

Play It Cool

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Play It Cool

by [nanayoung](#)

Summary

You never believed in love at first sight. That is, until you met your new boyfriend.

He was so cute and adorable and wonderful and awesome and God you loved him so much. But if he knew how much of a freak you were, he'd want nothing to do with you.

So you gotta keep calm. Stay cool. And never, EVER let him know you've been sneaking into his house at night.

Meanwhile, a certain boyfriend is thinking the exact same thing.

(Or: Two Yanderes mutually fall in love and desperately try to hide their freakiness from each other. With varying success.)

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Is It Thirst If You Just Wanna Cuddle?

You were chilling out, minding your own business, breathing in the sweet scent of nature and quiet, when someone plonked down onto the bench next to you.

It was so outta nowhere that you screeched, flailed, and almost bashed your head on the stones below.

Thankfully, before you could get a life-ending medical bill, a pair of arms wrapped around your waist and caught you before you fell.

“Hey! Careful there, stranger!”

You opened your eyes -- and came face to face with the most adorable thing you’ve ever seen.

Big blue eyes, so big that you could’ve sworn they took up half his face, so blue that they were practically glowing. A wide smile that shifted to a concerned frown, the cute quirk of his lips itching to be kissed. Smooth skin, squishy skin, with cheeks that were begging to be pinched and cradled. And an expressive, open face that was so honest that it reminded you of a puppy.

There was worry in those beautiful blue eyes, more worry you could ever recall getting from someone, like you were the most precious thing in the world. His grip around you was careful, gentle, and as he pulled you back onto the bench he even gave your back a little pat, as though to comfort you.

He looked concerned, like you got into a serious accident instead of just tripping on your ass like an idiot. You could see him scanning you, looking for any injuries even though the only one you had was to your pride.

Oh shit, his eyes were even more huge and blue and adorable from this close.

Oh shit, his face looked especially squishy and touchable.

Oh shit, you could feel yourself starting to blush. Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck --

“Um! Thanks. A lot.” You looked down. He still had his arms around your waist. His really long, really *skinny* arms, you couldn’t help but notice.

Was he eating enough? You were sure you had some granola bars in your bag. Maybe you could --

No, no, no! What the hell were you thinking? You were gonna piss him off if you mentioned his weight! What if he was sensitive about it?

And there was no way he was gonna accept food from some clumsy, accident prone stranger. And -- and --

Wow, his arms felt comfortable. Snuggly. And they really fit around your waist, almost like they were made for you --

“Oops! Sorry!” He quickly withdrew and scooted back a bit, an adorably awkward look on his face and -- was that a blush? Was he blushing?

Shit, that was so cute.

You never knew anyone besides you who could blush that red before. It really stood out against his grey skin. It made you wonder if his cheeks felt as hot to the touch as they looked and --

You shoved your hands in your pockets and pulled your hat down. Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, *fuck* your face was still hot as hell. What if he could tell what you were thinking?

His blue eyes -- *why were they so big? How was it possible?* -- were apologetic. It made him look a bit like a kicked puppy and God. *God*. “I didn’t meant to --”

You tore yourself from his eyes and looked straight ahead. “N. No problem. You’re good.”

You stared at the trees, willing yourself to calm down.

Seconds passed.

You couldn’t resist another peek.

He was tall. Taller than you which, well, wasn’t saying much since you were barely five feet. Everyone was taller than you, but still. Tall. So tall he kinda leaned over you even as you were sitting and oh God did it make you feel *things*. Things you shouldn’t be thinking about, specially since *you’ve never met the guy before* and --

And his hands. They were big. Really big, with really long fingers. Piano fingers. Like, the kinda hands you’d love to hold or just, just have them hold your face and --

Fuck.

You weren’t sure if it was his smile, his eyes, the awkward expression on his face, the blush, the sharp teeth, the familiar tone to his voice despite you never seeing him before, his height, his hands, anything and everything about him, or some other, reptilian instinct buried deep inside you that was making you feel this way.

But you were just hit with the sudden and out of nowhere feeling of, *Oh God this guy is so fucking adorable I wanna pat his head and give him hugs and kisses and keep him in my apartment never evereverever let him go.*

But that would be *stupid* and *creepy* because you literally met him *thirty seconds ago*. So you kept your hands to yourself.

It was... a lot harder than you thought it’d be. The guy was just, just *so* adorable. Like, what the hell. What gave him the right to be so adorable?

A hand waved in front of your face. “Hey, you alright? Didya bang your head earlier on?”

You jolted back a bit. “No! I mean,” you coughed, “no. I’m fine. Just. You know. Thinking.”

He nodded in understanding, his eyes warm. *So* warm. “I get it. An out of nowhere place like this, no one around, all by yourself. The perfect place to be all alone. With your thoughts.”

He smiled at you and oh. Oh, you were so fucked.

It was the teeth. The teeth were doing you in. How the fuck did he get his teeth that sharp?

And the eyes. God, they were so blue. Did you mention how blue they were? You could drown in those eyes for hours and never come up for air.

And the face. So squishy and cute. And his expressions, they were so, *so* fucking adorable. The blush, the little hesitations, the way his eyes never once looked away from yours.

And --

Fuck.

You must’ve stuttered out something, though God only knew what. It must’ve been good because the next words out of his mouth nearly made your heart stop.

“Listen. I know this is... kinda sudden. Very sudden. But if you’re free tonight, would you give me the pleasure of taking you out to dinner?”

Holy shit.

Your eyes widened. And you stared.

And stared.

And stared.

Like a fucking freak.

Just SAY something you --

He looked away. “Yeah, I guess it was a bit too sudden. Um, then can we --”

“YES.”

He jerked back, looking a bit caught off guard. It was only the slow, delighted smile spreading across his face that kept you from killing yourself right then and there.

You’d face all the embarrassment in the world for that smile. And that was really saying something, considering how second-hand embarrassment practically ruled your life.

You pulled your cap down farther until it was practically covering your head. A quick breath and, “Yes. I would love to go to dinner with you. What time and place?”

Wow. Way to go, Y/N. Maybe sound a little MORE monotone next time, huh?

He *beamed* at you. Like the actual sun. Like he had just won the lottery instead of just scoring a date with a blushing freak like you.

You could feel the giddiness welling up inside you. It was all you could do not to squeak.

“Tonight at seven. At the place where you work. Is that okay?”

“YEP. Yep. Yep that’s -- that’s perfect with me.” You looked away, silently dying inside. “I’ll. I’ll see you there.”

“Great!” One last smile -- *God, was he trying to kill you?!* -- and he walked away, a bounce in his step.

You watched him go.

Waited until you could no longer hear his footsteps before screaming into your hands.

“Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuk he was SO *FUCKING CUTE* !”

Let's Save The Kidnapping For Later

Chapter Summary

Your boyfriend prepares for the date in his own special way.

You, meanwhile, struggle to not have a heart attack.

He was sure he fucked it up.

The way you refused to look him in the eye, your stilted and monotone voice -- he did something wrong. He must have.

But that was fine. He failed --

failedfailedfailedfailedfailednonononononoNONONO

-- but it was completely fine. There was always another chance, another encounter. He could always make up for it. You would come around eventually.

And if all else failed, he still knew where you lived. You always kept the window unlocked, and never looked into the closet before bed. And your roommate, the *bitch* who constantly mooched off your hard work, would be too busy fucking some stranger to hear you struggle or scream for help.

Some chloroform and a quick getaway would be all he needed to make his time with you last forever. And with all the time in the world at his disposal, it was only a matter of *when* you came to your senses, not if.

When you realized how much he loved you. How he was *made* for you, and you alone.

So he thought it was fine.

At least until he got a good look at your blushing, *adorable* face.

Every carefully thought out plan went out the window as he resisted the urge to rip those clothes off you, and see for himself if that blush traveled all the way down.

God, the way you *looked* at him.

The way you glanced at him out of the corner of your eye when you thought he wasn't looking. The way your eyes trembled whenever he spoke, hanging onto his every word. The way you stared at his face, his lips, his eyes. The way you jammed your hands into your pockets, as though resisting the temptation to reach out and *touch* --

It was all he could do not to push you down and fuck you against that bench. He was sure you would have loved it, would've screamed your appreciation for the world to hear.

But he had already asked you out for dinner. And he wasn't going to break promises when it came to you.

Plus, you seemed a bit shy to him. A lot shyer than you were with everyone else. You were always so direct, so confident when you talked to your moocher roommate, to your nosy landlord, to the disgusting coworker that was taking up too much of your time.

But not with him. No, you got so *shy*. So quiet. So nervous as you stuttered out each word, fraying those precious lips of yours with your teeth. Your beautiful, perfect fingers twirling around each other. Your body shaking ever so slightly as you huddled in your jacket.

It was adorable, this new side of you. He thought he knew everything about you --

where you worked, where you lived, how long you slept, what classes you went to, what you ate, how you breathed, what you smelled like, what you tasted like

-- but you surprised him. You opened up to *him*, and him alone.

He could feel his face warming up. A smile, wide and full of barely suppressed glee, grew on his face.

God, he loved you so much.

He loved your blush, the way your eyes lit up with happiness. He loved your voice, every word like the most beautiful of melodies. He loved your adorable nose and those wondrous, expressive eyes. He loved how small you were, how comfy and *perfect* you felt in his arms.

He loved your laughter, he loved your tears. He loved you when you were sad, when you were mad, when you were just wasting time and letting the seconds go by. He loved you when you were sleeping, loved the peaceful expression on your face as you rested. He loved you when you just woke up, the grumpiness and drowsiness making you all the more adorable in his eyes.

He loved your awkwardness, your confidence. Loved how you were in public, how you were in private, how you were with him.

He loved you.

He loved you, he loved you, he loved you,
helovedyouhelovedyouhelovedyouHELOVEDYOU --

And soon you would be all his.

He started running. He had to hurry, before the flower shop ran out of roses.

And while he was at it, he might as well buy some chocolates.

And a tux for the date.

Maybe a violin? He didn't know how to play, but he was sure he could learn *something* in the next few hours.

And a nice ring too. He saw one in a jewelry shop that would have been perfect on your finger.

And --

He stopped. Took a deep breath.

No, no, no. He had to stay calm. Keep himself together.

Too much at once would *overwhelm* his darling, considering how adorably shy you were. You might have had a crush on him --

yesyesyesyesyesyesyesyesyesYESYESYESYESYES

-- but bringing up so much *this* soon in the relationship would only scare you off. He needed to take it slow.

For now.

He still had that chloroform after all.

You arrived at Dan's Damn Diner half an hour early.

You ordered five milkshakes and went to the bathroom twice.

Once to actually go pee, the second to check your hair and make sure you looked like *some* semblance of a decent human being.

God, why didn't you wear something -- *anything* -- more than what you wore today? A baseball cap, hoodie, and jeans?! You looked like a complete fucking slob!

It was nothing short of a miracle that such a cute, adorable, awesome guy even *looked* at you, let alone asked you out. The only reason why you didn't immediately run back to your apartment and change was because you didn't want to look horribly desperate.

You smoothed down your hair for the tenth time, cursing yourself for not bringing a comb. Your head looked like a fucking mess right now. You had no choice but to cover it up.

You gave yourself one last look -- *stop shaking dammit* -- and headed back to your table.

The waitress was giving you an odd look again. You ignored her and ordered another milkshake.

God knows you'd never eat here if you could; the milkshakes were the only good thing about this place. Make with real milk and ice cream instead of that processed crap.

Maybe that's why he picked it? Maybe he liked milkshakes. Maybe he wanted to *share* a milkshake. *With you.*

You could almost see it. The two of you drinking from the same glass, staring deeply into each other's eyes, faces growing closer and closer by the second --

You could feel yourself starting to blush. God you needed to get your shit together.

You felt the alarm you set on your phone vibrate.

7:00 PM.

You sat up straighter, pushing the newest milkshake into the center of the table.

Two straws were ready and prepared. You could do this.

7:01 PM.

You checked your phone for the umpteenth time. Maybe the clock was off? You had some sorta update happen on your phone this morning; maybe it messed up the time.

7:02 PM.

Your leg started shaking.

Maybe he was running late? The streets can be kinda crowded at night.

You hope he didn't get lost. He knew where you worked, right?

7:03 PM.

Did something happen? Oh God, what if he got into an accident? Maybe you should call someone? Say that... that...

SHIT! YOU DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HIS NAME!

7:04 PM.

You didn't even *ask* .

What the fuck was wrong with you?! How the fuck could you forget something so, so basic?! HE ASKED YOU OUT FOR FUCK'S SAKE!

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, *fuck* --

7:05 PM.

He stood you up.

He stood you up because you didn't even bother to ask his name.

You didn't blame him. God, you were such a fucking loser. Too busy acting like a lovestruck *idiot* to even --

The door jingled. A familiar figure burst into the restaurant, looking winded and carrying a white package.

You clasped your hands to your mouth and screamed into your palms.

It was him! He didn't stand you up after all!

Play it cool, Y/N, play it cool! Don't fuck this up!

You calmly and coolly waved at him, catching his attention.

His big beautiful blue eyes lit up, filling with happiness and warmth. He *beamed* at you, his smile encompassing his entire face, seemingly lighting up the entire restaurant with its vibrance.

You banged your knee against the table.

The milkshake toppled and spilled directly on your lap.

FUCK.

If Anything, The Romance Novels Understated It

Chapter Summary

The power of flowers allows you to come to a revelation.

You... take it well enough.

The milkshake soaked deep into the ripped upholstery. You had to move to a new table, but not before you cleaned up in the bathroom.

You stared into the mirror. You could've heated a third world country with your face alone.

"What the fuck are you doing," you hissed at yourself, resisting the urge to punch the glass. "You're fucking this up!"

You wiped down your lap as best as you could. But it was no use; it was still wet, and you still smelled like milkshake.

Good think I didn't order soda. That's one silver lining to this fuck up.

You glared at the mirror. "Get. Your shit. *Together*, Y/N."

You glared at yourself a bit more, took some deep breaths, and walked back out to the restaurant. Right away, you could feel stares.

The annoyed looks of the waitress and the curious ones from the other patrons didn't bother you. No, it was *his* expression you didn't want to see.

God, he must think I'm a loser.

You didn't look at him, instead staring straight down at the table. The milkshake was gone, thank God. "S-Sorry about that."

A laugh. Oh God, that *laugh*. You could feel yourself start to tremble. "It's no problem, Y/N."

He knew your name?

He knew your name!

You resisted the urge to fist bump.

"I mean, *I* was the one who was late. So it's kinda my fault."

Your head snapped up. “No it’s -- !”

And you immediately got lost in his eyes. In his apologetic yet endearingly dopey smile. In the blush on his cheeks, in the sweat on his brow, in the breathing of his chest, in the --

Your eyes snapped back to the table. You dug your nails into your arm to steady yourself.

Keep it together you idiot! What are you doing?!

A long white box -- the package he was carrying -- was set in front of you. “Speaking of, I took the liberty of getting you something. I uh. Hope you like it.”

A gift? He brought you a gift?

Your heart swelled with joy. You covered your mouth with your hands, pressing back the squee of glee that was *begging* to be let out.

He brought you a gift!

Fuck yeah! This was the best thing ev--

Wait.

Your eyes widened in realization.

Fuck, you should have brought *him* a gift!

Stupid, stupid, stupid, stupid, *stupid* --

“Um. You don’t... have to open it if you don’t want to.” His hesitant words broke your thoughts. It almost broke your heart too, considering how *sad* he suddenly sounded. “Sorry, I guess this is a little much for a --”

“Thanks!” you interrupted, not wanting your heart to tear even further. God, you were such a piece of shit. “Let me just --”

You opened the package and --

Your mind blanked.

It took you a good ten seconds to understand what you were seeing. And when you did, you almost passed out.

Slowly, you traced your finger across the blood red petals, your hand shaking ever so slightly. Once you confirmed that they were real you took them out of the box. Carefully, gently, like they were a newborn baby.

He brought you roses.

He brought you *roses*.

He brought you motherfucking roses.

You had to hold back an excited scream. It was *so* worth the embarrassment and wet pants!

“So... I take it you like the gift?”

You could only nod, your gaze not leaving the flowers for a second. You knew if you looked into that -- *perfect, adorable, magnificent, wonderful, beautiful* -- face, you wouldn't be able to hold any of your emotions in.

You already embarrassed yourself enough for the day. Anymore and you really *would* kill yourself on the spot.

“Yeah, it's.” You must've been smiling like a lunatic, but you couldn't help it. “It's really...”

You couldn't stop touching them, marveling at how beautiful they looked, how nice they smelled, how smooth the dethorned stems felt. And the little back ribbon that tied it all together, that little added touch of thoughtfulness and caring, was just --

“*Perfect*,” you breathed, feeling your heart pound in your chest. Feeling your hands start to visibly shake just from keeping everything you were feeling contained.

God, what was this? What was this feeling rushing through your mind, pulsing in your chest, making your head spin and your body tremble. This feeling that turned your rational thoughts to mush, that made you blush and act like a total idiot, that made you into such a fucking *mess* .

This overwhelming, all consuming feeling, this *need* to -- to --

see him feel him touch him smell him hear him taste him make him mine mine mine mine mine mine mine MINE

A laugh. It sounded like the most beautiful music to your ears.

You looked up at his face and oh.

Oh.

There was so much happiness there. So much love and affection, so much genuine joy. It softened his face, blushed his cheeks, and when he spoke, you knew you were lost.

“I'm glad you like it, Y/N.”

You could feel tears prick your eyes. You covered your mouth, unable to look away from the beauty that laid before you even as he seared himself in mind, within your very soul.

And it was then that you realized.

“...love...”

“What?!” He leaned in closer, that beautiful, *delicious* blush spreading across his face. He was breathing quickly, his pupils steadily swallowing his eyes. He looked so -- so --

God.

“W-What did you --”

“The roses!” you suddenly yelled.

You felt every eye in the restaurant land on you. You felt *his* eyes bore into your soul.

Please God, let the ground swallow me whole.

“I love the roses! Thanks so much for the roses!” You cradled them to your chest, your entire body hot from embarrassment. You were sweaty, you were sticky, you were dressed up in your shitty clothes, and you were such a fucking idiot.

And yet, you couldn’t help but have a dopey smile of your own.

“I love them,” you said softly.

I love you.

“Thank you.”

Thank you for letting me feel this way.

“I’ll keep them forever.”

I’ll never let you go.

“Really?”

There was something vulnerable in his face, something fragile. It broke your heart to see it. You wanted to sweep him into your arms, cuddle him to your chest, and never let him leave.

No matter how much he wanted to.

But instead, you settled for holding his hand. Lacing his fingers with yours.

“Really.”

You stared into his eyes. And he into yours.

You hoped he could see what you were feeling. Hoped he was feeling the same way.

But that was silly. Because you knew that only *you* could feel this way, this quickly.

There was probably something wrong with you. Something messed up in your brain. It wasn’t normal to feel like this towards someone you just met.

[illegible]

You couldn't live without them. Couldn't live without *him*.

But you couldn't say that. Not now, not on your *first fucking date with the guy*. It would scare him off and then --

No.

Act like a normal human being, for the love of God. You CANNOT fuck this up this time!

He didn't answer for a while. He looked... kinda drunk.

And in his eyes, you could see little hearts. Just for you.

Your entire body grew hot. You probably looked exactly the same as him, only less adorable and more desperate.

Would it be weird if you snapped a picture right now?

“You can call me whatever you want, darling.”

You clenched your jaw shut, barely managing to bite back a squeal of pure happiness. A little high pitched sound -- akin to a whistling teapot -- still escaped though, and you felt your face grow even hotter. If that was possible.

“T-T-T-T-Then I’ll call you --”

My Boyfriend.

My Husband.

My Love.

My One.

My World.

My Universe.

My Center.

My Everything.

My --

“Honey!” You squeezed his hand. “B-Because you’re so sweet!”

... a fucking pick-up line? Really? That’s so fucking stu--

He brought your hand up to his face and nuzzled it, a purring sound coming from his throat.

You could feel the smoothness of his skin, the flutter of his eyelashes, the plumpness of his lips. Could feel it, so intimately, on your bare palm.

ah

He looked up at you with his loving, *adoring* heart shaped eyes and purred, “I *love* it. Darling, it's perfect.”

aa
aa
aa
aaah

Your body trembled.

Your eyes rolled up in your head.

And you passed out.

So Close And Yet So Far

Chapter Summary

Your boyfriend gets a step close to paradise.

And you do what you do best.

You fit so snugly in his arms.

It felt almost unreal, holding you like this. For so long --

days, weeks, months, a small eternity

-- he had wanted this to happen. Had dreamed of holding you, of keeping you, of being *his* and *his* alone. Had watched you, followed after you when you were too oblivious or too busy to notice, wondering if the day he could finally have you would come.

And yet, now that held you in his arms, he was almost at a loss for words. Like he was in a dream, in another fantasy he had while he was watching you go about your day, or sneaking into your room to just --

one touch, just one touch couldn't hurt you'll never know

But it wasn't a dream or a fantasy. He could feel you in his arms and knew, right at that moment, it was real. That you were here, with him.

God, he couldn't take his eyes off you.

Your gentle breathing, your peaceful expression, your slight smile. The sweat dripping down your face, the redness in your cheeks. The way your fingers twitched in your sleep, the little hitches in your breath, the wrinkling of your nose.

It was so cute, so intoxicating. So much so that he almost walked straight into a pole.

Good thing he caught himself just in time. He didn't want to drop you onto the filthy streets.

He pressed a small kiss onto your temple and continued to walk.

He walked between alleys and dark sidewalks, flitting in and out of dark corners. He took shortcuts, squeezed his way through buildings. He waited in the shadows until rushing strangers and stumbling drunks passed by.

He was mindful of the people that could see him. See *you*.

He didn't want anyone to see you like this. So helpless and fragile and *vulnerable* , so exhausted from the events of the day. Your body pliant, relaxed, *weak* against the ministrations of those stronger than you. Of someone like him.

It was bad enough that the people back in the diner saw you. In those precious seconds where he checked your pulse and breathing, a mess of panic over whether or not you had some sort of medical condition he didn't know about --

impossible he checked your medical records looked through your emails broke into the hospital interrogated your old doctor he would have known known known KNOWN

-- dozens of eyes had been on you.

Watching you.

Whispering and talking about you, their gazes trailing over your body like the filthiest of slime.

And in between the despair and the horror, the thoughts of --

what was happening what was wrong what was he supposed to do no no no no no nononononononoNO

-- he found himself tempted.

So very, *very* tempted to do something about those gazes. To make sure that they could never see you --

or anything else

-- ever again.

But your health was his first priority. Your *safety* was his first priority.

So he left with you in his arms, ignoring the grasping hands or the angry shouts from the people inside. He cradled you to his chest, careful not to jostle you too much as he ran, his mind a mass of panic.

But then you let out a huff of breath. One that sounded awfully like a snore. And when he looked down at you, he found that you were simply sleeping. Having passed out from the events of the day.

He was ashamed to admit that the relief almost made him drop you. He caught you just in time, before your perfect body could meet the disgusting ground, but he still felt a little guilty about it.

He had pulled you closer, placing a gentle kiss in your hair, murmuring, "Sorry, darling."

And you had smiled. A small, sleepy smile that he had never seen before. Your expressions had always been peaceful in your sleep, but never happy. Never blissful.

You had nuzzled into his chest, lacing your fingers into his hoodie, your head near his heart. Breathed out a sleepy, “*Honey...*” before falling silent, more comfortable than he’s ever seen you.

His heart had swelled. It felt like it would burst out of his chest just from the realization that it was him. *He* made you this way.

It was obvious in retrospect. You were so shy, so quick to blush and stammer and tremble. So nervous that you had to choke back the sounds you made, even as you accepted his gift.

It was such a mouthwatering sight --

those beautiful glazed eyes staring deep into his own, your fingers intertwined with his, the heavy flush on your cheeks, the sweat dripping down into your clothes, the small panting breaths, the little drops of drool painting your lips

-- that he couldn’t help but want to touch you. To pull you into his arms and --

*kiss lick suck bite grind **fuck***

-- you into the table.

But he settled for nuzzling into your palm instead.

You were in public after all, and the last thing he wanted was for someone else to get an eyeful.

Had he known that even *that* had been too much for you --

Well.

He probably would’ve done it again. Just in a more private place, where he could touch you to his heart's content.

He walked through more alleys and shortcuts until he finally arrived at his apartment complex. A small, cheap little place that was willing to overlook nearly anything if it meant gaining another tenant.

Apparently most people didn’t like living in apartments where brutal mass killings took place. One of the previous landlords went on a murder spree, killed everyone in the building before shooting himself, and now tenants were rare because everyone on the block thought it was “cursed” and “haunted”.

He never understood the fear, but he appreciated the lowered rent. And the handy little underground basement in his room.

Using the keycard was a bit tricky while holding you, but he managed, and slipped in before anyone could notice. He shut his door carefully, mindful of your sleeping state, before crossing his apartment and setting you gently on his bed.

You murmured something that sounded a lot like his new name, tensing down into the sheets, your eyes screwed shut.

But when he brushed some of the hair out of your face, tracing his fingers across your skin, you *relaxed* into his hold, letting out a long, low, contented sigh.

“Honey...”

He could feel your heat on his palms. Could almost taste the skin underneath your clothes, hear the cries you would make as he finally, *finally* did what you both wanted to do ever since he met you in that park.

You were so fucking irresistible.

He pulled down the zipper on your jacket, his eyes dilating at the flashes of skin. At the way goosebumps popped up on your neck, your chest, the way you shivered and nuzzled into his hands, seeking his warmth.

And again, you whispered his new name.

“Honey...”

He could feel his reasoning starting to slip. His mind being clouded by a haze of *need* and *want* .

He wanted you.

He *needed* you.

And he couldn't wait --

“Mmph. Wha...”

Your nose wrinkled. Your eyes fluttered open.

“What’s... going...”

Your bleary eyes peered into his. The suddenness of it froze him mid-motion, his hand halfway into your jacket, crouched over you as you laid on the bed.

Your eyes began to focus as your sleepiness cleared.

He could all but see the gears turning in your head as you took in what was happening around you.

Your eyes widened. You choked, your face turning bright red in an instant.

“HOLY --”

With an embarrassed shriek, you punched him in the face.

And So Ends The First Day

Chapter Summary

You apologize. Your boyfriend forgives.

You both finally get some sleep.

It was a light tap, nothing more than a small impact on his face.

He could honestly say he had worse and -- well. He probably deserved it, going so far, so soon. Especially considering how shy you were.

And in a way, it was a good thing. He didn't want his first time touching you --

truly touching you

-- to be while you were unconscious. He wanted you to be wide awake, and aware. He wanted you to *know* what he was doing to you, to look him in the eyes and see *him* and only *him* .

He wanted to watch you fall apart.

And besides, it didn't even hurt. So really, there was no point in freaking out about it.

But you thought differently.

You curled in on yourself, your head between your knees. "OhGodohGodohGodohGod."

He sat up and tried to calm you down. "Darling --"

"I'm so, so, sosososososo sorry!"

You cradled his face in your hands, your thumb gently trailing over where he had been hit. The heartbreak in your eyes made him want to get on his knees and beg for forgiveness.

"I'm sorry, darling."

"What? What're you apologizing for?! I was the one who hit you!" you said, lightly shaking his head for emphasis.

He glanced down at your open jacket. Your eyes followed his, an adorable blush forming on your face. With a squeak, you zipped yourself up.

"I should have waited until you were awake to --"

“I-I-I-It’s fine!” you said, looking away from him. He could see that you were starting to tremble, the embarrassment a bit too much for you.

So shy.

He could feel a fond smile spreading across his face. He loved you so much.

“Y-You were just trying to, you know, check up on me!” You laughed nervously, your eyes peering up at him from behind your baseball cap. “Right?”

He stared at you. And considered.

What would happen if he actually told the truth? That he was trying to touch you in your sleep?

Would you blush deliciously like you were now? Would you pass out again, giving him the chance to continue?

Or... would you get angry? Would you get upset? Would... would those beautiful, beautiful eyes of yours fill with disgust and hatred?

You looked at him with such affection in your eyes. And to see that fade away --

He couldn't let that happen.

“Right, darling.”

“Y-yeah! And I freaked out on you, for no reason!” You traced his cheek, your blush fading and being replaced with concern and guilt. “I’m so, so sorry, Honey.”

He almost purred at the way you were touching him, at how you spoke his new name. You held him as though he were fragile, you spoke to him as though he were vulnerable, the affection and --

love?

please please please please please please please

-- in your actions all too apparent.

You cared about him and *oh*, did that knowledge set his heart aflame. To see someone so perfect, so divine, a living *miracle*, consider him worth caring for?

He felt himself start to flush, his eyes becoming half-lidded, his entire body becoming hot.

He wanted to nuzzle your hands again, but you just woke up. He didn’t want to see you faint again.

Even if things would’ve been much simpler that way.

After all, you were in his home. Alone, with him.

And to his knowledge, no one knew where you were. You never let anyone know where you were going when you went on those little walks of yours. You wanted to be by yourself. You wanted peace and quiet.

His eyes flickered over to the ropes, the one he left hanging over the headboard. They were behind you, so you couldn't see them, but they *were* within reach.

It would be so easy.

So simple. He wouldn't even have to chloroform you, considering how him touching you was enough to put you to sleep. A simple kiss, maybe a swift lick of your neck and you'd be gone.

And then when you'd wake up, you'd be a special place. A safe place, where only you and he could ever exist.

You'd never be able to run, no matter how much you might've wanted to. And he wouldn't have to worry about *fucking parasites* latching onto you, trying to take you away from him.

It'd just be you and him.

Forever.

His smile widened. He'd have to be quick --

"Fuck. Stay *right here* , I'm gonna go get some bandages!"

You stumbled off of the bed, tripping over the carpet and almost banging your knee against the nightstand. You fumbled for the doorknob for a moment before wrenching it open.

He was at your side before you could react.

He couldn't let you escape.

"Darling --"

You whipped around and pointed at him, your finger an inch away from his face.

Your face was a mass of panic and determination. There was a fire in your eyes that he had only seen when dealing with the most annoying of customers at your job.

A kind of fire that just made him want to *submit*.

It was breathtaking. He couldn't look away.

" *Stay!* Okay?"

He smiled at you. He could feel himself start to sway. "...of course, darling."

Your face was red again.

Was your skin as hot as it looked?

His smile widened. He took a step closer to you.

Oh, how he wanted to see.

“G-G-G-Good!” You swallowed and looked away, pulling at your collar. “A-A-And where’s your bathroom again?”

Bandages, bandages, bandages --

Where the fuck are all the bandages?!

“Darling, it’s fine.”

The love of your life was standing at the bathroom door, watching you rifle through the cabinets. His cheek still red from when you -- when you -- !

You covered your face with your hands and let out a silent scream.

Fuck, you’re such a terrible person. You don’t deserve to have him in your life.

You acted like such a freak all day today and then when he takes you home after you fucking *pass out* , you wake up and smack him around?!

How could he even *stand* to look at you?! *You* couldn’t stand to look at you!

Fuck, you were so sorry. So, *so* sorry.

You had to make it up to him, but for now --

“You *really* don’t have to --”

“A-ha!”

You raised a roll of bandages triumphantly in the air. “Don’t worry Honey, I’ll fix you right up!”

You turned to face him -- and almost choked at the sight of his smile.

It was that same soft, blushing, dazed look he gave you earlier. The one that made you lightheaded -- the one that *still* made you lightheaded just looking at it.

Fuck, was it hot in here or was it just me?

God you could feel yourself blushing again, and that was the last thing you needed right now. Why couldn’t you keep your shit together for five fucking minutes?!

“Darling...” He took your hand in his and God. *God* , were his hands so big and soft and just -- just *perfect* .

They felt so *fucking* perfect and fuck fuck fuck, you were gonna pass out again because he was staring at you.

He was staring at you as though you were something wonderful, something beautiful, instead of the tomato red dumbass who horribly maimed his face. You could see the hearts in his eyes and *he was leaning closer -- !*

He was holding something. You wrenched your eyes away from his and focused on it.

It was a Band-Aid.

“Can I just put this on and call it a day?” he said, smiling sweetly.

It took you a good ten seconds to respond. You felt like you just got whiplash. “...sure.”

And that’s how you found yourself sitting ramrod straight on the couch, a cup of hot chocolate in your hands while your (possible?! potential?!?! future?!?!?! current?!?!?!?!?) boyfriend sat next to you.

Holding your hand. Lacing his fingers with yours. Just like back in the diner only *he* was doing it this time and it was somehow so much more - so much *more*.

You took a gulp of hot chocolate to distract yourself -- and then choked because holy shit was it hot.

“Are you alright, darling?”

You felt his hand on your face, felt it turning you gently towards him. His soulful, beautiful, concerned eyes looking into yours.

Your eyes were watering from the heat. You tried to smile in reassurance, but ended up letting drops of hot chocolate out of your mouth.

So you gave him the okay sign instead. “Mmph!”

He laughed softly and held out a napkin. He started wiping your face like you were a child, his expression fond.

Your embarrassment made you choke some more. More hot chocolate slipped out, trailing down your chin and staining your shirt.

His smile widened. “Didn’t anyone tell you not to talk with your mouth full?”

I want to die.

You quickly, but painfully swallowed. You needed to change the subject and fucking fast. “S-So! Do you have any roommates?”

“Roommates? No.” He scooted a little closer and held your hand again, like it was natural. Normal.

You could feel yourself smiling. You squeezed his fingers and prayed that you didn't look like a lovesick idiot.

"It's just me here. Well, and a few neighbors, but we barely interact." He nudged your shoulder. "You?"

"Um, I have a roommate named Lucy. She's..." You yawned. "She's kinda..."

You yawned again, rubbing the tears out of your eyes with your free hand.

What're you doing?! Stop yawning! You look like an idiot!

"If you're tired, I can --"

"I don't need to go home!" you practically shouted. "I-I-I mean, I'm not *that* tired! I can --"

Despite doing your best to push it down, you yawned again. This time a lot louder, and a lot longer.

Fuck.

Honey got up from the couch.

Fuck, fuck, fuck, you ruined it. You fucking ruined the perfect moment --

He wrapped his arms around your shoulders and knees and -- in one quick motion -- picked you up.

It was so sudden that you just.

Froze.

oh God oh God oh God oh God oh God oh God oh God oh God oh God fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck

He felt so firm. So strong. He carried you like you weighed *nothing* and that -- that *did* something to you.

But more than that was the feeling of -- of *safety* and *comfort* and, and *fuck*.

Fuck you could feel him.

Could feel the *beat beat beat* of his heart, could feel it against your cheek, reminding you that he was alive. That this was happening, that this wasn't just some, some *dream* you were cooking up while you were passed out on your bed after working double shifts.

You could feel his chest, his arms, the way he breathed against you. Could feel the zipper on his hoodie digging into your cheek, could feel the fabric of his shirt against your skin. Could feel the vibrations of each step.

This was real.

He was real.

And he was yours.

He *had* to be yours, because if not --

If not --

All too soon you felt him let go of you. Set you gently down on the bed and start to tuck you in.

You opened your eyes -- *when did you close them?* -- and looked up into his face.

Your face felt wet. And he looked blurry. Why did he look so blurry?

“Honey? Don’t leave me, Honey.”

You felt something brush across your forehead. Felt hands cradle your face.

“Never, darling.”

You felt something lie down next to you. Arms, wrapping around you, pulling you close. Familiar arms.

You felt yourself relax into that hold, wrapping your arms around him. Wanting to comfort him as much as he was comforting you.

And he *relaxed*, letting out a long, trembling sigh. “Goodnight, darling.”

“Goodnight, Honey.”

You closed your eyes and drifted off.

For the first time in months, he didn’t need to spend hours watching you outside your window, or within your closet.

Wondering if something would happen to you while he was gone. Wondering if you would leave, if you would suddenly stop breathing and leave his life as quickly as you entered it.

He didn’t need to peek through cracks or through darkened glass to catch glimpses of you. To sate that need, that unrelenting urge to just *be* with you.

Because you were right here. In his arms, safe and sound.

He could feel you to his heart's content. You were with *him* and no one else.

All was well.

And he could, if only for tonight, afford to relax.

He closed his eyes and -- for the first time what seemed like forever -- fell into a deep sleep.

He didn't dream.

Strange Minds Think Alike

Chapter Summary

You consider doing something irreversible.

You woke up to find the love of your life's face inches away from you.

His arm wrapped around your waist, his legs entangled with yours. His breathing mixing with your breaths, brushing across your face, your eyelids. His fingers intertwined with yours. You could feel the warmth of his skin.

You didn't punch him in the face this time, but it was a near thing.

Instead, you just stared into his sleeping, peaceful face and tried to keep your shit together.

Calm the fuck down, Y/N. You're just sleeping in the same bed, it's not like you had sex --

Wait.

DID you have sex?

You froze.

Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck --

DID YOU HAVE SEX?!

Because -- because if you *did* --

Then --

Then --

Then you must've forgotten it because *you can't fucking remember a thing.*

You can't remember!

You smacked yourself in the face --

though lightly and without moving much because you really, really didn't want to wake him because he looked so fucking cute when he was asleep and you didn't want to miss it ever ever ever EVER

-- but the memories wouldn't come back to you. You just remembered being tired and Honey carrying you and s-setting you on the bed and --

And --

Did you *seriously* forget?! How could you forget something like that?!?

You could feel your heart jackhammering in your chest. Your face growing hot, your body trembling.

fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck how could you forget something so important so amazing so wonderful fuck it must've felt good fuck he must've looked good fuck maybe you can ask him again but wouldn't that be weird fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck

It took you an embarrassingly long amount of time before you realized both you and Honey were fully clothed.

Aaaaand you were blushing again. Great. As if you hadn't spent the whole day doing that already.

Honestly, you were happy he was asleep. If he saw you being a total fucking dumbass again, you'd have to throw yourself into traffic to escape the shame of it all.

You wrestled yourself from your embarrassment and shame to stare at his face some more.

God he was so perfect. You had never seen something so perfect in your life. How could he stand being so perfect all the time?

Slowly, hesitatingly, you touched his face. Traced his smooth lips, his flawless skin, his beautiful eyelashes.

It felt like you were touching something divine, sacred. Something you had no right to touch but were selfishly doing so anyway. It felt illegal, being with him, because --

Well. Come on.

Just *look* at you. You were a blushing mess of a person. Barely able to string two sentences together.

He snuggled into your hand, causing you to squeak.

So adorable.

It was like he was part cat or something. Which was great, because cats were now your favorite animal, right after snakes.

Like, he purred before. *Actually* purred. You felt the vibrations on your palm, could hear the sound through the semi-noisy diner. It happened; it was real.

Was that something he did on purpose? Was it an instinctive thing? Both?

I love it either way.

You loved him so much. Did you mention that? Because you did.

You wouldn't know what to do without him, now that he's entered your life. The thought of never seeing him again was --

Terrifying. Actually terrifying.

You wouldn't know what to do if he left. Or worse, if he left you for someone else.

Because why wouldn't he? a terrible voice in your head said. *You were a mess. You've been freaking out all day today. You punched him in the face for trying to wake you up.*

Would it be so surprising if he left you? If he found someone else?

The thought of it made your body go cold. Every fluffy, warm feeling in your gut turned to ice.

The thought of *someone else* being with him --

of someone else laying with him, of someone else laughing with him, of someone else snuggling with him, of someone else loving him, of someone else getting those adoring looks, touching that pretty face, seeing it day after day after day while you just looked on

You were on top of him before you could think about it. Straddling his waist, hands on either side of his head. Staring down at him, at the way he whimpered and grasped for warmth.

You cradled his face in one hand, a part of your heart melting at how relaxed he got from your touch.

But the rest of your heart was filled with a bubbling, hot emotion. One you felt all too often when you dealt with annoying customers, or heard another one of Lucy's excuses.

But hotter, more intense, more all consuming. It filled your mind until you could feel yourself shaking from it, feel your face distorting from it.

The rage and hatred took hold of you, and it was only by focusing on *his* face that you could keep yourself grounded.

You couldn't let him go.

Ever.

Not even if he wanted to.

Because the idea of a world without him --

A world without him in your arms --

Wasn't a world worth living in.

So you needed to keep him by your side. By any means necessary.

You saw something flicker out of the corner of your eye. You glanced up and found that your movements disturbed something, causing it to fall from the headboard.

Rope.

Your eyes zeroed in on it. And an idea came to mind.

Do it.

You reached down. Felt the roughness against your fingers.

There was so much rope. A part of you wondered why he had so much, but you could barely think about it. Not when Honey slept on, completely unaware. Defenseless and unable to escape.

The perfect opportunity.

Do it.

He didn't have any roommates. His neighbors barely talked. They wouldn't notice.

You sat up, the rope clutched in your hands.

Do it.

You could support him, you know you could. You supported yourself and Lucy for months. And with such a small apartment, the rent couldn't possibly be that much.

You were more than happy to take extra shifts. To drop out of college if you had to.

Do it.

But his job -- would they notice? Would they care if he suddenly didn't show up?

No.

Jobs didn't care about their employees. You doubted that any job could see him for the perfect, beautiful being he truly was. They probably thought of him as just another worker, someone they could use without a thought.

There were bags underneath his eyes. You didn't notice before -- *how could you not notice?!* -- but they looked old. Like he went nights and nights without sleep. Like he had been worked to near death.

You clenched your jaw. You'd be doing him a favor, taking him away from all that stress and pressure.

Do it.

He never mentioned family. Or friends. Maybe he didn't have any?

Or maybe he didn't get along with them. Maybe they were on bad terms. Maybe they all betrayed him and that was why he asked you out. Because he was lonely. Because he wanted to be with someone. Because he wanted someone to care about him.

But you cared. You cared so fucking much that it was driving you crazy, that it was making you consider --

Do it.

Maybe no one would miss him. Maybe no one would notice. Maybe... you could have him all to yourself.

Do it.

You pulled the rope taut. It felt tough, hard to break. And the headboard, it looked metallic underneath the paint.

And Honey, he was so skinny. He looked so light, so fragile. You doubted he could break free, no matter how much he struggled.

Do it.

You pulled the blankets down and touched his wrists. Felt how boney they were, how weak.

Did he even eat today? You didn't give him a chance to, since you fucking passed out. How hungry was he?

You would have to fix him something later. After you made sure he could never leave you.

Ever.

Do it.

Slowly, carefully, you pulled them over his head. Kept a careful eye on his face to see if he was waking up. You brought the rope over and --

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

You jolted, smacking your wrist against the headboard with a metallic *thunk* .

Sonofa--

Your eyes watered as you held in a curse. Cradling your wrist to your chest and --

You felt him move, just slightly, underneath you. You blinked, your eyes snapped to his face, panic choking your throat.

His eyes were wide open. Staring at you.

FUUUUUUUUUUUUUU--

A Bit Of A Quick Shot, Huh?

Chapter Summary

You and your boyfriend get a bit too stimulated.

And... well.

You didn't think your boyfriend was the only one with rivals, did you?

“I-I-I-I-”

You tried to speak, tried to explain yourself, but the words wouldn't come out of your mouth. Only a barrage of noises as your mind blanked out from cheer, unadulterated panic.

This was your worst nightmare manifest.

This was the worst case scenario.

This was the end of everything, because there was *no fucking way* you could explain any of this away.

Even if he thought you were into some kinky bullshit -- *which oh God, just kill you right the fuck now why did you ever think any of this was a good idea* -- it would *still* fuck you over because seriously? Who the *fuck* pulls this kinky bullshit on the first date, let alone while he's *sleeping*?!

You'd be a freak either way because -- because you were caught.

You were caught, plain and simple, trying to tie him the fuck up while he was asleep. You were caught *on top of him*, while he was asleep.

He was gonna think you were a total freak.

He's gonna want nothing to do with you.

He's gonna *hate* you.

Your relationship with the one you loved was *done*.

And it was *all your fault*.

“I...” You could feel tears coming to your eyes. You were shaking so badly that the rope dropped from your numb fingers. “I...”

burning burning everything was on fire I can't feel my skin God I can't take it God I don't want it to stop it'll never stop he was never gonna make it stop he was just gonna burn me forever and fuck fuck fuck fuck please please please please please

It burned. It *burned*.

You were *fucking burning why was everything so hot you were gonna --*

It took him a moment to realize you passed out.

When he did he stopped the kiss immediately, letting his tongue slowly slide out of your mouth, savoring the taste, the feel of it. If he pressed his hand up against your neck he was sure he would've felt a small bulge there, would've felt his tongue slowly making its way out of your throat.

Fuck.

The blankets were sticky. Not just from him, but from you too. You had been just as excited as he was and the thought of it was *intoxicating*.

It was also a bit puzzling. Your tongue wasn't as sensitive as his was --

he could feel you could feel your throat massaging around his tongue so tight to wet so warm fuck he couldn't stop couldn't get enough

-- so it was a bit weird how easily you came. Maybe you had an oral fetish?

He shifted in the bed, feeling the wetness that stuck you and him together. His and your fluids were mixing, seeping into the sheets and it was all he could do not to get a taste.

Just one taste wouldn't hurt right?

But that would mean letting go of you and -- no.

He hugged you close, relishing the way you cuddled into him, arms wrapping around his waist. The high was coming down, the lust fading, and all he was left with was a warm, comfortable, *fluffy* feeling that he never wanted to fade.

No, he didn't want to let go of you. Not for a while.

He smiled into your hair. He could always get a taste later. Assuming you didn't pass out again which, adorable. *So* adorable.

He loved you so much.

He gave you another kiss, this one chaste. You whimpered in your sleep, your mouth chasing his, drool on your lips, your cheeks bright red, your tongue slightly sticking out as if to taste and oh *fuck*, was he tempted.

But no. He was going to wait.

So he simply snuggled with you and closed his eyes. Falling back into yet another dreamless sleep, your taste on his lips.

Outside the door, the landlord finally gave up.

“He must be still asleep,” she muttered to herself, her fingers fiddling with each other as she hovered near the door.

She was tempted to knock again but privately scolded herself for it. She knew about the bags underneath his eyes, knew how little sleep he got. If he was finally resting, she couldn’t ruin that.

But still, she stood before the door. Hesitating.

Before finally placing the bag of freshly baked cookies in front of his door.

She knew how much he liked sweets after all. And maybe... maybe he would appreciate them? She had baked them herself and she knew how much he liked freshly baked goods.

A-and maybe, he would appreciate them enough to...

Blushing furiously, she hurried back to her office. She had a lot of work to do after all!

The Scooby-Doo Gang Assembles

Chapter Summary

You're having a great time with the love of your life.

Everyone else? Well, they think you've been kidnapped.

TK knew the day was gonna be horrible the moment they came to work and saw that the entire diner was filled with cranky old people.

The fact that you weren't there and your apparent replacement -- a waitress named Tina who *may or may not* be banging their boss -- came in forty-five minutes late only confirmed that fact.

But it wasn't until the seniors cleared out and TK got to talking with Tina about where you were that they came to realize just how God-awful the day *really* was.

"Kidnapped?!"

Tina nodded rapidly, her eyes wide. "Yeah! They passed out and some guy just," she made a sweeping motion with her arms, "picked them up and ran!"

TK's head swam as they processed the information, forcing them to lean on the counter to steady themselves. They wanted *desperately* for it to be a joke, but they knew it wasn't.

The look on Tina's face told TK all they needed to know. She was dead serious.

"Picked -- did someone chase after them?! Did you call the police?!" The panic was making TK's voice rise to tea kettle levels. They ran their shaking hands through their hair, needing to do something to keep their mind off of --

the things they saw on the news the things they saw in scary movies thriller movies crime movies all the horrible horrible horrible things that could be happening to you right now as they just stood there and shook

"I-I don't -- how did this --"

Tina didn't seem to be aware of how close TK was to *flipping their shit*. Instead she went straight into gossip mode, leaning in close like she was telling a juicy secret. "Okay so like, I was waiting tables right?"

TK wanted to shake her. They didn't need some long winded, dramatic story right now, not when you were fucking *kidnapped oh dear God* --

“And Y/N walks in and I’m like, what? You know how bad the food is, why would you eat here? But then they order a milkshake and I’m all like, ooooh, *that’s* why! ‘Cause the milkshakes bring *all* the customers to the yard --”

“ *Tina* -- ”

“But then they just keep ordering milkshakes and they look super nervous the entire time, right? Like they’re shaking and muttering and sweating which, ew. But they keep ordering milkshakes, like a dozen of them. And they keep looking super nervous and scared and checking their phone a lot. And then someone came in!”

“Who?”

“I dunno. He was like, super tall? And creepy. And bald which, *mega* ew. I think he was old or something.” She shrugged. “Anyway, Y/N knocked over their milkshake and went to the bathroom to clean up and when they came back the guy was like, holding out a bunch of flowers which, you know, kinda made up for being bald and old? But after they took the flowers they like, passed out.”

“Passed out?” TK repeated, sounding as though they were being strangled.

“Yeah! I think he like, drugged the flowers? Which was weird ‘cause like, I didn’t even know that was a thing --”

TK wanted to throw up. Preferably over Tina’s shoes because why the *fuck* was she not taking this seriously and --

Oh God what happened to you.

Oh God what was happening to you right now.

Anything could be happening to you right now! You could be murdered or tortured or ra--

They could feel the bile in their throat. “Oh God...”

“A bunch of the customers ran after them, but the guy was fast. *Super* fast,” she said emphatically. “He was gone before anyone could catch up and the police, they showed up like *ten minutes* later asking a buncha questions.”

TK covered their mouth, their face growing paler by the second. “Did -- did they find them or --”

She just shrugged and went back to washing dishes.

Like she didn’t care. Like she couldn’t give any less of a fuck that one of their coworkers was kidnapped by some *freak* .

Calm down, a distant, more rational part of them said. *Maybe there’s a reasonable explanation for this. Maybe this is all a misunderstanding. Maybe if you call them right now, they’ll pick up and everything’ll be fine.*

TK clung to that shred of hope like a lifeline. They had their phone in hand and your contact on call before they realized what they were doing.

“Hello!”

“Y/N, are you --”

“I can’t come to the phone right now! Leave a message after the --”

TK hung up and tried again.

And again.

And *again*.

Each time it went straight to voicemail, they could feel their heart rate picking up, dread pooling in their stomach.

They didn’t want to think about it. Didn’t want to even *consider* it because these sorta things didn’t happen to them. It happened to *other* people, people on the news, people in crime shows, not someone they knew.

There had to be another explanation for this. You couldn’t be --

Be...

“I-I’m going on break!”

They threw off their apron and ran to the backroom before Tina could say anything.

Where is it, where is it, where -- there!

A black book, one filled with all the employee contact information. Specifically phone numbers and emergency contact numbers.

TK flipped through it until they got to your information. For your emergency contact you listed your roommate, Lucy. TK wasn’t sure *why* considering how often you complained about her and her willingness to leave you with all the rent, but whatever. They weren’t complaining.

They called her up, fidgeting at the dial tone. “Come on, come on, pick up...”

It answered. The person on the other line sounded irritated, and oddly breathless. “Yo! Who the hell’s this? I’m kinda --”

In the background TK heard a long, loud moan. It took a second for TK to realize what they were hearing and when they did, they had to resist the urge to immediately hang up.

Jesus Christ.

-- in the *middle* of someone, ya know?" she said with absolutely no shame. "It better be important."

TK grimaced, blushing despite themselves. "Is this Lucy? I'm --"

"Whoa." The playful tone in her voice dropped, turning into a snarl. "Who the hell told you that name? Who the fuck is --"

"I'm TK, Y/N's coworker from work," they cut in. "Are they there? It's an emergency."

The phone was muffled for a moment. TK heard Lucy call out to someone in the background. "Nope. Not here."

"Shit." Their hands were trembling again. "Did they at least come home last night?"

"I don't -- hold on." They heard her yell to someone in the background, followed by a banging sound. The moaning, thank God, came to a stop. "What the fuck is this about? What's going on?"

TK hesitated before giving her the whole story. She was your emergency contact, she needed to know.

She took it as well as TK did. "WHAT THE *FUCK?!* "

"I --"

"I'm coming over there right the fuck now. You *stay* there, understand?" She hung up.

Lucy dressed herself as she walked out the door.

She didn't even bother to tell her newest "study buddies" to fuck off out of her apartment; she just left.

Halfway down the narrow hall she bumped into the landlord. She didn't apologize and kept on walking.

"Lucy, your rent is --"

"Y/N got fucking kidnapped at their workplace. I don't have time for your shit right now, Don."

Any other time she would've fucking cherished the blindsided look on his face. "Wha --"

Lucy jumped down the steps and hit the ground running.

She didn't have time to waste. Not with you.

Left in the hallway, Don briefly considers the idea of just letting it go.

It didn't have anything to do with him. You were a tenant, nothing more.

Or at least, that's what he kept telling himself. Something about you had been catching his eye lately, though maybe that was the lonely divorcee in him grasping at straws.

He scowled down at the phone in his hand before finally biting the bullet and making the call. *Fuck* he hoped this was an actual emergency, because this was gonna get awkward.

Officer Williams -- also known as Roy to his friends and his Dad -- considered the information at hand.

A handle of witnesses, all who said the exact same thing. Tall, bald, hoodie vest, male, creepy looking. Short, baseball cap and hoodie, very nervous, undetermined gender. Short one passed out, tall one took them away. Flowers were involved.

And by the time the officers came to the scene, they were long gone.

Roy and the officers with him combed the area, but there was no sign of them. If he had to guess, the tall one must've taken a car along the way. Which meant they could be anywhere, even out of town for all he knew.

No security footage, because the boss of the place was too cheap to fix their broken cameras. Didn't catch anything on the nearby traffic or store cameras either.

He knew your name, Y/N, and where you worked. But he knew nothing about the man who took you. Or why you were so scared of him, according to the other patrons.

An abusive ex? A thug shaking you for money? Roy had no clue.

He could look through some of the nearby shops, maybe see if they knew anything about it, but that could take some time. And he already had enough on his plate; maybe he should shift this over to someone else --

His phone rang.

"Hello? This is Officer Williams."

“Roy, it’s me.”

He blinked. “Dad? What --”

“Listen, I’m gonna need a favor...”

You briefly woke up, hit with the sudden feeling that you were forgetting something.

But the warmth -- *fuck, he’s so fucking warm* -- curled around you kept you from fully waking.

His arms were wrapped around you. You could feel his heartbeat against your cheek. He was with you, he was *yours*.

You had never felt more comfortable, more *loved* in your life.

You snuggled back into your Honey’s arms, ignoring the nagging feeling in the back of your head. It couldn’t be *that* important. Not compared to snuggling up with your boyfriend.

Learning From Past Mistakes

Chapter Summary

Peter gets breakfast.

You meet the landlord.

He decided to cook you breakfast.

Though not before staring at your sleeping face for a while.

You looked so peaceful, so content as you nuzzled into his chest. You fit so perfectly in his arms, felt so warm and soft. The little noises you made and the way you clutched him closer, murmuring his new name in your sleep, made him feel as though his heart would burst out of his chest.

He didn't want to let you go.

But he had to, because your stomach was grumbling in your sleep. He knew you hadn't eaten much that day, aside from the milkshake at the diner. Too busy completing course work, too busy working, too busy trying to survive another day. You weren't afforded any time to take care of yourself.

It made him ache, thinking of how much you've been suffering. It made him want to cry, thinking about how unhealthy you were.

It made him *hate* .

Hate your boss, your teachers, your landlord, your whore of a roommate for making you push yourself like this. All those people surrounded you, all those people who supposedly cared for you and *none* of them even *tried* to help you? To relieve some of your burdens? None of them cared, despite how utterly *perfect* you were?

It made his blood boil. It made his hands *itch* with the need to grab a knife and --

You let out a pained whimper. He snapped out of his thoughts to find that he had clutched you a bit too tight to his chest.

He immediately relaxed, whispering apologies to your unconscious form, rubbing soothing circles on your back. Your face smoothed out, becoming peaceful once more, entangling your legs with his.

"Honey..."

God. He *really* didn't want to get up.

But he forced himself to, gently and slowly untangling himself from your arms. You didn't like that at all, your hands subconsciously grasping out towards him, chasing his warmth, your face set in a heartbreaking expression that made him want to get down on his knees and apologize.

He settled for kissing you. On your forehead, your cheeks, your lips, your neck. His teeth grazing your tender flesh, causing you to shiver and blush. You slumped back into the sheets, overstimulated even in your sleep.

So adorable.

Maybe you made another mess? You got so excited, so quickly. It didn't take much to push you over the edge.

He licked his lips, his fingers trailing down your clothed body. The sheets, your clothes were still stained. Maybe before he cooked you breakfast, he should clean it up for you? He didn't want you to wake up feeling uncomfortable after all.

He leaned over you, his eyes darting to your face every now and then to see if you'd wake up.

His tongue unfurled. *Just a little taste...*

Afterwards he lovingly tucked you in, running his hands through your hair one more time before heading to the kitchen.

Hopefully he had something in his fridge...

The moment you woke up, you felt a deep ache in your chest.

And when you sat up, and looked around at the empty room, you realized why.

He wasn't here.

Maybe he was in the living room? Maybe he went to the bathroom? Maybe he was just outside, in the hallway?

You checked everywhere, looking through closets, checking under beds, underneath the couch. You left no stone unturned and he *wasn't there*.

Did he leave me?

No, he couldn't have. He would've kicked you out of the apartment if he didn't want you here.

He could be with someone else.

No way. He was so interest in you --

Maybe he's not. Maybe he's humoring you because he's sorry your such a desperate freak.

He wouldn't do that. Honey's too sweet, too kind and *nice* to do something like that to you. He wouldn't hurt you like that.

Right?

Maybe he didn't leave by himself.

What if someone took him?

No.

No, there's no way someone could've taken him, because if they did --

What if he's hurt?

What if he's dying right now?

No no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no --

Then you saw something out of the corner of your eye. A note taped to the door.

Went out to buy breakfast! I'll be back in thirty minutes!

Love you darling,.

Honey~

The surge of pure relief you felt put you on the floor. You cradled that note to yourself like it was a teddy bear, like it was a lifeline, like it was a priceless, one-of-a-kind jewel that you lucked out into having.

He was just getting breakfast.

He didn't leave you.

He was fine.

You freaked the fuck out over nothing. Again. Just like you did last night (or was it early morning?) when you tried to fucking *tie him up in his sleep*.

You carefully set the note aside before cradling your head in your hands and screaming.

Jesus fucking Christ, what the *hell* were you thinking?! What the *fuck* possessed you to do something so *stupid* and *illegal* and *wrong* and -- and --

He would've hated you. Absolutely, one hundred percent, would have wanted *nothing* to do with you after that. Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, *fuck*.

But if you kept him to yourself --

How? How the fuck would you have kept him to yourself? There's *no way* you would've gotten away with it. It was totally a spur of the moment, dumbass, let's-risk-everything-on-this-poorly-thought-out-decision fuckup! All it would take was him screaming to his neighbors and it would've all been *over*.

But if you planned it out...

If you found a better place...

If you took your time...

You hesitated.

...no. No, no, no, you were *not* thinking about it. It was wrong and fucked up.

The things you were feeling, the things you were doing, were already bad enough. It was insanity, it was obsessive, it was *wrong*. And if you crossed this line, if you went this far, then you'd be a monster.

Would that be such a bad thing?

You picked up the note, tracing the words with your finger.

Love you darling

He said he loved you. *He said he loved you.*

That -- that had to mean something, right? You had to be in a good spot with him, right? The relationship *must* 've been going good.

So far.

So you *didn't* need to kidnap him. You *didn't* need to do something monstrous just to keep him.

Yet.

You rubbed the note against your palms. You could almost feel his fingers trailing across the page, his mind mapping out the words even as his pen wrote across the paper.

Fuck, maybe you should frame it? Keep it hanging up in your room so you could stare at it, forever.

Or maybe you can get it laminated. That way you could lick the page without worrying about the paper getting torn up or the ink running.

You pressed the note to your nose and sniffed. God, you could just about smell him and --

You carefully folded it and put it in your pocket. Then you slapped yourself.

God, get your shit together! Stop being such a fucking freak!

KNOCK KNOCK

You jumped, panic filling you at the thought of Honey seeing you act like such a freak. You immediately started making excuses. “I-I-I wasn’t sniffing your note Honey, I swear!”

KNOCK KNOCK

It was coming from the front door. You breathed a sigh of relief. He didn’t see you.

KNOCK KNOCK

You smoothed out your clothes and tried to fix your hair. Shit, you should’ve straightened yourself out earlier! What if he was disgusted because of how much of a fucking mess you were right now?

KNOCK KNOCK

“C-coming!”

You opened the door. “H-hey! Thanks for --”

You stopped. It wasn’t Honey.

“Oh I... didn’t know Peter had guests.”

It was a woman. Young, in her twenties, just about your age. With bright red hair, freckles, red glasses, a heart shaped face, and a fairly curvy figure that all together, would’ve made you think she was cute.

If not for the huge, slashing scar across her face.

From the upper corner of her face, crossing diagonally towards her chin, going through her eye, nose, and lips. Like someone had taken a knife and tried to cut her face up, but settled for simply slashing right through. Who knows, someone might have.

“Um...”

You blinked. Oh shit, did she catch you staring? “Sorry, I --”

Then what she said registered.

Peter? Was that Honey’s real name?

[illegible]

please

*please God don't let anyone take him away from me **please***

You felt tears pricking your eyes. You swallowed back a sob, trying to ignore the *ache* in your chest.

You would figure something out. You *had* to.

But first, you needed to flush *every single one* of these cookies down the *fucking* toilet.

End Notes

Check out my tumblr if you wanna talk or ask about stuff.

<https://nanayoungishere.tumblr.com/>

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