be the same. “I think everything is possible.”
Harry laughed then. “You gave me this.” He showed his scar. He wanted to lie but then he stopped himself, although he loathed the man, Harry had never felt the need to throw up at the sight of him. He had thrown insults and spitted lies and look where it had gotten him. He sighed and thought about the next words. “You- you never took no for an answer and I…” he closed his eyes and tried to find a brave bone in his body in order to continue what he had to say. “You want the truth and I’m not sure I can give it to you.”

“Then maybe it’s best if we talk… take it slow…”

Harry snorted. “Take it slow…”

Riddle waited for Harry to continue but he never did. The silence descended for a quite long time and both men fell deep into their thoughts. Riddle seemed changed, in some way. He was calmer, more collected and more closed off. He also seemed afraid by approaching Harry, so it looked like the past weeks had taken a toll on him as well. It was good Harry wasn’t the only one that was changing. Or was it?

“I want to hate you.” It was Harry that broke the silence first.

“I really do.” His hands were balled into fists and his cheeks were tinted with red. “I don’t know why I don’t.”

So Harry didn’t hate him. Even after everything, even after the scar. He was too innocent and full of love to actually manage to hate someone and Tom knew that. Harry was like an opened book and Riddle had his emotions and expression burnt on his retina since day one.

The mob boss kept his face blank while inside he was grinning and smirking madly. The kid was confused and disorientated. The right push, the perfect words and he would get him, trap him and never let him go. But this time it would be different because he was aiming for Harry’s trust now. He would make Harry never want to leave.

“Maybe that means something.”

Harry’s eyes searched his and Riddle let himself open, if only a little. He needed Harry to know that he could trust him, that Riddle would always be there. It was manipulation, indeed, but the difference was that Riddle had genuine feelings for him and that Harry won’t get hurt this time. It was a game where they could both win.

“Maybe your mind knows something that you don’t… or you didn’t realize yet.”

Harry didn’t respond, too lost in his mind. He was searching for that something but he just couldn’t find it.

“Why didn’t you leave the day you woke up at the penthouse?”

Harry hated that question. He had kept asking it to himself until he was worried he would go mad.

“I don’t know.”

“You do.”

Harry shook his head and gritted his teeth.

“No. I don’t know.”
“Harry, don’t lie to me.”

“Fuck you, you said no more games.” He yelled, feeling like a cornered animal.

“This isn’t a game. I want the truth.” Riddle’s words were hard and dark. Harry didn’t know if they were sincere but they sounded sinful and deadly and all the things Harry could have if he just said yes.

Instead of answering, he heard himself saying. “Why did you beat up Ben?”

Riddle, taken back, looked shocked for a moment before he put his poker face on. “We’re not talking about this right now.”

“When are we going to talk about it then?”

“I asked you a question. Are you staying or leaving? If you’re staying, we will spill and hear truths.”

“Why do you mean?”

Riddle sighed and stood up. He refilled his glass and poured one for Harry too. He took his seat again. “We clearly have issues. I took this whole… relationship thing the wrong way from the very start.” He didn’t actually think that but Harry didn’t need to know. If he went back, he would do everything exactly the same. *Harry was his, in every parallel universe.*

Harry snorted at his words. “Really?”

Tom smiled. “I say my side of the story, you say yours and after that we will figure something out.”

“And if we don’t?” Harry knew he wouldn’t actually leave him, not after Riddle had given him his mark. The man seemed to think the same thing when he started speaking.

“With my mark on your skin, I don’t think you can escape this.” It wasn’t a threat, it was a simple observation. Harry would always be Riddle’s and people will always see it like that.

Harry sipped from the glass. He tasted alcohol for the first time in weeks and he savored the rich flavor. *“You can’t fix this.”*

Riddle’s smirk was beautiful, all of the sudden. *“Try me.”*

Harry would never forgive him and would never forget what he did but Harry was also a scared coward that the idea of being owned by somebody else terrified him so much he would gladly accept Riddle. Even after everything the man had done.

*He should have run when he still had the chance.*

Chapter End Notes

If this chapter only confused you more, here's what I tried to say but failed(if you're reading this. I definitely did);

- AJ told Harry about him being sold and Harry imagined so many scenarios in his head(like we all would) that he went crazy a little and thought: hey, I’d rather have Tom
as my kidnapper than some Russian guys.

- so that's the only reason why he hasn't left yet

- the reason why he hasn't left three weeks ago it's still a secret so I can't tell you that

- Riddle would have actually let Harry go,(it was before Harry showing hesitation- well that's how Riddle saw it, Harry only wanted to be safe as I said so that's why he wasn't yelling no no fuck you no to Riddle when he was asked to choose) That's why at first Riddle said he will let Harry go but then he said there was no escape from him, because it wasn't. Barring Riddle's mark( it isn't even a tattoo, it is a freaking scar) would mean Harry would always belong to Riddle and while Harry was in UK/Europe he would never be safe. That's just how I made my mob AU work so yeah.

Ok just so ppl won't exit this chap confused bc I know I hadn't explained much.
**Wine and pizza.**

Chapter Notes

I felt like this fic is in a serious need of fluff so I wrote this twisted, sort of it.

It's also a chapter dedicated to SeaDreaming, who is one of my favorite authors and said she likes the romance stuff and fluffy chapters. :)

Enjoy babes!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

**“Therapy? You want me to go see a shrink?”** Harry was in disbelief.

Riddle turned his gaze from the people that were taking their coats and one by one were saying their goodbyes and leaving, to Harry’s scrunched up face. He gave him a small smile before he took the seat in front of him. It was after midnight and the party was over. The clock had struck 12 and everyone had counted and kissed someone but not them; they simply stood still and stared at each other. Both men itched to get closer and touch the other; both to reassure themselves, although for different reasons. They refrained.

“I’m not letting someone in my head, especially if they are going to spill everything to you.” Harry was still confused why he hadn’t left and stayed so he was surprised when Riddle had been quick to jump to the healing part. Everything was happening too fast, at least that’s how he felt.

Riddle sighed and rearranged his tie. “You do know there is a psychologist- patient confidentiality?”

**“With you there isn’t.”**

Riddle chuckled. “Keep looking for the bad things in me, and you are going to find only those.”

Harry averted his eyes and gritted his teeth. Riddle was asking him the impossible; Harry couldn’t just forgive the man and forget. It was much more complicated than that and Riddle was a smart man, he should know that.

“I already go to therapy.” Riddle confessed, making Harry’s eyes go wide. “I thought it would be best if we both go separately once a week and then we go together once too.”

“**You had already thought of this.”** Harry noted. “**And couple therapy?”** Oh god, the things he has to do in order to keep himself safe.

“I admit it crossed my mind a lot. I realized your attitude and way of thinking it’s a little different than everything I’ve seen so in order to understand you… I need help.”

“**You make it sound like I’m some psychopath.”**

Riddle ignored him. “**All the people you… fucked,”** his tone got darker, “**the drugs and the alcohol you consumed, all of it, has been destroying you. You are self destructing and it’s hard to watch**” It was and it wasn’t. Riddle was still confused why he was fighting so much for this kid.
Harry crossed his arms, going in a defense mood. “Well, I like it that way.”

“And that’s the problem.” Riddle grinned cruelly.

Harry was tired, a little hungry and confused. He didn’t know how the night had changed so much. He came there with the decision to say goodbye and leave for good but instead he got himself deeper in the mess that was Tom Riddle.

One moment he would look at him and see the true masterpiece that he was and in the next second he would remember the pain and the humiliation and he felt like he despised him. But his feelings and his mind changed so fast he didn’t know anymore.

He threw his head back on the sofa and stared at the ceiling. He could feel Riddle’s eyes on him, they felt like a soft caress and he hated himself for liking it. He thought about Zion and how he had ran the first chance he got. What was so different this time?

“Ok, say I accept, then what?” He closed his eyes and let his head hang on the sofa.

“We are going to fix this.”

“Why are you so sure that it would happen?”

“Because I want it to happen.”

Harry’s heart skipped a beat. “Why do you like me, Riddle?”

“Don’t call me that. I hate it when you call me that.” Harry couldn’t see Riddle’s face but he knew the man’s eyes were burning. He could feel them on his face, especially his forehead.

“And I’m going to be sincere to you since I promised.” Harry opened his eyes and turned his gaze on the older man, who had a poker face on. The kid couldn’t read his emotions so he would have to believe his words. “I’m going to tell you a story but after we eat. I assume you are hungry. Let’s go!”

Harry’s face scrunched up in annoyance. “What? No. I want to hear it now.”

Riddle stood up and smiled. “And I’m going to tell you, after we eat.” He looked at Harry’s thin jacket and his face showed his displeasure. He took his suit jacket off and heading towards Harry, he gave him his hand to help him stand up.

“Up you go. Come on.” He put the jacket on Harry’s thin shoulders and in the last moment he couldn’t help himself but to run his hand through the kid’s messy hair. It was brief but it was a sweet gesture that made Harry purr before he realized what he was doing. Riddle couldn’t contain his smile. It was better that he hadn’t gone to Harry those past weeks and that he had let the kid think. He risked, of course, because he hadn’t been entirely sure that Harry would stay but seeing now that kid submitted and accepted him made the victory so much sweeter.

“Where are we going?” Harry gripped the expensive jacket with his fingers, afraid it will fall off. It swallowed him entirely and he gulped, trying not to notice their size difference or get turned on by it.

Riddle put a hand on his lower back, urging him to head towards the door. “You’ll see.” He smiled softly at Harry and the kid’s heart stopped. Riddle seemed so happy since Harry had made no move to leave and his smile was a pretty rare sight. He realized he started to like it. And that thought should make him panic, and it did in some way. But he knew he couldn’t leave, not immediately anyway. So he submitted and accepted everything. It was the only way, he thought. He didn’t stay because somehow Riddle tamed him. No. God no! It was about his safety, that’s all.
Riddle said they would talk and fix the mess. Harry didn’t believe him but at least he would get some answers. Why had Riddle done the things he did? Well, beside the fact that he was a dangerous murderer.

And there was it, only remembering that, Harry’s mood changed drastically.

How could he accept a murderer? Was it worth it, his safety in exchange for forgetting, at least for the moment, that Riddle had done terrible things?

But then, Harry had never been a good person. Well, he had but… oh god. Imagine being in love with the motherfucker…

Harry laughed at the thought. It would be a cold day in hell when that would happen.

The hallway was guarded by two faceless men, at least for Harry- he had never seen them before. AJ was there too, keeping his distance from Atlas who was watching him like a hawk. They both straightened their posture when Riddle and Harry came into the view.

They had concerned looks on their faces; mostly AJ- Atlas was wearing a blank face but what gave him away were the eyes. They were burning with concern and worry.

“Sir!” They both said at the same time. AJ winked at Harry and Harry couldn’t stop from smirking, at least one of them remembered him and was polite enough to not act like he wasn’t there.

Atlas was… Atlas. The kid didn’t like him and the feeling seemed to be mutual. Both men didn’t ask if Harry and Riddle were good or had made peace. They stayed silent and waited, they weren’t in the position to ask and receive answers.

Riddle turned towards Atlas and spoke in a commanding voice. ”Take Axis and make sure we won’t have any problems on the way there. We are going to eat at one of my restaurants tonight, Heading, downtown. Where’s Leo?”

Atlas was already leaving them, his phone in hand. It was AJ that responded. “He’s downstairs sir, he’s making sure everything is taken care of.”

Harry yawned and sleepily let his head fall on Riddle’s arm. He didn’t realize what he was doing until he saw AJ smirking at him cruelly. He snapped and straightened his form, sending a nasty glance back.

“Take a hold of him and tell him he could go home. The same goes for you!”

“Yes sir!”

“Also, AJ…”

The man turned his gaze on him. “Be at my office tomorrow. 8 AM sharp! You’ll get your job back.”

AJ smirked; Riddle was so content and happy with his work that he will put Harry’s safety in his hands again. Well, it was good to be back! Riddle’s trust was something every man should cherish and AJ would make sure to do that.

Harry furrowed his eyebrows at AJ’s delighted face and snorted. “What? Do you love killing people that much?”
Riddle’s phone rang while he was speaking so the man left his side with an “Excuse me!” and went to take his call a few feet away. Harry’s gaze followed the man’s movements and he couldn’t stop himself from appreciating his elegant form and dangerous air. He snapped his eyes to AJ who started laughing at Harry’s question.

“I suppose I’ll do some killing... but only if you'll be in danger.”

“What?”

AJ smirked got even bigger.“Oh, you didn’t know? I'll be your bodyguard.”

Bodyguard? He wasn’t serious, was he? Riddle was still on that?

“Hey now, don’t look so down. We’ll be like partners in crime. I suppose I’m a better choice than Axis…”

Harry shuddered at the other’s bodyguard’s bulky form and nasty smile. Yes, he supposed AJ was better. But then AJ had acted like he was his friend and lied to him.

“You lied to me! You acted like you were my friend but you were actually there for Riddle.” He accused. Riddle’s turned his head towards them when he heard Harry’s angry words.

AJ grinned boyishly. “Now, now… Harry, you must understand. It was my job.”

Realization suddenly washed over Harry.“You told him.”

“What?”

“About Chan and… Ben?”

Riddle, hearing the names, pocketed his phone and joined them. He put his hand on Harry’s arm which was shaking now and tried to reassure and relax the kid.

AJ didn’t stop from grinning. “Ben? He had it coming. Chan? Sorry, kid, I was only doing my job.”

“So you tell me… Y-you…” He gritted his teeth, trying not to lunge at the other. His stupid smirk was making everything worse. He didn’t finish his sentence. He couldn’t.

“Harry!” Riddle was warning him and trying to calm him down at the same time.

AJ kept on grinning. “Welcome to the mob life, kid! Only the powerful ones survive. Well,” his eyes went to Riddle’s gripping hand on Harry’s arm, “you won’t have a problem surviving.” He winked. He was still laughing when he left them.

“I’m going to kill him!” Harry’s face was red.

Riddle couldn’t stop himself from smiling. ”He was just fucking with you.”

“You don’t joke about something like that!”

Tom’s face turned serious. “What I did to Ben or Chan is nothing. You’ll learn that soon enough.”

Harry’s heart stopped. Of course Riddle didn’t change and he would never change only because Harry decided to remain. Of course he would still be a mob boss. Harry never thought something like that would happen. He just… forgot?
Riddle ran his fingers down Harry’s face before he parted his hair and revealed his scar. “But indeed... Welcome to the mob life, Harry!” His famous smirk and burning eyes made Harry shudder.

He then started to walk towards the exit, Harry’s arm held securely in his hand. The kid couldn’t do nothing but follow, the two bodyguards a silent presence behind them.

Harry didn’t really know where they were but the restaurant was fancy as fuck. They were the only ones in the big, elegant room and everything looked expensive. He was feeling uncomfortable only being in that room, without taking in the account that sitting, in front of him, was Tom Riddle currently telling Harry about different dishes that he should try. He felt like he was going crazy.

“How about sushi? You’ll love it. It’s the best here in London.” Riddle’s eyes snapped to his when Harry didn’t answer.

The kid cleared his throat. “I don’t like sushi.”

Riddle couldn’t stop himself from widening his eyes. “You don’t like sushi? What?”

Harry smiled embarrassed. “I don’t. Never did.” Riddle remembered when he had shoved Chinese food down Harry’s throat.

“But you ate it, that night.” Harry only stared.

Fuck, he felt like he had no idea who the kid was.

“Ok. How about Italian food?”

“Pizza? Yeah I could go for that.”

“Or some French dishes? How about some Ravioli?” Riddle’s eyes were dancing around the page.

Harry stared, again.

“Or we could have just some pasta.” Riddle went back to the Italian food when he realized the kid had no idea what that dish was.

Harry sighed and shrugged. “Sure.”

Riddle furrowed his eyebrows. “You don’t seem so thrilled.”

Harry looked down at his phone. “Is 1 AM, Riddle. Whatever you feed me will be ok.”

Riddle put the menu down. “No. I want you to tell me what you want to eat. You don’t really like pasta, don’t you?”

“Oh wow. Look at this, my opinion finally matters.” He muttered sarcastically.

Riddle’s lips turned into a thin line. Ok, he deserved that. “Is food Riddle,” Harry continued. “Whatever you order, I will eat.” Harry’s shoulders were hunched and he couldn’t stop his fingers from moving and picking things. Riddle’s arched an eyebrow at that. Interesting.
“Your behavior tells me you’re feeling really uncomfortable.”

Harry’s eyes snapped at his, cheeks coloring in red. “I wonder why that is.”

“And now what, you’re psychoanalyzing me?” He asked when Riddle kept on grinning.

Riddle made himself more comfortable on the chair. “No, I just want to know you better.”

Harry snorted and averted his eyes. Silence fell between them and Harry couldn’t stop himself from squirming. Riddle took great pleasure in watching the delicious scene in front of him. After some time, he finally took pity on the kid and broke the awkward tension.

“Ok.” He cleared his throat. “We can have some pizza.” He didn’t like pizza but for the kid he could make some exception.

Harry smirked. “Now you don’t seem so thrilled.”

Riddle smirked back. “It takes more than some foreign dishes to make me uncomfortable.”

Harry’s smirk fell. It was a trap. He could either tell Riddle why he was uncomfortable or let the man remain with the opinion that some pasta actually managed to make Harry squirm. How the fuck had he gotten here?

Harry only glared, not caving in. Riddle grinned and ordered the pizzas. “Wine?” He arched an eyebrow at Harry.

Wine and pizza? Interesting combination.

“I don’t like it. Water is enough for me.” Riddle smiled confusedly and ordered the drinks. After the waiter had gone, he put his arms on the table and got closer to Harry.

“You don’t like wine?” He was in disbelief.

“Nope.” Harry answered amused.

“How? What?” Riddle was rendered speechless and Harry noted amused that it was because he didn’t like wine. Of all the things he had done, not liking wine must have been the worst, judging by Riddle’s terrified expression.

Harry shrugged. “I have a bad experience with it so I tend not to drink or smell it.”

“Harry, I’m not talking about cheap wine that you could get in stores. I’m talking about really old, expensive wine.”

“For me it’s the same thing.”

Riddle shook his head. “No, no! Oh kid, you surprise me every time.” The waiter arrived with their drinks but Riddle dismissed him from doing anything further. He took Harry’s glass and filled it with a rich red color that looked like it was blood. Harry stared confused at it when Riddle gave it to him. “Drink! You won’t be disappointed.”

Harry smelled it and it indeed brought to him ugly memories but this one had a little different, rich smell to it. When he tasted it, it was sweet, although it had a bitter taste to it too but not too extreme. He loved it; it was warming up his shivering body and was making him dizzy. He stopped from draining the entire glass, although he left only a little on the bottom.
Riddle’s eyes were twinkling. “Told you.” Harry wanted to wipe that smug off of his face but the man had been right, it was a difference between the cheap wine and the expensive one.

“How much does this bottle cost?” Riddle finished from sipping from his own glass before he answered.

“I have land in French where I produce my own wine. Some of the wine that I drink is from there but this one is older, say from 1893?…” he looked at the bottle, “Yes. I got it.” He grinned at Harry and the other couldn’t stop himself from grinning back. “I don’t really know how much it costs since I took it from my own restaurant but I can estimate that it’s somewhere around 7k? It’s Margaux .”

Harry was sipping from his own glass that had been refilled in the mean time and he had a hard time not spilling the sweet, expensive flavor when he heard that. That much for just a bottle of wine?

He looked in disbelief at Riddle. The man understood the silent question and he shrugged.

”I have a lot of money Harry. I wouldn’t buy cheap wine and make you drink it, never, and especially not on our date.”

Harry gulped but before he could answer, the waiter arrived with their food. They both dived in and Harry had to take a minute to observe Riddle and how meticulously he was cutting his pizza and was chewing. He had always seen him as a god that didn’t need mundane things as food –the fact that he had never eaten with him in all those month was fucking with his mind- but now, looking at him, Harry was left with the feeling that Riddle was a mere human, a mortal, after all. Riddle might have loved, might have a family and dreams and he probably had went to school. He was such an interesting human, what with having a lot of power and money, but that didn’t actually impressed Harry. Harry wanted to know more about how the man had gotten there. He had to admit getting to know Riddle would be adventurous and interesting on its own.

Riddle stopped when he felt eyes on him, he let the fork and the knife down and wiped his mouth with a napkin. “Is there something wrong with your food?”

Harry, instead of answering what he had been really thinking, took the knife and cut the pizza into 4 pieces. He took one in his hand and brought it to his mouth. He smile at Riddle’s mesmerized face. “That’s not really the way you eat pizza, that’s all.” He said after he gulped the food.

Riddle, confused, smiled from his own pizza to Harry. The green-eyed kid took his own knife and cut Riddle’s own pizza. “There. You can eat now.”

Riddle took a piece and looked amused at it. Although it had been probably his first time eating pizza like that, he had kept the burning piece of food in hand and had brought it to his mouth with the same elegance and firm movements like he did before while Harry was barely managing to keep the melted cheese from falling down.

Remembering Riddle wording their dinner as a date, he let the piece of pizza he had been holding down and took a sip from his wine. He was already full and he hadn’t even eaten half of it. “Is this a date?”

Riddle put his own pizza down and took a sip. His face and acts were calm, fact that might as well yell that Riddle had been sure that was a date and rejection or a “no” was out of question.

“Do you want it to be?”

“Since when do you care about my opinion?”
“Since now.” Riddle refilled Harry’s glass. The kid wanted to say he didn’t want any more because he was already feeling fuzzy and sleepy but instead he opted to stare at the way the bloody thing splashed the glass. It was a truly fascinating sight. “I want you to want everything we do from here.”

Since Harry was still there only because he had no choice, that was something quite impossible. Harry didn’t think Riddle could actually make him want to stay. That would be a pretty funny sight to see, him actually falling in love with this man. Hah!

Harry didn’t respond and Riddle was content to leave it at that. They finished their dinner soon afterward and left the restaurant.

“You said you will tell me a story.” The kid’s sleepy voice could be heard through the silent limo. Levi was the one driving and Atlas was in the passenger seat. They were alone in the back, Harry bundled up in Riddle’s big coat, almost asleep, while Riddle was keeping his form straight and proud and was staring at Harry’s crouching body. He looked like a kitten, hair messy and cheeks pink, probably from the wine, staring lazily at Riddle, with half-lidded eyes and a small grin on his face. He was tipsy and it was such an endearing sight. Riddle licked his lips at the delicious thing in front of him but he knew it wasn’t time.

However, the thought that a lot of people had seen Harry while being tipsy made him growl possessively. He cut the distance between their bodies a little but still left some space there. They weren’t touching but they were so close they might have been.

“Hmm…” he remembered the other’s question and smiled when the memory came back to him. Suddenly Harry was up and approaching him. Riddle stood still while the kid put his head in his lap and gazed up at Riddle sleepily. For the kid to do that, he was clearly tipsy and out of it.

He gulped the knot forming there at the sudden innocent act that Harry had made and instead he ran his right-hand through Harry’s hair, messing it up more. Harry purred this time, Riddle was sure!

“I’m going to tell you a story about a man.”

Harry nodded, conveying that he was listening.

"Once upon a time there was a man. One morning, the day started how it usually does for, hmm, let’s say a normal, hard-working man.”

“Why normal?”

Riddle glanced at Harry’s scar but the kid was way out of it to notice. “Because sometimes normal is better and is safe.”

Harry scrunched up his face but didn’t say anything. Instead he apologized for interrupting him, lazily grinning at him and blinking his eyes.

Riddle chuckled. “That’s all right.”

“Where was I? Ah, yes, so see… he had been working at this firm for quite some time now and he
was happy working there. He got money, he was safe, and he had everything. But… he was also so unhappy. His life was bland, grey coloring his city and making him unable to feel whole.”

“Oh,” Harry’s voice sounded sad. Riddle was still so amazed this little human being was his now. “That’s sad.”

“Yes,” his voice betrayed him so he had to clear his throat. “He was sad. But, one morning, he had been waiting for his driver to take him to a meeting across town. The man was being late so he instead opted to look through his car’s window around the street. And what he saw, or well, who he saw, made him stare in wonder. He was so mesmerized by that sight he couldn’t stop himself from staring.”

“Did he see a puppy?” Harry was half-asleep now, barely keeping himself awake. His voice sounded lazy and scrappy and it did a lot of things to Riddle.

The man chuckled at Harry’s question. “No. He saw something better.”

“What is better than a puppy?” The kid furrowed his eyebrows, clearly confused. Riddle ran his finger between the two brows and smoothed the area.

“You. He saw you.” Understanding dawned on Harry but he didn’t say anything anymore. Neither did Riddle.

The story always finished with the same answer; *It had been you and it would always be you.*

Harry woke up in a room different from what he had kept waking up those past months. It was still beige and white but it had a more elegant, lovely air to it. He stared confused at the ceiling for a long time, trying to recall the last thing he could remember.

He had been with Riddle in the limo, and the man was telling him a story. *Something about puppies?*

“Ugh!” He rubbed his temples and sighed. A headache was already forming and he felt slightly… hangover?

Remembering he had drunk wine and liked it, he couldn’t stop himself from chuckling. 24 hours ago he had woken up in Riddle’s penthouse, haunted by the thought of confronting Riddle and leaving afterwards but there he was now, in the man’s most likely bed, with a little hangover and the last thing he could recall was puppies.

He stared confused at the ceiling, trying and failing not to freak out. He should run! Fuck, he really should. But his limbs weren’t obeying his mind and he remained in the soft bed, sighing and trying not to fall asleep.

He could hear voices in the hallway. Deciding that it was the time to go and find the mob boss; he left the bed and went to the bathroom. After he flushed the toilet and washed his hands, he couldn’t stop himself from staring in the mirror. His cheeks were still a little pink, probably from the fever he always has when he’s hangover, and his hair was sticking in all different directions. He tried to run his fingers through it and make it look presentable at least but in the end he only managed to make it
With a huff, he left the bathroom and entered the bedroom. He was in his last night’s clothes and he didn’t remember climbing the bed so Riddle must have put him to sleep. He winced at the thought; the man had touched him then.

The hallway was deserted but he could hear Riddle talking with someone. Realizing the penthouse was way more different than the place he was currently at; he rushed a little towards Riddle’s familiar voice. He entered what looked like a big, spacious living room that had wall-windows with white frames. The windows opened, Harry realized they were actually doors, to a garden, a beautiful and green, with white benches- garden.

So, they were in a house? Riddle’s?

“Harry, you are up.” Riddle’s voice snapped Harry from his thoughts and from his freaking out. The house looked expensive, no, filthy rich more like. It was a truly beautiful sight; Harry could see himself painting it. Harry could see himself living in it. Ok, what? He definitely hadn’t thought that.

“Come here! I want you to meet someone.”

Realizing too late that they weren’t the only ones in the room, Harry cleared his throat and ran a hand through his hair. Judging by Riddle’s amused eyes, the action messed his hair more.

He tried not to look too sleepy or hangover when he approached them.

“Harry,” the bastard was wearing a Henley and some washed up black jeans and he looked sinfully mesmerizing. Harry forgot just how much he hated that the man was a morning person. His smile was big and eyes focused. “This is Dr. Hermione Granger. Doc, meet Harry Potter.”

Harry’s barely focused eyes snapped to the woman. She was beautiful, hair black and curly and skin a rich brown. Her teeth were a little too big when she smiled at him but all in one; her face had a kind, lovely expression. He liked her.

He shook her petite hand. “Hello Harry, I’m Dr. Hermione Granger and I’m going to be your new therapist.”

Chapter End Notes

If the wine thing is off or wrong, I apologize. I don't like wine or drink it for that matter so I just wrote what I remembered about a French brand and invented a price from my mind. I have no idea if it's correct.
Knowingly.

Chapter Notes

Shout out to one of my readers, Secret_strike, for giving me the idea of making Hermione their therapist and to my beta, SeaDreaming, for fixing this piece of shit into something amazing.

We are going to get into Harry’s head for the next chapters (Tom’s too) and I can’t wait.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The clatter of the dishes was the only thing that kept Harry grounded. Riddle was moving around the kitchen, putting the bread on the table, filling their cups with more coffee and making sure the eggs didn’t burn, all at the same time.

Harry felt like he was slowly going crazy. His right knee wouldn’t stop bouncing and his eyes wouldn’t stop following Riddle’s every movement. His pants felt a little too tight, all of a sudden. What was with this man and his elegant, exact, calm movements? He walked and acted like a true masterpiece.

“I suppose you like eggs, right?” Riddle turned his head to him, an amused smile gracing his face.

Harry’s cheeks went a little pink. He nodded, not trusting his voice. His head still felt like it was going to explode any minute; the kitchen was too bright, drowned in beige and white colors, and Riddle acting like a housewife was too much.

“I assumed you would have a cook,” Harry heard himself muttering.

Riddle finished putting everything on the table and then took a seat across from the kid. “I do. I dismissed him for today.” He filled Harry’s glass with orange juice, and the green-eyed boy felt like he’d definitely gone crazy now.

Riddle was a paradox. One minute, was making Harry suck a gun and then the next, he was filling Harry’s glass with orange juice and cooking him eggs.

Riddle started cutting his own food and bringing it to his mouth. Harry only stared at the man in confusion and wonder. He clumsily took his own knife and the fork and furrowed his eyebrows. So it was actually happening – if he accepted Riddle, they would start their mornings in domestic bliss and afterwards, Riddle would go about his day killing people. The thought made him sick to his stomach.

Harry hadn’t eaten cooked food in such a long time that the perfectly-made eggs assaulted his senses and made his mouth water. Although he’d eaten a full meal a few hours ago, he still devoured the whole plate under the amused and watchful eyes of the older man. Riddle’s satisfied smirk didn’t go unnoticed by Harry but he just sipped from his orange juice and played dumb.

Riddle took the dishes and put them on the counter. The polite thing to do would’ve been for Harry to help with the dishes; but Harry was never polite to Riddle, so he remained in his seat and played with his cup instead.
Riddle came back with a plate full of different kinds of fruit and two bowls of dipping chocolate. He took his seat again and told Harry to serve himself. The kid chose some strawberries but stayed away from the chocolate; he’d never had a sweet tooth.

“What do you think of Dr. Granger?” Riddle asked after serving himself some of the fruits.

Harry shrugged. Everything about the current scene was making him uncomfortable: how Riddle looked so calm, how they weren’t yelling at each other, how boring it all was. “She was okay.”

Riddle’s eyebrows arched. “You don’t sound too excited.”

Harry sent a nasty glance back. “That’s because I’m not. She’s my therapist, not my friend.”

Riddle sighed. “If you don’t want this to work, it won’t.”

Harry shuddered at the memory of being sold. Yeah, he’d decided to stay, but that didn’t mean he’d enjoy staying. “You wanted this, not me. I’m just obeying.”

“Interesting, don’t you think?” Riddle’s smile was dark. “That you’re obeying all of the sudden.”

Harry shrugged; he’d always been good at lying, but Riddle seemed to catch on to it every fucking time. He tried a different approach – instead of mumbling some lie, he only smiled back darkly. He could play too.

Riddle seemed surprised for a moment but Harry was disappointed to see that it was good kind of surprised. He seemed to enjoy Harry’s dark expression. The kid masked his face into an expression of a pure boredom and opted to stare at the plate of fruit instead.

Riddle took a sip from his own coffee before standing up. “I’ll be in my office upstairs if you need anything.” He waved around the room. “You can explore the house if you want, take a stroll in the garden or use the pool downstairs. It’s too cold for the one outside.”

Harry arched his eyebrows, impressed despite the fact that he shouldn’t be. He already knew Tom was filthy rich.

“Wait, what time is it?”

Riddle put everything in the dishwasher and Harry had the sudden urge to photograph the scene because it was as odd as it was funny.

“11 AM, why?”

Harry rubbed his temples, a grimace starting to show on his lovely face. He had slept too much. Riddle was watching him like a hawk but kept his distance at the same time; Harry wasn’t tipsy this time, so he’d most likely flinch if he touched him.

Harry knew his classes would start in a week. What was Riddle’s opinion on that? Was he a prisoner in the house or he could go out?

“My classes will start soon…”

Riddle nodded before he filled his cup with more coffee. The bastard didn’t even look tired; in fact, he looked quite good compared to Harry’s disheveled form. Why the fuck did he need coffee? “I know. AJ will take you when the time comes.”

Riddle was already heading towards the door when Harry spoke tiredly, “Are you still on with the
Riddle turned his head and arched his eyebrows. “What do you think?”

Harry didn’t answer and Tom didn’t elaborate more. He went to his office, probably, leaving Harry in the big, expensive kitchen to fend for himself alone. He exhaled, took his cup with him and went to take a shower.

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The house was freaking big – as in, Harry-had-already-lost-himself-in-it-a-couple-of-times big. It was decorated in different kinds of beige colors, some faded pink on the walls or couches, and white on the windows and doors. Harry had always thought Riddle to be the black-grey type, but his house was pretty much the opposite. He had to admit it looked interesting and cool.

Opening doors and poking his head into different rooms, he soon discovered a big room full of shelves lined with books and Harry truly smiled for the first time. It had three big, comfy couches in a cherry-like color and everything was made from wood; the chairs, the tables and, of course, the shelves were all in a reddish-brown color. Even the walls were red. There was also a fireplace, although it was currently unlit, and everything looked cozy and peaceful.

Harry, fresh out of the shower and wearing grey sweatpants and a large shirt that most likely belonged to Riddle, took out a random book and seated himself on one of the couches. The book was titled “The Death of a Guru” and Harry laughed at the thought of Riddle being interested in Hinduism.

Now that was an interesting image: Riddle meditating and not speaking a damn word all day. Harry realized he kind of liked the idea.

He’d read almost 50 pages before he ended up yawning and stretching. He realized he hadn’t asked Riddle for some pills and his headache was still there; although it was mild now, it was still annoying. The couches were so soft and comfy, and he still felt hungover. He tried to keep himself awake but he fell asleep eventually.

He was looking for Harry when his phone rang. Realizing that the pool was empty too, he made his way upstairs and took the call.

“Atlas?”

A muffled sound could be heard, and then Riddle sighed. “Isn’t Axel well enough to do it?”

Riddle opened the door to the living room but it was empty. “Atlas, I can’t be at every damn shipping deal.”

He opened the door to the kitchen but it was empty as well. Furrowing his eyebrows, he started thinking of other places where Harry could be. He knew he couldn’t have run away; he had security cameras and men guarding the place. He took the stairs to the second floor and checked the
bedroom. No trace of Harry whatsoever.

There were too many rooms in the house and he was feeling too lazy to check them all. Realizing that the only place where Harry could actually be, besides the living room or the bedroom, was his big library. The room had comfy couches and a lot of books that could keep Harry entertained – it seemed most likely that Harry would be there. Or so he hoped.

“Deal with it. Why do I pay you?” he responded to Atlas’s mumbling.

…

“No. I need AJ tonight. He’ll go with Harry to his session.” A pause. “I think it’s a great idea, Atlas. Now, are you going to tell me how to run my relationship like you’ve suddenly started to do with my business?”

Riddle smiled at the calm, collected apology. “Make sure you do that!” He cut the call at the same time he entered the big, red room.

There, in the centre of the room, sleeping on one of the couches was Harry; messy-haired, rosy-cheeked Harry. It was a delicious, exquisite sight that Riddle made sure to take in, unhurriedly, before waking the kid up.

He sighed, pocketed his phone and silently walked across the room until he reached him. He ruffled his hair more, took the book currently sitting on his stomach, arched his eyebrows at the interesting choice and put it on the table near them.

He traced Harry’s soft skin, his jaw and cheekbones, before parting his hair and revealing the red scar. It was still pulsing and Riddle stared at it mesmerized, secretly wishing that the scar was pulsing because HE was currently touching it.

*Only for him*, the beast inside roared possessively.

He ruffled the kid’s hair again and, after touching his full, cherry-red lips and tracing his scar one last time, tried to wake him up. “Hey,” he said softly, “wake up.”

Harry mumbled something under his breath, squirmed a little, then stilled and continued to sleep. Riddle chuckled, surprised at his own fascination with a sleeping Harry.

“Come on. It’s almost four.”

He shook Harry’s shoulders lightly. Biting his lips, he thought about waking up Harry in a different way but he opted not to – the kid’s trust was more important than anything now.

Things would follow after, he was sure of it. Right then, he would focus only on repairing whatever he’d broken when he’d given Harry that scar. The proud feeling in his chest at seeing his mark on the younger man made him smirk but he masked the expression fast when he saw Harry attempting to open his eyes.

He looked like a small child, scrunching his face up, blinking repetitively and then closing his eyes when they made contact with the bright light coming from the nearby lamp; all the while yawning sleepily.

“Come on.” Riddle smiled and tried again, softly.

Harry mumbled something, and then whined. His hands latched onto Riddle’s arms and fisted his shirt. “No…o…” he muttered with a small, scrappy voice.
He sounded and looked so lovely.

Riddle knew Harry was still partly unconscious and wasn’t aware of his actions – latching onto Riddle and letting his guard down was a first for him. The older man chuckled, his loud, dark voice making Harry peek at him with one eye.

“Hmpf mh?”

“Was that supposed to be a question?” Riddle asked, not moving from his position. He realized he liked this needy, whiney, sleepy Harry; so much so that he would stay frozen in that same position for hours if it meant Harry would remain latched on to him like that.

It was pathetic, really.

“Fuck…” The sleepy curse came unexpectedly and Riddle realized even sleepy Harry cursing was cute.

“How long was I out?” Harry removed his hands and instead rubbed at his eyes sleepily.

“It’s 4 PM.” Riddle straightened his clothes and tried not to miss Harry’s little fingers around his arms too much.

Harry stood up and stretched, the action causing his shirt – which was already partly ridden up from his weird sleeping position – to ride up even more and reveal half of his toned stomach and soft, porcelain skin. Riddle tried not to stare; he really tried.

The kid was trying to tame his hair when the mob boss snapped out of his daze. “Are you hungry?”

Harry, used to not eating regular meals or sometimes nothing at all, shrugged. “Not really.”

Riddle nodded. “You’ll have a snack before you go to your therapy tonight, and then we’ll eat at a restaurant in town. AJ will take you.”

Riddle was already exiting the room when Harry snapped out of his frozen state and followed him. “Wait, why so soon?”

“The sooner, the better,” Riddle delivered smartly.

Harry stared. Riddle stared back.

“Sandwich?” the older man asked, smiling victoriously at Harry’s lack of a comeback.

The kid shrugged and took a seat on a stool at the counter. Riddle took out the ingredients to make a sandwich, a plate of fruit and some orange juice.

He worked calm and fast, letting the kid see his elegant movements. Although Harry was still wearing a sleepy expression, his eyes were alert and full of appreciation. Riddle smirked and put the sandwich on a plate.

“Bon appétit!”

Harry arched his eyebrows and muttered sarcastically. “Impressive. Is there something you aren’t good at?”

Riddle winked and smiled smugly. “You would know that there isn’t.” His sexual innuendo didn’t go unnoticed.
Harry shook his head amusedly and Riddle felt like everything was okay, if only for that one moment.

“Aren’t you going to eat?” Harry asked, realizing Riddle hadn’t made one for himself, too.

“I can wait until dinner.”

Harry stared from him to his sandwich. “If you think I’m going to make a romantic gesture and cut this sandwich in half and offer it to you, you’re dead wrong.”

Riddle threw his head back and laughed. “Oh, baby; I wouldn’t even dream of it.”

Harry rolled his eyes. He took a bite but then his face colored in guilt. Riddle could see how the kid thought against it - he sighed, scrunched up his face, smiled and then said: “Fuck it.”

He took the knife and cut the sandwich in half; although one part was bigger than the other. He gave the smaller half to Riddle, but then seemed to change his mind mid-way, because he took it back and gave Tom the bigger one. Riddle watched the scene unfold with clear amusement in his eyes.

“I thought you said…”

“Well, I say a lot of things,” Harry muttered indifferently but Riddle could see through it.

The kid was having a hard time displaying and showing affection of any kind. Of course he was polite – sometimes – but politeness and affection were two different things. He ran away from intimacy and got easily embarrassment when Riddle stared at him too much. His eyes always went from one place to another, never letting his gaze rest on Riddle for more than a few seconds. Even now, when he was clearly hungry, he’d given the bigger half to Riddle and had tried to play it cool afterwards.

Riddle stared mesmerized at the lovely, interesting, exquisite human in front of him and felt like he was falling in love.

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“So, am I doing this alone now? Once a week I’ll go alone and then once we’ll go together?” Riddle was searching for his gloves to give to Harry when the latter spoke. It was already 5 PM and his session started in thirty minutes. The ride to Dr. Granger’s office would take less than that but Harry still needed to hurry. His house wasn’t in the city and they’d need a good twenty minutes.

“Yes, precisely,” he responded.

AJ was already downstairs, waiting for Harry. He felt a little uneasy sending Harry with only AJ but he needed Levi with him; and Atlas and the twins were busy with the shipment.

Harry looked nervous. He was shuffling from foot to foot and kept bringing his hand to his forehead. Riddle realized the kid was making sure his scar was hidden, what with always brushing his hair down on it.

He smiled, although it was a little forced (he could barely wait for the day when Harry would proudly brush his hair out of the way so the scar could be seen by everyone), and approached him. He took the kid’s hands, much to the latter’s surprise, and started to put his gloves on them.
At Harry’s questioning gaze, he responded with: “It’s cold outside.”

He admitted it was a little weird. They hadn’t yelled at each other, called each other names or tried to strangle one another. Not once. As much as he loved Harry’s wild side, he loved this quiet, obeying side too. Everything was interesting with the kid and felt thrilled because of it. He’d always been sure he would never get bored with him but it was nice to be reassured.

“Come on, you are going to be late!”

Harry followed, chuckling. “You know, Riddle, I never knew this role could suit you, what with all the mob boss shit; but you’d be good at playing a doting mom.”

Tom’s eyes darkened a little, although his smile remained amused. They were at the bottom of the stairs, where AJ was waiting for them in the foyer, when Riddle suddenly threw Harry up against the wall – however, it was gentle and he’d made sure to put his hand around the kid’s head, protecting it. He ran his nose down on Harry’s cheeks and neck before he chastely kissed the bare skin.

“I bet your mother doesn’t do this.” He smiled when he felt Harry shudder.

Harry got out of his embrace and tried to play it cool, although his cheeks were sporting an angry red color and his hands were shaking a little.

“Be good, Harry,” he advised the kid when he saw him already heading towards the front door.

“Yeah, yeah, whatever.”

He chuckled when the kid flipped him off.

AJ let Harry out into the frosty, chilly weather first. He nodded to Riddle and the man nodded back, conveying through his dark, grey eyes everything the bodyguard needed to know.

‘Protect him, even if it will cost you your life!’

AJ followed silently after the kid and Riddle stared at the closing door.

It was snowing softly outside. The whole city was still illuminated and sporting the same joyful, holiday atmosphere. Every house was filled with people coming and going, with cars parked in front and family members embracing each other. Harry smiled sadly, remembering how he’d spent the night of the 25th.

Some people were just not meant to be happy.

AJ was quiet in the front, which was as unusual as it was weird. But Harry was glad; he had always enjoyed silence.

He tried to slow down his thoughts, tried to organize the things he could talk about to Dr. Granger. He would have to make sure to tell her enough so Riddle wouldn’t be suspicious, but not so much that he would give himself away. Tricking psychologists was something he’d always been good at, after all.

It was fun talking about death, cigarettes and tears when, in fact, all he was feeling was hunger.
But even if he tried, how could he tell Riddle that it was hard for him to open up even to himself, let alone to a stranger sitting and staring into his soul?

He bent his knee and pressed it against the back of the seat in front of him. His long, brown, expensive coat (which he hadn’t known even existed until an hour ago) looked good on him. He had a black shirt, which was also from Riddle, and ripped black jeans on. His black Converse still looked like shit and he was freezing in them, but Riddle hadn’t complained about them like he had with the jeans. He mused that, after all this time, even the old bastard had taken a liking to them.

He ran a hand through his hair and tried to dry his sweaty hands on his jeans but it was fruitless. He felt nervous and out of place.

“You okay back there, kid?” AJ’s rough voice broke the silence.

Harry turned his gaze up, catching the bodyguard’s eyes in the rearview mirror. He could see worry and sympathy.

Harry despised them sometimes; all of them. He despised Leo’s politeness, AJ’s sympathy and Atlas’ understanding eyes. It made it that much harder for him to hate them.

Harry snorted. “What do you think?”

AJ looked at him in the mirror before averting his eyes to the road again. “That you’re not.”

“Ding, ding. We have a winner!”

AJ chuckled and Harry could hear him muttering "you little shit" under his breath.

“This will probably do you good.” ‘This' meant the therapy session, Harry realized.

The kid snorted again. “I doubt it.”

AJ furrowed his eyebrows and Harry could see him doing it in the mirror. He smiled at the odd act.

“Riddle is dead sure it will.”

“Yeah, well…the man is delusional, then.”

He could hear the man sighing. “Harry…you decided. You stayed.”

“Yes. I did,” he bit back smartly.

“So, then do something about it!”

“AJ…” Harry let his leg down and positioned himself more closely to the driver. “If I decide to do something about it, I’m afraid I’ll be out of here in an hour, max.”

He sank back in the comfy, leathered seats and closed his eyes.

“So, what? Is this going to be a back and forth between you guys? Does Riddle know this? Does he know he is trying to fix something that can’t be fixed?”

Harry huffed, already done with AJ’s bullshit. “I keep telling him that.”

“I think it can be fixed,” AJ muttered.

“You think so?” the dark-haired kid sarcastically asked.
He didn’t need to see AJ rolling his eyes to know the man was doing it. “If you both want it, that is.”

Harry didn’t respond and AJ didn’t elaborate. The kid opted, instead, to stare through the window at the moving surroundings and AJ kept his eyes on the road, carefully maneuvering the car.

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They arrived faster than Harry had anticipated. His stomach was making funny noises and, although the air outside was chilly, he felt too hot. There was no assistant; instead, Dr. Granger herself invited them in. At Harry’s clearly surprised expression, the woman smiled.

“These sessions are more private than the others.” He understood what she meant about ‘more private’. Of course Riddle would never want the public to know what’d been occurring in his personal life and house.

The mob boss probably had something on the black woman if she was keeping his secrets. Or maybe she was simply afraid. Yeah, Harry knew that feeling all too well.

When he’d asked Riddle what was okay to say and what was not, the man had assured him he could talk about everything. Dr. Granger knew.

So, of course Harry wouldn’t actually tell the woman everything. For her to know meant that either Riddle had something on her or she was one of them.

Of course he already knew she would tell Tom everything. There was no confidentiality when it came to Tom – not when Harry was involved.

“Will you be okay here, all by yourself?”

AJ was taking a seat on one of the few chairs, ignoring the white, comfy-looking couch, when Dr. Granger addressed him, smiling warmly. The bodyguard had the audacity to take his gun out, set it on the table near him, and then he put his legs up on said table while sinking back in the chair more comfortably. He grinned at the doc, assuring her that he would be okay.

Harry couldn’t stop himself from rolling his eyes.

“Would you like something to drink?”

“Nah, I’m good.” AJ waved her off, directing his attention to his phone.

“I’m glad, then.” She turned around and smiled kindly at Harry. “Shall we?”

Harry nodded and followed the woman into her office.

The room was big and had a homey atmosphere to it. It still looked professional but it wasn’t the same as the white and grey, lifeless, weird smelling offices he’d frequented when he’d been in high school and wanted to skip classes.

It had two comfy-looking couches, a desk under a big window and some shelves full of books that reminded Harry of Riddle’s big library. The temperature was okay, although it was still hot in his opinion. But then, Harry hated everything related to warmth.
Dr. Granger was already holding a notebook in her hands when Harry turned his gaze up but she put it on the table when she noticed the kid’s clear discomfort.

“How about we start easy for now? Would you like something to drink? Coffee, water, tea?”

“No, thank you.”

The woman nodded slowly, staring at Harry’s every move. Harry clearly didn’t like it.

“Okay. How about we start with some introductions, nothing too personal?”

Harry snorted, although he’d told himself he would play nice and wouldn’t be rude. “I think you already know who I am.”

If the woman felt offended at Harry’s impolite response, she didn’t let it show. “How about I hear it from you?” she tried again, her voice kind.

Harry felt awful, so he thought he might as well do that. “Well, you already know I’m Harry James Potter. Uhh - I’m 21 years old and I’m an art student.”

The woman had obviously been expecting more because, after a moment, she arched her eyebrows. “We already did the part with the names at Mr. Riddle’s house. Is that all?”

‘Mr. Riddle’; what the fuck…

The kid shrugged, directing his attention to the lit fireplace, which he hadn’t noticed when he’d first entered the office. So that was why the room had a homey feeling to it.

The woman wrote something in her notebook and Harry could barely stand the sound of the pen hitting paper. It always happened at his old sessions. It drove him wild.

Dr. Granger’s eyes focused on his face and her stare was kind of unnerving. Although she smiled kindly, she was still a woman trying to find a way into his mind.

“How about we find out more about you? Your hobbies, passions, things you don’t like and things you do…those sorts of things. It’s not too personal for the first session; only when you become more comfortable with me, we can start talking about more sensitive subjects.”

It was personal and she knew it, Harry thought miserably.

Harry sighed and sank more comfortably into the couch. It was going to be a long hour. “I’m not really that complex. I don’t have many things that I like or don’t like. I don’t know how me liking to draw or me liking coffee is going to help my relationship with Riddle.”

Dr. Granger kept smiling kindly and Harry had to give her some credit; he knew how annoying he could get sometimes, but this woman still seemed unaffected by it. “I think you understand what I meant, so there is no need to play dumb.”

Oh, snap!

She didn’t want personal? He would give her something personal, then. Harry knew it was a trap but he’d still fallen into it.

Smirking, he closed his eyes and started to speak. “Well, what I like? I like to draw but I like writing more. The problem is that I suck at it. I’m mediocre at drawing but I literally have no idea what to do with my life if I gave up on it.”
He knew he’d be at a disadvantage for Tom to know about these things. But somehow, if the man one day realized Harry hadn’t actually hung the moon, at least he couldn’t complain that Harry hadn’t told him so.

“I have three siblings.” The woman nodded at him in encouragement. “Two brothers and one sister; I’m the little one.”

Dr. Granger seemed to ignore the first part and only focused on his siblings. “How was it? Growing up the smaller one?”

Harry hated the new sincerity creeping into his voice. He couldn’t stop the truth from tumbling out of his mouth. It was just…that this woman was so different from the others therapists that he’d had. There was just something about her…

“I think I was the luckiest of them all. My parents had me when they were already old, both above 40. In some way, they were already tamed by life and they were really soft with me growing up. My two brothers didn’t get the same treatment.”

“So soft?”

“They were more my friends than my parents,” he chuckled. “I know, I know… it sounds weird. Of course they had their moments when they would yell at me, order me around and be really authoritarian with me but it was only a few times and I can’t clearly recall the scenes. I think them being so soft on me was my downfall; but I always try to put the blame on everyone else besides me, so I may be wrong.”

The woman arched her eyebrows at Harry’s soft admission. He realized that maybe not so many people that came to her were aware of so many things and were open enough to realize that it was as much their fault as it wasn’t.

“Why do you think it was your downfall?”

“I got used to it. So whenever they would yell or be rough, I became sensitive and f***ed-up in my mind, and I felt like I hated them for months. I would withdraw and do all kinds of shit…”

“Normal behavior. The fact that you hated them for months kind of confuses me.”

“No, no. It wasn’t normal behavior. I wasn’t a spoiled kid. Believe me, we didn’t have much. My dad was a mechanic and my mum worked at a store. We barely got by. All of my siblings worked and got themselves through college – well besides my sister.”

Harry cleared his throat at the embarrassing fact. The pressure of being poor was something he’d worked on so much as a teenager, and in the end he realized he hadn’t needed to. He should have never given a f**k that he wasn’t rich. Some people were rich but so trash that being poor was better than being a f**ked up human with no morals or kindness in their heart.

“I think I hated them for months because that was my trait. I could forgive but never forget. I realized that it was an awful trait to have, so I’ve been working on it since then. I can proudly state that I don’t give a f**k anymore now. You can do a lot of things to me; I don’t really care afterwards.”

“You went from one extreme to the other,” Dr. Granger noted.

“I’m aware of that, yes.”

“So from selfish you became selfless.”
Harry laughed. “Oh, believe me, I’m anything but selfless.”

Dr. Granger arched her eyebrows. Harry, realizing that he’d said too much, ran a hand through his hair and grinned uncomfortably. “Well, is this personal enough?”

The therapist grinned back. “Well, I only wanted to learn about your favorite color but this was okay, I guess.”

The unprofessional tone and her sarcastic remark made Harry sigh. He felt much better now and he realized he could actually tell this woman some things. Not that the doctor could help him, no; but Harry had the ability of realizing a lot of things if he just admitted it out loud.

“Yeah, well, I hated them. But I hated the fact that I hated them…so I tried not to. They were my parents, so I thought hey, you shouldn’t feel these things for them. So, I tried and tried but I did something wrong, because in the end, I felt nothing.”

“You feel guilty because of it.”

“I feel like shit, yes.” He looked around the room, and then smiled in embarrassment. ”And I’m awfully sincere all of the sudden and I don’t know why. I just don’t want to waste my time talking about my favorite movie or book.”

Dr. Granger smiled warmly and put her notepad down. “Whatever pace you want to go, we will go.”

Harry chuckled sadly and started to play with his fingers. “Now, you’ll probably think I’m an asshole. My parents yelled at me and I became this shell of a boy because of it.”

“I’m sure there is more to it than that.”

Harry nodded slowly.

“My favorite was always my dad. You know how I realized I was gay?”

Dr. Granger stilled. The question was odd.

“My brother was studying psychology at the time and I would always stick around him when he was home. I was thirteen, he was 21. I remember picking up one of his books and reading from it. It was something about how kids feel sexually attracted to their parents when they’re little. That’s why girls stick around their dads and boys are always with their mums.”

“It was odd because, ever since, I became aware of myself whenever I was around my dad. Dad this, dad that…dad always came with me everywhere – he was my hero and he was my everything. I was only thirteen but I realized that I’d never, even once, felt attracted to mum. Never really liked to spend time with her or do things with her.”

Dr. Granger’s knowing eyes made Harry realize he hadn’t been wrong.

“So, the book talked about homosexuals too. How girls would always stick with their mums and boys with their dads. I knew then…that I would never like girls in that way.”

“What you are talking about is called Oedipus complex,” Dr. Granger answered. “Oedipus complex is a child’s desire, that the mind keeps in the unconscious via dynamic repression, to have sexual relations with the parent of the opposite sex. Normally, males would be attracted to their mothers, and females attracted to their fathers.”

The woman had an expression on her face that divulged the fact she was a little surprised they’d ended up talking about this.
“It’s a theory,” she continued. “It happens from ages 3 to 6 and often kids don’t even remember it.”

Harry nodded. “Yes. And it doesn’t happen to everyone. I mean there may be kids that are gay but stick to their mothers their whole childhood. Or kids that are gay but don’t even have parents. It’s not a general thing, I know.” He shrugged and smiled. “It’s just the way I’d realized I was gay. I don’t even remember being attracted to my father, thank God; it’s just…I always felt a pull towards him.”

“It’s an interesting way of finding out you are gay, yes,” Dr. Granger praised.

“I use my brain sometimes, despite the way I turned out and the bad decisions I’d made.”

“Why?” Her voice held so much curiosity. Was she faking it? How much had the bastard paid her to act so curious and interested in him? “Do you think you didn’t turn out okay?”

Harry chuckled bitterly. His right foot wouldn’t stop bouncing. The sweating started again. “I’m in a fucked up relationship with a mob boss, what do you think?”

“I think there may be worse situations than this.”

Harry shook his head and sighed. The woman was delusional to think otherwise – but then, he thought about being sold and pimped out. Yeah, maybe she had a point.

“Maybe.” He shrugged.

“How is your relationship with your family now?”

Harry gave a shallow laugh. “Fucked up.”

“Are you happy about it?”

The kid furrowed his eyebrows. “Would you be?”

“I wouldn’t but every human being is different.”

“Wow. Do I give such a bad impression? Do I look like I hate my family for fun?”

The woman tilted her head, a twinkling in her eyes. Her brown skin matched her eyes. She was…a lovely sight. “I don’t know, Harry. I don’t know a thing about you. That’s why you are here.”

“I know you are going to tell him about this; about all of this.”

If the woman felt surprised or ashamed, she didn’t let it show. “Do you, now?”

“So, I’m going to tell you… but just what he needs to know.”

“Don’t you think he needs to know everything?”

“Do I look stupid enough to open myself up for someone?”

The woman smiled in understanding. “There will come a time when you should.”

The silence descended upon the room. Harry was waiting for the hour to pass so he could get the hell out of there and forget the ugly, sincere admissions he’d just made. He hated himself for it.

“It will do you good…talking about it,” the woman encouraged, seemingly recognizing that Harry was now withdrawing from talking to her.
“Nothing will do me good. You and Riddle and AJ think I’m just a good person who’d sadly had to deal with bad things in life, and in the end became this shallow, auto-destructive, fucked up human being. But that’s not what happened. I was aware of everything I did. I stopped being naïve and stupid a long time ago. I chose and decided knowingly. I’m the last person who deserves pity.”

Dr. Granger looked confused for a moment. Harry smiled. Good.

“And believe me, it sucks being aware of everything. Because, at the end of the day, you just hate yourself more when you realize you did all those bad things, although you knew they were bad.”

The woman looked like she didn’t know what they were talking anymore. Harry was right there with her – his mind was a chaotic mess, his mouth spitting out words of its own accord.

“What did you do?”

“I fucked all those people, did all those drugs, broke hearts, and ignored my family. I did it knowingly.”

The woman stayed silent, staring at him with no emotion on her face.

“So, yeah, you could say Riddle and I deserve each other. But is that a reason for me to stay?”

Chapter End Notes

The scene where Tom puts the gloves on Harry's hands is inspired from the story "A Sky Far Away".
It started as a ghost of fingers. He could feel someone rubbing circles into his tear-stained cheeks and lips, and it was such a comforting, degrading act that he wanted to cry. His hair was being tugged at gently and a shiver ran down his spine. He moaned and wanted more.

“Sh, sh…be good!”

Harry wanted to listen, he really did…his whole body wanted to comply, to let loose, and to follow. He needed it.

_I can be good. I can be good._

“C’mere.”

Harry would come. He would do anything, anything… as long as they were gentle with him.

_Please be gentle with me._

His hair was pulled again but it was playful and Harry wanted to laugh.

*Please don’t stop tugging my hair or rubbing circles into my skin or touching me. Please don’t stop. I don’t know what I’ll do if you stop.*

“Such a good boy.”

Harry couldn’t stop the whimper that left his mouth. It was soft and needy and he could be a good boy. He could be.
“Mhm, kitten…such a lovely sight you make.”

Harry purred. The voice purred back.

The hands now left his hair and started to head south, passing his nipples and throat and Harry let a distressed sound at that. He didn’t know why but he needed those hands around his throat – not to squeeze but just to be there, like a reminder that he was being held, that someone had the control, and that he was being cared for. He needed to let himself fall.

The ghost of the fingers rubbed circles into his arms, squeezed his wrists, left bruises and Harry craved more.

“You like this, don’t you?”

Yes.

There were lips now, mouthing at his jaw and licking his own lips and pecking his forehead.

Licking his forehead.

No, not there…a bloody, ugly scar is there. Don’t put your lips there.

But the licking continued and Harry’s dick twitched. Wow. He felt a little sick.

He stopped licking but kept pecking the mark softly.

“So beautiful…so owned.”

The lips descended onto his neck while his wrists were still being squeezed roughly. Harry always loved bearing marks on his skin or bearing the evidence that he was being loved, cherished. Love could be so many things and bruises were one of those things.

“Harry, Harry…”

That voice. It was rough and tasted like a good old Scotch. It sounded like thunder and it felt like drizzling rain on Harry’s skin.

Please. More. Hold me like you mean it.
I don’t want people to leave. I don’t want to leave people. I just don’t know how to…stay.

A tongue poked out of its hot, red cavern and traced patterns onto Harry’s collarbone. Then he bit, hard.
Harry both whimpered and screamed.

The lips were now on his right nipple, sucking it and biting it.

“Sh, sh…are you going to be a good boy Harry? Hm?”

*Yes. Yes, yes, yes.* He screamed and screamed and screamed.

He heard an amused chuckle and Harry’s eyebrows furrowed.

*Don’t make fun of me.*

Hands left his wrists and headed downwards, past his belly and hips, right to his skinny, milky thighs.

“What do you want, Harry?”

*I want you…to not leave me; to leave me…to touch me; to get away. Can’t you see that you are breaking me?*

”Come on, baby, use your words.” The stormy voice was near his ear now.

*I don’t know. I don’t know.*

“Yes, you do.”

*I don’t, Tom… I really don’t.*

“Open up, Harry, come on. You can do it.”

*No. You don’t know what it’s like.*

“Sh, baby. Just say it, accept it.”

Was it about sex anymore? Because Harry had no freaking idea.

“What do you want, Harry?”
I don’t know.

“Yes you do! What do you want Harry?” The voice came out hard now, like it was mad with Harry. Harry didn’t want that. He didn’t want to make people mad, especially Tom.

*Tom, I don’t-

“What do you want Harry?” the voice snapped, angry and biting.

*I DON’T KNOW!*

Silence.

*Tom?*

Darkness. Loneliness.

*Tom? Where are you? Tom, come back. I don’t… I’m trying Tom. I’m trying… can’t you see?*

*Please don’t leave me.*

“What do you want, Harry?” The voice was soft now, almost sad. It sounded like Tom was done with Harry. Harry didn’t want that to happen.

He inhaled and whimpered.

*You. I want you.*

The kisses started instantly and Harry shuddered at the animalistic way in which he was manhandled. The big, rough hands touched his clothed dick and Harry arched his back, whining. He needed… god, he needed more.

He could feel the big body on top of him him start to head south and before he could do anything else - ask or tell him to stop – he felt Tom mouthing at his clothed dick.

That…that…was….
Harry felt himself falling down into an abyss of pleasure, lust and shudders.

He wanted more. He needed out.

*Aaah!*

The bastard chuckled, amused, and Harry gritted his teeth, his fingers latching on the soft sheets. He moaned again when Tom continued to suck his dick through his underwear.

*Tom…*

“Shh, Harry. Lie back and enjoy this.”

And enjoy it he did. Riddle kept blowing, sucking and lapping at his clothed dick. Harry wanted to run his hands through the other’s hair but, at the same time, he wanted him to remain the same controlled, calm Riddle and his hair sticking out in every direction was kind of ruining that image. He liked the controlled Riddle…although he would never tell him that.

Only when he felt his dick being taken out of its confined space did he came back to reality. Riddle was fucking sucking him. Riddle…the same Riddle that never let himself be vulnerable when they were fucking…the I-don’t-get-on-my-knees-for-anyone-Riddle. Well, he wasn’t currently on his knees in front of Harry, but still; this must be the most degrading thing the man had ever done. And he was doing it for Harry. His dick twitched. Hell, his whole body would have twitched if it could…

He shuddered when he felt lips pecking his head, tongue darting out to lick and lap.

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

The man took him into his mouth and sucked hard. He hit the back of Tom’s throat and Harry saw stars. Fucking stars. Why hadn’t Riddle done this when they first met? He would’ve had Harry begging for his mouth and coming back for more the fucking next day. If Tom only knew…but it seemed the man wasn’t as smart as he thought he was.

Tom bobbed up and down on his cock. Harry closed his eyes in a poor attempt at prolonging the act and not coming in the next fucking second.

*T-Tom... G-aah…*

“Yes, love?”
I need…

“What?”

Harry shook his head, the act messing up his hair more and revealing his scar at the same time. Tom stopped, as if mesmerized at the sight of it.

“I won’t know what you want if you don’t use your words, darling.”

Tom…You know…


Gaaah. Tom!

“Harry…” He was laughing.

I need to come. Make me come.

“Oh, baby, all you had to do was ask.”

He went back to sucking and lapping at Harry’s cock and the kid started thrashing on the bed again.

Tom.

Tom, come on.

“Yes.”

Tom.

“What now, Harry?”

I – this… you…

“Tell me.”
“Don’t stop. Make me come.”

The man stopped suddenly and lifted his head up. He had a thoughtful look on his face.

“Beg me.”

Harry let his head fall back on the pillows and closed his eyes, teeth gritting.

He whimpered out a ‘please’… and then a dozen more ‘pleases’. 
*Please, please, please*…it was like his mouth didn’t know any other word but please.

Tom sucked the head of Harry’s dick at the same time he’d brought his fingers to Harry’s forehead and *pressed down on the scar. Hard.*

Harry arched his back, screamed and came.

Harry woke up with a start, instantly moving into a sitting position, his eyes alert and heart beating fast. His clothes were soaked through and his legs were tangled into the sheets.

He looked to his right and saw that Tom was still sleeping peacefully beside him. The clock read 4:34 AM.

His underwear felt sticky and his limbs felt like liquid.

He realized he’d just had a *wet dream*…about Riddle.

“Fuck my life!” He scrambled from the bed to the en suite bathroom and shivered when his damp skin came in contact with the room temperature.

He looked into the mirror and saw a trembling, flush-cheeked, *glowing* Harry.

That was one of the most intense orgasms he’d ever had.

“Holy shit!”

Harry didn’t want to think about it. It was bad enough that the evidence of his wet dream was still obvious, with his cheeks being flushed and his body still shivering, but it was another thing to keep thinking about it.
Looking at Riddle now, in only his swimwear, approaching him, Harry couldn’t stop the images from invading his mind and making him whimper silently.

_Riddle between his legs, Riddle mouthing at his jaw, and Riddle licking his scar…_

Harry was embarrassed. Shame and lust entwined together, making the younger man flush harder. It contrasted well with his scar, he supposed.

He was currently in Riddle’s swimming pool, wearing only a pair of shorts, completely vulnerable and pliant and…horny. Riddle, all sharp muscles and broad shoulders, was striding powerfully towards him with confidence and strength, which did nothing to help his situation. It only made it worse.

Harry gulped.

His hair, wet from the water, looked even longer and darker as it touched his shoulders. He ran a hand through it and slicked it back. Too mesmerized with Riddle’s approaching form, he hadn’t realized he left his scar in plain sight.

Riddle didn’t say anything. He threw his towel on a nearby chair and, in one elegant movement, dived in.

Harry swam backwards a little. He realized that, in his current situation, a little distance was a must, unless he wanted to start the morning wet and begging for Riddle – which, if you took the dream into account, he actually did but…whatever. Moving on.

The bastard swam towards him in big, calm strides and he reached Harry in seconds. Harry tried not to stare at the other’s big, bulging, wet muscles too much.

Riddle smirked at him, probably mistaking his reddened cheeks as his own doing. Well, it was his doing…but it was the Riddle from the dream, who wasn’t a bastard like the one currently ogling him in a predatory manner.

Fuck.

“Morning, darling.” His voice was a drawl and it made Harry’s skin erupt in goose bumps. That voice!

_What do you want, Harry?_

_Beg._
Even when his feet were on solid ground, Harry felt out of control around this man; but now that he had nothing to grab or cling onto, he felt even more scared. Harry had never been a very good swimmer – Riddle could do anything to him.

“Riddle…” He hated how out of breath he sounded.

“What are you wearing?”

Harry snorted and rolled his eyes. “We are so not having this conversation.”

Riddle lifted his eyes to him just for a second but Harry didn’t have time to read the mob boss’s expression. Tom dived in soon after and Harry, realizing what the man was doing, tried to get away. In the end, he only managed to splash a little water before Riddle had his arms around Harry’s legs, locking him in place and stopping Harry’s body from escaping.

Riddle had his face directly in front of Harry’s crotch and Harry could feel Tom’s damn forehead bumping into his hip once or twice and it was too similar to his dream.

Harry began imagining sad puppies in order to not get a fucking boner.

“They’re black, why am I not surprised?” Riddle came back to the surface and grinned down at Harry. Even in the water, the bastard towered over him.

“Now that you introduced yourself to my shorts, maybe you can let me go?”

Riddle was acting odd. He was grinning and splashing Harry and cracking jokes. He was acting almost…playful, happy, which was a weird and confusing sight for Harry. He had seen the sexy Tom, the murderer Tom, the angry Tom, the sad Tom…but this was something new altogether. He decided he liked the happy, playful Tom.
“Nah, what’s the fun in that?”

Harry’s eyes went wide. “Excuse me-” he didn’t have time to finish his reply before his body was being pushed into the water. The arms that were holding him were unmerciful and wouldn’t let him go.

Harry involuntarily sputtered and inhaled. The water was invading his lungs and for a moment he panicked. Riddle wouldn’t actually kill him, right?

Soon after, he felt lips pecking his forehead and cheeks. His eyes were closed, his heart was thudding in his ears and he was running out of oxygen. Riddle’s hands cupped his face and ran through his hair.

Harry let himself fall.

Before he knew it, they were above the water with Riddle grinning cheekily at him.

Harry heaved and coughed. “Are you crazy? Don’t fucking do that!”

“You looked tense.” He shrugged.

"And you almost drowning me will chill me out how?"

*Plus, it’s your fucking fault that I’m tense,* Harry bitterly thought.

Tom only grinned at him before he turned around and started doing some laps. Harry sighed and swam towards where his towel was. He lifted himself up on the cold tile and started to dry his hair. With the towel around his shoulders, he proceeded to stare at Riddle swimming.

He was parting the water, calm and collected, his back muscles contracting at every move – the sight alone made Harry’s throat a little dry. What was it with him and staring at Riddle all of the sudden? Every atom of Harry’s being had agreed to hate the bastard. Why the sudden change?

He sighed and leaned back on his hands. He could at least enjoy the show.

Remembering how he had latched onto Riddle in the dream, how he’d let himself fall, how he’d given up control… he realized a little part of him yearned for that; for that feeling of being free, of letting someone else take care of him. Before he met Tom, he couldn’t remember the last time someone had held him.

But it was just a dream and Harry knew, in reality, things were a little more complicated. He would have to trust Tom in order to accept him and he couldn’t do that.
He promised himself he would never trust a human being again.
Riddle stopped swimming soon enough and started to head towards Harry. The latter narrowed his
eyes and made sure to put his legs under him. God knew what plans the bastard would come up with.

Riddle stopped in front of Harry, ran a hand through his hair and smiled. His grey, cold eyes lingered
on Harry’s scar for a moment, appreciating the view.

Harry shuddered.

“You’re in an awfully good mood.”

Tom treaded water. “I woke up alone. You weren’t there.”

Harry chuckled, confused and a little hurt. “Is that the reason?”

Riddle smirked knowingly. “Where were you? I don’t think you were here all night.”

Images of the dream made Harry shudder, but remembering the panic attack that had followed after
he’d woken up brought him out of his fantasies. He could still feel the sticky substance – he’d
washed himself thoroughly, praying that, along with the come, the craving for being owned and
taken care of would also disappear down the drain. He’d prayed in vain…

Looking at Riddle now, Harry couldn’t stop the whimper that wanted to leave his throat. He felt sick
for feeling that way; for craving a criminal.

“I couldn’t sleep.” Half lie. “I went to the library and read.”

Then he’d come to the swimming pool and swam for over an hour, trying and failing to exhaust
himself.

Harry averted his eyes from Tom’s handsome face and tried to stop himself from lunging at his throat
and kissing his full, pink lips. If Tom hadn’t been this handsome, with rough features and sharp jaw
or this confident, calm, collected- everything Harry wanted to be- this would have been so much
easier.

“Is something bothering you?”

Don’t act like you care.
Harry inhaled and tried not to think too much about the dream – a failed attempt of course. He had been imagining Tom between his legs, head bobbing down and up, since he’d woken up. He couldn’t even remember which book he’d picked up to read while spending the early hours of the morning in the library (he’d been hiding of course; he hadn’t been able stand to being near Riddle’s sleeping form without popping a fucking boner).

He’d had a panic attack halfway down the stairs. Thinking about it now, he was happy he hadn’t fallen and broken something. But that probably wouldn’t have been such a bad thing. At least then he wouldn’t have to go to therapy that day.

Tom was tagging along.

“I’m nervous, I guess.”

“About tonight?” Tom lifted himself up and took a seat next to Harry, letting his legs dangle in the water.

Harry didn’t answer.

“It will be okay. At least, if we start arguing…we have someone to interfere.”

“That never worked before.”

“Then let’s try to make it work now.”

Harry sighed. “Tom, why are you doing this?”

“I want you to get better.” The man took the towel from Harry’s shoulders and started to dry the latter’s hair.

“What are you doing?”

“It’s still wet,” he said, referring to the hair, “you’re going to get a cold.”

Tom smiled at Harry’s arched eyebrows.

“You’re wasting your time with me.”

“No, I’m not!”
The question ‘why would you even want me?’ was on the tip of Harry’s tongue but he didn’t dare let it out. He shook his head and decided to stay silent.

“Come on. Let’s get you into some warm clothes. You’re shivering.”

Harry shuddered when Tom’s warm and loving voice washed over him.

Was it so bad though, to want this Tom?

The room looked the same. Harry hadn’t known what he’d expected – it wasn’t like Tom suddenly being there would change things, but everything looked the same. Boring, dull and homey.

Harry’s stomach was twisted up in knots and his hands were already sweaty. He had two, not one, people trying to get into his mind this time. He felt a little overwhelmed…

“May I get you anything, gentlemen?”

Harry kept his gaze down and only shook his head ‘no’, while Tom politely accepted the offer in his strong, collected voice. The bastard was so calm while Harry was barely breathing. It wasn’t fair.

He exhaled and tried to collect himself too. The dream popped into his head and he couldn’t stop from blushing. Fucking hell! With those images in his head, he would have a hard time not forgiving Tom.

“Okay, unless there are any objections, we may start. Which would you prefer: to talk about the most recent events or start from the beginning?”

Harry kept silent, so Tom, after chancing a look at him, took the decision upon himself. Harry smiled bitterly.

“It would be better if we start from the beginning, I suppose.” His voice was like dark chocolate (Harry loved dark chocolate) but he knew Tom’s mouth tasted even better.

His imposing figure looked domineering even while he was sitting down. Every atom inside of him screamed power and demanded obedience.

And Harry couldn’t stop himself from whimpering. He realized he’d been doing that a lot these days.

Harry still remembered his previous session. He’d left Dr. Granger’s office feeling extremely uncomfortable and embarrassed. He’d spoken too much, revealed many important things and treaded sensitive subjects. He couldn’t let that happen. So, taking into account the last session plus the wet dream, Harry was losing in this war and he needed not to.
If Harry accepted Tom, that was it.

Dr. Granger glanced at him, her face holding a questioning expression. Harry turned his lips into a grim line and said nothing. Riddle, who’d asked for a glass of Bourbon, took a sip from the alcohol and sighed. He sank back into the couch and turned his head in Harry’s direction.

Realizing too late that the man was staring and talking to him, Harry froze.

“I don’t think you remember the story that I’d told you back in the limo, after our first date…”

Harry wanted to correct him and tell him it hadn’t been a date, but the word ‘story’ made him lose focus.

“Do you want me to tell it again?”

Harry’s throat dried. What? Why were they talking to each other? Why weren’t they talking to Dr. Granger? She was the one that wanted to fix them. What, the therapist was there only as a witness if Harry’s body disappeared? Wait, that didn’t even make sense...

He shook his head at his tangled, messy thoughts and inhaled.

“What are you doing?”

Tom arched his eyebrows, and then glanced at the black-skinned woman. “I thought you would have told him.”

Dr. Granger smiled knowingly. “I think it’s better that you do.”

“Tell me what?”

Tom sighed and took another sip out of his glass and Harry felt insulted at that. If the bastard didn’t have the patience for him, why bother then?

Tom spoke before Harry started throwing insults, though. “Our sessions together will be different than your private session with Dr. Granger. At your last session you talked with Dr. Granger; in this one you will talk to me.”

Harry realized what was happening. The therapist was there only for the sake of being there. It was just a show that Riddle was putting on: ‘I’m paying big money for professional help, although I’ll still do the talking, be grateful!’
Fuck him.

They could do this at the penthouse or the manor; they didn’t need to drive 20 minutes and sit on these couches, surrounded by this homey feeling.
If Riddle was afraid of hurting Harry, he shouldn’t be. What could he possibly do that was worse than what he’d already done? Drawing your own mark with a cigarette on the person you’re obsessed with topped in at number one.

“We might as well do this at…,” the word ‘home’ was on the tip of his tongue, “… the manor.”

“I admit, I’m here more as on observer than anything, but I’ll still give you advice. I’m the person who will know both sides of the story at some point. This will help me immensely with that.”

Harry smiled grimly. Whatever.

He laid his head back on the couch and closed his eyes, trying to focus on anything but Riddle, who started to tell some story now.
He tuned them out.

Harry could still hear the birds singing throughout the woods. It was like that sound was stuck inside his ears for good. He used it sometimes when he was drawing...it was the best and happiest memory he had with Zion.

Their old radio was hanging on a tree; a soft, masculine voice was invading the air.

‘I cursed the breath of the sea.’

“Your hair was black, like a night sky without stars...” Tom’s voice was so far now, so cold and so distant.

‘Spelled as poetry.’

“Hey, Zion.”

“Yeah, Harry?”

His first ever cigarette was currently between his fingers and his throat was hurting but he was happy. His eyes were closed; the sunshine breaking through the tree branches was hurting the emerald in them.
“What are you most afraid of?”

‘The dreams I could explore.’

He was 14...he didn’t know what he was afraid of but Zion had always been the mature and wise one. He had always looked up at him.

“What are you most afraid of?”

‘Ending up someone that dad hates.’

‘I left them by the door.’

“You?”

He’d always loved Zion’s scrappy, rough voice. His voice was still effeminate and soft but Zion had a low, almost growl-like tone.

“I watched the lanterns tilt, through days of darkened guilt.’

Now a feminine, lovely voice accompanied the masculine, soft voice coming from the radio.

“Ending up someone I will hate.”

‘I prayed for newborn skies, to lift me up so high.’

Zion didn’t respond and Harry sucked on his cigarette, inhaling along with the nicotine a sadness only a 14 year old boy could possess.

He stared at his friend, who in turn was staring at the sky. Harry should have known then; Zion never stared at him. He always wanted the sky and Harry always wanted him.

“Harry?”

He opened his eyes. The sight of both Tom and Dr. Granger looking at him with concern greeted him.

Tom’s grey eyes, full of fire, stared at him. Maybe he’d been aiming for the wrong sky all along.

“I can’t do this.”
I can’t love you, Tom. I can’t fall for you. You are no good and I’m no better. You’ll ruin me. What Zion did to me would be nothing... you could kill me and if I keep it like this, I would be glad to die at your hands.

Humans aren’t stable.

One day they promise forever and then the next day they punch the happiness out of you.

They cheat, they lie, they will smile lovely at you while they break your heart.

Harry turned his head to look at Tom and his chest hurt.

“Harry?”

‘The dreams I could explore, I left them by the door.’

“I want to leave.”

The ride was spent in silence. Harry could still smell and taste his first cigarette.

Zion’s once soft, maroon eyes staring at the sky, the radio playing a soft tune, his black sneakers, the inexperienced hands opening his zipper.

I would have given you the world, Zion.

Tom’s soft, sad gaze rested upon him. Harry wanted to brush his fingers through the other’s hair; to trace his cheekbones, and taste his lips.

He’d give Tom the world, but he didn’t have one anymore.

He turned his head in the other direction and he let his forehead hit the car’s cold window.

His fingers itched for a cigarette.

They arrived at the manor soon after. Getting out of car, Harry knew he wasn't prepared for Riddle and his questions. They entered the manor in silence while AJ and Atlas remained in the car.

“What happened back there?”
Harry tossed his shoes and hung his coat. At Tom’s words, he closed his eyes and sighed.

“You didn’t hear a thing, did you?”

Harry gulped.

“How?”

“What do you want from me?”

He exhaled.

“What? What do you want from me? I can’t do this.”

He turned around and caught Riddle’s confused expression.

“Whatever this is.”

“Are you leaving me?” Tom’s voice started to sound angry.

“I can’t do that either.” His voice was bitter.

Tom crossed the hallway and took Harry’s face between his hands. His eyes searched in alarm for something for a long time, gazing from his eyes to his lips to his forehead. “What, then?”

“Why did you hurt, Ben?”

If the words took Tom by surprise, he didn’t let it show.

Harry weighed his options. If Tom would be...

“Because I wanted to. Because he helped you escape and I wanted to hurt everything that stands between you and me.”

...sincere, he would...what he would do?

He smiled brokenly.
“That...that is what’s wrong with me.” He felt sick.

Tom only stared.

“You wouldn’t let me go and I can’t leave you.”

“Harry, I-”

The punch came unexpectedly. Riddle took a step back and brought his hand up to his nose. There was blood and he looked surprised.

Harry stared back in shock.

A growl could be heard slicing the dead silence. Harry’s back hurt when he was thrown into a wall, Riddle’s hands taking their rightful place at his throat.

“Don’t...” Riddle was heaving. “...Do that!”

“Because I will hurt you back; I will hurt everything you own.” He was holding himself back, barely controlling his shaking hands, which looked like they wanted to squeeze and kill. “Everyone you know.”

Harry hated himself for the fact that he didn’t even flinch. Tom rested his forehead onto Harry’s and exhaled. Then he acted like he had been burned- he took a step back, his eyes went wide and his lips turned into a grim line.

"I-" he looked at his hands which were full of blood and then at Harry. "God Harry, I'm so sorry!"

"I didn't- couldn't-" he continued, his voice soft.

Tom approached him with shaking hands. "I'm so sorry. Are you hurt?"

Harry smiled brokenly again.

"You were just out of it at the session and I tried- I- you just wouldn't cooperate and I know, I know that's not a reason for me to-" he exhaled. His expression looked pained and miserable.

See Tom? Zion would be nothing compared to you.

“You ever felt that suffocating, helpless urge to erase everything? Start anew?”

The black woman rested her kind eyes on Harry and answered.

“Sometimes.”
Harry nodded. “I’d thought that if I left home and came here, somehow things would change. I would change.”

“You didn’t?”

“Depends.”

“On…?”

“From what perspective you look at it. I got worse and I got better.”
Dr. Granger arched her eyebrows in confusion.

Harry didn’t want this. God knew he’d never wanted to be there in the first place. But Riddle wouldn’t take ‘no’ for an answer. So, why not embarrass himself some more in front of this woman? “I stopped being that pathetic being that let people do whatever they wanted to him.”

Chocolate-coloured curls nodded in response.

“But then I came to London and let myself fall into a black hole consisting of nothing but drugs, booze and fucking.”

Her eyes looked so sad. Harry didn’t like it. He didn’t want pity.

“I’m used. I’m useless. There is no mystery to me.”

“Mr. Riddle doesn’t seem to think the same.”

Harry let out a bitter chuckle. His eyes hurt and his bones felt like they were liquid. He wanted to scratch at his skin and let all the dirty things he did out. He wondered why he was still carrying the past with him.

“I don’t know what he sees in me.”

“Why don’t you ask him?”

The kid shrugged. “I don’t want to find out.”

Dr. Granger’s expression grew tired all of the sudden. Harry knew he was impossible to deal with. Why Riddle was still trying, he didn’t know.
“Why don’t you want to find out?”

“I just don’t.”

Silence.

Harry bit his lip and decided to approach another subject.

“I feel so little for everything that is around me. The opposite of empathy, you could say.”

“Apathy,” the woman supplied kindly.

“Yes.” Harry cleared his throat and smiled sadly.

“You know what I find weird?” he continued. He didn’t let his attention wander around the room. He realized every other thing could keep him out of focus and drain the energy from him. The doctor shook her head.

“That I’m still in the denial phase.”

“Denial phase?” she questioned, clearly not following.

Harry brought his right-hand’s fingers to his long, almost curly hair and brushed it out of the way. On his forehead, a red scar could be seen. “I should flinch when I’m near him. God knows I did it with Zion; but for whatever reason, I don’t. I should run and run and run. I should cry and throw up at the sight of him.”

The woman was still staring at his scar, her expression formed into a shocked one.

“But I don’t. Well, not anymore. Maybe if I had seen him earlier, if those three weeks were one, maybe I would have cried at this touch.”

“What changed?”

“I went through different stages during those weeks; from fear to fury, from fury to feeling like I was sinking, from that feeling to shock, from shock to anger again… I was exhausted, I was angry, I was useless, I was…I missed his touch.”

The woman remained silent, her brown skin painting a beautiful view for Harry’s eyes. She was
beautiful.

“I can feel this scar every second of the day. It’s pulsing and it drives me crazy. There isn’t one moment when I don’t think about him, yearn for his presence…but as much as I need him, I despise him as well.”

Harry sighed. It was so hard to fight for something that didn’t even appeal to him anymore. He wanted to let Riddle in; he couldn’t fight it anymore.

“I despise him because he made me like this; because one day he can break my heart and…and…”

“You are already thinking about hearts being broken?”

Harry blinked. “There is nothing worse than a broken heart.”

Dr. Granger let a sad smile grace her face. “I agree!”

The silence stretched for a few more seconds. “But what if you break his?”


“Why are you so sure?”

“Look at me and look at him. I could never break him. He doesn’t seem like a man that can be broken.”

“He is human. Everything that hurts you can hurt him too.”

The woman seemed confused at Harry’s sudden fascination and admiration of Riddle. Harry knew that feeling – one moment he wanted to worship the god in front of him, the next he remembered everything that Tom had done and he could see nothing but a monster. Where was that freaking awareness when he needed it; why wasn’t he aware when it came to Tom?

Harry closed his eyes and tried to remember, at least one moment, when he hadn’t been this broken, this shattered, this confused.

On one part, Riddle made him safe and everything seemed to be okay when he had his arms around Harry…but on the other part, Harry could still feel Tom’s hands around his throat, could still smell the powder from a gun that was fucking his throat. He could still feel hot, searing pain burning his forehead…

Why couldn’t he hate him? It would make everything so much easier.
He rubbed his forehead and prayed that the headache, which had been killing him for some time now, would go away.

*But things don’t go away, do they?* he thinks bitterly.

He wouldn’t go away, Zion’s once soft but now angry, disgusting eyes wouldn’t go away, and this scar wouldn’t go away.

And Riddle…he would never go away.

*But was that…such a bad thing?*

“You said something about the denial phase?” The lovely voice woke Harry from his nightmare of thoughts.

Denial phase, denial phase...

Harry sighed. “You see, I’m aware. I know there are two ends to this story…either I accept him or he keeps me trapped until I become a pathetic, Stockholm syndrome victim. I would, of course, choose the former. But that would mean he won.”

The woman didn’t respond, so Harry continued.

“Denial? Yes. I’m in denial…I don’t want to see that the only way this will end is by Riddle owning me. But I was also talking about the scar.”

“The scar?” Her eyes were suddenly alert.

“I don’t want to think about it, I don’t want to believe he did this to me. I don’t want to think about this burning, bloody thing. In my mind, he hasn’t broken me. But he did, didn’t he?”

Harry cracked his knuckles and opted to stare at the lit fireplace. Dr. Granger’s eyes, full of understanding, made Harry grit his teeth.

“Harry, what happens when the denial phase is over?”

Harry grinned sadly. “I *relapse.*”
The song playing in Harry's memory is called "Lantern" by The White Birch.
And I know I said we'll get into Tom's head but just bear with me here a little.
It had been raining all day. Harry stared from his comfy couch—which was situated in Riddle's big, red library—out through the window at the big raindrops and the furious weather. He smiled ironically at how everything suddenly started to match his disposition.

Because he had been and still was furious.

Furious at Riddle, furious at his scar, furious at Zion, his dad, his mom, his sister, his damn friends who he didn't have anymore…

He was furious at everyone who wanted to interrupt his damn loneliness and peace.

It had been four days since Riddle's outburst, since memories of him and Zion had first crossed his mind in a long time, since he had spent most of the time in the gym and the swimming pool. He'd been bursting with energy and madness at first, but then his mood had changed so fast, he'd started passing out a lot in different places in the house. He hadn't slept a wink the first night but then Tom had found him the next day, sprawled out on one of the chairs near the pool, completely out of it.

He couldn't stand another human being's presence, so he was glad Tom was spending most of the time at the office, doing whatever it was he was doing. He knew the man was avoiding him as much as he could — he'd even gone so far as to cancel one of their couple's therapies. Harry had barely stopped himself from laughing. The man was a coward just like Harry was. They were both just a couple of cowards. Harry, who was always trying to leave, and Tom who was always trying to avoid him.

Harry couldn't remember when he'd last eaten. Tom's cook would prepare meals for him throughout the day, but he had no appetite. So, as to not make the older man suspicious, Harry would throw the food away.

He wasn't sure what was happening to him, although he had an idea.
He just hadn't known it would happen so soon.

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He was finally hungry, so he was trying to fix himself some food when the sudden, painful urge to snort some cocaine hit him hard. Images of clubs, sweaty people and being fucked in smelly bathrooms invaded his mind. He took a seat onto a stool and tried to breathe regularly. He stared around the kitchen and the sudden realization of what a fucking boring life he would have with Riddle made him freeze.

What was he doing there?

He felt helpless, alone, broken, lost. He used to feel invincible. He used to not think, not feel, not give a shit. Pink walls and white windows and he wanted to throw up. He missed the black, ugly, dirty walls that had given him all the security he needed. *He wasn't welcomed there which meant he'd have to leave in the end — he didn't have to stay.*

He didn't want to be loved, cherished, and adored. He loathed the clean, silk sheets he'd been sleeping on. He hated Tom's comforting presence and his possessive arm on Harry's hip. Those were things which weren't made for him.

Why didn't Riddle understand this?

His alarmed eyes went from the kitchen's cabinets to the big table to the windows and the door. He felt like he couldn't breathe and upon looking down at himself, he realized his shirt was soaking wet and he was shivering. He wanted, he needed…

Fuck.

He couldn't escape the damn house. The city was too far away. He needed a bar, he needed a drink and he needed drugs.

He didn't want — no, he needed drugs. His body craved it.

He remembered nights spent on different couches, high and drunk, playing video games and fucking different people. His dealer—T— who always gave him more than Harry paid for. He suddenly started to miss all of them; the faceless and nameless people with whom he'd done all kinds of shit.

He hadn't smoked a cigarette in a month now. He hadn't been *himself* in a long time.

He let out a bitter laugh and threw the glass he'd been holding at the wall. He watched it fall down to the spotless marble and bit his lip. He needed pain and he needed control.

He picked up the broken pieces, cut himself by doing so and embraced the pain. He hadn't realized he'd been crying until he sat his ass on the floor, with the shattered glass still cutting his hands, and realized what a pathetic mess he was.

He would never be normal, he would never deserve nice clothes and silk sheets and possessive arms warming him up through cold nights.

Why Tom didn't realize this?

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He cleaned himself and the kitchen before Tom arrived at the manor. He threw the broken glass
away, along with his food, and took a much needed nap. Gentle hands running through his hair was what woke him up. Harry hated himself but he had to admit that he missed this. He missed Tom. Tom, who now barely looked him in the eyes; Tom, who was too reticent and who didn't touch him at all anymore.

He closed his eyes and huffed, if only to prolong the older man's hands on his body.

"Harry, come on. Your session starts in an hour. You'll be late."

He opened his eyes, only to be met with the sight of a tired, (older?), hair-ruffled Tom. His smile looked strained and his eyes looked soulless and Harry wanted to run his fingers down Tom's cheek, badly. No, he needed to run his fingers down Tom's cheek.

The man was like a drug and Harry would have happily forgotten about all the others if Tom would have stayed in bed with him forever. If Tom would have stopped killing. If Tom would have stopped hating him, stopped looking at Harry like he was a ticking time bomb.

Harry did do it though. He let his fingers run down Tom's cheek slowly and gently. Alarmed, he realized that this was the first and only affectionate, loving thing he'd ever done towards the older man.

Tom probably had feelings, too. He was a human, too. He could be hurt, upset; he could cry and feel and have his heart broken.

Who was this man? Why was he so enamored with Harry?

Tom's wide eyes and horrified face broke Harry from his musings. His cheeks flushed when he realized what he'd just done and his eyes closed at the mortification he felt. There were so many things running through his mind and so many reasons why he should flee but a lot more reasons why he should stay. He held onto the most painful thought, though.

He needed drugs.

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They were taking an SUV now and Harry stared around at its interior. Everything was made of leather; comfortable and expensive leather. AJ was driving, humming a song Harry didn't recognize.

"'tis your car?" he heard himself asking.

AJ looked at him through the rear view mirror. His confusion was to be expected; Harry had spent most of the time sulking like a child in the back. His mood swings had fucked with him, so he kept his mouth shut and ignored the bodyguard.

He had a plan, so it would be a pity to fuck it over now.

"Nope. Your lover owns it." He took a left turn but threw a second glance at Harry through the mirror. "Why?"

"'tis nice, that's all."

"You have a license, kid?" Harry rolled his eyes at the 'kid'; the bodyguards still didn't realize that degrading nickname had stopped being original a long time ago.

"Nope. But I know how to drive."
"How come you don't have one?" Harry barely concealed his grimace at the small talk but he knew it was crucial for him to get into AJ's good graces.

"Senior year was…wild? Yeah, I'm gonna put it like that."

AJ let out a small chuckle. "That bad?"

Harry let out a small grin and shook his head. "You have no idea."

"Hey, if you want to… I can let you drive a little. Maybe you should talk with Riddle, see if you can take that exam and finally get a license." And there it was: make them feel pity for you so that they'll try to somehow make you feel better, like it was their fault you'd never gotten the chance to get your license in the first place. People were so fucking predictable sometimes.

Harry snorted at the thought of Riddle buying him a car or letting him drive one. "I doubt Riddle will want to give me a better chance at getting away."

Harry could see AJ's furrowed eyebrows. *Oops, wrong thing to say.* "Would you try to get away after all that has happened?"

Harry shrugged and sat back in his seat. Of course he would; he was Harry James Potter. He was made of wrong decisions and bad habits.

They soon parked and got out of the car. AJ was playing with the keys as they headed towards the Dr's office when Harry decided to try his luck and asked for them, claiming that he just needed to look for something. AJ just shrugged and tossed them to him. Harry supposed AJ thought he had no chance of getting away with him so close. Harry, true to his word, looked curiously at them, weighed them in his hands and tossed them in the air.

Harry knew the only thing that had saved him was the unexpected call. They were entering the hallway, Dr Granger's smile as lovely as always, when AJ's phone rang and the man soon forgot about everything, including the keys.

Harry smirked, put them in his pocket and followed Dr Granger down the hall.

Of course the damn office still looked the same, so Harry saved the energy he would have otherwise burned staring around the room. He simply took a seat, acknowledged the lit fireplace and, without feeling guilty, smiled softly at the black-skinned woman.

An image of him snorting white substance flashed in front of his eyes but his smile didn't falter.

"Good to see you again, Harry."

Harry nodded and sank back in the couch. He already dreaded the next hour.

"As you already know, Mr Riddle canceled the last couple's therapy session. Would you like to talk about it? Or do you want to discuss the only session you both attended together?"

"Do you mean the hour I spaced out and so impolitely ignored you two?"

The woman sent a smile that didn't reach her eyes. "Oh yeah, I'm aware of that." Harry sent a nasty smile back.

Dr Granger sighed and took out her pen and notebook. Harry stared unimpressed at the way her hand moved as she wrote things on it. Things about Harry. Probably bad things.
"Why did you do it? If to punish us both, it only made you look like a spoiled little kid who fought dirty but not exactly in an impressive way. You completely insulted yourself by doing it. Was it what Mr Riddle and I had decided without you? Was it to get back at him?"

"I know it was a low blow and I know it was a childish thing to do. But hey, it worked, right?"

Dr Granger tilted her head, regarding him confusedly. "What worked?"

"He threw me into a wall and yelled at me. Tell me," he leaned forward and stared into her eyes, a nasty smirk on his face. "As a psychologist, you should have realized the signs of an abusive relationship right away. How much does he fucking pay you to play dumb?"

The woman's wide eyes made Harry smirk with pleasure but it was short lived. He still needed some coke and he still needed to forget he was such a trashy human being.

Dr Granger bit her lip and ran a hand through her bushy hair. Her teeth looked big when she opened her mouth to say something, only to close it soon after. She gulped down whatever knot she had in her throat and exhaled. Harry averted his eyes and waited for her answer. "I'm only here to help you fix your relationship. If you had talked and listened to him, just once, you would have realized he is trying to change for you."

The words stabbed him right through his chest because that was impossible. Nobody wanted to change for him; not his mother, not Zion, not anyone. Why would anyone want to change for him?

Shaking hands waking him up. Tired eyes and ruffled hair. And why would Tom change? Why would Tom care?

"Of course your relationship isn't perfect. If it was, you wouldn't have come to me. Now that we've established this, can we continue- "

"What do you mean?"

"Excuse me?" Dr Granger smiled at Harry interrupting her and Harry felt a little proud. It was childish, he knew, but it was the only way Harry could take some of the control back.

"What do you mean, he is trying to change?"

The woman sighed. "Well, first of all, he was the one to initiate therapy. I may be paid by him but at the end of the day, I'm still a psychologist and I do my job the best I can."

Harry looked down, realizing he had just insulted the woman. Wow, his mother would have been so fucking proud.

"He is trying. He tells me he would do anything just to show you that he wants you to want this. That he isn't just a kidnapper and a mob boss. He is more than that and he is willing to show you just who he is. He will open up to you if you just ask him to. But you have to try too."

Harry snorted. "And you believe him?"

Dr Granger put her notebook down and crossed her legs. "How about you stop acting childish for a minute and talk about this more seriously. There is a man out there who tries to get to know you, tries to change his ways for you and the least you can do is acknowledge it."

"Not appreciate it?"
The woman narrowed her eyes. "That would be too much to ask from you. You loathe him."

Harry averted his eyes and nodded. "Fair enough."

The unprofessional tone took Harry by surprise. He'd known the woman would lose it sooner or later, but to be called on his bluff so, so… Harry didn't know the words to describe Dr Granger right then but he was definitely impressed.

"When I was little, I fell in love with a boy."

The shock on her face was quickly masked. Her eyes warmed up in the next second. Harry always hated when he was being pitied.

Harry inhaled. "He had buzz cut hair and his eyes were brown — a lovely, warm shade of brown. But he was mean. He had a mouth on him and he loved embarrassing and bullying people."

"Well, now that I look back on it, I don't even think I was in love. It was just a stupid crush that slowly destroyed me in the end."

"What happened?" Her voice was quiet and small.

"He broke me. Not just my heart, but he broke me whole. That's the worst kind of broken."

"Is he the one that you compare Mr. Riddle to? You think he will break you just like he did?"

"I don't think, I know."

"Hey." AJ was comfortably sitting on the couch, feet up on the coffee table and a smirk on his face. "Can we go? And do you have my keys? I remember giving them to you."

Harry had made his decision a long time ago. "Yeah. I have them." Harry pat his pocket."I just need to head to the bathroom real quick."

"Sure." AJ shrugged and sank back in his seat.

Harry hated himself for feeling guilty because he was the one that was being held as a hostage. He was the victim here, he wasn't doing anything wrong.

Waking past the bathroom door, he opened the back door and looked around. Nobody was there, of course; the doctor didn't have any bodyguards, so Harry was careful to quickly ascend the stairs and make his way to the parking lot. He knew he had two, three, maybe five minutes before AJ would either go to the bathroom or realize his keys were gone.

He broke into a sprint towards the car, opened it and tried to keep his heart from beating too badly when the car's engine made an awful, loud noise as he started it. He knew which way to go, having memorized the way, and didn't even look into the mirror to see if AJ had left the building to run after the car.

His disappointed, hurt look would make Harry turn around. He knew it.

He exhaled when he realized that he was blocks away from the Dr's office and nobody was following him. He knew which bar he would head to first; a bar where Tom wouldn't think about
checking. It was barely on the map and not many people knew about it.

He had 'forgotten' his phone in the office and he would lose the car in some deserted parking lot near the bar — he knew Tom would think Harry had run far away from that place while, in fact, he was barely 100 meters away.

It was 8:17 PM and he was so ready to get shitfaced that he was trembling with want. He ran to the bar, stopped before entering it, straightened his clothes, and tried to comb his hair. He inhaled, put a big smile on his face and, thinking about the 500 quid he had stolen from Tom's wallet, he approached the bar.

"Hey, can I have a bottle of vodka?"

"Long time no see. Sure."

The bartender recognized him, smiled and then went to fetch it. Harry took a seat on the stool and looked around while he waited. People were playing pool, others were already drunk, a couple was dry-humping somewhere in the back and some were coming from the bathroom looking like shit.

"Well, well…if it isn't Harry Potter in the flesh."

Harry turned around and was met with Andrew, one of the only people he could still remember by name. "Hey, A."

"Where the fuck have you been, kid?" The 27 year old man was sporting jet-black hair and green eyes. He was one of thestoners Harry used to keep in touch with from time to time. The man was a heroin addict — his sunken cheeks and small smile told Harry the man was barely holding up.

"Heard you disappeared for a while. We all thought you died, overdosed or something. But I said: hey, he can't die before me. That wouldn't be fair."

Harry let out a small chuckle, thanked the bartender, paid for the vodka and then stood up. "Come on, share a drink with me." They took a seat at a secluded table, near the back door just in case Riddle's bodyguards somehow thought about checking this bar too.

"Nah, I didn't die as you can see." He poured some vodka into two glasses and thought that would do. No more juice or shit like that. He wanted to get drunk.

"Hey." Andrew ran a hand through his dirty-looking hair while he used the other to signal the bartender. "Can we have two beers over here?" He turned towards Harry and gave him a crooked smile. "So the vodka's taste won't burn our throats."

Harry arched an impressed eyebrow at that. He used to do that all the time.

"So where have you been, kid?" Harry threw his head back and let the burning liquor pour down his throat. He'd missed it; the adrenaline burning through his veins, the clatter, the noises, people swearing and ugly people giving him crooked smiles.

It was home.

"Here and there." He wouldn't just admit to people he had been seeing a mob boss. People were bad. They wanted money and they wanted power. "Been to Dublin for a while then came back for school. You know how it is."

"You still on with that?"
"I gotta eat, man."

"About that. I've been to Bolt a few times these past few weeks. Ben told me you don't work there anymore. What's up with that?"

Harry sighed and poured more vodka. Fuck, he really needed to be drunk to answer that question.

"You working elsewhere?" Andrew threw the glass's content down his throat and then continued. "Also T has been to your place to sell you some but he told me you moved out."

Harry remembered silk sheets and pink walls and he wondered what these people would think if they knew how Harry had been living these past few months. "I couldn't afford that apartment anymore. They fired me from the club, too." Well, it was some kind of a truth.

"Whoa, man, that sucks."

They fell into silence, downing drinks and looking around the bar. "Hey." Harry nudged the black-haired man. "Do you have some?"

"Only heroin." The man patted his chest pocket proudly.

Harry gritted his teeth. He would blame the alcohol running through his veins later on. But he really, really needed something.

"Never tried it. It can't be that bad, huh?"

Andrew arched his brows but like most stoners, he didn't say anything. Everybody knew about Harry's dislike of heroin. Harry must have been really drunk if he'd accept using it.

They left the almost empty bottle of vodka on the table and headed towards the bathroom.

Andrew turned towards him. "So, I always have on me some pure heroin if I only want to smoke or snort. I don't need it, so you can have it."

Harry nodded, eyes wide and heart beating fast. He realized he was afraid. "What about you?"

Andrew smiled at him and took out a syringe, a spoon, a belt, some cotton and some water. "Don't worry about me kid. You have a lighter?" Harry patted his pockets and found one.

"Can I do it that way, too?" He winced at his pathetic voice. He just wanted to break himself more, that was all.

"For the first time, it's better to snort it."

"I heard injecting it would have a different effect."

Andrew looked from the powder, which was turning into liquid on his spoon, to Harry. "Oh, you'll feel it alright."

Harry rolled his eyes, took the offered bag and looked inside. He searched around for a clean surface, poured out some of the contents of the bag and made lines just like he did with cocaine. He glanced back to Andrew, who was too busy with his syringe.

It was now or never.

He put his nose to the line, snorted and then repeated. He did it a second time but then stopped
himself, afraid to overdose. He let his head fall back onto the cold tile of the bathroom, watching Andrew injecting himself and waiting.

He didn't know how much time had passed but he suddenly felt a tingling sensation travel up his arms and then a rush of warmth through his body.

A state of euphoria took over inside his head.

Bliss and pleasure.

He loved it.

He could see Andrew smirking at him but his mind was mushy so he could barely understand what the other was saying. "Good...just don't...it."

"What?" he yelled then laughed. Everything was so, so funny…and nice. And he was happy.

"Be careful...and don't take too much..."

Harry shook his head, all thoughts of mob bosses and bodyguards gone. He laughed at Andrew, sending him a wink. "What could happen?"

And what could happen indeed.

Harry left the bathroom, feeling like he was walking on clouds and went to the bar to take a stool. Looking around, he realized he had lost Andrew on the way. Shrugging his shoulders, he sent a grin to the bartender. "Hey, has T been around here? Or has he stopped coming?"

The man, looking like he was in his early thirties, filled a glass with beer before he turned to Harry. "Sometimes, he's mostly high or drunk so we usually kick him out before midnight."

Harry suppressed a wince.

"Do you want anything?"

Harry refused, suddenly alarmed when he realized he had left the bag in the bathroom. He made his way back on wobbly feet, barely feeling his face.

The sight of a smelly, dirty bathroom was the first thing that his mind could register.

And then another bathroom, not that dirty but still ugly and his ears had picked up an old Arctic Monkeys song. He used to love going to their concerts and although Zion hated them, he had been right there with him.

"What a bunch of fucking queers," Zion used to mutter while they were heading towards the bar and Harry laughed along with him, shaking his head and lying to himself that Zion had been only joking.

Had been only joking.

Different bars or concerts, Zion had been there, with his hand in Harry's, holding it so gently while masking his smile with a scowl.

And how could Harry not love him for it?

But although the story had begun sweet, sweet hadn't been the way it had finished.
That hand that had held him so gently and that had run through Harry's hair, had also broken his glasses, his nose and his heart at one point.

And for what? Because Harry had tipped the bartender; had told the guy behind him in the bathroom line that his shirt was cool; had smiled at a boy with hair almost as messy as his?

Because it always began sweet but it ended like this; Harry with his face smashed into a wall, his hands locked in a tight grip and Zion's angry eyes directed at him.

And he used to try, try to turn the other around, free himself and explain.

"No, no, Zion. Fuck, it's not what it looks like."

And it wasn't, right?

But sometimes Zion was in the mood to punch something and Harry had to punch too, unless he wanted a black eye every other weekend.

And it always came down to this; both of them, in a smelly bathroom, fighting over stupid things.

And sometimes they would leave early, because Zion was paranoid and every man in a suit knew him and his father and there was a hand on his knee and "you understand, right, Harry? My father can't find about this" and the concerts almost always finished at 10 PM for him and Harry was left with a radio, Zion's annoying voice in his ears and a light buzz.

He hadn't even been drunk enough for it.

But somehow Zion's hands gently taking Harry's face between them and coaxing his lips open with his and tugging his hair softly always made it better.

And wasn't that what fucked Harry most? Their relationship hadn't been all just punches and crying and fucking. Harry could remember inexperienced hands and chuckles and that Zion always loved mango flavoured ice cream and although he was an asshole, he had been Harry's asshole and he knew, he knew.

Harry hadn't always been fucked up. That was something he could tell you proudly.

He found the bag still there, white substance dirtying the counter. He made a line from what was left and snorted it. He realized his mistake when he felt blood coming out of his nose. He took too much.

Fuck.

He laughed at the absurd thought. Nothing was too much. It was always nice to have more than you needed. Like cigarettes, sleep and love. There was no such thing as too much love.

He grinned lazily at the lovely thought.

Love.

What a load of fucking bullshit.

His limbs were heavy, his head was in the clouds and he could barely keep his eyes open. He left the bathroom, this time with the little bag in his back pocket, and was welcomed with the sight of Andrew standing in the hallway.

"Oi, where have you been, mate?"
Andrew turned his gaze up and grinned, yellow teeth and bushy eyebrows. "Looking for you. How about we head to T's place?"

Harry realized just how sleepy he was. He needed something else.

"Excellent idea."

He headed towards the exit in a hurry, listening to Andrew who scrambled to reach him in time.

"You and your fucking big words."

He chuckled and hailed for a cab.

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T opened the door, eyes widening when he realized just who was standing in his doorway. Harry leaned against the wall next to the door, smirked lazily and spoke.

"Missed me?"

"You little shit. Where the fuck have you been?" T had his mouth open, hands still gripping the door.

"Here and there. Gonna let me in?"

T looked from Andrew, who was staring at his shoes, mouth turned into a grin, to Harry's sleepy expression. "You're high."

Harry snorted softly. "What did you expect?"

T took a step back and let them in. There was a couple kissing on one couch and someone preparing a joint using the coffee table. The room was full of smoke and smelled awful.

Harry felt at home.

"No, but really, where the fuck have you been?" T put his hands on his hips while Harry threw himself on the couch and covered his eyes with his arm.

Everything was Zen; he didn't need T to fuck it up.

"Been to Dublin, fucked some Russian guys, pumped myself with drugs, almost overdosed and then came back." Andrew threw his head back and laughed while T chuckled.

"Freak, I always knew you liked Russian guys."

Harry smiled, although his chest hurt. He took the remote, turned on the TV and proceeded to stare at Andrew, who was rolling a joint.

He took it between his fingers when Andrew had finished, took a puff and sank back in the couch.

Life was good.

Life hadn't been good, once. In fact, his life had started to suck the second he realized his dad would start hating him at some point. And then year eight rolled around and Zion and his buzzcut hair was everywhere.

Harry would always remember secondary school as his favourite time; sneakers scratching the
pavement, cartoons and cereals every Saturday; Zion's warm eyes and inexperienced hands getting tangled into his hair; warm brown eyes looking at Harry's father with such respect and adoration.

"You don't know how lucky you really are," Zion had once said to him. Envy clouding his voice, bitter eyes staring at him. Harry had wanted to run his fingers through Zion's nonexistent hair and agree with him; because Harry was lucky, lucky to have Zion as his best friend.

"Your dad is so cool." And Harry smiled at him because that was true. His dad was the best.

His dad had been the best, yes. And Harry had been the worst. That was how this story would finish. Always.

Groaning, he got up from the couch and yawned. He realized he had fallen asleep at some point. Scanning his eyes around the room, he spotted several bodies passed out in different places. There was snoring coming from the bedroom and Harry supposed T was asleep.

Looking at the clock sitting on the kitchen counter, the 3:38 made him frown. It was too early for everyone to be asleep.

Did something happen?

Harry shook his head, closed his eyes and then opened them, only to close them again and rub at them. Man, was he tired.

He fell over a body on his way to the bathroom, clumsily hit his hip on the doorway and then almost fell face first when he closed his eyes because the light was too bright.

He huffed, went to the toilet, took a piss then washed his hands. Only after he did all that did he realize there was someone in the bathtub staring at him.

Startled, he jumped and took a step back.

"What the fuck. Andrew?"

"Hey." Andrew sent him a mad grin.

"What the fuck you doing here?"

"God, mate, you don't know just how happy I am." He let his head loll back onto the wall next to the bathtub and closed his eyes. "I never want to be sad again."

Harry gulped and averted his eyes. He knew the feeling all too well.

"Care to share?" He realized he had nothing better to do; the others were passed out and it was still pretty early. Going back to bed was the last thing he wanted to do. Zion seemed to reappear a lot lately.

"Sure. I just...don't have the pure stuff."

Harry gritted his teeth, thought about bailing but then shook his head. He could do it. It was no big deal.

"Well, I have the lighter...do you have anything else?" he spoke, uncertainty and fear clouding his voice.

Andrew arched his eyebrows but fortunately didn't say anything. Harry thanked the gods for it.
"Uh, yeah."

The man still seemed out of it, movements sloppy and his grin dreamy but he soon had Harry's syringe ready. Harry didn't hesitate; he knew he would bail if he did. His fingers searched his most prominent vein, stabbed the syringe into it, pushed the thing inside him and...

...and moaned.

It was better than the first time, and the rush came earlier. His mind went hazy and his body thrummed with pleasure.

No anxiety. No pain.

Everything was so calm, so euphoric. There, in the bathtub, sitting with a stranger, Harry was the happiest.

Why had he never tried this?

After some time, Andrew tapped his shoulder and spoke. "Wanna drink? It's fun when you're drunk too."

Harry shrugged and smiled lazily. "Sure."

Andrew came back with a full bottle of whiskey, no glasses. He winked at Harry, took his seat in the bathtub and took a swig from the bottle. He passed it on to Harry, who took it and did the same.

They soon finished half of it, laughing and talking without a care in the world.

Andrew stood up and yawned, his pale face standing out more in the bathroom's bright light. "I'm gonna go to sleep. You coming?"

Harry shook his head. Sleep wouldn't come easy for him now. "Nah, go ahead. I'm okay here."

The man nodded slowly and clumsily made his way out of the bathroom. Harry took a sip from the bottle, let his head fall back onto the cold tile and closed his eyes.

"Hey, Zion."

"Hey, Zion, what's up?"

"Hey, Zion, I'll come and see at your football trials."

"Hey, Zion, nice jacket."

"Hey, Zion, heard you got into Mr Ellis's club. Congrats!"

"Hey, Zion..."

Hey, Zion, hey, Zion, hey, Zion.

Harry's head was exploding. He knew starting high school could be tough (for most people) but his best friend was enjoying it from the very first day. It wasn't like Harry was bitter about it, no. Zion had wanted this and Harry was happy he was living it. Harry too had wanted his pack of cigarettes to last forever and a house full of dogs and his dad to smile more.

Had Zion been against that?
Sometimes Harry thought he had.

Harry could still remember the first time Zion had fully abused him. Not shoving or calling him names like they used to do in primary school, no. His first black eye had been given by his crush and former best friend and Harry wanted to laugh and cry as he watched himself in the mirror.

Zion never apologized.

It was stupid, really. Harry had no idea why he was hanging out with this bunch of rich kids. They were all smoking expensive cigarettes and Zion even had a cigar in his hand, smoke curling around his mean face, his pose screaming confidence and money. Harry rolled his eyes and took a drag from his cheap cigarette, his broken sneakers looking strange beside Zion's Gucci shoes.

They were all eating salads and sushi while Harry took sips from his coffee here and there, Zion's cold eyes resting on his face the entire time they'd spent in the restaurant.

The only reason Harry was getting along with Zion's group was because, if he managed to ignore the worst, most racist and homophobic parts of them, the kids were actually alright...and they had expensive weed. Fuck, who was he kidding? He was only there for the weed.

He didn't know how it had started, or what he'd done to piss Zion's off, but he remembered Robin's ex boyfriend coming to their table and Robin's bitchy face and mad eyes; he remembered Zion shaking Marcus's hand, he remembered Marcus smiling at Harry, thanking him for helping his dad fix his car, cracking a joke that was actually pretty decent and then Zion's fist smashing Harry's face in an expensive-looking bathroom and then nothing.

He woke up with a headache the next morning, a lingering memory of Zion's hands opening up his zipper, his earlobe being licked...and Harry started sobbing.

That was the first and only time Harry hadn't punched back...or at least, he hadn't reciprocated.

Harry had fought and he had done ugly things back. He hadn't been the victim.

But why did he end up like he had been?

He woke up with a start. He realized he had been lost somewhere in his mind and he'd lost track of time. He knew memories of Zion could make him feel odd things, but the new cold sensation descending upon him was different from that. Then the urge to throw up made him scramble for the toilet. He barely coughed two times — he hadn't had any solid food in his stomach for days — when he realized his heart was beating erratically.

He got up clumsily, splashed his face and then looked at himself in the mirror. His skin was very, very pale.

Oh no.

He hurriedly left the bathroom, entered the living room and started shouting for T and Andrew but he realized his voice was barely above a whisper. They couldn't hear him.

His breathing was erratic and his limbs felt heavy, limp.

He ran a hand through his hair, closed his eyes tightly and prayed it wasn't actually happening.

But it was.
He could barely move but he made it to the couch. The phone was there, thrown on the coffee table. His hands were barely able to pick the object up and putting the number in had been more strenuous than Harry could have imagined. He ignored his blue fingernails and his bluish purple skin, closed his eyes and prayed the man would answer.

"Yes." The voice sounded hard, strained and tired.

"Tom..." Harry's voice was but a whisper.

"Harry? Harry, where are you?" Harry could hear relief and hope.

"Tom..." he could barely form the words. "Tom..." It became harder and harder to talk. "I think I'm going to die."
Life was entirely something else, wasn’t it? It stopped surprising Tom decades ago, when he’d been only an orphan with scrapped knees and a lonely heart. He’d taken everything in a stride, the bad, the good (although there hadn’t been that much of that), the tough parts, the easy ones. He’d made his way through life with red knuckles and sweat stained shirts, living on the streets, losing himself in bloody fights, looking forward to have, to be, to earn, and to prove the world wrong.

He had blood on his hands and he’d known from the very start; he’d gone in every fight aware of the outcome, aware of the consequences. He had had blood on his hands and he hadn’t cared, once.

Now all that he could see was his bloodied hands gripping Harry’s way too still, way too pale body… and all he could do is hate it. He’d never minded the blood until now.

Dr Granger told him once, when they were sipping sweet tea on a balcony on a sunny summer day, that his fear and his motivation for building such a mighty empire came from being afraid of not being enough. He’d laughed, told her that she’d known him since they were both teenagers, told her that he might not had everything, but he had himself and that was enough. He was enough.

She had shaken her head, gave him her big, sad smile.

Watching her now arranging her papers in a hurry, robe falling off of a shoulder, in the cold, still office of hers, he understood. Her wide, alarmed eyes and ashen face made another question in his head pop out, along the “Am I enough? Could I be enough for him?” This time the silent question still ringing in his ears was a frightened, hopeless “What have you done?”

What has he truly done?

Her body language screamed discomfort, anger, pity, understanding, love. He hated the last ones. He could see in her eyes compassion and he knew the first words that she will say will be “I’m sorry.”

But it wasn’t him who people should apologize to. The person who deserved it was sleeping in a hospital bed, still, peaceful.

*Alive.*

Hermione (he could call her that, because they had been friends, because now it wasn’t a therapy session, now he just needed a friend), sighed and showed him the chair, a silent request for him to sit down.

“What he ok?”

Tom nodded briskly, the act hurting his neck. “He’s stable.”

Her eyes warmed up at the sound of his weak, small voice. He knew he should keep up his act; he knew he shouldn’t show any emotions because these people could one day turn against him and try to destroy him. Every act of weakness could be his downfall. But wasn’t he already too gone, too deep into this thing that everyone by now knew just how much the black haired boy meant to him?

He cleared his throat, refusing to let her make him uncomfortable.
“What happened, Tom?”

Hearing his name spoken out loud like that, like he deserved her affection and compassion, startled him and made him realize just how much he’d craved hearing Harry saying it like that. But the curly lad never did, did he? The boy hated him so much that he went and snorted cocaine and then proceeded to drink an entire bottle of alcohol? Was he such a disgusting, unlovable monster?

“Cocaine...” his voice sounded so weak, so small, so destroyed. “… he...”

She inclined her head towards her left, her brown eyes blinking fast. “He overdosed.” She spoke calmly.

He let his head hit the couch’s soft leather and inhaled. “You expected it.” It wasn’t a question and it wasn’t an accusation either.

She remained silent. He didn’t know if he had it in him to be angry with her. He was that tired. Whereas he had been full of anger, passion, and will— it being either directed at Harry or his business— now he was a walking shadow, never having in it him to react like he had used to once.

That boy…

“Aren’t you happy?”

“Why? That you knew he would go and probably kill himself and didn’t tell me?” His words were spoken quietly. His defeated and slump form couldn’t have screamed danger but Hermione (can he still call her that?) still flinched. He rejoiced in that small act.

She said nothing for a while. Then she formed her mouth into a smug line, her eyes twinkling. “Well, he did call you… he did come back to you.”

He raised his eyebrows and let her words sink in. His inclined his head on his left and let his eyes talk. The silence felt suffocating, more for her than for him, he supposed.

She held her head high and kept her mouth shut.

And that was that.

And then: “You risked his life for that.” Now it was an accusation and now his words sounded like thunder in the clean, dark office.

She gave him a curt nod, most likely aware of what she was consenting to. They were friends, yes, but Tom knew that she knew that being friends with him never was that easy, never meant just being friends. It meant that Tom was somewhere up there, dominating their relationship, dominating every word, act and gesture. Hermione had known that and she had learnt to live with that. She had been a black girl and he had been an orphan, they had both had hard lives, not the same, no, but nonetheless, it hadn’t been a stroll in the park for neither of them. She could feel for him, understand him, she had every right to yell at him sometimes, scold him… but she knew that she had to draw a line at one point. Did she remember that this time?

“He could have called anyone: anyone that hadn’t had a doctor on standby, anyone who hadn’t been already waiting for his call.” He could feel his entire body burning with fire. How could she?

God. What if Harry did die?

“Tom... Tom...”
“I think I’m going to die.”

He didn’t go and put his head in his hands but he did close his eyes and inhaled and exhaled for 4 seconds each. He felt both hot and cold, like a fire was making his way through him, urging him to strangle her, strangle Harry… strangle himself. But there was also a cold, icy feeling of absolute defeat. Harry was ok; Harry was still alive but… Harry wasn’t his, not fully, not entirely.

“He could have but instead he called you.”

“That is because I made him have no one but me.” He snapped.

She crossed her legs and straightened her back. “So what do you want more? He’s all yours now, Tom. I even helped at making you realize that. He’s yours.”

He searched her eyes curiously. He didn’t recognise his voice when he opened his mouth. “Is he?”

When Harry woke up (well, woke up, more like when he could feel himself thinking again), the first and only thought was that everything hurt. There had been blackness and nothingness, but he couldn’t exactly remember that, could he? Somehow his mind was tricked into remembering something like that so he did. Then he tried shaking his head to get rid of those dumb and stupid thoughts but he found out he couldn’t move. Then a voice startled him out of his musings. It sounded quite familiar.

“Mate, you gotta change that bloody channel. How can you live with yourself knowin’ you watch something like that every day?”

“Nobody is forcing you to hang around here. Fuck off!”

“Oh, that wasn’t what you said that night, remember? I mean maybe you don’t since you reeked of strong alcohol and of the impression that somehow I like-”

“Shut up.”

“Or what?”

“AJ,” the angry voice went deadly, “you’re walking on a thin line here, lad. I would be bloody careful, if I were ya, ya feel me?”

Silence.

“About that, has he said anything to you? Y’know, about me?” the other voice got smaller, all coated in fear and tremors.

There was a pause and Harry realised he should have tried to move or say something until now. When he was ready to lift his arm and make his presence known, the strong voice continued. “Well, I don’t know… you did lose his lover who later went and almost killed himself. I don’t know AJ, what do you think he would say if he was to see you or hear about you?”

There was a pause again. “And you had to go and tell him that it wasn’t his fault, that it is actually yours. You’ve got some balls, lad.”

Harry tried to open his eyes and see AJ’s reaction at what he realized was Atlas’ words but he found out that he couldn’t. He tried to open his mouth but the minor headache that had been forming in his head was now impossible to ignore. He could feel blackness starting to slowly swallow him. He
heard AJ’s weak voice for some time although he couldn’t decipher what he was actually saying and then nothing at all.

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He woke and then went back into unconsciousness a few times after that, and although the fear of not moving or speaking made him panic, the quiet times where he had been awake had been a blessing. There was no Tom yelling at him, none of Atlas’ angry, ugly scowl and no scared, disappointed AJ. He embraced the peacefulness and let it be like that. He was a coward, he knew.

He had been so glad the first time he realized— after he’d remembered what had actually occurred—that he was still alive and had not died. He could still recall the panic and the heaviness slowly taking control of his limbs. He had barely dialled Tom’s number. He had barely had any control of his tongue’s muscles. God!

What if he had realized too late what was going on? What… what if he died? He knew he had said it so many times and acted like it, but he didn’t hate his life. He didn’t want to die. He had been scared. Actually, he was always scared. And he cared. He cared a lot. Even about Tom, Tom with his tired smile and strong, peaceful voice.

Tom who had sounded so scared on the phone.

Harry could remember pieces of the conversation and how Tom had calmed him and ordered him to try and breathe. The older man had even shown it to him, the calming inhales and exhales coming out of the phone will forever haunt him. Harry had been trying to keep his eyes open while Tom had been exhaling loudly on the other side of the phone so that Harry could follow him and try to do the same. It had been soothing and caring and Harry didn’t know why he was so stuck on it, why he was remembering exactly that, why it still mattered.

Tom. God, he could remember Tom and how his presence had made Harry almost crave death because dying with Tom being so open, so eager, so caring… that was something Harry could do.

Even when his voice had wavered, Tom had remained calm and had kept assuring Harry that help was coming, that Tom was going to come after him.

That Tom will be there; will always be there, again and again.

There had been a crash, the door being opened and then, nothing at all. So he had saved Harry just like he had promised, just like he always did.

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The last time Harry woke from his unconsciousness/ slumber, he could hear the monitor beeping and nothing at all. But he could feel someone watching him and by the way that gaze was burning Harry’s skin, he had a hunch who that could be. Tom’s eyes felt like they always did and he could bet they were like they always were; lethal and full of deadly, unforgiving grey.

And tiredness, there had been so much tiredness lately. When will Tom get tired of him?

“Hmpfh…”

Tom made no sudden movement or hurried scrambling like Harry expected. Disappointed, he waited for Tom’s calm steps and fresh smell. He felt his forehead being checked, a cool hand massaging the skin there and his scar, running through his hair softly afterwards.
Blushing, Harry refused to open his eyes. He remembered being woken up like this right before he left for his therapy session. How much time has passed since then? What happened afterwards? Was AJ in trouble? Were his friends in trouble?

Was Tom angry?

Jesus, of course he was.

The messaging resumed and he hated to admit but it felt good. His scar hadn’t been touched in a long time, if he recalls correctly since Tom had touched it last. He felt ashamed of liking it though, because that didn’t feel right, liking your abuser touching the scar that he gave you. It felt sick.

He shook his head to let the older bloke know his touch wasn’t welcomed and he slowly tried to open his eyes.


There was a straw in his face, coming from— what he prayed— was a glass of water. He didn’t stop to make sure; he only opened his mouth and sucked on it vigorously.

“Easy. You’re going to make yourself sick.” He nodded sleepily and turned his head to let Tom know he had enough.

He inhaled and exhaled, greedily taking in the oxygen. Fisting his hands, he searched for the ceiling and fixed his gaze unto a point He could feel himself starting to panic. He prayed and prayed not to have a panic attack. They were more common nowadays and just the thought of one, only after waking up, made him want to vomit.

“Hey.” Tom’s voice was soft and quiet. Harry could feel his fist being taken into a bigger, cold hand. “Sh, sh. Harry, listen to me.” God, he had been awake for what— two minutes?— and he was already fucking shit up. Tom took Harry’s hand and brought it to his own chest, splaying the palm exactly where his heart was. Harry could feel it beating calmly. “Concentrate on that. It’s ok Harry. I’m here now. You’re ok.”

“Tom-” he sucked in too much air and that made him choke. “I-”

“Sh. It’s ok.” But that was the thing; it wasn’t ok.

Harry shook his head, having the need to say it out loud. He needed to get it off of his chest otherwise the weight that was there would crush his fucking bones. “Tom, Tom… I almost died…”

“Sh, it’s ok. I’m here Harry. I got you in time. You’re ok.”

“But what if you didn’t-”

Tom’s eyes were hard when Harry meet them. His face was stony, the pale of his skin clashing powerfully with the red of his lips. When was the last time Harry had kissed this man? Why was he still running? Why did he run from the start? Tom was someone whom you couldn’t escape unless he let you… Why was he still trying? He knew and he had known there was no way. Why was he always turning off his mind? Why didn’t he stop and think about it? Why did he go with the flow? Why didn’t he think about everything that could happen, every consequence his actions might have? Why? Why? Why? He was smarter than this. Zion made sure to make him smarter than this.

But Tom wasn’t Zion, was he? No…
He was way, way dangerous.

“Harry. Fuck, Harry, calm down.”

“No, no. Tom I need to- you don’t understand-”

“Harry, breathe for fuck’s sakes. You’re turning blue.”

Harry shook his head. He wanted to- he did, but he couldn’t.

He felt his head being grabbed into big, cold hands and he embraced the feeling. His eyes were blurry and there was a loud ringing in his ears and it wouldn’t stop. “Harry! Calm down. Listen to my voice. Look at me.”

He closed his eyes and opened them again. “Breathe, god damn it! Breathe!”

He sucked in a big breath and let it out, repeating it afterwards

Inhale, exhale.

Inhale, exhale.

He could hear Tom’s panicked breathing and choked on a bitter laugh. When will this man get sick of him? “There you go. That’s good.”

“I can’t…” He cried out.

“Yes you do. Just like that, Harry. You’re ok, it’s ok.” He didn’t have any strength to keep his head up or his eyes opened. “I’m here now. Calm down.” He wanted to let out that bitter laugh, he wanted to react, to tell him that he was fucking him up, that Harry didn’t know anymore. That he had been alone for such a long time and now that he came, how could he expect for Harry to just embrace the feeling of being taken care of, of being wanted?

Wasn’t it funny, that the person with the means to calm him down was the same exact person who was the reason for his panic attacks? Harry closed his eyes; not sure anymore if it was good thing he hadn’t died.

Harry woke up again. There were quiet words being exchanged and at first, with a headache threatening to make Harry scream at its intensity, he couldn’t understand what they were saying. He could catch some words about “nervous system”, “muscles” and “seizure”. He had a feeling they were talking about him but he had nor the energy nor the interest to try and find out more.

“You’re awake. Good.” Harry turned his head towards the newcomer. It was a man in probably his late forties, he had some gray hairs around his temple and some wrinkles around his eyes. He was handsome, in a totally harmless- totally straight way. Harry furrowed his eyebrows at his thoughts and shook his head, wanting to get rid of them. It wasn’t his fault he had been living in a club for the past three years and had been fishing men just like this one every night.

“Doc?” his voice sounded horse and dry.

“It’s nice to meet you, Harry. My name is Joshua Arran and I’m going to be your doctor for the reminder of your stay here. Can you tell me how you feel?”
“Everything hurts.”

“I would expect it to. You gave us quite the scare.”

Harry didn’t know what to say to that so instead he remained quiet. He searched for Tom’s face. He was standing next to the bed, eyes glued to Harry’s forehead.

The doctor cleared his throat and gave him a small smile when Harry turned his attention to him. “I’m quite sure you are aware what happened and how you got here.”

“I overdosed.” Harry, ashamed, admitted quietly.

“Yes, on cocaine and a bottle of alcohol.”

Harry could feel Tom’s body tensing at the words and Harry, in his right mind, tried to scoot away from him. Tom’s big hand swept through his hair and stayed there, a warning and a reminder. He trained his eyes on the doctor, ignoring his own blushing cheeks and the way Tom’s closeness made him both relax and panic. God, their relationship was a fucking paradox.

“I’m going to say to you what I say to everyone in this situation: you, sir, are very lucky. Very, very lucky indeed.”

“Yes, he is.” Tom’s voice sounded strained and angry.

Harry’s right leg wouldn’t stop moving. Fuck was he nervous.

“I hope you’ll keep this in mind next time.” But the doctor wasn’t even looking at him; his strict stare was directed at Tom.

“He will, doctor, I’ll make sure.” Harry winced at Tom’s dark voice. There won’t be a next time, right Tom?

And the honeymoon phase was gone; no more hands splayed on hearts beating calmly or comforting whispers. Tom was livid and Harry was going to pay.

Joshua nodded at Tom and then trained his eyes on Harry. Everything about him screamed professional. He took something out of his pocket and came closer. “You suffered a seizure and your heart was giving up by the time I got to you.”

Harry averted his eyes, the words reaching to him but not doing anything. He felt numb.

“Harry, I have to look at your eyes. May I?”

Harry nodded absently, feeling himself lose it. Tom pulled some of Harry’s locks gently; not enough to hurt but enough to snap him out of it and keep him grounded. Harry would have given him a grateful smile if it had been anyone else but Tom.

The doctor almost blinded him with the fucking light but he worked pretty quickly and in no time the doctor was at the foot of the bed, some paper in his hand on which he trained his attention. Joshua let out a low hum and nodded his head twice. Harry kind of started to hate him.

“Your sight is all right, fortunately. Mr Riddle told me you had some problems with your eyes the first time you woke so we were being worried.” Harry remembered the panic attack and he winced, ashamed.

“We ran some tests and… “ He threw a glance at Tom before the trained his sharp gaze unto Harry
again. ” All I can say is that you live a pretty interesting life, young man.”

Harry sighed. Here goes nothing.

“I strongly advise rehab.” He turned his attention to Tom now, the doc’s mouth turning into a thin line. “Strongly.”

Tom nodded briskly, both an agreement and a dismissing gesture; by the way the doctor nodded back and left the room with an “I’m glad you are ok and I’ll come and check on you later” farewell.

Harry stared at the door for some time, taking his time to collect himself for what was going to happen next. Tom was sitting in the chair again, legs crossed and eyes trained on him. Harry was still surprised he had been here; wasn’t the man a mafia boss or something? “Aren’t you busy?”

Tom raised his eyebrows but otherwise his face remained blank. Harry hated how he couldn’t read him, how the man was always two steps ahead of him and how all of this was still a game for him. “I’m sure I can spare a few minutes.”

“For what, kick my ass? Yell at me? You shouldn’t bother.”

“Oh? No, we aren’t going to fight.” Harry narrowed his eyes.

“No?”

“Oh believe me, I’m angry. No, no angry, I’m livid. I can easily strangle the shit out of you and I want to, believe me. But we tried that way and it didn’t work.” The bastard recited the words in a monotone, bored voice.

“Nothing will work and you know it.” Harry spat, tired of saying it over and over again.

Tom gave him a sharp smile in response. “You know it.” Harry defended his case.

“We aren’t going to do this here. If you have any brain cells in that thick head of yours, you would keep your mouth shut, follow every rule the doctor will give, be on your best behavior and wait for him to let you go home.”

Home? As if.

“And then we’re going to talk? You’re going to put a bullet in my head? What, huh, what is going to happen?”

Fuck Harry, shut the fuck up.

Tom let out a sad sigh.

“I almost died Tom. I’m fucked up. I am a sick mess. I’m beyond hope. When will you get that? When will you fucking get sick of me?” He could feel himself blush but that didn’t stop him from yelling in frustration.

“Nice tactic baby, but it doesn’t work like that anymore.” Tom got up, still calm and stony as ever. Fuck, Harry hated this man’s control. One second he was throwing Harry unto walls, the next he was calmly responding to Harry’s sick words like they hadn’t even been said.

He tucked Harry in like he was a child, ran a hand through Harry’s sweaty locks to which Tom
made a humming noise, probably realizing Harry needed a shower and then kissed his forehead. “We are doing it my way this time. I talk, you listen.”

Harry couldn’t stop himself from shivering at the older man’s tone and words which were spoken exactly into his scar. Tom straightened his figure and then his clothes, buttoning his suit jacket up. He gave Harry a fond smile, so different from the words he was just spitting seconds ago. Harry’s head was fucking hurting from it all.

“Sleep.”

Harry was too stunned to say anything else. When Tom reached the door, he stopped but didn’t turn. Harry could see him fisting his hands and letting out a sigh. “The day you put your hands on some kind of drugs or on a glass of alcohol again is the day I’ll put a bullet in your head. Take it as a warning or a simple fact Harry. I’m done with this.”

… done with finding you half dead, done with you tormenting me like this. He didn’t need to say it for Harry to read between the lines. Guilt made its way inside Harry’s body and he hated it.

Tom left the room and a second after Axis entered. “Glad you’re alive squirt.” He spitted out with his monotone, uninterested voice. He sounded anything but glad.

Axis threw himself on the chair when not too long ago Tom was sitting and opened up a magazine. He proceeded to ignore Harry for the next hours, even when a nurse came by to bring him food or help him to the bathroom.

Harry had never missed AJ more.

Harry had always wanted to be good. He’d always wanted to be kind, selfless and loving. This urge though turned him into a quiet and fragile boy, needing and aching to be only loved in return and nothing more. He had been weak. He’d used to smile thinly, not too big and not too small. He’d always let Zion talk, he’d let him use his hands and loud words and he’d always hang in the back, curls bouncing and white, marble skin clashing playfully with his big, green eyes.

Zion used to call him doll and Harry had spent most of his lonely, drunk nights wondering if he hadn’t been just that… a lifeless, easily to manhandle doll.

His dad had been a force of nature, big, eccentric; an extrovert in its true nature. He had been tall and handsome and his voice had been rough and deep. His hands had been heavy when they were resting on Harry’s shoulders and Harry had spent all those years after he lost his dad looking for that kind of safety only his big, heavy hands could provide.

Tom’s eyes, sometimes, felt like he could keep Harry safe and happy forever. But Zion promised once that, and what a mess Harry had become because of it.

The heart monitor was annoying the shit out of him, but he couldn’t help but realize that nowadays everything annoyed the shit out of him. Instead of becoming the selfless, kind person he’d always wanted to be, he become this shell of nothing, too loud in some way and too fucking quiet in others. He was a coward, a selfish, sad, bitter human being. He was anything but the person he once dreamed of being.

Axel was munching on a sandwich, watching reruns of Suits and startling Harry with his sudden movements. The simple presence of him was giving Harry a headache. He had never hated someone more.
Tom left him to root in that clean, expensive hospital room, Harry was sure. Two days had passed and the only people he saw had been the twins and the nurses checking upon him. They’d told him they were keeping him there just to make sure everything was ok and nothing unexpected happened. (read: We’re afraid you’re going to go and overdose again, you weak bastard)

Conceited smiles and awkward silence; that was what Harry had to endure since he had woken up. He’d do anything for an hour with Tom; at least the man respected him enough to show him what he truly felt about him.

The twins had been quiet, surprisingly. He wondered how much shit he could come up with until they all got tired and killed him. They didn’t look that pleased to be there— not that Harry was pleased— which wasn’t that of a surprise. Harry was glad for the silence though, as deadly and as unforgiving it was. He knew he deserved it.

He thought about a lot, these past days. He thought about Tom, most of the time. Tom… Tom was a dangerous, cruel and merciless bastard. He was a criminal, wasn’t he? God, leave it to Harry to find someone like him. Leave it to Harry to attract people like him.

But that wasn’t the fucked up thing between them. Oh no… The fucked up thing is that he knew he had made a decision long ago. He knew that somehow, Tom was his just like he was Tom’s.

“We’re both too intelligent to fool ourselves or to assume that you didn’t choose me too.” Tom had said that once; they were both lounging in bed with an awkward silence laying heavy between them. Harry hadn’t thought twice about it but now that he remembered it he laughed bitterly at the irony of it all.

“I don’t take. Not when I know you’re not exactly offering.”

“I know you Harry. You need exactly what I have to give. You need someone who will take care of you and I need someone to take care off.”

Soft words whispered in his ear when Tom thought Harry was asleep.

Maybe Tom was right— no, no about that whole consent thing because the bastard gave two fucks about Harry’s opinion— but Tom had been right that yes, Harry needed him.

Harry was afraid of people leaving. So yeah, Harry needed Tom because in spite of everything, he had always been there… a constant presence, a permanent safety— that was Tom for you and Harry craved that, always had.

“Axel?”

“Sup?” The blonde turned around to face Harry, lettuce hanging out of his mouth.

“Did I, uh… Did I fuck up badly? Is he, Tom I mean, is he… well, of course he is mad but,” he averted his eyes and whispered the next words “Just, how bad it is?”

He heard a shuffling and then he could see Axel wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. He waited nervously for the other lad to start speaking.

“Mad?” Axel’s ugly grin turned into a grim line; his face turning into a serious, unfamiliar sight. “I think he’s more disappointed than anything. And… I think we all are.” The bodyguard furrowed his eyebrows at the unbelievable admission.

Harry raised his eyebrows at the surprisingly fond, concerned answer. He hadn’t expected something
like that. “Look kid, we don’t hate you. I mean; maybe we did at first because we suddenly had to babysit you instead of doing our actual job. From being cool gangsters to running after a skinny college kid definitely hurt our pride,” he let a low chuckle and Harry bit his lip, mad that he found the situation funny. “We look at you and we see different ways in which our boss can fail. You are his weakness and for us you are our downfall. It’s everything more complicated than you think. Your mistakes,” he stopped mid-sentence, threw a glance at the door and then moved his chair closer to Harry’s bed. Harry steelied himself for the next words.

“Your mistakes, frankly, make us do mistakes. People have died because of you and if we were anything but criminals, we would agree this isn’t your fault entirely… I would agree we shouldn’t put this pressure on you but we are criminals and we don’t live in a world full of flowers and gentle touches, kid.”

Harry felt his throat constricting; curse and denying words threatening to make their way out but something stopped him from opening his mouth. And that something was the truth. The kid remark didn’t even bother him anymore.

“Somehow, your actions will always affect us in some ways and that is a tough thing to live with, it’s a hard life but…”

“But I don’t have much of a choice, do I?”

Axel searched for his eyes and for a long moment he did nothing but stare into them with a gentle, curious gaze. Harry barely surpassed a shiver. “If I were you Harry, I’d stop running from this world and instead I’d learn how to rule it. But you’re not exactly the type, are you?”

Harry looked at his thin hands for a moment, simply letting the feeling of utter helplessness wash over him. “So is that bad.” He answered his own question.

Axel picked up his sandwich, took a bite and turned towards the TV. “I think you don’t realize just how bad it is.”

Yup, Harry still hadn’t hated someone more than Axel.

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Atlas and Leo came to take him home. Tom was signing some papers when he left his hospital room and entered the white and long hallway. He was nodding to something Harry’s doctor was muttering and Harry never felt such contradicted feelings before. He knew he could fall in love with this man but he also knew there wasn’t someone out there who could destroy Harry so finally like he could.

Finally— that was the word Harry had been thinking about and mulling over for some time now. Everything about Tom was and had been final. He knew their relationship couldn’t be nothing but.

Final.

“You want to know my final feelings for you Tom,” Harry whispered softly under his breath. Leo, who was near him, made a humming noise, most likely hearing Harry mutter something but not understanding the words. “My final feelings are that I give up. You win.”

He let himself fall. He could feel Atlas grabbing his arms and pulling him forward. He could hear himself thanking Dr Joshua just like Tom had made him promise to do it. He felt liberated, free, weak, fragile… just like a doll.

Tom took his hand lightly, a thin smile appearing on his face. Harry turned his head just in time to
see Leo averting his eyes and Atlas looking at their hands with a frown. None of the bodyguards, except for Axel, told him their feelings about this whole mess. Everyone acted like it didn’t happen. Like Harry hadn’t just spent the past three days in the hospital.

Harry didn’t know if he had it in him to hate them more for it too.

The walk to the car was spent in silence, Tom’s natural scent clouding Harry’s mind for most of it. He wanted to bask in it. He wanted Tom. He wanted to live. He… he was just afraid. Why didn’t Tom understand it?

Atlas was the one driving with Leo in the front seat. The limousine looked just like it always did and Harry had a sudden flashback of him on his knees sucking Tom’s cock for the first time. That was his first mistake.

No, no. His first mistake was running.

The heavy silence was suffocating Harry’s tired lungs. “Where’s AJ?”

“Gone.”

The numb feeling suddenly grew in him, paralysing his every cell. After a long, suffocating moment, “I almost died, Tom.”

Tom’s hard eyes fell unto Harry’s numb face.

“I think you don’t quite come back from something like that.” Harry spoke again.

“I think you don’t.” Tom agreed softly.

And Harry thought; maybe this will work.

“I want you to go to rehab.” Tom spoke finally, as they drove off.

Or maybe… it won’t.

If Harry had felt helpless in a purple room, if Harry had felt helpless being choked by the guy he was too afraid to fall for, if helplessness was what he had been feeling, then what was this feeling suddenly drowning him? How far could he truly fall?

“Rehab?” He didn’t have in him to demand or yell; his voice came out weak, spent.

*Tom, I know I almost died physically but I’ve been dying inside of myself for a long time. And I’m the only one who sees me dying, I’m the only one feeling the pain.*

“Rehab won’t cure me.”

“It’s a start.” The bastard was keeping his gaze trained forward; too much of a coward to look into Harry’s eyes.

“You’re… abandoning me?”

A bitter chuckle reached Harry’s ears. Tom’s furious eyes landed on Harry’s forehead before his hand was being taken in a much bigger, rougher hand. Tom entwined their fingers. “Manipulation never suited you well.”
“Please don’t. I-” he averted his eyes at his next words, feeling the weight of them crashing his sternum. “I’m begging you. Everything but rehab… I’ll go crazy.”

His hand was being squeezed before Tom let it go and gripped Harry’s chin. “I don’t know who you are anymore. I don’t think I’ve ever known. I don’t trust you Harry.”

“I’ll do, I’ll do anything Tom. I’ll make you trust me just not… ” Oh god, “not rehab!”

His chin was let go of. Tom straightened his posture before crossing his legs. “I’ve spent these nights staring at you while you were sleeping. Do you know that I don’t trust myself around you?” Tom started, his empty voice making Harry go still.

“Every two seconds I think about how you could have just died, just like that. You, taken away from me. Nobody takes away from me, not even you.”

“I’m sorry.”

The rest of the ride was spent in silence.

They entered the manor in silence, Harry’s words weighing heavily on his tongue but he just had to wait until they were alone. They passed the hallway and entered the living room and Harry stopped in the middle of it, feeling like a stranger in a house that never felt like home. He wondered what changed in him, if not this.

Tom took his jacket off and laid it on the couch. He went to the kitchen from where he retrieved a plate full of food and a bottle of water. Atlas had remained outside while Leo awkwardly hovered at the living room’s doors.

Tom put the plate on the coffee table and then followed Leo, whom Harry could see heading towards Tom’s office.

“I’ll be right back. Eat.”

Harry had no such plans. He grabbed Tom’s arm and stopped him from going any further. Before the older man could say anything, Harry let it all out. “I’m sorry, ok, I’m sorry.”

“Harry-“

“No. I know you said you’ll talk I’ll listen but I just need you to know I’m sorry. I never intended to… to do it and you must know it. I’m sorry I hurt you, I truly am. I’m not sorry for anything I did to you but for this I truly am. You didn’t deserve to go through that.”

_Inhale, exhale_. Fuck, not even Harry deserved to go through that.

Tom looked to consider it for a moment. Harry let go of his arm while the older man turned fully towards him.

“I fucked up. I did. I know, fuck, I know. I feel like everything in me is changing right now and I can’t tell left from right. But I know that I don’t need rehab, I don’t. Look, just let me root here ok? Just let me stay here until you deem it safe. Bring AJ and I’ll be ok, I-”

“AJ is gone Harry.” Harry opened his mouth to protest but Tom cut him off. “He is gone and you’re going to rehab.”

"Will you hear me out? Please, just give me this one chance... look-"
"What do you want from me? Truly, fuck Tom, what do you even want?" Harry yelled.

"I want you safe." Tom yelled back.

"Something tells me that's for your own sanity more than it's for mine. You're killing me."

"Well, you're killing me too!" Tom turned around and left the room, leaving Harry number than he had ever been.

His new room was white. The bed was white. He had a brown sweater but in the afternoon's light the thing still looked like it was white.

Even his hair kind of looked white.

He had three meals a day, one hour with Dr Granger and the rest of the afternoon free to do what he wanted. Hermione suggested he should do art.

He didn't exactly hate it. But he felt betrayed. He felt like Tom did what everyone had done before him.

Tom left.

He never left the white room. He stared at the white walls for days. Tom came and went; small talk reaching Harry's ears, Tom's scent clouding his mind. Harry felt number as days passed by.

Was it this how it felt to be destroyed by Tom?

A white room and his own miserable presence?

He felt himself fall and fall and fall.

Zion had been nothing...

Tom made a pained sound; the unfamiliar noise reaching his ears and making him close his eyes.

"Harry?"

But the dark-haired boy continued to stare at a point somewhere on the wall; his body unmoving and eyes blinking from time to time. He didn't answer. Tom was afraid the kid couldn't even hear him- he looked to be that lost in his mind.

And Harry slept, for days and days.
Guess who's back, back again? Sfk is back, tell a friend.

Well this took me longer than I expected and I only can blame my laziness. I'm so happy to be writing again... I can't even explain how wonderful I feel and how much I missed this. I changed a lot these past months and I guess my writing changed with me? I hope you still like it tho.

If you are wondering, I aced all my exams so I think this break wasn't for nothing haha.

This is not beta'd so all of the mistakes are my own blabla.

If you want to get in touch with me, find more about this fic or others I'm currently working on, if you want tell me things or just chat with me I made a tumblr that is entirely 99% about Tony Stark and I'm not even ashamed about it. lol

you can find me here: tumblr

hope you enjoy this and don't forget to tell me about it, I really need the motivation to keep going because after this break I don't even remember where I was going with it haha I'm not even kidding
Sadness and lemonade

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

His fingers were thin. He’d noticed a time or two this particular detail but he’d never given it too much thought. He wondered why he hadn’t; after all, this was important. Like how his scar had faded from an angry red to a pale, ghostly white.

His hair had just been cut, and his short curls were back, bouncing and all. He looked different, strange. His eyes somehow got darker; this he was sure. He remembered them being brighter and bigger.

His lips lost its all redness. They were now more pinkish than anything and it made them look thinner. The times where he used to bit them were long gone; now he had no words that he needed to bury inside of him.

He was empty. He looked empty.

But he refused to close his eyes or avert his attention from the mirror. His reflection had been his greatest fear. Not anymore.

13 days and a half

The clock indicated that it was 5 pm.

It was almost dinner time.

He looked down at his hands again. They were indeed thin. He remembered those fingers gripping a half finished cigarette. Zion’s hands had been bigger, rougher, and not so pretty.

His hands being taken in a rough grip, and then an always ‘Hello gorgeous’ reaching his ears; Zion’s breath had always smelled of mint and cigars. He’d been 14 when he first let him fuck him. His fingers, gripping Zion’s way too broad shoulders for a 14 year old, had been thin just like now.

Had he always been like this?

Weak?

He traced his entire face, looking for imperfections and some kind of proof that he’d been just asking for rough touches. Standing in a white bathroom, in a worn out shirt and boxers, he looked for anything really, that spoke of who he had been, who he was, who he will be.

He was way too skinny. Tom hadn’t been lying about it. What had he writen when his dad had made him write a poem about who he was?

“I have two moods; coffee and tea…

Oh, and yes. I want to feel my bones through my skin.”

His dad had looked at him weirdly for a second; a too familiar concern gaze appeared on his bearded face. He’d looked beautiful, even worried like that.

Was he beautiful right now, looking so white, so small, and so dead?
13 days and a half ago he’d been free

19 days and a half ago he’d almost died

“Who are you truly Harry?” he whispered softly to himself.

5:30 pm

Tom would be there in half an hour. Although Tom had been visiting him every other day, this is the first time they’re going to eat together. It was Tom request. He supposed he could indulge him. It wasn’t like he hadn’t been feeling just so thin lately…

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Tom was already there when Harry passed the huge, white doors and entered the big, stony balcony. It had a wonderful view, as always. Just like as always, Tom paid for the best. Harry had no doubt that the big fucking mansion was expensive to be stayed in. He wasn’t sure where he was exactly, but what he knew it was that the place was heavily guarded (from what he had seen from his few and short walks in the big garden), had a polite and professional staff and that Hermione lived there too, just for Harry.

He didn’t know if Tom was aware but there were no therapy sessions. All they did, the two of them, was take walks in awkward silence. Hermione had tried to make him open up a few times but he had not spoken a single word since he came there. What for? Tom didn’t particularly care for his opinion. Why would he spend his energy on talking nonsense with Hermione? It wouldn’t help Harry. Talking never did.

Tom got up when Harry entered. He was wearing a black shirt and some brown slacks. He looked magnificent, as always, even wearing those boring clothes. Harry looked down at his worn out attire, which was comfortable and too big for his frame, but he didn’t fidget or feel out of place at all. Not anymore.

He also didn’t avert his eyes when Tom’s own searched for them. He blinked at the picture in front of him. He knew there was Tom he was face to face with but Harry could do nothing but look through him. He was just... tired, tired of tracing Tom’s jaw line or his perfectly groomed eyebrows with his eyes.

Tom seemed to realize this. He lips curled in a big frown before he smoothed his mask in an inviting, relaxed expression. Harry watched this whole show of emotion undisturbed. He should apologize for his bored and insulting attitude… but he couldn’t quite make himself care.

The bastard looked good. Too good.

“Harry,” Tom spoke softly. “Thank you for agreeing to this.” He wondered when they’d started becoming so formal.

He took a seat, not bothering responding. Was it rude? Yes. But was Tom rude for sending him to some stony, deserted castle without ever bothering to listen to what Harry had to say? He could listen now for all he cared; Harry had nothing to say.

“Right.” He heard Tom speak under his breath. Harry’s lips curled a little into a smile but they abandoned the act half through.

“The food will be here shortly.” Of course Tom ordered for the both of them. Harry averted his attention down at the vast garden before them. Grass, roses and bushes adorned a breath taking view.
He could see, somewhere on the right and far away, the stables and the brown and black horses eating peacefully. There was someone petting one lovingly. Harry had been brought there some days ago and he had found he liked it there a lot. The horses were quiet just like him. He had returned there only a few times. He had found that he loved it better that he postponed his visit with a day or two. That way he wouldn’t get tired of them like he did with everything else.

There was no alcohol on the table. Their plates and cutlery were placed perfectly on each side. Water, pink lemonade and bread had been brought already. The glasses were tall and round, and when Tom poured the lemonade in his glass, Harry could see his fingers gripping it. They were thin too… but somehow bigger; and different than Harry’s.

Different than Zion’s too.

Harry heard Tom sigh tiredly. “How are you feeling Harry?”

_Wasting in this godforsaken place._

Tom always asked the same question and Harry always stayed quiet. Tom’s gold watch caught the sun’s pale rays and transferred them unto Harry’s empty glass. It was almost March but he knew March in Britain was never this warm.

Didn’t Tom have a business to run?

They stayed in silence until the waiter came with their food; salmon and cooked vegetables for Harry and soup for Tom, plain old soup. Just like his fucking soul.

Tom dived in while Harry stared at his own plate. He took a few bites but the food tasted like ash. Fuck, they put him on so many fucking pills.

He didn’t know if Tom noticed Harry was only playing with his food but if he did, he said nothing. Harry alternated between staring at the man in front of him and fooling around all the while feeling his mind emptying itself more.

He wondered if he had anything in him, at this rate.

A clicking sound made him aware that Tom let his spoon down and was trying to get his attention. “You’re scaring me.” The ashamed truth came out almost whispered. He wondered why Tom was still fighting about it.

Harry searched the cream walls of the mansion and fixed his gaze there. How was he so cold one minute and then played the victim the next one?

“I feel like I’m losing you.”

Harry blinked; a familiar and disturbing feeling made his chest hurt. He understood what the feeling was. He couldn’t quite forget how anger felt like.

“You’re not talking, to anyone.” Harry turned to Tom in time to see the man tightening his fists. "You hide in your room. You sleep all day. You’re quiet, you follow all the rules. You’re…”

Harry waited for Tom’s words patiently.

“You’re not you anymore.”

Harry looked at the fried, deliciously looking salmon and stabbed it gently, cutting up a small part.
“Stop. Stop playing games with me.”

Harry chewed the food slowly; tasting nothing.

He looked at his thin hands and wondered if that was how he’d lived until now; tasting and feeling nothing.

When did Tom start being so sincere?

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The sun was almost setting down by the time they finished eating. They were escorted by Tom’s bodyguards to the garden afterwards. Harry looked for AJ but when he found none glimpse of the man; he gave up and diverted his attention unto the stoned pathway. If he were to be asked; he couldn’t quite say if there was Atlas or the twins escorting them. His memory was slowly giving up on him.

Tom’s hand was warm while he took Harry’s own one slowly. He squeezed his hand softly and then probably waited for Harry’s reaction that never came. His hand remained as slack as it was before. Tom seemed to understand it; he squeezed it again and then let it go.

“You’re punishing me.” They were alone now; the bodyguards nowhere to be seen.

He searched for the sun and then let his face drown in the pale, warm rays for a moment. “A little.” He blinked; not recognizing his voice.

The surprise could be heard in Tom’s tone. “I’m not sorry, Harry. Not for this.” They didn’t stop the pace; still passing roses and bushes as they talked.

Harry set his jaw and refused to speak. Harry wasn’t sorry for a lot of things too so that made them even.

They soon approached the small lake that was situated in the centre of the garden. All around the lake, small, wooden benches adorned the lovely and greenish water. They both took a seat, leaving a small space between them.

A few, peaceful minutes no one talked, and then Harry put his frozen hands between his thighs and thought hard about how he would proceed next. Giving up at the last minute; he realized Tom deserved at least some closure. They both did. So, after a shaky exhale, he murmured softly. “I’m sorry too.”

He could see Tom’s head turn with a painful force towards him. “I do. I’m sorry, for everything.

“Harry-”

He shook his head. “No, I need to. I need to do this.”

”I know why you sent me here and I understand. I don’t need therapy, that’s what you need to understand but yeah, I need a fucking room where I can feel my bones ache and my muscles hurt and where I wake up in the middle of the night having fucking chills and shaking and I know, you did what you thought best but that doesn’t mean I don’t hate you for it.”

Harry could hear Tom inhale at the end of his rant. A shaky inhale, just like he was feeling.

“You told me I was killing you too and I understand that now. Being in love is hard...” he averted his
gaze unto the opposite side and he let his eyes caress the horizon. The mountains stretched a little into the West and looked straight from a fairytale. “I understand I was selfish. God Tom, I don’t need Hermione to make understand this. I know this; everything I did was knowingly. I was fucking aware, ok?” He got up and ran his hands through his hair, the frustration almost making him shed tears. The rage inside of him was burning.

“And I hate myself. I do.” He whispered.

“I never gave you a chance to love yourself.” Tom murmured, tracing his moves carefully.

“That’s no excuse.”

“Do you think I’m looking for excuses for you?” Tom got up too, suddenly agitated. “No, all I do here is that I’m trying to understand your crazy mind.”

“You went all wrong about that since day one. God.” He ran his hands through his hair and pulled; needing some kind of pain to ground him. The whole situation was so stressful, so complicated. They both were to blame, that he knew.

“What else was I supposed to do?”

“I don’t fucking know. Maybe not kidnap me? Treat me like a fucking whore?” Fuck, how many times did the twins manhandle him into strange cars almost giving him heart attacks? Or how many times did Tom try to assert his dominance by harassing him sexually?

“Oh you want to talk about that?” Tom was suddenly in Harry’s face, his usually well kept hair now ruffled. He didn’t touch Harry but he didn’t have to; his presence was enough for Harry to make him freeze.

“Yeah let’s fucking talk about that.” Harry snapped.

“Ok, or let’s talk about how you were and looked half dead just half an hour ago.” Tom’s whole fucking posture screamed arrogance and superiority and Harry fucking hated him.

“What the fuck it has to do with you?”

“We got to start from somewhere don’t we?”

“I’m a recovering drug addict. How do you think I’m fucking feeling? Half dead is fucking sugar coating it.” He ran his hand through his curls; feeling all the pent up fury and all those feelings he’d been mulling over these last days come out.

“You haven’t spoken a single word. You barely eat. You sleep all the goddamn time.”

“And that’s my coping mechanism, not your fucking problem. But let’s talk about how you want to and you actually do control me every second of the day?” Fuck, one hour ago they were quiet and looked defeated, the both of them. Now all they needed was a few fucking triggering words and they both were riled up and in each other’s faces.

Tom made an incredulous face. “You almost died. I don’t fucking trust you.”

Harry closed his eyes. He wasn’t feeling numb anymore. He felt furious, betrayed, and hurt. And fuck, he kind of felt alive. And he kind of loved it.

“You ran away from me. You stole from me. You lied to me.”
"I never promised not to do those things, Tom, come on-"

"You came back to me. You were free to fuck off but you came-" Tom took a step forward and Harry wanted him to back off as much as he wanted him closer.

"Yeah, because AJ told me those Russian fuckers sold me-"

"Nice."

"What? Surprised that I used you? You stupid cunt, you’ve been using me since day one.” He yelled, the shame clouding his shaky voice.

"Calm yourself down.” Tom sighed angrily. “I knew you came to me for that. Who do you think told AJ to tell you?"

Harry froze; fuck he should have seen that coming. Man, as much as he was missing that bastard, the urge to fucking deck him was way stronger.

"It was a fucking plot,” Harry spoke finally, when he realized just what Tom said. “Was it even fucking true?"

“That I what— paid for you? Rescued your fucking ass?"

“Well I didn’t fucking ask of you.”

Tom turned his attention back on Harry and hissed. “Well I fucking did because otherwise you would have been dead.”

Harry felt the words like a slap to the face. Of course, death. It always came down to this. Tom just wanted him alive; it didn’t matter how. He got out a quiet ‘thank you’. Tom said nothing for a long moment. When Harry looked up, the older man wasn’t even looking at Harry. He looked to be lost in thought; his jaw ticking from time to time and his eyes searching something in the sky.

Harry put his hands insides his pockets and squared his shoulders. “I don’t owe you anything.” He spoke finally.

“Everyone owns me something, you most than all of them.” Harry took a step back like he had been just slapped.

“Nice.” He spat the words, the venom in his voice and eyes making Tom stop dead.

“Look-” Tom grabbed Harry’s arm softly, the apology written all over his face.

“See, you keep saying these things. And I keep fucking things up. Why would you ever think we are good to each other?”

“Harry-”

“You’re worse than Zion.” Tom flinched, his face going blank.

You see, Harry had thought hard and a lot about everything that had happened. From the very first moment they met until the last conversation they had. Everything was a fucked up mess of wrong decisions and fights. God, was there a time when they stood side by side and fucking talked?

“Do you know that I’ve been living with you for half a year now and I don’t know a fucking thing about you? How do you expect me to fall in love with you when you’re a stranger to me? When all
you do is kidnap me, make me go to boring therapy session that do shit for me. How do you expect me to love you when you don’t listen to me? How do you expect me to love you when I don’t even know what I should love?”

“Harry-

“No.” Harry freed, refusing to be quiet about it. He’d been keeping his mouth shut because up until two weeks ago he thought it will all be over soon. He’d seen this experience with Tom just like a freaking nightmare and nothing more. And now there was something serious. Now Harry felt. Harry felt anger for this man, felt rage and disappointment, betrayal and hurt. But he also felt gratitude. He felt peace and fullness and confusion and disgust and joy and... empathy. Because Harry understood how love can fuck someone so bad that they do horrible things.

“You’ve been throwing things at me and you just wait for me to be better. You send me to therapy, you sent me here, you keep me locked in your house, you make me have fucking bodyguards with me all the time. You save my ass, you forgive me, you yell at me, you hurt me. You tell me you want me safe then next thing I know you have your hands around my throat squeezing the life outta me. God, and all that Zion did was fucking bully me. You are destroying me and I’m destroying you and I just need for us to stop, ok?” He felt the rage suddenly turn into hot, stinging tears and shame took over him, leaving him gasping.


“Fuck.” He covered his eyes with his hands and turned back towards the mansion. Tom, of course, got him first.

“Hey, hey.” His strong arms engulfed Harry’s silently crying form. Tom smelled nice and he felt so safe and comfortable Harry couldn’t stop himself from continuing, in spite of his tears and shame.

“See, you do this and I think you are the best thing that’s ever happened to me but then you act so fucking cold I hate myself more just because of it.”

“No. Harry...” Tom sighed sadly and took a step back. Taking Harry’s head between his rough hands, he continued. “Fuck, we got this all wrong.”

“You’re cursing,” Harry chuckled miserably.

“I’ve been rough with you and you’ve been rough with me and maybe we didn’t hurt each other in the same way but we still did and we’re both affected.”

“You’re affected? The big, scary mob boss of London?” Harry tried to lighten the mood, not liking where the conversation was going in spite of the fact that he had been there just minutes ago.

Fuck, just like Zion used to say, you have minutes of being brave and then years of being a coward.

“We both know by now that we both stripped all of our walls and all of our pride in this relationship. I’ve seen you almost dying and you’ve seen me losing my mind.”

Harry tried to move his head from Tom’s hands but the older man cupped Harry’s cheeks in a soft manner, grounding him. “I don’t think they’re the same thing.” Harry muttered, finally giving up.

“Me losing my mind is worse than me dying.”

Harry turned his head up and searched for Tom’s eyes. “God,” he let out a laugh, “look at us, talking.”
“It’s quite refreshing, innit?” The British accent was more prominent now. Fuck, did that man make a breath taking picture. And he could be all Harry’s.

He turned his gaze towards the lake and realized the sun was slowly setting down. It was quite chilly out of the sudden. “You are a mob boss.” The sudden thought slammed through him forcefully. He took a step back; freeing his head in the process. Tom let his hands fall down and Harry could see his fingers flexing in an agitating manner.

“Yes.” Tom’s answer was a little hesitantly.

“I don’t-"

“I know.”

“Ben…” And Harry felt hurt all over again. Tom held his head high and didn’t even flinch.

“AJ. Where’s, where’s AJ?” Harry asked, wiping his tears with the back of his hands..

“He’s ok.” Tom spoke, turning his back to Harry and approaching the bench, taking a sit ever so elegantly. “He’s away on my orders.”

“He is not hurt.” He continued when he saw Harry opening his mouth. “The mission he’s currently on is his punishment. He chose it.”

Harry bit his lip and stayed quiet. Right, well that was reassuring. He played with the hem of his shirt for a few minutes. His nose was running and his face was burning. God, he hated crying.

“At last, you have seen the infamous Harry Potter crying,” he spoke bitterly. “Congratulations.”

He could see Tom shaking his head while straightening his back. “I don’t care about that, Harry.”

“What do you care about then, Tom?” He emphasised on his name; realizing all of the sudden that he stopped calling him Riddle a long time ago.

“Come here Harry.”

“I’m good.” He took a step back; just to spite Tom.

Tom shrugged and crossed his legs; making himself more comfortable on the bench. “I’ve almost lost you so many times,” Tom started and Harry barely suppressed a shiver. Tom’s voice was raw but somehow empty, resigned? “You ran after we first kissed. You left the morning we first fucked.”

“Then you kept running and running, always from me and always in all different kind of troubles. I want you to imagine how would be if I ran away from you. I bet it feels nice having someone always crave you.”

“No-“ Harry shook his head but Tom raised his eyebrows mockingly.

“It does, doesn’t it? And it’s ok, because I will always crave you and I know that’s something you need, don’t you? Someone who will always be there-”

“So why weren’t you? Huh?” Harry spat; taking a step back. “You say you were there but were you truly? You left me with people you paid to spend time with me; AJ, Hermione, the twins. Even now, you left me here and came to see me every other day to do what, make sure I was still alive? You did that for your own good and not for mine.”
Tom’s lips turned into a thin line; displeasure showing in his features. “You do know I’m a busy man, don’t you?”

“Well, you do know I crave attention 24/7, don’t you?” Harry mocked back.

Tom sighed and Harry fucking hated him. “Yeah, Tom, I’m a teenage girl who needs her boyfriend every second, every day. Fuck you.”

“I’m sure you know what I meant,” Tom said quietly. “What I’m not sure about is why the truth angers you.”

Harry chuckled weakly and averted his gaze on his left. He’d rather watch the darkness slowly creeping between bushes and trees than watch Tom be his usual charming self. “You’re delusional.”

Tom got up grinning and Harry would have wiped the smug grin off of his face but he was too busy making sure there was some kind of distance between them. Tom said no comment on Harry’s cowardice but he did raise an eyebrow mockingly. Again.

“Fine. Be it that way. You said you wanted us to talk, let’s talk.”

“Let’s talk about what?” Harry raised his hands in the air, annoyed.

Tom put his hands in his pockets and started to stroll around Harry leisurely; his form relaxed. “Oh, I don’t know. Let’s start with dear old dad—”

“Don’t—” Harry flinched.

“- and end with your high school sweetheart, Zion.”

Harry felt all of his muscles froze. His hand was shaking when he brought it up to wipe his still running nose with it. “There’s nothing to talk about.

“Oh, there isn’t?” Tom stopped in front of Harry; hands still in his pockets and his face still not giving away much.

Tom shrugged; his tongue poking out of his cavern and wetting his lower lip. “Then, we can talk about my business. We can talk about Ben. We can talk about your little drug problem. We can talk about your escapades. Choose. Either way, at the end of this night we would talk it all. Communicate; wasn’t that what Hermione said?”

“I don’t know; I didn’t pay much attention at our last session.” Harry prayed that stung.

Tom chuckled; and his shoulders went up at the motion leaving Harry transfigured. “Funny...” he trailed off; his tone showing just how much funny it all was.

Harry shook his head and sighed loudly. “Can we stop? We’re just hurting each other on purpose. We’ve made mistakes—”

“I’m not giving up on you, Harry.”

“I know, okay?” Harry let out a miserable and bitter laugh. “After all this time, you don’t think I know that? And yeah, maybe I don’t want you to give me up; maybe I like your sick little games that much.”

“You came back. You were smart enough to realize those Russians wouldn’t lay a finger on you.”
Oh and you were smart enough to realize this all, weren’t you?”

Tom raised his arms and laughed “Come on baby, do we actually need to have this conversation?”

“Then why were you so fucking insecure, huh? With all of this?”

Tom tilted his head curiously. “You are a suicidal bastard; forgive me if I don’t trust you.

“You don’t actually think I wanted to die, do you?” Harry let the incredulity be heard in his voice. “Fuck Tom, I hate my life but not to that extent.”

They were face to face now and while Harry’s form was all tensed, Tom looked to be enjoying himself immensely. “I don’t know you.” He spoke simply.

“And I don’t know you.” Harry retorted.

Tom looked to be giving Harry’s statement a thought. After a few moments, he sighed and passed Harry, going in the opposite direction of the mansion. “Walk with me,” it wasn’t an order but it wasn’t a request either.

Harry rolled his eyes but obeyed.

They walked for some time, passing bushes and flowers. It was dark outside now and quite chilly but Harry didn’t mind it and Tom looked to be not feeling it at all. Harry wondered if the bastard could actually feel something.

“I was, I think, barely above 13 when I ran away from the Orphanage,” Harry almost stopped in his tracks.

“Wha-”

But Tom continued, his voice was quiet and reserved, unusual. “I lived on the streets until I was 16. The Orphanage barely fed us and it was true I didn’t have that much food when I lived on the street but it was still a lot more than what the caregivers back at the Orphanage was giving us.”

Harry could feel a nod forming in his throat. Fuck. Okay. Fuck, no, he couldn’t do this. He created this image of Tom, Tom who was powerful and bad and untouchable... and now all that he could see was a tiny, small Tom starving. He blinked repeatedly and hated himself at the quilt and the panic he could feel.

“I lived on the streets almost 4 years. And yes, that entailed sleeping on the street and begging people for money.” He searched for the older man’s eyes but Tom was looking straight forward and his face was blank, devoid of any emotions. Harry didn’t know if he should take Tom’s hand or if he should say something. He realized that he hadn’t comforted someone in quite a long time. He had been so caught up in himself.

“I’m sorry.”

The corner of Tom’s mouth turned up a little and Harry looked away; uncomfortable with the way that sight made him feel. “Don’t be. I was a fighter. I did well for myself, as you can see...”

“Still, Tom-”

Tom stopped and Harry stopped along with him. The older man took Harry’s hand and brought it to his own face. Closing his eyes, Tom murmured and Harry wondered if this Tom and the Tom that he
had been fighting half an hour ago with were the same. “Don’t pity me Harry. Maybe I became who I became because of my past, maybe I didn’t. Hermione keeps telling me about childhood trauma... The point is; here, you have some knowledge about me. I gave it to you freely and I can give you more. You said you didn’t know me. So ask...”

Harry bit his lip and hated himself for blushing. He averted his gaze ashamed.

“You’re not that good with intimacy, are you?” Tom asked.

Harry chuckled, embarrassed.

“It’s ok. We have all the time.” Tom spoke softly, still holding Harry’s hand to his cheek.

Harry wondered then what he should ask but in the end he thought of something better. “I loved Zion since I was 5. I loved him from the very first day I met him. I didn’t with you and somehow that’s the only thing that keeps me sane.”

Tom smiled but his eyes were narrowed confusedly. “We played each other for the past months, hadn’t we?” Harry asked bitterly, changing the topic.

“Tell me Harry,” Tom looked truly curious, “have you never actually wanted me?”

Harry opened his mouth but closed it after a second. He searched for Tom’s eyes and he met with the same deadly grey he knew was always there. “Maybe I never wanted what you entail.” He took his other hand and cupped Tom’s right cheek.

“I mean, I tried, right?” He let out a watery laugh. “You can tell I actually tried. I tried to stop us from shagging, then from going further. You saw this as me running but what was I supposed to do? You or I say the wrong thing and we both get riled up and angry and in each other’s faces.” He let his hands down and sighed. “I mean, God, you had your hands around my throat once and-”

He turned his gaze in time to see Tom’s guilty one leave Harry’s face. “And I cheated on you, somehow,” he ran a hand through his hair, “ and believe me, that didn’t make it better.”

Tom’s face went back to being blank and Harry’s heart sunk.

They resumed their walk in silence for a few minutes until Tom’s empty tone woke Harry out of his musings. “I had other choices, you know. A good family wanted to take me in. They were called Malfoys. They were rich and spoiled but I think they saw some potential in me because they offered me a place to live and a scholarship.”

“I take it you didn’t take it?”

“I mean, I am also a business man,” Tom’s voice sounded amused but also, bitter? “And I did it without their help.”

Ah yes, the dignity should be there. It wasn’t like Tom hadn’t killed people for that to happen. Better to kill, sell drugs and fight than to accept someone’s help.

“Congratulations.”

“Don’t say it when you don’t mean it.” Tom stopped again and Harry was obliged to stop too.

“That was and is the problem, hm?”

There were bushes behind Harry so even if he wanted to, he couldn’t put more distance between
them.

He closed his eyes and exhaled, trying to calm himself and not fucking deck this man for the audacity to ask if Harry’s only problem with him was that he was a criminal. “Yes, Tom, the problem is that you are a mob boss.” He snapped sarcastically.

“So what is the problem then?” Tom’s eyes were burning but Harry never felt colder. “That I sell drugs? As I recall, you don’t particularly have a problem with them-”

Harry huffed, not believing what he heard. He ran his hands through his hair and exhaled loudly, trying to calm his racing heart. “Drugs? Are you actually mentioning drugs? Fuck, Tom, you hurt people. You hurt Ben and you threatened me and my family and my friends and you killed those people, I know you fucking did because I know how to use the internet, fuck.”

“What next? You’re into human trafficking? Well, that wouldn’t even fucking surprise me.” Harry yelled, feeling sick.

For a moment there was a tense silence and Harry thought he had actually overdone it.

“No.” Tom averted his eyes. “We do most of everything but not that, never that.”

Harry narrowed his eyes, not believing him. “Come on Tom, I know what happens behind closed doors at the club-”

Tom shook his eyes and smiled bitterly. “That’s called prostitution Harry and there’s a difference.”

Harry closed his eyes and exhaled. “How do I learn how to believe you?”

Tom shook his head and resumed his walk again. “I think you just do and hope for the best.”

Harry mused over their conversation slash fight. He knew there were a lot more things that needed to be said, a lot more subjects that needed to be approached but nothing compared to the nostalgic feeling suddenly crashing painfully through his chest. Tom was way taller and bigger than him in stature. His broad shoulders screamed strength and dominance. He remembered being embraced by Tom’s hard body and wondered why and how could he feel so safe when Tom was so dangerous.

But it had nothing to do with who Tom was and more to do with what Harry’s mind ran to whenever those arms embraced him.

“My dad died.”

He almost let out a sob at the choked whisper. Then he prayed that Tom hadn’t heard it but the man stopped suddenly. Harry exhaled at the stinging sensation in his eyes.

“That is the first time I’m saying it out loud.” His voice was cracked and he sounded so fucking shitty but all this didn’t matter when Tom did nothing but tug him into his hard chest and squeeze painfully. "And he died and I didn't get to tell him how much I loved him,” his words were muffled now but he didn’t even care if Tom could hear him or not, he just wanted to let it all out, "and Zion left me before I had a chance to appreciate him, I lost him too soon and although he had been there, he never was my Zion again and I did a lot of weird shit and I hate myself, fuck, how the fuck do I stop hating myself?"

"Harry...” Tom whispered softly, and that broke Harry more.

He embraced the pain and he embraced the feelings that came with having Tom so near and so open.
He embraced what the words actually meant and he realized he couldn’t go further. A life full of clubs, drugs and sadness; it was all slowly crushing him.

Nights full of different men and different drugs, blinding lights and loud sounds, cigarettes that made him sick in the morning, people that broke their promises, him breaking his promises, him stopping promising altogether. Hard fucking and dark rooms; maybe he had deserved all of it but that didn’t meant he had wanted it.

He took Tom’s shirt between his fingers and pulled him closer; anxiously taking all the comfort he could. He was crying again.

"I don’t want to die, Tom. And I’m sick of playing games with you. I need- fuck," he squeezed his eyes shut and dropped his forehead into the other man’s hard chest. Everything in him hurt; his muscles and his bones and his heart and his fucking mind. “I’m sick and I’m tired and I- I just need it to all go away. Make it all go away.”

He could feel Tom’s lips brush his scar. And it felt like a promise.

Chapter End Notes

I don’t even know what this is.

Also, Aware had it’s first anniversary on 25 this month and I'm happy, omg. I have an one year old son.

I need a beta so if you're interested hit me up or if you just want to talk with me ( I also take prompts), visit my: tumblr

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