

There's No Place You Can Hide

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There's No Place You Can Hide

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Summary

Charlie was sticking his nose into somewhere he didn't belong, and he knew it. But after what he had seen, how could he not go back?

It was the biggest mistake he had made in his life, and he only realised it when it was too late.

I Wish There Was Another Way Out

Chapter Notes

So, another Channy fic! I didn't think this would be the ship used, but it seemed the best fit. So, here goes! c:

With a bored sigh Jordon dropped his wallet and keys next to his computer on his desk, finally back in his apartment after a day of work. He didn't bother with locking his apartment door, it wasn't something he felt was necessary. If someone walked in, or tried to, he'd hear it. And he felt he was reasonably strong to defend himself, he'd lock it when he decided to sleep. A scowl rested on his face as he stared at his phone, reading the text as soon as it came in.

"Remember the dare, if you're not a pussy you'll go through with it." Jordon could swear that he heard Aron's taunting tone even through the lettering on a piece of technology.

Without a care, he dropped the old, second hand phone next to his stuff on the desk. Firing up his computer, stretching as he logged on. All the applications he had required for the dare were installed by Aron, and he was only the littlest bit reluctant to go through with it. After a week of teasing by Aron and his other friends about him being a pussy all because he wouldn't go through with their challenge he snapped, sick of hearing it, he had everything he needed to do it. It had all been set up last night.

"Go onto the dark web, go onto at least five different websites and give us evidence to prove you did it." Aron laughed, Jordon folding his arms. He knew they had to be kidding, weren't they aware how dangerous that place was? "And spend longer than five minutes on each."

They weren't joking. With a final stretch of his arms Jordon let out a sigh, placing his hand onto his mouse and following the steps given to him by his friend. Staring at the screen with a concentration he was never able to have with his work. And eventually, he found what he was looking for, the gateway into the darkest minds in humanity.

LAST CHANCE was written in big, red, capital letters at the top of the screen. Jordon let out a shaky breath as his eyes lingered on them for a while before moving onto the lettering below. *If you don't know what's ahead already, you're probably in the wrong place.* Below that, the letters turned a faint turquoise colour, standing out against the black background. His options were to leave or to enter. He felt way too reluctant to do either.

"I'm not a pussy." He muttered to himself, taking a deep breath as his heart raced. Clicking "enter" and watching the screen as the next page opened, his heart speeding up as his blue eyes widened in anxiety. The websites were all listed as if it was a normal search, but he definitely wasn't using Google.

He scanned over the lettering for a small while, before deciding he'd start easy. There were enough drug sites on the web, and he didn't feel like anything would horrify him about seeing drugs for sale. People sold drugs illegally all the time, no biggie. And as promised, he stayed on the website for a few minutes, clicking around for a small time before finding something hidden. Leading to an extra page that made him feel sick to his stomach, cringing his eyes shut as he regretted unintentionally reading the sentence and seeing the images of bodily fluid being made into pills. In a rush to click out of that website and back to the others, staying at the homepage. He felt like he had to bleach his fucking eyeballs after what he had seen, and it was only his first website!

"Dude, what the fuck? I'm on the first website and it's gross as fuck. I feel sick." Jordon decided to have a small break, texting Aron. For some reason he felt that the friend was laughing out as he replied.

"I'll believe you when I see the evidence."

"Sure, I'll just take a photo of pictures of cum pills on my screen and send it to you."

"I don't want to hear about your kinks, Jordy."

Fucking asshole. Jordon dropped his phone back on the table, his blue eyes travelling back to the computer. The next one he saw was one selling guns, something he was sure wouldn't bother him. And so, a few more minutes were spent admiring the weapons for sale, that he would never buy. And the next site confused him for the first couple of moments, seeing a person strapped to a bed with a time on the bottom corner of the video. It was live, and he felt himself shake as he realised what was going on. This person, whoever they were, had all their senses taken from them, and the timer, was probably timing how long it would take them to go insane. His arm twitched a little as anxiety and chills crept up his spine, staring at the gagged person for a moment before a loud noise of something falling over made him jump.

"Shit..." He cursed, placing a hand to his heart as it starting beating so hard and fast that he was convinced it would explode out of his chest. The noise was in the video, and a door off to the corner opened, a masked person walking in. The victim unaware of anything going on. Jordon frowned for a moment as he watched the man, wearing a stereotypical criminal mask walk around and grab something. Dread filled him as his eyes grew wide in horror once again, the items on a tray making him bail out of the page.

Without thinking about taking a moment to have a break, he clicked onto the next website. Still horrified with a racing heart as he stared at the website, all to do with kidnapping and assassinations. For a minute Jordon breathed heavily, as if he had been suffocated for the past minutes and was only now just receiving air. And a moment later his brain went back to the stream, of the tools and needles of a surgery given without consent to someone. That was going on right now, clicking off didn't change the fact that the poor person was now being brutally tortured by the creep who walked through the door.

Jordon's shoulders tensed as he thought about his own door, eyes journeying to his key. He left his door unlocked. A notification sounded on his computer, a small box appearing on the screen with "Hello" written. That was all. A small bar at the bottom giving him the option to reply. His eyes went from the key to the computer a few times, before he rushed to grab the

key and ran to his door, locking his door and spending extra time on making sure there was no way anyone could get in. He didn't want to become a victim like the person on the previous website.

His key remained in the door as he shakily walked back, sitting down with a loud breath as he looked to the screen. Freezing at the text that appeared next.

"Wise choice."

Put The Breaks On It

"What the fuck?" Confusion and worry, with slight paranoia and fear mixed together in his eyes as he stared at the lettering. Tense, as he tried to figure out how exactly whoever this person was, was able to know that he got up and locked his door.

'I can see through your webcam.' Was the next message posted through, as if they knew what Jordon was thinking. His heart skipped a beat as he looked down to his desk, finding the bright yellow sticky notes he kept there and placing a few on top of the camera. He didn't want whoever this was, looking at him. 'I can also hear you.' The amusement was evident even through the small lettering that appeared on the screen.

"Fuck." The male muttered, unsure of what to do with the fact that he had definitely been hacked. It really was stupid of him to expect to be safe, he supposed...

'Wrong site. That's not what we do here.' He rolled his eyes at the reply, folding his arms as he glared at the yellow bits of paper hiding the small lens of the computer. He doubted that this person was telling the truth. 'How do you even stumble across a site like this?' The question scared him way more than it should have.

"I don't know. How?" He didn't feel like he had to type anything, given that the person could hear him. So he instead just talked, expecting some sick joke to appear on his screen.

'Apparently very easily. Usually no one unintentionally finds us.' The person replied, the reply making Jordon even more unsettled. Was it really that rare to come across a kidnapping website?

"What if I came here intentionally?" He challenged, smirking as if he had won something.

'No one who knows what they're looking for is this scared...or stupid.' A frown fell onto his face, once again glaring at the screen.

"Fuck you, Creep." He snapped, shifting in his seat as he started feeling defensive. Sensing the laughter and amusement of the person on the other end of the conversation.

'If you really want something to call me, Da Kurlzz is the preferred option.' Maybe this guy was actually offended by being called a creep? Jordon doubted that was even possible. With a quick glance back to his door, still closed and unbothered, he sat up a little.

"Sounds like a faggot name." He growled out, placing his hand on the mouse. He had spent long enough on this website.

'You would know. Only thing you probably would know on here.' Jordon scoffed, his eyes rolling as his hand went back to his mouse. He was done with this person.

"Sounds like you know more than me, but I have to go. Still have to go on one more website and then I can fucking never have anything to do with this shit again." He never gave the

person on the other end the chance to reply, clicking out of the website and the small box disappearing with it.

He wasn't even thinking about what he was doing as he clicked onto the next page. Eyes growing wide as he felt his heart drop to the bottom of his stomach, hearing a voice that sounded beautifully devious. Like it was a siren drawing him in. Welcoming him into a website, and all he could do, was stare at the mask at the top of the page. Metallic gold in colour with a barely noticeable smirk playing on its mouth, a cross along its left eye.

And only a couple moments after he had clicked off, heart leaping out of his chest as he screenshotted his history on the browser and sending it to his nearby printer. The sound it made as it prepared the ink making him jump and breathe heavily, before he rushed to shut everything down. For some reason, that mask, that website, was the scariest thing he saw. He wasn't entirely sure why...

Better Run

A smirk played on Jordon's lips as he looked to where Aron, and a few other friends of his all sat in the small food/bar place they usually hung out. The grin on his face was half proud of proving them wrong, and half bitter because he couldn't believe the shit they had made him look at. "Here." He muttered out, holding a piece of paper to Aron and glaring as a knowing smile crossed the friend's face.

"Well, I guess that's convincing enough." Aron chuckled after looking over it a few times, his friends joining his amusement.

"You *guess*?" Jordon huffed, folding his arms.

"I'm just kidding." Aron laughed, gaining an eyeroll from the other party. "Well done, you're actually not a pussy."

"Actually, pretty damn brave actually. Some of these sights seem pretty fucked up." One of the men muttered from next to him, Aron agreeing. "I thought websites like those were hard to find..."

Da Kurlzz... Thought so too.

"Who?" Aron questioned, and Jordon looked to his friends with a frown before realising he had said that out loud.

"I-I mean..." His phone pinged from his pocket, gaining all of his attention and giving him an excuse to avoid answering and explaining himself. Switching his phone on, his face went pale as he read the text, 'Unknown Number' being the ID of the person.

" You really should remember to lock your doors." The text read, the mocking tone hidden behind the letters. But it still did the trick as Jordon's heart leaped in fright.

"Yo, Jordon, you cool?" He heard Aron's question, but also didn't at the same time. He didn't even bother replying, giving his friends a short look before running away back to his apartment. Worry in his heart as he begged that nothing was stolen. Had he really forgotten to lock his door?

With a groan Jordon kicked his door, glaring at the peep hole as he figured out that his door was locked. Whoever had sent that text had to have been playing tricks, in fact, it probably wasn't anyone. A random troll who just decided to text bullshit to a random number.

But while he was here he may as well have had another coffee, he decided, shoving his key into the door and opening it up. And that was definitely *not* a euphemism. He wasn't getting any, exactly why he ended up roaming the deep web. The apartment was unbothered and was

exactly as he left it, no one had been in it. He knew that, eyes scanning the area around him. His phone pinged in his pocket again, making him sigh as he went to check it.

One text was from Aron, that he had gotten while he was running. He hadn't bothered to check, but all he had done was ask why Jordon ran away so quickly. That wasn't what made his heavy breathing from running so much stop, and his hot blood go cold after so much exercise. What made him feel fear in every tip of his fingers was the new text that appeared above it, sent a minute ago.

"Fooled ya, by the way, you look really hot when you're running away c;"

Coming After You

He frantically looked around the apartment again, that looked perfectly normal before and still did. He half expected something to appear suddenly, he was searching for something that could have been hidden in plain sight. But... There was nothing, and after a while of searching, shaking lightly as he did, he could confirm that there was no danger. He frowned when he read the texts again, it could have just been random? A guess from whoever it was that Jordon actually fell for it? He gritted his teeth as he typed out his reply.

'Fuck you.' He typed it out, but hesitated to press send. If he replied that, he'd be giving the reaction that this person wanted. With a scowl he erased the text, and instead replied with some random excuse to Aron before moving to his computer. Firing it up and letting it update as he went to get a drink from his kitchen.

Though when he looked back at his screen, his eyes lingered on the small, logo of the app he used to get into the deep web. He didn't know why, but he felt like checking again. Was it really just luck, or in this case, the lack of luck that he managed to find such twisted pages? It had to be. But he was curious, and so, he attempted to decrypt his way through code to find the dark, evil place.

And eventually when he did, his eyes scanned the lettering. Finding basically the same things over and over, websites selling drugs, and websites selling weaponry. So it really was just his luck after all... A groan left him as he decided to exit out, wasting his time. He didn't have to be here anymore, and he didn't want to...Until a name caught his attention. He had been on the website before, and he had talked to a person on it. He couldn't help but wonder if Da Kurlzz was still there. Probably not, right?

But he couldn't help his curiosity as he moved his mouse to the website, clicking onto it. And for a few moments nothing happened, and he was left staring at the red lettering talking about kidnapping people. Long enough for him to assume nothing would happen, it only made him jump a little when the small chat box appeared again.

"You're actually back?" Jordon smirked, only realising then that he had forgotten about the sticky note no longer on his camera.

"I was curious to see if you'd still be here." He shrugged, his eyes wandering around his monitor as well as the little lens every once in a while. He was pretty sure the lighting wasn't flattering at all, or even the camera quality. A professional one sat not far away from him, used for filming and clips that he enjoyed making in his free time.

"You're a fucking dumbass." Jordon frowned at the message that came back. He wasn't here to be insulted, and so he folded his arms, smirking.

"Turns out I was right, you really don't have a life." He scoffed, looking away from the screen in boredom for a small moment. His eyes landing on his keys. He wasn't shaken up anymore, and he hadn't received any further texts from the troll. It was safe to guess it was just some random dickhead who didn't know how annoying he actually was.

"I'm not even meant to be talking to you, it's dangerous." The message only made Jordon slightly confused, as he tilted his head a little at the message like a puppy who didn't understand what someone was saying.

"Isn't that meant to be the other way around, y'know, since you're the one working on a website on the deep web and I'm the one harmlessly browsing?" He replied, checking his phone. His attention was only half on the person, considering his computer would make a noise when he got a reply. All he had was a text from Aron saying that it was fine for him to run off, and that he had gone home too.

"No one harmlessly browses this place, Jordon. You can't honestly say that nothing strange has happened since yesterday." Something strange did happen, but he wasn't going to tell this stranger that. He glanced over to his phone for a brief moment, thinking about the texts again...Maybe they weren't some random prank? *"Even if nothing has, you need to look at this website. I'm pretty sure a friend of yours is on there."*

Jordon frowned once again, reading the link and typing it up. He doubted that someone actually put his friend on whatever website this was, muttering the numbers and letters he had to type in to get to the website. The name unsettled him a little, but he didn't even know what to expect anyway.

With a frown, he looked to the tab that opened up, looking to the pictures of people he didn't know. The settings were alphabetic, and he was shown a lot of people with names. Beginning with A at first, and below them were prices. People would be bought on this website. Jordon felt his stomach twist a little as he scanned through miniature descriptions with "read more" following after about three lines.

He felt bad for the people, but he only truly cared when he saw a face he recognised. Blue eyes grew wide when he recognised Aron among all the other faces, selling for a high price. *"I'm guessing you know him?"* The message popped up in a box again, but Jordon didn't look. Distracted completely by the small, bold letters next to his friend's price, telling everyone that he was bought and would be taken off the website soon. He only spent a second staring at the brief details before going to his phone, rushing to call Aron. He had to know his friend was alright.

"Shit." Jordon cursed when he got no answer. Grabbing his key and running from his computer, not caring how stupid it was to leave his computer switched on and on something that made it vulnerable. He didn't notice how he accidentally scrolled down in a messy hurry to leave and lock his door. He didn't notice the next message sent by Da Kurlzz as he ran away from his apartment to get to Aron's, hoping the male was still there.

"Your name is on here too..."

Caught Off Guard

His ribs were aching by the time he had gotten to Aron's home, his fears and worries only growing as he stared at the white painted front door, faded into a yellow colour with the build up of dirt that grew over the years. The silence only worried him, as usually loud music would blare from the apartment and angry neighbours would be constantly banging on the entryway to get Aron to turn his music down.

"Aron, open up!" Jordon yelled out, loud enough for his friend to hear. Loud knocking following as he continued to pant, completely out of breath from running the distance and a speed he never knew he could run. A few moments after with no answer made Jordon more worried than he could handle, feeling as if he was insane with it along with the feeling of sickness from all the unexpected exercise as he hit the door harder. Yelling his friend's name loud enough to gain a glare from the old lady walking by, but he didn't care. He cared about Aron, and right now, he could be anywhere.

"Jesus, what is it?" The door clicked open as the handle moved. A tired Aron was revealed when the door was completely open, he had been asleep when Jordon had rudely woke him up. But Jordon wasn't one to call before visiting anyway.

"Thank fuck you're alright." A confused look crossed his face as Jordon pulled him into a tight hug, the worry he felt channelling through to him. Jordon never usually hugged him, and that was what made it concerning.

"Obviously? Jordon, what is going on with you?" He yawned as he pulled away from the hug, patiently waiting for Jordon's explanation as he closed the door.

"I was back on that Web, I saw a website. It had..." He was still slightly out of breath, heavily breathing between words. He had to stop talking, closing his eyes for a small moment before getting enough breath back to say what he wanted to say. "I found a page that was selling people and you were on there, bought."

"Well, I'm still here. And usually those websites are bullshit anyway..." Aron was a little more awake now, and didn't sound so sure of what he had said himself, so he didn't know how he expected Jordon to believe him. He hoped it was fake.

"I know, but I had to check." Jordon muttered, looking to the ground. He didn't believe it was fake, missing out the fact that he was lead to that website by someone on there. "I don't want to lose you."

"Really? You care that much?" His friend's tone was suddenly a little more serious, and a small frown crossed Jordon's face. Did he really think Jordon didn't care?

"Of course I do..." Within seconds of replying and looking up, his eyes grew wide as he felt a pair of lips pressed to his own. He didn't expect it, his heart fluttering a little due to the unexpected interaction. But even if he was caught off guard, it never stopped him from returning the kiss, putting more strength into his actions as he pushed the friend to the nearest

wall. Quickly running out of breath as the act of affection grew more needy and desperate. He only separated from the other male for a small moment before attacking his neck with small kisses, making the quietest moan sneak from Aron's throat. And then he stopped, looking to the submitting man with adoration.

"I'd love to continue this, but you know as well as I do that the website isn't fake. I don't want to be that vulnerable right now." He sighed out, watching as Aron's lustful look left him and he came back to reality. Nodding his head in agreement.

"I'm too tired to do that anyway." He grumbled out, giving his guest no choice but to smirk. It wasn't like he didn't want to go further, he just wanted to make completely sure that everything was safe before they did anything. It was bad enough if they got caught, nevermind getting caught while they were fucking. He never thought he'd think of his friend like that, but here he was, now questioning exactly how he felt.

"Just keep it in your pants for a little while longer, babe." Jordon winked, wandering over to the nearby sofa in search of the cheap television's remote. Leaving an embarrassed Aron to lean against the wall for a few moments longer.

Morning Fun

His eyes snapped open as he gasped out, heart racing from the nightmare his brain had came up with. For a brief moment he didn't know where he was, and it only made his heart beat faster. Where was Aron? Jordon's eyes went to the person resting their head on his chest, checking to make sure the friend was alright and only letting out a sigh of relief when he knew the male was okay and was only resting.

"Jordon?" He smiled at the tired voice of the other, feeling a little guilty about waking him up.

"It was only a dream, go back to sleep." Jordon placed his arm around Aron tighter, feeling his head shake against his chest.

"I'm awake now, don't really want to go back to sleep." He replied, cuddling closer and shutting his eyes tighter. A small smile on his face as he held onto the male.

"Well then what would you like to do?" Jordon didn't mean to fall asleep. Aron was scared when he went to bed and wanted Jordon to lie with him, but sleeping was never his intention. All he could be, was grateful that nothing happened to them in their sleep. The attention went straight back to Aron moments later when he sat up with a smirk, staring at Jordon for a brief time before attacking his neck in little nibbles and kisses, making a trail from his ear down to his chest, and then even lower down than that.

"Aron." Small moans and growls left Jordon as he let himself enjoy the feeling, staying as quiet as he could as he felt his arousal growing throughout his body, his light eyes tightly closed. A small, but strong bite made him groan a little louder, pleasure running through every single vein in his body as he felt Aron's kisses get lower and lower down. His heart sped up at the increasing feeling of desire, shifting a little and grinning a little when the other's teeth clamped onto the edge of his boxers, pulling them off with the help of Jordon's movement.

At first his dick wasn't fully hardened, but it was definitely close to it. A small, surprising lick from the skinny male made Jordon gasp out, and the small action did the trick, making him fully harden. "You like that?" Aron smirked, hearing another growl leave the friend telling him to hurry up. A small kiss to the very tip of the head of his cock made Jordon's eyes snap open, looking to the ceiling for a millisecond before relocating to the person responsible, one of his hands grabbing onto the top of Aron's head as the other hand clenched the sheets of the bed in his fist.

The skinny male smirked at the actions, watching as Jordon panted loudly, his body shifting around in attempt to find any form of satisfaction. With another small lick Aron opened his mouth, taking the leaking cock in his mouth and immediately getting to work, feeling his own hard-on growing. A loud, animalistic, growl that almost sounded like a roar left Jordon as his hips bucked upwards, his brain losing every sense apart from touch as he felt Aron's tongue swirl around his length while he bobbed his head.

A little while after the repeated movements Aron's hand went to his own member, stroking it fast and needily. The vibrations of his throat against Jordon driving the other wild as he thrust faster into his friend's mouth, struggling to hold onto his self control. Loud sounds of pleasure kept growing as the two men felt themselves coming closer to their climax. The skinny male choked a little at a sudden, hard thrust into the back of his throat, but the small struggle disappeared as soon as all the desire coursing through him travelled straight down to his cock, forcing him to let out a particularly loud moan as he released his load onto the bedsheets, his thrusts into his hand fading away as he came down from his high.

Jordon was quick to follow behind, his own loud lewd sounds escaping his mouth as his cum shot out into the other's throat. Giving him no choice but to swallow it down as Jordon didn't stop, his thrusts becoming weaker as his heavy breaths accompanied Aron's. The sweat basically pouring out of them as they recovered.

Moments after, Aron's body fell onto his, his head resting against Jordon's thigh as the two could hear their heartbeats as the loudest things in their own ears. A faint, relaxed smile crossed Jordon's face as his hand, still on Aron's head, softly stroked his head, both men with their eyes closed. It stayed like that for a moment, both forgetting about any danger, or anything going on at all as they rested in the peacefulness of Aron's bedroom.

A loud noise followed by a muttered curse in another room was the only thing that stopped Jordon from drifting away into sleep once again, as his blue eyes snapped open and glared over at the door. Alarms rung in his head as he sat up, forcing Aron to wake up himself in confusion as he hadn't heard the noise. In his disorientated state all he did was watch the friend pull on his discarded boxers and jeans as quickly as possible. He couldn't find his belt, but that wasn't his main concern as he frowned to the door, his heart racing with worry as he approached the door into the rest of the apartment.

Who was that?

Unwelcome Guest

"Jordon, what's happening?" Aron frowned, shifting in his position as he silently placed his clothes back on his body, he was silently hushed by the other. Jordon took careful steps forward and quietly placed his hand on the handle, being careful about the noise coming from the door as he opened it and looked around with caution.

He cringed a little when the door started to squeak, frowning at the fact that there was no one plainly obvious in the apartment. But he knew there was someone. He had heard them. Where were they? His steps were hesitant as he moved further out of the bedroom, eyes scanning everywhere in the home. There was no signs of damage and no signs of a break in, there was no signs of anyone in the home that were uninvited. His shoulders tensed as he looked around a little more.

"Maybe it wasn't anything?" Aron's voice made him jump in slight fright, glaring back at the male for a small moment before sighing out. He let his sight roam around the area again before shaking his head, maybe his brain did just hear things.

"I guess so..." Maybe he was just on edge after everything that had happened, and the exhausted effect it had on him made him hear things. That didn't seem believable but what other choice did he have? There was no one around to prove that some unwelcome guest was here. There just wasn't anyone. Unless...

Jordon glared at the door to the bathroom, positioned next to the kitchen that wasn't even a separate room from the one they were in. Maybe there was someone, and they were hiding in there?

"Jordon..." The tone of Aron's voice was worry, as he followed the other's gaze to the door. Fear crept into his heart as he followed behind his friend, heart beating painfully hard against his chest as he stared fearfully at the door. His eyes shut tightly as soon as Jordon's hand touched the handle, he didn't know how to handle having an intruder in his home. He begged there was no one. Moments later the door opened and he dreaded to open his eyes, but this was his home, so he had to look at whoever it would be if he wanted to protect it and himself.

But there was no one there. A curse left Jordon, one that showed his confusion. He heard someone, he knew he did! There was no way he hallucinated someone knocking something over and then swearing out about it. "Jordon!" The loud yell made him jump again, but with more urgency as he turned around in alarm. Shocked when he saw Aron suddenly struggling against a man wearing a mask, split in half with two different expressions designed on it.

He only remained frozen for a moment before he glared at the masked man, angry that he hadn't noticed him sooner. Jordon didn't even know where he could have hid, considering he checked nearly everywhere. Except for the now open cupboard. The male leaped forward into a fight, grabbing onto both the intruder and Aron and attempting to separate the two, which proved to be slightly more difficult than he had thought it would be.

Only seconds after Aron was pulled away, and accidentally shoved to the floor, Jordon was stuck dodging hits from the masked male. Fighting back only when he could see an opportunity, and failing to dodge a few hits. But those hits felt pretty... Wimpy. And after a small moment he landed another hard blow to the intruder's face, shoving him to the ground.

The intruding man groaned out as his target was helped up by the man he was fighting. "Are you okay?" Jordon asked, concern lacing his voice before he turned back to the criminal. "Come on, Aron, we have to run." At first his friend was hesitant, but listened after a small shove from the other. Running out of the apartment without looking back. Jordon hurried to the front door, closing it behind him in an attempt to slow down the intruder, now ready to go as far as using knives to attack them.

Jordon wasn't far behind Aron, adrenaline being the only thing that allowed him to somewhat catch up with the other. But every time he got closer to Aron, some form of motivation in Aron made him move faster, until they were miles away from his home and back at Jordon's. Curses repeatedly left his mouth as he searched his pockets for his keys, unlocking the door when he finally found them and not wasting any time in locking the door again once they were both in.

For a moment Aron panted heavily out of breath along with Jordon, before his heavy breathing faded into laughter. "What's so funny?" Jordon frowned, hands on his hips as he tried to catch his breath back. He never got a response due to the amount of laughter and heavy breathing that left his friend, making the skinny male fall from the lack of air entering his lungs as his face grew red. Jordon remained confused for a moment before looking down, his eyes growing wide as he realised that his jeans had fallen without the help of his belt to keep them up. He hadn't even thought to check about his trousers, too busy with trying to get away.

Aron's laughter continued as Jordon shifted around his home, the red in his face from embarrassment fading eventually along with his friend's laughter. Maybe he would have laughed too if there wasn't something serious going on, but right now he felt way too on alert. After having an intruder in Aron's home, he didn't know how safe he was in his own apartment as he checked every single area where someone could hide.

Paranoid

A groan left Jordon as he laid in his bed, unhappy with the fact that Aron next to him had called out his name *again* in fear. "Aron, you're meant to be sleeping."

"How can I when I just got attacked today?" He hissed, sitting up. Jordon frowned. "I can't rest knowing that it can happen again at any moment."

"I locked everything, doors, windows, all of that. You can check if you're really that scared, I assure you it's safe." He muttered back, gaining silence for a moment before his bed creaked and then had less weight on it. Aron had taken his advice on walking around and checking. Maybe that would finally ease his mind and make him more likely to rest.

It was all silent in his bedroom, but that didn't get rid of the frown. It was the expression that remained on his face after a struggle of a day, and he really just wanted to sleep. He felt his mind fading into a dream-like state, suddenly have no power over whether or not his eyes stayed open. And then Aron walked back in, telling him he was right about everything being locked.

"I still can't sleep..." Aron muttered moments after getting back into bed, forcing out another annoyed groan from the other. Jordon shifted his position from lying on his back to his side, facing the one of them that was whining. He lazily draped his arm over him and hugged him a little close, yawning as relaxed again.

"There, you're completely safe now." Jordon sighed out, his pillow comforting his head.

"But-" Aron still wasn't convinced, how could he be? There was someone trying to kidnap him and take him away from his life. And he had no idea what would happen if they caught him.

"If someone gets in, I'll beat the shit out of them." Jordon growled out, too tired to have anymore patience. "Sleep." He demanded, desperate to rest and get some energy back. He wouldn't do that if Aron kept talking. He was relieved when Aron finally shifted to a more comfortable position, now, reluctantly, agreeing to rest.

A loud ringing noise coming from the phone on the bedside table, signalling a phone call was what forced Jordon awake. He let out a breath, unwilling to get up and answer it and hoping that whoever was calling would just hang up after a couple rings. But his phone proceeded to ring, making him mutter curses to himself as he unhappily sat up. Realising that moment that Aron was no longer next to him in his bed as he tiredly rubbed his eyes before picking up his phone.

The caller ID displayed the name of the male no longer in his room, and it made him frown as he read the name. A small sigh left him as he clicked the answer button, yawning out a hello to his friend.

"Hello, Jordon." All the sleepiness left his body at the sound of an unfamiliar voice, a little raspy and a bit deeper than Aron's. It definitely wasn't the voice of any of their friends either.

"Who the fuck are you? And what are you doing with my friend's phone?" Jordon sat up, glaring ahead of him with confusion and worry, as well as in dislike towards the person on the other end of the call.

"Doesn't matter who I am, what matters is that your friend was idiotic enough to leave you and carelessly put himself in danger." The male's eyes widened as he jumped out of bed, still on the phone to the person as he searched around his apartment. The stranger was definitely right about the fact that Aron was gone, he wasn't in the apartment.

"Where is he?" Jordon snapped, demanding answers. "I'm not fucking around, I swear, if you hurt him..." The loud laughter of the other person effectively shut Jordon up, and made him grit his teeth together as he listened.

"I'm not going to hurt him, that would damage the price his buyer paid." The kidnapper teased. "But I'll give you a chance, there's no hope in saving your friend now." Jordon only listened, pacing around his apartment unhappily, pausing for a moment when he noticed the note written on the small coffee table. It was from Aron, telling him that he had went out to get them food. The letter only irritated and worried him more, because now Aron was in danger.

"Instead of trying to save him, try to survive. Things are about to get a lot worse for you, Jordon." Then the person hung up. A yell of frustration left the male, now missing his company and having no idea where to start on his search for him. And now there was a chance he was in danger too... His phone pinged with a message, a text from the same person who had tricked him into thinking they were in his apartment.

"Hope you're having fun, see you soon babe xx"

You Lucky You Ain't Dead

Long enough had been spent on this same evil website where he had talked to that guy previously. The one who had warned him about all of this happening. Jordon hoped that somehow, he'd be back to talk and maybe, being a kidnapper himself, give Jordon advice on what to do and where to start on his search for Aron. But there had been no messages, no text boxes popping up on his screen, no sign of Da Kurlzz anywhere. An impatient huff left Jordon as he rolled his eyes, ready to lock and leave his apartment and search that way.

He clicked away to back out of the website, accepting the fact that he wouldn't be getting any help there. But he paused in his movements of moving away when a different window popped up that wasn't his homepage, and he glared at the screen for a moment before his eyes grew in realisation. He remembered the golden mask, he had been on this website before. But not today, he'd only been on it once. It shouldn't have shown up on his screen, but it still did. His light eyes lingered on the eyeholes of the mask for a while, feeling as though someone was looking at him through them. He quickly grew unsettled as he felt unable to look away, feeling like he was looking into the eyes of someone, and the person behind the mask was doing the same.

His mind panicked as he noticed why he felt that way, looking to the faint, dark eyes that barely revealed themselves behind the only detail on that Web page. His heart pounded as suddenly his computer started to glitch, loud noises that the device shouldn't be making make him rush to shut the computer down. His anxiety only grew as he had to fight the computer, the mouse resistant to what he wanted to do and after a few short moments of trying, Jordon gave up and went straight to the physical power button. The screen went black seconds after and the technology went quiet, finally switched off.

The terrified male tried to calm his nerves, his heart beating so fast he felt like it would burst. Fresh air. He needed fresh air, he was getting a headache. He had to find Aron anyway, so he grabbed his keys and hesitated on grabbing his phone. What if that started glitching too? But what if Aron or his called attacker called? His jaw clenched as he forced the fear away, he needed his phone. Deciding to take it, he went out of his apartment to take a walk in the route he felt Aron most likely would have taken.

It was almost completely dark by the time Jordon got back to his apartment, as he had spent most of the day searching. He had gotten an angry call from his boss telling him about work, and Jordon had to apologise and make up the "I'm ill" excuse. It barely worked. He still never found Aron anywhere, and his hope deteriorated the more time he spent not knowing where Aron was. Now he was checking other people on his phone, finding a delay on his replies as he closed his apartment door after entering. And of course, locking it too, his eyes never leaving the reply he was texting to one of his friends.

"No luck finding your precious bitch?" Jordon jumped at the voice, his phone falling from his hand as he turned around. Leaning against the wall opposite of Jordon was someone who

didn't need an introduction. His demeanor was threatening and intimidating enough, even if he was only leaning against a wall and only spoke one sentence in a deep voice that sent fear shooting through every cell of Jordon's body. He didn't need anything more from the intruder for him to know he was in danger. But he was too scared to move, too scared to fight or talk, too scared to unlock his door and run away.

The amused chuckle from the intruder as he stood up, approaching Jordon like a lion to its prey, forced him to swallow the lump of fear in his throat. His blue mask more clearly revealed, a three appearing on one side while a butterfly decorated the other. "I was told you would be a challenge." He stopped, a closer distance to Jordon. His blue eyes never left the ones that peirced into his own through the mask, he didn't dare to look away.

"I'm disappointed." The man growled, fully approaching his victim and grabbing onto him. He had expected a lot more resistance and fight, from what he had heard. The familiar ring of Jordon's phone was what brought him back to normal, the two looking down to see a message on the small phone. It was the same trolling asshole from before, but Jordon doubted that the person was a troll anymore. His attention left the item quickly as he pushed away from the intruder. Quickly becoming scared at how little his push had moved the intimidating male.

"They sent you after us, didn't they?" He questioned, pointing to his phone. The kidnapper's head moved from Jordon to the phone, and then back to him again. He took quick steps forward, grunting a little as he fought with Jordon, the victim resisting as much as he could against the attacker's hold. "Get the fuck off me." Jordon snapped, finding himself stuck in the strong grip after a small while of struggling. The keys to his door were forced out of his hand and put into his front door.

"Shut up and don't say a single fucking word." Jordon wanted to yell out, maybe his neighbours would hear him and try to save him from this. But there was a threat behind the order that came from his kidnapper, and it made him scared to even keep struggling. His light eyes travelled to his feet as he heard his apartment door close behind them, being forced away from his home.

"You lucky you ain't dead if you know they sent me." Jordon fell completely silent and completely obedient to what this man wanted. His words unsettling. Who were they?

Meeting

"Wake the fuck up!"

Jordon woke up immediately at the aggressive threat, disguised as a demand. A hard slap followed, and a stinging sensation lingered on Jordon's cheek as his hand made its way to his face. Fearfully looking over to his captor, who wasn't the slightest bit amused. He became confused when he looked around, it was still night, but they were in a much quieter area that Jordon didn't recognise. And before he had the chance to even gain a rough idea of his location he was dragged harshly out of the car, his heart hammering against his chest as he tripped out of the passenger seat and was forced to walk.

Slowly, his memories came back to him. He was taken from his home, but when he got into the vehicle with the man next to him, he had put up a fight. The guy had gotten frustrated quickly, and knocked him out... At least that was what Jordon recalled. With what or how the man knocked him out, he didn't know... He wasn't sure he wanted to know. Trying to remember anything was interrupted by the sight of a building, surprising him when he realised the forest area they were in. Something that he really should have paid attention to in case he escaped...

The male bit his lip in hurt as he became painfully aware of the grip the stronger man had on his shoulder, his nails digging as the skin grew pale from the pressure on it. Jordon was hesitant to move, even with the slightest nudge and gesture. The kidnapper growled in displeasure, clearly not impressed with Jordon's disobedience. "Should I just fuck you here then?" He snapped, his words effectively scaring Jordon into moving where he wanted him to.

While the outside of the building made it seem as though the house would have been filled with rotted wood and dirt, and overall unkempt like the exterior advertised, the indoor area was actually normal looking. As if someone was actually living in the place, and if Jordon wasn't completely terrified, he might've even liked the look of the place. All it did now, was fill him with dread as he was lead upstairs and in front of one of the many doors. The captor knocked, and with an audible mutter that told him to enter, he walked in, maintaining his agonisingly tight grip.

The person within the room was extremely focused, the chocolate eyes showing his determination to get the work he had done. His ears were decorated with gauges, which only added to the intimidation that came from his powerful appearance. Though he wasn't as muscular as the guy that brought him here, he still appeared more powerful than him. It only left Jordon feeling more scared for his life.

Jordon stared at the new person with wide blue eyes, sitting at a desk with a concentrated frown on his face as he wrote something down. Was this the person who had sent him all those texts? The victim had his doubts, this guy didn't seem like the type. He seemed... Too serious, for those messages. A loud yelp left him as the man who had taken him from his home kicked the back of his knees, making him fall to the ground in pain. He was too scared

to move from that position, even as he sensed his attacker backing away, most likely to block the door.

The exclamation of pain was what finally stopped the man at his desk from writing. His dark eyes travelled to the man on his knees, smirking as he found humour in his best friend's violent nature. "Now, Johnny, there's no need for that." He chuckled, sitting back in the old leather of his chair.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" Jordon yelled out, his question was fuelled by anger and fear and was directed to both of them. The man sat forward again, chuckling a little more as a twisted smirk grew along his face.

"There's nothing wrong with spending a bit of money, we needed new toys." He got up from his cozy chair and walked around his desk. He moved in front of Jordon and roughly grabbed his chin, a way to force his victim into looking at him. But the eye contact was only brief as Jordon's fear won over his anger. "And you and your friend caught our interest." It wasn't rocket science to know that the man was talking about Aron, and Jordon became eager at the thought.

"Where is he?" Jordon hurried to question, regretting it as the grip on his chin moved to cover more of his jaw and become painfully tight.

"You're in no position to ask questions, Jordy." Jordon frowned at the nickname, closing his eyes unhappily as the grip on his face moved. "Just be a good boy and do as we tell you, and maybe there will be a treat involved." The man patted Jordon's cheek, still red with Johnny's handprint, lightly before turning away to go back to his seat. The action made Jordon's jaw clench as his anger made a reappearance. Who did this dickhead think he was?

"Fuck you, tell me where Aron is!" He yelled out. Seconds later the unfamiliar male had turned again, moving his foot to let his boot connect with Jordon's side with an insured powerful impact. A shout of pain left Jordon as he fell to his opposite side, curling a little at the growing pain climbing from where he was kicked. His eyes went wide as his vision was affected only slightly from the pain, making him close them again tightly as he tried to recover.

"Johnny, can you show him where his friend is, please?" Jordon just barely heard the words, his mind too focused on the dull, but extreme pain that latched onto his ribs.

"Sure thing, Jay." Jordon couldn't stop the whimper as he was forced to his feet again, which only made the pain burn as a result. "Come on, you little bitch." He snapped, pushing Jordon forward and away from the office room, where Jay had went back to his paperwork. Pain was controlling most of Jordon's thoughts, but still, the loudest ones were the ones that wanted to find Aron, and wanted to know if he was okay. Jordon hoped that his friend was okay...

Danger In The Darkness

Jordon's body only ached more as he was thrown down into the darkness of what was obviously a basement. How predictable, was all he could think as he pushed himself up, his arms shaking as he did so. Pain crawled through his body and a quick pace, but his attention was directed to the fearful noises that came from somewhere to his left. "Who's there?" He snapped, flinching as the only source of light, the door at the top of the stairs, slammed shut.

"Jordon?" The loud, surprised voice of Aron was a relief to the male. Now he knew for sure that his friend was alive, but what condition he could be in was what Jordon didn't know.

"Aron, you're alright?" Jordon crawled over to where he heard his friend's voice come from. Scared every single time he moved one of his limbs, afraid of what he might end up holding onto. There could be anything down here.

"Mostly." Aron's eyesight had gotten more used to the dark than Jordon's had, so as soon as Jordon was close enough, the friend leapt into a tight hug. A small groan of pain left Jordon as he awkwardly tried to sit up against the surface of the wall, being slightly disabled by the tight, unmoving hold of Aron.

"Gonna introduce me to your friend?" The third voice, a little deeper than their own, surprised Jordon. He had thought that only himself and Aron were there, and so the unexpected third party made his heart race. He felt Aron bury his head and hide his face in his shoulder, which made him frown.

"Who are you?" Jordon interrogated, holding Aron close to him. For no other reason than to provide the man comfort, of course.

"Ah, don't worry. I'm just another toy, completely harmless." His frown only grew as he tried to look around, he didn't want to have anymore unexpected people around. "And it's only lil' old me, anyone else escaped long before I got here...Or died, more likely." He added, as if he was reading the mind of the other. When he received even more silence, a sigh left him as Jordon heard him shift his position.

"Name's Dylan. Good to meet you." He muttered clearly and loud enough for Jordon to hear. "I hoped you would be more talkative, I wanted someone who could help me get out of this shit hole-"

"Now, now, it wouldn't be such a shit hole if you little dickheads behaved more often." The conversation was interrupted by Johnny, and the sound of his voice made Aron cower into Jordon's arms even more. Jordon tensed, and suddenly he wasn't even bothered about if Dylan was a threat or not, as the main threat was the one walking down the stairs. The light that appeared gave him the opportunity to see around, but he didn't notice much, too focused on the upcoming danger that had turned on a light and closed the door behind him.

"I wouldn't call desperately trying to avoid rape being unbehaved." Dylan scoffed back. Jordon's eyes grew wide in horror at the words, disbelief and even more alarm taking him

over.

"As if your boss is any better. Unlucky he had a renegade, huh?" The mocking tone even made Jordon's jaw clench in frustration. He didn't know why, but the words annoyed him. His angry glare left as Johnny suddenly moved to him and dragged him away from Aron, hearing yells of fear from the other as he was thrown away from the skinny male. Jordon felt his heart pounding once again as he heard Aron scream out at the punch, that followed with another that left him whimpering as quietly as he could.

The small attack on Aron bought Jordon enough time to get to his feet, but he wasn't strong enough to fight as he was quickly shoved onto the ground again, hitting his head against the floor and gaining a small headache. "Don't you fucking try it." Johnny snarled, pointing in the direction of Dylan. Jordon could barely see Dylan standing up, he seemed weakened by malnourishment. If he tried, there would be no chance he could win and protect Jordon. So all he could do is sit back down on the ground. "Good boy." Jordon could tell that the stranger hated being talked down to as he looked away, glaring at the empty corner next to him so he didn't have to look at the sight.

He could only gasp out as he was lifted from the ground again, his hands moving to his attacker's chest to try and push away in a weak attempt of escaping. He was given a hard slap, which stunned him for long enough that the stronger was able to take his belt from him. But as Jordon fought more it only made it worse as Johnny put the belt to use. "Fuck off!" Jordon snapped, but even his words were no use as he was forced to the ground again. The belt tied around his wrists as he was forced to stay lying on his stomach by the weight of the man above him. His curses kept coming as he weakly kicked around, only making it easier for his jeans to be pulled off.

"You're being too loud bitch." Johnny growled, using the legs of the jeans to create a gag. It silenced Jordon a little, and his swears became muffled, but it didn't stop him from yelling out. Fully aware of what was happening and desperately trying to fight as much as he could to somehow stop it from happening. It was no use. He realised that as moments later he screamed out in pain at the feeling of his back end feeling as if someone was trying to rip him in half.

No one said a word as it happened, neither Aron or Dylan dared to do anything or even look in the direction of the gross action. The repeated movements summoning almost muted screams from Jordon and loud, pleased moans from Johnny. The sickening smell quickly filling the basement, that lingered even after the abuser had finished with his fun. He didn't bother with untying Jordon as he stepped away, only grabbing Aron after fixing himself up and dragging him out of the basement. But not without Aron putting in a similar fight to Jordon, saying something about not wanting to go back to Jay again.

The light was left on as the door was locked shut, something their attacker most likely forgot due to the distraction Aron caused. Jordon was left crippled in pain, and he couldn't even move. Dylan rushed over to help him, now that he wasn't at risk of any harm anymore. "That's the first time I've ever heard or seen that kid struggle." Dylan spoke as he helped Jordon out of the items of clothing leaving him immobile. He meant Aron, which surprised

Jordon. He always thought that the skinny male would be more resistant, he could hardly believe that Aron would peacefully go to danger, nevermind quietly.

With a lot of work, and pain, Jordon finally put his clothes back on. "It always hurts the first time." Dylan tried to be supportive, giving a small smile once Jordon was completely clothed once again. The other only gave him an eager, determined look.

"How the fuck do we get out of here?" He would be fucked if he was staying in this 'shit hole.'

Literally.

Finding A Way Out

Jordon smiled as he felt Aron move closer to him, a small yawn leaving the skinny male as he tried to fall asleep. He had made a plan with Dylan and Aron on how to escape and get back home, but what he did after that he wasn't entirely sure. What if Johnny came back? Jordon supposed he'd have to train or something, just to at least be a little stronger than he was. He didn't know much he could convince Aron to do the same, the other was always pretty stubborn and only did things if he was the one that wanted to.

Right now Jordon had to focus on escaping, not that there was much he could do as of now. Just sit around and wait for either him, Aron or Dylan to be dragged out of the basement for someone to have their fun. Dylan knew how to pick locks, and he knew the layout of the house and surrounding area surprisingly well. Jordon didn't feel like questioning it, he just wanted to get out. They didn't have to wait long, and a couple days later after their plan had been formed, Johnny walked back down. He usually did with food and water for them, but this time, he looked to each of them before deciding on taking Dylan.

Aron cowered like he usually did, afraid of George with his entire being it seemed. Jordon only held him closer as Dylan acted unwilling to go, even if he had a good reason for it. "We'll be out soon, babe." Jordon muttered, gently rubbing the other's back after hearing his whimpers. It was mostly silent, since there was nothing to talk about. The only noise that filled the basement was Aron mumbling in his sleep after a while.

The light hurt his eyes as the door opened again, now he was used to the dark. Dylan was thrown to the ground, and Jordon wrapped his arms protectively around the sleeping male as Johnny stomped towards them. "C'mon, Jorel wants you again, bitch." He growled, forcing the skinny man out of Jordon's grip and waking him up as he did so. Aron was immediately struggling, and before Jordon could do anything, Johnny kicked him back. That was as much as a fight as he could put in, as he was giving a look from Dylan to tell him he had done enough to trick the abuser, who dragged a struggling Aron.

It was quiet again once the door was locked once more. "Did you get what you need?" Jordon questioned.

"Yep." Dylan agreed, silence following after. They had to wait for Aron to come back. At least, that was what Jordon thought until Dylan quickly moved to the door with urgency, trying to pick the lock. "C'mon, Jordon. We have to go now!" Jordon was left shocked.

"What about Aron?" He questioned as he got up and walked towards where Dylan was. Staring with wide blue eyes as the door clicked open.

"We can't waste any more time in there." He muttered, quickly telling Jordon his idea. Dylan would be a distraction while Jordon tried to help Aron out. Jordon remained confused about the sudden impatience of the other, but he did as the male said anyway.

Aron only stopped struggling when his body met with the carpeted floor of the bedroom that belonged to Jay. He had been there enough times already, and the door slammed shut once he was stuck in there.

"Why do you always give George such a hard time, baby?" The sound of Jorel's voice made Aron forget entirely why he was unwilling to go to him. And when he looked to the man, giving him a warm smile, he forgot entirely about it.

He never wanted to go to Jorel, and he dreaded it. Jordon gave him the motivation to fight a lot more, but it was still no use. And he hated it, all up until he saw Jorel. And then he loved it. "I... Don't know." He admitted as he sat up. Watching as Jay patted the area next to him, and Aron went to the area as he was requested.

Jorel effortlessly grabbed onto his hips and placed the skinny man on his lap, kissing down his neck as he slowly rubbed his hard-on against the other's ass. Aron let out a moan, enjoying the feeling he always dreaded. What was the issue anyway? Why did he dread this when it felt amazing? "J-Jay..." He whispered out.

"Shh, just enjoy it." Jorel grinned as he pressed his lips against Aron's shoulder, pulling off his shirt.

"No, no." Aron muttered, trying to pull away.

"What's wrong?" Jorel muttered, continuing his trail of kisses.

"It's J-" Aron tried to talk, interrupted by moans when Jorel started nibbling onto the sensitive area of his neck. "Jordon a-and Dylan, they're planning to-" He moaned again. Jorel suddenly stopped at the words.

"Planning to... What?" Jorel's soft and seductive tone left immediately, replaced by an angry one as his jaw clenched, his hands suddenly having a painfully tight grip on Aron's hips.

"They're planning to escape." Aron spoke, regretting his words as soon as he said them. But only a little, as he explained the details of the plan Dylan worked on, feeling a kiss on his cheek before Jorel growled and picked up his phone, calling George and making him aware. Aron only sat on the bed as the other paced for a brief moment, telling the two others that stayed in this home what to do about the escaping men.

"They won't escape now." Jorel smirked as soon as he finished the call, tossing his phone onto the desk nearby before moving to Aron again. Carrying on with what he wanted. He didn't have to worry. George and Matt could catch the other two in no time, they couldn't get far.

Out Of The Frying Pan

Jordon glared at the door in shock, and betrayal... Even hurt followed along with it. On the other side was the room, where Dylan had told him Aron would be. What he heard, wasn't what he expected. "Stop worrying about it Aron, they'll be caught in no time."

The shock only followed more, and it felt like his heart was being pulled apart. Aron had not only snitched, as he now had figured out. But he had also told Jorel that he loved him, and it made Jordon's jaw clench in anger. What was all the shit they had then? He didn't even know how to feel. He'd been ignoring the feelings he had, looked by them as if they were the affections of a close friendship. Now he heard Aron coming on to someone else, he knew exactly how he felt, and it was being ripped from him in the worst way. He wouldn't cry, even if he was close to it. "Fuck that whore." He growled quietly, nowhere near loud enough for anyone but him to hear. He had to go and get to Dylan as fast as he could, trying to remember the route that he was told.

"Get your fucking ass here now!" The loud yell across the hallway from Jordon made him jump and look over. His eyes immediately locked onto the icy blue ones of Johnny, who was quickly storming towards him. His instincts screamed to run, and he travelled down the stairs and followed Dylan's path as fast as he could. "Come here you motherfucker!" The shout only made him run faster, pushing through a door and staring around in confusion. It was a kitchen, and his stomach growled at the idea of food. But he couldn't eat now, and there was no other way to get out than the way he ran in. Johnny would be there any minute.

And he was, as he roughly pushed the door and glared around the food area. "Where the hell are you?" He growled out, glancing around the area briefly before looking over to the small closet. That was his first place to check, at the other end of the kitchen. And as he did, Jordon sneaked around the other side of the island, careful not to be caught. And as soon as he knew that Johnny was fully distracted by the small room, struggling with a resistant door, he sprinting back out and back onto the route he had meant to be taking. It was a wrong turn he ended up being happy for, as he lost his chaser in the process.

Soon he found himself at more stairs, out of breath as he stared down into the dark second basement. Apparently it was supposed to lead out, and Dylan was there, but he had his doubts. He stood at the top of the steps, considering his next moves. Dylan had said the front door was too risky, why? Jordon didn't know. But it meant going back to the kitchen, Johnny would most likely be there. He could take a chance and sprint by that way and hope he was able to outrun the captor, or he could take Dylan's route that could possibly be a trap. By why would Dylan trick him? He wanted out just as much as Jordon did.

A loud yell took Jordon's attention from his choice, as he recognised it to be Dylan's. It was loud enough definitely for Johnny to hear, and it sounded like Dylan was in trouble. So his choice had been made for him, and he quickly sped down the stairs before the stronger man could catch him and place him in hell again. Not long after running in, he could see Dylan fighting with someone, another person working for Jorel he assumed. And Jordon recognised the black and white mask clearly.

"Get off me!" Dylan yelled out, breathing heavily from the choking suddenly being taken from him as Jordon tackled the masked man to the ground, hitting him a couple times and roughing him up a little before backing away. The masked man coughed, and shook as he tried to push himself up from the ground. "Thanks, man." Jordon nodded in return as Dylan gently rubbed his throat.

"Now let's see who this bastard is." Dylan hissed, grabbing the man and harshly pulling the mask off. A mane of curly hair leaped out at the freedom of no longer having the mask holding it the the male's head, and he gentle blue eyes held a fierce glare as he looked up at the two. "Well, well, Danny won't be too impressed when he knows you attacked me, Matty." Dylan taunted with a laugh.

"Fuck you, Dyl." The unmasked man snapped. Jordon only frowned as he watched the situation, flinching when the light above them flickered on. The heard loud stomps coming from the stairs, and they all immediately knew who it was. Jordon didn't understand why Matt didn't get up and try to stop them, and didn't even notice as he started running away with him and Dylan. All his mind went to was the escape, following the instructions Dylan gave him until he reached a trap door. It was heavy to open, and it took all three of them to open. And when it finally did and they were all out, they ran as fast as they could until the came across another male waiting for them.

Jordon breathed heavily as he stared at the strange man, or rather, the man's mask. He recognised it from the website he had noticed a while ago, it was the same golden mask. A cross marking one eye, and the mouth having a slight one-sided smirk, behind it, he could see the same honey brown eyes that terrified him before. And they displayed amusement as the man knew he was terrifying Jordon again. "Good job boys, bring him with us."

Before Jordon could turn and run, both Dylan and Matt held onto him in a tight grip that stopped him from being able to escape. "I fucking trusted you, asshole!" Jordon yelled out, glaring up at Dylan.

"Be fucking quiet." Dylan snapped, roughly pushing Jordon's head forward as he was forced in the direction that the man with the golden mask had went. The pained thoughts of the betrayal he felt from Aron were long gone as he feared for his life. He had no idea what was coming next...

Into The Fire

The travel to wherever Jordon was now being taken was exhausting, not just for him, but for everyone, as he wouldn't stop struggling. At first it was reckless moving around to avoid being dragged into the van that would take him somewhere, he didn't know where. All that did was frustrate the two people holding onto him, and that made their grip tighter, painfully so. His struggles didn't even stop when he was trapped in the van driving away.

"Can't we just knock him out?" Dylan snapped. That asshole. Jordon glared at him. He trusted that guy! It only angered him more as he tried to hit the other while he was distracted, but it didn't work out for him as he was kicked to the floor of the van. Losing the luxury of the seat and having his hands forced behind his back.

"No. He will wear himself out eventually." The man with the golden mask replied. Clearly he was in charge. And his words soon turned out to be right, as eventually Jordon had struggled to escape so much that he ended up passing out in the uncomfortable hard ground of the van.

"Fucking finally." Was the last thing he heard, a strong foot being placed on his back to keep him in place as everything faded out.

A small frown crossed his face when he started to wake up. He wasn't on the hard floor anymore, but on a really comfy bed. Like, the comfiest bed he had ever felt in his life, he didn't even realise that he was only in his underwear. It felt like he was sinking into a pool of softness and warmth. It smelled nice too, it wasn't specifically scented with anything that Jordon knew. But, it still smelled nice. The comfort forced a small smile onto his face, that was quickly ripped away when his memory came back to him.

He remembered most of it, but his mind went to Aron. How the male had betrayed his trust in such a cruel way. He had tricked him, and it was agony. Jordon didn't even have it in him to be angry anymore, he had ran out of it. All he could feel was a sadness that made him tear up and his shoulders tense, not that he'd ever admit to anyone that he was about to cry. He wasn't going to risk that humiliation. The first few tears fell, and his shoulders shook a little.

Strong hands delicately placed themselves around his form, laying on his side. And the comforting words that added by a soft morning voice all made his eyes snap open in surprise. He hadn't opened them before, but now, his heart was once again racing. It felt like that was happening too often for Jordon now, and he frowned at the fright. The room looked just as cozy as the bed was, or, what he would consider as cozy. A few band posters decorated the small room, but he couldn't pay attention to them as he shifted. Eager to see who was behind him, afraid of who it could be.

When he realised his body couldn't twist that far around he immediately went to sit up and jump out of the bed. It surprised whoever he was sharing the bed with, and their grip wasn't strong enough-and wasn't trying to be- as he leapt to the door. He tugged at it a few times before unwillingly accepting that it was locked. A silent gasp left him as he turned to stare at

the bed, and the person in it. His first thing to recognise was the honey eyes, the ones that haunted him ever since he looked at that website. The ones that hid behind a gold mask up until now.

That mask had made those eyes appear terrifying, but now that it wasn't there, Jordon was left getting lost in them. The male had eyes that resembled a puppy's, and they complimented the man's features perfectly as Jordon's eyes wandered around. The guy could've been a model if he wanted to be. He also seemed surprisingly calm. The bed sheets had falling to his hips as he had sat up and watched Jordon run with an amused smirk, giving the opportunity for the more fearful of the two to admire the structure of the male. But even if this person was calm, Jordon couldn't be.

"Where the hell am I?" He snapped.

"You're in my room, in my house." Jordon only frowned at the reply. Was that meant to make him feel better? He still had no idea about where he was or if he was safe. He stared at the other's eyes for a moment before his own light ones looked around the room, finally admiring the posters that gave him enough knowledge to understand they had a similar taste in music.

"Nice posters." He muttered. He didn't feel comfortable in the situation, and he felt a little worse knowing that he was only in his boxers. A compliment, and maybe being nice would be enough to get out of here, maybe. He shifted on his feet, and carefully watched as the other got off his bed.

"Thanks. I'm Danny." Jordon's eyes grew when Danny approached him, also only in his underwear. Unlike how Jordon felt about himself, he was left admiring the other man's body as if he was standing opposite a God. He could only swallow the lump in his throat as Danny got close to him, watching him in amusement as he reached behind Jordon. Their eyes were locked onto each other's, and it was all that was needed to distract Jordon as the door unlocked.

"I'm gonna make some food." Danny winked, slipping by as he opened the door. "There's clothes in the closet for you." Jordon was left alone in the room to think, stunned by everything that had happened.

He still had no idea what was happening, or what he was feeling, but it scared him.

Trust?

Chapter Summary

I'm back again, friends!

Jordon was still left feeling stunned for a few moments, his eyes travelling around the room in confusion as he tried to figure out exactly what had just occurred. That dude, Danny, was he trying to flirt? It sure as hell seemed like it. But he wasn't entirely sure what to make of it. His light eyes travelled around the room once last time before turning to the door and leaving the small area, trying to navigate his way through a decent looking home. This one wasn't in the forest as much, but was more in a small clearing, he learned from the windows.

The sound of laughter and a conversation was what he followed, as he wasn't completely sure how else he would find anywhere. The talking lead him to the kitchen, where the smell of breakfast foods being cooked made his stomach growl. And as it did, he immediately got the attention of the other three men. The first ones he noticed were the two sitting at the dining table, who watched him carefully. He frowned, and glared at them, the anger from Dylan's betrayal coming back to him with a powerful strength. But then he looked to the person cooking, and he felt the anger slip away and his glare fade. It transformed into curiosity. Danny smirked as he noticed the reaction.

"Sit down, Jordon." He offered. "The food is gonna be ready in a few." Jordon's stomach growled again, but as he looked over to the only place left to sit, the dining table, he frowned.

"I'll stand." He responded, folding his arms and looking away.

"They won't bite." Danny chuckled, amused by Jordon's attitude towards them. His eyes stayed focused on the food though as he continued to prepare it. Jordon didn't care if they wouldn't bite or not, he'd stand.

"We won't?" Dylan questioned and Jordon couldn't tell if he was joking. He was definitely standing. The conversation moved on from there, and it made him uncomfortable. The three men were like a family, but Jordon knew clearly that they weren't. For all he knew, this could be a dream. Was it a dream? He hoped to God it was a dream... But if it was a dream, there was a chance he'd wake up back in that basement cuddled up to Aron. That wouldn't be all bad, cause he'd have Aron back. He really wanted this to be a dream, he thought as he hesitantly ate from the food that tasted surprisingly great, better than anything he could ever make.

Near to him, a phone started ringing. It wasn't his, he had no idea where his cell could possibly be anymore. Danny was the one to stand up and move towards Jordon, stopping when he was close enough that he couldn't go any further. Jordon was left staring at him for a

minute, as if he was something to stare at while he ate. Jordon really couldn't deny how gorgeous this man was, even if he wanted to.

"My phone is behind you." His tone was serious, now way more threatening than it had ever been in the past. All the nice stuff about him seem to disappear, and fear got a strong hold of Jordon. He moved out of the man's way. How he switched from happy and kind to downright terrifying by saying one single sentence Jordon had no idea, but he looked amazing in both appearances. He was careful not to get in Danny's way again as he picked up his little piece of technology and walked out the room, leaving Jordon with the other two.

"Can either of you tell me what's going on?" A frown crossed Jordon's face, now that he felt like he could show how confused he was. The two only stared at him for a moment before going back to their food, and starting their own conversation that excluded Jordon.

"So he just wanted the guy for a fuck toy?" Dylan muttered as he collected more food with his cutlery.

"Why else would he take him into his bedroom, Dylan?" It left Jordon shocked. They had just flat out ignored him! He glared at Dylan, but it didn't phase the man. He looked as though he couldn't care less. At all. Surely an apology at the very least could have been managed?

"Come on, Matt. You know that fucking someone unconscious is way too low for Danny." A chuckle left the latino, his eyes travelling to Jordon. "But it's not too low for me." Jordon's eyes narrowed, now figuring out that they were talking about him.

"Dylan!" Matt laughed a little.

"What? You have a bat in your room, right?" Jordon shifted uncomfortably on his feet. His heart beat picked up as the two laughed, clearly knowing about how he felt. It only made it funnier for them that they knew he would actually believe they'd do that. The laughing and jokes at Jordon's expense only stopped when Danny walked back in, expression serious.

"J-Dog wants to meet with me. You're both coming with me." Danny ordered. No one really got a say.

"Brilliant." Matt muttered sarcastically, stretching as he stood up. Danny's expression didn't falter from the deadly serious look as he turned to Jordon, gaining his full attention.

"You. Don't leave, I'm putting a lot of trust in you not escaping. You have no idea how dangerous it is out there." Danny warned. It was hard for Jordon not to scoff, finding the man's words ridiculous. Who ever trusted the person they kidnapped to stay put while they left? He wasn't gonna say anything about it though.

"Maybe we should just chain him up." Dylan joked as he stood. "I'm sure he's into that sort of crap." Danny rolled his eyes the words.

"Come on." He ordered, grabbing everything he needed before walking out the door with the men and leaving Jordon alone. Of course, he waited a good length of time before trying to get out, just to make sure they were properly gone. The doors and windows were all locked so

that no one could get in, but it didn't take much looking around before he found a window big enough for him to fit through. It only took a moment for him to unlock it, groans leaving him as he tried to get through. And once he was out, he took off into a sprint to get as far away as he could from the house.

Confrontations

Walking through the woods, no one said a word. Danny was going to catch up with Matt and Dylan, as he had to park the van they owned. He'd probably be following not far behind. The two didn't feel like talking, their masks hiding their faces as they walked around. They had to be on their guard, as it was dangerous. They couldn't assume they were safe as they approached the arranged meeting area.

"This is exactly where that bitch said to meet." Dylan scowled. "I'm not going any further until Danny has caught up."

"I wouldn't recommend going further." Matt agreed. Pretending to betray Danny gave him enough intel to know exactly what dangers, tricks and traps Jorel and George hid around. Too bad all that effort was just so Danny could get himself a little fuck toy. He most likely won't even share.

Their conversation couldn't continue as they both focused on the two approaching figures. Dylan frowned as he narrowed his eyes, was it two of them or three? He couldn't tell until they were close enough. And when they got even closer still, he recognised Aron with George and Jorel. What reason did they have for him being here? Danny wouldn't trade Jordon for Aron, definitely not. The one he paid for was the one he wanted to retrieve. He didn't give a fuck about anything else apart from making sure that he and Matt were safe, along with others he cared about and his property.

"Danny won't be swapping you for that scrawny thing." Matt hissed out, glaring at Aron. The skinny man frowned and cowered a little, but clung onto Jorel. The little bitch got attached quickly. That was why Dylan was so urgent to leave. "He likes 'thicc' dudes." Maybe Matt tried to make it sound cool, or funny... Dylan didn't know what he was trying to achieve. But he failed in whatever he attempted, and in turn, it made Jorel laugh out.

"I don't think the toy he stole has that much of an ass, curly." He chuckled out. Both men tensed as a George took a threatening step forward along with Jorel.

"You never bothered with him, so how would you know?" Dylan responded. It was a good idea to delay any real conversation until Danny got here, as he was the one Jorel really wanted to see. Talking about the currently absent male's latest possession's ass would have to do.

"I know enough to know that you don't know your friend's preferences, clearly." A sigh left Jorel as he glanced around. "Where is Danny?"

"We're not gonna tell you where he is." Dylan snapped, glaring hard at the three men. Danny had to be almost caught up by now, but until then they were outnumbered.

"George, do you wanna handle this?" A smirk crossed his face along with George's, knowing he'd happily beat the truth out of the two males. The only thing that made Dylan afraid is that the guy could do it easily, he was strong enough, and smart enough, to overpower both of

them if he really wanted to. It honestly made him wonder why Jorel was the one in charge. Immediately ready to fight Dylan threw the first hit as George approached, effortlessly dodging the hit and knocking Dylan to his ass. And seconds later he had Matt lifted off the ground, being held up by the front of his shirt in his fist while the other was ready and aiming for his jaw.

"Stop." The word was loud and forceful enough to gain the attention of everyone. Danny had finally made it just in time before anyone got seriously hurt. Jorel winced as Aron's grip tightened on his arm, roughly pulling it away just so he could wrap it around the skinny man's waist. Aron immediately leaned into the hold. There was enough power in Danny's voice to make George let go, but he didn't do it gently. He made sure that Matt landed on his knees by shoving him to the ground before he walked back to Jorel and Aron. Danny stood in between both of his friends, and with both men on their knees it appeared as though they were bowing to him. Dylan was fast to rise to his feet, wanting the humiliation to disappear as quickly as possible.

"What do you want, Jorel?" Danny snapped. He wasn't playing around, and he never really did when it came to things like this.

"Relax, I just wanted to chat." A frown grew on the golden masked male's face as he looked to the male on Jorel's arm. Aron immediately cowered, the dark eyes behind the golden mask appearing terrifying. He always looked scarier with a mask on, and his eyes looked like that of a demon's when they were the only feature to be seen. With the mask off Danny looked harmless, like an angel, even.

"I'm not interested in anything you have to offer." He replied, folding his arms over his chest as Matt finally decided to rise to his feet. Dylan smirked. It took the other long enough. The dirt must have been really fun to the curly haired male.

"You don't know what you're missing with this guy." Jorel's grin widened. "But that's alright, cause I wouldn't trade this guy for the world." A loving look crossed Aron's face as he stared up at the one holding him. Dylan made a gagging sound.

"Don't ever come near Jordon or my friends again." Danny warned, gaining back the other's full attention.

"I'm sure you'd beat me to a pulp if I did." Jorel joked, his sarcasm making Danny's jaw clench. He didn't like having something he bought robbed from him, and he refused to let it happen again. "Keep your little pets away from me and I won't do anything." He added on, now serious himself. Silence covered them all for a few moments. Neither Danny or Jorel wanted to turn their back on the other, the lack of trust and dislike for each other showing.

Finally Jorel was the one to turn away, walking back the way he came from with the two people he brought with him. Danny glared as they walked away, knowing full well that Jorel would stab him in the back if he let his defences down and walked off. He had done it before, and he was dumb enough to try it again even if he knew Danny would win.

Once he thought the three men were far enough away he decided to turn back, ready to leave and get back home. Silently wondering how Jordon was doing. A smirk crossed his face at

the thought. He knew for sure that Jordon had escaped. And he knew exactly how to get him back.

An Easy Escape... Maybe

Jordon panted heavily as he looked up at the building he lived in. It was a relief to finally be somewhere he recognised, and he hadn't stopped running since leaving the house. He hadn't focused on anything else apart from getting away and hoping he could get to the direction of his home. It was all luck so far, more specifically good luck. People gave him odd looks as he looked such a mess, and his neighbours gave him concerned ones as he ran to his own apartment.

"Please be in here..." He muttered, searching the pockets of his jeans for his keys. Desperately searching and grinning wide when he found them. He fumbled around with the lock for a minute before pushing his door open, lazily closing it behind him with his foot. Only then did he allow himself to fully catch his breath, with his hands on his knees.

He stood there for a moment before standing straight up and letting his light eyes roam the familiar place before stopping at his fridge. He rushed over and hurried to grab the cold bottle of water that sat in it, eagerly drinking as much as he could. He looked around once again when he felt his thirst had been quenched enough. It was nice to be back, but he couldn't stay here much longer. He'd have to find a new place a good distance away from here, now he knew that kidnappers could find him easily.

Then his computer caught his attention, sitting as he had left it, except with its screen off. He had no idea how many viruses were on it, but he felt like pouring gasoline over it, setting a match to the thing and buying a new one. For now, he was happy to be back.

A frown made its way across Jordon's face as he walked out of the place he worked in. Or used to. Thanks to disappearing randomly, he was now fired for being gone for so long. He probably would have left the job anyway considering he was planning on moving. It was slowly getting dark, and even if he was happy to be back home, he didn't want to sit around and wait for his kidnappers to come back. Now knowing he was fired, as much as it sucked, made it easier for him to look for a place, he had more free time to look around.

Not far from where he worked, there was a store that advertised homes for sale nearby. Maybe he could find something interesting there far enough away? He didn't really want to go too far from where he stayed now, just far enough away that he wouldn't be found again.

It turned out that there were a few interesting places for him to look at, and they were all open to look at the next day. So he'd be happy enough tomorrow to look at the homes to see if they were any good. As long as they were a reasonable size for him and were a good distance away he'd be okay with them. And now he had an idea of where he could go, he could look for jobs available in that area. Which was the first thing he did when he opened up his new phone, having no idea where his old one was.

The day was tiring, as he had a lot to do since he came back. Maybe finding a new computer could be useful? Nah, he doubted it for some reason. He had to stick with what he needed

until he knew he was safe he decided, kicking his shoes off his feet as he walked into his apartment. With a sigh he fell onto his couch, using the remote to switch on the TV.

Once he felt comfortable enough, relaxed and ready to fall asleep, the sound of his phone caught his attention. He looked down to his pocket with a frown, shifting to get it out of his pocket, his frown growing as he switched on the phone and read the message.

"I hope you had a good day c;"

Who could have text him that? Maybe a wrong number? He didn't know, and he decided not to bother replying, instead tossing his phone onto his coffee table and closing his eyes. Ready to fall asleep.

Though he felt he already knew who the unknown number could have been...

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