

Demons

“What the actual fuck, Foster?! How fucking careless can you be?!” Parker growled as he stomped into the room, following close behind his twin brother. “How can you not notice a fucking video camera?!”

“I wasn’t paying that much attention!” Foster growled in response as he heard the multi-windowed door of the boathouse slam shut behind him.

“Bullshit! First off, there’s an obvious fucking light in the dark. How do you not notice a little red light in the dark!? Not to mention you obviously looked right at the stupid thing a couple of times!”

“And that tree you ran into last year? How the fuck did you not see that?”

“Don’t even start. This isn’t about me, Fos.”

“Are we seriously having this conversation? You’re not our parents so why the fuck are you so pissed off?” Foster said as his fingers curled into tight fists. It’s not like Parker had any room to talk, as if he was the model of the perfect citizen. Between the two of them, Foster had been on their parents’ good side a lot more than Parker had. At least he got good grades. At least their dad had a job ready for him that he was *willing* to take. At least he didn’t have tattoos all over his damn neck and holes in his ear big enough for a small cock to slip into. At least he was presentable in a professional situation. And what did Parker have? Nothing. So he could go fuck himself if he thought he had any room to talk.

“Because Foster, you--You’re not being safe! Do you even know who the fuck that was?”

“So?”

“Do you realize *they* didn’t use a condom?” The frustration was obvious as Parker rubbed roughly at his temples.

Not this again. “Not everyone I fuck is irresponsible.”

“Right, just a good majority of them and you’re the worst!

“Fuck you, Parker.”

“Even I have condoms!”

“It’s not like you ever use them.”

“But I could.”

“But you don’t.” Foster growled. His arms crossed over his chest before he turned on his heels to face his brother. Their matching eyes locked on one another, and while they looked different due to styling, you could see how they still looked the same at that moment. “Seriously? You think you’re the one that can judge me? Why don’t you go tell mom and dad about all the shit you do? It’s just as *dangerous* as what I do.”

“No, Foster, it’s not. I’m not digging through the trash using dirty needles, which is pretty much what you do every time you got out and fuck like you do!”

Foster made a B-line back for the door.

“Where are you going?”

“Away from you.”

“We’re not done talking.”

“Well I’m done listening.”

“So that’s it? You gonna go cry and fuck Niko now? Some dude from the club? Or are is tonight a truck stop night?”

“Go fuck yourself, Parker.”

“If you can’t get him to wrap it, then at least watch out for a fucking red light. How hard is that? God!” Parker growled irritably. He didn’t try any further to stop Foster as he disappeared out the door and down the yard. It’s not only that he knew it wouldn’t do anything, but he really didn’t want to chase after Foster at this point. The guy was a fucking retard and if he wanted to

get AIDs and die, then he could go right ahead. He could shoot all the damn porns he wanted, get internet famous, and then die all because of his own damn stupidity and Parker wouldn't stop him.

Foster didn't bother to turn around and see if he was being followed. Parker rarely followed him when he ran out of the house like this and good ridded to him. He needed to breathe and knew that with his brother around, he never would be able to. Who did Parker think he was to explode over something like this? Like sure, maybe it wasn't the absolute best thing that could happen, but it didn't hurt Parker any and their parents were good at covering stuff up if they really wanted to. The press never caught wind of the stuff with Owen, so what made this any different? It would just be a matter of time before everyone was paid off and the whole ordeal went away and they didn't talk about it just like everything else.

Foster briskly moved down the driveway into the road. He didn't have a pair of keys in his hand, so he'd have to walk it until he got far enough away he wasn't in danger. The last thing he needed was for his parents to catch him while he was making an escape or to get into it with Parker again. As long as he got onto the road, they had no way to stop him and he could get a breather. The frustration was getting to his head and his skin was on fire and he couldn't focus on anything. The stress was wrapping itself tightly into his muscles and it was a feeling that Foster knew wasn't easy to get rid of. He hated them all for doing this to him. He shouldn't feel ashamed. He didn't need them to remind him how shitty of a person he was. He didn't need them to remind him of everything he ran off to do in the morning, afternoon, and night. There were things all of them didn't know about that he never planned on telling them. He didn't need any of *this* from people who didn't see the whole picture.

By the time he rounded the corner, Foster was nearly jogging. It was a few blocks before he dug out his phone. He ignored the few messages he already had in his inbox and instead went

on to something just a little more important. He scrolled down the list of contacts until he found Cole's number. It took him all of five seconds to tap in a text asking his older friend to come pick him up. There was no convincing needed. There never was and that's how Foster's friends were different from Parker.

It wasn't long before a black Bentley pulled up alongside the road. Foster promptly yanked the door open and climbed in. Before he even put his seatbelt on, he could feel the eyes on him.

"What's up?" He leaned on the steering wheel gently with a grin on his lips

"Nothing. It's just Parker being a jealous twat." Foster grunted as he ran a hand back through his short, blonde locks.

Cole grinned as he turned to look straight once more, putting the car into drive and taking off. "I saw your video too."

"Can we not talk about that?" While Foster might have defended his actions against Parker, he just didn't want to be scolded like he was some kind of fucking child. Parker could come and scold him after he dealt with his own damn problems, but until then, he could keep his judgments to himself.

"Oh c'mon, Foster. You looked good."

He smirked. "That's because I always look good."

Cole glanced over at Foster, glad to hear the cockiness in his voice. At least he wasn't brooding. It wasn't any fun to go out and do anything with someone who was pouting. At least this meant the kid was up for some game. "So where are you thinkin' tonight?"

"Barry's."

"My favorite."

Foster's ass pressed into Cole's hips. The music traveled through his body, filling his blood and carrying it about his body faster. He let his eyes flicker shut as he twisted his fingers through fingers into strands of Jaxx's brown hair. His breath was lost in the loud bass that shook the room and . The colored lights of the club flickered, giving just a glimpse of the bodies that filled the club while it still hid the naught acts in the seconds of darkness it so graciously provided.

It paid to have connection. To have fuck buddies who would help you get into places you *shouldn't* be. People who weren't afraid to break the rules. Specifically, friends that weren't also eighteen. While Parker looked down on him for his *lifestyle*, he could do pretty much whatever he wanted with the help from the people he'd met. It was his life and he could do what he wanted to. If he wanted to fuck around, fine, he'd get to. If he didn't want to use a condom, then good, that's what he wanted. If he wanted it rough, if there was a video, it's because he wanted it. If he didn't want any of it, then he wouldn't do half the shit he was doing... The excitement, the feel of someone else's heat as it mixed with his own and the calming sensation that it brought to his mind... It was a need and Parker didn't understand that. After all, if it weren't for Foster, Parker would be a fucking virgin and they weren't exclusive. God he was a brat. If Parker could go off and drink and fucking mess himself up, then Foster was free to do the same however he wanted. The only rule they were ever given by their parents was to not talk about the *Owen incident* and that's exactly what they were doing.

And let's be honest; this video was no *Owen incident*. There would have been no recovering from that publicity. Lucky for them, the Reid name was relatively unscathed. No one was knew shit about Uncle Owen aside from what they paid the press to say about his jail time. Their dad didn't have to explain just how his brother got away with fucking his nephews for three years. No one had to explain anything because no one knew and sometimes Foster felt like

he was crazy. No one talked about it. Their parents never talked about it. They went off to boarding school. Foster often wondered if it ever really happened or maybe... if he was just making stuff up to justify what he did to himself. Then it came back to him that what he did was normal just like how what Parker did was normal.

Foster's thin form pivoted in order to involve both the men he was with. His switched to lock hip to hip with Jaxx while his hand wrapped around Cole's neck this time and pulled him in close. Cole and Jaxx weren't his first choices tonight, but if he couldn't find something better, there was nothing wrong with going out with them. All he needed to know is that they were up for getting dirty all night long. Foster smashed his lips to Cole's desperately. His heart pounded wildly and urged Foster's hand to crawl down Cole's chest. His thin fingers traced the shape of Cole's muscles beneath his shirt until they arrived at the top of his jeans. They tucked around the belt as their lips broke apart for air. He was ready to get out of here. He pulled back and wet his lips with his tongue. Slowly it slid across his bottom lip as he thought about what he'd say.

"Hey," He purred into Cole's ear under the music, but as he leaned over the man's shoulder, he stopped

His bright blue eyes locked on a dark form across the dance floor, delight and lust infected through his blood. *He had to have him.* The man had short black hair and tattoos adorned his skin. Ripped jeans and a plain band tee. Everything about his style reminded him of Parker. The biggest difference being the muscles that were more toned than his brother. While there were many fit and muscular 18-year-olds their grade, he and Parker were not a pair that looked like *that*.

"I'll see you guys later..." Foster trailed off as he pulled away from his friends. After he saw him, there was no way Foster could just let him go. Jaxx and Cole would understand. They went to the club together all the time and he left them all the time when he found something he

needed. Parker wasn't here, but he may have just found the next best thing. Considering his friends knew they'd fuck again sooner or later, no promises were made. They'd be fine. They'd ask about this later, *if it didn't show up on the internet too.*

As Foster made his way towards the black haired man, he thought of what he'd say. He was hot and ready to leave. Fuck, at this point he didn't care if they did it in the bathroom. He just wanted it rough and he wanted it now. Foster picked his pace up as the music shifted, the loud beat powered his steps as his desire locked and wouldn't let the man leave his sight. As he approached the bar, Foster stepped right up to the tattooed man and pressed flush against his back. His lips leaned to press into his ear and a small grin sat on them as he whispered, "You want to go have some fun?"

The stranger visibly paused. He must have been surprised that he was getting picked up so early on. He didn't have to buy anyone a drink. It was his lucky night. Though Foster figured that it was their lucky night if they went home with him, regardless of how many people he'd actually fucked before.

Slowly the black haired man turned away from the bar and their eyes met. Green. He and Parker had blue eyes, but that really didn't matter. It wasn't like he was looking for Parker out here. Parker didn't go clubbing. Besides, he was pissed at the jackass for making such a big deal out of nothing. He just liked this style was all. It just so happened that Parker also liked to wear the tattooed rebel thing and he did it well.

"Some fun, eh?"

"It's your lucky night." Foster purred as his fingers wrapped around the man's hips playfully.

"I guess it is." A grin spread across the man's face as he turned the rest of the way. His elbows pressed into the bar as he leaned back. "But I gotta question."

“What’s that?”

His grin turned into a smirk. “Can my friends come?”

Foster glanced alongside the man at the bar and there were two other guys that had turned around on their barstool to look at him. *Jackpot*. His own smile had turned into a smirk as his finger dug under the man’s shirt to tickle at his skin. “Of course.” Foster wanted to forget tonight and with three guys with him, how could he do anything else but? The numbness was always a welcoming feeling when everything else around him felt like it was turning into a fucking disaster.

“Then let’s go. I know a place.” He smiled.

There was a hotel not far from Barry’s. It seemed most of their business came from drunks and hopefuls, migrating from the bar, looking for a quick place to fuck or get out of the cold after last call. It wasn’t anything fancy and god knows Fosters had visited more than one dirty room on various occasions, but when he was revved up and ready to go, little did he actual care about the condition of the place he was in. Foster’s needs had brought him to get dirty in more places than he’d ever care to admit. Playgrounds, bathrooms, pools, truck stops, corner stores, corners of the room. While many would probably brag about all the experience, there was an immense amount of shame that always hit Foster after the act. He attempted to combat the shame. It became unrecognizable as he’d boast to Parker about just what he spent his day doing and where, but it was never long after he rubbed it in Parker’s face that he actually felt worse than before. He felt unfaithful and fucking dirty and he knew that he could clean and he knew that he could never make it up to Parker. So he’d do it again, just to get rid of the feeling for a little while. He’d learned from their parents, when you felt out of control, look the other way and act like you’re fine. Nothing bad comes from that.

The keys to the door rattled just before it was pushed open. "Go ahead." The black haired guest invited him in first.

Foster more than eagerly went in the door. Why their bodies weren't glued together already was anyone's guess. Foster figured the guy and his friends were closet cases and he had no problems with that. The closeted guys always liked to fuck hard and that was exactly what he needed right now.

"Take off your clothes." He followed Foster into the room. The door clicked shut after the remaining men entered.

Foster pulled at the belt of his pants and dropped them before he went for his shirt. It was quickly tossed aside. His senses were going nuts and it wasn't just sexual frustration.

Excitement shot through Foster's body as he heard the belt pull from the jean straps of the other man's pants. "Don't look at me. Get on your knees." His voice was sharp and commanding. Something didn't feel right. "Hurry it up. Don't you wanna get fucked?"

Foster's heart raced as he stared, his eyes licked and a little bit wide.

"Do what you're fucking told, faggot." The guy growled, "Get on your fucking knees."

Foster quickly dropped to his knees as his heart pounded even harder. He could feel the pulse in every inch of his skin and his head was starting to get fuzzy. He knew what he was hoping for, but as he dropped to his hands and knees, he knew he wouldn't be lucky enough. His blonde hair was grabbed hard in a strong hand and he was yanked back. If the grip didn't have so much hair, it probably would have been pulled straight out of his head. Foster gasped, eyes closed tightly as his back was forced to arch.

"Who the fuck do you think you are?" The man growled. "You're fucking disgusting." He tossed Foster to the ground. "No one wants to fucking touch you. No one thinks what you do is alright." His foot slammed into Foster's stomach. No matter how much he might have braced

himself, the wind was knocked out of him and he began to cough. “You really think the shit you do is alright? It’s unnatural you little shit. Lucky for you, tonight we’ve decided to help you out. We’ll *straighten* you out.” He slammed his foot down on Foster’s arm as it laid on the ground.

Foster screamed out as he rolled onto his back in an attempt to get away. Foster sat up, pressing his hand to the ground to try and get up only to be stopped half way. One of the guy’s friends grabbed Foster’s arm tightly and yanked him up.

He’d wanted to feel something so hard that everything else was numb, but this had never been the plan. He didn’t know how long the beating had gone on or when it ended. Even when he knew they were gone, he wasn’t so sure it was if it was a feeling of relief that washed over him.

Every part of his body was in pain and he could feel the bruises forming upon on his face. The throbbing of his hear wasn’t restrained as his entire body threatened to protest movement of any kind. Fuck, it felt like his body protested being alive. The only salvation that he had was the darkness of the room that blanketed his shame from anyone who might walk in. This wasn’t supposed to happen. It was just supposed to be a trick. It was supposed... to be like Parker. Even the worst he’d had... never went this bad. He didn’t know if he could move, let alone walk. As his thin arm reached for the ground, his hand was shaking. His fingers pressed into the cheap carpet with a hiss and he was quick to retreat, letting his arm go limp against the ground. His breathing was irregular, coughs interrupted him as he attempted to breath deep. He could feel the blood come out as he coughed, but he didn’t dare open his eyes to look. Fuck, was he going to die? Slowly Foster’s hand stretched across the floor, reaching for his pants which laid just a few inches away. He didn’t know how much energy he had left, but he *had* to try and get some help. He needed to call someone.

His entire arm shook as his body refused to be picked up and his muscles locked in blatant refusal to work. He was just barely able to reach his hands and slide his phone out of the pocket on his tight jeans. He paused as the shame sunk in. At the thought of whoever came to him would see him... like this...

“...Just... do it... you stupid...” If it weren’t for the fact Parker was on speed dial, he never would have been able to give him a call. His hands were too unstable to do much of anything. Even after he pushed the number, he let the phone lay on his face as his hands dropped back to the ground. It rang and it rang and it rang. He prayed to God that Parker would answer the phone, but instead he was met with his brother’s voicemail,

‘I’m busy. If you need me, leave a message. If you’re Foster, go fuck yourself.’

Water pooled in his eyes and the shame felt like it was swallowing him whole. His lips quivered and he swallowed a hard lump. “I... ‘m sorry, Parker... I... I don’t know... I need... you...” The phone slowly slide from Foster’s face and hit the ground. His eyes flickered shut as the tears in his eyes threatened to spill out. This was it. He was probably going to die and Parker was going to be right. He was stupid to think he could get away with it forever. To think the few times before wouldn’t ever get worse. To think that no one could hurt him worse... than their family already had.

Slowly Foster lost consciousness. He couldn’t get up and he know if he even wanted to. He was ashamed, he was embarrassed, and he was weak. It would be fine because apparently Parker didn’t want to see him either, so it worked out and Parker could be the good twin like he deserved... not... all this favoritism bullshit. Yeah, that sounded good.

His phone vibrated against the floor, rattling with every movement. It wasn’t until the fourth or fifth time that it actually registered to Foster what was happening. His eyes flickered

open, the lights on his phone were going off, but as he reached for it, it stopped moving altogether. It wasn't even three seconds before it started to vibrate once more and Foster answered it as quickly as he could, slowly placing the phone on his cheek and letting his arm sink back to the ground.

"Where are you?" Parker's voice snapped through the phone.

Foster didn't respond, not because he didn't want to, but because it was proving difficult to gather the energy needed.

"Foster!" Parker growled, "Where the fuck are you?"

"...I don't..."

"Just fucking tell me, Foster."

Foster groaned as he shut his eyes and dropped his head back to see what he could remember. It was all so very distant while still feeling very familiar. As his eyes flicked back open, they locked onto the ratty comforter before him that only belonged in one place and it was a sheet that he knew well. "The hotel... behind Barry's."

"Jesus Christ, Foster. Where is your fucking class?" He growled, more so at himself in disbelief than at Foster. He knew Foster was terrible and he knew his brother had frequented that hotel more than he liked to admit, but still... Parker hated knowing that Foster was so careless with himself and it was because he was so careless that he was in the situation he was currently in. "Just, hold on, I'll be there soon. Do you know what room you're in?"

"No."

"I'll figure it out." And then Parker hung up.

Foster didn't want to know that Parker was on his way. That soon Parker would be looking at him in this pitiful, dirty state and just... what he had spent his night doing... When he could have been at home with Parker this entire time. When he *should* have been with him.

Instead, he let this happen and on top of that, he let it get out of hand. There had been a couple handfuls of instances before where some people who had just been too rough, some guys that ended up not listening, some situations that left him hiding for a few days while he recovered only to go home and tell some exaggerated story of what he'd spent his last few days doing so that Parker wouldn't worry. He didn't know how often Parker actually bought it, but at least he *pretended* most of the time.

He tried to wait. He tried to stay alert to hear Foster knock on the door, but he couldn't keep his eyes open any longer, and it wasn't long after his eyes closed before he was gone. The hope to ever be normal had slipped through his hands. He was scared. What would happen to him? He couldn't stop. Even after all of this. He knew within a few days, as soon as he was back on his feet, he would be back out there, because he *needed* to. There was no stopping. There was no getting off once you were this damaged.

Foster barely heard it. He heard the muffled sound of the doorknob jiggling before it was pushed open and the light turned on. His eyes flickered while they were still mostly closed. He couldn't get them to open the whole way while Parker's eyes opened wide, frozen upon seeing the image of his naked brother on the floor. His heart stopped. Foster wasn't moving. Fuck.

"Foster!" Parker called out as he ran to his side. He slid to the ground onto his knees, quick to reach for the blanket on the bed and yank it off to cover the blonde up with. "Call 911!" He snapped, though he never tore his eyes away from Foster. His heart throbbed in his chest. The blanket wasn't just to cover up Fos from the view of others, but so he didn't have to see all the colors, the blood, and see just how badly his brother was hurt.

His fingers reached under the blanket. Fear filled his body just as much as it filled Foster's. As their hands came together, Parker laced their fingers together. He hunched down, lowering himself closer. "Fos, can you hear me?"

Foster didn't give a response, he swallowed softly.

"Foster..!"

"... 'm afraid..."

"It's okay, Fos. I'm here..." Parker muttered, relief washed over him as he heard his brother's voice. "What—"

"I love you... Parker." Foster breathed out, his eyes fought to open and even now, could only see Parker through the gathered water and his long eyelashes.

"I love you too, Fos..."

"n I'm sorry..." Foster gripped his brother's hand tighter. His eyes squeezed shut harder in a failed attempt to contain the growing tears from falling down his bruised cheeks. His chest felt tight and the guilt sunk in. He couldn't stop. He couldn't stop even if he wanted to.

"I'm...fucked..."

"No you're not, Fos. You're fine. *We're* fine" Parker muttered as his thumb softly stroked Foster's hand. "We'll make it through this together..." Parker's free hand slowly reached over to gently rub away the tear that had escaped Foster's eyelid. "It's not your fault..."

Parker's attempt to help only made it worse. The gently feel of his warm fingers against Foster's hot bruised skin. He felt so nice. He felt so gentle... and the scent of smoke clung to him... was so comforting and familiar. The tears streamed down his face, leaving slick trails in their wake. He didn't deserve this love. He didn't deserve to have Parker at his side after all the times they've fought, after all the times he's fucked Parker over, after knowing that he was probably the reason Parker would never be normal. He would always drag Parker down... and

while he felt guilty, he didn't want to give it up because he knew that Parker was the only thing keeping him functioning.

“I'm sorry...”

“I know, Fos. It's okay. We'll be okay...” He whispered as his fingers tightened in Foster's. “We'll do this together like we always have.”