We Know
by Midnigtartist

Summary

As the need to remove Alexander from power becomes more frantic, new information comes to light that could ruin them both. How was Thomas to know Hamilton would ruin him like this?

Notes

FINALLY!
I've been wanting to write this chapter for sooooo long om!! Very emotional but at least they're together in the end, right? I can't wait to hear what you guys thought of it!!
Huge thanks as always to my beta readers Ham-for-Ham, Exadorlion and Clebimebi on tumblr, love you guys!!!

The first thing Thomas notices as the pull of consciousness tugs him back into the waking realm is a warm little body pressing desperately against his side. His eyelids almost too heavy to lift, he lets out a tired grunt and allows the sensation of the heat overtake him, a pleasant shock to his lethargic body. He hears Alexander’s sigh, his calloused fingers tracing across his stomach, flitting over the dips of his abs as his fervent lips make quick work of reclaiming his throat. And when Jefferson cracks open bleary eyes and lolls his head in the direction of Alexander’s heat with a groan on his tongue, he finds himself being kissed. Its sweet and sleepy and slow. New, not like they used to kiss, with hot open mouths trying to devour each other whole, this is refreshing, gentle. Thomas breathes into it, drawing a hand up to touch any part of the other man he can reach as his eyes fall...
shut once more.

Then the mass shift and suddenly Alexander’s compact little body is weighing down his chest, pressing him into the mattress. The two exchange little more than half sighs, which catch somewhere in their lungs, and groggy moans that soil the peaceful silence of the morning like muddy feet trekking through virgin snow. Hamilton kisses him deep and long, with fingers all caught up in his hair and breath hot on his flushing cheeks.

Thomas’ chest heaves as the little immigrant parts his legs. He slipped between them and bends one of Jefferson’s knees up, pressing it to his chest and Jefferson gasps when Alexander enters him with little prep. Their bodies roll together, sweat slowly dewing on their skin, and every thrust of Alexander’s hips presses Thomas’ aching cock into the tight, hot space between their bodies and leaves him panting. Hamilton’s pace is steady, almost lazy, but every thrust hits deep and hard, sending him aching against the bed, back curving upwards in a graceful bend as the pleasure builds. Like the dying embers at the bottom of the hearth. His body weighed down by fatigue and sleep burying his mind like ash, and still Alexander’s soft, shaky moans prod the glowing embers, breathing new life into the brightly burning coals at the base of his spine. They swell into a low burning fire, tongues of flames reaching out in searching of kindling, and Thomas’ rigid frame ignites like dry wood. Hamilton rocks into him harder, kicking up embers as he pounds Thomas deliberately into the mattress, they blaze bright orange as the spark across the inside of his eyelids. So Thomas grips the sheets a little harder and exhales sharply. The smoke burns his lungs as it leaves him.

Hamilton finishes with final snap of his hips and a strangled groan, sure to pull Thomas over the precipice with him as he does, leaving them both breathless.

Not a horrible way to wake up.

Alexander pulls out, hits the sheets beside him with muted thump and breathes shakily into the wrinkled pillows. Thomas joins him in his sigh, feeling more exhausted than he had when he first pulled open his eyelids and was greeted with the soft sun of the early morning. He forces his heavy limbs to comply as he raises a hand to wipe away the spit that’s pooled in the corner of his slack mouth, before finally turning to face Alexander. The little immigrant lays flat on his stomach, long, brown hair a tousled mess around his flushed face. He smiles sleepily up at Thomas with hazy, post-cotile eyes of brilliant caramel.

“Good morning” he mutters, hoarse voice muffled by the downy sheets.

Thomas offers up a sleepy grin, not too proud to ignore the way his stomach flutters at the words. Again, he reaches a hand back to sweep his knuckles over any part of Hamilton’s lovely Caribbean skin that he can reach. They just so happen to catch on the small of his back.

“Mornin’” he replies.

Alexander seems to quiver under his gentle touch and buries his face more securely into the pillows. They stay like this for a long moment, quiet and peaceful in the early morning air. Thomas drifts along, bobbing somewhere between consciousnesses until he feels fingers at his skin again. He cracks open a bleary eye, silently asking the other man what he’s doing. Alexander flashes him an almost- almost shy smile, big eyes round and bright and ready to take on the day.

He scooches closer to Thomas on the bed, trailing his fingers carefully across his chest as he does. “Again?”

Jefferson barks out a breathless laugh. “You truly are relentless, aren’t you? That, or perhaps you
mean to imply that I’m simply not enough to satisfy you.”

The shorter man shakes his head, hair falling into his eyes as he draws himself closer still, until he’s practically wrapped himself around Jefferson like ivy clinging desperately to the side of a house.

“My dear Thomas I can assure you that you are more than sufficient enough to soothe my cravings. But surely after these many months you’ve come to understand how truly ravenous my desires are.” Lips brush over the pulse of Jefferson’s neck “Sooo?”

Thomas rolls his eyes, looping an arm around his lover’s sweaty back. “And yet you still seem to forget, after these many months, that I still surpass you in years.” He leans down to press a chaste kiss to the other man’s lips. “You exhaust me, Alexander, I no longer posses your youthful libido. I need rest.”

“Ah yes-” Hamilton smacks his chest teasingly “- I forget that I bed such an old man as yourself. Perhaps it’s about time I seek out a newer addition. One with better stamina?”

The warm smile slips from Thomas’ face, heart spasming in his chest at the suggestion.

He’d never considered it before. That one day he might no longer be sufficient enough to tether the other man down. The thought had never crossed his mind, that he might find someone else. Of course there’s his wife, but Thomas has never really been concerned with her either. Why should he be? It’s his bed the secretary comes back to time and time again. No, Mrs. Hamilton isn’t what worries him. What worries him, what causes a deep festering hole of doubt to eat away at his stomach is the thought that Alexander, a man as hungry for sexual gratification as he is upward political momentum, might one day grow tired of him. That Jefferson will no longer be enough to satiate him, and he’ll go off and find someone new. Someone young and vivacious, instead of a man nearing the wrong side of forty with enough emotional baggage to crush a small horse. It's a daunting thought and a sobering realization that Alexander is no more his than the breeze that sweeps over Monticello in the early spring, that he could up and leave without a word and Thomas would be abandoned. Alone. It almost hurts his head to consider now, a life without Alexander, without his soft body curled up beside him at night, or his firm hands pinning him down.

The distress must be apparent on his face because Hamilton rolls his eyes. “Thomas you know I’m joking”

“Truly?” he doesn’t mean for his voice to sound so strained with desperation but it does. He tightens his arm around his lover’s back

“Of course,” Alexander responds. He soothes his hand across Jefferson’s front. “Younger lovers might flush darker and smile so shyly with their pretty eyes all a light but none of them could ever compete with you, my darling. They’re pretty, but you’re- elegant, beautiful, refined. No younger lad or lass could hold a candle to you. Now come here.”

He holds his arms wide to receive Thomas, and wastes no time pulling him in for a smoldering kiss the second he has him in his grasp. The virginian sighs into it, allowing Alexander to ravish his mouth as he pleases, more warmed by his words then the hands clutching at his hips. When they part, Hamilton presses his forehead to his own, like real couples do, and offers him a lopsided grin.

“How about a bath? We’ll get you all cleaned up- and maybe by then” he bites his lower lip in a way that makes Thomas’ heart lurch. “You’ll be feeling up to breaking the headboard when we’re
Jefferson hoists Alexander higher in his arms. “We do still have to show up for work today.” he informs him.

Hamilton pouts. “Don’t spoil my fun. Now let go of me so I can have a bath run up for us.”

To this Thomas sighs, but he lets his arms fall from around the other man’s waist so Alexander can push himself up into a sitting position. The secretary leans over him and presses his lips sweetly to his forehead, fingers resting at his hairline as he does.

“I expect you in the bath in thirty minutes,” he mutters into his curls. Then Alexander slides from the bed.

It takes him a moment to locate his underthings, but once he does, the little immigrant slides them on, tosses a discarded shirt over his head, then leaves the room with little ado, leaving Thomas with his own wayward thoughts and irrational doubts.

The quiet of the room is the perfect place for contemplation, but he’d rather like to stifle the notion that Alexander may one day find someone better. It’s a silly thought, of course. Isn’t it? He’s just being paranoid in his thinking, isn’t he? Their relationship didn’t begin as sweetly as newfound romance, they never blushed like school children do during their first brush with love, nor did Thomas ever believe that they would. Both men are far too far along in years to be swept up in the notion of pretty, spring like love, where it’s pure and easy. But over the months they’ve gotten better. Better at being soft with one another, in the privacy of their rooms at least. Alexander has proven himself gentler, his clever gaze now grows soft when it falls on him. It was the first change that Thomas noticed. So yes, he’s simply being irrational, for surely by now, if Hamilton were bored with him he would have found someone else. But even when his wife had returned from upstate, it’s his bed and his arms that Alexander still seeks out. Willing himself to believe this conclusion as fact, that he is indeed a constant in Alexander’s life, Jefferson pushes everything else from his mind, clinging solely to those words. If Alexander didn’t want him, he wouldn’t be here, it truly is as simple as that. His body still feels heavy, and the bed is so comfortable. His and Hamilton’s heat intermingles on the sheets so Thomas curls into it and closes his eyes, ready to nap while he waits for the bath to be drawn.

His sleep is light, causing Jefferson to stir at the slightest of sounds. At the chime of bells in the street below, the rattling of the shudders on his windows as the breeze knocks them about, at feet that trek a little too close to his bedroom door, and the creaking of the apartment’s wooden frame in the wind. Eventually he gives up on actual sleep and rolls over onto his back once more. At least he feels a bit more alert now. Besides, it must nearly be time to join Alexander in the bathroom.

So Thomas pushes off the sheets slowly, the joints of his arms popping as he slumps into a sitting position with his legs dangling over the edge of the bed. It’s nearly October now, the hardwood is cold under his bare feet. With a sigh, he pushes himself up and off the mattress. Everything below his waist aches as he shuffles over to his underthings, gingerly bending to pick them up. He slides them on quickly then heads for the door, leaving the chilly room and the earthy stench of sex behind, in favor of the even colder hallway. Perhaps he should have also grabbed a shirt, but the bath isn’t that far of a walk. Jefferson is looking forward to the warmth of the water on his cool skin. He pads hurriedly down the hall to his bathroom.

He and Alexander have been spending a great deal of time at his apartment as of late. With his wife and children back from upstate, Hamilton’s house is hardly an option, and neither really enjoyed
the alternative of musty inns. They’re always out of the way and reek faintly of damp wood and body odor, but they don’t have many options. The nicer ones offer more of threat of being caught. Not to mention that the money starts to add up. So Thomas has had to suck it up and offer his own bed once more. But really, after they’ve desecrated the sanctity of the sheets on which his children were conceived, what is mattress in Philadelphia?

He pauses, taking a moment to rub and hand fiercely over his furrowed brow. This thought in mind, however, coupled with his grogginess, cause Jefferson to miss the gentle patter of footsteps headed his way. The noise prompts him to glance up, they sound to light and quick to be Alexander’s feet. He notes, stomach turning at the realization.

Across the hall from him stands a slight young girl, hardly out of the tender days of her youth judging by the roundness of her cheeks. She’s practically drowning in dreary, dusty blue dress, a little stained apron cinched at her waist and her hair tucked up under her bonnet, wisps of auburn locks poke out from beneath. Both she and Thomas freese, eyes round with surprise. Jefferson’s stomach rolls at the sight of this girl. He’s seen her before, flitting about the place on mornings like today. Alexander brings her along, so Thomas supposes that she’s one of his maids, but Thomas doesn’t enjoy having her around.

Hamilton had insisted, said they might need a little help around the apartment, and while this girl does cook and clean and draw them up baths, Thomas truly dislikes her presence. It makes him uneasy, he protested quite aggressively against the notion when Alexander had brought it up, he doesn’t want there to be any witnesses to his and the immigrant’s affairs. Even though this girl is probably still too young to understand exactly what it is they get up to, him and Alexander, and surely Alexander must pay her quite handsomely to keep quiet, Jefferson would really rather not hang just because his companion doesn’t like to prepare his own breakfast in the morning.

The maid has her big blue eyes trained on Thomas, round with shock. He shifts uneasily under her stare, seeing as he’d not felt the need to get properly dressed when he’s about to strip back down, his bare chest, and the love bites adorning it, are on display for all to see. The girl’s cheeks flushed a ruddy scarlet color. Quickly she covers her face with an old dish rag and scurried past him down the hall, ducking her head as she disappears down the staircase. Flustered, and a little more than uneasy now, Jefferson hurries the rest of the way to the bathroom and heaves open the door.

It’s already pleasantly warm inside when he shuts the door behind him. The air is hazy and smells stronging of lavender and citrus, and intoxicating blend that makes Thomas’ head spin. Hamilton sits, still clothed, at the edge of the huge claw footed tub pressed against the far wall. The space is just big enough to accommodate the both of them moving about it. Steam rises slowly from the still surface of the water, moving sensually as it curls towards the ceiling. When he hears the door click back into the frame, the short man glances up from the tub. A broad grin spreads across his lips.

“I was beginning to think you’d abandoned me in favor of sleep.” Alexander mutters teasing, pushing off of the tub’s polished side.

Jefferson huffs. “I don’t like having that maid girl here.”

“Oh calm down” the other man responds. “I pay her more then enough - and it’s not like anyone would believe her anyway, were she to say anything”

“I still don’t like it” he mutters under his breath.

Alexander rolls his eyes. “Lord you’re grumpy in the mornings, hurry up or the bath will turn cold before we’ve even gotten in.”
Thomas folds his arms tightly over his chest, it be nice if Hamilton listened to him, even just once. But as always the smaller man disregards objections to the matter, ignores them completely as he takes hold of the back of his shirt and pulls it over his head. Thomas turns to face the wall, giving Alexander, as well as himself some privacy as they undress.

Hamilton clucks his tongue. “Really, Thomas? Why so prudish all the sudden?”

He flushes hot down his neck. “I figured you’d like a moment to yourself” he mumbles into his shoulder, risking a glance at the other man. He’s smiling at him crookedly, eyebrows cocked in an almost condescending manner.

“You don’t think I love it when you watch me?” he asks coyly. There’s a teasing bite at the edges of his words, making Jefferson feel like a child being reprimanded for speaking out of turn. Hamilton chuckles. “Come now Thomas, as you so often point out, I need the attention, don’t hold out on me.”

So, feeling rather foolish, he shuffles back around to face the shorter man. Hamilton practically beams up at him, dark eyes hooded and playful. Once he’s sure that he has Jefferson’s full, undivided attention, he pushes down his underthings, letting them fall around his ankles. He’s covered in his own perverse array of bite marks and bruises, not nearly as many as Thomas, but the vibrant reds and purples splatter a path down from his navel to his inner thighs.

Hamilton pads over to him, draping his arms loosely around his neck, having to stretch up on his toes a little to do so.

“I love it when you look at me,” he purrs. Thomas rests his hands gently on his Alexander’s hips. “You’re so obvious mon Doudou, I can see it all in you eyes. It’s rather cute.”

Thomas’ brow furrows. “I’m not cute”

“Adorable than?”

“No” he grunts. “I’m practically twice your size, you little shit.”

Hamilton rolls his eyes at this. “Size has nothing to do with it. Cute is in the way you present yourself. And you, my dear Thomas, are the epitome of cute.”

“You’re a first class asshole then.” he responds.

Hamilton leans in even closer, pulling Thomas down by his neck so that their lips just barely touch. “I prefer the term- ambitious” He kisses Thomas chastely. “And you know what I like even better then you watching me? Getting to watch you.”

His eyes trail suggest lay down to Thomas’ underthings.

The taller man sighs, but a smile threatens to pull up the corners of his mouth in a stupid grin. Alexander may be impossible, but it’s hard to stay exceptionally upset with him for long. Especially when his lovely features are so bright and expectant. He slips out of his clothes, and is immediately rewarded with an appreciative hum from the smaller man.

“I’ll never tire of this view.” he mutters, making Jefferson flush. “Regardless, I fear that if I stand here any longer, my feet with freeze to the tile. After you.” he nods towards the tub.

Jefferson strides over and steps in, Alexander behind him as he lowers himself into the water. It’s almost too hot. It prickles his skin as he settles against the high back of the tub. Hamilton steps in
right after him, displacing even more water, but luckily the tub is deep with high sides, so none spills over onto the floor as the little immigrant nestles himself squarely between Thomas’ legs. His back slots perfectly against Thomas’ front and his head rests comfortably in the hollow of his neck as he leans back into him, eyes closed, and a soft, peaceful smile playing over his lips. Jefferson brings his arms up around Alexander’s shoulders, drawing the man closer still so he can bury his face in his long hair.

He marvels at the stillness of this moment, how truly peaceful it is. He feels more content than he has in ages, with Hamilton in his arms and warm water lapping at their chests. He exhales across his lover’s neck.

He finds it odd, that he can be this happy, even after the passing of his wife. That he was able to pick up the pieces so quickly and move on. Well, he couldn’t have done it without Alexander.

Alexander- the catalysis of both his frustration and his joy

Without him, Jefferson is unsure where he would be right now. If Hamilton hadn’t happened to be out on the street that night. If he had missed him in the rain, or simply decided to leave him out there, bleeding and crippled with grief, how different this story would have gone. But in a brief moment of compassion, Alexander had gripped him tight and saved him. He gave his life meaning again, gave him a reason to smile, something Thomas never thought was possible. But, the little immigrant has a knack for astounding him everyday. He’s elated- blessed. Whatever may happen, Thomas knows that he can brave it now, so long as Alexander stays by his side.

“What are you thinking about in that beautiful head of yours” Hamilton asks gently. Wet fingers trace absentmindedly across the backs of Jefferson’s hands.

He sighs, pressing his lips swiftly to the side of the smaller man’s neck before answering. “I was just considering how lucky I am to have you.”

They don’t soak long, they do have to get to work later. No doubt rumors of murder would fill the congress floor if neither of them showed up. Thomas got to wash Hamilton’s hair before they both snuck back to his room to dress for the day. They depart from different places, Jefferson from his apartment and Alexander from his house. He runs back there just before heading off so as not to worry his wife. Bids her a hurried good morning my dearest before he hops back in a carriage. Thomas wonders what he tells her, what excuse he uses to explain away his absence. Probably that he stays late in his office at work, it’s a lie so close to the truth that who could doubt him. The two arrive at different times as well, and don’t see each other again until early afternoon.

Back in the cramped meeting hall where the cabinet convenes. The cold pressing at the widows makes the room more bearable, but only slightly so, it still reeks of too many people squeezed around not enough tables.

Here, in this room, Alexander becomes the obnoxious Secretary of Treasury once more, a hellish force to be reckoned with. The smell of lavender may still waft from his hair when he circles Thomas, but his tenderness is gone. Soft eyes turned stony and unyielding. It’s to be expected. The congress floor isn’t place of kindness. Gentle notions and gentle words are trampled under foot like a daisy that’s pushed its way through the cracks of a New York sidewalk. It’s messy here, it’s cruel. If you can’t keep up, you mind as well leave. Perhaps one day, historians will paint this scene in a kinder light, Thomas muses, like they so often do. They make the founding of this nation seem easy, when in truth, this is the room where the most heinous acts of brilliant gentlemen are committed, and he and Hamilton are the guiltiest of the lot. They toss around bitter words, more insults than actual ideas. Circling each other like lovers in a twisted dance, trying to
anticipate what the other’s next move might be, trying to get in the extra word, squabbling over who leads the viscous waltz until-

Hamilton bests him once more.

Not through wit, Jefferson thinks coldly as the smug man leans against the edge of his table, flashing him knowing smirk. Alexander most certainly is brilliant, he can respect that. But that’s not the reason he’s been winning all these debates. No, it’s not been though his own marvelous mind or cunning words, but rather-

“Blatant, deplorable, and unrestricted nepotism.” Madison spits, slamming his large hands down on Thomas’ desk.

“Agreed” Burr chimes from the door.

The three of them are holed up in his office and, if he’s being completely honest with himself, Jefferson doesn’t have the faintest idea as to why Burr is here. Sure, he’s a Democratic Republican now, but he hardly sees how that gives him the right to share the same space as James and himself. He’s never fancied Burr, can’t say that he ever trusted him much, and his most recent party hopping only strengthens Thomas’ opinions of him. But Jemmy had said he’d prove useful, somehow, something to do with his and Alexander’s recent split, or something like that. He hadn’t really been listening when he’d brought it up, and now he’s stuck with the interesting-like-flour senator from New York. With a sigh Jefferson turns back to picking at his nails, surely more entertaining than anything Burr has to say.

James paces the length of the room before his desk. Thomas lazily tracks his progress with his eyes.

“The President is so quick to side with Hamilton, it doesn’t matter the issue, he always ensures that he comes out ahead.

“He does hold a certain affinity for the boy.” Thomas adds, almost like an afterthought. Like the footnotes at the bottom of the page.

James pauses. “Perhaps the rumors aren't as misleading as they would seem.”

Jefferson shakes his head at the mention of those whispers. Washington may not hide his affections for Hamilton well, but the implication that he might be the president’s illegitimate son - an unlikely notion.

Burr pushes off the doorframe. “At this rate, we’ll all be operating under a Hamiltonian democracy.”

James nods vigorously in agreement. “Hamilton is ravenous and unceasing, he won't stop until he’s reestablished monarchy on our shores. And what can we do to oppose him?”

“Not a damn thing” Thomas says bitterly, steepling his fingers in front of his face.

As deep as his own personal feelings for Hamilton run, this isn’t something he can ignore. His suggestions grow more ludicrous by the day, and not a soul can stand to stop him, because he has the full brunt of the president behind him. So Alexander is free to plow ahead, claiming whatever he sees fit.

“As if the banks weren’t enough” James fuses, leaning heavily against the bookcase to the Virginian’s right to catch his breath. “Everything he does is downright unconstitutional. I would know- I penned the goddamn Bill of Rights” he then lapses into a fit of violent coughs.
“We know Jemmy, please calm yourself” Thomas interjects, already half out of his seat.

But James waves him away with a scowl. “I’ll be calm as soon as that arrogant bastard is removed from office.” he snaps.

Thomas sighs “That’s not likely to happen anytime soon, unfortunately.”

Honestly, Jefferson wouldn’t mind seeing Alexander removed from power either. Not only would it make his job easier, with no one as equipped to debate him as Alexander in the whole of congress, not only would it remove lessen power of the Federalist party to dismiss one of their most clever assets, but it would bring him personal peace of mind. Hamilton is always much more docile when not caught up in his policies, and thats the Hamilton Jefferson likes best. Such a shame that he hadn’t just stayed a simple lawyer. He grunts and rests him face in his hand.

“It might be more achievable than you may think.” Burr interjects.

“How do you mean?” He presses

“Washington won’t be president for much longer, yes?” Thomas cocks his head to the side, questioningly. Burr continues “Just recently he’s announced his informal resignation. In a year’s time, the presidency will be up for grabs, and when elected-”

“The new president can place whoever he sees fit into his cabinet.” James finishes.

A stunned silence falls over the room at the invitation. Hamilton isn’t as infallible as he seems. Jefferson sits a little straighter in his chair.

“All we need to do is get a Democratic Republican elected then.” He states softly. “But who?”

“Well you of course Thomas” James responds.

He recoils into his seat. “Me? Why in the world would you consider me-?”

“How in the world could we not” Jemmy is rounding his desk before Thomas can finish, his gaze holding Thomas’ firmly. “You’d win”

Jefferson breaks contact to stare blankly at the surface of his desk. “No I wouldn’t”

“Yes, you would” James retorts. “You’re the most well spoken of the three of us, practically a poster boy for the south and the common farmer, you can use that, win the people over. You’re charming, they’ll love you.”

Despite the words of encouragement, Thomas still sinks into his chair, willing it to swallow him up. He has no desire to stand before the masses of the nation. He opens his mouth to voice this concern, but James cuts in before he can speak.

“You win, and we won’t have to worry about Hamilton, or the Federalists again.”

That does sound tempting. Get Alexander out of politics and get the Federalist party out of his hair. The south could finally get some say in shaping this country that once promised equality for all. What a nice, peaceful thought, to finally be rid of the favoritism and greed and pointless bickering.

He sighs heavily. “What would you have me do?” he asks Jemmy wearily.

The other man smirks. “We’ll need to start your campaign right away, build up a repour for you among the common people, give them a firm set of ideals to stand behind. And once you’re in
Hamilton is as good as gone.”

“Alexander won’t go that easily” Burr adds stepping up to join James at Jefferson’s desk. “I’ve know him for years now, and nothing gets him into more of a fury then opposition. He’ll write you into political obscurity.”

Thomas is sure that he would. He seen the discarded drafts of his political tirdas sturn about the floor of his office. The one he thinks he’s so clever in publishing anonymously, but really who else but Hamilton would pen a thirty page essay about the “Fiendish and Most Deplorable Scum James Monroe’ but him.

Jemmy shakes his head. “Then we bury him first. Beat his reputation until he has nothing left to stand on. He’s no threat if he can't write.”

“Sounds as if it’d be easier to just break his hands” Burr chuckles. Thomas feels his temper flare. How dare Burr insinuate that he’d lay a hand on his Alexander. If anyones going to ruin his career, it’s going to be Thomas, not some two faced, washed up war hero, so desperate for power that he’s almost painful to be around.

“Perhaps we can leave the brutality to the dueling grounds, good sir.” he hisses sharply to Burr. The man visibly pales. “Is that a threat, Mister Jefferson?” he asks coolly

Thomas shrugs. “Not at all, I simply find your humor brutish and unfunny- that’s all.”

“And since when have you cared for Alexander’s honor?” James asks slowly.

Jefferson goes ridged. He’s circling in to close to the heart of the matter. Idiot.

So he scoffs to cover up the near slip of tongue. “Even the implication of that disgusts me. This is not a matter of honor, but that of propriety and tact, neither of of which you displayed in this instance Burr. We are educated men, are we not? What use have we for violence? And as for my ‘concern’ for our dear Secretary of Treasury- I am more than happy to be the one to put a bullet in his career.”

The answer seems to please James and leaves Burr disgruntled, an added bonus he thinks wickedly.

The rest of the afternoon is spent huddled around Jefferson’s desk, formulating their plan. As they talk, Thomas lets his mind wander to thoughts of Alexander. He won’t be happy when all this comes to a head, in fact, he’ll be down right furious that Jefferson would remove him from his position. But surely he’ll get over it quick enough.


Thomas huff as he pulls back, refusing to meet the other man’s gaze. Now that his mouth is no longer occupied with the task of voicing his obscene moans, no doubt an impish grin is spread over Hamilton’s fine lips. But instead of glancing up to confirm his suspicions, Thomas studies the space between the immigrant's legs. His cock going soft between them and the expanse of rich
brown skin along his hips and thighs. They're adorned with a litany of bruises. The marks appear much more vibrantly on Alexander's lighter skin. Some are old and fading, ugly greenish yellow blobs that run the length of his inner thighs. They're overlaid by new marks, ones of gaudy purple and irritated, passionate red. These are more concentrated, covering the place where his thighs touch so easily it almost seems like some sort of rash or blemish because Thomas knows that's the place that makes Hamilton whine when he sinks his teeth into his skin. Jefferson turns his face into the softness of his Alexander's legs, into the bruises, still hot and angry and wet, and presses gentle kisses to them, making his way steadily up to the juncture of the smaller man's hip. The skin here is more delicate, like tissue or lace. Jefferson can feel the way his tendons move as Hamilton twitches under the attention. He carefully nibbles at the spot.

Alexander sighs, hands tighten ever so slightly in Jefferson's hair to let him know that he's enjoying this, enjoying the affection. However the tender action doesn't keep his wayward mouth from babbling.

"I still can't believe you lost to John Adams, John Adams of all people." he marvels in a low tone. His fingers scratch along Thomas scalp and the taller man whines, trusting weakly against the mattress. "I mean honestly, the idiot's hardly even in DC and you still lost."

Yes, Thomas had run for the presidency, and yes, he had lost. Adams had beaten him out by a margin of votes and now he's the vice president, and annoy fact Hamilton has reveled in bringing up for the last hour and a half. His, Burr and James plan had sort of fallen though. However, in a shocking turn of events, Adams fired Hamilton, completely removed him from the cabinet, and really, Thomas can't complain about that. It means that he didn't have to do it. Therefore, it isn't him Alexander is livid with, but instead Adams, so he supposes is sort of a win win situation for him. Though apparently, Alexander will never let him live this failure down.

"What even possessed you to run in the first place?" the immigrant asks lazily

_Shit up_, is what he wants to say. "You talk a lot" Jefferson growls against his hip.

Hamilton laughs, it's an airy sound, still rough at the edges. "I guess it doesn't really matter. But god, now I have to deal with Adams for the next four years..."

At this, Thomas glaces up. Hamilton lays propped against a stack of pillows on the bed. His hair unruly and sticking to the back of his neck as the flush along his chest and face starts to dissipate. He watches Thomas with those same curious eyes that have always enticed him. Eyes that hold such substance. Once Thomas had heard someone say that brown eyes are the most unappealing color, but as far as he's concerned that couldn't be further from the truth, especially in Alexander's case. From the fairest brozen to a shade so dark and deep the pupils are lost to it, Alexander's eyes encompass every hue and Thomas finds each one more fascinating than the last. When he lays awake and watches Hamilton stir beside him, eyes opening to reveal a muted brown his stomach bends in on itself like a street performer contorting her limbs. He loves the way the light catches them, making them sparkle like golden quartz, precious stones set deep in his face. A fire burns behind them, illuminating his whole expression with its glow and Thomas knows that he would fall all over again if he stared too long. That or be blinded by their brilliance. Even when they're glassy and black like obsidian, when Hamilton hovers above him with those eyes blown wide with hunger he's still awed by them. Eyes so rich and deep, the whole of the night sky seems to swirl within them. Whoever dismisses brown eyes is obviously a fool, or perhaps they've just never meet Alexander, because Jefferson knows now that brown eyes are regal, and strong and breathtaking.

He drops his gaze to Hamilton's navel simply so that he won't lose the little bit of himself he still guards close to his heart. It's just a sliver, but it helps to remind him where he starts and Alexander
ends.

“Didn’t Washington served for eight years.” he questions, desperate to pull himself back from the edge he finds himself teetering on far too often.

Hamilton scoffs. “Washington served for two terms, and I don’t plan on allowing Adams that luxury. I’ll do everything in my power to make sure these first four years are his last as well.”

The bitter tension that fills the immigrant's voice makes Thomas glad that he’s not on the receiving end of Alexander’s righteous anger. Suddenly he’s almost happy for his loss. But he’s hardly in the clear. Burr and Madison are still searching, digging for something that will eviscerate Hamilton political career, and from the way James has been talking its seems like they’ve stumbled onto something substantial, something huge. Jefferson isn’t excited for the day when that reveal comes to a head. But for now he has these sheets, Alexander legs on either side of his head, his hands in his hair and his raspy , almost whiny voice surrounding him.

The smaller man starts tracing his pointer finger through the air, mimicking the act of writing “What do you think sounds more degrading? ‘Lazy, weak willed fucker’ or ‘disastrous, fat prick’?”

Thomas sighs, resting his cheek to the top of Hamilton’s thigh. “If you’re going to insult him, might as well go all in and use both. But, please, Alexander, don’t get yourself caught up in any duels over this.”

Alexander chuckled, scratching his fingernails along Thomas’ scalp once more. “See, this is why I keep you around.”

“That, and the sex.” he mumbles back.

Fingers catch under his chin and guild his gaze up. Back up to Alexander’s brilliant, warm eyes. “And let’s not forget your utterly ravishing smile, love.”

Jefferson blushes, tops of his ears going pink and hot.

He shifts against the sheets, only succeeding in dragging his dripping cockhead across the blankets, which elicited a needy whine from him and causes him to again thrust meekly against the mattress in search of friction.

“Speaking of sex” he mutters breathlessly. “How is it that we come here to celebrate me, and yet I’m the one still needing?”

The corners of Alexander’s eyes crinkle fondly as he moves to cup Thomas’s jaw. Gently he guilds that taller man up so that they’re finally face to face, Thomas pressing into him with a keening moan and breathing harshly across his face. He brings one hand down to trace the underside of his dick tesingly.

“Have I not been paying you enough attention?” Hamilton coos.

Jefferson rocks his hips into Alexander’s slight touch. “No, you haven’t”

The immigrant responds with a hum before leaning over to press a kiss to his lips and suddenly Thomas feels off kilter. Alexander always seems to shift his world, in some way or another. “What are we really celebrating anyway?” the little immigrant mumble against his mouth. “I mean, let’s face it, you got second place”

Again Thomas rolls into the heat between their bodies. “Please Alexander.” he begs breathlessly.
There’s no shame in it, Jefferson has been begging since the beginning, and for the most part it seems like an effective strategy. He nearly always gets what he wants when he tightens his voice and preens after Alexander just so.

Hamilton rolls them over, pressing Jefferson into the mattress with blindingly dark eyes. It’s like staring at an eclipse.

“Have I ever disappointed you, Thomas?” the smaller man asks.

He shakes his head fervently. Alexander flashes him one last wicked smile before he starts to nip his way down his chest. As his hot breath ghost over Thomas’ flushed cock Hamilton’s lips split in a teasing smirk.

“Congratulations on your utterly worthless job. Was it worth giving up your position, Mister Vice President?”

Thomas taps his fingers against the polished table top to the meter of some tuneless song that plays on a never ending loop in his ears. Though the melody crescendos, fast and hard against his skull, the music reminds him less of a jovial drinking song and more so of a funeral march. His lithe fingers keep pace well as they hammer out the beats. He fears what will happen when the vicious tempo dies.

On the other side of the long room, James paces the hardwood, a glossy surface that projects each flickering flame in the hearth back outward. The fire light gives his companion a warm glow, trying to soften the harsh lines of his stiff posture, but the attempt is lost. Back ridged and arms tightly folded over his chest, Madison presses his handkerchief to his mouth and scowls.

Jefferson doesn’t need to be told that he’s worried, the way he clips across the floor is more of a hint then he needs, and of course he has every right to be so tightly wound. Thomas feels is to, tension set deep in his bones. Lead replaces the marrow and his limbs are heavy, movements disjointed. Anxiously, he stalls a single hand, keeping the lively, almost threatening pace going with his other, and reaches over for one of the many documents littering the meeting table.

They’re all financial statements, the fruits of James and Burr’s weeks upon weeks of grueling labor. They’ve spent close to a month rooting around in the dirt, trying to dredge up any information that could be used to discredit Hamilton in every way, but this scandal cuts far deeper than any of them could have anticipated. They’ve found, multiple misleading checks written out to one Mister James Reynolds, each for a large sum of cash. The action in itself is suspect enough, and toss plebeian scum like Reynolds into the mix and the information does not paint Alexander in a flattering light. Jefferson knows personally what lengths the little immigrant will go to aspire, but never in his life would he have taken him for a traitor. Because of course, that’s what they’ll tell the press, that Alexander Hamilton, Washington’s ill tempered poster boy was embezzling government funds. Whether that’s actually the truth or not is irrelevant, they have enough circumstantial evidence to get the papers buzzing. Now all that’s left is confront him about their allegations, perhaps the pressure will cause Hamilton to admit to further crimes. At least, that’s what Madison hopes for. Jefferson simply hopes for this all to be over quickly. He’s not exactly quivering with anticipation for his dear Alexander to find out what he’s been up to behind his back.

And although he dreads the murderous gleam he’s bound to find next time his gaze searches the former secretary’s, it’s almost a blessing that Thomas was involved. Being tasked with the job of sorting through Hamilton’s expense ment he was able to - discreetly- remove certain damning bills that would spell doom for them both if they were to come to light. He’s lock the inn invoices in the
lower drawer of his desk along with the lover letters, and wondered briefly if there was some symbolism in the fact that he could hardly get it closed again. Perhaps it has something to do with the death knell he continues to beat into the table.

Still he and James wait, wait for Burr because it was him who had been sent to fetch Alexander. Minutes in this quiet meeting hall pass like hours, and still the soundless melody in Thomas fingers continues to race.

“Burr, I have no goddamn idea what this is all about but, I swear if you tell me to shut my mouth one more time, I’ll give you a real reason to shut me up-!"

Alexander’s distance voice is like a heavy hand over his own, stalling his frantic tapping. It fills the void that was created when his blunt nails stopped clicking on the table top, but Thomas almost prefers the impersonal sound. Without its excited pace, he suddenly feels stagnant, like a carriage caught in mud, and as the door pushes open into the room his wishes that the floor would swallow him up. He really doesn’t want to be here.

Hamilton enters the room fuming, eyes alight with an indignant fire. An angry flush in the tops of his cheeks paints his face a splotching, unbecoming shade of red and his hair curls around his jaw, unrestricted by any band meant to keep it at bay. He opens his mouth to rant some more, but when his piercing glare falls on Jefferson, the words fall flat on his tongue. He swallows, sweeps the tip of his tongue across his upper lip and goes completely ridge. The atmosphere to room follows suit, wiring Thomas’ spine and forcing him into an even straighter stance.

“Mister Vice President” Hamilton tips his head in brief acknowledgment, eyes nervously darting across the room, almost like he seeks another exit. But this room only has the one door and instead of an escape route, Alexander finds Madison, lurking in the corner. His gaze grows dark, but Thomas notes how his fingers still twitch. “Mister Madison.”

“Hamilton.” James replies curtly.

At this point Burr to has stepped into the space with them, letting the door fall shut behind him with a resounding bang. The first bell, he thinks omonously.

The little immigrant wheels around to face the singular door and Burr.

“Senator Burr, what is this?” he barks out the question, arms folded tightly over his chest, heel tapping impatiently against the hardwood.

“We know what you’ve been up to Hamilton.”

He whips around in the direction of James’ cool voice. Thomas watches as his expression shifts from annoyed to confused, then terrified, eyes round as he turns them on Thomas next, questioning. It makes sense, the phrasing Madison had used made his own skin crawl and Jefferson knows the real reason they’re here.

So Jefferson quickly gestures down at the pile of documents before him on the table before Hamilton can say anything to get them into trouble. “The spending, the money, it’s all right here in these statements.”

The shorter man’s brows draw together as he shuffles towards the desk, quickly glancing over the papers before him. As he reads them, his face grows red once more.

“The fuck?” he splutters out, taking a fistful of documents in his hand before wheeling back around to face James, who's joined Burr at the door in order to fabricate some sort of wall of vindictive
glee. “These are personal monetary statements. How dare you delve into my private affairs!”

Jemmy scoffs, “It’s not private when it's American money you’ve been handing off.”

“What?” Alexander hisses around clenched teeth.

Burr and Madison exchange a knowing look, before Burr makes to stride across the room. Alexander’s sharp eyes follow his leisurely pace.

“Embezzling government funds, that’s what we mean.”

The little immigrant scoffs. “I’ve never touched national funds.”

“That’s not how the press will see it” Thomas says in measured voice, stepping out from behind the table. Hamilton almost seems more annoyed than murderous, not what Thomas was expecting.

James joins them in their circling, trapping Hamilton in the middle. “And that’s not what the people will hear.”

“They’ll all know you as a traitor.” Burr sneers. “Immigrant: Stealing Government funds, the papers will be on every corner.”

The way Alexander twists before them, spinning in place as he tries to keep up with the volley of comments being slung his way reminds Thomas of a biblical scene. Hamilton is Daniel, trapped in a den of lions, but he hardly thinks there’s any power that could save the small man from the ravenous maws of his opponents.

“No one will take you seriously ever again” James adds.

Alexander sighs in aggravation, hands curling up into fist as his sides. “I still don’t understand why you’ve brought me here. If you have all this ‘evidence’ why not just go to the press.” He shoots Burr a withering look over his shoulder. “What is it that you want from me?”

“Confess.” Madison snaps, causing his attention to swing in his direction like an excited pendulum.

“Confess to what?”

“Admit you and you’re constituent were stealing money from the American people.” Comes Burr’s reply.

Then Hamilton does something truly unexpected. He ducks his head and chuckles under his breath, his hair blocking his face from Jefferson’s view.

“You really have no idea what you’ve stumbled on, have you?” his tone is surprisingly calm, eerily so. He straightens back up, pinning Burr down under his glare. “Regardless, I’ll repeat. I never touched, government funds. And James Reynolds is in no way a constituent of mine.”

“Liar” Madison hisses, circling around to stand at Thomas’ side.

Alexander’s expression contorts into something ugly. “I’m not a liar!”

“Then prove it.” Burr interjects, coming around to Jefferson’s other side.

Now he’s the one that feels trapped, unkindly placed in the center of Alexander's rage. He shifts uneasily as the smaller man tries to smite all three of them with his burning gaze at the same time. His little body is wound tight with indignance, loathing, and exasperation, all of these strung
together by his fragile pride. He catches Hamilton's gaze once more, holding it firmly for a long moment, keeping his expression blank as to not give himself away.

Then, like a puppet being cut from its strings, Alexander’s body sags, shoulders drooping and head dropping into a position almost akin to one of submission. Jefferson can hardly believe his sudden change in demeanor, and for a fleeting moment, he wonders if Alexander really will confess.

“If I can provide you with proof, will you redact your statements?” He asks coolly, voice even and measured. Like a man who considered all his options and found nothing that could save him. Like a man on the brink of despair. Suddenly Thomas’ heart seizes up in his chest.

He wouldn’t-

Jefferson catches the men on either side of him exchange curiousus looks, before they turn back to the forlorn Hamilton.

“That depends on what you show us.” James finally says.

Alexander sighs once more, posture sinking lower still. Jefferson watches as he reaches into the inside pocket of his coat with steady hands, and pulls out a nondescript letter, folded neatly down its middle.

Panic, that’s all he can feel right now. A surge of adrenaline urges Thomas to jump forward, grab the filthy letter and burn it to ash in the fire. That, and the rapid beating of his heart against his chest. He turns his terrified gaze up to Alexander’s face, seeking out his eyes to beg him silently not to do this. But Alexander isn’t looking at him. No one is looking at him, every eye in the room in honed in on that little piece of paper.

Hamilton makes to pass the letter to Burr, but pauses halfway, momentarily flickered his gaze up to meet the other man’s “You have to swear that you won’t share this information with anyone else.” He says rigidly. “Promise me that, that what happens in this room, never leaves these four walls.”

Burr hesitates, then slowly nods. Madison follows suit. And still Alexander won’t look at him, and Thomas can barely breath as the letter passes from the security of Hamilton’s hand into Burr’s. Thomas presses his hands against his thighs to keep them from shaking as Burr flips it open. He starts to read the contents aloud for the whole room to hear.

“Dear Mister Hamilton, It seems, however unlikely as it may have been, that our lives have become inexplicably intertwined. For you see, that was my wife you decided to fuck—”

Thomas blinks.

Then he blinks again.

Then swallows

Because surely, he must have heard that wrong.

Quickly he leans over and stanches the letter from Burr’s hand mid sentence, eliciting a squawk of protest from the other man that he hardly registers, instead focusing on reading that over for himself. Because his ears must be playing tricks on him, Burr must have misspoke.

*Dear Mister Hamilton, It seems, however unlikely as it may have been, that our lives have become*
inexplicably intertwined. For you see, that was my wife you decided to fuck-

The stress of this whole affair is making it hard to concentrate.

Dear Mister Hamilton, It seems, however unlikely as it may have been, that our lives have become inexplicably intertwined. For you see, that was my wife you decided to fuck-

Surly something's wrong with his eyes. Jefferson blinks again to rid them of anything that may make his vision blurry

Dear Mister Hamilton, It seems, however unlikely as it may have been, that our lives have become inexplicably intertwined. For you see, that was my wife you decided to fuck-

-that our lives have become inexplicably intertwined. For you see, that was my wife you decided to fuck-

-For you see, that was my wife you decided to fuck-

-my wife you decided to fuck-

“What?” he rasps out, lettering hanging limply from his fingers. Burr takes the opportunity to snatch it back, but Thomas barely notices the parchment leaving his grasp. The world starts to go gray at its edges, the drone of voices in the room morphing into a dead buzzing against his ears. Jefferson’s hands start to shake.

He’d thought-

Alexander had said-

All those nights they’ve spent together. Every passionate kiss, every lingering touch. None of it was real. When Hamilton would pull him close and wrap his lean arms around his chest, when he traced little shape across his back and told Thomas that he loved him. Those were all lies. He’s not sure whether he wants to laugh or cry, the need to do both pulses through him in alternating waves of heat, until the cold eventually overtakes him and leaves him numb, swaying slack jawed in place, rooted in the middle of this godforsaken room.

After a moment, his brain finally catches up. He registers the sound of Alexander’s voice, but it still sounds distorted, like he’s shouting into a bucket. Jefferson raises his gaze from his empty hands to seek out the other man- the one he loved so dearly-’s face.

He hasn’t moved from his position before them, explaining the letter in a careful voice. Thomas only picks up bits of what he’s saying.

“Check your documents again and you’ll see that everything lines up the way I’ve told you. I never touched governmental funds.”
“No, you’ve only committed outstanding adultery” Burr replies, voiced hard, clipped at its ends. Alexander swallows. “Yes-” he breathes. He lifts his up his gaze and immediately catches Thomas staring. “I have reason for shame...”

Thomas searches his eyes, eyes he’s spent years gazing into adoringly. The same eyes that showed him passion and power and kindness. Deep brown eyes that saved him on that sidewalk so long ago. Eyes he’d thought he knew so well. He scans them, desperately probing them. Seeking out something, remorse- guilt- pain- something. But for the first time, when Thomas looks into his eyes - he finds nothing. No light, or passion. There are not stars swirling in those infinite dark brown orbs, no flickering flame from the candles on the wall. It’s a though Alexander is a statue, carved of ebony, cold and stiff. His eyes are cut away, full of depth but not much else, just dark hollow holes. And still Thomas searches them, willing himself to find something there, some softness, an apology, but they’re empty.

The moment passes and Hamilton tears his gaze away, focusing instead on James. “Are we through here?” he asks stiffly.

The air in the room is heavy, it makes it hard for Jefferson to breath. After an agonizingly long moment, Jemmy nods. “I suppose we are. Gentlemen-” he jerks his chin towards the doors, signaling for them to follow him as he makes his leave. He and Burr turn to go as well.

Thomas has to get out of here, get somewhere where the air isn't so thick, to a place that doesn’t hold the lingering smell of Hamilton’s aftershave.

“Burr-” Hamilton calls out, causing the man to pause “How do I know that you won’t use this against me in the future?”

Burr shrugs. “I suppose you don’t” Then he slips from the room.

Jefferson catches the door behind him before it can close. His hand trembles on the brass knob. “Thomas?”

He freezes, shoulders squaring up around his shoulders, because Alexander’s voice is so soft, so careful. And Jefferson so wants to believe that he cares.

He doesn’t turn, but he can hear Hamilton shuffling behind him. “Stay?”

Something flares up in his stomach at the word, something vile. A writing beast, howling out in anguish “Stay?” he parrots, spinning around on his heel to face Alexander once more. God, for once he wishes the man were taller than him, so that his diminutive stature wouldn’t make him look so timid and frail. Thomas barks out a harsh laugh, but there’s no humor in it, maybe it was actually a sob. He’s not sure. “What reason is there for me to stay? You’ve made your feelings quite clear, Hamilton.”

“Thomas...” Alexander tries again, but Thomas ignores him, striding past the little immigrant, back towards the table.

When this all had first begun, Alexander had washed over him like a torrent, wave upon wave
crashing into Thomas, filling in the cracks left by his Martha’s death. Alexander had made him feel whole again, and for a while, he thought that he could be complete without her, because he had Alexander, and he loved him. They had the heat of their bedsheets and that was enough. But despite the crackling fire, this room is frigid, and the ice that’s formed where he’s allowed Alexander in only cracks him deeper, threatening to shatter him. He should have known better, should have been more guarded. Should have realised no one would love him like his Martha did.

But it’s too late for what if’s now. He’s invested.

Well, no-

Maybe that isn’t the right word-

He presses his palms flat against the messy table top and bites down on his lower lip. His gaze falls on the letter, left abandoned amongst the check stubs, and he thinks wistfully that he could have gone the rest on his life not knowing about Hamilton’s betrayal and been perfectly content.

“How long-?” he asks weakly. “How long did you-?”

“How long did you-?” comes Hamilton’s reply.

Jefferson leans more heavily on his hands, not trusting his knees to hold him upright. Not trusting his feet not to take him back to Alexander’s side. “So those two weeks you refused to see me? Only a month after we- “ he swallows down the rest of the words, afraid they might burn his tongue. “-And for two months after?”

A pregnant pause

“Yes.”

His body sags as he lets out a hollow chuckle. “You never really loved me- did you?”

“That’s not true!”

Liar - Thomas thinks bitterly. Careful he picks up the letter, neatly folding it closed once more, before turning back around.

Alexander’s rooted to his spot, center stage of the room. A deep crease is set between his eyebrows, but it doesn’t really touch his eyes. Those are still cold and void.

The ice cuts deeper still, splitting his very bones. “Why then?” Thomas chokes.

In an instant, Hamilton is rushing towards him. The little immigrant takes his bigger hands in his own, pressing them to his chest as he peers up at Thomas through his lashes. “I was stupid, Thomas, I’m so sorry. She needed help, and in that moment my conscious failed me. But I promise you, Thomas, she meant nothing to me, she was nothing. You know that I love you.” Hurriedly, he raises one of Jefferson’s hands to his lips, kissing the place where bandages used to be, so long ago. “Please Thomas, you know that I love you.”

Thomas wants to melt into him. That would be so much easier. He wants to believe him, more then anything he wishes he could just wrap himself up in these pretty words and hide from the rest of reality. But though all of this, he’s still managed to cling to a little scrap of the man he used to be, before Alexander. A part that still remembers his Martha, and what it was like to really be in love, and the beautiful, euphoria of someone truly loving him back. That part of him knows Hamilton’s apologies are hollow, and that’s why he can’t just let this go.
“Thomas, mon Doudou, love-” Hamilton folds fingers into the front of his coat and drags Thomas close, capturing his lips with ease.

Jefferson leans into the kiss, falling easily into the familiar patterns. One hand rests meekly on the other man’s hip, the other coming up to gently touch the hand holding them together. It’s a delicate kiss, anything more would break them. Alexander is careful in the way he presses past the seam of his lips, and Thomas doesn’t stop him, just sighs mournfully into it. The taste of him is foul now, like bitter wine on Thomas’ tongue, it makes his stomach curdle when Alexander finally pulls back.

He then presses his head to Jefferson’s shoulder. “I promise, she meant nothing—nothing—”

His fist curls tighter around the letter, staring dully at the fire burning low in the hearth now.

It would hurt so much less to just stop resisting.

Clumsily, he extracts himself from Alexander’s grip, taking a few staggering steps towards the fireplace.

“Thomas?”

He could be happy again, content, if he’d only swallow down those empty words. But they stick to the back of his throat no matter how hard he tries to force them down.

He pauses at the hearth’s edge, gazing into the depths of the flames, thinking back to his late wife, and how he loved her.

He’d been caught up in his love for her much like how he finds himself ensnared in Alexander’s hold. He loved her deeply and wholly. Martha was the reason he breathed, his world, he never felt much like himself until she found him. She’d wrapped him up in ribbon and lace and never let him go, and he was perfectly content to be owned by her like that. He enjoyed his captivity, the way she held him was firm but soft. But Alexander holds him not in ribbon, but heavy iron shackles, weighing him down. It was so easy to let him wrap him up in chains, so desperate for direction after Martha’s passing that he’d hardly noticed as they climbed steadily up his arms and legs. He was happy to let Hamilton take him, it was new and fiery, unlike anything Thomas had ever felt before, and so he let himself imagine that what they had was kind. But he knows now how wrong he was.

He presses his palm flat to the stone above the hearth, leaning heavily onto it.

Chains are so much harder to remove, even now, all Jefferson wants is to curl up into the other man’s side because that’s familiar. What he’s doing now, trying to pull away, that’s difficult. Because, without Alexander, he has nothing. No one.

He feels the immigrant hovering at his back. “Thomas please.”

He knows

Who really wants to take the harder path, anyway?

Slowly, Thomas kneels before the fireplace, the letter still crushed in his fist.

He could be content again. With Alexander, he could find some semblance of happiness once more.

Jefferson carefully holds the letter out above the flames, watching with dull, tired eyes as it starts
to smoke, then eventually catch. He drops it into the fire when he can hold it now longer.

This is easier

He sinks back onto his heels, watching the parchment burn. How the ink causes it to curl in on itself, the paper turning to ash before falling away, secrets becoming nothing more than soot in the hearth.

Arms wrap around his middle, a chin digs into his shoulder. He leans back into the touch.

“I’m sorry, Thomas, I’m sorry” Alexander mutters over and over, pressing kisses to the back on his neck between the phrases. “I never meant for it to happen, I’m so sorry. I love you Thomas, I love you.”

Jefferson’s knows that they’re nothing but lies, but he doesn’t care. Won’t bring himself to care. Instead he just leans back into Alexander’s warmth and stares at the fire. The heat and smoke make his eyes burn and water.

It’s all lies.

But this is better. It easy for him to just take these pretty words and hide from the truth.

Easier to stay then free himself. So that’s what he’ll do. He’ll find peace in this hollow, broken love if it means he doesn’t have to be alone.

“I love you. Never meant to hurt you.”

Liar- Thomas knows for certain that it’s true. That Hamilton’s honey coated words hold no regret or sincerity. But-

-he can’t say no to him

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