Three Rules

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Three Rules

by kittipewpew

Summary

After being captured by the enemy during a failed mission, and an even more humiliating escape attempt, I'm left at the mercy of König. He calls it discipline—I call it hell.

There are rules here. Break them, and you bleed.

Chapter 1: Chapter 1

I don’t need a miracle, I only need one mistake.

And it arrives right at 02:17, when the boiler does its hourly cough and the corridor lights hiccup.

Last time the idiots came to check on me, I only counted one bolt click on the door when they left. The top slide, forgotten.

What a shame—for them at least.

I hook a wire that I broke off the ridiculous thing they call a bed through the gap beside the handle, working it blind by feel alone. A slow twist, a gentle pull upward—just enough to tease the mechanism without making a single sound. The metal gives a tiny sigh against the pressure. I drape my blanket over the handle to swallow any noise, then lift. The latch slides free with a soft click, like it’s just as desperate to let me go as I am to leave.

I hug the wall the moment I’m out, counting my breaths. Left past the leaking mop sink, then right where the air always seemed to cool. The laundry door gapes open as I pass, machines humming in their sleep.

The hallway is empty, and I move the way I was taught by staying close to the wall, shoulders angled, slipping beneath the camera’s blind spot.

It's almost too easy, and honestly, I'm having fun despite the cold tile that bites at my bare feet and the cold, humid air against my naked legs as I pace down the stairs leading to what has to be the basement. Every sound feels too loud, every step a risk, but I keep going.

I quickly pause as I reach the lower level to see if the coast is clear. Tonight just be my lucky day, as it seems like the entire building is asleep at this hour.

It’s an underground garage, or something like it—where weapons and whatever else they are smuggling is being moved in and out. I remember it from when they first brought me here, those few seconds I managed to kick myself free and tear off the blindfold before it all went black again. That little victory earned me a solid kick to the abdomen.

With the coast clear, I move. Past concrete pillars streaked with faded yellow lines, doors along the wall marked 3 through 5, a forklift humming quietly on charge. After a few steps, I see it—my exit. Or at least, I hope it is. Truth is, I have no fucking idea where that door actually leads.

I’m about to bolt for it when something scuffs behind me. I pivot, breath held, scan the dark. Nothing but concrete and the hum of fans. Probably a rat.

I spin back toward the exit—and a boot slams into my ribs like a fucking battering ram. The world snaps sideways, and I crash shoulder-first into a stack of crates. It hurts like a bitch.

When I open my eyes, he's already there. Tall, broad, balaclava.

Fucking Boots.

That's what I call him, *Boots*, after all the times he's driven me into the floor or pinned me under his heel.

"Going somewhere?"

I grit my teeth, push up onto one elbow, blinking the sting out of my eyes. Another figure slides out of the shadows, cracking his knuckles like he's been waiting all night for this.

Blood.

You'd think I named him Blood for what he does, but no—he got that name because he always has some on him. Dried under his nails, smeared on his gloves, staining the seams of his sleeves. I've never seen him clean. Doubt he even knows how to use a shower.

I scan my surroundings, and my eyes catch on an iron rod half-hidden between two crates just to my left. Perfect.

"Actually, yes," I breathe. "I just have to take care of something first."

Boots steps closer, eyes crinkling with a hidden smile. "Oh really? And what might that be?"

I smirk. He shouldn't have asked.

"Kicking your fucking ass." I grab the iron rod to my right and slam it full force into his shin. He folds with a curse, and I roll to the side and push myself upright before he can recover.

Blood is already closing in. I twist and whip the rod at his head. He ducks, barely. I snap it back and swing again, fast. He blocks it with his arm, and his eyes twitch.

Good. That one hurt.

I bring the rod up for another swing, but he's faster, and pivots as he clamps my wrist. His grip is a vice, the twist sending a hot flare of pain up my arm. The rod skitters from my fingers and clatters on the concrete like a gunshot.

Before I can pull away, he hauls me in, slamming me flush against his chest. His breath fans hot across my back, using one arm to pin my arms to my body, the other reaching for my face.

I wait until his hand is close, and then I move. I open my mouth and clamp my teeth into the soft web between his thumb and index finger, hard, so hard I swear his leather glove tore. And the sound he made, it was music to my ears—a feral roar of pure pain.

"Fucking—bitch!"

His grip on me breaks, and his now free hand comes up and cracks across my jaw so hard the world flashes white, then fades to black at the edges. I hit the floor, head ringing. When I blink, there's a small pool of blood where my mouth just was. I can't tell if it's mine or his, and honestly, I don't care.

I hear metal scrape across concrete—the rod. Heavy boots follow, and a shadow falls over me. Blood looms, his face set like he's pissed.

"You'll regret that," he hisses. "Filthy—"

I brace for the blow, but Boots' voice cuts in, flat and bored. "Don't." Blood freezes mid-swing, and even I look weirdly up at him. "Boss wants her alive. Preferably without visible marks."

Boots crouches, his hand clamping my shoulder as he hauls me upright. My body protests, but he's already tilting my chin toward him. His thumb swipes the blood at my lip, eyes scanning for a split.

"Pretty sure that's his," I mutter, gesturing to Blood.

He studies me a beat longer, and scoffs. "You're lucky." It's obviously meant for Blood—but his eyes never leave mine.

"Lucky?" Blood growls, ripping his glove off with his teeth and thrusting his hand into the light. I look at it as well. My bite sits there like a red crescent—ugly, wet, *perfect*. "Bitch ruined my hand!"

Boots gives it a glance, bored. "It'll heal." Then he looks back at me. "Now… are you going to behave and walk with us, or do we make this difficult?"

The smart move would've been to smile, nod, and shuffle back with them like a good girl. But I'm too angry to be smart tonight. I spit—dead center in the only exposed patch of his face, right in the corner of the eye. He jerks, wipes it away with the back of his hand.

I see the smear on his glove and know I've just handed him an excuse.

Fuck.

Boots spins me so fast the world blurs. My arms are wrenched behind my back until plastic bites into my skin. I twist, kick, curse, but it earns me nothing except the brutal smack of concrete against my ribs as he slams me down. The air leaves my lungs in a ragged gasp.

He straddles my legs from behind, and another sharp *zip* cuts through the air—my ankles, bound tight before I can even catch a full breath.

Then, without warning, he hauls me up like I weigh nothing. The world tilts, my stomach lurches as he throws me over his shoulder, one arm locking firm across the back of my thighs.

“You really don’t make this easy for yourself, do you?” Boots says, voice dripping with lazy sarcasm as he adjusts his grip and starts toward the stairs.

I’m ready with a comeback when his second hand moves to hold my ass, barely covered by my underwear, keeping me still. The touch is no accident. It’s deliberate. Too fucking deliberate. My words die, I freeze, and he savor my silence with a jolly hum.

He carries me like that without uttering another single word, and we not long after pass my cell without stopping or slowing, making me wonder where the hell they are taking me this time. But I choose to stay silent, feeling his hand *there*.

When he finally stops, it’s in a part of the building that I don’t recognise. From where I’m hanging over his shoulder, all I can see is the floor—an empty hallway and the bottom edge of a heavy steel door. I twist my head as much as the cable tie and his grip will let me, catching a glimpse of the space beyond as the hinges groan.

It’s darker here than back in my cell—black tile instead of white. A single bulb swings from the ceiling, its weak glow spilling over a drain in the floor and a wooden chair planted right beneath it, and in front of it, a metal table that looks like it's been bolted down.

Boots steps through the doorway, and then he stops.

The motion shifts, and suddenly I’m sliding off his shoulder. His hands guide me down with unnerving care, as if I might break. My bare feet hit the cold floor, balance barely catching before he presses down on my shoulders, forcing me into the chair like I was always meant to sit there.

“There’s not even a bed in here,” I mutter, watching his gloved hand slice through the cable ties with a tactical knife. Blood floods back into my wrists and ankles in a hot, prickling rush that makes me wince. I rub at the marks, scanning the corners, searching for exits I already know aren’t there.

“You won’t be needing a bed.”

The voice comes from the doorway behind me, and Blood steps into my vision, crouching in front of me with something coiled in his hands. For a second, I think it’s a belt. Then I see the buckles, the soft padded lining, the metal gleam of control.

Not plastic this time. Not improvisation. Real restraints.

He grabs my ankle without a hint of care, but I notice the bandage wrapped around his hand —stained through in places, his movements stiff with pain. Good. He deserves it.

Metal buckles clink as he fastens the first cuff. The leather is cold and soft against my skin, almost gentle until he tightens it enough to bite. The second follows, locking both ankles to the chair legs with a sharp click.

He takes my wrists next. His grip is anything but gentle, fitting each wrist into thinner leather cuffs before buckling them tightly to the chair’s armrests, palms up and helpless. He’s clearly

pissed about the bite earlier.

Boots steps in to inspect the work, his shadow spilling over me. His gloved fingers trail along the straps, checking each buckle, each loop. When he finally steps back, I pull against the cuffs just to feel the truth of it. No slack. No mercy. The leather holds. The chair holds. I'm not going anywhere.

"Comfortable?" Boots asks as he notices what I'm doing, his tone almost playful.

I glare up at him, fighting not to show how much my skin crawls. "Why don't you sit here and find out—"

Heavy footsteps cut me off—a half minute of slow thuds. I know exactly who those strides belong to, but it's too late to brace when the footsteps stop in the doorway.

It's him.

König.

I can't see him, but I see the effect—how Boots straightens, suddenly tense, how Blood's cocky smirk slips away, replaced by something closer to dread. König doesn't come into view, doesn't need to. His presence fills every inch of space behind me, a wall of cold violence pressed up against my back.

I'd seen him only once before—the day they brought me here. He talked to me then, introduced himself, calm, explaining things I didn't bother to listen to. Like rules, boundaries, something about trust and discipline. There was no point in listening as I didn't plan on staying.

That didn't go as I had planned.

I can still remember the sheer size of him. Too fucking tall, too broad—every inch of him built for violence. He wore this strange black hood draped over his head, like a hangman's cowl. It hid everything but his blue eyes. The fabric fell in two slits down his face, bleached pale beneath each eye as if the mask itself had cried.

The first time I heard him speak, I thought he was German, but then I caught sight of the Austrian flag on his sleeve, red and white cutting stark through the dark gear stretched across those… massive… shoulders. German… Austrian… Hell, he could be Mexican for all I care.

He stops somewhere behind to my left, just out of reach, just out of sight. But I feel him all the same.

"How far did she get this time?"

"Basement," Boots answers quickly. "Almost made it out through the emergency exit before we caught her."

He sighs. It's a quiet sound, but it cuts deeper than a yell. The room grows heavier, suffocating. Is he disappointed in them, or in me? Or all of us?

“Leave.”

They don’t argue.

Blood is gone first, practically stumbling on his way out. Boots lingers, casting me one last look—pity, regret, maybe even a silent warning—then strides to the door and shuts it.

The lock snicks into place. Silence drops like a stone, but I can feel the heat of him close behind me.

His hands land heavy on my shoulders, and every muscle in my body tightened. His palms span almost the whole width. The touch is firm, claiming, not rough but not gentle either, and I swear I have never felt this small before.

“Twice in twelve hours,” he says softly. “That’s not an escape attempt, mein Liebling. That’s a habit.”

“I learn fast,” I say.

“You do. That’s why this—” One of his hands glides down my arm, pausing at my wrist, fingers pressing gently into the leather restraint. “—is so disappointing.”

He leans in, just over my right shoulder, and his other hand comes up, fingers brushing my jaw, thumb tracing a line across my cheekbone. Each movement is slow, almost coaxing, as if he expects me to turn, to seek him out. He tilts my chin ever so slightly, guiding but never forcing. I stubbornly look to the left, away from him, refusing the invitation.

“Trust,” he continues, placing both hands back onto my shoulders, giving them a soft squeeze. “We talked about it.”

“No,” I hiss, trying my best not to show how good it feels—how, for one stupid second, my body almost wants to lean into it. But I don’t move, keeping my focus on a small crack in the wall. “You talked. I pretended to listen.”

His breath stays calm, steady against the back of my neck—but I can hear it, the quiet strain beneath the control. The kind of anger that doesn’t need to raise its voice.

“Trust and discipline,” he says, his fingers still moving, kneading slow circles into my shoulders. “You keep confusing them with defiance. Tell me why.”

“Because you’re a liar.”

He laughs, it almost sounds genuine, and one of his hands drifts higher, tucking a strand of hair behind my right ear. “That’s not why. Try again.”

I keep my mouth shut.

He waits. He’s good at waiting.

“You can’t build trust in a cage,” I say after some time.

“You can if someone keeps running headfirst into the bars,” he answers. The pad of his thumb circles the rim of my ear now, slow and coaxing, reading every shiver I try to hide. His other hand steadies the back of the chair, making the wood creak.

“Breathe,” he murmurs, and I exhale. I didn’t even realise I was holding my breath until he said something. What the hell.

His fingers on my ear move, searching until they find the small golden at the upper part of my ear. My helix piercing. He spins it around a few times, as if he’s studying it. The touch feels gentle, almost intimate. Tiny circles, setting my pulse off-balance. He hums low, as if he’s pleased.

“Discipline keeps you safe,” he says. “Trust keeps you sane. I’m generous. I work on both.”

“Generous?” I laugh. “You tied me to a fucking chair.”

“You tied yourself to your impulses.”

Something in his voice snaps. The shift is small but terrifying, like a crack running through glass. I don’t see it, but I can feel him tilting his head, and for a few seconds his fingers keep toying with the ring in my ear. Then he stops.

“Rule one,” he says, his tone colder now, stripped of amusement. “You don’t run. Never.” His boots scrape lightly against the floor as he shifts his stance. “Rule two. You speak when spoken to.”

He pauses, close enough that I can feel the weight of his breath somewhere above me. “Rule three—”

“I’m not yours to command,” I cut him off. “You’re not my officer, so stop acting like it.”

There’s a quiet exhale. “Rule three,” he repeats, calm again but somehow worse for it, “you bleed only when I decide.”

“Go to hell.”

“We’re already in the waiting room, mein Liebling.” His tone is soft, and that makes it worse, and while I can’t see his face, his smile, I can *feel* it.

“You’re the one who decides what happens next,” he finishes as his hand finally slips from my ear, leaving my skin cold. For a second, there’s nothing—then I can feel something featherlight brush the curve of my ear, threading through the ring.

It isn’t painful, just strange—a faint tickle, an odd pull, a shift in weight, the kind of wrong that makes every nerve stand on end.

I have to fight the urge to look at him, to turn and see what he’s doing to me. But I hold myself still, staring ahead, refusing to give him the satisfaction of looking.

“What was that?” I ask him, trying to sound as unbothered as I possibly can.

“Speak when spoken to,” he repeats the second rule, calm and almost bored, followed by a small, dry sound—plastic teeth dragging through plastic. A faint *zzzip*.

“What did you do?” I ask again the moment I hear the sound, ignoring his warning. I couldn’t care less for his dumb rules.

There is the tiniest pause, then I can hear how he exhales, slow and irritated, the sound dragging through the mask. “You really don’t learn, do you?”

Before I can hiss back another retort, he lowers himself so low that I can feel the edge of his hood brush the side of my face. The fabric ghosts over my cheek, then drags down the line of my neck. It’s so light it could be accidental, but I know better.

“I secured the lesson,” he finally continues, voice low enough that I can feel the vibration against my skin. “Now, repeat the rules.”

“Go fuck your rules,” I hiss back, moving my head to the side to create the only distance I can manage.

“As suspected.” He sighs deeply, as if disappointed, then straightens to his full height again. His voice drops to a whisper meant only for me. “Then be a Schatz and count to five for me.”

“No.”

“Count,” he says, still soft. “Please don’t test my patience.”

My jaw trembles. Every instinct in me screams to fight, to bite, to do anything but obey. But the calmness in his voice pins me where I am. It’s quiet, controlled… and fucking dangerous. I taste blood, fear, and humiliation all at once, and the mix burns as it slides down my throat.

“One.”

This is so dumb, and I fucking hate myself for saying it out loud.

His fingers return to my ear, and the ring shifts slightly—no, not the ring. Something else, something threaded through it.

“What the hell?” I murmur at the strange pull.

He ignores the question. “Which number comes after one, mein Liebling?”

“Two,” I force out, feeling him toy with whatever is there.

“Better.”

“Three.”

He hums low, approving. “Gut so, mein Liebling. See? You *do* know how to listen.”

I bite the inside of my cheek, taste blood. My whole body is trembling.

“Stop calling me that.”

“Rule two,” he says like a warning as his other hand settles at the base of my neck, thumb pressing into the muscle there. “Now continue.”

His hand slides higher, under the fall of my hair, fingers spreading through the strands until his palm rests against the back of my skull.

“Four,” I force out, barely louder than a whisper.

“Almost there.” His voice is velvet-wrapped steel. “Just one more, and it’s over.”

“Fi—”

I don’t finish. He fists a handful of my hair and yanks my head left—hard. Pain barely gets time to bloom before a second, savage pull tears through my ear.

The sound that rips out of me doesn’t even sound human. White bursts behind my eyes, my body jolts against the restraints. For a second, I don’t even understand what he’s done. I can only feel the hot rush down my neck, and feel the raw throb where my ear used to be whole.

Something hits the table with a sharp *clink*. Then his grip rips away from my hair, tearing a few strands out with it. The chair spins hard, whipping me around. The world blurs, and when it stops, his fingers dig into my chin, forcing my face up until my head aches from the angle.

“Now,” he says quietly, almost kind, “do I have your attention?”

I’m forced to meet his eyes—those cold, pale blue eyes behind the mask. For a moment, terror roots me in place. I can’t fucking breathe, can’t even think, every instinct screaming *run* even though I’m not going anywhere.

And he is fucking enjoying this.

I yank against the restraints as pain and fury crash together, the leather biting into my wrists. “You’re insane!”

“No.” His voice doesn’t rise. He lets go of my chin and reaches into one of his side pockets of his pants. When his hand comes back up, it’s holding a small folded tissue. He presses it against my ear. “I’m thorough.”

“Don’t—” I hiss, jerking my head away. “Don’t fucking touch me.”

He exhales slowly, the sound more disappointment than anger, and lowers his hand and lets the bloody tissue fall to the floor. “You’re bleeding.”

“Yeah, thanks to you.”

He ignores the jab, steps away just long enough to grab another tissue, then moves behind me again. He presses a clean tissue against my ear. His other hand comes to rest on the opposite

side of my head, palm warm and steady, forcing me to stay still—pinned between restraint and touch.

“You’re bleeding because you chose not to listen. Because you ran.”

The pressure of his hand shifts slightly, his thumb brushing the edge of my jaw—testing me

“Rule one,” he says calmly. “Repeat it to me.”

“No,” I answer, expecting some type of aggressive reaction.

But he simply waits, looming in behind me. He stands perfectly still and doesn’t say a word, and I know he could do this all night.

My throat is tight when I whisper, “Don’t run.”

“Rule two?”

“Speak when spoken to.”

“Rule three?”

I don’t answer.

He lets go of my head and walks to the table. A scrape, a rustle. Then he’s back, kneeling, lifting something into my line of sight—a thin cable tie, tightened just enough for his index finger to still fit in the look like an anchor. My helix ring dangles from it, bloody and torn. A neat little trophy.

“I believe you would prefer me having to repeat what I mean by rule three, but I will more than gladly do it.”

I’m looking at the piercing dangling in front of my eyes, unable to fathom how he really used a fucking cable tie to rip it out. *Sick fuck*. I force myself to meet his eyes. “I bleed only when you decide.”

His eyes crinkle at the corners—mask hiding his mouth, but the satisfaction radiates from his eyes cold as a knife.

“Again,” he commands.

“I bleed only when you decide.”

“Louder.”

I fix my stare on him and let it ring out. “I bleed only when you fucking decide it.”

“Sehr gut,” he says, carefully throwing the piercing and cable tie back onto the table behind me. “We’re going to cement this.”

Wondering what he means by that I watch him pull a marker from his pocket. Black. Fat-tipped. He uncaps it and with the lightest pressure, writes something on my forearms.

A blocky 1 and 2.

“You think ink is going to make me behave?”

“No,” he says. “But it might help you remember.”

I look at the numbers on my skin, and realization settles in. Three is missing. My gaze drags back to him, just as he snaps the cap back on the marker. “What about the third rule?” I ask, and I immediately regret having said anything.

He doesn’t say a word. Instead, he moves behind me, grabs the chair, and with one hard motion spins it back toward the table, my eyes landing right where he wants them to.

My piercing.

“I guess *that* will work as a reminder,” he says from behind, voice almost casual. “That, and the pain you’re most likely feeling in your ear right now.”

I don’t answer. The meaning sits there right in front of me, and unless they have a plastic surgeon waiting at the other side of the door to fix me, the reminder will be there every time I look in the mirror… if I live that long.

König bends down next to me, and I hear a chime coming from the floor. I narrow my eyes as I see him tie a small brass bell by the chair’s front leg.

“What’s that for?” I ask.

“Accountability.” He nudges the bell with one finger. The tinny ding makes my molars ache. “If you try to go anywhere, it rings. And if it rings, I will come back, and repeat the lesson. I’m sure your ear would prefer we don’t spiral back and forth.”

“I’m not going anywhere,” I say as I yank the restraints on my ankles and wrists to state my point. The bell chimes in response, mocking me.

“You somehow managed to get out two times already.” He glances at the bell, then back to me. “Three tends to be a pattern.”

I glare at him and say nothing.

He lets the silence stretch for a bit, and his veil, mask, hood… whatever you call that thing, hides his expression. He proceeds to take a seat on the table in front of me, elbows braced on his knees, hands folded. I can see his eyes shift to my ear—it hurts like a bitch but I think it stopped bleeding.

“Do you understand why I did what I did?” His eyes shift back to meet mine.

I say nothing as I look back to the piercing that's lying next to him, jaw locked, refusing to meet his eyes or give him what he wants. I can feel his stare, daring me to defy him a second longer.

He waits.

And waits.

His patience is a knife in the air, growing sharper with every heartbeat. He draws in a breath, ready to remind me—

"Rule two—" he starts.

"Speak when spoken to. I get it," I spit out, cutting him off, voice shaking with fury. I finally lift my head, and glare right at him. "You did it to hurt me. That's all this is, isn't it? You want me to be afraid. To break. To bleed, just because you can."

"I did it to make you remember," he says, not missing a beat. "Pain is a poor teacher unless it's married to clarity. I'm giving you both." He watches my face. "Tell me what you're feeling."

"Anger," I bite out.

"Good. What else do you feel?"

I hesitate, but the words are torn from me. "I feel violated."

He nods like we're making progress in a therapy session. "What else?"

"Fear," I whisper, blinking hard against the sting behind my eyes. "I'm afraid."

"Excellent," he says softly. "This we can work with."

I watch as he stands back up, and his hand reaches down and tucks hair behind my uninjured ear.

"Now tell me rule three one more time," he says. "Then I will let you rest."

I shake my head

He doesn't sigh, he just pushes the back of the chair so the front legs leave the tiles—two centimeters, three—enough for my stomach to drop and the bell to chime.

"Say it. Or could it be that you want me to stay?"

I glare up at him, voice shaking but sharp. "I bleed only when you fucking decide."

"Thank you," he says, lowering the chair again. "Let's keep this simple, ja? I won't be far. There will be a guard just outside that door. If you need something, use your words. If you don't, I expect perfect silence from you. If you ring the bell…" He lets the silence linger, lets

me imagine. “I’ll come back, and you’ll wish I hadn’t. If you sleep, I will let you. If you cry, I won’t gloat. Those are some of my terms for now.”

“And if I spit in your face?”

“Oh, Liebling…” His accent wraps around the word, both caress and threat. He takes my chin, feeling his thumb dragging across my lower lip.

“Then I’ll show you just how many ways I can hurt you without leaving a mark. How many ways I can make you beg. Beg for forgiveness, for mercy, for *more*.” He leans in, voice low and dangerous. “Just try it. See how creative I can get.”

A warm rush shoots through me—unwanted, unwelcome. I force it down, clinging to the sting of pain and anger instead.

I hold his stare. It’s a bad idea to say anything, but I do it anyway. “Whatever you think you’ll get out of this, it won’t work.”

“We’ll see.” His gaze drifts down my face, to the dried blood at my ear, the black numbers on my arms. “Some lessons take longer,” he says. “But everyone learns. Even you.”

His fingers slip from my chin and he straightens, then turns for the door behind me. He’s out of sight, but I can still feel his presence.

“Try not to miss me too much. But if you do…”

He pauses, the silence stretching thin between us. I can hear the faint smile in his voice when he adds, “Ring the bell. I love an excuse to play a little.”

Then the door closes, and the lock turns.

The room exhales, and the bell sits there like a threat, waiting to be tested. The numbers on my arms sting, the throbbing in my ear won’t stop. I stare at the dried blood on the table, at the golden ring lying in it, and force myself to breathe.

In. Out.

And that’s when it hits me.

I’m fucked.

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