

## A Voice To The Voiceless

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# A Voice To The Voiceless

by [lisachan](#)

## Summary

Through all of space and time, Cody is rarely able to voice his thoughts.

Here he can.

## Notes

A series of snippets, all unrelated one to the other, inspired by the meanings of the 21 (+1) major arcana. Each of them set in a different installment of the Tree Multiverse. There are probably spoilers everywhere but I'm too tired to focus enough to signal them.

## The Fool

“Marry me,” Leo says, still panting after emptying himself out inside of him, and there’s a threat underlying in those two little words, and it’s not in Leo’s voice, it’s in his history. Cody knows about Blaine and their relationship – what is this question going to turn into when the man inevitably comes back? What’s gonna be left of it?

“Sssh,” he whispers, his voice still shaking as he puts both hands by the sides of Leo’s head and brings him closer to himself, cradling him against his own chest, “Don’t say silly things.” He offers him a small smile. “We’re still in college and we’re both much too complicated to make foolish choices in the aftermath of a very satisfying fuck.”

Leo literally squirms against him, hungrily pressing his mouth against Cody’s. This is not a kiss, it’s a devouring attempt. “You drive me crazy when you say those words,” he whimpers. Cody can feel his weakness, the way Leo turns into wax when he’s enveloped in the warmth of their bodies connected together. “You make me wanna fuck you again.”

Cody vaguely thinks he prefers another fuck to another lie. So he invites him deeper inside himself.

# The Magician

Everything Cody has today, he deserved it.

He survived everything: being kidnapped from his family, living virtually alone in an orphanage for *special kids*, finding Leo and then losing him, finding Adam and then pining forever after him, living in the dread of knowing he would probably never reciprocate his feelings, finding Leo again and finding out he was engaged and already in love with another trillion people, and the flooring knowledge that no matter how much Leo loved him too he would never be his alone.

He survived the ghetto, he survived physical violence and psychological one, he survived the soldiers that came in groups at night to shout and shoot blanks in front of his window just to make it impossible for him to sleep through the night. He survived being beaten, insulted, imprisoned, tortured.

He survived a fucking war, a rebellion – and all through this he was never hiding in a refuge or behind allied lines. No matter how Blaine first, Adam then and Leo finally tried to shield him, to protect him, he always chose to fight. He was one of the ones throwing grenades at the army. He did his share of killing. And he knows people who would say they did it too but aren't proud of it, but he is. He's proud of all the blood he spilled, his own or otherwise, because that's the price he had to pay for the life he has now. A full life. A life of choice. A life of freedom.

Everything Cody has today, he fought for it. And so the moment Adam finally gives him what he always wanted from him, he thinks about Leo and imagines his reaction, and he knows he's gonna have to fight to keep this too.

And he's ready.

# The High Priestess

Cody carefully steps into the warm water and sits at the bottom of the pool, water lilies floating around him, filling the moist air of the room with their scent.

He closes his eyes and silently prays the Gods to speak to him. The men gathered around him, strong men, serious men, silent men, powerful men, are all waiting for an answer from him. Is the war one of them is going to wage on another a sacred war? Will the Gods look at him with favor? Is the treaty another one is going to sign with another foreign head of State going to be useful to his nation, to his people? Will the rain fall too hard for the crops to grow, this year? Will summer last long? Are the people going to have enough children to ensure the future of the nation?

Cody squeezes his eyes shut and tries and tries. He knows things have been changing around him. His powers aren't what they used to be any longer. He allowed his soul to get tainted by impure thoughts and this is the result. Now, more often than not, every time he asks the Gods a question, they respond with silence.

Or, like in this case, with the picture of Leo's face.

He swallows and concentrates on divination. He intensifies his prayers, begs the Gods for forgiveness, implores them for an answer, any answer, and they, probably moved by his desperation, finally let the answers flow to him, like a river.

He exhales in relief and starts answering. No, fighting would be a mistake. That treaty could be useful, but it would be wise to check its contents accurately before signing it. The rains will be clement, but the crops will be scarce nonetheless. Summer, however, will be long and fruitful, and the people will breed perhaps less children than would be recommended, but they will all be healthy.

The ceremony concludes with the usual offering of gifts and tributes, that the priests gather with a serene smile on their faces. They didn't notice his hesitation, and Cody is safe.

But when he closes his eyes and consults the Gods once more, they just show him Leo's face again, and Cody knows he won't be safe for long.

# The Empress

Cody is shaking, and maybe it's all the rain he took running here from the station, or maybe it's just that he wants Blaine so much he can't stop his limbs from trembling.

He shouldn't be here, he knows. This is cheating. This is lying. This is being a very bad boy. But Leo's out of town and Cody just couldn't deny himself this. He's been denying himself this for such a long time already he cannot take one second of denial more.

Blaine opens the door and immediately looks at him in disbelief, blinking rapidly. Cody notices the way his strong fingers clutch around the door handle, and the promise in that hold makes him shiver more than the wet cold he feels in his bones.

"What are you doing here?" Blaine asks, his voice suspended, softer than it's ever been, softer than his touch will ever be.

Cody looks up at him, desire and urgency drawing stars in his eyes. "I needed to see you," he says.

"You saw me yesterday," Blaine tries, "At the Prince of Persia."

Cody looks back down, ashamed at his behavior and yet unable to stop himself. "I needed to see you again," he says. Then he raises his gaze on Blaine again. "I needed to see you more," he adds, and then he swallows, and then he parts his lips, and then he bites at the bottom one, and he has to steady himself not to just reach out for him.

Blaine swallows too. Cody can see his desire for him and his respect for Leo battle in his eyes.

Then they melt together in guilt, and when he sees that shade Cody knows he's going to get what he deserves tonight.

# The Emperor

“Disrobe,” the Emperor says, and Cody silently complies. He sheds his veils and his jewelry, the decorations on his skin and in his hair. He steps out of his delicate garments, leaving them behind as he takes a step towards the man, who waits for him, still wearing his regal robes and his impressive headpiece.

Cody knows the history of his people. He has studied hundreds of *Capacocha*, and the past emperors never interrupted them. They always let the ritual go by as it was supposed to. The offering was presented. The offering shared a meal with the priests, the Emperor and the whole court. The offering drank from the cup of the Gods and then, inebriated, he was transported atop the highest mountain, and sacrificed.

He is the first offering to avoid that.

Lost in his thoughts, he doesn’t notice when the Emperor raises both hands and places them on his narrow waist, letting them slide down to follow the gentle curve of his hips. “You’re soft and wide,” he says under his breath, “You’re more like a wife than an offering. I thought all sacrifices were supposed to be young, well before their ripe season.”

Cody breathes in shaky breaths, avoiding the Emperor’s gaze. “I’m... I’m not aware of being ripe, my Em--”

“Blaine.”

“... Blaine,” Cody swallows. He brings both hands above his sex, suddenly aware of his own nakedness. “The priests didn’t raise me to be ripe. They raised me to be a sacrifice.”

“How foolish of them,” the man leans into him, stroking his cheekbone with a soft kiss. “Don’t cover yourself,” he orders. Cody forces himself to remove his hands. “You’re beautiful.”

“I’m... glad you find me pleasing, Blaine.”

To that, the Emperor offers him a sideways, amused smile. “You could be pleasing me so much more,” he says. “Do you want to?”

Cody doesn’t know what to answer to that, so he looks up at his Emperor and searches for an answer in his eyes. He finds them glistening, golden and luminous, and the emperor seems to read his uncertainty in his own eyes, because he smiles and, to encourage him, he takes his headpiece off – and turns himself human again – and then his robes – and even though the body of a God emerges from them, tan skin oiled and shiny, powerful muscles, massive strength visible in his tendons tensing underneath his skin, he’s physical, carnal, earthly, and Cody doesn’t feel frightened anymore.

He swallows, his eyes sliding down his Emperor’s naked body, following the lines of his muscles and those of his hipbones, leading his gaze towards his manhood, already half-hard

and carelessly leaning on his powerful thigh.

He feels a new hunger rise inside of him, something he never felt before. A physical response none of the books he studied ever spoke of.

He instinctively bites at his bottom lip and notices Blaine tensing slightly at the sight.

Then he looks up and slowly kneels on the floor, his hands on his lap. “I do,” he breathes out, “My Emperor can do whatever he wants to me.”

“Blaine,” the man corrects him once again, but Cody’s eyes shine with a different light and for a second his plump lips twist upwards into a playful smile.

“*My Emperor*,” he insists.

This time, the Emperor chooses not to correct him.



# The Hierophant

When Leo finally asks him to be his boyfriend, after a few dates, Cody asks him for a few days to think on it.

It's not that he doesn't know if he likes him – of course he likes him. Leo's amazing. Handsome, strong, funny, careful, patient – at least with him – despite his wild, electric nature. Cody really likes him, he likes him a lot, he likes him *too much*, that's why he needs to think about it, because the last time he liked someone this much he ended up with his wrists sliced at the bottom of a bath tub.

Things aren't quite as intense, right now, luckily, and he's mostly in control, thanks to Dr. Marcus and his meds, but as they say better safe than sorry, and he knows no safest person than Adam, so it's him he turns to, to ask for his opinion – also because he knows Adam and Leo are best friends, and what better judge of character and advocate could Leo possibly have?

That's why he's not expecting Adam's answer when it finally arrives.

They're sitting on a bench in the college park, sketching a landscape for an art project in celebration of the college's 115th anniversary, and after hearing him speak Adam turns towards him and Cody can see how pale he is. "No," he says, "You can't be serious. I didn't even know you were still seeing each other!"

Cody looks down, embarrassed. "He called me again, after that night..."

"*He* called you again?" Adam frowns, "Wait a second, I thought you told me nothing happened between the two of you."

"Um... yeah, that's true," Cody blushes vividly, "Why?"

"'Cause it's uncommon for him to call back anyone, let alone someone who chose not to fuck with him on their first night together – pardon my French."

Cody blushes even more, shaking his head. "It's okay..." then he sighs, daring to look up at him. "Um-- Wouldn't you be happy if we ended up together?"

"Absolutely not!" Adam insists, "I'm against it. I told him already and now I'm telling you too, and consider yourself warned: he is not the right one for you. I love him, but he's too intense, he's got too much on his shoulders and he's gonna wreck you. Mind my words. Don't say yes. Keep your distance. Don't see him again. Stop answering your phone. Change your number, if you have to!"

Cody swallows, overwhelmed by Adam's protests. He bites his inner cheek and then squirms on the spot, looking away in embarrassment. "But Adam," he says, "I like him."

Adam drops both hands and looks at him in utter disbelief. “You’re suicidal,” he says, and then pales as he realizes what he just said, “Fuck-- I’m sorry. Too soon?”

“No,” Cody chuckles, “It’s okay. But I’m not trying to hurt myself, I swear. I just like him. Can’t you possibly imagine a version of this that ends well for us both?”

Adam loses all color in his cheeks, and Cody has no idea why. “Honestly?” Adam says softly, “No. Please, don’t do this,” he adds, “I’m speaking with only your best interests in mind.”

Cody looks down, torturing his own fingers. “I’ll think about it,” he concedes.

But he knows he won’t.

# The Lovers

Cody feels something switch at the core of his soul, that night. Blaine and him have been together all afternoon, taking advantage of a rare few hours of freedom, and Blaine invited him over for dinner. "I can't cook for my life," he told him, "But I'll be glad to have you." And Cody had to admit he would've been glad for him to have him too, so he went there.

Blaine hired a chef at home, and the woman, short blonde hair barely visible under her *toque*, stuffed their mouths with delicacies Cody had never even dreamed of. Exotic tastes combined in original ways, peculiar ingredients mixed with traditional ones, food arranged in their plates creating minuscule sculptures of geometrical inspiration. It was an incredible experience, funny and exciting.

Then the chef left, after a dessert that combined together six different kinds of chocolate that left Cody almost overdosed and vaguely numb, and Blaine and him found themselves alone in the house. Blaine smiled at him in that honest, tender way Cody was unable to resist, and he bit his bottom lip and leaned in, asking for a tiny kiss that turned into a hungry one in a matter of minutes.

Blaine was on fire all night. He bent him over and did him on the table, on the floor, on the bed. He licked him clean all over after they were done, and Cody moaned his name all the while, completely enraptured by him, by his passion, by his strength.

Then they lied down on the bed and they started talking nothingness, which they are still doing. It was the best part of the whole evening, and that's saying something.

They've been drifting in and out of sleep quite a few times already, and at some point Blaine decides it's time to turn the nightlight off. He stretches out to push the button and then crawls back to Cody, wrapping him in his arms, breathing out in pleasure.

"You're adorable, pet, you know?" he says in a whisper, "If you're not very careful, I might end up truly falling for you."

That's the moment it happens. Something switches. His brain turns off for a second and then restart itself, and it's like Cody could watch it load his whole life from a backup, pictures, memories and events passing quickly one after the other in his eyes. Loneliness. William. Bits of happiness. Then pain. Loneliness. More pain. Leo. Happiness. Loneliness. More pain than he could ever imagine. Now Blaine. Some more happiness. But the pattern is clear. It's not going to last.

He decides to leave that very night.

# The Chariot

The moment Cody manages to impale himself on Matt, he feels a sense of triumph that shakes him to his core. He throws his head back and lets out a yell that's more victory than pain, and he bends over on him, placing his hands on Matt's chest to support himself.

"Whoa," Matt half-laughs, still pretty sleepy, lying on his back with both hands on Cody's hips, his thumbs drawing circles there, "Calm the fuck down, cupcake. Ya gonna hurt yo'self."

"I can't..." Cody whimpers, adjusting himself on him and letting him slip a little deeper inside himself in the movement, which forces him to moan some more, "I got up thinking about it and I couldn't wait."

"Y'know you're not s'posed to just com'here and sit on my dick before the other did it first," Matt sighs, but he's smiling patiently, so Cody knows he's in one of his manageable states, today. He's not gonna just overthrow him on the bed and fuck him senseless. He's gonna let him do his thing. "Blaine's gonna get angry. Y'know he cares."

"You're not hurting me..." Cody reassures him, moving a little faster on top of him, feeling his massive girth stretch him out almost to the point of rupture, just not *quite* enough, as his extreme length digs itself a nest deep in his body, "God, this feels so good... you're so *big*..."

"Ya say that like y'all had forgotten that," Matt says. He's still smiling. But he's also gritting his teeth, riled up by Cody's movements.

Cody looks down and smirks at him. He feels good. He feels in control. He can push him over the edge, if he wants.

"So, how 'bout ya remind me?" he says, mimicking Matt's accent.

Matt's jaw tenses. Then it's time for the fireworks.

## Justice

Cody drapes himself on Levi's shoulders and huffs right in his ear, annoyed. "Levi," he calls him, "I'm bored."

Levi smiles, but his eyes never leave the coverart he's sketching right now. It's for his new graphic novel, a project Cody knows practically nothing about. Levi didn't want to share the details while he was writing it, so Cody has seen a few pictures, but knows nothing more, and the coverart isn't helping him, as it is mostly shapeless yet.

"I'm gonna be done in an hour of two, bunny," he finally says, "Be patient."

"I've *been* patient all afternoon," Cody groans, "Can't you just be with me for a little while?"

"I know what you want from me, little pest," Levi grins, "And I'm not gonna give it to you. You would distract me too long and I'd waste the entire afternoon."

"Waste!"

"I have to send this to my editor by tomorrow morning, bunny."

"Still, you wouldn't be wasting your time! Quality time spent with me is never wasted."

Levi sighs. Cody hates it when he does that. "Why don't you go back to Leo and Blaine's place, just for tonight?" Levi asks him, "I'll come pick you up tomorrow morning, after I'm done with this. I promise then I will spend with you all the time you want."

Cody frowns, bothered and upset. This is majorly unfair. Levi shouldn't be allowed to answer him like this. He briefly thinks he's gonna tell Leo, so that he will find a solution for him the way he usually does, maybe putting yet another rule in their already intense rulebook?, but the idea doesn't sit well with him, and he lets it go.

He sighs, surrendering. "If I had wanted Leo, right now, believe me, I'd already be there."

Levi smiles and mercifully turns to press an innocent kiss on his cheek. "I know, babe. Just be patient for a few more hours. Then I'll be all yours."

Cody used to be a patient person. He used to be patient for anyone, but he lost that quality when Leo reclaimed him for himself, showing him that a life of patience doesn't necessarily equal a life of serenity. That real serenity only comes from fulfillment, something rarely achievable if you don't push past the limits of your patience to gently force the hand of people. Just every now and then.

So he smiles, and kneels on the floor. He settles between Levi's legs and makes him part them with a firm pressure. Then he looks up at him and finds Levi already staring down at him in disbelief.

"I'm not gonna be patient," he says, "And I want you all to myself *now*."

Then, he unzips Levi's pants.

Levi just swallows.

# The Hermit

Cody always felt different than the other kids. There was something about him that just felt mismatched if compared to his classmates, even those he called friends. A sixth sense, his mother used to call it, before it became too strong and dangerous to be spoken about in the family. Cody's never been frightened about it, though, even at the worst times.

He always used to feel when something bad was about to happen. He had predicted aunt Nora's fall from the stairs in Grandma's house that Christmas when it rained so much the snow couldn't stick to the ground for more than twenty minutes. (He also predicted the rains.)

When dad had his first heart attack, he was at school and his skin covered in goosebumps all of a sudden, and he knew, a secret voice suggested him, that dad wasn't alright.

When he met William and he fell for him, he felt that there was something dark inside him. He touched that darkness with his fingertips and he recoiled because his darkness burned. He broke things off with him and he came to know, months later, that another boy, with whom William had been after breaking up with him, had attempted suicide because he had been left with no reasons given after a few months of relationship.

All his life he's listened to this distant voice whispering things to him. It made him feel special, but lately it's become a little invasive. The voice literally *never* stops talking. It keeps him company during the day, it keeps him awake during the night. It's nice to hear, it's nice to feel aware, but at the same time it has pushed him away from his friends, away from his family. It's not like he doesn't see these people anymore, he does, but he feels distant from them, the same way an alien would feel among humans.

So, when he walks through the Carnival and the voice suggests him to enter the clairvoyant's tent, Cody decides to follow the suggestion, and he pushes through the curtains and into the small, circular made-up room, looking curiously around.

He senses something different about this place. It holds answers he needs.

"Who are you?" and also questions he needs to answer, apparently.

He turns around to see a boy more or less his age. Tall, lean, black hair with wide, messy curls barely held back by a bright golden kerchief. He's wearing wide circular earrings dangling down his neck, and clothes in silk and satin, tinted in the loudest colors.

"Cody," he answers tentatively, "Who are you?"

The boy frowns and gets closer, almost too close for comfort, deeply inhaling his scent. "I asked the wrong question," he says then, "I should've asked *what* are you."

And Cody briefly thinks it's good that he didn't. Because he wouldn't have had an answer for that.





# Wheel Of Fortune

Cody breathes out and lets go of his hold around Leo's cock, who's still shaking with the aftershocks of his own orgasm. They're both sweaty because the AC in this cheap motel room works much more than it's supposed to. It's winter outside and it's probably 98 degrees in here.

Cody unwraps his arms from around Leo's neck and lets them fall on the mattress. He expects Leo to withdraw from him and come out of his body, but he doesn't. He gets closer, instead, hiding his face against his neck. He sobs a little and Cody hugs him again, sighing. "Please, don't cry," he says, "You make me feel guilty."

"I'm sorry," Leo says. Cody is aware of being one of the very few people Leo ever spoke these words to. "I don't want to. But I don't know what to do. And I hate dragging you here, every time. This place is disgusting. You don't deserve it."

Cody turns his face slightly and pushes his nose against Leo's cheek. He just wants to smell him, for comfort, but Leo turns his head immediately and kisses him, dragged by his own personal version of a newborn's suckling reflex, except aimed towards him. "I'm happy," Cody says. It's not true, but it's a good lie. Besides, it's not even *entirely* a lie. He is not exactly happy, but at this point in his life if Leo decided to stop seeing him out of *respect* for him, simply because he doesn't like to take him to places such as these to have sex, Cody would probably off himself, so he can't say he's unhappy. That must count for something.

"You've never been a good liar," Leo sighs against his lips. Then he opens his eyes to look at him, and Cody finds him a little more in control. "You're so fucking beautiful," he whispers, touching his lips and the edges of his face, "You're mesmerizing. I don't know how I could go on so many years without ever seeing your face."

"Perhaps you didn't need to."

"Don't even--" Leo presses his hand against Cody's mouth, silencing him, "Don't say that. I've *always* needed you. Keep it in mind. Don't you dare forgetting it. All those years I didn't see you, I was denying you to myself. It was a sacrifice."

Yeah, Cody thinks, but on the altar of what?

However, he chooses not to voice his bitterness. He knows this isn't going to last anyway. Sure, after the accident and his coma Leo was dragged back to him by the tide of his confused feelings. Sure, now he can't do less of him. He searches for him constantly, he constantly wants to see him, he calls him and texts him at every hour of the day because he can't do otherwise, but that already happened between them. Back when they were younger. Back when they had a real chance. And it still didn't work.

Cody might be the sand calling to the waves, but Blaine is the ocean where they're going to die.

So he decides to smile through this. For as long as it's going to last. He's not the one who's going to put the flame out with complaints.

## Strength

Cody always knew he could never measure with Leo as far as their strength was concerned. Leo's not exactly bulky, but he's certainly bulkier than Cody. He has broader shoulders, stronger arms. He can win a fight. He also has a tendency towards violence that Cody does not have, that makes it easy, for him, to resort to strength to solve controversies, while it's never the first thing Cody thinks of as a mean to solve anything, controversial or otherwise.

Still, he knew right from the start that living together would turn out to be problematic. Leo is jealous and, for some reason Cody never truly understood, he always considered Blaine something exclusively of his own, despite the fact that Blaine literally arrived to their village stating loud and clear that what he wanted as payment for delivering them from dragons was to bed every single virgin boy and girl who lived there. Around 20 kids who formed a procession outside of his tent for the whole six months he was there to clear the area.

Even after they became more or less an official thing, Blaine never stopped seeking pleasure in other people. That's just his nature, the way he's wired. Sure, he gets stuck with some of them, sometimes. He did with Leo. It happened again with Cody. But Cody never expects him to just be content with them two, that wouldn't be Blaine and he wouldn't want Blaine to be any different than himself. So he accepted that. And it amazes him that Leo still hasn't.

The most obvious consequence of that is that the atmosphere between them is very thick, especially now that they finally settled down, the three of them. The house is not exactly huge, they're forced to share the space, and Leo doesn't really like it. Which makes him nervous, like a cage would make a dragon nervous. And the person he more often than not ends up unloading all those nerves on, is Cody.

So he had to find a way to manage him.

It took Cody a while, but he finally found out the way to do that is through sex.

There are things Leo is extremely sensitive to, and sex is one of that. Beauty is another. Now, Cody didn't know that before, but Blaine was able to explain him in much details that he looks damn good. And he's not above using that, if it allows him to keep his spot in this house.

So, whenever Leo's angry and ready to start a fight, all Cody needs to do is show him some skin, which is what he does now that he sees Leo march towards him, angry at God only knows what, for whatever reason. (Cody's never interested in the reasons behind Leo's rage. They're too many, Leo's always angry at everything and anything.)

The moment he sees him, Cody sits on top of the edge of the well and parts his legs. He's wearing nothing but a soft white tunic, tightened around his waist by an old dark brown rope. Nothing underneath, and when Leo lets his eyes drop between his legs he can see the curve of his ass and his opening peeking out between his buttocks.

He stops right away, swallowing. "What," he says.

Cody shrugs. "I don't wanna fight."

"So you flash your hole at me. Very mature."

"It's the most adult thing I could do."

"You're a whore."

"And you hate that you like that."

"Fucker," Leo slams both hands on the stony edge of the well, growling in his face. "I should push you down this fucking well and be done with it."

Cody smirks and holds onto the edge with both hands, pushing himself off it to rub his ass against the bulge he can already see at Leo's crotch. "Why don't you save it for later?" he says, "Maybe after I'm done with you you won't want to push me anywhere else but on your dick."

"Maybe after *I'm* done with you you won't be able to sit again for a week," Leo growls, grabbing him by his hips and pushing him down on himself.

Cody smirks and bites at his chin, daringly. "Try me," he says.

Leo diligently does.

# The Hanged Man

Cody has had to accept many things over the last week. The idea that their universe is not the only one that exists, for example. The fact that there are more universes out there, and that in none of them Blaine and him are married, also. Even more painful, the fact that they were never supposed to marry at all, and that the fact that they did is making the whole multi-verse crumble between their hands.

And yet nothing has been as hard to accept as the fact that he's speaking with a Leo that is not the Leo he used to know in college, that is a completely different person, that is standing in front of him, right now, asking him to leave forever.

"You have to do this," this Leo says. Cody tries to recognize on his face the face of the boy he used to love before he met Blaine. He can't. They look the same, but they are not the same. There are galaxies of distance between them, and Cody can feel them all, like a supernatural force dividing them with an unbridgeable rift. "I'm-- I'm sorry. I... I'm weak towards you, usually, but I can't be weak now. If you don't leave, if you don't allow Blaine and Leo from this universe to get back together, the universe will be destroyed. The strange things you've seen happening over the last few days will escalate even more. People are gonna suffer. People are gonna die. And in the end there will be nothing left."

Above them, the sky has already turned a dark shade of purple. There are dead people walking in the streets, there have been for days. People just appearing out of nowhere, going back to their own homes, the homes they remember, terrifying those who survived them. Two days ago, the sun stopped rising. There is only one star in the sky, and it's bright red. All dogs now mewl instead of barking, and birds have developed frighteningly sharp teeth.

It's the end of the world already. But why does the fate of the universe have to rest upon his shoulders?

"Why can't you look at me in the eye?" Cody asks in a low voice.

Leo tries. He manages, for a second. Then he looks away again. "We have complicated history, back where I'm from."

"Do you hate me?"

Leo lets out a heavy sigh. "Where?"

"There."

"No. I love you so much I had to stop seeing you to stop hurting."

Cody nods slowly. "And here?"

"Yes," Leo admits, even though he has at least the decency to blush, "I can't believe Blaine chose you over me. That is the only thing I can't forgive either of you, and you did it."

“We didn’t do it on purpose.”

“It doesn’t matter.”

Cody nods again and remains quiet for a while.

“Please say something,” Leo says. His voice is strained, veined with pain.

Cody looks back up at him. “What do you want me to do?”

“... you have to leave,” Leo answers, “Just... say goodbye and then catch the first fly away from here. We’ll... we’ll fix the rest. We have a way.”

“What way?”

Leo looks up at him with frightened eyes. “Do you really want to know...?” Cody nods, and Leo swallows. “Okay, then. We have an Annie. She’s a witch. She can make Blaine forget. So we’ll make him forget all about you. We’ll make this Leo forget all about Meredith. We’ll put them back together, and the universe will do the rest. They will fall in love and everything will be alright again.”

Cody takes a few seconds to let this sink in. “It’s cruel,” he says then, “Very cruel.”

“... I know. And I’m sorry.”

“Did you already tell Meredith?”

Leo nods.

“And what did she say?”

“She asked for us to make her forget too. She’s going to leave, but she doesn’t want to remember anything about this, or about Leo.” Suddenly, Leo seems to realize something, and his gaze brightens up a little. “We can do the same for you, if you want. Make you forget about Blaine. Just say the word, we’re ready.”

Cody looks at him, batting his eyelashes, slowly. “Why would I want that?”

Leo seems taken aback by his question. “What do you mean, why? To hurt less.”

Cody’s lips twist into a painful smile. “And why would I want that?” he insists.

Leo swallows and looks down again. “I’m sorry,” he repeats.

Out of the window, a man who’s walking normally suddenly loses all his skin. He keeps walking, flayed and bare, his flesh and muscles burning in the air. He cries, but he doesn’t even notice.

Cody needs to stop this, even though he knows he’s going to feel exactly like that man.

“I understand,” he says, “I will leave,” he finally consent.

Out of view, the skin comes back on the man's body. The universe receives the message and immediately starts turning its wheel the other way.

# Death

Cody stops in front of the mirror and studies her chest. She's naked and she's inspecting her breasts, trying to remember if they look fuller now than they did yesterday. The doctor told her she should be patient, but she's been waiting patiently for twenty years until she finally found the courage to start the transition process, and now she finds increasingly harder to keep it up any longer.

Leo passes behind her, carrying a basin filled with freshly laundered clothes smelling like vanilla, and stops abruptly, his eyes glued on her. "Are you crazy?" he asks, "What are you doing walking around naked? Don't you know it's dangerous?"

"Dangerous...?" Cody blinks confusedly, turning towards him, "But there's no one here."

"What do you mean no one?" Leo protests, putting the laundry down on the floor, "There's me! I could assault you! Rawr!" he throws his arms around her, trapping her in a bear hug and cradling her right and left as he covers her shoulders and nape in kisses, forcing her to a ticklish laughter.

"Stop!" she wheezes, trying to wiggle out of his hold, "Oh, God, stop, you're gonna make me pee myself!"

Leo chuckles and gives her one last kiss on her cheek, placing her back in front of the mirror and letting her watch herself once again. He slowly brings both hands to her breasts and feels them gently. "They're a little softer than before," he muses, smiling, "They feel stupid good," he chuckles then. "Are you still very sensitive around here?" he asks, rubbing his index fingers in circles around her nipples.

She moans and squirms a little. "Yeah," she whimpers, "Stop, please."

"Okay," he smiles and kisses her again on her neck, "I can't wait to kiss them. When you're ready."

Cody smiles and turns to kiss him on his temple. "When I'm ready," she nods.

He smiles and kisses her on his lips. "You're so fucking cute," he squeals then, lifting her up from the floor and propping her on his own shoulder, carrying her away from the mirror, "You're officially my prisoner. Until further notice."

Cody chuckles, letting him carry her away. She can feel the curve of her own breasts press invitingly against Leo's shoulder. It's not enough, but it's something.



# Temperance

Vince has told him at least a thousand times that he has never seen him like that. And that's only since they left from the airport of Florence last night.

Truth is, Vince doesn't know the person Cody is slowly turning into, as he becomes more and more like the boy he was in college the closer they come to Lima – the closer he gets to Leo.

He's nervous. He's scared. He's a trainwreck, really, and the worst thing is that the only questions he seems to be able to ask himself at the moment are trivial ones – do I look cute enough? Did I choose the right outfit for this meeting? Should I fix my hair? Should I have worn a little make up? Leo loved it when I wore make up back then. Should I just stop somewhere and put some kajal on my eyes, very quickly?

“Cody, if you don't calm down I'm scared you'll pop a vein,” Vince chuckles, patting him on his head and then gently stroking his hair. Cody mews under his touch and, for as long as his man's touching him, he feels better. But then Vince's hand lands back on the wheel of their rented automatic transmission car, and not even the cutest movement Vince makes, searching for a second for the stick shift before remembering it's not there, is able to distract him from his thoughts.

The truth is, over these last few years, he hasn't thought about Leo much. He forced himself not to. If he wanted to have any chance at a normal life, he had to. And therefore, never thinking about him, he was able to fall in love with someone else, find his place by his side, form a family, have a kid – who's now sleeping secured to his seat in the back – and be happy.

He wasn't expecting Leo to ever call him again. He wasn't expecting him to ever ask him if they could meet again. But when Leo did, even though he knew it would've been wiser to say no, he couldn't bring himself to say anything but yes.

“I'm sorry,” he says with a sighs, trying to stop fretting, “I'm just a little nervous.”

“I really can't understand why – I thought things were fine between Leo and you. You didn't have a messy break up, did you?”

They barely had any break up at all, he would like to say, and that's the whole problem.

But he keeps quiet and offers his husband a vague smile and a little coy shrug. “I'll be fine by the time we get there,” he says, trying to convince himself more than he's trying to convince him.

At least he can hope.

# The Devil

When Cody sees Leo for the first time, the first thing he notices is that he's completely out of his mind. There is a light in the back of his eyes, a light Cody has seen already in a few of the men he stayed with while he was passing from one foster family to the other back when he was still in the system.

Those men often had that light in their eyes only when they looked at him. Leo, on the other hand, seems to have it as a constant.

Used to do everything in his power to recognize this spark and prevent its ignition, Cody immediately becomes compliant and pliable, and remains seated on the edge of the dirty bed where Leo finds him when he enters the room with that other man.

"Look who we have here..." Leo says with a smirk, getting closer, "Who are you?"

Cody looks up at him with huge baby blue eyes. "My name is Cody," he just says.

"Jesus fuck, you're gorgeous," Leo says excitedly, licking his lips, "What are you, boy or girl?"

Cody shrugs. "I dunno," he says.

"Right," Leo nods, "That's okay. You should be whatever the fuck you want, especially looking like that. Blaine!" he calls for the older man, gesturing him closer, "Look at him. Can I have him?"

"That's not a thing, babe, that's a person," the other man says patiently, rubbing Leo's curls and passing his fingers through their ends, trying to untie them.

"I see that," Leo frowns and then pouts, "I still want to keep him. Can I?"

"Ask him," Blaine shrugs, "I'll go check the rest of the house. See if they left something except him behind."

"Kay," Leo answers. He watches Blaine walk out of the room and then turns back towards Cody, sitting next to him on the bed. "Do you wanna come with me? Away from this place? It sucks anyway."

Cody doesn't answer right away – he's not sure what to say. Leo's unstable, that much he already knows, but the other man is a mystery. He seems sane, but how sane can a criminal calling *babe* a sixteen years old kid be?

"Where do you live?" he asks then, which seems much more of a safe direction for this conversation to go.

"A beautiful place," Leo smirks, "Blaine's place. There, we are all free and we can all be whoever we want. Sounds fun, right?"

Cody nods, but says nothing. He can see that Leo's getting closer to losing his patience with him, but he can't bring himself to follow him blindly just yet.

Then something happens. Leo's whole face brightens up. "Ah, right!" he says. He rummages in his pockets and then comes up with a tiny pill, pastel pink in color, smooth and a little dusty. "Here," he says, "Take this. It will make you feel good."

Cody's not sure he should take it, honestly, but he's not really in a position to refuse. Moving like years of submission have taught him, he leans in and opens his lips, letting out his tongue to receive the pill straight from Leo's fingers.

"Fuck, you are *amazing*..." Leo whispers excitedly.

Cody swallows the pill. He closes his eyes and when he opens them again everything around him is pink and smells like marshmallow.

He chuckles despite himself, and then covers his lips in embarrassment. Leo chuckles too, guiding his hands away from his face. "Don't do that! Laugh if you want to. You're even cuter when you smile." Then he reaches down and pulls up the raggedy skirt Cody's wearing. He's been wearing it for a few days, ever since the last man who had him on this bed made him put it on. It's a nice little rag, plaited and in pink and black faux tartan. Except it's used, worn out and dirty with dry come. "Just look at this shit..." Leo murmurs, now feverishly, as he looks at his dick, completely unfazed by the dirtiness of the skirt. "It's so small and cute. Can I touch it? I'm gonna touch it," he answers himself, and then reaches out, holding it between his index and middle finger – that's as much as he needs to start stroking him.

Cody whimpers, leaning back on his elbows against the bed, his hips moving together with Leo's fingers. He knows he shouldn't take too much pleasure into this, but Leo's fingers feel good and the drug is working dangerously well. He pants and parts his legs, letting out the smallest mewling sounds.

"Nh... ahn... there... down there..." he moans uncontrollably. Leo snickers and moves his fingers in circles right at the top of Cody's now hard cock, gathering pre-come and then using it to make his opening wet and slick.

"You look so pretty," he says, his hands moving in nervous gestures as he kneels on the bed to touch him better, "I'm gonna fuck you with my fingers, now, 'kay? Make you come properly. So you'll come with me. We'll have so much fun," he promises.

Cody throws his head back the very moment he feels his fingers enter inside him. They feel good, and he wants to keep feeling like this forever. He clings to Leo the whole time, moaning and whimpering and swinging heavily on his fingers, until his knuckles hit his buttocks.

When he comes in an explosion of lights that turns the room bright pink to blood red, he lets out a little yell and then collapses on the stained mattress, breathing heavily. "My name's Leo," Leo says, chuckling lightly as he leans in to kiss him dirtily on his parted lips, "Now you belong to me," he adds, drawing his name in come all over Cody's stomach, "Don't forget it."

As he passes out, Cody distinctly feels that he never will.

# The Tower

Cody dared to think the night could go well, but he should've seen the light in William's eyes and he should've known. He should've kept himself in check. Did the last few months really teach him nothing? Doesn't he know already what happens when he doesn't behave like a proper good boy?

He was chatty during dinner. He was excited because William brought him along to a night out with his friends. Cody rarely ever sees William's friends – you wouldn't have fun, that's what William always tells him, smiling tenderly as he gives him sweet little kisses on his cheeks and lips, you're so much more stupid than them.

But tonight he allowed him to come with, and Cody was happy about it. Too happy, perhaps. He joked around, he chuckled at the other's jokes. He drank, and when came the time to dance, he danced.

William stared at him silently the whole time, judging him. His expression was frozen into a cruel smile none of his friends detected as cruel at all. But Cody – he should have known.

William is silent the whole drive home. He opens the door for him, both to help him out of the car and back into his classy apartment at the top of his condo. Cody walks in, uncertain on his feet. He's drunk and messed up. He is, inexplicably, even a little horny.

"So, now you think you're bright and cute, don't you?" William says. He doesn't sound angry. But he is.

"No..." Cody looks down, slowly, because his head is spinning. "I... I was just having fun. I thought we were both having fun."

"No. *You* were having fun, putting yourself on display in front of my friends like the last of the whores. I could see how much fun you were having. Too much fun, little minx. Too much fun."

Cody looks back up only to see him take his belt off.

"Will..." he tries in the weakest voice he can muster.

"Shut up, slut," William says, smiling amiably as usual, "Turn around and take those pants off."

Cody shivers, swallows, turns around and holds onto the wall.

# The Star

Life taught Cody to beware of the moment when things seem to go too well.

Thrice already it happened to him that right when he was the happiest, something terrible happened to take that happiness away from him.

The first time was William. William was handsome, classy, rich, smart. He loved poetry and he wrote amazing, terrifying verses that shook Cody to his core. It seemed impossible having caught the attention of such a remarkable person, but William liked him, and he wanted him, and for a while Cody was blissfully happy, wrapped up in his arms.

William took him out for dinner. Showcased him around. Showed him places Cody would've never seen if not by his side. Made him feel like a princess, the privileged, unworthy object of the affection of one of the brightest minds in the city.

Then the game stopped being fun. William started torturing him. Smiling and twisting his threatening words into declarations of love, he got him addicted to the pain he continuously inflicted him, so much so that, when he performed the final act of his tragedy and left him, all Cody could think was that, now that the pain he gave him was gone, he had nothing else to make life worth living. And he tried to kill himself.

The second time it was Leo. While Cody slowly healed, he met him and once again he found himself at the center of the attention of an amazing person, even though Leo was completely different than William. Energetic, fascinating, driven to the point of madness, Leo just couldn't leave him be. Smitten with him, he kept following him around until Cody surrendered to him, and even though he was terrified he chose to abandon himself to this new feeling, because he couldn't believe his love life could be over just because he had met with a messed up mind in the past.

He was lucky – Leo wasn't (majorly) messed up. He was weird and quirky, but he loved him – Cody knew that. Cody was *certain* of that.

It therefore hurt twice as much when Leo had to confess that he was in love with someone else – that he had *always* been in love with someone else, but that person – none other than Blaine Anderson, and Cody didn't miss the ferocious irony of life, taking his lover away to let him be reclaimed by his favorite Broadway actor, the star he had been raised to admire since he was a child – had just chosen to get out of his life for a while, and now he was back, and so they had to break up.

This time, Cody didn't try to kill himself. He escaped, though, retreated into his own home, with his parents, hoping some day it would hurt a little less. (It didn't.)

The third time, it was Blaine. Two years after breaking up with Leo, Cody met him in New York. It hurt to learn that they weren't together any longer – he kept thinking: why did my heart need to be shattered, then? - but at the same time it felt good to be with Blaine. Cody was aware of the fact that the man was searching on his skin traces of a boy that wasn't him,

but after all he too was searching on Blaine's skin traces of a person that definitely wasn't him. And so their relationship worked, until it became too intense, too demanding, and, terrified, Cody had fled the scene, because he couldn't bear suffering again like he had suffered so many times in the past.

So now, as he introduces himself to this nice, handsome, very kind man who offers to be his Uber and drive him from the airport to his hotel in Florence, as he feels a little spark coming alight at the very core of his chest, as he detects in this man's eyes the same exact spark, he knows, he *knows* he should back away from it. He should run. He should forget about it.

But he offers the man his hand. "I'm Cody," he says with a smile.

"And I'm Vince," the man answers with the nicest Italian accent.

And Cody's ready to start again.

# The Moon

Cody knows Matt and him should stop meeting like this. It's dangerous and, more importantly, they're risking everything over nothing. They automatically slipped into a secretive routine, like they had something to hide, but truly, they don't. What happens between them is born out of necessity. Motivated by the way Cody was ignited during Leo's birthday party. Vince wouldn't answer to those needs. Leo couldn't. So he must turn towards the only one who will.

And yet, by doing so, he's endangering everything.

Matt slams him into the wall, and he's so tall that when he pulls him up Cody immediately stops to touch the ground with his feet. He moans and clings to his shoulders, and Matt bites at his collarbones and then thrusts against him.

He's still completely clothed, but he's so massive Cody can feel his erection nonetheless, and he whimpers, completely overwhelmed by a sudden fit of desire that makes him nervous and feverish.

"Take them off..." he pants, kicking at Matt's pants, "Take everything off."

"Calm down, cupcake," Matt growls. Cody loves the ease with which Matt turns into a beast when he's having sex. He imagines many times in the past Matt must've had to be very careful during sex – but he doesn't need to be as careful with him. Cody can take him. It seems as though his body was created for this very purpose. And so he can let himself go. Which is exactly what Cody wants.

\*

After they come, they lie down on the coverlet of the bed and try to keep their distance from one another. They meet when they're fired up, but after the fire is gone it's always a little embarrassing to realize that they feel almost nothing towards one another. There's no love, there's only a very measured amount of affection. After all, they barely know each other. There are sparkles between their bodies, but nothing between their hearts.

"We must stop doing this," he finally brings himself to say, "Or we must tell him. It's either one or the other."

Matt slowly turns to look at him, blinking a few times. "Him who?" he asks.

Cody frowns a little, confused. "Leo," he says, as though it was obvious.

"Ah," Matt says, going back to look at the ceiling, "For a second there I thoughtcha were talkin' 'bout your husband."

Cody's heart sinks at the bottom of his stomach right away.



Because no, he wasn't.

# The Sun

When Blaine snaps William's neck broken, Cody feels dreadful. William was the only thing he knew, quite literally the one thing he lived for. He was the one who introduced him to the Goddess, to her powers. Thanks to him, even though Cody's sure he didn't realize the depth of what he had given him, Cody had obtained the most important thing he had in his life. The voice of the Goddess, her light, her powers, her soft touch. What gave meaning to his life, what gave him purpose.

He hurt him, sure. But being free of him was terrifying. What was the rest of his life supposed to be for?

But since he started traveling with Blaine and the others, Cody is starting to understand. That the purpose of a person is not to please another. That there's something greater in everyone, something greater people can be called to. He can feel it – he can feel it mount inside him, slowly. There's the tiniest sliver of power from the Goddess connecting Blaine to him, and him to her, and her to Blaine, in a circle that's just there and seems to be doing nothing, for the moment, nothing except grow stronger.

He doesn't know where this is going to lead him. Him, or them all, for that matter. But the gentle chant of the Goddess is still with him – he didn't lose it when he lost William. And he can still use it.

And it feels good.

# Judgement

Cody starts shivering, and he knows the time has come, so he closes his eyes and lets his physiology do the rest.

Blaine immediately feels him. He comes to him from the other room and smells him shamelessly, pressing his nose against his buttocks. Cody mewls and raises one of his legs, exposing himself and his wetness on top of the white sheets his bed is covered with.

“You’re in heat,” Blaine says, stating the obvious just because it’s hot. He travels Northwards up his body with the tip of his nose, inhaling his scent and growling softly. Cody can already feel his claws grow out of his fingers, and his whole body reacts with a shiver of anticipation.

“Don’t tease me, please...” he whines desperately, closing his eyes and leaning back against Blaine when he places himself behind him, “You know I can’t take it.”

“You will take whatever the fuck I decide you will take,” Blaine answers, and bites him at his nape, hard, forcing a little howl out of him. “Let me feel you,” he says, reaching down for his opening.

Cody pushes his ass out, sitting on his fingers. They slip in easily and it feels good, just not *great*, but he knows that’s soon gonna come, so he just waits patiently. He waits patiently while Blaine fingers him, licking every inch of his neck and shoulders and leaving merciless bites all over his skin. He waits patiently while Blaine slowly turns, getting bigger and hairier behind him, getting rougher, more dangerous the wilder he becomes. He waits patiently when the transformation stops, giving Blaine enough time to stabilize.

Then he feels the thick head of Blaine’s half-wolf form press against his opening, and he moans loudly, trying to suck him in, trying to squeeze him inside. “Yes,” he pants as he wiggles desperately, “Yes, put it inside me. Fuck me, ride me, breed me.”

Blaine cannot speak when he’s in this form, he can only growl. But he can make himself clear anyway, especially when he thrusts forward and fills him up with his cock, forcing him to a yell and to bend over in pain. He can feel his knot swell, locking him inside himself. He sees nothing but stars and feels nothing but pain and pleasure mixing dangerously, threatening to make him lose his mind altogether.

But then the moment passes – they both ride their need out as they’re now used to do, Blaine pumps inside him until he comes, Cody takes him deeper and deeper until his primordial hunger’s satisfied – and they lie together on the bed, one against the other. The knot prevents Blaine to slip out of him, but it doesn’t feel half bad. Cody smiles, turning as much as he can to receive on his lips the kiss he knows Blaine wants to give him.

“Your heart came quite early, this time,” Blaine comments with a little smile, “You’re turning more and more into a wolf the longer you stay with the pack.”

That's one of the nicest things anyone's ever said to him, and Cody takes it with a proud smile. And then he howls again.

# The World

Cody sits on a chair on the terrace of the bedroom, watching the horizon. He's hoping to see shadows appearing there, signaling the return of the army. Blaine's been gone for months already, and he misses him. But they've received a few letters and he's not going to let himself worry too much. Blaine wouldn't want it. He'd want him to keep calm and wait patiently. At some point, he will come back, and he will be alright, and he will be rewarded for his bravery and his valor, as always, and the three of them will be together again, at last.

"Cody-- come back in," Leo says with a little worry, placing a blanket on his shoulders, "It's getting cold outside. You're gonna catch a fever."

Cody chuckles, turning back towards him. "I'm fine," he says, "I was just looking out."

"To see if you could spot him?"

Cody nods, smiling easily. "But it doesn't seem like he's gonna be back today."

"Forced to spend yet another night alone with me, poor you," Leo jokes with a theatrical sigh.

Cody chuckles, pressing his face against Leo's arm. "You're silly. I like spending the night with you."

"Because I wear you out to the point that you get so tired you can't even worry properly anymore, and you collapse and sleep for ten hours straight," Leo nods, "That is my magic power."

No, Cody would like to tell him, that's not your magic power. Your magic power is that even when I'm the most worried, even when I'm the saddest, even when I miss him to the point that it seems to me I will never be able to breathe properly until he's back by my side, you can break every chain of bad thoughts and bring me back to happiness. Your magic power is that just by touching me or kissing me you make anxiety and sadness fade away. That with the pleasure you give me you allow me to go on day by day as though I wasn't slowly withering inside because the man I adore could be dead, even now, even if the thought breaks me. That's your magic power – you make it possible for me to still live a life worth living, against all possible odds.

But he doesn't say it – it would be too embarrassing, and he's never been much good with words. Leo's much better than he is, and he will take advantage of that.

"I'll come back inside," he says, "And I'll come to bed. Only if you tell me a story."

Leo smiles brightly, holding him by his hand and eagerly dragging him back inside. "Would you like to hear the story of Ser Caliven, who fought Death and came back to the beautiful Lady Jayne of the Mountains of the North?" he asks.

And, of course, Cody says yes.

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