The Silence of Our Friends

by WalkingDictionary (Scared_Beings_in_the_Dark)

Summary

During an undercover assignment, things go horribly wrong for the BAU.

Warning: Graphic and Explicit.

Heed tags and warnings.
Chapter One

Chapter Notes

General Notes: This is a story I've been kicking around for about four or five years now. Very obviously, it's unfinished, unpolished, whatever you'd like to call it. I just want to get it out, to know that I'm not the only one who has this crippling fear of my work being exposed (kind of like exposing myself before someone else does). I cannot promise that it's good, most of it was written over three years ago with minimal revisions.
Please, if you notice something that is blatantly wrong, let me know. I will do my best to fix it.

This story is perhaps triggering, certainly far more detailed than it needs to be (one could even make the argument that it shouldn't have been written). I have split it into seven chapters and an epilogue. All in all, it's around 12,000 words long—just a couple dozen short.

Season: late 4, early 5 (when Reid's hair was long)
Spoilers: None that come to mind

Disclaimer: I do not own anything related to Criminal Minds, I just decided to hone my writing skills with this particular cast. I fully expect to have done something horribly wrong. Please, don't hesitate to let me know. The title comes from a quote from Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Look it up; it also doesn't belong to me.
(Original disclaimer and notes that appeared on post)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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“No.” Supervisory Special Agent Aaron “Hotch” Hotchner is not going to allow any of his agents to be endangered simply because they resemble the victims of a psychotic killer. His crowded office seems to echo with the force of the single syllable. SSA Derek Morgan and SSA David Rossi both flinch, sympathetic looks crossing their faces.

“Why should we give him someone we can’t predicate the actions of? Why not bait a trap for him?” SSA Doctor Spencer Reid, resident genius and victim-impersonator, demands. His one goal in life is to save as many people as he can, even if it means endangering his own life every other step. “We can have as many undercover officers as we want—the area is well-known for its high concentration of male prostitution.” And how many people ignore male prostitutes just because they are prostitutes? Another group of use-without-care people of Washington D.C.

Hotch jumps to his feet, brows drawn over hard eyes. He realizes that he might be intimidating to some people, and, as Reid stares up at him, he realizes that the young genius is one of them. Reid backs away slowly, barely concealed fear stamped on his features. Why is Reid afraid of him?

“I can’t let you do this,” Hotch keeps his voice steady, keeps his hands unclenched and at his
sides. Reid doesn’t seem to take any comfort from this.

“You know I’m not more important than any of the men being killed.” He sounds like a little kid and Hotch wants desperately to record the voice so he can prove it to Reid.

“You know he’s right,” Rossi says behind Reid. Morgan is standing next to Rossi. They are both backing up the kid even though they know that this undercover mission is extremely dangerous. Possibly more so than any of the raids they grudgingly allow Reid on. “We can go undercover too. We can prevent more deaths. Our profile isn’t working.”

Hotch knows that. He also knows it means the profile is either incomplete or the Unsub isn’t from the area around Washington D.C. The BAU is at a standstill, a dead end, a stone wall, at every euphemism for nothing. They need another death or to catch him in the act.

Reid is right, his head agrees, but his heart fights it. “Fine. Let’s get our covers. But Reid, if you get kidnapped or if someone looks at you wrong, I’ll put a tracking chip in you.”

“Understood, sir,” Reid’s smile is one of relief and it lights up his face. Hell, it lights up Hotch’s entire office.

“Good, now get out.”

~ * ~

The dark blue shirt and tight black jeans feel uncomfortable. His hair has been brushed so that the growing strands fall across his forehead in a fringe. Flimsy sneakers and a thin gold chain complete his outfit.

Hotch doesn’t think anyone will fall for his disguise. He’ll stick out like a sore thumb or like the fed he is. He hopes the others have better luck.

He exits the bathroom, groaning in disgust that the others have made it out before him. Rossi and Morgan are going over the basics again—no weapons, no badges, just whistles and mace. Reid is sitting on a desk, talking with the ladies of the BAU, drinking one last coffee before they hit the streets.

Hotch can’t stop himself from staring. Rossi is dressed in a black dress shirt, dark blue jeans, and black sneakers. His beard has been trimmed neatly. He looks good but not like a prostitute. Beside him, Morgan is wearing a tight white shirt and dark jeans. He has black boots and a backwards baseball cap. He looks more like an off-duty cop than what they need.

Reid notices Hotch and gives him a thumbs-up. He stands, handing his coffee mug to Emily Prentiss, twirling around at a request from someone.

His shirt, a neat button-up, is white with pale stripes, stretched across his thin chest because it is tucked in. His pants are brown slacks that hug his thighs and butt but flow freely over his long legs. His shoes are clean, white sneakers. His tie, a dark blue color, is looped loosely around his neck and held closed by a thin pin. He is wearing his own clothes and the only major difference is his hair.

Usually tangled or gelled back, it’s loose, tucked carefully behind his ears and pinned with what looks like bobby pins. Reid resembles the victims so strongly that Hotch wants to call off this mission.
Instead, he shrugs into a thin black jacket with an inside pocket that will hold the emergency cell phone while the others gather their jackets. Reid is the only one not allowed to have anything extra in regards to clothes—no hanging edges that could be grabbed and used to restrain him if they need to work a quick extraction.

Maybe Reid can’t walk like a hustler, Hotch’s heart tries to reason again. But, at a word from Morgan, Reid saunters from JJ and Prentiss to Morgan and Rossi, leaning this way and that, each careful step adding to a growing sexual tension in the room. Behind Reid, several officers, male and female, suddenly excuse themselves. Are they aroused or disgusted?

Hotch knows the only thing that matters to the mission is if Reid can walk, talk, and act like a prostitute. He’s doing a damn good job of it by the way one unlucky officer has been frozen to the wall, excitement showing itself rather plainly.

“We’re a go,” Morgan says softly, clapping Reid on the shoulder and letting him lead the way outside. “Goddamn it.”

Chapter End Notes

Briefly edited to fix grammatical (and formatting) errors. Nothing in the way of the story was changed.

Link to original post: The Silence of Our Friends
There is a john waiting on the corner. He seems impatient and Hotch wants to tell Reid not to go. The man gestures at Reid again, his thick fingers curling into an obscene “come hither” claw. Reid glances both ways before crossing the street—a good little boy doing something so bad.

His walk has been perfected, hips swaying enticingly, hands held gently at waist level. He is walking sex, and Hotch knows more than their Unsub is watching. Several other johns suddenly seem interested in the young man, and the john trying to get Reid’s attention glares angrily.

The man waiting for Reid talks quietly for a few minutes but ultimately drives off without the agent when another man, baseball cap pulled low over his eyes, steps up behind Reid, arm looping possessively over his shoulders.

Morgan leads Reid away from the road. They are laughing and joking. When they regroup on the corner, Reid whispers why the man was all wrong for the profile and why he signaled for Morgan’s rescue.

That itself should be a clue, Hotch thinks as he watches his agents carefully. If Reid needs help from a single john, what will happen when more aggressive men want him?

Another car suddenly honks, driver waving almost frantically at Rossi. The older man raises an eyebrow but moves to the car. The driver and he talk for a moment but Rossi returns without doing anything.

Hotch is confused. He swears the person in the car was Prentiss, but she knows enough not to endanger the mission.

“Wanted to know if you swing both ways,” Rossi grunts when he returns to Hotch’s side. When another car pulls up for Reid, Rossi tells him Prentiss got several hits when they examined similar occurrences and Unsubs. The group they are looking for is at least five-men strong. Reid cannot be kidnapped. It was not an option before, and it sure as hell isn’t one now.

The john talking to Reid suddenly yells, shoving the young man back onto the sidewalk and speeding off. It seems as if Reid has been labeled a tease. Another aspect of the victims, Hotch has discovered since working for half the evening.

Reid’s hair is now tousled from multiple hands running through it, his lips look swollen and maybe bruised from rough kisses, and his shirt is missing a few buttons from groping men. He looks absolutely adorable, and Hotch is glad he’s straight. So, apparently is Rossi who can’t seem to take his eyes off the young profiler.

Reid does not seem worried that more and more of the johns are asking for him. He does seem worried that none of them want to take him home. Morgan seems happy that Reid has not turned a trick yet. Hotch knows he’s happy about that too.

And then it pulls up.

A black car with tinted windows.
The Unsub’s car.

Rossi meanders his way towards a point behind the rear bumper but keeps it in his sight. Morgan does the same from the other side. Hotch stays in the same damn place he’s been in all evening, feeling not quite anger—fear?—well up in his chest as Reid is beckoned to the new car.

The young man walks out to the curb again and Hotch notices the arm hanging out of the window sways in time with Reid’s footsteps. Reid leans down, his ass stuck out like Morgan taught him to do in the station, his mouth moving, asking about what is needed.

His cry of pain doesn’t immediately register with Hotch and that worries the unit chief. Reid suddenly collapses, and it’s clear he’s crying. There is a needle stuck in the crook of his elbow—how the hell did the man manage to do that?

Rossi, the closest at the moment, reaches the car, whistle sounding shrilly, mace clutched tightly. The man calmly pulls Rossi down, banging his head against the window, attaching something Hotch is sure he never wants to see again.

Rossi is now wearing a necklace bomb. Reid is unconscious at his feet, unknown drug coursing through his veins. Morgan and he approach the car slowly, mace held like guns. Really, how much damage can mace do?

They don’t get to find out since the man is pointing a gun at them and ordering them to put the other two into the car before he does something to them.

Hotch wants to antagonize the man a little, get something out of him, but a gun trained on Reid keeps his mouth shut.

God damn them indeed.

~ * ~

Hotch is sitting on his arms with his back pressed into the leather seat of the Unsub’s car. Leaning against him, legs pulled up under him and hair falling across his forehead is Reid. On the other side of Reid, Morgan is in the same position as Hotch. Rossi is in the front seat, the bomb necklace choking him.

Hotch does not know how this happened. He does not know how to get out of this situation. But he does know exactly why this happened. The reason is snuggling into him, sleeping peacefully.

He can’t help the anger he feels welling up in his chest at the fact that Reid was targeted specifically by the Unsub. They'll come up with a code name for him if they encounter more Unsubs, as Prentiss has warned them about.

This case was supposed to be simple. Find out who killed seven male prostitutes and why. Since Reid resembled the victims—slightly above average height, thinner than a rail, long brown hair, and labeled as a tease—they entered the undercover world as suspicious hustlers, against his better judgment, Reid as bait—“Why should we give him someone we can’t predict the actions of? Why not bait a trap for him?”—and the others as protection.

Great job they’d done. Reid had been injected with an unknown drug and Rossi had been collared
with the bomb. Their mace and backup had done nothing for them.

Morgan jerks suddenly, and Hotch returns his attention to his agents. Other than his pride, so far Morgan seems fine. He is handcuffed with flexi-cuffs the Unsub brought with him. Hotch has been restrained with another pair of flexi-cuffs. He’d been forced to restrain Rossi and Morgan before the Unsub got them settled into the car. Reid is the only one with no form of restriction on his limbs save for the very deep drugged sleep forced into his veins.

Every few minutes Reid shifts against either Hotch or Morgan and makes a small sighing noise, as if he’s dreaming pleasantly. But Hotch has seen Reid sleep before, has seen him in the middle of a nightmare. He almost always looks like it’s pleasant until he either wakes up screaming or trying to make sense of the dream.

Suddenly the car is stopped and Reid, the only one unable to brace himself, is flung almost into the front seat, another bruise added to his growing collection. The Unsub turns to Rossi, forcing a kiss onto the man before spraying him with some kind of gas. Rossi slumps, sliding down in his seat without a sound.

The man laughs, using a key to unlock the bomb from around Rossi’s throat. “Bet you thought it was real.”

Hotch and Morgan remain silent, unwilling to confirm his taunt. The man throws the bomb from the car, seemingly uncaring of the potential evidence on that one object. When the man turns, Hotch realizes—and on the other side of Reid, Morgan stiffens having noticed it too—the man is not wearing a ski mask.

They are all going to die.

The man, a blond in his late thirties with broad shoulders and a thick torso, leans over the seat, over Reid and sprays Morgan and then Hotch. Both slump, their consciousnesses suppressed by this gas. Forgetting his restraints, Hotch tries to reach out a hand to touch Reid’s shoulder—there is no time for anything else before his eyes fall shut.

~ * ~
Hotch is horrified when he regains consciousness, abruptly sitting up and almost knocking heads with Rossi. Does the Unsub know that he has FBI agents?

At least the restraints are off. So, maybe their cover hasn’t been blown yet.

While Rossi and Morgan are obviously awake—it kills Hotch to have been seen asleep by other people—Reid is still curled in much the same position as he’d lain against Hotch in the car.

The bed is large with a metal frame complete with four posts, but the room is larger with wide windows covered in gauzy curtains. Through the thin material, Hotch can see a lawn, large and green with trees and a pond. They are isolated here. And nowhere near Washington D.C. where they’d been working on their case. There is a trunk littered with…things he does not want to think about at the foot of the bed.

Someone clears his throat and the profilers look up. Standing in a circle around the enormous bed the “hustlers” have been arranged on are eight men, including the Unsub from the car. None of them wear any form of concealment. They are not afraid.

“Slap him,” the first Unsub commands suddenly, motioning Hotch towards the still sleeping form. Judging by the bulges in their dark pants it’s clear what they want. Why haven’t they taken it yet?

“Wake him up or leave him unconscious, we don’t need his consent,” another man, wide shoulders and thick gut, laughs unpleasantly. Reid shifts as if the man has somehow penetrated his dream, a soft murmur of discontent leaving his parted lips.

He looks so vulnerable.

Hotch moves carefully, leaning down to his agent. He gently taps Reid’s face, calling him by his undercover name. No sense in tipping the men off.

“Matthew,” he whispers against Reid’s ear. Suddenly the young man jerks, returning rather rapidly to the land of the awake and scared.

“’S happenin’?” he moans. Hotch can’t help the relieved smile he feels straining the muscles around his mouth, but he wrestles it back into the box labeled emotions before anyone else witnesses it.
“You need to wake up now, Matthew.”

“Mark?” Morgan touches Hotch’s shoulder. It’s a warning for the fist that cracks against Hotch’s jaw. Morgan gets one too. When Rossi moves to stop the men from dragging Reid away from the reeling agents, he is punched in the solar plexus.

Reid doesn’t make any sound as he is pulled to his shaky legs and passed around. He is inspected as if he is a horse. Hotch has to hold back a rude response when one of the men pries Reid’s mouth open, stretching his lips to see if he can accommodate—Reid bites the man, an audible crunch as he breaks the man’s thumb.

Reid is viciously backhanded and he drops to the floor where the bloody, broken thumb guy, a man in his early forties with brown and silver hair, kicks him. The air whooshing from Reid’s lungs twists something painful in Hotch’s stomach.

The man kicks Reid again, catching him in the stomach, and this time Reid vomits, directing it towards the man’s shoes. Why is he deliberately being difficult? Reid usually chooses the path of least resistance—it’s why everyone, Hotch included, walk all over him.

“Enough,” the first Unsub orders, lifting Reid from the floor and throwing him onto the bed. “It’s time for your first lesson.”

Reid whimpers as his pants and underwear—black boxers—are ripped off him. The three agents have recovered enough to attempt to save their young colleague, Rossi swinging high, Morgan swinging low, and Hotch pulling Reid into his arms, shrugging his jacket off to provide a shield for the forced nakedness.

The other Unsubs do not take kindly to their leader being attacked and help restrain all the agents while the first Unsub, wiping blood from his mouth from a split lip Rossi gave him on Reid’s shirt, removes every last article of clothing on the young man’s body.

Reid is breathing hard through his nose and it sounds to Hotch as if he’s fighting against crying. The first Unsub suddenly grabs Morgan’s arm, pulling him closer to Reid.

“You’re going to be his first,” he smiles a cold smile that twists Hotch’s stomach again and causes all the agents, Reid included, to fight the hands holding them. “You get to fuck him.”

“I am not going to,” Morgan glares defiantly at the man, stilling himself so that they have to push Reid onto him.

“We could do it,” another man speaks and no one doubts that. Reid moves against Morgan, sliding into his arms so that he can whisper in his ear.

“It’s all right, Martin,” his voice shakes but he appears very certain of what he is saying. “It’s okay, you do it.”

“What do I do?” Morgan turns to the leader.

“Kiss him first, show him that you love him.”

Reid accepts Morgan’s gentle kiss, letting him nuzzle his neck. Every time Morgan moves away to see if Reid is still okay, still strong, Reid smiles at him. Hotch and Rossi watch silently without
moving.

Why?

“Harder,” the man commands. “Treat him like you would a common whore.” Morgan closes his eyes and starts a brutal kiss that has Reid squirming to escape. When Reid’s lip splits from the force of the kiss—teeth or chin?—the man seems satisfied, handing Morgan a condom while another takes Reid from him.

Reid begins fighting as lube is poured onto his ass. He lashes out, catching the first Unsub in the chest with a strong kick. In retaliation, the other man stabs three fingers into Reid’s anus. The cry ripped from the young man’s throat freezes time. And then Hotch, Rossi, and Morgan redouble their efforts at saving Reid.

Suddenly, there is a gun against the back of Reid’s head. “Fuck him, Martin,” the first Unsub says quietly, clicking the safety off. “Fuck him hard.”

For the longest time after Morgan enters Reid the only sound is Reid’s shuddering sobs. The men not holding Rossi or Hotch or forcing Morgan to hurt Reid start jacking off. One by one ejaculating as the first Unsub urges Morgan to hump faster.

The profiler is only allowed to withdraw after he climaxes, and then the man replaces the safety and puts the gun away. He waits while his companions recover and then he makes a slashing movement with his hand. Rossi’s jeans and boxers are yanked to his ankles and he is shoved until he hangs over Reid.

“Suck him, Matthew,” the Unsub urges, stroking Reid’s long hair off his face. Reid whimpers softly, but struggles to his knees to accept Rossi’s limp penis.

“I don’t want to do this, please don’t make me do this.” Hotch is certain this is the only time he’ll ever hear Rossi beg. It seems appropriate to cover his ears, but the man holding him tightens his grip.

“Suck him,” the Unsub repeats, nodding with satisfaction when Reid begins giving Rossi a blow job. “Fuck his mouth. He’s just a whore.” Hotch can see tears flowing freely down Rossi’s cheeks. Another first for Rossi. Reid’s split lip begins bleeding again, and the red stands out on an otherwise pale face.

The entire thing with Rossi takes several minutes—many of the men ejaculate again. And then they make Morgan force a semi-erect cock—Reid had to jack him off first—down the kid’s throat. The look on Morgan’s face is more broken than Reid’s.

Finally, the first Unsub lets Morgan stop. The man kisses Reid’s lip, licking blood from his chin as he smiles. “Good night.” As one, the men leave, filing out in a neat line. They take Reid’s clothes with them. As soon as the door locks behind them, the agents gather around Reid. The young man shoves away from them, leaning over the edge of the bed and emptying his stomach forcefully.

When he sits up, he is sobbing harshly, chest heaving from an effort of trying to breathe through clogged sinuses.

“I’m sorry,” Morgan leans down, using a shaking finger to wipe away a tear that has made it to the corner of Reid’s mouth. Without warning, Reid latches onto it, biting hard, and Morgan cries out in pain, trying to remove his finger from the young man’s teeth. There is no crack, but blood
began to weep from a jagged tear.

Reid suddenly begins fighting them, flailing his arms and kicking his legs. When Rossi or Morgan try to touch him he screams. Hotch is the only one able to hold him.

As Hotch helps soothe and distract Reid, Rossi uses medical supplies left on the trunk to clean Reid carefully. Then, and only then, he attends to Morgan, stitching the wound on his index finger neatly. Reid falls asleep against Hotch, and Rossi determines that it would be good for one of them to stay awake in case the bastards come back. Morgan, guilty from his forced involvement, asks to have first watch.

Hotch closes his eyes listening to the soft breathing of the young child leaning on him. It isn’t long before he joins Reid in the land of the oblivious.

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Hotch watches as the sun rises. It never ceases to amaze him how the world is reborn in a span of thirty minutes. He wants coffee. They probably all do, especially Reid.

Reid is asleep right now, folded in on himself. Hotch watches him carefully, smiling with relief when the kid opens his eyes. It feels like watching the sunrise again. He reaches across Reid to shake Rossi awake.

“Already awake,” the older agent grunts, rolling over and kicking at Morgan. They take stock of themselves as if Hotch on watch wouldn’t catch the Unsubs in the act.

“Breakfast?” Reid slides off the bed, tying the blanket around his shoulders, making sure that it completely covers him. He kneels by the door, lifting onto the bed a tray with scrambled eggs, orange juice, and pancakes, all giving off an appealing mixture of scents. Okay, Hotch did miss something. Reid hands out plates with perfectly sized portions (i.e., tiny morsels that won’t fill a grown man’s stomach) to each of them. He takes his own plate and sits on the trunk.

He seems…fine this morning, but Hotch keeps one eye on him just in case. Breakfast is over too soon and Reid replaces the tray where he found it. His excited gasp has them all rushing to his side. The floor where the tray sits is actually a small lift that drops silently, which explains why Hotch was unaware of its arrival. After a few minutes, the lift returns with nothing on it.

“Wonder where it goes,” Morgan remarks in a soft voice. No one misses the way Reid jumps at the sound.

“Nowhere helpful,” Rossi mutters before stalking into the bathroom. Hostility is the one thing all of humanity is good at, but Hotch wishes desperately that his team was above it. Rossi’s anger is manifesting itself against Morgan and himself, Morgan’s anger against Rossi and himself, and his anger against Rossi and Morgan. None of them are so far gone as to take it out on the youngest.

Yet.

Once they have all used the bathroom and cleaned up a little, they settle into a pseudo-routine: Reid reading books etched in his mind; Morgan inspecting the window; Rossi inspecting the rest of the room; and Hotch watching over his team and inventorying the contents of the trunk.

The peace is shattered when the door is thrown open by the Unsubs. All eight of them file into the room. The agents retreat to a corner of the room, staring warily as one. The first Unsub pulls out his gun and points it at Hotch’s forehead.
“Get on the bed, now.” As one, again, the agents move to the bed where Rossi and Morgan are flexi-cuffed to the posts near the head of the bed. Hotch and Reid sit near the foot of the bed. The Unsubs arrange themselves in a semi-circle, the first Unsub next to Hotch’s back.

“What now?” Hotch whispers, waiting for an answer he never wants to hear.

“Lap fuck,” one of the Unsubs, a thin man with a black handlebar mustache, requests. Confusingly, his hair is a shock of blonde. A bad dye job, so he must have been almost caught recently. Reid stares questioningly at the first Unsub as he hands a condom and the lube to Hotch.

The glare Hotch sends the Unsub would scare a greater man. As it is, the hard eyes and set jaw seem to amuse the man. “You can go slow at first, but you’re going to have to really fuck him before you can stop.”

Hotch refuses to do so, pushes Reid away from him, and stands to fight for the kid. “We could do it,” someone threatens and the four words knock him back onto his ass and force Reid to crawl into his lap. The first Unsub rolls the condom down onto Hotch’s penis. A copious amount of lube is poured onto the condom and then Reid is helped into position by the Unsub, who also gives Hotch a couple of hard yanks to stiffen him.

The other Unsubs begin jeering as Reid slowly slides himself down onto Hotch’s erection. Reid is facing away from him, but Hotch can imagine the terrified, pained expression on Reid’s face. Cold fingers work themselves between Reid’s buttocks and Hotch’s thighs, gently moving Reid up a few inches and letting him fall back onto Hotch’s hardening length.

Hotch cries silently and tearlessly while Reid sobs brokenly. Morgan and Rossi watch silently. With the Unsub’s help they establish a rhythm where Reid leverages himself up until Hotch is almost out and, as he drops back down, Hotch thrusts up into him. It hurts Reid, but it keeps the men happy.

“Roll him over, fuck him hard,” the only other man who does not have his hands down his pants orders. Hotch has already decided this particular bastard is impotent, can’t even pretend to get it up. The first Unsub likes the idea and points the gun at Rossi to get Hotch to move. Reid makes no sound as he is twisted around—still impaled on Hotch—and set so that Hotch is kneeling between his legs.

“Matthew,” Hotch manages, “this is going to hurt a lot.” Reid nods, lifting his ass enough that Hotch can begin moving again. For the first time in this ordeal, Reid’s prostate is massaged and he throws his head back, mouth held open in an ‘O,’ tears leaking from his eyes. The pain from the penetration keeps Reid from becoming hard, but there are signs of some pleasure in the way he jerks when Hotch strokes inside him. Or, so Hotch tells himself to keep from dying inside as Reid’s breath is forced out from the thrusts.

Hotch feels himself coming to the edge, his orgasm eminent. He grips Reid’s hips tightly, digging his fingers into the barely flesh covered bones. He slams a couple more times, harder and faster, into Reid before filling the condom and falling forward onto the young man. A chorus of cries sounds as the men began climaxing as well.

Reid is pulled out from under him and set near Rossi. The older agent struggles against his bindings while Morgan is cut free and led to where Hotch is still trying to catch his breath. Reluctantly, and none-too-gently, Morgan cleans his boss with the cloth forced into his hand.
Rossi is freed before the Unsubs, clean now from their ejaculations, leave the room, all of them, impotent bastard too, kissing the kid’s forehead and saying how much they’d like to fuck him. Reid responds with whimpers but doesn’t move away from them.

The door bangs shut, and Hotch lets himself fall forward. He’s always been exhausted after climaxing and today is no exception. He ignores the glares from Rossi and Morgan as he drifts off. He doesn’t notice Reid throwing up again.

~ * ~
Hotch wakes up when Rossi grabs his shoulder. “Mark,” his voice is low and urgent. Hotch jumps awake, sitting up and finding himself face to face with the first Unsub.

“Mark, how was your rest?”

“It would have been better if we were back where we belong,” Hotch forces out. Reid is warm against his side, curled under the blanket. The trust Reid is exhibiting by sleeping against him after he was the last one to rape him is disconcerting to Hotch. He really wants to get his agents back home before they are forced to do something else to break each other.

“I’m afraid I can’t do that,” the man says. “I only wanted Matthew, but you all insisted on joining us.” He turns to Rossi, sticking out his hand. “I don’t believe I caught your name.”

“What’s yours?” Rossi retorts, ignoring the glare Hotch directs at him.

“Joey Taskins. Now, what is your name?”

“Michael.”

“All ‘M’ names, eh? Well, my favorite name happens to be Matthew.”

“No, it’s not,” Morgan growls, standing up from where he’s been contemplating dark thoughts. “You just made that up.”

At a shared glance, Hotch, Rossi, and Morgan launch themselves at Taskins, shoving him onto the carpeted floor. Reid wakes up when the bed shakes and joins in, sitting wrapped toga-style in the blanket on the man’s chest.

“Let us go,” Hotch manages to keep his voice even. “The consequences may not be as severe if you do.”

“Matthew, could you move around a little?” Taskins seems unconcerned that he is stuck to the floor, four angry men hanging onto various parts of his body. Reid shakes his head, holds his body still.

“Lock him in the bathroom, we’ve got to get out of here,” Rossi runs to the trunk, heaving the lid up and digging through whatever is inside. He finally pulls out a large blanket. “Help me, Matt.”

Reid waits until Hotch is sitting securely on Taskins before helping Rossi rip the blanket into long
strips. Once the man has been bound and shoved into the bathroom, trunk blocking his path should he try to escape, the agents turn their attention to getting out of the room.

None of them have shoes and Reid is naked. They won’t get far before Taskins’s accomplices catch them. Hotch feels like hitting his head.

“He didn’t have a key and the door was locked after he entered,” Morgan finally speaks. He looks from Hotch to Rossi. “In a few minutes, someone is going to wonder why he hasn’t asked to be let out.”

“Get on the bed,” Hotch suddenly knows what to do. He turns to Reid, motioning him towards the large mattress. “Rock it as hard as you can. Make noise. Act like,” his voice falters slightly as Reid ducks his head, “act like someone’s doing you.”

Reid nods, pulling his lanky body onto the bed. “Don’t look,” he hisses, letting the blanket settle around his waist. At a signal from Hotch, he begins throwing himself back and forth, banging the bed against the wall. A low moan that transforms into a slight keening noise escapes his throat, and Hotch looks to see if someone has actually mounted his agent.

“Mark,” Rossi drags his attention back to the door where they can hear the metallic clinking of a key being inserted into the lock. He joins Morgan and Rossi in position to jump whoever comes through that door.

The never get the chance. The men—Hotch barely catches sight of at least four Unsubs entering the room—have tranquilizer guns and they shoot the three agents before they can move. Reid yells in pain but Hotch, closest to the bed can’t respond as he falls to the floor, ability to think fleeing with the jarring impact.

He blinks as Reid looks over the edge of the bed at him, large hands wrapped around his arms. “Wake up,” the kid begs as he body is rocked in a motion similar to the one he imitated earlier. Hotch closes his eyes, falling into the darkness waiting for him, Reid’s renewed keening like a lullaby.

~ * ~

Something cold and wet jerks Hotch awake. He’s getting really tired of not being able to sleep when he wants to or for as long as he wants to, although, with a job like his he shouldn’t be surprised. At least he’s on the bed now. Reid dribbles more water onto his face.

“Get up,” he says shortly, angry about something. The blanket is tied around his waist in a long skirt-like fashion, leaving his torso bare. His thin chest and stomach catch Hotch’s attention and it reminds him they haven’t been fed yet. “Stop staring at me,” Reid glares at him before pouring some water from a cup he’s holding onto Rossi.

“What the hell?” Rossi sits up, wiping at his face. “What the hell was in those things?”

No one answers him. Morgan is forcibly dragged into the Realm of Screwed with more water. Then Reid drinks what’s left. Suddenly, Hotch becomes aware that the clothes the older agents had been wearing are missing. They are all wearing their boxers. Interesting that they all chose black. Reid is pacing agitatedly, muttering to himself. Something about soap and bobby pins.

“Are you okay?” Hotch grabs his arm when he passes him again. Reid nods slowly, but Hotch sees the ever-present tears in his eyes. He waits patiently for Reid to talk to him.
“One of them, they called him Parker, um, he, uh, he--” Reid stops, takes a deep breath, and sinks to the floor holding his head. His sobs are heartbreaking.

“I understand what you are trying to say,” Hotch does not want Reid confusing his words, doesn’t want to anger the victim. “I don’t know how to help you.”

“None of us do,” Morgan lifts Reid gently, setting him next to Hotch on the bed. They both hug him awkwardly. Rossi watches a moment, seemingly torn between joining and leaving them alone. He opts to go to the bathroom.

When he comes back, he picks something off the floor from in front of the door and hands it to Morgan. When did Hotch lose his authority as team leader?

*When you let us all get kidnapped.* His mind is a wonderful thing.

Morgan opens the letter. He scans it quickly before huffing loudly. Against Hotch’s side, Reid jumps. He soothes him as best he can, sending a questioning glance at Morgan.

“We can keep our boxers for sleeping in, but they have to be off during the day,” Morgan begins summarizing.

“Like hell,” Rossi grumbles, shooting a cautious glance at Reid as if the kid would be petty enough to hate him for wearing clothes.

“We’ll have to jerk off whenever someone comes into the room in case they need a little, um, encouragement. Also, if we try that stunt again, attacking a man if he’s alone, they’ll make sure Reid dies slowly while they fuck him.”

Reid makes a small noise of discomfort. Rossi reaches out to reassure him, stopping when Reid growls softly. Apparently he still will only let Hotch touch him now. Hotch thinks it’s because he is the only one who hasn’t been forced to fuck Reid’s mouth.

He moves the blanket to around Reid’s shoulders and rubs his arm through the blanket. “We’ll get out of this. Stay strong.” Reid nods, leaning his head against Hotch’s bare chest, rubbing into the muscles and hair. He blinks sleepily.

“How long were we out?” Rossi risks as Reid hums softly. Is he lulling himself or the rest of them to sleep?

“Almost six hours,” Reid replies, resuming his humming noise.

“Come on, lay back,” Hotch urges Reid to curl up under the blanket. “We’ll get out of this.”

“They know how to find us right? We had tracking devices right?” Morgan stares at Hotch. Is he back in charge?

“The tracking devices were in the whistles,” Hotch responds.

“I had one in my shoe,” Reid calls out. “One of the officers gave me another one before he dropped me off.”

“Accurate to within fifty feet,” Rossi growls. “Unless they had technology that disabled it.”
“They probably just stomped on it,” Morgan contradicts him, rising from the bed and walking to the door. “Hey, food’s coming.” Morgan dishes it out this time, handing everyone a bowl and then ladling some kind of soup into them.

They are left in peace until the dishes have been removed from the room and the agents have all had showers. Only then do the Unsubs return to the room.

“Oh, come on, man,” Morgan groans quietly. They know what is coming without knowing quite what will happen, but one thing is certain, Reid is going to be hurt and he will lose whatever energy or strength from vomiting what he’s just eaten.

This time it’s Hotch and Rossi who are restrained on the posts while Morgan’s boxers are stripped off. When no condom is rolled onto him, Morgan looks at Hotch with a frightened expression. Two men, the strongest of them, lift Morgan while Taskins has Reid lie down, head facing towards the incapacitated agents. Morgan is lowered onto his chest and his erection—jerked off by Taskins before his buttocks make contact with Reid’s bare skin—is fed into the kid’s mouth.

Almost immediately, Reid begins fighting this new humiliation, shifting wildly under Morgan and kicking at any of the Unsubs who try to help still him. Morgan’s shoulders are held so that he can’t climb off Reid. The kid squirms again, a gagging noise escaping from his throat.

“He can’t breathe,” Hotch yells when Morgan is forced harder onto Reid’s face. “Get him off!” The Unsubs ejaculate onto the bed, splashing Morgan’s back and Reid’s stomach with semen. And then, the impotent bastard slams a piece of wood against the back of Morgan’s head. He’s still choking Reid with his penis, but he’s unconscious.

“You bastards!” Rossi screams, fighting his restraints. “You’re killing him!” Taskins steps up to Morgan and moves him off the kid, stroking Reid’s hair and murmuring words of comfort. Reid spits on him, blood mixed in with saliva. Two thick hands wrap around Reid’s thin neck, squeezing mercilessly until the kid stops struggling.

Reid’s heavy breaths bother Hotch, and so does the blood running from a wound on the back of Morgan’s head. Morgan is dumped onto the floor out of Hotch’s sight and Rossi is freed from his restraints.

“No, no, no,” Rossi fights against the hands that drag him to where Reid is still struggling to breathe. “Please, oh, God, please.” Rossi’s begging does nothing for the men as he is quickly prepared with a couple hard yanks and shoved down Reid’s throat. Hotch renews his efforts at freeing himself when both Rossi and Reid begin gagging. At least Rossi is smaller than Morgan and can’t effectively cut off Reid’s air supply…until Taskins and two other men force the semi-conscious kid to deep throat Rossi.

Reid manages to spit the penis out when Rossi raises himself off his chest. “I can’t,” he mumbles quietly, slipping into unconsciousness. Taskins releases Hotch and puts Morgan back on the bed. Then he lifts Reid into a fireman’s carry.

“No!” Hotch attacks him, managing to pull Reid back to the bed. “Leave him alone.” Surprisingly, none of the Unsubs stop him. And they don’t try to retrieve Reid.

“Mark,” Taskins touches Hotch’s arm gently. Hotch can’t believe their cover hasn’t been blown yet. “The only way you’ll get to keep Matthew right now is if you let one of us fuck him.”
“No,” Hotch feels his voice crack on that simple word. Wild eyed and half naked, Hotch feels animalistic, growling and snapping at anything that gets too close to his young. “No, you’ll leave him alone.”

One of the Unsubs, most likely the one Reid identified as Parker, darts under Hotch’s arms, grabbing at Reid. The smack hurts Hotch’s hand, but it hurts the man more when he is knocked into a vicious kick from Rossi.

“Bastards,” Rossi spits.

“Michael, Mark,” Taskins tries again, “he’ll only be hurt worse if you don’t let him go right now.”

Do or die, Hotch thinks seconds before he launches himself off the bed and onto a startled Taskins. He wraps his hands around the man’s throat, squeezing with a fury he hopes to never feel again. Rossi continues to kick at the men rushing the bed, but there are too many of them and he is overpowered.

Hotch is lifted off Taskins, who stays on the floor to recover, and shoved into the bathroom. Morgan is dragged to the small room and thrown in without ever waking up. Rossi follows, screaming obscenities at the men until he is knocked unconscious with the plank of wood. Reid has been left all alone, vulnerable on the bed.

Hotch is the only agent conscious to hear the godawful screams ripped from Reid’s throat and the heavy, lust-induced grunts and moans of the Unsubs.

He sets out to complete a bunch of mind-numbing tasks so the time will pass quickly and he can attempt to bandage Reid’s wounded psyche.

Hotch wraps the bleeding wounds on his subordinates’ heads. He also cleans the bathroom and rearranges the small linen closet. He has not knocked a hole in the wall, although, shortly before Taskins finally unlocks the door, he contemplates the least noisy way to break drywall. Only Taskins and three others are in the room.

Hotch steps cautiously out of the bathroom, half expecting to be struck down or Reid to be dead.

Reid is awake and sitting on the bed, one of the men—long black hair tied in a ponytail, narrow shoulders, small feet—standing between his legs. Taskins notices the dark look on Hotch’s face and chuckles lightly.

“He’s tending him,” he says softly. “In his excitement at finally, for once in his life, having a boner, Benny tore him pretty bad.”

“So, you’ll let us take him to a hospital?” Hotch hates that his voice betrays the hope he so desperately wants to squash—he now fully understands why Hightower didn’t want his mom to have hope.

Taskins laughs again, moving Hotch so that the underlings left in the room can drag first Rossi and then Morgan from the bathroom. “He’ll be dead before too long,” he replies unconcernedly. “Or, at least, he’ll be fucked to death.”

Taskins signals the other men and they leave the room, the lock sounding like a gunshot to Hotch.

“Hotch?” Reid struggles to the floor and walks over to where Hotch has remained. He feels his
dead eyes looking at the young doctor.

“I’m sorry,” he whispers, falling against Reid and hugging him tightly. “I am so sorry.”

“Don’t be.” How can Reid be so forgiving of their inaction?

~ * ~
Reid watches Morgan and Rossi work on removing the screws from the window with no tools and no success. He turns to Hotch who has been forcing the kid to eat some of the food sent up shortly before either one was awake.

Reid stops him suddenly, slipping gently off the bed, tightening the blanket around his shoulders. He pulls one of the forgotten bobby pins from his hair—Hotch is amazed that none of them have fallen out with the way Reid has been treated—and holds it out to Morgan. The agent ignores Reid because he hasn’t noticed him yet.

“Here.” Morgan turns from the window, staring at Reid as if he’s some kind of imaginary being that has taken physical shape and form. Reid raises an eyebrow when Morgan makes no move to accept the offered bobby pin. “It’ll be easier than using your fingernails,” Reid reasons.

When Morgan still does not respond to him, Reid steps up to the window, beginning to work feverishly on a screw. Rossi grunts in approval when Reid frees the piece of metal. Morgan snaps out of his stupor, sliding the remaining bobby pins from Reid’s hair into his palm. Hotch feels proud of the way Reid only flinches marginally when Morgan’s fingers ghost over his hair.

Rossi takes one of the bobby pins. Since there are four, all four of them can work on the screws of the window. It takes them several minutes to remove every screw from the wood.

“Is it normal to use that many?” Morgan stares at the small pile, shaking his head in disbelief. They all look to Reid for some kind of statistic on proper window construction.

Reid notices them staring at him and glares. “What?”

Hotch shakes his head. He hopes the young doctor will still be able to recover after everything he’s been through.

“We’ll need something to lubricate the window,” Reid murmurs, standing on tiptoe and running his hands across the top of the frame. “It’s nailed down.”

“What?” Morgan, too, runs his hand over the frame, swearing colorfully when he encounters the nails. “I think the only lubricant we have,” he shoots a worried glance at Reid who glares back at him, “is soap.” Hotch and Rossi drag the trunk from the foot of the bed to the window while Morgan and Reid collect the bars of soap left for them by the Unsubs.

They make real progress, managing to wedge the window open wide enough for cool, fresh air to rush into the stuffy, smelly room. Reid kneels on the trunk, his nose stuck to the three-inch crack,
breathing deeply, a look of utter ecstasy on his face.

Morgan stares thoughtfully at the young man, twirling the bobby pin in his fingers. Suddenly, he turns, marching to the heavy door. He begins jiggling the bobby pin in the lock of the door and laughs softly when a sharp click sounds. Reid gently closes the window, almost as if he knows something that the others should too. Hotch narrows his eyes at the doctor, waiting patiently while Rossi joins Morgan at the door. The door opens and the entire group of Unsubs enters the room.

“You shouldn’t have done that,” Taskins plucks the bobby pin from Morgan’s hand.

Oh, god, what did they just sentence Reid to?

The other Unsubs quickly grab hold of the agents, marshalling them into separate corners of the room. Except for Reid. Always except for Reid. The kid is thrown on the bed, impotent bastard sitting on his stomach, choking him into submission.

“Why are you doing that to him?” Morgan questions as he is shoved into the bathroom. “It was me! You should punish me!”

“We are.” Taskins motions for Hotch and Rossi to be thrown into the room with Morgan. They both dig their heels in. They are not abandoning their young friend. Suddenly one of the Unsubs, the one Reid broke the thumb of, whispers into Taskins’s ear. Hotch feels his stomach drop at the sight of the smile Taskins is now sporting. “Let him out.”

Before Morgan can react to being freed, he is tied on the bed, a condom being put on him. Hotch is moved there too, lying down with his legs over Morgan’s and their crotches lined up. Two Unsubs hold him down. All three older agents realize what is going to happen and begin fighting the Unsubs. By the time they have been subdued enough to have condoms and forced hard-ons, Reid is recovering from the impotent bastard’s choking.

The young man crawls to where the agents are restrained under his own willpower, but falters at the sight of Hotch and Morgan’s erections. He looks at Rossi, who is being stood next to Hotch’s head, his own erection being strengthened by an Unsub’s hand. Reid cries out when something—Hotch can’t see exactly what—is shoved in him to prepare him for a very painful and inadvisable sexual act. After several minutes of pumping by what appears to be a thick, phallus-shaped bottle into Reid’s bloody orifice, he is lifted and slowly lowered onto Hotch and Morgan’s penises. The Unsubs chatter excitedly as Reid slides down onto the erections, whimpering escaping his half-open mouth.

The deep, jerking breaths Reid takes to fight against the pain and possible nausea excite the men more and they slam him down forcefully as their lust takes over. Reid screams loud and long and Hotch feels hot blood running over his crotch.

“Stop it,” Morgan begs when the Unsubs begin rocking Reid back and forth and up and down. “Please, you’re really hurting him.” In response, Rossi’s dick is shoved into Reid’s open mouth.

This torture continues for long minutes, until all the men, including the impotent bastard, have ejaculated and Reid has passed out. The Unsubs clean themselves again, this time, leaving Reid, who is supported by Rossi holding his shoulders, impaled on both Morgan and Hotch.

“Oh, God, oh, God,” Morgan is moaning under his breath, struggling gently against his restraints. Hotch, free now that there is no one leaning on him, is able to untie Morgan.
“Matty, hey, Matty,” Rossi gently taps Reid’s face until the kid is looking at him with blurry, pain-filled eyes. “Let’s get you off of them, okay?” Reid nods, wincing and groaning as first Morgan—thinner than Hotch—and then Hotch slide out of him. He falls asleep—passes out—as they take turns cleaning him carefully. Finally, Hotch settles down to watch over the damaged child who is still crying.

What did he do to piss off God?

~ * ~

Reid is still asleep, curled under the blankets, one bare shoulder visible. He is in the middle of a nightmare and nothing any of them do wakes him up. Hotch can’t decide if that’s a good or bad thing. They stop moving, settling into the positions Reid is most comfortable with them in: Morgan along his back, Rossi at his feet, and Hotch at his head. All within arm’s reach and all far enough away.

Reid stops fighting his dream, loosening the tightened twist of his lips and eyes.

Per instructions, Rossi, Morgan, and Hotch begin jacking each other off when one of the men—late twenties or early thirties with dark brown hair and eyes—walks in. They have tried and failed too many times to endanger their youngest member to another escape attempt. The man is uninterested in them at first, watching Reid sleeping.

The man, with one touch of his cold, unfamiliar fingers on the shoulder, is able to rouse “Sleeping Beauty” as the Unsubs have taken to calling Reid. Barely awake, completely puzzled, and only partially aware of the people in the room, Reid tries to sit up, blanket falling to his waist and hair covering one eye. He makes a small moaning noise as if remembering his nightmare and the man touching him stiffens.

Hotch is horrified to see the growing bulge aimed at Reid’s mouth. None of the men have forced Reid to perform any kind of oral sex act on them, although the agents have all been forced into Reid’s mouth at one time or another. Maybe this man will break that cycle.

“Oh, God,” the man is mumbling under his breath, ripping open his pants so that he can fondle himself. “Oh, God. Get on him. Ride him. I need to see him ridden.”

The three agents exchange a look while Reid examines the man in front of him. Rossi shakes his head, pulling a condom from the trunk at the foot of the bed. Morgan begins mouthing “no,” and Hotch feels frozen into inactivity by the fact that Rossi is going to rape Reid without being threatened first.

The only thing Hotch is grateful for is Rossi is the smallest of all of them—thinnest, shortest, easiest for Reid to take. The man groans, passing a small bottle of lubrication to Rossi.

“Make sure he’s not too hurt,” he whispers, staring into Reid’s face. Hotch notices that Reid’s expression has changed from confused and sleepy to scared. Reid lifts a hand to tuck the hair over his eye behind his ear and is stopped by a sharp command from the man. “Leave it.”

Rossi mounts Reid, pulling the young man’s hips back into his pelvis. He couldn’t have gone that deep that fast without hurting Reid, and, indeed, there is a flash of pain on the young agent’s face that slowly works itself into his eyes and settles as Rossi begins moving him back and forth.

The man moans and thrusts his hips towards Reid’s face. Hotch is afraid the man is going to lose his composure and cram himself into Reid’s mouth. He doesn’t, for which Hotch is thankful.
As Rossi increases his pace—the longer he’s hard in Reid, the longer he hurts the boy—a keening noise begins. Hotch can see tears slipping from gentle brown eyes. Rossi climaxes, pulling free and tearing a small cry from Reid. The sound elicits a dark groan from the man watching the sex.

Again, Hotch is thankful when none of the man’s ejaculation falls on his agent. The man cleans himself with a cloth from the trunk before stuffing himself back into his pants. He smiles at Reid who is breaking hearts with his childlike whimpers. The hair is still over his eye and the man uses a careful finger to tuck it behind an ear.

“Thank you,” the man whispers before leaving the room. Hotch leans forward and lifts the discarded blanket to cover Reid’s nakedness and give him some sense of decency. Reid turns to face Hotch, glaring at him.

“Don’t touch me,” he spits, wrapping the blanket around himself and slipping off the bed. He walks slowly to a window, wincing with every step. He spends the rest of the afternoon looking out the window, thinking of God knows what.

He only returns to the bed when it’s too dark to see outside. “Maybe you *should* put a chip in me,” he says quietly, climbing up to lean against Hotch’s side, head leaning on his shoulder. “I mean, I do end up in the middle of trouble a lot.”

“Kid,” Morgan tries, but Reid isn’t having it. He ignores everyone but Hotch, crying softly as the older profiler smoothes some hair out of his face. They’ve been here how long now?

“Why weren’t there any cops near us?” Rossi asks, finally letting anger control him. “We collaborated with them completely.”


“Prentiss said the group was larger than we originally thought,” Rossi sighs. “They could have actually committed enough crimes to pull away our support system in an attempt to isolate their next victim.”

Reid whimpers and Hotch wraps an arm around him. “I can’t promise anything right now, but I’d like to think that we will get you home,” he whispers against Reid’s hair.

~ * ~
Chapter Seven

Chapter Notes

Warning: This chapter contains graphic rape.

~ * ~

It’s always quiet right after Hotch wakes up—at least most times it is. This is not one of those times. The Unsubs are watching all four of them sleeping, jerking off. The grunts and groans are what woke him up in the first place. The Unsubs’ behavior is devolving quickly since this is the third time in seven hours that the men have returned to have sexual fantasies about their hostages.

Hotch estimates that they have been here almost three days. That’s usually when the prostitutes are killed and dumped. Hopefully, with so many hostages and sexual fantasies that Reid has not yet fulfilled, the Unsubs won’t kill Reid or the other agents.

“It’s time,” Taskins says suddenly, his hand stopping. Reid is grabbed from the bed and thrown into a corner where the impotent bastard keeps him from returning to help his friends. The other three agents are secured to the posts of the bed.

For a few long minutes, the Unsubs observe the agents struggling against the heavy duty plastic restraints before something signals to them and they converge on Reid, dragging him from the corner and throwing him over the trunk. Hotch feels blood running down his wrists from fighting against the flexi-cuffs. He hears Morgan and Rossi grunting and knows they’re bleeding too. They are powerless to stop the men from mounting Reid. The kid’s screams hurt Hotch’s heart.

All eight men take turns forcing themselves into Reid, whether it’s his mouth or his ass. They continue raping him for the better part of two hours. When they finally stop, the kid is stunned and the bed is stained with fresh blood from the agents’ wrists.

Taskins frees the agents, leaving the room as quickly as possible, as if he knows that the Unsubs’ actions may have driven the agents into a murderous frenzy.

Morgan hits the door seconds after it closes, banging and knocking into it in such a manner that Hotch almost believes he’ll break through on brute strength alone. Rossi joins Morgan, helping add more dents to the heavy oak door. And more bruises to their hands and shoulders. They give up relatively quickly, channeling their anger into the window, leveraging it up violently.

Hotch gathers Reid’s crumpled form in his arms and carries the young man to the bathroom. He sets Reid in the tub, wincing at the blood running down his legs. Reid is crying so hard Hotch thinks he’ll break.

“Shh,” he soothes, turning the water on warm and retrieving a couple of washcloths.

“Stop it,” Reid groans when the rough cloth brushes over his torn anus. “Stop it, please.” He tries to sit up and swallow his tears, but another swipe of the cloth has him struggling to get away from
Hotch. “Don’t touch me!” he screams, striking out and shoving Hotch back. “Don’t touch me.”

“You need care,” Hotch tries to reason with the hysterical young man, ignoring Rossi and Morgan. Both have abandoned the window in favor of seeing if they can help Reid. None of them can help Reid when he stops yelling at them, his shoulders dropping as he covers his face with his hands.

His sobs are violent and noisy, but they don’t cover the sound of his shattering soul. There is no way Reid can recover from what has been done to him, from what the men and his friends have done.

The next time the Unsubs visit, they’ll probably kill Reid.

Rossi and Morgan leave the room again when Reid sees them and begs them not to hurt him. Alone with the kid again, Hotch tries unsuccessfully to clean Reid. He is still bleeding from rough and jagged tears and if they don’t get him help soon, he could very well die.

Rossi comes back just as the blood running down Reid’s thighs finally stops. Together, the older men lift the younger one, carrying him as carefully as possible to the bed where Morgan is waiting with blankets to wrap around the shaking form.

“We have to keep him from going into shock,” Hotch observes listlessly. He has no energy, and looking at Morgan and Rossi, they’re running on empty too. Climbing onto the bed reawakens the forgotten pain in Hotch’s wrists and he makes Morgan and Rossi bandage themselves before they settle in again, curled around the kid to add warmth to his cold body.

Exhausted, Hotch falls into a restless slumber.

~ * ~

It’s just becoming light when Hotch opens his eyes again. None of the men have been in the room for a of couple hours so Reid is safe for a little while longer. Rossi and Morgan have been using soap to work the nails out of the window and it’s slow going. It would work better if they still had Reid’s bobby pins, but those were taken away when Morgan attempted to pick the lock of their prison door.

Reid suddenly cries out and Hotch looks at him. Reid is feverish, shivering beneath at least three blankets. He whimpers when Hotch touches his forehead.

“Come on, Reid,” Hotch whispers into Reid’s ear, trying to wake him up. “He’s too warm.” Morgan approaches the bed, hand curled slightly as it is placed on the kid’s forehead.

“Get him cooled down,” he says shortly, returning to the window where Rossi has begun lifting the pane. Even asleep, Reid has no desire to be held so intimately, fighting Hotch’s grip as he is lifted. A wayward hand slaps weakly against Hotch’s jaw.

Finally, Hotch manages to maneuver Reid into the bathtub where he runs cool water and soaked washcloths over the kid’s body. He barely hears the commotion at the door of their prison since he is so concentrated on the shallow, shaking breaths Reid is managing.

He is startled when Rossi and Morgan barricade themselves into the bathroom with Reid and him. They have blocked the door, which opens inward, with the trunk, but they all know it won’t stop the Unsubs for long.
“We don’t know who it is,” Morgan whispers, examining the windowless room with a sour expression. “We just don’t want the kid to have to suffer from anything more.”

“Heavy boots,” Rossi comments quietly. He is cleaning the soap off his hands so that he can help Hotch with Reid. “I think this is our rescue mission or our death.”

“What precautions do we have?” Hotch lifts Reid out of the tub to check his temperature more thoroughly, letting the kid slide back into the water when the heat of his face and body is still unchanged.

“The bed is against the door,” Morgan says, his head shaking in disgust, “but if Rossi and I were able to move it, it sure as hell isn’t going to hinder eight pissed-off bastards.”

“Neither is this trunk,” Rossi indicates the furniture locking them in the small room. “Damn it, we almost had the window open too.”

Suddenly the door to the outer room bursts inward, kicked or hit violently. The noise it makes as it hits the bed is awful, but reassuring, until the feet of the bed scrape against the floor. It is less than two minutes later when the bathroom door comes under the same attack. Rossi and Morgan shield Hotch and Reid and wait for the men to enter.

“We got ‘em!” someone with a loud voice yells. None of them comprehend that it’s SWAT looking in at them, pointing guns at them. Hotch doesn’t realize what’s happening until strong hands grab him and pull him away from Reid.

“No, no, wait,” he gasps, fighting against them. “He can’t take any more.” They don’t listen to him, pulling the thin body from the cool water. Rossi is being held back and Morgan has already been wrestled out of the small room. Hotch focuses on the bright white letters, suddenly realizing that this is their rescue mission.

He then grabs a blanket and throws it over Reid’s naked body. He leans down, rubbing shaking hands up and down the young agent’s arms. Reid moans softly, opening his eyes and staring up at the SWAT man that has joined Hotch.

“‘S happenin’?” He swallows hard, and Hotch realizes that he thinks the SWAT man is there to rape him like the other Unsubs. “‘S gonna hurt?”

“No, no it’s not,” Hotch tries to reassure the kid. “He’s not going to hurt you at all.” Reid is lifted like a child, arms and legs dangling down in a grotesque rendition of a marble statue. Hotch follows quickly. He cannot let Reid out of his sight. The last time that happened, eight fucking bastards ripped into the young man, leaving him bleeding and hurt. He does not want that to happen again. Even if these men are supposed to be saving them.

“How’d you find us?” Rossi, now covered in a blanket, asks. The gray has finally returned to his beard and he looks ten or twenty years older than when they went undercover. No one pays attention to him. “Hey.”

The SWAT man who’d taken Reid away is back now, a blanket for Hotch. “How did you find us?” he repeats Rossi’s question as the man gently places the soft material over his shoulders.

“I think your technical analyst or media liaison can answer that more adequately.”

Morgan, wrapped in another nondescript federal blanket joins them. “How’s he doing so far?”
The man doesn’t answer, instead signaling for other SWAT men to lead the agents outside. The room outside their prison is nothing but a narrow hall. Large cracks in the wall let in more than light, and it tells the profilers why they could always smell fresh air on the men’s clothing when they entered the big room with the bed.

Hotch blinks when they step into the bright sunshine. Why is it sunny when Reid has been hurt?

Speaking of the kid: Reid is being prepped on a gurney, already inside an ambulance. He is fighting weakly, small murmurs escaping from his bruised lips.

When the agents get closer and can hear what he is saying, Hotch’s stomach twists uncomfortably. “I’m not Matthew,” Reid is repeating, each time with a little less conviction. Rossi and Morgan help Hotch climb into the ambulance.

“Spencer,” Hotch says with more calm than he thinks he has. “Spencer Reid, your name is not and has never been Matthew. Do you understand me?”

“Hotch?” Reid is not asking for confirmation, Hotch realizes, he is asking for comfort.

“You’re safe now. No one is going to touch you without your permission. Not even me.”

“Hotch,” Reid’s voice is stronger now, and Hotch leans forward, waiting for whatever the kid has to tell him. “Next time I suggest going undercover, make me hang out with Garcia.”

Reid’s first smile in a while brightens the interior of the ambulance and Hotch joins him. “I’ll have a chip implanted in you too.”

~ * ~
Hotch wheels in a whiteboard. Even though the men are incarcerated, Reid won’t sleep until they finish what they started.

“Joey Taskins,” Rossi holds up a picture from a thick file. The first Unsub’s mug shot glares at them. “He has an arrogant sense of himself. He’ll appear overly confident to anyone who interacts with him.”

“He will exert control by establishing himself as the best. When he talks, he assumes a position of authority, even if he has none,” Morgan nods to Hotch who is scribbling down the key words of the profile.

“If you ask him a simple question, his answer will make you feel inferior compared to him. His arrogance manifests itself in his treatment of others.”

“And when he comes for sex,” Reid whispers, head hanging down so they can’t see his face because of the long hair covering it, “he’ll tell you what to do, but he won’t do anything else. He’s afraid of losing control no matter how hard and testosterone-fueled he may become.”

“You know we don’t have to do this, right?” Morgan carefully sits next to Reid on the bed, gently lifting the kid’s chin. Unshed tears shimmer in Reid’s eyes.

“It’s the only way I know how to get closure,” his voice is choked, and Hotch feels his own eyes beginning to burn with salty water.

“No,” he suddenly declares, snatching the file of pictures from Rossi’s hands. He shoves the whiteboard out the door and throws the file after it. He gives an angry nod to a shocked nurse and turns back to the equally shocked looks of his colleagues. “I will not have you reliving this ordeal when all the men responsible are locked up.”

Reid takes a deep breath, holds it, lets it out, swallows hard, and repeats. He looks at Hotch, his eyes softening as the threat of tears abates.

“Thank you,” Reid murmurs softly, before closing his eyes. Amazed, Morgan watches his breathing even out. Then he confronts Hotch who has returned to the hallway with Rossi to collect the scattered photographs and the whiteboard.

“What the hell was that?”
“Closure,” Rossi answers, using the sleeve of his dark jacket to clean Hotch’s handwriting off the board. “It’s what the kid needed. Let it go.”

~ * ~

The department shrink taps his foot patiently. Never before has Hotch seen that action as a sign of patience but he’s had so many sessions with Dr. Boarder that he can tell. The thin, balding man nods as if Hotch has answered his last question. They wait in silence for almost five minutes.

“And what did you do to prevent the situation from ever occurring again?” Dr. Boarder repeats when it’s clear Hotch has either forgotten the question or is not going to answer.

“I have made sure that Dr. Reid is not taken on undercover missions anymore and a microchip has been inserted in his right shoulder.”

“Really?” Dr. Boarder’s tapping stops immediately and he stares at Hotch as if trying to discern whether his client is lying.

“Of course not. Now I just send him to bed without supper.” Hotch’s watch beeps and he stands, sticking out his hand stiffly. “Goodbye, Dr. Boarder.”

“You still have one more session,” the psychiatrist points out, as usual, forgoing Hotch’s hand.

“I have another case that needs my immediate attention. I won’t be back before you go on sabbatical. Thank God.”

The glare on the good doctor’s face is worth it.

“No sense of humor indeed,” he hears Dr. Boarder mumble as he scribbles a note on the clipboard. Hotch smiles and lets the door slam shut behind him.

~ The End ~

Chapter End Notes

A/N: And so it ends. Sorry about the terrible story :) Leave a comment if you want. I will try to make a promise to never be that horrible again, but I already know some of my stuff is much worse.

If anyone is curious, Garcia was able to locate them using a geographic profile and pinpointing their most-likely locations.

Also, the quote from Martin Luther King Jr. in its entirety: "In the End, we will remember not the words of our enemies, but the silence of our friends."

Thanks for reading!

(Original notes that appeared on post)
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