

Assorted C6D ficbits from years back. Proceed with caution.

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Assorted C6D ficbits from years back. Proceed with caution.

by [sli](#)

Kept Man (HCL)

I'm skipping ahead to Omphale's promptfic, because [zabira](#)'s FTWHTWD fic is turning out to be a bit of a monster. *pets the growly monster*

Kept Man, HCL fic for [omphale23](#). Joe/Billy, PG-13, ~550 words. Many thanks to [brynnmck](#) for beta, title consultation, and general awesomeness. Omphale's prompt can be found at the end of the ficlet.

It wasn't Billy's first video, had missed that by something more than twenty-five years and four bands. But it was his first corporate video, with money and a name director and assistants who hadn't been born yet when he and Joe filmed themselves playing in Joe's basement.

Billy arrived late, jarred out of two hard-won hours of sleep by Lila's stubborn finger on the intercom, her *Get your ass down here or we'll use the next pretty whore guitarist off the street, and then you'll be a sad mad Billy.*

Lila was all right.

The set was all color--hard, supersaturated yellows and blues and reds--even before the crew fired up the lights. Billy squinted through his sunglasses and tried to remember the concept they were going for.

Seth and Lila were arguing while a bored-looking bald girl worked on Seth's wig. "It's *film school*," Seth said, still fighting long after he'd lost. "It's tired."

"Horseshit," Lila insisted. "It *says* something."

"Yeah, it says 'I took two semesters of consciousness-raising and it fucked with my head.'"

Lila actually had a BS in Sociology, had paid for her textbooks stripping, and had just started grad school when the all-girl retro-punk band she played with took off. On the bus sometimes, she'd get stoned and try to talk academic, slurring and forgetting the right words. She was screwing the director, had him wrapped around her little finger.

She joined Billy in the back, and they watched Seth and Nurhan mug with shiny, white-toothed kids for hours. Billy propped his boots up on the table in front of him and leaned back in his chair. "You got me out of bed for this?"

"We're making history, baby."

Wigs and outfits and big plans. Billy almost drifted back to the shoot with the guys, back when Joe and him both had been fucking the film student, but caught himself. Instead he thought about chord changes, working out the new set in his head while the Jenifur machine swirled around him.

It was late in the day by the time Billy ended up in a set like a fifties kitchen, wearing a pink, frilly apron with teddy bears sewn on it, presenting a plate of pink-frosted cupcakes to Sarah. Sarah was in drag, her dark hair pulled tight. Billy found her hotter than he ever had as she sat there, reading the newspaper, singing *Nothing to tell truth by*, and ignoring him.

"You look like a dipshit," Joe said from his perch on the counter, kicking his legs against the cabinets.

I look like I'm living on valium and vodka. Billy replied. *I'm a method actor.*

"Yeah," Joe agreed. "That's what I said."

The makeup girl and the director and the rest of his fucking band had tried to make him up like Seth and Nurhan, but he'd just slung the apron over his clothes, kept his sunglasses on, and ignored them.


"Actually," Lila had said, "That works. That's beautiful."

In the kitchen, Billy listened to Joe bitch, smiled around the cigarette in his mouth, and offered more cupcakes.

* Omphale's prompt: Joe/Billy, cupcakes, one of the boys in a pink apron with teddy bears on it. I put up with a lot, I do.

Restrained (HCL)

Chapter Notes


Two snippets, both written for the "restrained" prompt.  [eledhwenlin](#) did beta duty and earned all my love.

Titles: "Restrained: Joe" and "Restrained: Billy" (two snippets)

Fandom and pairing: HCL, Joe/Billy

Rating: PG-13

Length: "Restrained: Joe" is 173 words, "Restrained: Billy" is 177 words.

Notes: Two snippets, both written for the "restrained" prompt.  [eledhwenlin](#) did beta duty and earned all my love.

"Restrained: Joe"

Joe likes holding Billy down.

He likes Billy's hard, narrow, breakable wrists, the steel in those wiry-ass arms. He likes how Billy fights. It gets him hot and it relaxes him; sitting on Billy's stomach until Billy can't breathe, sucking Billy's neck as Billy gasps and tries to curse him with no air.

He likes when Billy finally gives in; the ease all through Billy's body, the dark look he tries to hide. The way he *owns* Billy then.

He even likes how Billy's a contrary fuck, how he can never be trusted to stay down once he's down. Joe's gotta be ready for the sneak attack, because Billy'll bend and bend but never fucking break. Billy's just about the only thing Joe's never broken, and he loves him for it.

Maybe what Joe wants, though, is for Billy to hold *him* down, or at least fucking try. To turn all that focus and force and control on Joe. He's no idiot, though, and he knows his Billy; he knows that'll never happen.

"Restrained: Billy"

Sometimes, Billy gets tired, holding Joe together.

It's habit for both of them; tornado Joe puts it all out there (the true and the untrue, the uncouth, the unpalatable, the piss, the shit, the last of their money, the van into a ditch) and Billy... well, Joe thinks he's number one, but it's always been Billy holding Joe's leash (the duct tape, the quick buck or the way to earn it).

Billy holds the band together, holds the van together. He holds the money and hides the coke.



He holds the guitar like a shield, breathing a little easier behind it. He's old inside, he thinks. Aging for both of them, Mommy Tallent and his little Joe, the freakiest freaks on the playground.

Billy wants so fucking much from Joe, but what he wants most is to let Joe go, to take his eyes away for one fucking second. To relax and know they'll be (in a bed, fed, not dead) okay in the morning. Joe's Joe, though, and Billy doesn't know how to let him go.

*

Same old, same old (HCL)

Chapter Notes

Thanks to  [omphale23](#) for a truly fabulous quick and helpful beta. Written for  [superpornsunday](#). A little over a thousand words. Now available as [podfic](#).



Story Title: Same old, same old

Author:  [slidellra](#)

Fandom: Hard Core Logo

Pairing: Joe/Billy

Rating: NC-17

Notes: Thanks to  [omphale23](#) for a truly fabulous quick and helpful beta. Written for  [superpornsunday](#). A little over a thousand words. Now available as [podfic](#).

Joe wore lipstick on stage. Billy didn't know where he got it, this one half-used tube of red, but he knew it was a stupid idea, Joe screaming his fucking heart out with these bright clown lips.

After the show, slumped in this half-broken piece of shit La-Z-Boy in their room at some fucking band house, Billy nursed a bottle while Joe paced and jittered and talked up his big plans for the future, for the band. In his chest and in his fingers, Billy could feel the vibration from the music the others were playing, wherever they were.

"Go wipe that shit off your face," he said.

He'd said it soft, but Joe cut off mid-syllable. "What, it bother you?"

"Yeah, it bothers me. It looks retarded."

"Nah," Joe said, pursing his lips. "I'm a sexy fucker."

"You're a fucking faggot," Billy laughed, throwing the last of his cigarette at him.

Joe ground the butt into the carpet with his boot, glancing up at Billy under his eyelashes. "I think you like it. I think it gets you going."

Billy took another drink. "You're high."

"Yeah?" Joe came closer and dropped to his knees in front of the chair. "So?"

The lipstick looked worse up close, half worn off and smeared outside his lip. Billy couldn't look away.

"I think you like it a lot." Joe palmed Billy's dick through his jeans. Billy was half-hard and getting harder as Joe rubbed, more so when he started on the buttons.

He let Joe work his pants open, sipping from the bottle and watching Joe the whole time. He lifted his hips a little, and then Joe was licking up the side of Billy's dick, his eyes holding Billy's, daring Billy to say yes, to say no. Finally, Joe closed his eyes and pushed his mouth over Billy's dick, sliding down.

Joe was right. It did get him going; that ugly-ass fucked up lipsticked mouth looked incredible on his dick. He spread his legs and let Joe slobber all over him, let him lick and suck and stroke him with one spit-slick hand.

Concentrating, Billy lifted the bottle and took another sip, the burn good in his throat. Joe saw him do it and took it as a challenge, the way Joe took fucking everything, and sucked him in deeper.

Billy set the bottle down before he dropped it, then gripped the arms of the chair as he watched Joe work. He fought the urge to touch Joe's hair, to run a finger along those stretched out red lips. Instead, he just let the feeling roll over him, let Joe pull him closer to the edge.

When he lost it and swore and came in Joe's mouth, Joe pulled off, coughing, then spat on the carpet and dragged the back of his hand across his lips, leaving a smear of color across his cheek.

"See? You like it," Joe said, his voice tight and scratchy.

Billy just mumbled at him, too come-drunk and drunk-drunk to bitch properly. Joe pulled on his hips, yanking him off the chair and onto the floor with a thud, then shoving him around to face the chair. Billy whined but helped Joe push his jeans down more, leaning his overheated forehead against the ratty seat cushion.

When Joe pushed his own pants down and rubbed himself against Billy's ass, Billy snorted and slurred, "You're not even hard, you pussy motherfucker."

"Shut up," Joe muttered, trying to push in. "Hard enough."

"Hey!" Billy jabbed Joe with an elbow. "Stuff. You asshole."

Joe snickered as he reached over to snag the duffel bag and rummaged around inside. In a minute he was back, his hand bumping Billy's ass as he jerked himself hard. When he tried again, he was slick and mostly stiff enough. Billy bit down on his lip and pushed down on Joe's cock and then he was getting fucked.

Joe could do it for hours when he was like this. Billy zoned out on the rub and thrust, on Joe's hand heavy on his hip and Joe's breath heavy in his ear. He was so fucking heavy, was Joe,

holding Billy down. He was muttering again, about love and hate and the music business and Billy's ass and who the fuck knew what.

Billy told him to shut up, but it didn't break the flow of words. He told Joe to hurry the fuck up, but it just made him chuckle, made him lick Billy's ear. Joe kept it up, like some fucking machine, after Billy got bored and still kept it up after Billy got into it again.

By the time Billy was working himself back on Joe's cock, begging for it, jerking off with one hand and bracing himself up with the other, Joe was finally close. His hips lost the rhythm, started this staccato snapping, pushing both them and the crappy armchair across the carpet.

Joe groaned with each thrust, words like "yeah" "fuck" "mine," and then bit Billy's ear hard, hard enough to make Billy yell and try to hit him and come in a sudden twist of pleasure and splatter on the chair, before coming in Billy's ass with a drawn-out sigh.

Billy slumped down against the chair, wondering how loud they'd been, wondering if the bottle had spilled. Joe rubbed his hand in circles on Billy's back before suddenly jerking away, pulling out too fast. Then he was up, tucking himself back in and pacing, the flow of words starting again.

Twisting around, Billy dragged his pants back up and himself back into the chair. Fishing around with one hand, he discovered that the bottle was good, intact, and he drank, watching Joe again.

Joe said, "Gonna go wash this shit off my face," and then he was gone, the music loud for a moment before he slammed the door. Billy fished his cigarettes out from his pocket, shaking one out and inspecting it for damage. When he lit it, his hand shook a little. He wondered if his hands were going, if he was going to have the shakes, and then he turned his brain off. He practiced thinking nothing at all, sitting there in the empty room, waiting for Joe.

*

Capture (HCL)

Chapter Notes

Written for the "bleed" prompt at [🍷ds_snippets](#). [👤omphale23](#) made this better and brainstormed titles. [👤somewhatdeluded](#) put me in a Joe/Billy mood with her cool, thinky [post](#). Now available as [podfic](#).

Title: Capture

Fandom and Pairing: Hard Core Logo, Joe/Billy

Rating: PG-13

Length: 207 words

Notes: Written for the "bleed" prompt at [🍷ds_snippets](#). [👤omphale23](#) made this better and brainstormed titles. [👤somewhatdeluded](#) put me in a Joe/Billy mood with her cool, thinky [post](#). Now available as [podfic](#).

Billy didn't know what Joe wanted, everything Joe wanted, until the third time Joe split his lip.

They were fighting, they were always fighting, and then they were done. Billy got in one last shot, shoving Joe back against the wall. This time Joe stayed there, head back, exhausted and gasping for air, his fucked up lungs rasping in the sudden quiet.

Billy put his fingers to his bleeding lip, wincing. Fucker. When he glanced up, Joe was looking at his mouth.

Joe was always looking, but this was the first time it clicked. What it meant. This feeling rose up quick in Billy, hot and calm and proud. This was his. Like playing was his, no matter what Joe thought. It felt good.

Shifting back, relaxing, he kept watching Joe, enjoying that familiar hungry look. Watched until Joe snapped out of it, until his eyes flicked up and knew he was caught. Thought he could bluster his way out of it, Joe did, with a sudden torrent of words and insults, but Billy just watched, smiling just a little.

He touched his lip again, drawing Joe's eyes despite himself, then carefully pressed his bloody fingers on his shirt. This was a moment that deserved a stain.

*

Pissed, PG-13, HCL

Billy woke up with cold feet. He'd slept in his clothes, as usual, and hadn't made it under the covers. Joe was sprawled across the bottom of the bed, and Billy sort of remembered him stumbling in, muttering to himself, and having to kick him to get his passed-out weight off Billy's feet.

Fuck, it was early. He shouldn't be awake yet. He swung his legs off the side of the bed, dropped his head into his hands 'til the room stopped spinning. Once he'd gotten himself standing, Billy realized that his feet weren't just cold, they were cold from being wet.

He was a little slow, a little hungover and half-stupid with sleep, but he knew what that meant. It didn't take a fucking genius to figure it out, just a guy who'd spent too long on the road in the company of one Joe Fucking Dick and his merry band of fuckheads.

Billy fisted his hands, swore to himself, waited for the fuckthisfuckthisfuckthis to fade enough for him to even move. When he could, he shoved Joe hard, getting him to roll over a little so Billy could get a good view of the piss stain on Joe's pants, the piss darkening half the goddamn bed.

"You fucking asshole," Billy muttered, shoving Joe again. Joe just rocked with the motion, his neck loose and his mouth open.

Billy slammed into the bathroom, rinsed his feet off under the shower spray. He got the bottoms of his jeans wet, which was fine. They'd been pissed on, too, and it wasn't like he had a clean pair. He made a half-assed effort to dry his feet and threw the towel at Joe. Joe didn't react.


Banging the door shut behind him, Billy went out into the morning, squinting at the hazy light. He dug the crumpled pack out of his pocket and lit up. This was no kind of fucking life. He worked too hard, was too damn good to live like this, and the good times on stage didn't balance the constant, endless, useless bullshit anymore.

Maybe, maybe it was time to think about it. They'd always been Joe and Billy, Billy and Joe. He'd never considered not being with Joe, then suddenly he was all the time trying to remember why not. Why the fuck should he stay, get pissed on his whole life? Maybe he could make it alone. Maybe he could make something happen, something real. If he could even exist without Joe, if he didn't just disappear.

His feet were freezing, bare skin on cold, cold concrete.

Focus (WW)

Chapter Notes

 [omphale23](#) made this better. She's cool that way.


Title: Focus

Fandom/Pairing: Wilby Wonderful, Duck/Dan

Rating: PG-13

Length: 224 words

Prompt: Conviction

Notes:  [omphale23](#) made this better. She's cool that way.

Dan watches Duck. He didn't before, knew he'd be caught. By Duck, by Val, by any of the too-observant locals, it didn't matter.

They fucked six times without Dan once looking at Duck's face. In the rustling dark, his fingers touched and stroked and grabbed, everything touching everywhere, but he kept his eyes away. It was safer that way.

Now, he's narrowed his focus to Duck alone. He's good at it, and rarely slips. He knows too well Irene's shrewish, ugly stupidity; Buddy and Sandra's intrusive kindness. Facing them could bring back the grief, the nauseating embarrassment, and taut, blistering fury, so he doesn't.

Instead, he looks at Duck. Duck, who believes in decency, his own and everyone else's. Dan doesn't think decency is possible for everybody, but he knows it is for Duck.

He can't decide if what he feels for Duck is scientific curiosity or lust. He can't separate the shape of Duck's shoulders, Duck's arms, the tilt of his head as he watches back, from the miraculous calm certainty of him. Dan gets hard for Duck's mouth, the shape of his lips, the tolerant, wry twist as he acknowledges and dismisses both cruelty and suffering.

He would worry about this, about his inability to love as normal people do, except he's watching Duck. Duck isn't worried, and Duck's certainty is catching.

Possible (WW)

Possible, a *Wilby Wonderful* fic written for [isiscolo](#)'s prompt of "uncertain."

Duck/Dan, R, ~1000 words. Many, many thanks to [sisterofdream](#) and [catwalksalone](#) for smart, speedy beta work, and for putting up with tech incompatibility. (Um, yeah. Those of you I've urged to try OpenOffice.org? In addition to it being great and FREE, it has this adorable little problem where it can't really deal with track changes/comments created in Word. Works fine going the other direction, I think. Something I need to remember to mention to betas, yeah?)

Duck didn't know if it was early conditioning or bad luck or the same sickness that drove him to drink, but he'd always gravitated towards bruisers, men who'd shove him no matter how hard he shoved back. Men who thought they were straight, who'd struggle to hold him down and grunt *faggot* as they came. He wasn't stupid; he knew there was something messed up with him and sex. So when he finally decided to quit hurting himself, he quit fucking and the bottle both. Cold turkey.

He drank soda, drank water, made it to another birthday, and he got used to feeling pretty good about himself. And part of that was keeping himself to himself, jerking off every night slow and steady, resisting the temptation of Martin at the grocery, or Doug when his wife was expecting, or any of the others, like a map he carried in his head: the queers of Wilby, dot-dot-dot.

When the new dot came to town, everything changed.

It had been years, decades, maybe since he was twenty and gave up on Buddy, since he'd wanted somebody with this helpless want. One sight of Dan at the Loyalist, an afternoon fixing his and Val's roof, and Duck was gone, smitten and stalking, standing flat-footed in the aisle of the video store, staring blindly at the bright covers, eavesdropping while Dan gave recommendations and passed the day.

Dan was quiet, yeah. But beautiful. When he wasn't suicidal, Dan had grace. He wasn't a man who slumped, his face slack and gray, whose clothes sagged and drooped. Clothes looked right on him in a way they never did on Duck, sharp and defined over his long legs and tight ass. He had a long, strong neck; the most beautiful hands Duck had ever seen; a wry, twisted smile and tear-you-up-inside eyes.

Duck saw all that from the first and then he saw it again and again, because watching Dan was something he did, something important to him, something he valued.

He rented two movies before he bought a VCR, just to test the waters. He smiled at Dan, leaned over the counter, making stupid conversation, and Dan looked right at him, really looked at him, then something dialed down in Dan's eyes and he shook his head. Just one quick shake and the thing was decided, Dan already holding out his change.

Which didn't make sense, because Duck wasn't blind or deaf, especially not when it came to Dan. He *knew* Dan had already found the Watch, knew they shared this.

But whatever decision Dan made the first time Duck stood clean and hopeful in front of him, he stuck to it. They'd pass each other, nod but never touch, rarely saying anything that wasn't about the weather. Even so, Duck felt Dan like a charm, keeping him safe from his own bad choices. Duck started going to the Watch again--learned sex again, how to do it sober, how to keep it friendly--and still they never touched.

Not until the scandal broke, and then Dan broke, and Duck was frantic, helpless and a stranger after all. Until Dan woke up better, with a bruised throat and a smile like the sun after a storm.

After their first time, slow and careful and sweet, as Dan sprawled, sweaty in the tangle of sheets on Duck's bed, Duck--with no new bruises and a bone-deep feeling of satisfaction--sat on the edge of the mattress and laced their fingers together, watching the patterns they made.

Even naked, his hair clinging to his damp forehead and sticking up in places, Dan looked like himself, strong and vulnerable and decent in a way that made Duck hungry for him, for the long lines of him, the stories always going on behind those eyes and that mouth. Duck looked down at their hands, at his own scars and calluses, and he wanted to tell Dan something, tell him that he didn't know how or why, but Dan coming to town had been good for him long before this.

"Hey," Dan said, his voice soft with after-sex hoarseness, his fingers tightening around Duck's.

"Hey." Duck smiled at him, the words stuck in his throat, not wanting to scare Dan off, not wanting to lie. Start at the beginning and tell the story of his life? Explain how he became this person and why he thought Dan was necessary?

Dan moved first, tugging at his arm, pulling Duck over and down on top of him, so their damp, tired bodies pressed against each other again, then he rolled Duck over onto his back. Duck's arms stretched over his head, pressed into the mattress--bare where they'd pulled the sheet off--Dan's hands pinning him down.

Duck's breath caught as Dan looked down at him, hair falling in his face. Duck could see him thinking and wished he knew him well enough to know what he was thinking about.

Then Dan's fingers slid down to his wrists, and tightened, his arms straightening as he pushed Duck down more firmly. He shifted to straddle Duck's stomach, his long legs folding up on the mattress, the coarse hair on his thighs tickling Duck's side.

Duck tensed, rocked up, bucking to see if he could knock Dan off. Dan's fingers--strong, yes, *good*--dug in deeper and if Duck could get hard again this soon, he would. Dan shifted against him, cock growing against Duck's stomach, and Dan said, "Like that," breathless and low and not a question.

And yeah, *yeah*, he did, but it was like falling off a ladder, off a house, off the place he'd built up for himself. He was terrified, wanting, and knew for certain that if Dan could be gentle and strong and hurt him so sweet, then he'd never be able to let this go.


"Just like that," he said, control leaking out of him like water.

Dan's smile was like the first day, everything starting fresh in a hospital bed, and Duck had to close his eyes at last.

*

Adjusting (DH)

Chapter Notes

It's my only DH icon. Poor Mark. Thanks to the hard-working  [omphale23](#) for beta.


Title: Adjusting

Fandom/Pairing: Double Happiness, Jade/Mark

Rating: PG

Length: 244 words

Prompt: A new hairstyle

Notes: It's my only DH icon. Poor Mark. Thanks to the hard-working  [omphale23](#) for beta.

There was a tub in the apartment. Jade had scrubbed it out that first weekend, along with painting the walls and hanging curtains and everything else she'd done to try to make this anonymous place--a place with no family, no voices in the other room, no memories--seem like a home.

She had to remind herself that she could sleep naked, stay out late, kiss Mark without checking over her shoulder. She had to remind herself to shop for one, sometimes two. Not to buy red bean buns. Not to look for Pearl every time something amused her.

Even soaking in the tub felt foreign without anybody knocking on the door.

But she had a good audition, for a part that didn't require a uniform. She met her brother and his girlfriend for lunch. Made a date to go to their condo for dinner.

And Mark leaned back against her in the tub, stroking her leg as she rubbed shampoo in his hair. "Hey," he said. "Did you hear about the guy whose whole left side was cut off?"

"Uh-uh."

"He's all right now."

She groaned. "That's terrible."

"Yeah."

She pulled his hair up into a mohawk and watched it tilt to one side.

Mark twisted around to see her face. "Are you all right?"

"Yeah," she said, pulling the spikes up again. "I'm all right. I'll tell it to her next time I see her."

*

Lucky (TC)

Chapter Notes

Written for [kristiinthedark](#)'s prompt of "lucky," which is a great prompt. We'll have to use that one for a regular challenge. Much love to [omphale23](#) and [zabira](#) for beta work. Many, many moons ago, I promised to write this for [the_familiar](#). I'm pretty sure she was thinking of something *longer*, but I hope this satisfies.

Title: Lucky

Fandom: Twitch City

Rating: R

Length: 293 words

Notes: Written for [kristiinthedark](#)'s prompt of "lucky," which is a great prompt. We'll have to use that one for a regular challenge. Much love to [omphale23](#) and [zabira](#) for beta work. Many, many moons ago, I promised to write this for [the_familiar](#). I'm pretty sure she was thinking of something *longer*, but I hope this satisfies.

Lucky was watching Curtis watch TV when Newbie announced his arrival with a door-slam and a loud *Shhhhhhhhh*.

Hmph. Disruptive. Curtis twitched and turned the volume up, and Lucky decided she was bored with the living room. After a good stretch, she padded down the hall to investigate and found Newbie's door cracked open just enough for her to squeeze through.

Inside, Newbie was on his back on the bed, his pants shoved down around one shoe, while a stranger in a heavy black coat eagerly sucked his cock.

Interesting. A very different technique from Hope's, Lucky noted. Repulsive, of course, but a change from dust mote or Curtis-watching. She jumped on the bed, angling for a better look.

The stranger had his eyes half-open as he sucked, and he must have noticed Lucky's approach. He flung out a hand, catching Lucky on the side and nearly knocking her to the floor. Bastard! She hissed and struck out with her claws, digging satisfying grooves in his wrist.

The effect was spectacular. "Groah!" the stranger bellowed around Newbie's cock, and Newbie doubled up, howling and pulling at the stranger's head.

It was all a bit too hectic. Lucky hopped down to the floor and set a calm, stately pace out of the room. Behind her, Newbie was yelling "My dick, my dick! Fuck!" and "I know all about

sickos like you" and "Dick-eating CANNIBAL!" Noisy man.

Curtis had fallen asleep on the couch by the time a representative from Rex Reilly showed up, police in tow. Lucky curled up at the other end of the couch and waited for the hubbub to die down. Newbie wasn't the worst roommate they'd had, but he was really just too disruptive. She'd be pleased when he moved out.

And, with nobody left to tag, that's the end of the 🍷[ds_snippets](#) Rapid-Fire Challenge! Thank you all for making this so wildly successful and fun. *twirls everyone*

Three FTWHTWD drabbles

Three *For Those Who Hunt the Wounded Down* drabbles. All PG or so.

Prompt: counting chickens before they're hatched.

Length: 100 words.

The cot Willie sleeps on was Jerry's for years and years, and still is when Willie isn't here, and was somebody's before him. Jerry sits next to it and looks at Willie sleeping, at him breathing, and his small, sturdy body, and all he's going to be someday.

If Jerry was a different person, he'd touch Willie's fine hair and tug the blanket up where his shoulder is exposed to the cold. He's not, so he sits and smokes and cracks his knuckles, and he thinks about Willie growing up, and keeping him safe, and about being a good father.

Prompt: mime.

Length: 100 words.

Willie remembers, always. He forgets everything else, doesn't remember the bad or the good or anything but what people tell him when it's all over and he doesn't have a dad anymore. But the way Jerry smiled at him with red teeth, and how he waved his hand goodbye, that sticks with him.

When he was little, it was mixed up with Jesus and angels, Jerry dying so he could live. But then he grew up and lost his faith, and these days he thinks that if he wasn't so stupid, he'd have figured out what it means by now.

Prompt: *Everyone's got their breaking point*

With me it's spiders, with you it's me

The Tragically Hip, "Thugs"

Length: 100 words.

Jerry wasn't Loretta's first, but he was the first she enjoyed, too, and he was her last for years, until she wasn't young no more. Later, there was Frank, and later still, Jim, and when it was good with them she thanked God and wasn't ashamed for it. She'd thought it was just Jerry; it had made sense for him to have a sin that was worth it, and for her to carry the guilt of wanting.

And if it turned out Frank was a bully, and Jim drank, neither scared her half as much as Jerry when he smiled.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!