Summary

please don't read this fic it's old and shitty
Dear Evan Hansen,

Today won't be a good day I mean, it never is, right? Now here you sit uncomfortably writing one your creepy "sex letters" as Jared affectionately calls them. This is all in hopes you'll maybe feel better about your failure of a life and maybe your mom. But all you are is a burden. But Zoe. Zoe talks to you. She doesn't pretend you don't exist. She's nice, even if her brother is kind of scary. I guess it could be a good day, but then again, why would it be?

Sincerely,

Me

Evan saved the letter and shut his laptop. He leaned back, pulling on his pristine shoes. Startling him, his door squeaked open.

Heidi Hansen entered with a small smile, looking around but keeping her gaze on Evan's closed laptop. Evan muttered a greeting as he tried to tie his shoes, the laces slipping from his shaky fingers.

"You've been writing those letters, honey?" She asked, resting a hand on Evan's shoulder.

Evan pulled away, rising to his feet. "Uh yeah. Yeah, of course." He gave her an awkward glance before walking briskly downstairs, hastily stuffing his lunch into his beat up backpack.

Following her son, Heidi opened the door with her encouraging smile planted on her face. "Oh please have a good day," she said as she pulled Evan into a tight huge. "Bye."

Evan muttered bye and made his way down the steps. He absolutely hated taking the bus, but last night his mom said she couldn't drive him, only send him out the door since she had morning classes. Sighing, Evan halted at his bus stop, far off by a tree away from the other kids who laughed and talked.

It was an oak tree. Plain and average but beautiful. Oak trees are underrated, they are easily climbable and provide home for many animals and create large and amazing forests.

Evan was pulled out of his thoughts when the bus screeched up, Evan wincing at the sound. Hurriedly, Evan clambered onto the bus and took the little seat in the back of the bus.

It was the third week of Junior year, and Evan was not looking forward to it. Three weeks? It's felt as if it's been three years.
The bus starting moving, and Evan stuck his earbuds in his ears, ignoring the rest of the world, just as they ignored him.

If Evan were to use the emergency exit to jump out of the bus, would anybody notice? If they did notice would they care? Would the bus stop and get him, or would kids point and laugh, yelling for the bus driver to run him over.

Evan would gladly let the bus driver do just that.

He wouldn't have the guts to do that, of course. Evan stared at his feet, as he bounced around, jerking forward when the bus went for another stop.

Looking up, Evan noticed they were at the third stop. The last stop and also--

"Hey, have you told your mom I was nice to you yet?" said a boy from beside him. Evan looked over and saw Jared Kleinman sit down besides Evan, basically crushing him into the window.

Evan looked out the window. All that was out there was just more cars and trees, but whatever. "N-No. Why...Why would I?" He replied quietly.

Jared huffed, crossing his arms but he had his usual cheeky smile on his face. "Because, car insurance," he said. He had an obvious, "DUH!" tone to his voice.

Evan flushed, and kept looking out the window. "I forgot. My apologies," Evan muttered. There was a hint of sarcasm, but Jared wouldn't ever detect it.

Binder nearly flying over the seat, and Evan awkwardly leaning over Jared's lap to get it, the bus stopped and the kids started to not-so-neatly file out. Pretty fast too, despite everyone's tired glances and glares.

Jared climbed out of the bus, and Evan silently followed.

Since Evan had no other friends, and that's a stretch to call Jared that, he just awkwardly followed Jared everywhere.
The kid was the only person who even looked at Evan. According to Jared however, it was because his mom had to pay for his car insurance. AND their moms were best friends, so they've known each other since diapers.

"So...What'd you Um. What'd you do during the weekend?" Evan stammered out, looking around. He shouldn't be here. People probably grimaced every time they walked past him.

"Ew, what a loser," Evan could imagine the girls saying. The boys with laugh along, and say, "Wow, what a fag!"

Then Evan would get shoved into a locker.

Yeah, that never happens. Well...Evan did actually get his head shoved into a toilet bowl first day of school. Needless to say, Evan never enters the bathroom. He just holds it all day.

Jared raised his eyebrows. "What a conversation starter," he snorted. He punched Evan in the arm, and Evan gave out a very manly yelp. "What'd you do? Jack off to Zoe Murphy's instagram page?"

Evan choked on his spit as he spluttered out, "No! No! No!" He held his finger up to Jared, shushing him. "I um. I just ah..Watched Netflix. I guess."

"Lame. You could've come over, my parent's weren't home. They still have some of that liquor that they never drink," Jared said. They stopped at Jared's locker as he fished out his incomplete homework that he'd just copy off of Evan during first period. "They'd never notice if we finished off the bottle."

During eighth grade, Evan's anxiety wasn't getting better. It was worsening. By far. One night Evan was at Jared's house and Jared rummaged through his fridge. Way in the back, covered by the expired milk and mayo and rotting grapes, he found a case of beer. It was probably in there for like, three years, but Jared was excited to try it.

What convinced Evan to do it? One word, "Anxiety." His anxiety screamed at him not to. Like what if he got drunk and his mom saw? What if he died from alcohol poisoning? But then Jared brought up how it could just numb him. Evan could forget everything, and then have a raging headache he'd deal with in the morning.
Since then they down alcohol like every other week, just drunkenly laughing at nonsense and then sleeping for fourteen hours.

"-an? Evan?" A voice knocked him out of his thoughts. Evan stared at Jared who was impatiently tapping his pen to his homework. "Evan. I need your homework, gotta copy these down."

Blushing, Evan nodded and dug in his backpack for his homework folder and handed it to Jared who took it and scribbled down the answers sloppily.

After standing there quietly, twiddling his thumbs and wiping his sweaty hands on his pants, Evan stuck the folder back in the bag.

Jared slapped Evan on the back. "Thanks!" And then they marched off to first period. Algebra.

Just as they were about to enter the classroom, Evan knocked into something hard. Evan stumbled backwards and started spewing out apologies. He immediately shut up when he saw who it was.

Connor Murphy.

Evan looked around, panicked. He saw Jared, who backed up a few feet. They shared a glance, and Jared had a smirk. Was he just going to leave Evan there to fend for himself?

A strong smell of weed and alcohol hit him, and Evan nearly started coughing. However he held his breath as the boy stared down at him.

What if he got hurt? In second grade the kid freaking hurled a printer at the teacher!

Connor just glared at Evan, eyes flashing. Evan squeezing his eyes shut, just waiting and preparing himself for the worst.

Nothing came.

Evan risked a peek, and Connor looked amused. "Watch it," Connor snapped, and went in the
classroom.

Wait. Connor was in his first period? He sure as Hell never saw him.

Evan whirled around and Jared was laughing so hard he looked like he was about to fall over. Evan scowled. "You--You left me to fend for myself!" He grumbled.

Jared grinned, rolling his eyes. "You're lucky you didn't get murdered. Maybe tonight he will. Maybe he'll bomb your house! Then poor poor Heidi will come home to her blown apart house and her dead son."

"Shut up!" Evan snapped, shutting his eyes tight. "Just...Let's just go to class."

Jared's face was still red from laughing, but followed Evan into the classroom anyway.
Chapter Summary

Connor's P.O.V
I think I'll switch POV every chapter

Honestly, school was a waste of time. Connor couldn't wait to get out of there. That's why he even bothered passing. Didn't want to get held back, y'know?

Well, maybe he could go to college. A degree to where he can make enough money to get a damn house and some weed. If his parents don't send him to rehab on his birthday again.

Thanks Mom. Love ya too.

When Connor ran into the frazzled blond kid earlier during first period, he almost slapped the kid. But then he noticed how terrified he was, and it would've given Kleinman behind him satisfaction.

"He's a school shooter!"

"Be careful, he might sell you drugs."

"Hide your daughters!"

He's heard them all. Nothing is new. Yet every time they break a small piece.

*Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words never hurt me.*

That's a huge fucking lie. Why would you teach little children that? Connor would recite that to himself when he was younger, trying to convince himself he wasn't a fuck up.

This is the first time Connor has actually gone to his first period. He'd sit behind the school with the fellow fuck-ups. They all sit and smoke pot, however they never speak.

Rubbing his bloodshot and bagged eyes, Connor sat down at his table. Or he'd assume it is, since it's the only empty seat.

The teacher--What is it again...Oh yes, Mrs. Townsend--looked up from her paper in surprise. "Mr. Murphy," she was cut off by the bell. She continued: "Glad to see you're on time, and actually here."

Connor could hear small snickers and giggles, but a glare at the laughing students shut them right up. He didn't reply, just fidgeted with his pencil.

Looking over at who sat next to him, Connor clenched his jaw and tried not to say anything.

Next to him sat Jared fucking Kleinman. That was a bad seating choice, by next week he'd probably get punched at least once.

However, in front of Kleinman was the blond kid. Connor shifted slightly and rested his chin
on the palm of his hand, staring at the back of his messy head.

The boy didn't seem too bad. Yeah, he needs to get his sight checked and stop being such a pussy, and ditch his friend Kleinman, but he was in the same boat as Connor.

A total fucking loser.

"Evan Hansen?" Mrs. Townsend called for role.

The blond kid timidly raised his hand. He didn't call present, or even say anything. Connor eyed his bloody fingers and bitten-to-nub nails.

So his name is Evan, huh?

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

All Connor did during class was stare at Evan. And the occasional glare at Kleinman.

It wasn't for any reason obviously. Evan was in his line of sight.

"H-hey...Um." A voice squeaked behind him. Connor whirled around and saw Evan. He raised an eyebrow.

Crossing his arms, Connor rolled his eyes. "Hansen."

"You...Missed three weeks--C-Connor right? um. Great. Yeah!" Evan proceeded to ramble, but he noticed Connor's impatient expression and finished up. "You miss-missed three w-w-weeks of school...school. I-I have an-any assignments you can..." quietly as if it was a huge secret he said, "c-copy."

Goody two-shoes letting Connor copy? Are we in the twilight zone?

"No thanks. I don't care enough," grumbled Connor and shoved past Evan.

Evan didn't say anything, and Connor didn't look back to see if Evan would insist or anything. He just ducked into the boy's bathroom.

It was that one boy's bathroom like nobody uses. Whether it's too smelly, or too small, or there's only a stall and no urinal, nobody used it.

Connor slid down the wall onto the nasty ass floor. He couldn't bring himself to care. He shut his eyes tight, and picked at the skin around his black painted nails.

He really wished he had some weed right now.
"You got a boyfriend?" Teased Jared from behind Evan. Evan spun around and feel his cheeks go bright red and warm.

Evan covered his face. "It...It was the nice thing to do, Jared!" He mumbled.

Jared patted his shoulder. "It's okay. When he comes in to shoot up the school, maybe he'll remember that one time he was nice to you, and then he won't kill you. As hard."

"That's..." Evan started spluttering, trying to defend the boy.

Deep down, Evan kind of agreed with Jared.

Connor was pretty much bat-shit crazy, and terrifying.

The two boys dropped their conversation and parted ways, Evan fidgeting the whole way to his second period.

Suddenly, a hand grabbed onto his wrist. Evan's breath caught in his throat.

"Hey," she greeted. "I saw my brother like, glare you down, did he touch you?" She asked.

Oh yeah. They're siblings. How did pretty, sweet, and nice Zoe Murphy share genetics with... Connor?

Evan froze up. His eyes watered, and he looked around, panicked. He started coughing on his own spit, and his face turned into a tomato.

"Are...Are you okay?" Zoe said, after a few moments of Evan violently coughing.

Evan looked her in the eye--she has really pretty eyes--and almost fainted.

So what did he do?

He ran off.

Evan heard Zoe call after him, but he pushed past people and kept his eyes glued to the floor. He entered the first bathroom he saw and immediately started to panic.

"Another fucking day of making a...a f-fool of myself!" He whined, pacing back and forth, not even noticing another person in the room. "I'm gonna die fucking alone and then nobody will go to-to my p-pathetic funeral."

Something tapped him on the shoulder, and Evan swears he jumped four feet in the air.

Connor Murphy was standing right there, staring at him.

Evan wiped away the hot tears he didn't even realized he shed. Evan felt sick to my stomach
and he felt bile rise in his burning throat. "C-Connor!"

Connor greeted with a nod. "What's going on?"

For a second, Evan was grateful Connor didn't treat him like a kicked puppy. Like he was a child. He looked and spoke to him like he was a real human being.

"Breathe," demanded Connor. "Tell me. What's wrong?"

Evan started coughing, and he darted to the stall and threw up his entire breakfast and last night's Trader Joe's dumplings. He stumbled backwards and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

Having a panic attack because he stumbled over his words while talking to a cute girl? Dear God please kill him right now.

Connor grimaced and flushed the toilet for him. "So fucking disgusting," he mumbled. Evan brought his knees to his check, not even glancing in Connor's direction.

"Calmed down yet?"

Evan didn't do or say anything in reply. He just shut his eyes tight and wished he could just disappear right now.

Connor brushed against him as he sat down beside Evan, leaned up against the wall. "Me too Hansen," he whispered, running a hand through his hair.

Scooting away nonchalantly, Evan nodded after a moment of silence. "I..I'm c-calm," he muttered, still avoiding eye contact.

"Good." Connor brushed some bangs from his face, and he tried to catch Evan's gaze. "What happened?"

"It's...It's st-stupid."

"It can't be that stupid if it's got you this worked up, Hansen," grumbled Connor, shifting so he was sitting in front of Evan.

Evan furrowed his brows. "I don't think it's any...any of your---your business!" he mumbled and shakily rose, almost falling over. "i need to get to...to cl-class."

Chapter End Notes

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
my tumblr is @failedfalencho
lol
Earlier that day, he had a panic attack in the nasty ass bathroom.

Evan can't possibly wrap his head around as to why Connor tried to help him through it.

Nobody cares, or even glances. Just the meltdown of the day!

Stumbling into his empty home, Evan hurried into his room. Can he just die? Panic attacks in front of anybody are humiliating. In front of ZOE nonetheless.

A thought entered Evan's mind.

What if Connor tells Zoe about the bathroom incident?

Evan sat down onto his bed, digging his nails so deep into his arms he was sure he'd have marks and bruises in the morning.

He paced, sat down, and shot up. Rinse and repeat.

Wildly, he dug through his drawers and his bathroom medicine cabinet. Was he out of pills?

Justmakeistopmakeistopmakeistop--

Why was he freaking out? What a crybaby.

He'soutofpillseveryonesgoingtofindoutfindoutfindoutfindout--

Find out? Find out what? He's delirious right now.

Evan absentmindedly picked at cuts along his arms. He clenched his fist. No, that was in the past.

In sixth grade Evan wasn't...He wasn't doing so well. Jared offered Evan alcohol later on, but even alcohol couldn't take his mind off of anxiety induced thoughts.

To find a method--some sort of method, he found a lighter. He burned his arms. As a result, his mom freaked out and all lighters were out of reach.

Anything sharp was appealing. Scissors, a blade, hell even a pencil. But then he started freaking out if he'd get lead poisoning and die, so that wasn't an option.

He's been clean for three months, 24 days, 6 hours. He's kept count. The exact right time.

Evan dug through his desk drawers and found a child's safety scissors. Would that cut?

Can that cut?
Tossing them over his head, Evan went rummaging again. He found normal scissors. Large and sharp.

His window was over his desk and he stared outside. It was already sunset. His mom would be home soon.

He was slowly calming down, but he needed something. It's not like he could get drunk when his mom was coming home in...how long? An hour? Two hours? Who knew anymore, it's not like she bothers to come home early.

Holding the scissors shakily, Evan held them to his wrist. Not a long, dramatic cut. Little nicks along his arms. Nobody'd notice those.

Evan nicked the skin. He watched a drop of blood peak out. He did it again. Again. And again. Again. Again. Again.

He didn't realize he held his breath. His entire arm stung, and he let out a low hiss. He clenched his teeth. At least he wasn't panicking and focusing on ridiculous things.

No longer clean. He's too unstable.

"Dear Evan Hansen," whispered Evan to himself, digging through his medicine cabinet for band-aids. "Today was a great day. Fantastic. B-Because Z-Zoe talked...she talked to you," Evan began. He ran his wrist under water and wiped it off. The nicks were red with blood. Gingerly, he placed a band-aid over his wrist and left the bathroom.

He felt disgusting.

Evan continued the letter to himself as he slipped on his jacket. Cover up the band-aid. His mom would question it, Evan would stumble over a lie. Then he'd be sent to a mental hospital. Sent away from home. "But then you screwed it all up," he growled, holding tightly onto his sleeves. "And then Connor--probably one of the most crazy kids in the school had--had to help. Well, he wasn't that helpful anyway." Evan fell backwards onto his bed. "B-But it was nice to ha-have the c-company," he admitted, sniffling.

He closed his eyes. Time to vanish and pretend he actually wasn't alive.
Connor

Chapter Summary

Holy jesus: To those who live in the phillippines, I am so worried and afraid for you.
And those at the Ariana Grande Concert

Connor wasn't in a good mood.

Scratch that, Connor was rarely in a good mood. Today, Connor had no energy. Not even enough
energy to even smoke a joint.

It took all of his effort and energy that day to just get out of bed. He smelt like ass, but he couldn't
bring himself to care. Nobody went near him anyway.

Slowly, Connor pulled on his boots: the same pair he wore every day. He had a pair of Nikes, but
those didn't suit him.

As usual, Connor walked. It usually gave him a chance for his weed and the bus wasn't...The bus
wasn't Connor friendly to put it lightly.

The trees were tall, slowly turning into colors of brown and orange and yellow as autumn slowly
came around.

Autumn was Connor's favorite season. He had no idea why. Probably because people started going
out less, giving him a chance to be more likely alone.

Connor entered through the back door and slunked his way to first period. Why not? He had
nothing better to do. And it was English. The only class where he even passed.

And Evan was in it.

Honestly, Evan wasn't as bad as other students in the thunder dome. The more Connor thought
about it, the more the two were alike.

They just showed it in different ways.

Evan's hair was disheveled as he hurriedly sat in the middle of the classroom. Right in the middle.

It was a good strategy. Blending right in. If you sat in the back, like Connor (he wasn't called on
no matter where he sat) teachers would know you're hiding.

Connor eyed the eyebags and the red flush of his cheeks against the paleness. He got no sleep last
night. He probably had a panic attack all night long.

Leaning back, Connors fingers twitched, itching for a joint between his fingers.

The bell snapped Connor out of his thoughts. He watched Evan jump, then suddenly started
throwing his crap onto his desk.

Mr. B--nobody could pronounce his last name right--walked in with a large grin. He stared at
Connor for a whole three seconds before going to his podium.

"Alright," he began. The students immediately shut up.

Mr. B was a fun teacher. He respected his students, and if the students like you they will respect you. Unlike other teachers who try to control you and just yell.

"I know this will make you groan but," Mr. B grabbed a list. "We're doing group projects."

Just as Mr. B said, the whole class groaned in unison.

Connor rolled his eyes. Okay. He'll just go up to Mr. B and ask if he can work on his own, Mr. B liked him and will say yes. Most likely. Hopefully. Probably.

"And sorry guys, I'm assigning your groups."

Everyone groaned even louder.

Mr. B started listing off names, where people would either cheer or groan.

"Connor Murphy--" Connor glared at the list Mr. B hid behind. "--Evan Hansen."

What kind of High school teen drama movie bullshit is this? Partnering up two of the biggest school losers? Hahaha! Funny joke. Connor forgot to laugh.

Connor rose and stormed over to Mr. B's desk.

Last year, Connor had Mr. B. Mr. B taught only two softmore classes because they were AP classes for students so far ahead they could only be shoved in with the Juniors.

So, Mr. B knew Connor's antics and interrupted Connor before he could even open his mouth:

"Sorry Connor. You have to work with Evan," he said.

Connor scowled. "Why? You usually let me on my own."

Mr. B scowled back playfully. "Because Evan can't be on his own. And I know for a fact nobody would work well with him," he snapped.

Connor crossed his arms. "And I would work fantastically with him?"

Mr. B gave Connor a small, genuine smile. "You two are a lot alike. I know you two would be a fantastic duo. Go do your work." Mr. B dismissed Connor by turning to his computer again, ignoring Connor's "if, and's and but's."

Slinking back to his desk, Evan took the empty desk beside Connor's desk and stared at his desk.

Mr. B stood up again at the podium. "Found your partner?" He said to the class, but Connor knew it was at himself by the way Mr. B stared at him. "Alright, you two have to find a classic. Old yeller, Wuthering heights, Jane Eyre--I don't care, and write a three page essay on summarizing it, the authors message and meaning, and literary devices throughout the story. I don't care how you split it--I wan't this done in," Mr. B glanced at his calendar. Today was September 14th. "October 3rd. Get to working."
Then with one last glance throughout the room, students burst out into noise.

Connor slowly looked at Evan. The boy was sweating pinballs.

This would be easy. Connor has nothing better to do, so he reads. He's read about every classic imaginable.

So Connor chose the easiest, and one he could relate to.

"The Outsiders," Said Connor before Evan could even greet him.

Evan looked up, still avoiding eye contact. "O-Oh? Wh-What's it...about?" He mumbled.

Connor shrugged. "Doesn't matter. We're doing it. I got a copy I can give you. I tend to buy multiples of the same book just in case my sister fucks up one. She always steals my books for her reports."

Evan nodded, surprise glinting in his eyes. "Y-You enj...like t-to read?" He cautiously asked.

"No," Connor deadpanned. "I hate to read."

When Connor noticed Evan's face fill with terror, Connor immediately corrected himself. "I'm joking, E-Evan." Connor hated saying Evan's name. It felt so foreign. "Just," Connor glanced at the clock. "I'm doing nothing today."

With one curt nod, Connor slumped in his seat and kicked his legs up onto the desk staring at the blank whiteboard, wishing he was any where else but here.
"Jesus Christ."

"I-I know... And wh-what if I have to go to his house?" Evan sighed, running a shaky hand through his hair.

"This is quite the predicament. Connor fucking Murphy is out of his mind--you should start writing your will!" Jared said from over the phone.

Evan gripped the phone tightly. "You're not fu-funny. What if he like rips up all of our writing or something? What if we fail. In the end, it'd probably be my fault. I wouldn't b-blame him--"

"Shut up Evan. Just read the book. Write. The end. Project over. Or you could make Connor do all the work--" Evan opened his mouth to protest but Jared continued: "I know you're too nice for that though."

The two sat in silence, Evan stewing in his thoughts as he lay on his bed staring at his fan spinning.

"So do you want to get drunk off our asses? My parents aren't home."

Evan rolled his eyes. "No. Today is a weekday, and my mom is going to be home in like, an hour."

"Hmph. You're no fun."

"I-- Goodnight Jared. See you tomorrow," quickly said Evan, hanging up before Jared could protest.

He'd be fine. It's just Connor, and Evan knew Connor wasn't completely bad. He helped him in the bathroom and Evan knew one thing:

They're both damaged.

Evan got off his bed and stared at the redwood tree poster plastered on his wall. He went to California one year with the Kleinman's and they visited the forest. It felt like Evan had an actual...friend.

Not a family friend.

Glancing at his clock--7:26 P.M.--Evan pulled on his socks and shoes, slipped on a grey jacket and went downstairs and out the door.

He walked down the pathway. It was sunset. He stared at the sun glow over the horizon, and he wished he could go past that. Away from this sick place.

Evan rounded a corner and froze. At the end of the street was Connor.

Connor was shouting something at the house in front of him, and a girl was shouting back at him.
It was Zoe!

Evan took a few slow steps forward, watching the argument.

"None of us would care if you left home forever!" Zoe shouted, fists clenched, eyebrows furrowed.

Connor's stance was defensive, and if Evan knew any better you would think he was sad. Maybe afraid even.

"Then maybe I will," he shouted right back, stomping his foot. "God, I wish an only child. Wish mom never had you!" He spat.

Zoe's eyes widened and they darted right on Evan holy shit. She looked away and with one last glare at Connor, she stormed into her home, the door slamming.

Connor stood there, just staring at the door. He continuously snapped a hairband around his wrist and zipped up his black hoodie. Evan studied his face, and he wish he hadn't.

It looked too much like Evan when he was alone.

Heavy eyebags, red ears, snotty nose, red and puffy eyes. His face was bright red too, and his fingers were turning white they dug into his palm so hard. Blood could've been drawn if it weren't for the bitten down stubs of his fingers.

Evan's heart skipped a beat when Connor looked right at him. A shiver went down his spine. Connor had no emotion in his face, but his eyes screamed. They screamed so loudly how could nobody hear a thing?

Evan could relate.

"H-Hansen?" Connor growled. He wiped his face and marched right up to Evan. "Hansen?"

Evan didn't reply, just stood there as Connor stood right in front of him. "Did Zoe invite you? To watch me get humiliated? Me get called a freak and thrown out my own home?" He demanded.

"I-I was just--" Evan wasn't able to speak before Connor pushed past him.

"Fuck off. You're just like the others, your whiny act isn't doing anything!" Connor yelled. He hurried down the street.


Evan stood there, powerless. A whiny act. Connor was right, wasn't he?

Evan took his time walking back home, forgetting where he was going in the first place.

Chapter End Notes

aaaa sorry i hadn't updated
Connor

Connor leaned against a tall apple tree. He sat in the middle of the orchid at god knows what time. He held the joint to his lips, breathing it in.

Evan was probably just there by coincidence, but Connor the paranoid freak he is, lashed out.

The smoke fluttered into the night air. Connor shuddered. He tossed the joint and stomped it out. It wasn't doing anything.

He picked at the scabs across his arm and stared at the burn marks. A bitter smile stretched across his face.

Weren't those marks pretty?

Connor dug his fingers into the bark as he slid down, sitting on the ground. He felt the grass and dirty between his fingers, the dirt going into his bitten nails.

God, if anyone saw him right now, what'd they think?

Well, Connor has the answer to that.

_Freaky stoner._ Something along those lines.

Connor couldn't help but let his thoughts trail to Evan.

Evan wasn't a bad kid. Kind of cute if you think about it.

You could always find him during lunch with a nose dug in some weird tree book.

Maybe he had a tree kink.

This is a judge-free zone!

Connor got up, brushing the dirt from his black jeans. Maybe he should apologize tomorrow.

Connor glanced at his phone. 9:43. He'd been gone for two hours. He doubted his family even noticed his absence.

Maybe they enjoyed it, hoping he wouldn't come back the next morning like the norm.

Where would he go?

Connor took out his phone and dialed a number he dreaded.

"So um...Are your parents home? I need a place to crash," he muttered.

"For twenty bucks. They're not home until next week...business trip."

Connor frowned. He dug in his pockets and pulled out a five dollar bill. "I only have five."

"Fine, But you owe me asshole."

"Yeah. Sure. Whatever. I'll be there."
He hung up before further conversation.

This will be a long ass walk.

Jared Kleinman opened the door to see Connor Murphy impatiently standing on his porch, hand raised to knock again.

"Hey dickwad," greeted Jared. Connor just flipped him off as he pushed past him.

Jared shut the door. "Your marvelous bed," Jared said gesturing to his couch that had a thick blanket and a pillow. "Got a TV too. Where's my five dollars bitch?"

Connor slapped the five dollars in Jared's hand and immediately went to his kitchen. "Smoking makes me hungry," he grumbled and dug through his fridge and cabinets.

Slinking after him, Jared gestured to his fridge. "I got beer," he said. "I was going to get drunk with someone else tonight but they're....busy."

What? Connor never saw Jared talk to anyone else besides Evan. Why would Evan of all people choose to have a hangover with Jared?

Connor hesitated before saying, "Give me it."

Turns out Jared is such a fucking lightweight. Here he is, draped over his couch, upside down muttering nonsense.


Connor lifted Jared up onto his couch, grimacing at the strong smell of beer. He only had like two and a half bottles.

Taking a swig of his fourth beer, Connor went to the kitchen. There was only one bottle left. Connor shrugged, downing the rest of his beer and went onto the last bottle.

"Why do you worry Kleinman?" Asked Connor, not really caring as he sat on the edge of the couch. Jared sat up, wiping drool from his face. Connor scrunched up his nose.

"B-Because wh-what if I end up like my...my p-parents. What if I...I am a drunken mess for...for my life? My only fr-friend is Evan and...and he hates me!"

Connor threw a blanket over Jared. "Worry about that later. You're drunk," he said, patting Jared's cheek. He finished up his beer. "Finish your beer or I will."

Connor threw away the bottles and glanced at Jared. "Jared, I wouldn't blame him for hating you," He began slowly. He ignored Jared's shocked expression. "But I doubt Evan would. Good night, Kleinman."
"Good night a-a-asswipe," muttered Jared.

Smirking, Connor patted himself on the back for being able to take Jared's bed because he was passed out on the couch.

The light shone in Connor's eye, and he let out a long groan and hiss.

Connor shifted, slowly sitting up. He squint his eyes, his head pounding. He turned on his phone that was set on the nightstand.

1:21 P.M.

It's the middle of the afternoon.

And no texts or calls.

Zoe was right. Nobody would care or notice if he was gone.

Connor flopped back down, closing his eyes.

He'll just sleep for the rest of the day.

That sounded nice.

Sleep is the closest thing he can get to death at the moment.
When Connor woke up the next day, he wish he hadn't.

After Connor stole underwear--they had transformers on them too! Blackmail material--He walked downstairs and there was Jared, vigorously scrubbing at the carpet.

Then the smell hit him. Vomit.

"Did you fucking Vomit?" Demanded Connor, holding his nose.

"Ugh! Help me, freak. My bus comes in thirty minutes!" Jared snapped, gesturing wildly to carpet cleaner on the counter. "You'll have to ride it too. Good news at least, you can bask in presence."

Connor dug in Jared's fridge, fishing out the milk carton. "Not my problem. You produced the shit."

Jared studied the carton in Connor's hands. Then he studied Connor's gaze. That was the gaze of a madman. "I swear to god--" He cut himself off.

Looking Jared right in the eye, Connor started to chug it.

Jared darted to his feet, kicking the rag to the side and snatched the carton out of Connor's hands. He swished it around. There was nothing left.

"Asshole. I was hungry," Jared growled, tossing the carton into the trashcan. He grimaced. "You smell like booze, take a shower."

"The same to you."

Heading upstairs, probably to his shower, Jared flipped him off. "You like, never shower though. Always smell like weed or some shit."

Connor didn't reply, just pulled on his boots and waited for Jared to come downstairs.

There's a reason Connor didn't take the bus.

Children are animals.

The bus screeched to a halt, and kids piled in quickly, shoving and pushing. Connor nearly fell over the steps as he clambered in from a kid pushing him.

Needless to say, they regretted it.

Jared led him to a seat. Connor paled. Evan sat there.
Evan looked up, and he paled too. Evan scooted over and Jared took a seat beside him. Connor took the seat across the aisle.

Evan coughed and looked away. "Gross...Jare...Jared you smell like beer," he complained.

"Yes he does. You should've seen what he did this morning," Connor muttered. Evan either ignored it, or didn't hear it.

Jared heard it though, since he punched Connor in the arm.

The bus halted in front of the school, and Jared flew down the aisle, happy to get off the bus. Connor grabbed onto Evan's wrist. It was sweaty. Gross.

"Um..." Connor rubbed the back of his neck, ignoring Evan's gaze. "I uh... I am sorry...Yeah. Sorry...About uh..Uh last night?"

Evan's eyes widened as started to quickly nod like a bobblehead. "Yea..Um sorry? I wasn't really...I mean it's uh...Its fine. Well, like--I wasn't there for the...the reason that you uh--" Evan cut himself off. "I was there by coincidence! I was on a um..a walk."

"No. I was a dick," Connor murmured. Then he suddenly facepalmed. "I don't have your book sorry. I was kind of...kicked out for that night?"

Evan waved his hands wildly. "oh! It's fine. I checked it out at the library."

They went quiet, so Connor decided to finally scramble off the bus.

"Hansen?" Connor asked when Evan got off the bus.

"Yeah?" Quietly replied Evan.

Connor shuffled his feet awkwardly, not sure how to ask his question. This is foreign territory.

"Can we walk to class together?" Connor looked around. "Jared obviously isn't around to be your escort," he joked.

Evan flushed. "He...He isn't my es..." he trailed off realizing the joke. He laughed dryly, obviously fake. "Sorry...But um yeah. I wouldn't mind walking...walking with you. Jared isn't ah, Jared usually only walks with me when he needs to copy homework."

Connor raised an eyebrow. That's not surprising. Kleinman is a jerk.

Evan raised his eyebrows and widened his eyes. "Oh! That sounded rude...but um yeah. It's true," he muttered.

"To class?"

"To class."

And for the first time in forever, and probably even the first time in history, Connor Murphy arrived early to his class. With someone else too!
"So um...What'd you do when I wasn't here?" Asked Connor.

Evan pulled out his laptop. He logged on. "I um...I took notes? Since I actually checked out the book the night we were assigned groups?" When Connor didn't reply, Evan hastily added, "That's so weird I'm sorry."

Connor waved him off. "Whatever. How much did you...write." Connor went quiet. Evan had like four pages of notes. "Notes of what?"

Nervously tapping his desk, Evan looked away, staring a little too intently at the computer screen. "Key points in the storyline, characters, symbolism I noticed... excetera."

"_Hansen, did you finish the book already?_" Connor demanded in disbelief.

Evan chewed on his tongue. Great. Connor doesn't think he has a life now!

"I get...I get bored? I dont have uh...I don't have much stuff to do. It takes my mind off...stuff."

Connor didn't ask what "stuff" was, which Evan was thankful for.

Stuff was just, you know, constantly reminding himself what a burden he was. You know, the usual. Sadly.

"So. Literally all you...er, ahem. We have to do is type out the essay? Which can be accomplished in what? A night? With your speed writing...Jesus Christ!"


Connor slapped his hand on the desk. "Well shit. We don't really have to do anything during class. We're well ahead of everyone."

"I want this finished as soon as possibble, Con...Connor." Connor's name felt weird. It felt alien. Rolling his eyes, Connor replied, "Alright. Easy answer to that: come over to my house. My mom would be stoked to see someone actually at my house, and it'd keep Zoe off my damn back. Dad too."

_Of course. Connor would only want to hang with you for personal needs. Nobody would actually want to be your friend._

"Yes!" Evan said a little too quickly, ecstatic to have someone talk to him anyway. "Yeah...Um. Can I...Can I just you know...Take your bus home?"

Connor gave Evan a dorky thumbs up. Evan gave it a shaky, barely even noticable grin. The thumbs up was sort of cute.


_If Zoe did it, now that'd be cute._
Evan's thoughts went to Zoe. How adorable she was.

Unlike many teenage boys, Evan never really liked the words "hot" or "sexy" for women.

He's used them mentally on men...because they uh...They deserved it. No attraction to appreciate an attractive man.

"Hansen?"

Evan snapped out of his thoughts. "Yeah?"

"When will you leave?"

Evan shrugged. "Lets um...Lets ah, cross that bridge when we ah, get there. I gotta let my mom know..." he quietly replied.

"Well, see you then."

"Y-you too."

God Dammit.
Evan

Chapter Summary

im writing this on my phone at like midnight bc i can't sleep o K enjoy this piece of shit love you all

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Okay Evan, you got this. You just walk up with Connor into his house.

Into his god damn house oh my god.

Okay now your hands are sweaty what if he accidentally touches you or something after you and he thinks you're gross?

Also wait isn't Zoe his sister??

Dear God, kill me now.

Evan followed Connor down the street and onto his porch. Connor unlocked the door and gestured for Evan to enter.

He awkwardly stumbled in and glanced around.

it was a lot bigger on the inside.

When you first enter, you'll look up and see a large crystal chandelier that casted rainbow shadows on the walls.

To the left will be a small little nook. There was two plush chairs and shelves that reached the ceiling filled with books.

There was no room to the right, but if you went down the entryway there was a hallway to the right that led to two more rooms. To the right there was another hallway that had three doors. One probably to a closet.

it was huge already, and all he saw was just from the door.

"Home shit home," muttered Connor scornfully

"It's um. It's big...and uh..nice?" Evan said, looking around.

Connor shrugged. "I hate it."

evan didn't reply.

Conor led Evan further down until they were in the living room. It was like if Evan's living room times three! Next to the living room was the dining room. It had a large extravagant table that was glass. There was only four tables though.
The Two turned and there was the kitchen. It was sparkling clean, not a single dish in the sink. Unlike Evans home where they seemed to have piled up.

"want food?" Asked Connor, swinging open the fridge. "We got nothing." He swore. "Mom needs to go grocery shopping."

suddenly, a voice behind them spoke.

"Actually, she's out right now."

evan whirled around. He might actually throw up.

It was Zoe, her hands on her hips as she stood with another girl. The girl was dark skinned and she had large wire glasses. She wore a purple collared dress that went to her knees.

"wow Connor, I see you actually have friends," Zoe sneered. She glanced at Evan and her eyes widened. To him she said, "did Connor blackmail you to come? Though the window I saw he yelled at you like, two days ago."

Connor glared daggers at Zoe. "Welcome home Connor, Sorry I was a bitch," Connor mimicked, raising his voice pitch. "I see you have a friend too. Didn't know you had those either."

The girl with glasses sensed the tension. She approached Evan and stuck out her hand. "Hi! I'm Alana Beck! You're Evan right? I'm Zoe's friend--we're partners for that project in English," she glanced at Connor. "Oh! Are you two partners too?"

Evan opened his mouth to reply, but she cut him off and started vigorously shaking Evan's hand. "That's so cool! What book are you doing? We're doing Wuthering Heights."

Connor replied for Evan this time, sensing him being overwhelmed. "The Outsiders, which we should really be getting to," he said, glaring at Zoe. "We'll be upstairs, unbothered."

Connor tightly grasped Evan's wrist and dragged him up the spiraling wooden steps.

The upstairs was just as big too. When you stepped up there, there was a balcony that looked down at the living room. There was a small area with a TV and a small, two cushioned couch. If you went left there was a bathroom, and if you went right there was a small hallway that had two doors. One was wide open, which looked like Zoe's room. The next one was closed, and there was a long scratched down dent in the middle of the door.

"How...how um. How'd that happen?" Asked Evan.

Connor looked Evan dead in the eye, and he shuddered. His hands starts getting sweatier. The exchange with Zoe didn't help at all either.

"Knife."

Evan didn't push him any further.

Connor opened the door soon locking it after Evan entered.

it wasn't how Evan imagined it at all.

The walls were a creamy white. There was about three posters, all of a band Evan hadn't heard of. There was a light brown dressed at the foot of Connors double sized bed. It had navy blue sheets and two large, white fluffy pillows. There was a Jack Skellington doll.
"Unexpected I know," said Connor, kicking a jacket under his bed. The room was kind of messy. Clothes were scattered everywhere and on Conners nightstand was an uneaten bowl of ramen. The entire room smelled like weed.

"it's n-nice."

Connor sat at his desk, and gestured to the chair in the corner of his room. Evan pulled it over and sat down beside Connor. He sat down his bag and pulled out his laptop, turning it on.

"Hansen, let's see what you got--" the two couldn't say much else before a door slammed, shaking the house.

"I'm Home!" A mans voice rumbled through the home.

Connor slammed his head against the desk. "Ahh yes. There's fucking Larry!"

Evan gave Connor a questioning look. Larry? Did Connor have another sibling? As if there wasn't enough attractive murphys already.

Zoe! Zoe was the attractive murphy.

"Moms at the grocery store!" Evan heard Zoe tell "fucking Larry."

Fucking Larry said something incoherent before yelling, "Connor! You home? You better not be smoking up there!"

Connor didn't lift his head, or even reply for that matter.

"fuck off, Larry," Connor quietly muttered, muffled by his sleeve.

Footsteps tapped on the wood floors. Suddenly the door swung open, despite it being locked.

A tall, greying man stood in the doorway in a suit. Was this Larry? Conor's Dad? His eyes landed on Evan, his eyes widening. "Are you zoe's friend?"

Evan shook his head, picking at the skin around his thumbnail. "No..um..Uh. Sir. I'm here with uh...with Connor?"

"Connor huh?"

Connor finally lifted his head, staring at Larry. He looked exhausted. Like as soon as the man entered his mood worsened.

like Connors self esteem was already low enough you could climb atop it. But as soon as Fucking Larry entered it was so low you could trip over it.

"Yeah. I'm not completely hated," spat Connor.

Larry opened his mouth to reply, but shut up. He glanced at Evan one last time before nodding slowly, and leaving.

Connor darted up and shut the door behind him, locking it.

He turned to Evan, frowning. "Sorry. That's um...that's Larry. My dad. he can be an asshole, you
know how dads are." Connor laughed humorlessly.

Evan stared down at his hands that rested in his lap. "Well.." he awkwardly cleared his throat. "Not really."


Evan didn't say anything else about his dad.

In reality, it's just because his father was absent most of his life. This isn't Evans sob story chapter however. We'll get to that later.

Connor laid back on his bed, staring at his light. "I don't really feel like doing the project right now. Can we work on it tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow is Saturday," Evan pointed out.

"And? Just come over again."

conner said it so nonchalantly and quickly Evan was sure he misheard. Connor quickly changed the subject:

"Let's talk."

"O..ok. About what?"

Connor thought for a moment before his gaze trailed to Evans scarred covered arms. At home Evan wore his jacket, but he couldn't care less In public. Nobody really cared.

"how'd you get those cuts?"

Chapter End Notes

hey hoes talk to me on my tumblr like yes pls i reblog shit and if u want i can even post writing on there???
http://failedfalencho.tumblr.com/
Evan froze, and looked at Connor. He even looked him right in the eye.

Though, he did regret it. He probably looked like a deer in the headlights.

"Where'd you get the scars?" Prompted Connor. "I'll share some of my stories."

Evan leaned back in the chair. He tugged at his collar, shifting his gaze. "Um. How a...How about we um...Work on our uh..Project?"

Connor scowled. He leaned forward. "Don't avoid the question," he said, flicking his arm. Evan let out a small whimper. "Do I need to repeat?"

"Please um...Please stop," murmured Evan, pushing his chair back. His eyes stung, and his breathing was going ragged. "It's none...It's none...It's none of your...your um. Business."

Connor stood up and crouched in front of Evan. "What? Do you have some dark past or some shit Hansen?" He trailed a finger up Evan's arm, and Evan glared. It probably looked like a kitten trying to roar.

"It's from a razor," snapped Evan quietly. He narrowed his eyes. "I..Um. Happy? Are you ah...Happy now? Can we um. Can we um...Work now?"

Connor stood up, a raised eyebrow. "And why do you have a razor scar all along your arms, Evan?" He pushed.

Was he trying to make Evan fucking snap?

Evan's eyes stung, and he madly blinked. He clenched and unclenched fistfuls of his shirt, not even realizing he was holding his breath. He didn't reply.

Snapping a rubberband around his wrist, Connor shrugged. "You won't talk. Okay." He sat down, drumming his fingers on the desk. "Let's get this shit show started--and stop crying. You're going to make me cry."

Evan's gaze switched over to Connor. He was staring at Evan, a guarded expression.

What the Hell was that about?

"Um...Yeah. Who's going to...type?"

Connor went onto Google Docs. "Surprisingly, I have a talent for writing. I'll look at your notes and
type away. Every paragraph you can go and edit, yeah?"

Evan let out his breath, trying to regulate it. He let go of his shirt, slouching over. He rested his head in his hands. He slowly nodded. "Um. Sure. Yeah."

"Perfect."

After hours of writing, Evan still ridiculously uncomfortable after the exchange about his cuts, he laid back on Connor's bed.

"You staying the night?" He asked, shutting off his computer.

Evan looked up at Connor, who had his hands on his hips. "Sure. I uh...I don't really do anything on Saturdays'...Or um. Fridays? I just have to agh..Text my..Mom. Uh. Yeah. Yeah." Evan blinked.

Connor sat down beside Evan, staring at the wall blankly. "Sorry."

"Excuse....Um. What? Its fine---but for what?"

Connor looked at Evan in bewilderment. "Being a dick. Forcing you to talk about something that obviously bothered you? We're not even friends--why would you tell me shit like that?" Connor rambled, and Evan couldn't help but snicker. That was an Evan thing. Not a Connor thing.

Shutting up, Connor crossed his arms. "What?" He had a small smirk. It wasn't even that. Connor's version of a smile is fond eyes, softened eyebrows, and the corners of his lips twitching.

"Just...You rambling. That's a uh...Evan thing...Not a um...Connor thing?" Quietly answered Evan. "Ah...Sorry I kinda..Um. That's rude."

Connor waved him off. "True that. Also, I don't ramble."

"Okay."

There was a sudden knock at the door, and Zoe barged in. Alana was standing in the door way, twiddling her thumbs. She gave Evan her toothy grin.

Groaning, Connor fell back on the bed. "What the fuck do you want?"

Zoe glared at Connor. "Did you steal my nail polish?"

"Why the fuck would I touch your gross stuff?" Connor snarled in reply, studying the ceiling. He wasn't even really paying attention.

Evan sat up, looking at Alana who wiggled her fingers. Oh. They were painting each other's nails.

"Alana's staying the night," announced Zoe, as she started to dig through Connor's stuff. "And you want to talk about gross stuff? Take a shower you nutjob!" She grunted, slapping a drawer closed.

Connor twirled a piece of hair with his finger. "Funny. Evan's staying the night, too."

Zoe straightened up, stopping her rummaging. "Oh?" She looked over at Evan, and strode over to
him. She calmly rubbed his shoulder. "Be careful Evan. If you need to go home you can tell me and I could always give you a ride."

Ignoring the glare, Zoe continued: "So excuse any of Connor's future behavior," she said, looking him in the eye.

Connor abruptly stood up. He stretched his height so he'd tower over Zoe. "You barge in my room, accuse me of taking your shit, and then you fucking--" he gestured wildly and frantically to Evan. "--Start up shit with him? He said he wanted to stay here. He can leave whenever he wants, he's a big boy, Zoe." He spat her name with venom.

Evan scrambled backwards, not wanting to be in the middle of a fight. He glanced over at Alana, eye's filled with worry. She looked calm.

Alana calmly walked over in between the fighting siblings. She gingerly placed her hands on their shoulder and pushed them away from each other. "Well since we're all together, why don't we play a game of monopoly?"

"Jesus fucking Christ!"

"Alana...I don't think...I mean Evan can play if he wants but...Connor?"

"That sounds...um..." Evan glanced at Connor's exasperated glare. He quietly said, "F...fun...I um. Guess."

Alana clasped her hands together, grinning at Zoe. "Great plans! Zoe, where are your board games?"

Not even letting her reply, Alana headed to Zoe's room. "This is will be fun!"
Connor

Chapter Summary

okay this is shit like usual
i just want alan a adn evan interaction ok??

What the Hell.

Who knew this is how Connor Murphy would spend his Friday night.

On the floor of Zoe's room surrounding a monopoly board with her friend and his...partner.

"Fuck you! You're aiming for me!" Snapped Zoe, throwing a game piece at Connor. "You don't care about winning you just want me to lose."

Connor raised his hands in surrender, scrunching up his face. "Jesus--Fuck. Calm down, not everything is about you!"

Evan moved his piece, staring at the siblings worriedly.

"Guys! This was to help calm ourselves down...Not fight more," Alana groaned, obviously exasperated with the two.

Zoe turned and looked Alana right in the eye. Dead serious, she said, "Monopoly isn't a game. It's war."

Connor nodded, adding to her comment, "Exactly so you'd understand why you must kneel to me."

"Well you're being an asshole about it!"

"God dammit Zoe--this happens every single time we try to get along."

"You need to chill the fuck out Connor. You always do. What are you? A girl on her period?"

Connor gripped his piece tightly. "Are you sure you're not permanently on yours?" He seethed.

Zoe gaped. She just shut up, and drew a card.

"Will Mom make dinner tonight, or is she going out with Dad because she doesn't want to deal with us?" Zoe quietly asked after moments of silence.

Connor studied the carpet. It had a bright blue nail polish stain. "I don't know. They never bother letting us know, you know?"

Alana picked up the board abruptly. "This is taking too long. How about we play a card game?"

Evan nervously started putting the game for them. "H-How about no...no game at all?"

Connor glared at Zoe. "Look, because of you Evan doesn't even want to play a game with us!"
Gasping, Zoe fired back: "Really now? I think he's tired of playing with your ass!"

"Are you--Are you fucking serious? This is..." Connor stood up, and shoving the board game's box somewhere. "I'm going to my room. Evan, you can stay with them," he jerked his head their direction bitterly, "or you can come with me."

Evan awkwardly gave Zoe and Alana a tired glanced before following after Connor. "I'm...I'm um. Here for uh...You?"

Connor paused, pursing his lips. He glanced back at Zoe and Alana who were whispering to each other. "Cool. Whatever."

When he left their room, slamming the door, what Evan said rung in his head. He felt relieved. Like some weight lifted from his shoulders.

He pushed Evan into his room and shut the door. "We might have to order pizza."

Evan shrugged. "As...As um long...As long as you can ah...uh. Answer the door?"

Connor gave Evan a strange look. "Yeah. I am."

After ordering the pizza, Connor watched Evan stare at his feet.

"What do you want to do?"

Evan looked up, shrugging. "I um. I'm not the most...fun...person?"

Connor groaned loudly. He replied, "well I don't have much in this--" He did finger quotations. "--Hanging out thing."

Giving Connor a small smile (which was basically him just pursing his lips) Evan nodded. "Yeah uh...The only person I ever really talk to is J-jared and he ah...We do very...interesting stuff."

What the hell does "interesting stuff" mean?

Connor didn't question it though. "Oh. Do you have an idea?"

"Um...A uh...A movie?"

Connor started to rummage through a box of old movies he's had from birth 'til now. In there was even his birthing video; he grimaced and moved on.

Then he pulled out a CD, he evilly smirked. This would make Evan shit himself.

Children of the Corn.

"Okay, I found one you'd like," said Connor, putting in the CD into his little TV. "Scoot over," he grunted, grabbing the remote and settling it snugly beside Evan. He better not fall off.

Evan squirmed uncomfortably. He probably wasn't use to this contact. To be honest, Connor wasn't either. The warmth from Evan's side probably was going to drive Connor crazy and he'd have trouble watching the movie.

It's a known fact Connor is pretty fucking gay.
He's had one night stands for weed, actually. All with men. A woman doesn't give him the feeling a man does.

Oh. Back to the movie.

"What um...What's this ab..about?"

"You'll see."

"Oh um..." Evan was about to say something, but quickly shut up.

Okay. This was a bad idea.

Evan was fucking trembling and he dove underneath the blanket.

They're ten minutes in.

He knew Evan'd get scared, but not to where Evan was sweating, shaking, and hiding.

"Are you uh...Okay?" Asked connor quietly.

Evan studied his hands, fisted into the sheets. He nodded curtly.

"Um. We don't have to uh..Watch this?"

Connor was feeling guilty. He felt that way too often.

Evan shook his head. "I'm uh...I am good. We can con-Continue."

Connor paused it. "How about--"

Ding-Dong!

Connor got up. "Pizza's here. How about we eat and we can uh...Watch something else?"

After Connor got the pizza, Zoe and Alana came down.

They were fuming.

"You didn't think to get us any?" She demanded, tapping the box angrily.

Connor snatched the box away, holding it away from her. Evan was holding a large bottle of Coke, two glasses in the other hand.

"I bought it with my money," he growled. "If you want pizza, order it your damn self."

Alana spoke up, "You could've at least asked if we wanted any. We could've paid for the other box. It'd same time and effort."

Zoe rapidly and pointed at her furiously. "listen to her! She has a point! Listen to the smart girl."

Connor raised an eyebrow. "I bet Evan is smarter."

Evan looked at Connor, eyes wide. He started rapidly shaking his head, silent.
Zoe looked over at Evan. "Don't bring Evan in this--"

Connor cut her off. "I'm not. I'm just saying he's probably smarter."

"I don't mean to uh...be rude but--" Alana pushed up her glasses. "I scored fourth highest out of our finals throughout the district. I *do* think I am pretty smart."

Evan shrugged. "I uh...I got third," he mumbled quietly.

Evan may be an overthinker, he may be anxious, he may be lazy, he made be awkward but--

He's not stupid.

*The kid does so well because he's worried of disappointing anybody...He's too worried of the outcome,* Connor realized.

Alana gasped. Suddenly, she approached Evan and rapidly shook his hand. "Wow! You bested me...Good job Evan!" She had a large smile, and a friendly gleam but you tell it was forced. You could tell on the inside she was disappointed.

Connor was surprisingly good at reading people, just the voice in the back of his head told him otherwise of whatever he thought.

"Um... Thanks?"

Connor shook his head, stealing the box. "Well this was a *fun* conversation but we uh..." Connor started leading Evan away. "Gotta go."

"Fuck you," Growled Zoe. "Alana's still smarter!"

Connor glanced at Alana. "Sorry Alana, but I beg to differ."

Alana shrugged. "Opinions. Opinions. I'd like to have a battle of the brains sometime, Evan."

"Um. Al...Alana. Brains isn't always uh...Academics? Cr-Creativity is um...important. And spacial detection, and even just being culturally rounded and knowing."

Shit. Hansen is smart.

"Well Evan, let us go pig out and watch the movie!"

With a wink at Zoe, Connor led them to their room, shutting the door.

Evan sat on the bed, eyes wide. "I feel bad. I should go apologize--" Evan tried to get up, but Connor pushed him down.

"Hansen, it's fine. Stop the damn apologizing." He sat down, starting up the movie, opening the box. "Let us indulge ourselves."

For once in a while, Connor had the small spark of hope that someone liked him...and he had a friend.

It's small, and dim, but the spark is still there.
Evan

Chapter Summary

ok so like there's vomiting sorry

Chapter Notes

remember my tumblr is @failedfalencho u gays
. also i didn't update yesterday bc i was at my friend's house i try to update evry day!
yes i have friends shut up i am just as surprised

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was the middle of the night, about 3:30, and Evan was wide awake.

Connor's back dug into his side as Evan stared at his ceiling. There was holes in it that look suspiciously like bullet holes.

He would ask later.

Evan's stomach churned as he pulled at the sheets nervously. His shirt was drenched with sweat.

Stumbling out of the bed, Evan looked around rapidly before rushing into the bathroom.

He knelt over, bile rose in his throat. He gagged into the toilet, quickly flushing.

Evan fell backward, wiping his mouth desperate to get the taste of his mouth. His throat burned.

It was so odd and strange and new to be at someone's house other than Jared. Maybe the nerves got to him.

The light flickered on in Connor's bedroom and Evan looked over, eyes wide.

Connor stood in the doorway, leaning tiredly. "Are you okay?"

Evan jumped, still too tired to stand. "Um..Yeah! Yeah. Of course."

Raising an eyebrow, Connor studied the toilet. "Um. You just threw up?"

"Yeah um...The pizza uh...unsettled me?"

Connor took a seat besides Evan. He felt his forehead, he retracted it quickly. "Gross! You're sweating like crazy?"

Evan gave a weak, half-assed smile. "Um...Sorry?"

Standing up, Connor held out his hand. "No. It's fine...You're obviously um..Not feeling well."
Evan sat there, dumbly staring at Connor's hand.

Connor shook it impatiently. "I'm helping you up?"

Oh! Evan took it and rose to his feet, wobbling. His legs felt like jelly. He might actually collaps--

His thought process was cut off when Connor held him by the waist, close to him.

"Jesus, I'm not even entirely holding you and...God. What do you eat?" Jokingly said Connor.

It was a joke, but right now Evan wasn't thinking straight and that comment really stabbed him the heart.

When Evan is nervous, he does two things: he doesn't eat at all for like three days, or he eats so much he probably gains twenty pounds.

So he's bound to probably have some pudge on him.

Connor led Evan to the bed again with a sigh. He tucked him in and winked. "I guess I'll play Mom."

Evan flushed. He sat up quickly, nearly throwing up again. He was breathing heavily. "N-No! Please don't uh...Burden--please don't burden yourself! I'm a waste of time and space...please don't i'm fine see?" he word vomited.

"Um." Connor pushed Evan back down. He patted Evan's warm and tear-stained cheek. His voice was low and hushed. "You're fine Hansen. It's the least I can do; consider this a future apology for when I am an asshole since it'd happen."

Taking his silence as Evan being agreeable, Connor bounded down the stairs.

Evan scratched at the cuts on his arms absentmindedly, trying to regulate his breathing. He coughed, wiping his eyes furiously. He was pissed off at himself. Being too weak.

"Whiny act!" Connor's voice echoed in his head.

Speaking of the devil, Connor came back up with a water bottle and a bucket. He gingerly sat the bottle on the nightstand, and the bucket on the floor by the base of the bed.

"Here you go," Connor said, getting under the covers next to Evan awkwardly, whose breathing hitched. "Oh um...Do you want me to er...Move? I can get on the couch--"

Evan latched onto his arm. "No!" He shouted weakly...Or at least he thought he shouted. It was probably just a fierce whisper. "Um no. You're um...You're good. Great. Fantastic. You can uh...Stay?"

Nodding, Connor loosened up slightly and slumped.

Evan fidgeted. He wanted to drink his water but what if he spilled it? Worst of all, what if he spilled it on Connor.

With a burning throat and a nasty taste in his mouth, Evan finally managed to sleep.
Evan woke up in an empty bed and the sun shining in his eyes.

He glared at the sun, looking around the room.

There was a pile of clothes at the foot of his bed.

A fresh pair of khaki pants and a blue button up. Evan looked around and read a sticky note stuck atop of it.

*I'm so glad Connor has a friend over! I'm Cynthia :) I wasn't home last night because of work. :) These are fresh clothes...Keep them if you like Connor never liked them anyway. :) I heard you didn't feel well! Breakfast is downstairs if you're feeling up to it* 

*Connor's Mom, Cynthia*

:)

The overuse of smiley faces proved Cynthia wasn't used to Connor having friends, she trying to make a nice first impression.

Evan couldn't help but pocket the note after he changed.

Folding the old clothes on Connor's dresser, Evan came downstairs slowly and quietly to see Connor slumped in a seat. Across him sat Alana and Zoe quietly.

Connor snapped his head in Evan's direction and beckoned him. "You okay?" he whispered quietly when Evan took a seat beside him.

He nodded, folding his hands in his lap.

Cynthia was in the kitchen, piling food onto plates. She came in and sat them down in front of the kids. "Morning you all!"

Evan gave Cynthia a small grin of thanks, however not digging in like everyone else.

Cynthia took a seat, leaning forward to Evan. "I see the clothes fit you," she observed. She stuck her hand out, rapidly shaking Evan's hand. "So glad to see Connor has a friend! He doesn't um...Bring company home often."

Zoe spoke between bites, "Unless it's the occasional one night stand for weed!"

Connor gave Zoe the nastiest glare he could muster. "No I don't," he lied.

Cynthia gave Zoe a glare too, less nasty. She turned her attention back to Evan. "Evan right?"

Evan nodded numbly.

"Awesome! Evan Hansen right? I met your mom once. She saved Connor's life once!"

What?

Evan turned his attention to Connor, who suddenly found his eggs and bacon very interesting.

"W-What do you um..Me-Mean...Mrs. Murphy?"

Cynthia waved her hand. "Call me Cynthia!"
"Okay um...Mrs. Murphy. Crap uh..Sorry. Cyn-Cynthia?"

She never answered his question before she went off to another room.

Before Evan could even take a bite of his food, Connor starting leading him to the front door. "Thanks for the food!"

He slammed the door, and there they stood on the front porch.

"What'd she mean by 'save your life?'" Evan demanded, voice wavering.

Connor looked straight ahead. "Overdose."

Evan didn't push him any further.

Chapter End Notes

hey remember im a sIUT FOR COMMENTS!! AAA
also why is this getting so much love???? thank u all ily all!!!!!!!
Connor dropped Evan back at his house, and to his surprise his mom was home.

Heidi Hansen sat on the couch, clicking through channels. She froze when she heard the door shut, and she looked over, a large grin.

"Hey Evan!" She jumped up and squeezed him tightly. "I'm so glad you're making friends! You've got to invite him over some time!"

Evan awkwardly shrugged out of the hug. "Um. Yeah...Totally. His name is uh...Connor Murphy."

Heidi's eyes widened. "Connor Murphy?" She verified. Evan nodded nervously. "I know him. He's got quite the...Quite the temper."

Evan shrugged.

"I took care of him when he came in for ah...a um. Well," she quietly said. "Poor kid. I shouldn't judge anyone's parenting but--" No you shouldn't. You're never home either way. Evan thought bitterly. "--That boy has so much potential. He's actually very smart. They just need to give him the proper help he needs..."

Suddenly, she got very seriously and rested a hand on Evan's shoulder. "Please tell me if you ever feel that way...Evan baby, I love you so much."

Evan bit his tongue so hard he tasted blood. "Oh. Yeah...Of course," he mumbled. "I love you too."

Heidi started leading Evan towards the small dining room they had. "No, seriously. You can tell me anything."

The way she said anything made Evan wonder what Heidi was thinking of.

HEIDI HANSEN.

You know, Heidi always wished she was a better mother.

She knows she's doing the best she can with a mentally ill son with a husband that won't pay child support and left them. In fact, she's in school right now too. So, she likes to think she's doing very
well for a single mother.

Single mother's have it rough. They're automatically judged by housewives, teachers, and even children.

Anyway, she remembers taking care of Connor Murphy that day.

FLASHBACK

"Room 201," a doctor told Heidi Hansen, handing her a clipboard with a ton of files and papers. He gave her a stack of books and a change of clothes, then walked off.

That's it? Okay. Whatever then.

Heidi strode down the winding hallways before knocking on the door, waiting for about ten seconds, and walking in.

A boy laid back, staring at the ceiling, a scowl permanently on his face. He had heavy bags, his brown, unruly hair matted and down to his shoulders.

She started to flip through the files.

**Connor L. Murphy.**

**15 years old. Suicide attempt with drugs.**

Heidi went to his bedside, suddenly feeling a weight on her shoulders. He was her son's age. She hoped her son never felt so shitty that he'd commit suicide, not telling her how he felt.

She suddenly felt choked up as she managed to say, "hello, Connor right?" Even if she knew his name, she wanted to get him to talk.

"You already know my name," he grounded out, staring at her clipboard. She adjusted it awkwardly.

Heidi knew how to deal with moody teenage boys. Sometimes Evan could get moody himself. She just wish he actually talked to her truthfully. "Yeah. I do. Sorry." She tapped the clipboard. "These are for you."

Connor glared at her. He then eyed her nametag. "Hansen?"

She nodded.

"Evan's mom?" He questioned, eyebrow raised. "The kid who can't talk without stammering."

In any other situation, she'd probably bite back but she just said, "Yes. That's him. Do you know him?"

"I guess." He didn't say anything else, just crossed his arms, staring ahead.

Heidi sat the books on the dresser and handed them to Connor. She read the titles. Evan had liked some of those books. "You like to read?"

Connor shrugged. "I guess?"
"Well, it was nice meeting you. How long is your stay?"

Connor looked away, staring harshly out the window. "You probably know that too. Fuck off," he growled.

Heidi bit back a retort, spinning on her heel and leaving. Just as she was about to leave she quietly said, "I know how you feel Connor. You'll be fine."

The next day when Heidi went into Connor's room, it was trashed. She nearly dropped the plate with breakfast.

"What the Hell?" she demanded.

There was a broken potted plant, the dirt everywhere. Clothes were scattered everywhere, and there was a spilled fluid all over the floor. She sat the tray on the night stand which she quickly regretted. Connor swiped it off the stand.

She glared at him. "What happened?"

Connor stared at the ground, gripping the sheets so tightly his fingers turned purple. She sighed and knelt in front of him. She put her hand on his. "What happened?" she said quietly, voice low. He was breathing heavily.

Panic attack. She was skilled at handling these.

"Connor. Please look at me," she stroked his hand, trying to calm the racing pulse she felt.

Connor looked at her, and her heart cracked. She saw a scared little boy.

His eyebrows were furrowed, as if angered. His eyes said otherwise. His eyes were bright red and puffy, his cheeks red too. Snot came down from his nose, almost as bad as the tears that poured from his eyes. She saw a flicker of her son in his face. Her heart cracked.

"I know you feel like shit," she began. Connor shakily rose and eyebrow, still breathing heavily.


Coughing, Connor looked away as he breathing began to regulate. Heidi squeezed his hand.

"Connor, sweetheart, what happened?"

He didn't reply.

Heidi sighed, holding his hand for a few more beats before she got up. "Well now I got to clean this up."

She started to stride out the room before a meek voice spoke up:

"can you bring me some puzzles?"

Right after she cleaned the mess up, she got the boy some puzzles.

Heidi didn't know what he liked, so she gave him a little bit in everything. A jigsaw puzzle, brain teasers and riddles, and sumokus and sudokus.

The next day, the brainteasers were halfway filled out, the puzzle was completed, and he was
working on the sudoku and sumokus.

"Wow," she muttered, looking at them. "You're bored, huh?"

Connor narrowed his eyes. "Whatever," he muttered. "This shit is boring."

Heidi shrugged. "I don't know what I can do for you, bud."

"Get me out here?"

Heidi chuckled. "Sorry. No can do," she said, setting down a dinner tray. "Enjoy your mystery meat."

Connor grimaced, sneering at Heidi. "Yeah. Thanks," He grumbled before playing around and picking at it.

Connor left the next day. Heidi sent him off with a book she bought for him.

"Thought you'd like it," she murmured, handing Connor a book.

The Outsiders.

Connor looked up in surprise, eyes wide. "Th-Thank you.." he said quietly. He hugged Heidi, eyes moist. "You put up with my shit."

Heidi smiled. "Sometimes I felt like boxing your ears."

Connor gave Heidi probably the closest thing he could muster to a smile, which was him raising his eyebrows and a twitch of his lips. He looked back to who Heidi assumed was his father filling out paperwork while another teenage girl stood beside him, glaring at Connor.

The entire time during Connor's hospital stay, nobody visited him. And his stay was about a week and a half.

"Goodbye Connor," she softly said.

Connor gave Heidi a small wave before his father and sister approached him.

She heard his father--Larry Murphy--say, "you fucking wasted us so much money with that stunt--" before he angrily led Connor away.

Heidi slouched, her chest tightening. Poor kid. Having to live with that nightmare? She sighed. She actually hoped she never saw Connor again, but not for the reason most people hoped for.

If she saw him again, that'd mean another attempt.

She prayed the boy got the help he needed.

Checking the time, she sighed. 8:30 PM. She wouldn't get home for her own son once again.

When Heidi drove home that night, she sobbed the entire drive.

FLASHBACK OVER
Evan looked over at the bowls on the table. It wasn't an extravagant meal, it was just stew.

The effort, however, put a small smile on his face.

"So how'd you meet Connor?" Asked Heidi as she sat down. She had a large smile on her face, brightening her usual tired expression.

Evan played around with the carrots in the stew. "Um. School. A uh..A project?"

Heidi nodded, drumming her fingers on the table. Evan looked away, studying a photo of him with his mom and his father. He was about four in that photo.

They looked so happy.

Heidi was smiling brightly, no bags or any sign of being tired whatsoever. His father had black hair slicked back with whiskers, he was grinning as he held a giggly Evan in his arms. Evan frowned, dropping the spoon.

"What's your project about? I could help--"

"No!" Evan snapped. "Sorry...Um. No. It's fine. It's a uh...Essay. About a book."

"What book?" prompted Heidi.

Evan finally took a bite. After slowly chewing he replied, "Um..The uh...The Outsiders."  

Heidi's expression immediately softened, and her smile was small. She looked almost...excited.  
"Really? Who chose the book?"

"C-Connor."

As Evan helped Heidi do the dishes, she strangely looked giddy.

Chapter End Notes

sorry if i even got heidi a little bit wrong. it's just im writing from experience  
i grew up with a single mom, no dad, and she was working herself too hard while I  
myself has anxiety and depression.  
aahh enjoy
Connor

Chapter Summary

oh shit connor's in loooove

If there's one thing nobody knows about Connor is how fucking gay he is.

As if he couldn't be anymore of a fuck-up...

If Fucking Larry found out, Connor would probably be kicked out for good. He'd have to live in a box, sucking dick for meth.

Actually, Connor doesn't do meth. He's more of a weed guy, y'know?

But no. Where can Connor uninstall feelings?

Connor isn't supposed to have feelings. He hasn't felt truly happy, or even sad in forever. The closest thing to emotion he feels is regret and anger 24/7. Even those just numb him.

Here he is, however, sitting at his computer scrolling through fucking Heidi Hansen's facebook page to find pictures of Evan.

The most recent photo is Evan's thirteenth birthday.

He stood there, a dorky and nervous grin in front of a birthday cake, a boy--fucking Kleinman--standing beside him with a thumbs up with an equally dorky grin.

He's such a fucking creep.

You know what? It's perfectly normal to think your friend is cute...and wanting to kiss him--Ah, Fuck him sideways with a crowbar.

Taking out his phone, somehow managing to have gotten Evan's number he texted:

CM: hey do u want to go to a la mode or smthn???

_evan hansen :) is typing...

EH: Yea.

EH: Sure. Of course I

EH: Yeah. When? Do you want to work on the project?

Connor sighed. Did Evan only want to talk to him for a project? Guess his plans to finally make a friend were foiled.

He probably isn't meant to have one.
CM: no ill pick u up in like a...an hour. so like one thirty or sumthin

*evan hansen :) is typing*

EH: Yay! Okay. See you then, Connor :-)  

It's so fucking cute how he puts the nose.

**CM: see u hansen**

Connor pocketed his phone, running a hand through his hair.

God Dammit.

Connor headed to Zoe's room without knocking and barged in. She laid on her bed, scrolling lazily through her phone. She immediately threw it down and glared at Connor.

"What?" She demanded. "Ever heard of knocking?"

"Do you have money?" Connor demanded. He had money, just he wanted to pay for Evan too and he didn't have enough money for two of them and still have enough for other shit.

Zoe sat up, scowling. "You have money."

Connor crossed his arms. "Yeah but I am going on a date--Er. I am going somewhere with Evan and I need money...Hanging out. To A La Mode. Yeah."

Zoe raised an eyebrow. "Are you peer pressuring him?" She asked. "Is this for drugs?"

"No! I can show you the text--" He started to dig for his phone before she waved him off.

She slapped a ten dollar bill in his hand. "No. I don't want to see your sexts--" she smirked. "Nah. Evan's too innocent. Anyway, here's your money. I'm just happy you're out of the damn house. We need the peace and quiet."

Connor was about to yell a sharp reply, but held his tongue. "Thanks."

Zoe's eyes widened, but she said nothing as she shoved Connor out the door and shut it.

After Connor showered, dressed, and pocketed his money, it was one.

He hurried down the stairs, grabbing his keys before someone grabbed his arm.

Connor whirled around, scowling.

Fucking Larry crossed his arms. 'Where are you going?"

Connor grit his teeth. "None of your damn business."

Just as Connor was about to leave again, Larry grabbed hold of Connor again, this time not letting go. "Yes it is. I need to know you're not going out buying weed, judging by the money in your pocket."

"You never care, why now?" he demanded, seething.

Larry sneered. "Because I am your father, and I've decided I've had enough of you not listening, god
damn it."

"You don't listen either," Connor snapped, yanking his arm away. "I'll be back later, and IF I were out going to buy weed, it'd be at night when you're asleep."

With one last glare, Connor hurried out of the house and drove off, ready to pick up Evan.

He was strangely excited as he pulled up to Evan's house.

After a few minutes, Evan came out and rushed up to Connor's beat up car. He climbed in, flashing Connor a small smile that made him tingle.

Shit.

"Ready?" he asked as Evan buckled up.

He nodded, tapping his thighs.

Connor started up the car and began to drive up. "This ice cream place is near this place with trees--Shit, you like trees, right?"

Evan raised an eyebrow. "N-No...I hate them."

Connor nearly stopped the car before realizing Evan was being sarcastic. "I'm a proud father, you were being sarcastic!"

Evan let out a breathy laugh before looking out the window, staring at the bright blue sky. "It's going to start getting chilly," he observed quietly.

Connor didn't reply, just let them sit in silence as they drove. He put on the radio, listening to the calming sound of an acoustic guitar.

After about ten minutes of them sitting in a comfortable silence, and Connor trying to focus on the road and not how fucking pretty Evan looked as he stared out the window.

He certainly does not have a crush on Evan Hansen. Certainly not.

They pulled up to the ice cream shop. A stone path led up to it, picnic tables with umbrellas scattered with trees. "What do you want?" He asked as he opened the door for Evan.

Evan flushed and got out. "V-Vanilla."

Connor barked a laugh. "Vanilla? How plain," he said. Evan rolled his eyes. "I'm getting cookie dough."

Evan hid behind Connor adorably as he ordered, handing the cone to Evan. "Do you want to eat in here, or where we're heading?"

Furrowing his eyebrows, Evan asked, "I guess where were uh...Where we're going. But where are we going?"

Connor held his finger to his lips. "that, my friend, is a secret."

Shit. He said friend. Does Evan think of him as a friend too?

Thankfully, Evan shrugged and followed Connor back to his car. "How far is this place, friend?"
The way Evan said friend caused sparks go up his spine. Connor put his hair up, sweat beading down his neck. From him being nervous or the heat, he wouldn't know.

When they pulled up, Evan's eyes lit up as he bounced his leg impatiently. Connor parked and Evan darted out. He skipped down to the gate and opened it up, Connor quickly following along.

Evan stared up at the trees that went high up above. They were in a forested area, but if you followed the path the sun started to hit you and you'd enter a field.

"Connor?" Evan said after an eternity of silence.

Connor looked at him, licking his ice cream. "Yup?"

Evan stared ahead, kicking the dirt. Quietly he asked, "Will we still talk after the project is over? We turn it in soon."

Connor flushed, staring ahead too. "Do you want us to?"

"Yes. Yes I would."

Evan's voice without the stammering was even more beautiful.

They approached a large open field, trees scattered about. A large tree, it could've been like, 60 feet, was up atop a hill.

Evan slowed to a halt, and stared at the field. The flowers rustled in the field, and leaves scattered about from Autumn approaching.

"Thank you for taking me here," Evan whispered. He went quiet, and his body shook.

Connor hurried to his side, turning Evan to face him.

He was crying.

How the fuck did he screw this up too? Why was Evan crying...He just said thank you--

Evan was grinning. He was grinning so wide his smile stretched from ear to ear, his eyes lit up despite the big, fat, salty and warm tears streaming down his face. "Thank you so much Connor," he sobbed.

Connor nearly fell to his knees as his heart grew three sizes. "Jesus...Hansen--Evan, god...You're uh...You're welcome um--" He stammered.

"This is uh...The ni-nicest thing...and maybe even the uh...Best day ev-ever...Thank you," Evan whispered, choked up. "I...Who knew my partner I've only known for a uh...a week be nicer to me than anyone else in my life?"

Butterflies and fireworks and nausea all hit him at once as emotion rushed through Connor. Connor mentally slapped himself. Evan was right, they've only known him for a week and he'd been hit so hard he couldn't think straight.

"I uh...Thank you too. You're my first friend. First one ever," Connor murmured.

Evan stepped back, beginning to march towards the tall tree. Connor hurried after him.

"What kind of tree is it?" He asked after they approached it.
Evan studied it, resting his hand on it, eyes wide in wonder. "A type of Oak," he murmured. "My favorite tree."

Connor's heart skipped a beat. "Really? Do you want to climb it?"

Evan whirled to face him. "You want to do that with me?" he asked, shocked. "Of course! Of course!"

Nodding, Connor sat his phone, keys, and wallet on the ground and shrugged off his jacket, hoping Evan wouldn't comment on the burn marks and scars.

He didn't say anything. What an angel.

Evan was already heading up it, climbing like a damn squirrel.

Connor hated himself. How could he have suddenly been overwhelmed with realization and adoration in a week--Hell, a day.

"um, wait for me!" Connor awkwardly called before starting up the tree.

Evan was sitting on a branch, a few feet above Connor, waiting impatiently. "Be careful!" Evan called.

Connor nodded, more focused on falling and not breaking his ankles.

After Connor caught up to Evan, Evan started to hurry up it again.

"How high are we going?" Asked Connor, trying not to look down.

Evan shrugged, heading up til they were about thirty feet up before Evan stopped. He shifted before sitting on the branch, looking at peace.

Connor scrambled up beside him, scooting awkwardly on it. He gripped onto it for dear life.

Evan stared at the horizon, his nose whistling and the leaves rustling the only thing you can hear.

Suddenly he then whispered, "Chinquapin Oak."

Connor nodded, staring at Evan. God Damn it.

He really did hate himself.

This is unnatural.

You're not allowed to crush on a boy you've only really been friends with for like, three days

But he did anyway.
When they finally turned in their essay, Evan felt accomplished.

Today was finally the due date, and after many hours of rechecking, revising, and editing, he finally felt confident that their essay was fantastic.

Of course, Connor didn't really care so he let Evan run wild with ideas.

"Hey Connor?" Whispered Evan when he went back to his seat as the teacher went through kids who had and hadn't turned in their essay.

Connor looked over at Evan. He shifted. "Yeah?"

Evan played with his hands. Quietly and hesitantly he asked, "Why'd you um...Why did you...choose..choose t-the Outsiders?"

Stiffening, Connor looked away. "I'll tell you later," he murmured.

Evan nodded, staring at his feet for the rest of the period.

CONNOR

When school ended, Connor immediately headed for his car, waiting inside for Evan. Ever since the two built their friendship, Connor gave him a ride home since the bus ride for Evan was so nerve-wracking.

Evan scurried out of the school, cheeks flushed from the chilly weather. So odd to think just last week it was warm and the two ran through the fields like children.

Climbing into shotgun, Connor didn't yet start up the car. He just watched Evan rub his hands together trying to retain warmth.

Evan looked up. "You um...You never a-answered my question?" He said after the two boys just stared at each other for it felt forever.

Connor started up his car, gripping the steering wheel tight. "What if I just wanted to do the Outsiders?" Challenged Connor. He pulled out of his parking spot, not looking at Evan.

"W-Well you seemed so...final about it. Like if anyone challenged you about it you'd like...bite them or s-something."

Connor sighed. Evan was actually pretty smart. "Okay, so...Well, it was a gift," he said. It wasn't a complete lie; it was a gift.

Evan pursed his lips, sensing more to the story but thankfully stayed quiet. He pulled in front of Evan's house, waiting for the boy to get out.

After Evan got out, he lingered for a something, gripping tightly onto the door. "Connor?"

Still looking ahead, Connor replied, "What's it this time, Hansen?"

"Stay um...Stay safe. Please do your homework too...I know you have a bright future," murmured Evan. It sounded like the words were crafted where only Connor could hear them, but they were just
"You're not my mom," he scoffed. It sounded bitter and rough, but since Evan said it he'd at least try to work on his homework. "Bye."

Evan shut the door and slowly made his way to his front door. Connor didn't yet drive off until Evan went in his house, giving Connor a little wave. Connor smiled, a smile only to himself and Evan, and started off.

As soon as Connor entered the front door--another surprise, he usual goes off for a smoke before going home--he dropped his bag, and dug out his Algebra homework. He snatched his pencil and reluctantly made his way to the coffee table in the living room, plopping down onto the couch.

Zoe walked in, nearly dropping her glass of apple juice. "Connor?"

Connor looked up, scowling. "What?"

Zoe came closer cautiously, as if he were a wild animal. She stared at the homework in disbelief. "You're doing homework."

Connor shrugged. "Yeah. I am. Glad to hear your eyes work," he grumbled. He gripped the pencil tightly. He wasn't high enough for this.

Zoe sat down, cross-legged across the coffee table. "Well it's just...surprising. Did Mom pay you?"

"No."

Trying again, she said, "Did Dad?"

"No."

"Um...Is this secret coding for weed?"

Connor slammed the pencil down. "Jesus Christ, Zoe!"

Zoe sipped at her apple juice. "Sorry, but it's such a surprise."

"Why is that?" Demanded Connor, and he immediately regretted it. He knew the answer.

"Homework," emphasized Zoe, as if it'd answer Connor's question.

It did.

"Okay, well.. um.." Connor trailed off. "Well...Evan told me to."

Zoe's eyes widened. "After years and years of Mom and Dad--heck, even me, trying to tell you to do good in school, do something for once, even a homework problem, Evan fucking Hansen gets you to do it on his first try?" Zoe set her glass down, a little to harshly. "Damn! What's his secret?" She leaned forward, as if it was an actual secret.

Actually, it really was a secret. Connor's little, dark secret.

"You can trust me," she said teasingly, prodding at him. "Is he paying you?"

Connor rolled his eyes. "No. The kid's poor as fuck."
Zoe rested her head on the coffee table. "Okay, so what did he do to finally get through that thick skull?" She asked, poking his nose. Connor scrunched it up.

Despite them going back and forth, Connor felt at ease. This wasn't the usual screaming matches they had.

"I'll find out," she chuckled, but thankfully let Connor do his homework in peace.

Stay safe Evan's voice rung in his head.

I can't make promises Thought Connor to himself. In honor of you as my first friend, I will.
Unknown: Hey, this is Zoe. Zoe Murphy

ZM: Connor gave me your number.

EH: Oh! Oh. Hi Zoe

ZM: Hey. Yeah, sorry. I asked for it

EH: Why'd you do that?
ZM: Are you a wizard?

Evan nearly fell off his bed in surprise. What? The first proper, and non-awkward conversation they have and Zoe asks him if he's a wizard.

EH: um..No?

ZM: You're probably a hufflepuff

EH: A huffle what?

ZM: That doesn't matter. I'll get you into Harry Potter eventually, since you're obviously a wizard

ZM: Connor's a hufflepuff too, don't worry

EH: I'm still confused. I'm not a wizard?

ZM: Yes you are! How else could you've gotten CONNOR to do hw?

EH: connor did his homework?

ZM: Yes shocker right?

EH: I did ask him to

ZM: mom has been asking him forever, but he does it when you ask him too?

ZM: thank you evan hansen. I always worrie dfor him, you're a good friend. he needs someone like you!

EH: Ok. Um you're welcome

ZM: Talk to you later?

Eh: YEAH!

EH: yeah
What the fuck. What is this, the Twilight Zone. Zoe Murphy, girl far out of his league, texted him.

He can officially die happy now.

The next day, Evan may have or may have not been searching for Zoe, hoping she really did talk to him today.

"Evan?" A voice spoke from behind him.

Evan whirled around and saw Jared. "Oh. J-Jared...Hi."

"My parent's are leaving Friday again--care for a drink?"

Evan rolled his eyes. "Sorry Jared. I'm d-done with...with um...That."

Jared crossed his arms. "What's going on..You're like...Less Tree-Kink boy and more...Fallen Tree Boy!"

"What?"

"You're hanging out with School-shooter boy, who's like a fallen tree himself!" Jared snapped.

Evan began walking away. "You're us-using tree an-analogy?"

"Sh-Shut up!"

Jared didn't follow Evan.

"Hey!" A voice called after Evan. Evan nearly groaned. He needs to find Zo--

Zoe stood behind Evan. "Hey Evan!" She waved. Evan nearly threw up.

"He-He...Zoe..." He mumbled, fidgeting. His hands were getting sweaty. Shit.

"My parents they um...Would you like to come to our house for dinner?" She asked, smiling softly.

Evan froze up. "D-Dinner?"

Zoe nodded. "Yeah! You're friends with me and Connor so...Why not? They like you. They think you're a good influence on Hot Topic."

"Hot...Topic?"

Zoe rolled her eyes, playfully punching him in the shoulder. "Do you live under a rock?"
Evan chuckled nervously. Great, now Zoe thinks he doesn't live a life. "I guess you could er...call me Patrick St-Star?"

Giggling Zoe replied, "Glad to know you at least know what Spongebob is. Great! I'll tell Connor you're coming--He can drive you there."

Just as Zoe was about to leave, she cocked her head looking over her shoulder. "I'm sorry about last time you came over. Last week? Um..Yeah. I'm glad Connor has you, and I'm glad to have met you."

After she left, Evan ran to the bathroom with jelly legs.

He might actually barf.

*I'm glad to have met you.*
That drug overdose should've killed him. Then he wouldn't have to sit here while his parent's ridicule him during dinner in front of Evan, who silently sat next to Zoe, picking at his food.

"So...Evan," began Cynthia. She gave him a reassuring smile. "You met Connor through a project? What'd you boys get on it?"

Connor answered for him, "A ninety-six."

Larry nearly spat out his food, eyes wide. He said nothing, though. Cynthia gave Connor a half-assed glare. "thanks, Evan."

Evan waved the two off. "Uh...Um. It's fine..Really. We got a ninety-six on it. We worked really hard."

You worked really hard Hissed Connor in his head. Connor did nothing, but he didn't say anything. Let his parent's believe he works hard. It might save his ass from getting yelled at.

"So, Connor, speaking of projects," Larry began, wiping his mouth with a napkin. "You have any other projects you should be doing?" He asked, fully intended to embarrass his son.

Connor smirked. He sipped at his glass of milk, taking his sweet time to answer to make sure people payed attention to his words. "Yeah, I finished my homework earlier. That's it."

Larry's eyes subtly widened, but Connor caught it. "Well," he cleared his throat. "That's er...That's good. Um..Yeah."

At least it wasn't another scolding. Better than another reminder of how much of a fuck up he is.

That'd change in a minute, however, Fucking Larry always finds a way to torture his son. What a loving relationship.

"You got hobbies, Evan?" Asked Larry.

Evan shrugged. "I um..I like nature? I'm going to volunteer at animal shelters and become a junior p-park..um..A park ranger...This er..This Summer?"

When Larry didn't reply, Cynthia said, "Wow! That's really interesting. Connor, you should get a job and volunteer!"

Connor rolled his eyes. "Sure mom," he grumbled, scratching at the scars on his wrist.

"Nice haircut," said Larry. Evan's eyes widened and was about to mumble a thank you before Fucking Larry said, "Connor, you should get your hair cut."

Ah. Here comes the nitpicking and teasing.

"He likes his hair," defended Cynthia.

Zoe rolled her eyes. "Dad, your hair was long in like, what, the seventies? Wasn't that in?"
Larry went red. He didn't reply, signifying the win of the girls and Connor.

Evan spoke up. "I like Connor's hair," he mumbled.

For the rest of the dinner, they ate in complete and utter silence except when Cynthia insisted Evan take some pie home with him.

As soon as Zoe was excused from the table, she requested Evan's excuse. They said yes, and immediately Zoe ran off with Evan. Connor stiffened. What the Hell?

Zoe pulled Evan into her room. Evan hoped she didn't feel how sweaty he was.

She yanked Evan down as she sat down on her bed. "So," she murmured. "You...You really helped Connor."

Evan raised his eyebrows. "What do you mean?"

"You...He's doing so much better. I can actually...Tolerate him now," her eyes widened, taking Evan's sweaty hands into her own. "Evan, he did his homework."

What really confused Evan was not the touching, the sudden talking and conversing, but the way she said his name. It didn't send tingles down his spine how it did with Connor. Evan shrugged it off, listening to Zoe's words.

"I..I thank you," she murmured, shifting to where her whole body sat on the bed, legs tucked underneath her, hands in front of her sinking into the plush bed. She leaned forward, looking into Evan's wide and blue eyes.

Evan was probably going to throw up all over her. He gulped, choking out, "oh...You-You're welcome. Connor's my friend...You..You are too. He deserves a decent life--es...especially you!"

"You're starting to bring my family together!" She cried out before doing the last thing Evan expected.

She kissed him.

Zoe grabbed his collar, pressing their lips together. Evan stiffened, totally unsure what to do.

Before he could make a fool of himself, Zoe pulled away, face flushed and eyes wide. "Crap. I'm so sorry..."

Evan grabbed her hand. "NO!" he squealed. "Er...I mean....That was er..Fantastic."

Zoe lurched forward, hugging Evan. "I um..Thank you..Again," she murmured in his ear.

A jolt was sent through Evan as he slowly hugged Zoe back. "You need to st-stop thanking m-me..."

Zoe pulled away, playing with the hem of her shirt. "I really like you Evan..."

"I..I like you too...A lot..For a while, actually," he admitted, trying his hardest not to stammer to sound like a weirdo.
For some reason when Zoe said those words, he didn't feel relieved. Or happy. Even when Evan said them in reply. He almost felt...


Mustered up courage, Evan pushed those thoughts out of his head and pecked Zoe on the lips gingerly.

Just as their mouths planted on each other, Connor decided this was the worst time ever to walk in.

"What the... Evan? Zoe?"

They pulled apart, looking over at Connor. Evan stumbled to his feet. "Hi...Connor," he muttered. "Hi."

Zoe got up, resting her hand on Evan's shoulder. "Oh. Were you excused too?" She looked over at Evan. "Do you need a ride home?"

Evan nodded, avoiding Connor's gaze that burned into him.

"Connor? Can you drive us?"

Connor shrugged. "Whatever," he said, leaving without another word. "Hurry up, we're leaving now!" He called as he stomped down the stairs.

"That was..." Zoe trailed off, searching for the right word. "Odd. Awkward."

Evan nodded, brushing himself out. "Very awkward."

The two began to walk down the stairs. Suddenly, Zoe froze in place, grabbing hold of Evan's hand. She whispered, "What is...What is this?"


Zoe shyly looked at him. "I love that," she said. They began their way downstairs, hand in hand. Evan let go as soon as they hit the bottom.

When Evan climbed inside Connor's car, he wished he denied the ride and just walked home in the chilly dark instead. The tension you could cut with a knife.

Zoe sat in shotgun, quietly apologizing for having to take his car. Zoe being a year younger, he brushed it off saying it wasn't her fault.

"Can you play music?" Asked Zoe after an eternity of a tense silence.

Connor nodded, not even saying a word as he played the music. It was some pop shit that Zoe ate right up.

"I love this song, thanks," she said with a sigh, closing her eyes and slouching.

They finally pulled up to Evan's house, Evan immediately climbing out to get away from the tension.

"I'll walk you," said Connor quickly, shutting the car door and getting out before either Evan or Zoe could protest.
It was brisk and quiet, until they stopped in front of Evan's door. Evan went to open the door, but Connor slapped his hand away. "What?" Evan hissed, wincing. "What was that?" Demanded Connor lowly, eyes narrow, face flushed, eyebrows furrowed. "What was what?" "That!" Connor gestured wildly. "You and my...My sister!" "A uh...A kiss," he quietly said. Connor let his arms drop, hanging limply at his side. "Oh." Evan's fingers itched, just wanting to run in his house and never come out again. "Will you two be happy together?" Evan snapped up, looking into Connor's angry and yet sad gaze. "Um...Yes?" "Then I...I don't fucking care," Connor muttered, fists clenched. "I don't fucking care what you do. You obviously only ever continued to hang out with me because of Zoe." He seethed.

If looks could kill Evan would be disinagrated and his ashes would be scattered around Connor's feet. With one last look, Connor stomped to his car, slamming the door so harshly the car shook. Evan stood there, not even waving at Zoe, who waved at him. He stood there until you couldn't hear the car's rumble. He stood there until the feeling of Zoe's hand disappeared. He stood there until the sun finally set.

When he entered, he slowly shut the door, feeling as if he weighed tons and he was slowly being pushed downward into the ground. He felt like he had to crawl everywhere now.

Evan dragged his feet, each step slowly killing him. He made his way into his room, face-planting into his bed. He rolled over onto his back, throwing off his shoes and jacket, sniffling.

If it weren't for how tired he was, Evan would probably brought himself to the dreaded self harm. The release anxiety medication couldn't bring.

Evan brought his arm to his face, resting on his face, covering half of it. His whole body shook as he muffled his screams and groans and moans. He bit onto the flesh, feeling pain nip at the spot. He cried and weeped and sobbed and cried so hard he felt as if he killed someone.

Why? Why? Why? He should be happy. He should be cheering. A hot girl kissed him. A girl he pined after for forever wanted to date him. A nice and friendly girl wanted to even talk to him.

Despite all that, he felt disgusting and wanted to scrub his mouth until the taste of Zoe's cherry chapstick was forever gone from his memory.
OKAY READ THIS PLS
This is NOT a Zoe x Evan fanfiction. This is brief etc etc. I promise you this is a tree bros fic--i just wanted to spice things up
that being said hope u enjoyed the chapter my tumblr is here:
http://failedfalencho.tumblr.com/
And if you want to read my more weird and silly, less angsty yet some drama in it, it's here:
http://archiveofourown.org/works/11087553/chapters/24733671
have a fantastic and lovely day and pride month!
Connor

_Fuck him. Fuck him. Fuck him._

Connor growled the same words to himself in his head for the past hour, nearly smashing the cigarette in his hand.

_Of course. He didn't really like you, he just likes Zoe. Everyone prefers Zoe. It's all about fucking Zoe!_

Connor fumbled with the lighter as he shakily held it to his forearm, cigarette now hanging limply in his mouth. The lighter flickered on, the flame coming to life. Connor stared at in awe before holding it to his arm for a good five seconds. He groaned out loud, nearly throwing the lighter across the room. He quickly lowered his head, lighting the cigarette from the burn.

He lowered his arm, gripping onto his sheets tightly. Lowering the cigarette from his chapped lips, he puffed out smoke. Connor glared out his open window, the chilly air making his hair stand up and cover his body with goosebumps. "Fuck it all," he growled, stomping the cigarette on the floor, singeing the carpet ever-so-slightly. Without looking out, he tossed it through the window.

Why did he throw out his weed stash? All Evan had to do was ask him to throw it out and he _did_.

_fuck him. Fuck him. Fuck him._

Connor wasn't even sure the "fuck hims" were directed to Evan. They were directed towards himself. A huge "FUCK YOU!" to himself for believing anybody would want to be his friend.

Just to attempt to take his mind off of all the crap going on, he held the lighter to his palm for about three seconds. He groaned, gripping onto lighter tightly, still holding it to his hand despite it being off.

Nothing could take Evan off of his mind. The way he smiled, his bedhead, his ruffled hair in the wind, his freckles that dotted his face like the night sky--

God damn it, Connor. Get rid of those gay ass thoughts, you fuck up.

"Connor?" Zoe's voice said through the door. Connor's head snapped up, glaring at his shut door.

"Go away!" He snarled weakly. It didn't hold as much anger and emotion as he wanted it to. It sounded pitiful and pathetic.

Zoe knocked again. "Open up, dude!" She kicked at it. "Please?"

Connor slowly slid off his bed, shuffling to the door, nearly screaming out in pain with his burned palm touched the knob. He switched hands, awkwardly opening it.

"What?" he grunted, itching to cross his arms but his shirt would rub against the skin.

Zoe eyed his arms and hand, thankfully not mentioning it. "Who pissed in your weed?"

"I wasn't smoking weed," defended Connor, clenching his unburnt hand.

"I never said that, did I?" Said Zoe, pushing past Connor and entering. "You really need to clean your room."
Connor turned around, staying the doorway. "What do you want?"

Zoe sat down on Connor's bed, crossing her legs and playing with her shoelaces. "What did you say to Evan?"

Connor met Zoe's gaze with a pointed glare. "Nothing."

"Really?" Zoe pulled out her phone, shaking it. "Because Evan texted me. He said you hate him, and he really wanted to talk you?"

Connor scoffed, snatching Zoe's phone. He put in her password, but it buzzed saying he was wrong. Connor cocked his head. "He hated me originally," he snapped, throwing the phone back to Zoe. "What'd you do?"

"Changed the password. I know you go through my phone," she said, pocketing the phone, standing up, crossed arms. "'hated you originally'?"

"Get out," ordered Connor, shoving Zoe.

Zoe glared at him. "You're such a...such a...You're an asshole!" She growled, whirling around to face him, not phased by Connor towering over her.

"I know."

"You're impossible!" She shouted. "You had a nice, sweet, fantastic friend, but you fucked it all up by acting so paranoid!"

Connor winced as if he was slapped. The word had really stung. But he said nothing in reply as Zoe continued her yelling and shouting.

"You fucknut! You dickwad! You asshole!" She kept on cussing Connor out. "Evan's a nice guy. You're doing all of this shit over a fucking kiss?"

He was getting tired of this shit.

"He was your first and only friend! You were getting better, but no you just had to--"

Connor couldn't hear anything else over the ringing in his ears. She just needed to shut the hell up.

So he did the only thing he could think of. He opened his burnt palm, hoping pain would inflict on himself too, and slapped her right across the face.

Zoe shut up immediately, eyes wide and welling up with tears. "You..." She slowly raised a hand to her hand-imprinted, red and stinging cheek. "I was right, you ARE an asshole! I wish you never met Evan. You don't fucking deserve him!"

Connor didn't listen, he didn't even get in his car. He just needed to desperately leave.

He didn't know where he headed. He just wanted away. Anywhere.

After what felt hours of walking, he finally pulled up to a curb to a dirt path that led into a large forest.

He sat down with a sigh. Then, he let it out.

For the first time in years, Connor truly cried. He sobbed, he whined, he screamed, he threw a
tantrum. He didn't give a fuck right now.

In the midst of his crying, his phone vibrated in his pocket. He dug it out, glancing at the screen, squinting through the tears that blurred his vision.

**EH: Connor?**

**EH: Hey Connor, you might ignore this but I am sorry. I don't know what I did but I am so sorry for whatever it was...Me and Zoe are very happy, but if this upsets you I will cut it off before this goes any further**

**EH: Bros before hoes**

**EH: ZOE’S NOT A HOE**

**EH: IM SORRY SHES NOT A HOE THATS NOT WHAT I WAS TRYING TO saY JESUS NO IMSORRY**

**CM: ok**

**EH: Ok?**

**EH: You worried me. I sent those texts three hours ago. It took you THREE HOURS TO TEXT ME THE WORD "OK"**

**CM: it dsnt mtter**

**CM: idrc**

**EH: That's a lie connor you and I both know that**

**EH: You asshole. Where are you?**

**CM: u cussed**

**EH: youre probably stoned in the middle of a forest and YOU FOCUS ON WHETHER I FUCKING CUSS OR NOT?? YO U ARE AN ASSHOLE**

**CM: howd u know**

**EH: know what? Where are you????**

**CM: you already know.**

**EH: youre stoned in a forest?**

**CM: ye p much**

**CM: well im not stone dyet**

**CM: i threw out my stash remember**

**EH: You really did that?**

**CM: yea**
EH: Well which forest

CM: the one with the big trees

EH: okay so like every single damn forest out there?

CM: damn hansen you're sexy when you're mad

EH: that's not funny. Please tell me which one?

CM: the one that's like really far away from my house it's on like the edge of the town or some shit idk im not in the forest im outside of it

EH: I know where that is. Hang on, please?

CM: whatever

Connor was probably high. He wished he was high. Here he is, pissed as hell but listening to Evan nonetheless because he's wrapped around his finger.

Suddenly, a light shone on his face, Connor wincing against it slowly rising. Behind the wheel was Evan. What?

"Evan I thought you couldn't drive?"

Evan shrugged, opening the passenger door for Connor. "I am sixteen Connor. I turn seventeen this July...That's uh...That's not the point though. I just don't like to drive."

Connor shakily got in the car, rubbing the tears from his face. "Who's car is this?"

"My neighbors," he said. He sat there, not starting up the car.

"Are you ever going to go?" Asked Connor.

Evan turned to Connor, but he stared at his hands that rested in his lap. "Um...I uh...Zoe and I..." He gulped. "Um...I didn't kiss her."

Connor rolled his eyes. "I walked in and you guys looked like you were having a grand old time."

"I don't um...I like Zoe. Well...I thought I did..." he trailed off, playing with his hands and picking at the skin. "I don't really feel the uh...The spark...Y'know. But no ah...she uh. She kissed me first."

"You two seemed to have been sucking faces for a long time when I came up," Connor snorted. "Got an explanation for that, Hansen?"

Evan turned back, tapping his fingers on the steering wheel. He looked exhausted and like he was crying earlier by the red puffy eyes. "I kissed her...ag-again because I wanted to feel that spark. Those fireworks in stories that you um...That you er, feel around people."

Connor nodded. He felt that tingle, the butterflies, the fireworks, the *everything* around Evan. "Did you ever feel it?" Quietly asked Connor.

Evan rubbed his eyes. "No..." he quietly replied. "Even when we held hands...It felt cold and unwanted."
They fell in a comfortable silence.

Connor broke it. "I uh...I'm sorry? I er...I overreacted so you know..." Connor awkwardly shifted, not used to apologized.

Evan looked over, eyes bright. He had a small smile playing at his lips. "I'm sorry..Er...T-Thank you."

Without another word or shared glance, Evan started up his car and began to drive off in silence.

This time Evan broke it. "So, what do you think is wrong with me?" He asked quietly, eyes still fixated on the road. His grip on the steering wheel was so tight his fingers went purple.

Connor kept his eyes fixated on the road as well. "Um...Nothing. To be honest, it's kinda creepy how you liked my sister and she like...likes you too? That's some really creepy ass shit. I'm kind of thankful you didn't like her that way."

Evan shrugged. "I thought I did--and no that's um...That's not why I er...Decided to befriend you," he murmured.

"Why?"

Evan looked over at Connor, eyes widened. He looked back quickly, the good driver he was. "Um..What do you..What do you mean?"

"Why?" Repeated Connor, as if it'd explain everything.

"Oh." Evan had the little smile on his lips that gave Connor those sickening butterflies. "I saw myself in you."

"What the hell does that mean?"

"Will you stay the night at my house? I er...I know you fought with Zoe so you might've...Zoe's upset. She might want to be alone...You..Er--"

Connor shushed him. "Yeah. Just drive us there," he said. "You didn't answer my question."

"Right. Okay so um...This hard to explain. I knew you were like me...A loser, to be blunt. Don't get upset, you know it's true," Evan gave a small, humorless chuckle. "And I really did enjoy writing that project with you. You're not this scary, school-shooter everyone thinks you are... You have feelings. You're sick too."

Connor flushed bright red, feeling the tears prick at his eyes again. "I...Hansen you're so...God," Connor dug the heel of his hand into his eyes. "Zoe's right, I don't deserve you."

"I don't deserve you either," murmured Evan as he pulled up into his house. "Here we are. Um...You can sh-shower if you want I probably have something that'd fit you."

Not letting Connor reply, Evan got out of the car and scurried up to his door to unlock it. "My mom's not home," he said, leaving the door open for Connor. "I gotta give this back to my neighbors." Evan hurried past Connor, pulling out the car and parking it into the neighbor's driveway.

Connor entered, wiping his dirt covered boots on the welcome mat and taking them off.

He actually never entered Evan's home. Evan never offered. It was very small. The living room was just a little TV and the couch could only fit two people. There was a chipping rocking chair with a
pillow with holes in it thrown on top. The kitchen was equally small. There was an island counter, a fridge, a stove, and a microwave. Right off beside the kitchen was a glass dining table with four chairs. A hallway went off that led to one single door at the end. There was a staircase that led up to a little balcony with two more rooms. It looked small, and comfy with the strong smell of marshmallows and cinnamon. It was homely and quaint.

"I like it," gruffly said Connor. He looked back and saw Evan hurry in, locking the door behind him. "So, where is your Mom usually?"

Evan eyed the twenty on the counter, stuffing it into his pocket. He ran around, straightening the messy environment. The trashcan was full with microwaved dinners, and the sink was full of dirty plates and bowls. Blankets fell off the couch and magazines scattered across the coffee table. Connor loved it. It was different than his home by far.

"It's messy, sorry," he apologized. "Um..She's working for her de-degree and she works night shifts as a nurse. Sorry."

Connor shook his head. "Whatever. I like it...It's a lot different than my home."

Evan began climbing the steps, beckoning for Connor to follow him. He opened the far right door. "This is my room. The door next door is um..Is the bathroom."

Connor entered. He nearly laughed at the sight. It was so very Evan.

Evan suddenly thrust folded clothes into Connor's chest with a towel. "Er...Yeah. Um..You can sh-shower and change into these? While you shower I'll be tidying a bit."

Shrugging, Connor mumbled thank you and opened the bathroom.

On the counter was a razor meant for shaving--which if Connor drank anything he would've spewed everywhere. Evan shaves?

Connor would pay to see Evan in a beard.

Connor opened the shower curtain, locking the door behind him and undressed. Connor looked down at his body, sighing. He was pretty scrawny. Sure, he had some muscle but it wasn't anything fantastic or great. He turned on the hot water, enjoying how it burned it. However he hissed when it hit his burns. Connor took his time washing from how tired he was. He couldn't care less if he was wasting water at the moment.

When he finally gathered the motivation to get out, he stopped the water, wrapped the towel around his waist, drying himself and his hair. He slipped into the sweats that fit snugly around him and the shirt that was actually too big. He shrugged, and slung the towel over the closed toilet seat and kicked the clothes into a pile at the base of the tub.

He left the bathroom and saw Evan downstairs taking the trash out. Connor smiled to himself, entering Evan's room. He sat on the edge of Evan's bed, waiting for him to enter.

After a few minutes, Evan came in. "Oh, hey," he greeted. "Um...Are you okay? Doing good? You hungry?"

Connor rolled his eyes. "You're a mother hen, chill."

But he secretly loved how Evan worried over him. Nobody ever has before.
"I'm still sorry about earlier," they both said in unison. Evan raised his eyebrows before letting out a quiet giggle.

"I'll sleep on the couch," said Evan.

Connor shook his head, waving him off. "Nah it's fine, I'll take it."

Evan said something in reply so quiet Connor strained to hear it.

"What was that?"

"Um we could share the uh...The bed?"

Connor pushed back his gay thoughts and gave Evan a thumbs up. "Sounds okay to me."

Evan nodded, disappearing into his closet and shutting it. He then came back in with pajama pants and a tank top. Connor took the opportunity to look at his skinny little arms. They weren't grand or amazing, but they were Evan's. Connor loved them.

Evan got under the covers, Connor getting in beside him. The bed was so small they were practically spooning each other.

"Connor?" Evan asked in the dark.

Connor grunted, letting Evan know his ears were open.

"Do you have a secret nobody knows? And it's not that it's bad or anything...But like, if someone were to know your life could be ruined?"

Connor rolled over, facing Evan. He could feel Evan's warm breath on his face. "That's very random...But yes."

Evan shifted. "Er...Okay. Cool." He wiggled under the covers, shutting his eyes tight. "Okay. Um...Yeah. Okay."

"Why?"

"Um..No reason."

Connor mustered up his courage, saying, "I could tell you what it is. I think I um...I trust you."

Connor doesn't trust anybody. He didn't think he'd ever say those words in bed with Evan hansen, faces inches apart.

Evan's eyes shot open. "You don't have to!"

"I don't really care. I trust you," said Connor, rolling over on his back. He took a deep breath.

Evan's hand rested on Connor's thigh. He looked over, eyes wide. Evan was about to retract it, but Connor gave Evan a small smile. Connor sighed out. "I um...I uh...I'm gay."

"Okay."

"Oh. Okay. Um...yeah. I like dick."

Evan giggled. "Cool. I don't really care."
"You're not repulsed? You're in a bed with me--Any normal straight dude would freak," Connor said, rolling back on his side to face Evan.

"I'm not normal," said Evan. Connor wished he said he wasn't straight instead.

They went into a silence, Connor closing his eyes. Right before he drifted to a proper, calmed sleep Evan softly said, "I'm glad you told me. I'm proud of you."

_I'm proud of you._

Connor has never heard those words properly said to him. And only him.

*Thank you Evan Hansen. I hate you and love you.*

Before he slept, Connor managed to softly say, "I'm proud of you too, Evan."
holy fuck chapter 20 in like a span of like two weeks i really need a life why are you guys reading this? anyway remember comments cure my depression <3333 im a real slut for them and they motivate me to write!! please comment what you like, what you didn't like, etc etc.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

EH: Zoe?
ZM: Evan! Oh my God. Where did Connor go?
EH: he's kind of at my house?
ZM: your house? well at least he's safe! Love you!
ZM: Anyway, where'd you find him?

Evan Hansen has sent an attachment

EH: He's fast asleep.
EH: In a forest. He ran to the forest Zo.
ZM: what the hell?
ZM: well at least he sleeps
ZM: he like never sleeps he's up all night smoking his gross as fuck drugs
EH: he threw them out
ZM: What?
EH: I thought I told you. he threw them out
ZM: You are a mysterious force, Evan hansen. that's why you're great
EH: oh thanks
ZM: Well do you want me to pick him up later
EH: Ill text u later on whether to. he's not the most stable
ZM: You're an angel in disguise.
ZM: TTYL <3333
Evan Hansen has sent an attachment

JK: YOU OT SFUCKING LAID??????

JK: YBEFORE ME????
JK: FUCK

JK: AND IWITH MR SCHOOL SHOOTER

JK: IM FUCKING MPRESSED HANSEN
JK: SO

JK: WHO TOPS?

EH: shUT UP. that didn't happen!!!!!!!

JK: thats a lie

JK: u at least thought about it

EH: no

JK: ok whateve

JK; but why is connor batshit crazy murphy in ur bed

EH: he had a rough night

JK: kinky

EH: JARED
JK: sorry
JK: so like what happened

EH: a fight

JK: over?

EH: i kinda um...

EH: zoe murphy and i kissed

JK: WTF THE AFUCJ

JK: EVANAN

JK: SHE'S LIKE HOT AND UR LIKE

JK: NOT

EH; thanks

JK: IM STATNG THE TRUTH

JK: THATS WHAT UR ULTRA COOL FAMILY FRIEND IS FOR

JK: SO HOW MUCH DID YOU PAY HER

EH: she kissed me first by choice

JK: WAS SHE ON MURPHY's DRUGS? WHY

JK: ARE ALL OF THE MURPHY KIDS STONERS???

EH: jared shut up!!!!!

EH: IM breaking up w her anyway

JK: After a day? You were pining for her for like forever though

EH: i just dont really like her?

JK: i knew it

EH; knew what?

JK: ur gay for connor

EH: bye jared

Evan shut off his phone. He's not gay. He likes--er, liked, Zoe.

And yeah, he hasn't had a female crush before...But he hasn't had a male crush either.

Evan groaned, running his hands through his hair, tugging at it in frustration. He rose, walking downstairs, nearly falling down them when he saw his mom sitting at the dining table, sipping at her coffee. "M-Mom!" he gasped.
Heidi looked up, smiling. "Hey, honey," she said tiredly.

She was always tired.

She wouldn't be so tired if you didn't exist. You put extra weight on her. You're a burden A voice snarled in the back of Evan's head. Evan shuddered, batting the thoughts away. "M-Morning," he said, grabbing bread to make toast. He put the slices in the toaster and leaned against the counter, shutting his eyes. God, he was tired.

"Who's your friend?" Asked Heidi, standing up.

Evan froze, opening his eyes. She went in his room. "O-Oh yeah...Connor."

Heidi looked at Evan's door, furrowing her eyebrows. "Connor...Murphy?" She asked.

Evan grabbed his nearly burnt toast, quickly spreading his jam. "Er...Yea."

"Oh. Oh yeah. You mentioned him before," she said quietly. She squeezed Evan's arm. "I have no classes today, so I will be home early."

Evan nodded, focusing on his burnt toast. "Um...Awesome."

"Yeah..." Heidi smiled at Evan. Evan hated that smile. It was so lovely and nice, but Evan knew how tired she was and how she forced through everything for her burden of a son. Heidi opened her mouth to say more, but she was cut off by the thump of footsteps.

The Hansen's turned their attention to Connor lazily walking down the steps. He snapped his gaze, looking at the two. He awkwardly cleared his throat. "Um... M-Morning." He looked over at Heidi, eyes wide. "Yeah. Morning."

"Connor," greeted Heidi. "You've been well?"

Connor shrugged. "I guess."

Evan looked at the two. "Um..."

Connor stole a slice of Evan's toast, biting into it. He nearly spat it out. "It's burnt," he muttered. "Oh yeah...Uh. Your mom was my nurse, remember?"

Evan shuffled his feet. "Oh yeah."

Heidi looked over at Connor fondly. "You were quite the handful."

Connor nervously chuckled, throwing the toast away. Evan threw his away too. "Sorry."

Heidi waved him off. "You weren't feeling good." Heidi added, "Did you ever go get...help?"

"No," Connor murmured, shaking his head. He slapped his hand on the counter abruptly. "Thanks Evan...But I uh...I gotta go."

Evan texted Zoe to pick up Connor. "Um...Zoe will..."

Connor nodded. "Uh yeah..."

Just as Connor was about to leave, Heidi said, "You're always welcome here Connor."
"Thank you, Mrs. Hansen."

"Heidi, Hon."
Evan

The fact Connor was gay assured Evan.

Assured Evan of what? He had no idea. Just when he said those words, he felt a tingle of happiness.

Here he sat, at the dining table eating scrambled eggs his mom offered to make instead of his burnt toast. "So," Evan cleared his throat. "Connor said he was hospitalized from um...a uh...An overdose?"

Heidi's gaze softened as she sat down her fork. "In a way," she said. "Don't tell him I told you this but...It was a suicide...it was a suicide attempt."

"What?"

Heidi nodded slowly. She looked so heartbroken. "If you ever feel that way--"

Evan cut her off, absentmindedly laying his hand over his scarred forearm. "I know Mom. I'll tell you," he lied.

"I just want you to--"

"To be safe and happy," recited Evan. "Yeah...I uh...I know."

Heidi shifted, changing the topic. "So, he's your friend? Um...Whatever happened to er...To Jared?"

"He texted me this morning," replied Evan, quickly eating his eggs to get out of the awkward conversation. "Ab-About Connor and uh...And Zoe."

"Zoe?"

Evan nodded, gripping the fork tightly. His hands were getting sweaty, ugh. "Um yeah...She uh...We er...We kissed?"

Heidi's eyes widened. "Kissed? But um--You never told me about uh...About her? Who's she?"

"She's uh...Connor's s-sister," replied Evan. "We're like...dating in a uh...in a way...but..." Evan trailed off, nervously scratching at his chin.

"But?" Prompted Heidi, leaning forward slightly.

Evan looked down at his lap. He bounced his leg as he picked at his tapped the table. "Er...Uh...I don't really...Like, like, her."

Heidi leaned back. "Then tell her," she said.

"I don't wanna uh...Uh, hurt her feelings."

"You'll hurt her feelings even more in the end if you stay in an unhealthy relationship," pointed out Heidi. "tell her Monday."

Evan shifted. He built up his courage before whispering, his voice cracking, "what's wrong with me?"
"What do you mean, Evan?" Heidi asked, face filled with worry.

Evan looked up. His heart raced, his eyes stung with tears, his face flushed. "I've never liked a girl!"

Heidi straightened up. She put her hand out, beckoning for Evan's hand, who slowly gave it. She squeezed it. "Absolutely nothing."

"But--"

"But nothing. Maybe you haven't found the right girl, maybe you just don't build romantic feelings...maybe." Heidi cut herself off. She wanted her son to find things out on her own. "The point is, there's nothing wrong with you, sweetie," she soothed, tracing circles along Evan's hand.

Evan leaned forward, trying to blink away his tears. "I just....I'm different from like boys at school," he whined. "They all...They all t-talk about h-how...ho-hot this girl...this girl is, and I-I just c-c-can't re-relate!" Evan's now blubbering, rambling on.

Heidi stood up, pulling up Evan with her. She pulled Evan into a tight hug, letting Evan rest his head on her shoulder. "You're fine, Evan," she whispered. "You're perfectly fine."

Evan flushed, worried how his tears and snot would ruin her shirt. "I-It's your...It's your j-job to s-say that..."

Heidi pulled away, lightly slapping Evan on the chest. "Honey, I'm being honest."

Evan looked down at his pale, bare feet. "Um...Th-Thanks...." he sniffled. "Er...Yeah.." Evan awkwardly shifted away before darting up the stairs, slamming his door shut. His breathing started to get heavy.

you just worried her. You piled your personal problems on her, you fucking burden. Evan's thoughts chanted over and over as he paced. Evan nearly screamed out in frustration, trying to regulate his irregular breathing. He stumbled into his bathroom, rummaging through his things. He nearly sighed out loud when he found an old, blood-stained, razor. It's been a long time since he saw the original razor.

Evan plopped down, falling backwards against the wall. Tears poured down his face. His chest hurt and his eyes stung. He tugged off his bottoms and held the razor. Evan bit down so hard on his lip it drew blood. He gasped and coughed and choked he was crying so hard.

You're fucking crying over how you don't like Zoe?

Wow, you're probably a fag.

You thought you fucked up everything then? You probably like boys.

Evan froze, clenching tightly onto the razor. He threw his head back, head bumping against the wall. He looked back down, vision blurred by the tears. He vigorously wiped them away, hiccuping. He held the razor to his thigh, going as deep as he could. He flicked the razor, blood getting drawn, slowly oozing down. He did that again. Again. Again. Again. Anything to get his mind off of the pain.


Evan shakily got up, tossing the razor somewhere before cleaning the cuts out. He clenched his teeth as he put on the bandages and getting dressed.
He glanced at the time. 10:24.

Heidi burst in, glancing at Evan's shaky and red faced form. "You okay, honey?"

Evan jumped, rubbing at his face. "Yeah um...I'm great."

Heidi gave Evan a reassuring smile. "well I am heading out to work um...I left a twenty. Order pizza. You can do it online," she said. She checked her watch. "Oh shit. I gotta go--running late. Bye sweetie!" She gave Evan a little waved and ducked out, hurrying off and out the door.

"Love you."

Evan dialed Connor's number, not knowing what else to do.

"Hey. What is it?"

Evan shuffled, worrying about annoying Connor. "Uh...You want to um..To come over ag-again? I don't really um...I don't want to be al-alone..."

There was shuffling in the background and Connor shouting something incoherent. "Um...Yeah. Now?"

Evan nodded. "er...Yeah. Please. If you want to."

Connor hung up without saying goodbye. Evan shrugged, falling back on his bed, counting the dots on his ceiling until he arrived.

The doorbell rang, and Evan hurried out, seeing Connor invite himself in. "How'd you unlock the door?" Gasped Evan, coming down to meet Connor.

Connor flashed Evan a smile has he held a key. "Key under your mat. Original."

Evan eyed it. "Whatever. Keep it..Um...Welcome back."

Connor shrugged. "Thanks I guess. I like it more than my home." Evan looked up to see Connor beam down at him. Evan's stomach did flips and butterflies fluttered about.

Connor was actually really pretty. Like, damn. Murphy's have some damn good genes.

*Oh there you are. Thinking like a fag.*

Evan grit his teeth. "So uh..What do you want to do?"

Connor shrugged. "I don't care. You invited me."

"Oh...Right." Evan bit his lip. "Can I invite Jared?"

Connor glared at the floor, but said, "As long as he doesn't come near me."

Evan nodded. He just didn't want to be alone. He felt awful. 'Yeah. Okay. Thanks."
"so," began Evan awkwardly as he shifted on the couch, waiting for Jared who reluctantly said yes to his invitation. "You uh...How'd you know you were gay?"

Connor raised an eyebrow. "That's...Random," he commented. However he said, "I guess I just knew. I always knew I wasn't a normal boy...I've always wanted to grow my hair long like Zoe's--" he chuckled, a fond expression on his face. "Mom would let us do our own fashion shows. That's a secret of mine, you tell anyone you die. Anyway, I loved wearing skirts. Once again, you tell anybody you die. So yeah, that was the start. Fucking Larry found out and...well, he flipped," Connor said, letting out a shaky breath, shutting his eyes tight. "He was so pissed...Calling me slurs. You grow used to it. To spite him, I really did grow my hair out as you can see. But uh...Yeah. I also paint my nails--" he wiggled his fingers for emphasis. "--And after that, I realized I wasn't really into girls. I've never truly dated a guy. I've had flings and that shit, but er...Yeah."

Evan shifted, resting his hand on Connor's arm. "Did L-Larry ever..." he trailed off. He didn't want to voice his fears.

Connor gave Evan a small, unassuring smile. "No...But verbal abuse was a thing he seemed to enjoy..." Connor waved Evan off. "He quit that shit. He's more...accepting, you could say. He's not homophobic, you could say. Just...uncomfortable." Connor snapped his attention to Evan. Evan shuddered as tingles went down his spine. He loved how Connor looked at him; he loved Connor's eyes. They were a very pretty blue but his left eye had a splash of brown. "That's random, Hansen."

Connor nervously chuckled. "Y-Yeah..." He looked away. "Have you ever had a crush before?"

"What was it like?"

Connor gave Evan a small smile. "It makes me feel like I could dance with no music. I could sing with no lyrics. I could fly with no wings," he breathed out slowly, shutting his beautiful eyes that Evan could swim in. "I'm usually the kind of guy who can almost never go speechless, but every single damn time I see him I stutter and stammer, he takes my breath away."

Evan looked up at Connor, his heart skipping a beat. "Really?" He didn't realize he was leaning closer, Connor as well.

"Yeah," Connor whispered, his breath hitting Evan's chapped and scabbed lips. "He uh...My heart rate goes up. My heart might actually burst out of my chest. It grows ten sizes," Connor chuckled. Evan loved Connor's little chuckles. They were rumbles that sent jolts. "I wish he knew, but he's probably straight..." The doorbell rang, Connor jumping backwards and darted up, face a tomato. "I'll get it."

Before Connor could open the door, Jared waltz in. He eyed the two, noticing their red faces. "You two better have not been banging," he said. He had a drawstring bag on.

Evan gestured to the bag, squinting his eyes. "What's...What's in the bag?"

Jared set it gently down, pulling out a large bottle of wine and a case of beer. "My favorite thing
ever,” he said, picking up a bottle.

"Jesus, how’d the bottles not break?” Asked Connor, grabbing a bottle. "Also can you go a night without a drink?"

Jared gave Connor a pointed look. "Yes I can, Mr. Can’t-Go-A-Minute-Without-Weed!"

"I haven’t smoked in days,” mumbled Connor. "You got something to open these, Hansen?"

Evan's eyes widened. "No! It's morning! Later."

Connor leaned forward, this time his eyes wide. He poked at Evan's cheek. "This is Evan? Evan? Have you even touched a bottle before?"

Evan layou. ed back, scrunching up his nose. "Of course I have," he muttered. "I'm not surprised."

Jared slapped Connor on the back. "Dude! Evan'd get drunk with me like everyday before he met you! What'd you do, man?" Jared set out the bottles on the coffee table. "Later we'll chug this babies."

"Really?" scoffed Connor. "Evan, is he lying?"

Studying his feet, Evan nodded. "er...Yeah. Um...I have...I have a hard time."

Connor said no more, understanding completely.

"So what shall we do until then?" Asked Evan awkwardly.

Jared grinned. "How about truth or dare, and at one we drink? We can invite Zoe and Alana if you want," snickered Jared.

"Zoe?" Stammered Evan. When Jared gave Evan a weird look, Evan said, "Yeah...Um yeah! Of course."

Jared situated himself on the couch, Connor pulling him off. Jared squeaked slapping Connor. Connor glared at Jared, taking his former spot on the couch. Like a kicked puppy, Jared plopped down on the rocking chair, slowly rocking.

"So..." Jared cleared his throat. "Connor, truth or dare?"

Connor rolled his eyes. "Truth."

"Is it true you're gay as fuck?"

Connor flipped Jared off but said, "Yup" popping the 'P.'

Jared's grin grew wider. "Cool." No judgemental words, which was surprising.

Evan's voice broke through, "Zoe and Alana are coming in an hour,” he said. He texted them during the other boy's exchange.

They all spent an hour, asking stupid questions and itching in anticipation for the later drinks.

The door rang, and like Jared Zoe just invited herself in. She smiled widely as soon as she saw Evan. "Hey Ev!" She greeted, hurrying up to him and giving him a hug.
"It's noon and you guys are getting drunk?" Gasped Alana, shutting the door and hurrying up. "Evan, I expected better from you."

"It was Evan's idea," said Jared.

Evan rolled his eyes. "Hey Zo, hey Alana," he greeted, ignoring the dissapointed look Connor sent him.

"So, who's ready for some fun?"

Chapter End Notes

ok im tired good night
Connor

Chapter Notes

yea i know it's short i can't find motivation tho sooooo this is just a filler imma be honest

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Evan is actually pretty good at handling his alcohol. You'd expect him to be a total lightweight. Guess he's not completely pure and innocent.

Connor shifted, glancing at the time. About six. He glanced back at the sight in front of him, cringing. Zoe was drapped over Evan's lap, drunkenly expressing how much she enjoyed his company.

Evan's phone rang, he shushed everybody offering a glare that wasn't threatening at all. "H-Heyyy, mom..." He stammered, batting Zoe's hands away. He sat there, nodding and listening. "Alright, love you too..." He pocketing the phone, leaning back, eyes shut.

"What happened?" Asked Alana. She was still on her first drink, not wanted to get drunk at all. Ever the responsible one.

"My mom's coming late...as usual. She had to work the midnight shifts," answered Evan, running his hand through Zoe's hair.

Connor clenched his teeth. Evan said he didn't like Zoe. He tapped his foot, taking another swig of his drink.

Jared raised his drink, it spilling over the sides. Nobody brought themselves to care. "How about never have I ever...Or truth or dare?" His eyes danced with mischief.

Zoe looked over, eyes bright. "Yea! Sounds...Sounds fantastic!" Oh Zoe, ever the childish and silly drunk.

"You guys are so..." Alana trailed off. "I'll forever question how Jared keeps on getting cases and cases of these."

Jared rolled his eyes, taking a dramatic, animated drink. "When my parents are actually home they buy this shit, not even asking where it goes. They know like, nothing."

Evan sat up, peeling Zoe from his lap. She hung onto his waist. Evan rolled his eyes and said, "Well lets play Never have I ever." He said, grabbing another drink. This was like his fifth one and he was only a little tipsy. Even Connor was tipsy and he drinks all the time--he's on his fourth or fifth one. He lost count.

Alana sat up, setting down her half-empty drink. "Alright...Never have I ever--we're doing ten fingers--wore contact lenses."

Connor put down his finger, ignoring all the dumbfounded looks he got.
"You wear glasses?" Shrieked Evan. "I must see them!" He sat down, Zoe immediately latching herself back on. Connor wasn't even sure she was playing anymore. God, she was disgusting.

Connor rolled his eyes, saying, "Never have I ever been a virgin." He was immediately making the game dirty.

Evan and Alana put down their fingers. Connor raised an eyebrow at Jared, who slowly and reluctantly lowered his finger.

Alana looked at Zoe, eyes wide. "Who?" She demanded.

Connor refused to look at Zoe as he answered for her, "she's one of the most popular girls in the school--who knows why she's talking to us--she's without a doubt got down and dirty." There amusement to his voice, but his face held malice.

Jared crossed his arms. "And who's your mystery lover, Connor?"

He didn't talk. It's been with his dealer. Never again.

Evan defended Connor, "He doesn't have to tell you," he muttered. He doesn't stutter when he's drunk, and honestly it's hot.

Not that Evan normally isn't hot.

"Yeah," agreed Connor dumbly.

Jared said, "Never have I ever smoked pot." Obviously targetting Connor as he lowered his finger with a growl.

Everyone snapped their gaze to Alana, who lowered her finger as did Evan.

"Alana? Evan?" Gasped Zoe, looking up at her uncomfortable looking boyfriend. She didn't get any hints, did she?

Evan looked down at his feet. "It was...It was one time. I wanted to know if it'd help...It doesn't."

Alana shrugged. She studied her nails, obviously trying to avoid everyone's gaze. "Same as Evan. I was feeling particularly stressed."

Everyone nodded, completely understanding. Connor asked, "Why didn't you continue?"

Evan scoffed. "I don't want to ruin my lungs or some shit."

"How'd I cover up the smell?" Asked Alana. "I have crazy parents."

This time Evan asked, "Never have I ever gotten into a fist fight."

Connor and Jared put down a finger. With everyone's gaze on him, Connor said, "Jared's fight was with me."

Jared glared daggers at Connor. "You were a total asshole."

Connor waved him off. "Whatever, Whatever. You're a dick."
Chapter End Notes

as usual here's my tumblr:
http://failedfalencho.tumblr.com/
and my other tree bros fic
http://archiveofourown.org/works/11087553/chapters/24733671
mmmmm yes give me that platonic love yessss im thirsty for those bromances and healthy relationships

Before Evan knew it, it was Monday and he was not ready. He'd have to approach Zoe and explain how he didn't really like her.

Jared walked through the doors, Evan slowly trailing behind. He cocked his head over his shoulder asking, "What's up Evan? You're acting more antisocial than usual?" He asked. "Not that I c-care! Car...Car insurance," he added hastily, voice wavering.

Evan studied his feet. "I'm breaking up with Zoe today," he muttered. He was an awful person. Saying he liked her, then breaking up with her. If you told Evan he'd date Zoe, then realize he didn't like her a month ago, he'd laugh in your face.

Well he wouldn't laugh, he'd probably nervously chuckle asking if it was a joke. Jared rolled his eyes, continuing on. "Why'd you date her then?"

"Because I can't say no and she's very pretty. I'd be dumb to say no," answered Evan, hugging himself.

As Evan approached his locker, he saw Zoe standing there, looking around. Evan came up, Zoe turning around, a small smile. "Hi Evan!" She greeted, pecking his cheek.

Evan waved. He resisted the urge to wipe his cheek off. "Um...Hi."

Zoe then started going into detail about her friend was acting like a bitch or something...Evan just blocked her out, not really caring. He just threw in the occasional, "mmhmm," or, "wow."

She stopped, gazing at Evan curiously as he slammed his locker shut. "You're distracted," she commented.

"Um..." Evan looked around. "We need to uh...To talk?" He said.

"About?"

"I er...don'tlikeyouzoewithlikelikeguysimssorryimaterriblepersonbutithoughtlikedyourlreallydont," he spat out, nearly out of breath.

Zoe then suddenly grinned. Like it was strange how large she grinned. She then doubled over laughing. what the hell?

"Um..."

Zoe rested her hand on Evan's shoulder. "oh, Evan. You're precious," she giggled. She quietly said, "You know I thought I was going to like you. I liked the idea of you, y'know?" She murmured.
Evan nodded. The exact same happened to him.

"You know, I wasn't drunk the other day," said Zoe. She looked around, Evan's gaze snapped up in shock. "I was trying to make Alana jealous," she admitted. "Don't tell anybody--especially her! I guess I should tell you I'm uh...I'm pan. Pansexual."

"Oh," breathed Evan. Soon the two were laughing their asses off, people sending the them weird looks. "Oh!"

"Thank God that's settled," said Zoe, wiping a tear from her eye. "But is it fine if kiss you if Alana's around? I'm like, pretty sure she's gay."

Evan nodded. Zoe sent him dorky finger guns before skipping off. Evan let out a long sigh of air he didn't realize he held. He glanced around, hoping he'd find Connor. He better not be skipping.

As Evan headed to his first period, Jared stepping onto his heel before walking beside him. Evan chewed on his tongue in annoyance. "Did you do it?" Asked Jared.

Evan ran a hand through his hair. "Y-Yeah...It was pretty much mutual. She was happy."

"So why didn't you like her? Why'd you decide you didn't like her?" Asked Jared. Evan froze, stopping midwalk. Jared stopped too, gazing questioningly at him. "Well?"

Evan's eyes widened in realization. He fucking likes boys. Evan Hansen likes boys.

Evan Hansen is into dudes.

His breathing went heavy, as he looked around his shock. Did he take his pills this morning? God, he's like some crazy person who needs to be in an asylum. He needs pills! He looked Jared in the eye, Jared's eyes were filled with worry. His voice was low, as if he was talking to a frightened animal. He approached Evan even closer. He was speaking, but Evan couldn't hear him over the ring of his ears. he pulled at his sleeves, chewed on his cheek, breathed in shallowly.

Jared started ushering him away. Where was Evan going? Shit, is he being taken away? Evan wanted to thrash, to fight, to continue on to show he was fine, but he was too afraid and tired to fight back. He let himself be led away into the bathroom. The bell then rang. Evan froze up. He was late!

Evan slid down the wall, knees pulled to his chest as he hid his face. He was ashamed. He couldn't talk. He had cottonmouth and his throat was sore.

"Calm down...Calm down!" Jared said, kneeling in front of Evan. He knew how to handle these, he's grown up with Evan. "It's fine, breath in and out. Evan, you did nothing wrong. You're fine, you're safe. It's Jared. The insanely cool Jared Kleinman, your best friend since diapers."

Evan's gaze snapped up, blinking away the tears on his face. He was heating up. He chuckled to himself. Crying puts up a sweat, huh? Jared showed Evan how he should be breathing.

Great you need to be taught how to breathe god damn. What are you? A toddler in need? Oh wait, right you are. You're a burden and a waste of space and time. Evan mirrored Jared's breathing 'til he felt himself calm down. Jared held Evan's hand, sighing. He gazed at Evan, then holding his hand to Evan's forehead. "You're sweating like crazy," he observed. "Take off your jacket, cool down."

Evan looked at Jared. Shit. Last night he...er...he cut. Jared would see how fresh the cuts were. Then he'd call the medics or some shit, then they'd take Evan away. Evan's eyes widened, hugging himself. "No!" He choked out. "It's cold outside!"
"There's a heater on Ev--" Evan hasn't heard that name since elementary school. "Also you're sweating and you're Really warm." Jared tugged at the jacket.

Evan was too tired to fight him, letting Jared take it off and praying he wouldn't comment on it. "It's fine, you'll get it back." Jared held onto Evan's arm gently, squeezing it.

Jared's gaze raked down Evan's arms. Jared immediately let go of Evan's arm, letting his hand fall. "Um..." Jared cleared his throat awkwardly. "Where'd you get the uh...The cuts?"

This is the second time he was in this situation. First Connor during their project and now in the bathroom with a panic attack. He couldn't speak or open his mouth--it'd all fall out and he'd admit everything.

Jared leaned closer. "Evan? Where'd you get these?" He asked softly, soothingly tracing circles on the hand he held. "Evan? Dude, you're fine. It's fine. You're doing fantastic."

Evan opened his mouth, but all that came out was choked whines and whimpers. Jared's eyes held an emotion he'd never seen.

Sadness, empathy, and...pity. Evan frowned. He hated pity.

"Are these..." Jared cut himself off. He breathed in slowly before trying again. "Are these um...You? Did you...?"

That's when it all came out. Evan jerked forward, holding onto Jared. Sobs fell as he screamed, cried, he let it all out. He did that a lot, but it felt even sadder yet more meaningful when he had someone to hold onto.

Jared's hands flew up, hugging Evan back. Jared switched them to where he was sitting against the wall and Evan was practically laying on him. He rubbed his back, letting Evan cry and sob, digging his fingers into Jared's shirt.

Evan leaned back, face red as tears and snot fell. He rubbed at his eyes, still hiccuping and coughing with sobs. "I..." Evan didn't say anything about the cuts. He knew Jared knew. "I like boys," he cried out. "I'm a-a fuck--fuck up! My...My m-mom...And I ju-just...I can't and...I--I hate myself because...Because...I like boys and..."

Jared held onto Evan's shoulders, making sure they looked at each other. He gave Evan a small, reassuring smile. "Ev...Dude, you liking boys? That's the opposite of a problem want to hear a secret?" Jared said quietly, practically a whisper. "I like boys too. I'm bi."

"Oh." Evan sniffled. He was calmer this time. He felt better, even if it was slight. "I uh...Oh. Thanks...I guess. For telling me...Er..." Evan awkwardly wiping at the wet stain on Jared's shirt. "Um...S-Sorry I uh..."

Jared cut him off. "Shut up." He then added, "I uh...I'm sorry. I didn't know...I didn't know."

"Nobody does. W-why...why would...why would anybody? ...No...Nobody cares!" Wailed Evan. He was sitting on his knees between Jared's legs that. He pulled at his jeans. He snapped his gaze up. Jared shuddered. It held an emotion Jared couldn't pinpoint and he'd never want to see again. "You...You hang out wi-with me for CAR INSURANCE!"

His face held the face of a broken human being. And tears. Lots of tears. And redness.

"That's a..." Jared wanted to punch himself in the face. "That's a joke," he whispered. He himself
wanted to cry.

Evan shut his eyes tight. He wanted to just disappear. He didn't want to die, you could say...He just wanted to disappear. Just leave without hurting anybody. He wish he was never born. "It's not funny though."

This time Jared leaned forward, pulling Evan into a hug. "God...I just...I'm so sorry..." he trailed off, shakily standing up. He held out his hand, pulling up Evan, whose legs were jelly. "Let's just skip, okay?"

Evan's looked around frantically. "B-but--"

Jared cut him off. "Shh. You're in no state to go to school for the whole stressful ass day."

Evan wanted to argue, but he knew Jared wouldn't take no for an answer. Also, he was too exhausted to push him any further. Reluctantly, he grabbed his stuff and followed Jared out the door.
To be honest, Jared never thought he'd be in this situation. Like, ever.

But despite that, here he is. He's sat on his couch, Evan leaned into him. Jared sighed, rubbing his temples. He was honestly terrified right now. He tried to ignore Evan trembling and heart pounding but he couldn't.

When Jared realized he might not be completely straight, he was horrified. Yet completely chill with it. He was kind of excited actually. He found out with his little crush on Evan.

It wasn't even a full out crush. Even if Jared really wanted a relationship with Evan, it wouldn't work out. Even if Evan shared his feelings, it never would. Theyre soulmates in a bro, friendship way.

Why it wouldn't work out even if Jared wanted a full friendship? Connor fucking Murphy. Evan didn't know this, but Jared always knew Evan wasn't straight. It's pretty obvious to anyone with eyes. Anyway, Jared's suspicions grew when Connor waltzed into Evans life.

It genuinely confused and pissed Jared off how Evan could fall for a guy he met in a week, yet think Jared is repulsive and they've known eachother before they could even speak. But that's how Jared knew he'd never get Evan.

The way Evan looked at Connor was the way every person wanted their loved one to look at them. It's almost indescribable. There's complete hope and trust and just pure adoration in Evan's eyes.

And that's when Jared realized he could never keep up with fucking Connor Murphy. He hated him. Not out of fear, or because it was the social norm: No. it was because he could accomplish was Jared never could.

Dont get him wrong, they're both well suited. Better than Jared and Evan would ever be together. Connors gaze at evan when he's not looking is magic. Jared could feel the sparks fly around their connection. Two damaged boys with their fierce compassion and love would be the ultimate power couple.

Too bad they're dumbasses who can't seem to understand that. So Jared shall relish in that til they finally come to their senses.

"so Evan," began Jared. He looked at Evans broken, blue eyes. His heart clenched. "How long has this...has this been..been going on? The self-esteem...the self-esteem issues" he managed.

Evan looked away, curling up as he hurried his face. "Probably since I was born, if I were to be completely honest."
Jared ran his hand through Evan's hair, giving the boy a reassuring smile. "I don't really...Ev, I... you are my friend. I do care for you."

"You don't always act like it," muttered Evan venomously. Jared leaned back, ashamed to admit it was true. "But I uh...I can act rude too...um sorry...thanks i guess."

Ruffling his hair, Jared replied, "Can I ask another question? Tell me if I've stepped any boundaries." In all honesty, he didn't care if he steps any boundaries. He just wants answers. He knew Evan wouldn't say if he'd crossed a boundary either way.

Evan nodded, face still buried in the sleeve of the hoodie he immediately put on when they left the bathroom.

"The um..." Jared gulped."how um...how long has the cutting--the self-harm gone on?"

Evan chewed on his lip so harshly blood was drawn. "A while," he quietly admitted. "Why does it matter? You've seen the scars before? Those aren't even the only ones."

Jared winced as if he'd been slap. The words were harsh but true. He looked down at his bare feet. "I'm a shit friend, But I want to know so I can help you," he said. "Also..'those aren't the only ones?'"

When Evan didn't reply, just nuzzled into his sleeve even further, Jared wanted to scream. "Evan, tell me."

"Hips and thighs."

Jared honestly wanted to throw up. Jared has showered and changed at his place. Fuck, he's seen Evan naked. (It was an enjoyable experience) How did he not notice scarring?

Evan raised his head. His eyes were red from all the crying and his bags seemed darker and larger than usual. "I was clean for a while. To be honest the drinking helped....but then I relapsed I just... I always feel so bad. It's like a punishment. A release. It takes my mind off myself. I just--" Evan cut himself off when tears began to well up in his eyes again.

Jared quickly wiped them away. "Please don't cry again. I'll start crying, and then you'll start crying even harder and--well, that's just not a good situation," he said, cracking a small smile.

Evan gave Jared a small twitch of the lips. That was enough to give him butterflies. He never noticed Evan had dimples. Oh fuck him gently with a chainsaw.

"So Evan, how'd you realize how gay you were. Welcome to the party!"

Evan shrugged. "I just never liked girls....and I think I have a crush."

Jared sat up straighter. He needed to know this. He can't have anybody hurt Evan. Even if there's like a ninety-eight percent guarantee his ass would be kicked in a fight, he still needed to act like an overprotective parent. Jareds the only one allowed to tease Evan. Evan deserves the best only.

Too bad he didn't get it in the friendship department.

"well, I get butterflies," said Evan. He looked off distantly, his twitch of the lips now into a small smile. Jared wanted to frown, but couldn't help but smile too. Even if he wasn't the one to make Evan smile. "He's gentle, even if he doesn't act like it. I get fireworks and i just want to hold his hand and spend time with him...I just," Evan sighed, running a hand through his hair. "It'd never be
mutual."

shit man. Did Jared possess Evan and ghost say these thoughts?

"who is it?"

Evan took in a shaky breath, looking Jared in the eye, eyes wide. His freckled face was flushed as he said, "Connor Murphy."

holy fucking shit.

Chapter End Notes

this is typed on my phone at midnight I'm sorry
Connor

Chapter Notes

*drinks tea with satan, laughing and giggling*

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Connor got the strangest text. It was from Jared and all it said was,

JK: yo somebody wants yoUR DICC

Jk: its not me dont ask

And when Connor asked who and if this was a joke, Jared wouldn't respond to anything.

Connor walked down the hallway, dodging people as he approached Evan. Evan was leaned against his locker, eyes shut tight. Connor slowly came up, tapping Evan on the shoulder.

Evan jumped, looking over at Connor in shock. He scowled, lightly slapping Connor's arm. "That's not funny."

Connor's arm tingled. He gave a small smile. "I think so." Connor looked behind him and saw Jared, raising an eyebrow, a cheeky smile on his face. "Hey, I'll talk to you later," grunted Connor, leaving Evan behind to talk to Jared.

"Kleinman!" Called Connor as he hurried up to Jared.

Jared leaned against a wall, arms crossed. "Hey Nemo," he greeted.

Not questioning the nickname, Connor asked, "What the hell was up with that text?"

"Oh nothing," slowly drawled Jared. "Nothing at all," he said, looking over Connor's shoulder, winking.

Connor looked around, spotting Evan watching the two conversing. He flushed at being caught and scurried off. Connor flushed in return. He looked back around, Jared wearing the shit eating grin on his face. "Isn't he adorable?"

Raising an eyebrow, Connor crossed his arms. "yeah..." He suspiciously trailed off. "Are you high?"

"I wish I was," sighed Jared. He slapped Connor on the back. "Good talk." With one last glance with the smirk Connor wanted to slap off, Jared swaggered off.

That was the swagger of only a truly insecure person could pull off. Connor rolled his eyes.
Okay, Jared was just getting weirder and weirder. The next morning, Connor got a similar text. It said:

**JK: man bro a cute boy is pining after u**

**CM: funny**

**JK; im fucking hilarious**

Connor dropped the conversation, wanting to smash his phone against the wall. The first person that came to mind when Jared said cute boy was Evan hecking Hansen.

F*ck him.

Connor instead just tossed his phone into his bag.

When he arrived to school, Jared pulled Connor aside. Connor clenched his fists, ready for a fight or some shit.

"You and Evan," Jared sighed. "You're both blind. You like Evan, yeah?"

Connor's eyes widened. "Fuck off!" He growled. He couldn't bring himself to deny it. "You're fucking hilarious. Yeah. Sure. You wanted to hear that? I'm leaving--you pulled me aside to call me a freak, say it so I can go."

Jared rolled his eyes. "That'd be pretty hypocritical of me, huh?" Connor bit back a retort saying Jared was the definition of hypocrite. "I'm bi dude, it's chill to admit you're gay for tree boy."

Connor slumped over. Jared knew, so it didn't matter. He straightened up however when he heard Jared say, "I won't tell him, if that's what you're worried about." Jared winked. "I can help you get him."

"That's it I'm leaving," snarled Connor. As he stalked off, he heard Jared yell:

"Stop being difficult you Marilyn Manson wannabe!"

Connor rolled his eyes. He could never get Evan. Evan was too perfect to be with him, a huge fuck up and mess.

---

Now Evan was acting odd.

When Connor talked to Evan, Evan couldn't even glance at him. As soon as Connor'd finish his sentence, Evan would run off. He'd always run to Jared too.

Soon this led to just Evan flat out ignoring Connor. He didn't look at Connor. He didn't look at him. He didn't even go in his direction. Hell, the kid even asked the teacher if he could move to the back of the room. Connor sat in the very front!

He was done with this shit. Evan ignoring him? Okay, that's fine. He'd just ignore him too.
Connor sat on the edge of his bed, smoking. He reveled in the burns along his arms. He didn't cry over them. They were pretty. They decorated his ugly arms like a christmas tree.

Zoe did tend to disagree however when she entered his room. She gasped as she glanced around at his gross ass room. "This is disgusting!" She snapped. She pulled Connor to his feet. "What the fuck happened? You're grosser than--" she pulled back, letting Connor plop back down. "You smell like shit."

"Fuck off."

ZOE

Zoe looked around. "For a while this place was decently cleaned," she muttered. "Hey, what happened to Evan too? He usually visits every so often. Don't have a crush on him or some shi--" She couldn't finish her sentence before she was pushed up against the wall. Connor was holding the joint. He tossed it out the window, gaze still on Zoe.

Slowly and terrifyingly calm Connor growled out, "Who. Told. You?"

Zoe spluttered and gasped. Connor was choking her. "Nobody! Let me go you..." She coughed and spluttered. Connor abruptly let her go, eyes wide and filled with tears.

Connor clenched his teeth, glaring at Zoe. "Yeah. You're brother's a fag," he spat, approaching Zoe. He straightened up to his full height, trying to intimidate Zoe. It wasn't working. "What you going to do? Cry? Hit me and scream? Tell fucking Larry?"

Zoe pushed him away. "No. No. Why would I?" She asked, tearing up herself. "not when...Not when I am in the same boat," she admitted. She couldn't look away from Connor.

"What?"

"I like girls," whispered Zoe. She never said it out loud, to admit. "I like girls."

Connor loosened up. He rubbed at his eyes. His body started shaking as tears dripped down his face. "Oh," Connor looked up, eyes red as the tears fell. "That's uh...That's-- Oh."

Zoe took a step forward. "That's not what's upsetting you though," she murmured. She placed her hand on Connor's tensed up arm.


How could she call him a monster when he was damaged? Zoe was the monster. She wiped at her eyes. "Because I want to be a better sister."

"I want to be a better brother," whispered Connor, letting Zoe squeeze his arm in attempts to comfort him. "It's stupid, though. It's something I should've seen coming."

Zoe shook her head. "Tell me."
Connor's eyes welled up with tears as they fell down faster.

She's never seen Connor cry. It's always that dry anger where his voice is loud and strong, never wavering. He'd punch stuff, scream and yell and get violent. Here he seemed angry, but his voice shook and he looked like a little boy.

Zoe opened her arms, and Connor dived into them. He held onto her, sobbing and crying. "What's wrong with me?" He asked. "I chased off my only friend."

Zoe closed her eyes, sighing. She can't remember the last time she hugged her brother. "A lot," she admitted. "But nothing you can't help. You're only human." She patted his back. "You chased off Evan? I find that hard to believe. You've done so much shit to him and yet he comes back. He loves you, Con."

Connor's fingers dug into her, gripping onto her so tight that if he'd let go she'd float away. This was so foreign. "But I chased him off," he muttered, voice muffled from his face dug into her shoulder, getting it wet.

Zoe was standing on her toes. "What happened, Connor?"

Connor pulled away, hiccuping. He ran a hand through his greasy hair. He needed a shower. "I like Evan Hansen."

Zoe rolled her eyes. "Yeah, I like Evan too that--" She froze, realizing what he meant. "Oh."

Connor rubbed at his red eyes. Was it from smoking or crying? Probably both. Maybe it was the drugs making him so emotional.

Or maybe it was the fact Connor bottled up everything. He'd bottle in stuff then explode. This time this explosion seemed far more damaging than any other, and this wasn't anger. The only broken thing here was no object, just Connor himself.

"I see that," said Zoe softly. "I noticed. You'd never looked at someone so fiercely."

"I hate myself."

"I--me too."

"You shouldn't. I'd rather be you."

"Because I am popular? Because I have a bunch of friends who really aren't my friends?" Snapped Zoe. Tears welled up in her own eyes. She blinked them away. Not here. Not now. "No Connor. Somedays I wish I was you. At least I know my friends. You have Evan. And I know for a fact Jared likes you, he just hides it."

Connor rolled his wet eyes. "Okay. W-Whatever..." He stuffed his hands in his pockets. "But I really did fuck it up this time."

"Why?"

"I think Jared told Evan."

Zoe took a step forward. "Con...Connor...Dude. It wouldn't matter. Evan likes you too."

"You're lying," growled Connor. He began to pace, pulling at his hair. "Haha. Funny joke," he snapped. Without warning, he punched the wall as hard as he could. He yelled out in pain, holding
the hand to himself. "Fuck."

"That's what you get for punching a wall. And no, I am not joking."

"Sorry...I'm trying," sniffed Connor, cradling his hand. "I really am. Larry doesn't think so but I am," he whimpered, voice filled with pain. Physical or emotional? Probably both.

Zoe sighed, rubbing at her eyes. "I know you are. He's an asshole, huh?"

Connor chuckled humorlessly. "Yeah. He is." He tilted his head back, staring at the ceiling. "Will we end up like them? In an unloving relationship with two siblings who constantly fight? One of them who is mentally ill?"

Zoe sat down on his bed, pulling her legs up to her chest. "I'd hate to be like that. When I was younger, I looked at mom and think I'd want something like this."

"Young you is stupid. You still are," said Connor, sitting next to Zoe, resting his hand on her knee, squeezing it.

"I am," she agreed. She sighed, squeezing her eyes shut. "We don't have to fight all the time."

"But we do."

"But we do," echoed Zoe. "Do you want ice?"

"No. I like the pain."

Zoe didn't say anything to that. Instead she said, "I know Evan likes you. You want to know why?"

Connor shifted, not looking at Zoe. He nodded.

"Because when I laid on his lap. When I kissed him. When I hugged him even, do you know who he'd look at?" Asked Zoe, eyebrows furrowed. "If you were in the room, you. He'd look like he wanted you in my place."

Connor rolled his eyes. "Okay and? Maybe he just glanced at my direction by coincidence."

"Every single time without fail? Hell, when he broke up with me he said he liked somebody else. Have you seen how that boy looks at you? It's love if I'd ever seen it."

"Then why's he ignoring you?"

Zoe abruptly stood up. "He's ignoring you?"

Connor sighed, nodding. "I probably said something."

Zoe paced in confusion. "Evan...But...Why?"

"Hell if I know."

Zoe patted Connor's shoulder. When he tried to stand up, she pushed him down. "We're going to have some quality sibling bonding time you ass," she said. "In honor of us going unnoticed by our crushes."

Connor chuckled, putting his hair up in a bun. "And who's your crush?"
Zoe flushed. "It may or may not be Alana."

Connor widened his eyes. "Alana? Alana Beck? The one in my grade?"

"Yeah."

Connor threw his head back laughing. "How are you two not dating? My gaydar goes off on her."

"Well it must be broken because it didn't go off on Evan!" Snapped Zoe. She sighed. "I'll paint your nails. They're chipping." Zoe grabbed a sparkly black nail polish and snatched Connor's hand, placing them on her lap.

"Why?"

"Why what?" Asked Zoe, focusing on painting his nails. They were stubs from biting at them.

"This?"

"I want to fix everything."


Zoe switched hands. "Get off Tumblr."

"You hipster blog."

"Fuck off."

For the first time ever, Zoe saw Connor smile. She smiled back. "Done. Now, make sure Evan sees your new sparkle nails."

Connor wiggled them. "Will do."

Chapter End Notes

MMMMMYESSS IM THIRST Y FOR HEALTHY SIBLING RELATIONSHIPPPSSS MMMMMMGIMME
Evan and Jared

Chapter Notes

thanks spouse for the idea <33 ;^)))

Evan jumped as his phone abruptly rang. He wasn't called anymore ever since with Connor. He was sure he told Connor about his stupid crush. How could he approach him? He probably hated him.

Without looking at the caller ID, Evan answered.

"Evan?" said Jared through the phone.

Evan rolled his eyes. Of course. Who else? "Hey Jared."

There was scuffling through the receiver and hushed murmurs before he replied. "Hey uh...Evan," he greeted. "What the fuck."

Evan nearly dropped his phone. "What?"

"You heard me."

"Uh...Yeah. I uh...Yeah. I did," said Evan, running a hand through his hair. He wasn't in the mood for this. "But uh...What'd I do?"

Jared snorted in disbelief. "You do know, but here's a refresher: Ignoring the friend of yours who would drop everything to come help you?"

"Don't have one."

"Oh fuck off!" Groaned Jared. "Connor Murphy? Mr. HotTopic? The school shooter? Ya know him? I bet you do, despite you pretending you don't."

Evan grit his teeth. "Why don't you fuck off--Oh wait, you have no other friends to bother.

Something broke in the background before Jared yelled, "Evan! F--Ugh...Asshole!" With that, he hung up.

Evan threw his phone onto the bed harshly, causing it to bounce off onto the dirty floor. He didn't pay it any mind, rolling over onto his stomach and digging his face into the pillow. He was an asshole. He was an awful person. He rolled over back onto his back. He dug his fingers into the sheets. Where was his razor?

Zoe and Connor sat on Jared's couch, staring at him in shock. They came over, telling Jared the
predicament. They asked him what the Hell happened, Jared not even knowing this WAS happening, so he dialed Evan. He wished he didn't yell though. He didn't trust Evan in his thoughts alone. He needs to visit later.

"What happened?" Asked Connor, leaning forward, eyes filled with worry. Jared was right. Even when Evan was a dick, Connor would drop everything to help him through his shit.

Jared slammed his phone onto his desk, crossing his arms. "I don't know what," he admitted. "But he was acting like a huge dick."

Zoe sighed. "Should I call him?" She asked.

Jared rolled his eyes. "Give it a go."

To be honest, this hurt him. It was true. Jared had no other friends. He liked Zoe, Alana, and Connor but they didn't like him. He knew he was annoying and rude, but it was his defense mechanism. What better way to hide your insecure thoughts behind fatalistic humor? Jared chuckled to himself, watching Zoe fish out her phone and dial Evan's number.

One ring. Two rings. Three rings. Then, a click. Unlike Jared, Zoe put him on speaker. Evan's tired voice came through. "What? Came to lecture me too?"

It was rare to hear Evan annoyed. He usually hid it. Even then he wasn't annoyed. He was usually afraid HE was the annoying one. Evan must be feeling really shitty.


Through the line you could hear cabinets shutting and things moving in the background. "Uh..." he coughed. "Nothing."

Zoe glanced at them in confusion, both Connor and Jared shrugging in confusion. What the Hell was Evan doing?

"Well, I called to say hi and talk," said Zoe, crossing her legs, setting her phone on the desk they crowded around.

"Okay..."

Zoe cleared her throat. "How are things with you and my brother?" she asked.

Evan groaned. "How do you think?"

"Not so well. Care to tell me why?"

She sounded like a therapist jesus christ.

"Ask Jared."

Zoe glanced at Jared in confusion. She asked towards evan, but Jared knew the question was to him. In all honesty, he had no clue about what HE did.

"What'd Jared do?"

"I know you guys are with each other, don't act dumb. I know you're smart," scoffed Evan. Suddenly he hissed out in pain.

"What was that?"
Evan shuffled around again. "N-Nothing--" There was rustling. Like a towel, or a napkin or something being unheld. He hissed again. "I'm...great..." he sounded as if he was focusing on something else.

"Okay...So, what'd Jared do Evan?"

"Not when you guys are in the same room. But let's just say, I'm pretty sure Jared exposed a secret of mine to Connor."

Zoe snapped her gaze to Jared questioningly.

Jared's eyes widened. *Evan thought Jared told Connor about his crush. Fuck.* Jared motioned Zoe to hang up.

"Oh well...Uh...Stay safe Evan. Bye." Without letting Evan say bye, she ended the call quickly. "What'd he mean by 'expose.'"

"he thought I told Connor a secret of his, and he's ashamed of it." Jared's not a complete dick, he won't flat out say Evan had a crush. Yes, he hinted at it, but he only said he could help Connor get Evan.

He'll keep to his word.

"What is it?" demanded Connor, finally speaking up during the exchanged.

Jared rolled his eyes. "I'm not going to actually tell you--but trust me, you'll learn."

Connor didn't push him any further.

Jared leaned back in his chair. "But let's just say, Zoe and I need to talk later. Connor, why don't you head home? You're parents must be worried. You kids and your weeds," snickered Jared, gesturing to his door. "I'll drive Zoe home."

"you can't drive--" protested Connor but Jared was already pushing him out the door, down the stairs, and out his house, slamming the door. "go for a walk, a smoke, whatever, come back in twenty!" he yelled through the door. He peeked through the window and he saw Connor stalk off, a glare on his face.

Jared dashed back up to his room, Zoe sitting on his bed in confusion. "Had to get him out for our operation," informed Jared, sitting back down in his chair. "For operation get Connor and Evan together."

Zoe chuckled. "Really now? Well this'll be hard, they're both blind and their self confidence is so low you could trip over it."

"Yes but not if we get the brains in on it."

"The brains?" repeated Zoe.

"Yeah." Jared got out his phone, calling Alana Beck. "your little girlfriend, Alana."

Zoe blushed. "She's not my girlfriend."

Jared waved her off, Alana picking up. "Hey Alanaaaa," he said. "How's it hanging?"

"Hey Jared! How are you?" Greeted Alana. "Why'd you call me?"
Jared winked at Zoe. "I'm doing fantastic. So, care to join Zoe and I on a...plan."

"Oh! Zoe's here? Hi Zoe!"

Zoe smiled, eyes twinkling at the sound of Alana's voice. "Hey!"

"It's operation get Connor and Evan together?"

You could hear the frown in Alana's voice as she asked in disbelief. "Wait. They weren't together? I thought that's why he broke up with Zoe? To fulfill his feelings for Connor? But when...But...They never shut up about each other!"

"Exactly why you must indulge us on our plan!" Said Jared.

Alana laughed. "Evan and Connor are both some of my closest acquaintances! Of course I'll help."

Jared grinned. "Great. So, tomorrow we got us a Saturday. We need to plan it out tomorrow."

Before Jared hung up, Zoe said, "It's safe to say they're your friends Alana. Don't worry."

"Oh! Oh...Bye guys!"

Jared hung up, satisfied with the future events.

Here they are in their ultra-cool HQ, Jared's room. Well, Jared thought it was cool. Alana and Zoe just said it's just a plain room. Jared scoffed. They're just jealous.

Alana held Jared's laptop in her hands. "We could get one of them to just ask each other out?"

Zoe rolled her eyes. "They'd never do that."

"A blind date?"

Jared shook his head. "Evan'd be too shy and nervous."

"Force them into romantic situations by," Alana did finger quotations. "Accident?"

In unison, Zoe and Jared replied, "They'd freak out and do something they'd regret."

Then, Alana struck gold. "How about starting Monday we get one of them to slip secret admirer letters into their lockers. Each day is another clue to who they are. On Friday they tell the other to meet them somewhere. Then, BAM! Surprise. Then they fall in love even harder!"

Jared grabbed Alana's hand, grinning. "A perfect idea!"

Zoe spoke up. "I can Connor to do it easily. I think he actually was already planning to do something similar."

they all agreed on it, but Jared couldn't ignore the sound of his own heart cracking into two, wishing he was in Connor's place.
Connor

DAY 1 - MONDAY

Connor honestly didn't know how he got into this situation, but here he is, Zoe hanging over his shoulder watching his scribble down a love note.

"How the Hell do you write these?" Connor asked, exasperated.

Zoe slapped him on the shoulder. "Chop chop. The bus comes in like ten minutes."

"I have all day. We agreed I'll slip it in during lunch," reasoned Connor. He wanted to make this nice.

"Yeah but this can't be rushed!"

"You're rushing me right now!" Snapped Connor.

"How are you kids up there? Are you all right? School is--" Cynthia was cut off. By Connor and Zoe yelling "fine."

"I'll be waiting downstairs," said Zoe, exiting the room.

Connor groaned, running a hand through his hair. He was decent at writing from all the reading he did but he wasn't ever the master of writing or that shit.

*Dear Evan Hansen,*

*You're so fucking--*

Nope.

*Dear Evan Hansen,*

*I really think--*

Nah.

*Dear Evan Hansen,*

*Somebody really cares for you.*

*Sincerely,*

*Me.*

Connor shrugged. That'd be good enough for the first day. He folded it up delicately, pocketing it. Connor bounded down the stairs, Zoe tugging on her shoes. "I'm done," said Connor.

Larry glanced at the two. "What were you two doing?"

"Homework," snapped Connor. Larry snorted in disbelief, but let the two teenagers dart out the door.

"What'd you write?" Questioned Zoe.
Connor shrugged. "Something short and sweet."

"Um...Okay."

During lunch after Connor slipped in the letter, Evan stared at the note for about a minute before folding it back up and gently placing it back in his locker.

**DAY 2 - TUESDAY**

Jared approached Connor that morning.

"I heard you gave him the note," he commented.

Connor shrugged. "I'm slipping another one today."

_Deep Evan Hansen,

I know I care for you. I've never felt a true love but you make me want to go through the shittiness of life

You're the reason I care

Sincerely,

Me'"

It was more lovey-dovey than the last one. He can't wait to see what he does for the following days.

Jared gave Connor a small, almost sad grin. "That's great. Well, I hope you two have fantastic, passionate make-up sex!” Jared slapped Connor so hard on the back it felt like he broke his spine. Connor glared at Jared, but he was already wheeling down the hallway in his ugly ass heelies.

Connor sighed. This better be worth it.

When Evan went to retrieve the note today, he looked like he was about to cry.

**DAY 3 - WEDNESDAY**

_Deep Evan Hansen,

Your freckles are the cutest damn thing ever. They're like stars decorating the sky.

The sky you should reach for because you're destined to do fantastic things. You ARE a fantastic thing.

Sincerely,

Me.

Connor nearly grimaced. He spoke the truth, but he never realized how fucking cheesy was until it was voiced on paper.

That day, Evan really did cry.

**DAY 4 - THURSDAY**

That day Connor slipped in some chocolate. He remembered Evan's love for Hershey kisses, so he
Dear Evan Hansen,

Jesus Christ. You make me feel things I haven't felt before. Your blush is so pretty on your pale face. Your ruffled hair makes me want to run my hands through it.

Honestly, you scare me. I'm scared of these feelings but I'll deal with them for you. All for you, okay?

Enjoy my kisses

wink wink

Sincerely,

Me.

Connor shook as he wrote the letter. Tomorrow was the day he'd talk to Evan. He was not ready.

That day, Evan slipped the kisses into his bag, popping one into his mouth as he beamed at the letter.

He wondered if that smile would stay when he found out who wrote them.

**FINAL DAY/5 - FRIDAY**

Dear Evan Hansen,

I'd give my life for you. That's cheesy and dramatic I know, but this is the first time I felt so passionate over this shit.

So please, give me the time of day.

Take your notes, keep this one. Please meet me.

Meet me at the garden. The one that nobody pays attention to by the school. The one with the marble bench. I'll be there.

Love,

You know who. I feel like as if we had that connection.

Connor felt like throwing up. He was fucking terrified. What if Evan never showed up? What if as soon as he saw Connor he ran off?

That day when Evan got the note, he did as the note said. He delicately set them into his bag.

His phone vibrated. He glanced at his phone. It was one single text from Jared.

**Jk: I'll make sure he comes and doesn't run off. Promise**

Connor clenched the phone. Maybe Jared wasn't so bad after all.

Connor strutted to the garden. He was ready.
Evan was terrified. Like who was this mystery person? Is this some sick joke? Jared said he'd stay hidden on the sidelines just in case anything bad happened. He also swore to god and pinky promised that it's not some sick joke.

But how would he know?

Evan slowly crept outside. He shuddered. It was chilly out. He rounded a corner and--


It was fucking Connor.

Jared was wrong. This is a joke. This is some funny joke. Connor is so...God he's so fucking sick and why would he--

Connor turned around, eyes wide. His cheeks were flushed as he huddled into his sweatshirt. He rubbed his hands together before waving. He took a step forward.

Evan was about to run before Jared blocked his path. Jared crossing his arms, motioning forward. "Please do this," whispered Jared.

Evan mustered up his courage, glancing around. He was afraid like the whole school would jump out and yell, "HA! PRANKED!!" or some shit.

Really? You think anybody would write those sweet notes and mean it? Who could love you?

Soon Connor and Evan were a few feet apart. Connor nervously rubbed the back of his neck. "hey..."

Evan didn't say anything, just watched Connor cautiously.

"It's me...The kid who wrote the letters and you...." Connor trailed off but the word, "ignored" hung in the air.

You're a shitty person. This is a joke to get back at you.

Still, Evan didn't say anything, worried to make a fool of himself.

"I meant those letters, you know,"murmured Connor, taking a hesitant step forward, as if any sudden movements would frighten Evan off. "You truly are a beautiful human, Evan."

Evan took a step back. "I'm a broken mess. You--You don't--Where's the uh...Where's the punchline?" He choked out, looking around frantically, however he couldn't help that his gaze always went back to Connor's gaze. "You're...You're taking advantage of me...So-Somehow And I--"

Abruptly, Connor grabbed Evan's hands in his large ones. He squeezed them, staring into Evan's blue ones that widened, beginning to water. "I'm not...Shit Evan!" Connor sighed. "I'm broken too. Were both so...fucking....broken. But two pieces together could make one."
Evan pulled his hands back, glancing over Connor. Connor looked so defeated yet hopeful. "How is this--" Evan gulped, blinking back his tears. "I'm not what you want."

"This isn't a joke," said Connor, voice cracking. "Jared, Zoe and even Alana helped this. Why would they help if this is a joke? Jared cares for you, you dated Zoe, and Alana's not the joking type. She's not a bitch like us."

Evan squeezed his eyes shut. He opened them, expecting Connor to disappear and it'd end. He was still there, gazing into Evan. Evan began breathing heavily. Before he knew it, he was crying. He blubbered out, "I-I...I am s-so Sorry!" He gasped out. Connor opened his arms and Evan ran into them. He held onto Connor, gasping and hiccupsing. "I...I igno-ignore-ignored you b.e...because...I just--" Evan cut himself off, crying out pitifully. "Why would you love a mess like this?" He demanded, digging his fingers into Connor's shirt. "It's January. You've known me for months....How can you--How can you n-not se-see what a mess I am?"

Connor held onto Evan so tightly. They held on like they were each other's lifelines. Like if they let go they'd drift off. "No Evan...Evan...Evan you're not," he whispered. "Evan...God. You're the f--you're the best thing that has ever happened to me."

Evan's body racked with sobs as they got worse. 'j-Just those words. I felt I--I de-feel lik-like--I just--"

Connor cut him off by pulling away, wiping the tears from Evan's face. "Even when crying you look amazing."

Evan's face flushed bright red like a strawberry. "Well...I uh--Er--" Evan cut himself off by standing on his toes, and fucking kissing Connor.

Connor froze up. Evan noticed this, pulling away. "Shit! I uh--I mean...Sorry--This is pr-probably a j-joke and I--"

Connor waved his hands frantically. "No! I was surprised!" He grinned. Evan has never seen Connor truly grin. He might actually fucking melt holy shit.

Evan smiled in return, going back on his toes, wrapping his arms around Connor's neck. They kissed again and Evan's hands got sweaty. His legs turned to jelly. He might actually cry.

They were clumsy. Their noses bumped, teeth clashed, and it was gross and messy but Evan couldn't ever imagine a better kiss. They pulled apart after Jared yelling and running around screaming how his eyes were getting burned.

Connor whispered something so quiet Evan could've sworn he imagined it. "Please don't leave me."

Evan squeezed his hand and whispered in return, "Hold on tight for me...Okay Connor?"

"Alright, that's enough love shit today!" Yelled Jared, coming in between a two. "Man. Now I'm the third wheel!"

The three chuckled. Evan leaned forward, hugging Jared. They quickly pulled apart, Jared's face red. Evan shrugged to himself, assuming it was the cold.

Jared squeezed Evan's shoulder. "I told you it was a good idea to come. Well, anyway--" Jared mock saluted them. "Gotta blast!" With a wink, Jared strutted off.

Evan agreed. He was happy he decided to show. But he was scared too. So fucking scared.
However when Evan looked over at Connor, glancing at his face, he could tell Connor was just as happy, and yet just as scared. Like he said, they're too broken pieces that can be melded into one masterpiece.

Chapter End Notes

THIS ISNT THE END FUCKERS I GOT MORE ANGST COMING UP SO KEEP YOUR SEATBELTS BUCKLED BECAUSE THE ANGST FEST HAS JUST BEGUN MOTHERFUCKAS
Chapter Notes

wow guys thirty chapters
we need to get lives
more specifically: m e
im glad u enjoy this shit like thank for all the lovely comments and just aaaaa
5000 hits and 400 kudos??? this is just???? thank,,,,,you!!!!!!! AAAAAA
remember im a slut for comments
ALSO WARNING THIS IS KINDA STEAMY???? IM SO SHIT AT WRITING
SEXY SCENES IMM SORRY

After all the confessions, Evan invited Connor to stay the night. Immediately, the boys headed to his room and just stared at each other. They looked at each other like they couldn't believe they were alive.

"so," breathed Evan. "What's this?" He gestured to the two of them vaguely.

Connor shrugged. His studied Evan for the thousandth time. Who can blame him? He liked looking at Evan's face. "I'm your boyfriend?"

Evan went a fiery red, chewing it lip. "Um...Yeah. Yeah um...Perfect. I've never really..." He tugged at the hem of his shirt awkwardly. "Dated anybody unless you count like the three day Zoe thing."

"Please don't mention her."

"So--"

Connor interrupted him. "I've never really dated a guy. Yeah, I've had sex--" he froze, watching Evan's face go bright red. He spluttered as his eyes went wide. Connor rolled his eyes, "--It's just a word, Ev."

Evan tugged at his collar. "But it's like.." he shifted. "Whatever. Con-Continue..."

Connor poked Evan's nose. "You're such a virgin."

Evan didn't argue, to Connor's amusement.

"Anyway, yeah. I haven't really done this lovey stuff."

Evan reached over, grabbing Connor's hand, squeezing it. "Then let's learn," he murmured.

Connor beamed down at Evan. "For all that pining, how about we squeeze in some practice?" His genuine smile slowly turned into a smirk.

"Oh!"

Connor grabbed Evan, pulling Evan towards him. Evan and Connor both sat on the bed, knees tucked underneath themselves. They leaned towards eachother, quietly laughing when their noses
bumped. "We're ever the graceful ones," joked Connor, going for a kiss. Just as he did, Evan opened his mouth to speak and their faces hit each other.

Evan fell backward, groaning. "God...Connor--" He was cut off by Connor laughing.

Connor laughed so hard tears came out of his eyes. Connor made eye contact with Evan and his heart three sizes. That's when he knew, he still had a tired and sad heart. They'd fight. Connor'd cry. Evan'd cry. But in the end, Connor knew it was a mutual love and adoration.

"Your laugh is so nice," blurted Evan. "Its all..just--I mean--"

Connor intertwined their hands. "Wow. Thanks Evan. Quite the flirty one."

Evan snorted. They tried once again, leaning towards each other. This time they finally fit perfect like a puzzle. Slowly, Connor shifted and Evan was straddling Connor. Yeah, he couldn't feel his legs, but that's fine. Connor brought his hand up, running his hand through his hair, lightly tugging.

Evan squeaked, his hands awkwardly resting on Connor's biceps, squeezing. Connor held the back of his head as he bit Evan's lip. Evan whimpered. Connor grinned into the kiss. Suddenly, his hair was tugged at. Connor pulled away, looking at Evan in surprise.

"Sorry! That just--It seemed--Right? Ye-YEah...Sorry..." Evan messed with Connor's shirt hem. Connor rolled his eyes, quietly assuring him it was fine. They continued their kissing session. Connor trailed his hand--

Suddenly Evan's door swung open. Heidi Hansen stood there. It took the boys a few seconds to notice before Connor looked over, jumping and falling backwards off the bed. Evan squealed, looking over the edge. He looked over, and nearly screamed. "M-Mom!"

Heidi studied Evan's flushed face, ruffled hair and Connor's obvious hard on. "Hey....Evan."

Evan scrambled off the bed, helping Connor to his feet. Connor awkwardly sat on the bed, crossing his legs. "H-Hey...Ms. Hansen."

Evan smoothed his shirt out, running a hand through his hair like they weren't just making out. "You weren't su-supposed to be home until ele-eleven..." Evan nervously chuckled, shifting his gaze to the side.

Connor internally groaned. He can never look Evan's mom in the eye again.

"It is Eleven, Evan."

Evan coughed, awkwardly shifting. "My bad."

Heidi gave them both a small smile. "Well...If you two are dating that's perfectly fine," she said. "Ah, I'm proud of you two. Why am I not surprised? Well," She waved the two off. "I'll leave you two be. Please keep quiet."

Evan shrieked as Heidi left, closing the door keeping it slightly ajar. Evan leaped forward, closing it. "Okay. That..."

Connor raised an eyebrow, uncrossing his legs. Evan eyed him, face flushed. "Sorry, I didn't know she'd..." He trailed off.

"It's fine. Care to continue?"
Evan flushed, sitting down on his bed. "Um...No...? I mean it's just...I--"

Connor shushed him. "It's fine. Want to watch a movie?"

Evan glanced at Connor's bulge. He quickly glanced back up, meeting Connor's eyes. "Um...Y-Yeah."

Connor rose with an uncomfortable grunt. "I'm...I'm going to the bathroom," he said, darting out of the room.

Evan smiled as Connor left the room, glancing at his butt.

Connor closed the door behind him when he entered the bathroom. He sighed, running a hand through his hair. Of course Heidi would walk in the room. She probably hates him now. Like, walking in to see your son straddling and making out with the suicidal teen who nearly died from a drug overdose. Yeah. That sounds fantastic.

Well, now time to handle his little problem. God this was embarrassing.
It was the next day, and Heidi left for work, leaving the two boys alone and restless.

Or at least, Connor was.

Evan leaned against the wall, sitting on the floor watching a movie while Connor sketched away in his sketchbook. He groaned, tossing the sketchbook. "What should we do, Evan?"

Evan shrugged, pausing the movie. "We ARE watching a movie...."

Connor grinned, approaching Evan. "We could continue last night...before we were--" Connor licked his lips. "Interrupted."

"I mean...I'm not really--" Evan cut himself off. Connor wanted to do this and they were both bored...He would be an awful boyfriend if he said no. "Sounds f-fantastic..."

Immediately Connor latched their lips together, biting at his lips.

Evan ignored the panic rising in him. They were literally only together for a few days and...Evan gasped when Connor pulled away from him, dragging him up to his feet. Connor pushed Evan on to the bed, crawling up to Evan. He began biting and sucking at his neck.

Evan bit his lip, whining. This was really uncomfortable.

Next thing Evan knew his shirt was up. Bottoms were down. Boxers flown across the room.

"This is okay, right?" Asked Connor, voice a hushed whisper as he trailed his finger slowly down.

Evan gulped. His heart was racing. He was about to throw up.

He wouldn't want to be with you. Be a good boyfriend. Don't be a just another disappointment.

He nodded, tears pricking at his eyes. "Y-Yea..." He choked out. Connor must've assumed it was from pleasure or inpatience because he went down and:

Painpainpainpain

It felt like hours before Connor rolled over to the side, kissed him quickly before sighing. "God
damn...Evan..." He sighed, running a hand through his hair. "I'm tired. I'm going to uh...cl-clean up," murmured Connor, getting up and going to the bathroom.

Evan darted up, eyes wide. Tears pricked at them. He wiped at his eyes. Holy fucking shit. Shit. Shit. Shit. He coughed and spluttered. He might actually throw up. He glanced down in shame. Evan had a hard on too, so he must've liked it too. Right?

Connor came back, wiping them both down before yawning. He gave Evan the littlest of smiles, which assured Evan slightly.

For him.

Connor fell asleep, snoring loudly rather quickly. Evan sighed, shifting off the bed. His legs were jelly and he felt dirty.

Evan pulled on his boxers and ran to the bathroom. He knelt over and vomited. He washed his hands and wiped at his eyes as he flushed the toilet. He felt so dirty and wrong. He hated it.

If you said no he would've hated you.

Evan showered, but after he scrubbed and scrubbed and scrubbed he still felt disgusting. Evan walked back to his bedroom, Connor still asleep. Evan choked back the tears, collapsing on the bed.

He wondered if Connor saw the scars.

If he did, he didn't say anything.

On Monday, Evan still felt awful. Connor left that night in an amazing mood. He'd kiss Evan lovingly, hugged him, and left. He looked so happy.

However, Evan didn't.

Evan went on his bus, Jared plopping beside him. Jared raised an eyebrow. "You okay? You look like shit."

Evan shifted over so Jared would have more room. "Thanks."

"You're new boyfriend is a bad influence," Teased Jared, tugging at Evan's sleeve. "But seriously...What's wrong?"

"Nothing Jared."

Jared looked skeptical, but he said nothing.

Evan was always a quiet kid, but today was probably the quietest he'd ever been. Alana said hi, he didn't say hi back. Zoe rambled to him about how happy she is for Evan and Connor, he just nodded.

During lunch, Evan approached Jared at his lunch table and plopped down. Today to their surprise, Connor, Zoe, and Alana sat there.
Connor slung an arm over Evan, obviously not caring if people knew if they were a couple or not. Evan didn't say anything, trying to keep Connor happy.

"What happened, you're practically glowing," Alana observed. "Is it some new drugs? That's not good for you Co-"

Zoe cut off Alana. "That's what I said. He just smiled and said nothing."

Jared stared at Connor for a few moments before grinning. "You got laid."

Evan flushed, wanting to shrink in on himself.

Connor rolled his eyes, but the twinkle in them and the smile gave them their answer.

Alana's eyes widened. "You were safe, right?"

"Alana, neither of us can get pregnant."

"But STD's!"

Zoe gazed at Evan curiously. "Rather soon in the relationship," she whispered.

Connor squeezed Evan close to him. "It was consensual, so it's all good."

Jared snickered. "So, who was the top? Let me guess...Evan?"

Zoe rolled her eyes. "It'd obviously be Connor."

Evan glanced at everyone but let his gaze fall to his lap. He wasn't hungry today. He felt like shit and he just wanted to cry. But he looked and saw how happy Connor was and he brushed it off.

After the lunch bell rang, Connor pulled Evan to the side. "Hansen. You look upset. You didn't eat. What's up?"

Evan rubbed his sweaty hands together. "I-I'm fine...N-Not...I'm just not hungry...And I'm still tired f-from..."

Connor smirked, running a hand through Evan's hair. "God Ev. You want a ride home?"

Evan pulled away. "um no...I uh...J-Jared offered one."

Jared didn't offer one, but he just didn't want to be near Connor right now. He'd ask Jared for one.

Connor pecked Evan's cheek. "Bye then."

"B-bye..."

Evan hurried off. He skipped class that day. He just couldn't handle anything today.
Connor

Chapter Notes

GUYS BEN PLATT WON A TONY??? AND RACHEL BAY JONES????? AND THEN THE BEST SCORE AND BEST MUSICAL AND I JUSTTT??? IF YOU HAVEN'T SEEN BENS SPEECH GO WATCH IT RIGHT NOW. DROP THIS FIC AND GO WATCH IT. HES LIKE CRYING AND IM CRYIGN AND IM STULL nOT OVER THIS AS IM WRITING THIS IM FUCKIAGN SUOBBING

Evan was acting odd.

At first Connor brushed it off as just being tired, but he was jumpier than usual. He'd brush it off, claiming it was him forgetting his pills.

But how could someone forget their pills for two weeks?

Every time Connor would hug Evan, he'd tense up and his breathing would hitch. And every time Connor asked what was up, he used that lame ass excuse.

Did Evan not really like him? Was this all fake and a lie? Did he do something wrong?

Connor watched Evan pick at his cuticles at the lunch table while everyone loudly conversed. Usually Evan was quiet but this was crazy. Usually he'd try to butt in, or if someone said something to him he'd stutter out a reply. These days he just shrugged or nodded. Sometimes both if you're lucky.

Today Jared pulled him off to the side when Evan ran off after the bell rang.

"What'd you do?" hissed Jared.

Connor held his hands up in surrender. "What are you talking about?"

Jared jerked his head towards Evan's retreating form. "Him! He's jumpier than usual. When he stayed the night last week? He slept on the floor. He never does that. He's usually fine with just sharing a bed," snapped Jared. He pointed a shaky finger at Connor. "What the fuck did you do?"

Connor took a step back. So Jared noticed the odd behavior. Hell, everybody probably did. "I did--I did nothing. I uh...I noticed the odd behavior too," said Connor. He rubbed the back of his neck. "I can't touch him or he jumps."

"I swear to fucking God if you did--"

Connor slapped Jared's still pointing finger away. "I did nothing. If anything, I'd think you would have done something, hmmm? Mr. Car-Insurance?" Seethed Connor, clenching his teeth.

"Fuck you, Connor!" growled Jared. "If it weren't for Evans little...romance with you, I'd probably kick your ass."
"Me kicking your ass," corrected Connor, rolling his eyes.

Jared taking a step forward, opening his mouth to argue but quickly shut it. He whirled around, sticking his hands in his pockets and stalking off.

Connor groaned. He tried to think of anything that happened. Was Evan being bullied? Shit was Evan getting bullied. Oh fucking shit.

When school ended, Connor hurried to Evan's seventh period, hoping to catch him. They never chat in the hallway. Evan arrives to early and then darts out the building. They'd only briefly text.

Evan bursted out the room when the bell rang. Connor rushed forward, grabbing onto Evan's backpack, jerking him backwards. Evan pulled, before whirling around realizing who grabbed it. Evan's eyes widened. "Hi, C-Connor!" He said. He stood there for about five seconds in thought before pecking Connor on the cheek.

"Hey Evan," said Connor. He fiddled with the hairband on his wrist. "So...Can we talk?"

Evan's eyes widened. He went bright red. "You're...You're br-breaking up with me, ri-right?"

Connor grabbed Evan's hands. "No! No! No...No, of course not sweetness, why would I?"

Evan's eyes watered, but he blinked away the tears. He glanced at his feet. "I'm a sh--awf-awful boyfriend."

"You're not. So...Can we talk?"

"Er...Yeah...S-Sure," said Evan, still tensed up.

Connor slung his arm around Evan's shoulders, wincing at how Evan jumped ever-so-slightly, the proceeding to brush it off coolly like he didn't just freak.

They went down the hallway, kids filing out to where it was just them. Connor stopped them in their tracks, Connor pulling away. Seriously, Connor asked, "Are people bothering you?"

Evan shook his head rapidly. "No! No. Why...Why would they?"

Connor gestured to them. "Us? A couple? Also you're not the most popular guy around."

Evan bit at his stubbed nails. "We-well nobody is messing with me. I uh...I'm fine."

"Then what's up?"

"I amjust not takin--"

Connor interrupted, finishing for Evan: "Taking your pills. Yeah I know. You've used that excuse for what? The past two weeks?" Connor took a step forward. "Please...You can trust me. Did I do something? Please tell me Evan," his voice cracked at the end, desperate to help his boyfriend.

Evan took a few staggering steps back, breathing heavily. "No! You're uh...You're a great boyfriend. You did nothing. I just..." Evan grit his teeth. "I'm great. I'm good. I'm getting a uh...a refill of p-pills tomorrow."

"If you needed a refill, then why didn't you just say it?"
"I uh...I don't er...know?"

Connor hugged Evan tightly. He whispered, "Please don't keep secrets from me." They pulled away, Connor flashing Evan a small smile that Evan shakily returned. "Need a ride?"

Evan thought for a moment before slowly replying, "Uh...Y-yeah. Yeah. Of course. Thank you. S-Sorry."

Connor waved him off, grasping Evan's sweaty and tense hand. "Then let's leave this hellhole."

He prayed to the God he didn't believe in that Evan was alright.
"I thought we were doing better, Evan."

Evan sat in the big plush chair that he hated. The chair in front of Dr. Sherman's desk and chair as he annoyingly clicked that pen. Evan wasn't an angry person, but right now he really wanted to take it and snap it in half.

Who is he kidding. He barely has enough strength to get out of bed, much less snapping a fucking pen in half.

Evan slid down, playing with the cuffs of his sleeves. It was beginning to be summer and he was not happy. That means it'd get warmer. That means no excuses to wearing a jacket. Then his cuts get exposed.

Earlier this week Connor finally confronted Evan over the scars.

"I'm fucking worried Evan!" Shouted Connor, fists clenched. They were at Evan's house, just in his room. Connor finally snapped and started voicing how scared he was.

Evan darted up. "Why? I'm happy...You're happy. Why are you w-worried?"

"Because you act like I abused you." Connor took a step forward, grabbing Evan's hand, rubbing circles on the back of it. Evan flinched, causing Connor to immediately pull away. "See? What did I do? Please tell me, Ev."

Evan searched for anything on why he would be so afraid. Connor didn't do anything. Evan was just a shitty boyfriend. That's all he was.

"Not to mention the fucking scars," growled Connor. He grabbed Evan's wrist, ignoring his yelp. He pushed up his sleeve, letting them both stare down at the scars. "Yeah. You thought I didn't notice? Fuck!"

Evan yanked away, holding his arm protectively to his chest. "I-I just..." He bit at his lip trying not to bark back a reply but he couldn't help but throw out his retort. "Well you shouldn't be talking."

Connor froze up. His breathing was ragged. He looked exhausted from the shouting. Evan was too. "You...You..." Connor stammered trying to find a reply. "Evan... I... They're burns...and I. I don't do it--"

Evan shut his eyes tight and choked out, "Well I guess I'm not the only liar here, huh?"

Evan slowly opened his eyes to see Connor standing there. First fury flashed in his eyes, then sadness, then pity. Evan scowled. He hated pity.

Connor snatched his bag. "I can see you don't fucking want me here. Come back as my boyfriend when you're done with whatever the hell this is!" He spat. He stormed downstairs, slamming the door so hard the house shook.

As soon as the door shut, Evan collapsed to the ground. He didn't cry. He just heavily breathed as his heart race. His pulled at the carpet, trying to regulate his breathing.

Come back, Connor.
Evan rubbed at his eyes. "I...I..." He didn't say anything. He just stared at his beat up sneakers, not wanting to see the face of disappointment. Huh. He's been seeing that a lot lately.

Dr. Sherman eyed the jacket that Evan zipped up all the way, keep his hands stuffed in his pockets. "It's warm in here," he mused. "You must be hot, Evan." Dr. Sherman leaned forward.

Evan instictively leaned back. "n-No...I am...I uh...I'm fine."

Dr. Sherman raised an eyebrow, but said nothing. He leaned back again. Click. Click. He clicked that stupid fucking pen again. "I heard you made some friends from your mom. A boyfriend?"

Evan sweated. "B-Boyfriend."

"Yeah?"

"Er...I gu-guess?"

They probably broken up after that screaming match. They hadn't talked and they probably won't get a chance to talk from school ending next week. Evan glanced at the calendar. May 30th.

"Well that's great. I'm glad you've--"

The buzzer screeched and Dr. Sherman smashed it off. He stood up, stretching. "Well that's enough for our session. Stay safe, Ev."

Evan nodded, hurrying out just ready for this session to end. His phone buzzed in his pocket.

Alana: Hey Evan! How are you?

EH: I'm great

AB: Are you sure?

EH: Yes.

AB: That's not what I heard

EH: From who?

AB: Connor and Jared

EH: What the fuck does Jared have to do with anything?

AB: He's worried.

AB: connor too. He said you guys are fighting

EH: I'm just a shitty boyfriend. He doesn't deserve me

AB: Zoe told me he's coming home sobbing everyday over you, worrying over you.

AB: Evan please talk to him. He's one of my closest acquaintances.

EH: Is he Alana? Is everyone just another person to put on your college application saying that you helped them?

EH: Or is this for Zoe?
AB: because i know what its like to feel awful

AB: to feel unwanted

AB: you're feeling that right now

AB: well i guess since your feeling so great and like you dont need us ill just go

Evan could tell he hurt Alana by the way her grammar got worse.

Evan ran a hand through his hair. The razor blade should've gotten deeper and killed him.

That sounds like a good idea, actually.
Evan

It was the last day of school, and Evan wasn't ready. Everyone was happy and cheery, and just as usual he wasn't happy.

Jared stopped by. They rode to school in silence. Jared would happily talk off Evan's ear but when he was quiet, Jared got quiet too.

"What's up?" Asked Jared when Evan climbed in.
Evan didn't reply.
"Evan?"
"Evan. I'm not going to start this car until you answer me."
"I'm great, Jared."

Jared slammed his hand on the steering wheel. The car accidentally honked, causing Evan to wince. "That's bullshit, Evan!"

Jared looked over at Evan. Evan glared at him. "I'm fine. I just uh...Am not taking my uh... my p-pills...yeah."

"That's a lie because if you weren't taking your pills you wouldn't be able to leave your god damn house."
"That's...." Evan went quiet. Jared was right.

"Evan we're all worried--"
Evan cut him off. "No. Nobody is. The only reason you're worried is because if I am not around, who would help pay for your car insurance?" He growled.

Jared gripped onto the steering wheel, staring ahead. "Get out."
"J-Jared--"
"Get the fuck out Evan."

Slowly, Evan climbed out the car. He watched Jared bang his head on the steering wheel, run a hand through his hair, then open the car door again. "Get back in."

"You just...you ju-just told me to get o-out."

Jared glared at Evan. "Because we're both assholes. Now get in or I really will drive off," he threatened.

Evan slowly got in, slamming the car door shut.

"I know something's wrong, so I'll be patient. I'm right here, Evan."

Evan looked out the window, not replying. He just let Jared drive off.

School was hell. Just as usual. Everyone was screaming. Kids crying. Selfies taken.
And Connor wasn't seen. Well, until the last bell rang.

School ended, and Evan was ready to get the hell out. Time for summer. He could sulk in the corner in peace without dreading the next day. Well, he still would, he just didn't have to get out of bed.

Connor grabbed onto Evan. Evan whirled around, eyes wide. Connor was a mess. Like even before they met. His hair was matted and greasy. The bags under his eyes were awful. The smell of weed was really fucking strong.

"Hey Evan."

"C-Connor."

"Had fun ignoring me?" He snapped.

Evan took a shaky step back. He had to go. Too many people screaming and shouting. The only reason they weren't trampled yet was because Connor was avoided by the plague.

"Well I hope you did while it lasted," bit Connor.

"Wh-while wh-what lasted...?" Evan stammered, eyes wide.

Connor surged forward, kissing Evan harshly. Evan trembled in the kiss. He loved it so much--Connor please don't go stay--Connor pulled back. He glared at Evan. "Because we're over. This shitty, obviously one-sided relationship is over. Was this even us dating? You obviously said yes for pity. I made you miserable? Well, now you can be fine. You fucking freak."

Connor pushed past Evan, Evan falling to the ground.

Except Evan stayed there. He sat on the cold tile as the hallway emptied. He stayed there, tears welling in his eyes. He gathered himself as well as he could before stumbling out the school.

He walked out and everyone was laughing. Everyone was crying. Everyone hugged and kissed. Kids climbed onto their buses. Others got into their cars with fifty other kids ready for that big party or sleepover or beach day.

Evan glanced around. He was surrounded by everyone. But, he never felt so alone. Even before Alana and Zoe and Connor. At least he had Jared. Now he felt like they were strangers despite the ride this morning.

Evan trudged home.

As soon as he entered, he fell to the floor and sobbed.

The cuts scattered on his arms felt gross and yet they itched to be opened.
Chapter Summary

THIS IS THE LAST CHAPTER OH MY GODDD
read the notes

Chapter Notes

GUYS THIS IS THE LAST CHAPTER OH MY GOD!!!! I WOULD LOVE TO THANK EVERYBODY FOR STICKING TO THIS STORY THANK YOU FOR THE KUDOS THE COMMENTS AND ALL THE LOVE AND SUPPORT!!!! LIKE OH MY GOD THIS WAS MY FIRST EVER DEH FANFICTION AND FIRST EVER FIC TO BE HONEST!!!! IM SO HAPPY YOU GUYS STUCK AROUND FOR THIS EMOTIONAL ROLLERCOASTER!! I THANK YOU ALL PLEASE STICK AROUND FOR MY NEXT DEH FANFICTION!!! HERE’S THE STORYLINE TO THE NEXT ONE IF YOU'RE INTERESTED Evan get's a letter from his future self. Everything the letter has said is spot on. It's a mission from his future self to fix everything. Mend relationships, start relationships, and break relationships. He has no choice but to believe it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It was June 15th, and Evan's last day of the week as a Junior Park Ranger.

Honestly, he liked the hat and the outfit despite the dorkiness. He felt important.

He roamed the forest, leaves and dirt crunching under his feet. He took the same path he and Connor took during walks.

Tugging at his hair, Evan glanced up. Sun rays peaked out from the roof of trees. Slowing to a halt, Evan realized he was lost.

Without thinking, Evan went up to the tallest tree near him. He grabbed onto one branch. Then another. Then another. He went up higher and higher.

He was high enough to look above other trees. The sun shone on his face. He breathed in the pine, digging his bitten down nails into the rough bark. He'd get splinters later.

The scars on his arms itched as he thought about Connor. His heart ached as he thought about the good memories.
It ended in heartbreak, but there were times when his heart swelled with joy.

Evan scooted forward, testing the branch. He straddled it, his arms hanging limp at his sides. He shifted, the branch bending downwards.

He thought what would happen if the branch snapped. Would he die? Would it all end? Or would he lay on the ground in pain?

It would all end. His loneliness, all gone.

Lately Evan had questioned his religion, and would he go to a heaven or hell? Or would he just be gone.

It scared him, yet put him at ease.

Scooting forward ever so slightly, Evan tested his boundaries.

What would happen?

TEars stung at his ends. Nobody would care, though.

With a deep breath, and hot tears rolling down his flushed cheeks:

He let go.

Light shone into his eyes as Evan's eyes fluttered open.

Is he dead?

A pain soaring through his arm answered the question for him.

Evan leaning over to find his phone cracked, but it flickered on.

6:42.

Of course he was knocked out for three hours with nobody.

No notifications. No texts. No nothing.

He was right, nobody cares.

Evan tried to sit up, but finding he couldn't.

Tears stung at his eyes. Evan wiped his dirty face with his good arm. He wasn't crying because of the pain, no. He wept because he failed again.

He couldn't even accomplish a fucking suicide attempt.

Evan laid there for another twenty minutes before he limped away, tears still falling.

Chapter End Notes
there will be an epilogue so this isn't like the last LAST chapter

a note to myself: chapter rewritten
Epilogue

Chapter Notes

AAAAAAAAAAAA THIS IS THE END I LOVE YOU ALL THANK YOU SO MUCH!!!!!!!
HERE"S MY TUMBLR:
http://failedfalencho.tumblr.com/
I might make a sequel but I am making another DEH fic so stick around for that!!!! :))))
IF YOu guys want a sequel please tell me!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

CONNOR

When he was texted by Jared, he was rather surprised. He wasn't texted by Jared in forever. The last time Jared texted Connor was when Connor broke up with Evan calling him an asshole.

HE Wasn't the asshole, THEY were the assholes. Evan never liked Connor.

Connor wasn't as bad as before he met Evan. He was in pretty bad shape after. He cried. He drank. He smoked. The usual.

Dickman: evans in the hospital

Connor froze up. What?

CM: what do u fucking mean?

Dickman: glad to hear you care

CM: ii dont
dickman: i beg to differ

CM: okay maybe i do
dickman: hes under like suicide watch or some shit and hes not allowing visitors
dickman: want to come in the waiting room with his sobbing mom and my sobbing mom

CM: ur sobbing too i bet
dickman: stfu
dickman: are u coming or not

CM: of fucking course

Connor texted like he didn't care but he was fucking scared.
He was a piece of shit. Evan was obviously hurting. His boyfriend was hurting. Like the asshole he was, he broke up with him.

Did Evan really like him and Connor ruined that?

Connor grabbed his keys, flying downstairs.

Zoe stopped him. "Where are YOU going?"

"Evan," was all he said. He went to open the door but Zoe blocked him.

"It's my job to fucking babysit you because mom and dad aren't home," Zoe said, crossing her arms and leaning against the door. "Also, why Evan? You two are broken up."

Connor was breathing heavily. He was panicking. He had to go see Evan. "He's in the hospital!"

Zoe's eyes widened. "Why's he in the hospital?"

Connor breathed out, "he's on suicide watch."

"Take me with you."

**JARED**

When Heidi called Jared that Evan was in the hospital, he was surprised. What did Evan do to injure himself? He didn't ever do anything that rebellious. Also why did Heidi inform him? They barely even spoke to each other anymore.

"Jared Evan's in the hospital," said Heidi through the line. A car horn beeped so Jared assumed she was rushing to the hospital. She must've been off that day

"What? Why?"

"They..." Heidi cut herself off with a sob. "They said he has a br-broken arm and they uh...they found s-some inte---awful cuts and scars on...on him. They th-think it was a su..." Heidi couldn't finish, but Jared got the idea.

"I'll be there, Ms. Hansen." Without letting either of them say anything else, Jared hung up.

"Mom!" yelled Jared, running out his room.

His Mom was home. His dad was still on a business trip.

She looked up from her book. "What, Jared?"

Jared panted, pulling at his shirt. He felt like a dick. He knew something was up but he didn't do anything further then just ask. He knew of Evan's scars. He didn't fucking do anything.

"Evan's in the hospital. S-Suicide..."

She snapped her book shut. "Evan Hansen?" She echoed.

Jared nodded numbly.

"Let's go."
Zoe texted her while she was laying on her bed, filling out a volunteer forum for the pet shelter she was going to volunteer for.

At first she brushed it off, planning on texting her later. However then she was called. Alana couldn't resist a call from Zoe, but she answered.

Zoe was breathless as she said, "Ev-Evan's in the hos...hospital," she stammered out. In the background Connor was cussing, and he had pretty bad road rage so Alana figured they were heading over there right now.

"Why?" Asked Alana. She dropped the sheet out of her hands. This could wait.

"Suicide."

Alana felt her heart crack. "What?"

"Suicide, Alana."

Alana scrambled to her feet, cradling the phone between her shoulder and ear, pulling on her shoes. "Which hospital?"

"Ah...The er...Purple Cross."

"I'll be there. He's one of my closest acquaintances."

Zoe sighed. "Lana, he's your friend. I'll uh...I'll see you there."

And at that moment, everyone including Heidi, Mrs. kleinman, Alana, Zoe, Connor, Jared, even Evan felt one emotion:

Grief.

Connor sat in the chair, face in his hand, body shaking. He couldn't bring himself to look or talk to any of these people. These former friends he hadn't talk to in months. How could they suddenly come together as soon as there is a suicide attempt? Why did it take this long for it to happen?

Connor felt more than grief at that moment. The huge feeling of regret.

Evan told him to hold on tight, but Evan himself didn't.

Then what was the meaning of holding on tight, if Evan couldn't?

Chapter End Notes

I just posted my new fic here, its another tree bros!
http://archiveofourown.org/works/11183577/chapters/24968304
Chapter Summary

have fun wasting ur time to read this

ok so you may have noticed (maybe not, maybe you don’t care lol) but i deleted the sequel and shit

NOT FOR LONG MY FRIENDS (acquaintances? enemies? lovers? im open to anything)
i will post it again, but not as unplanned and shit as my first one

i’m going through and rewriting this story first because
a) this story was spontaneous and unplanned
b) i didn't fucking proof read i typed shit up and posted it, not glancing at it again unless someone pointed a mistake out in the comments

so yeah. this story is a product of me being shitty and bored so how it did well (THANK YOU! <3) i have no fucken clue

now im rambling lmao

what was i saying

im talking to myself thru text on a fuckeing fanfiction site

this is the peak of my career

i need friends

BUTYEAH

REWRITING

THEN SEQUEL

ANGST

another thing, this will take a while too oh boy. I hated how i did this but like i dont wanna like,, repost this story and also if you noticed, i kind of left the deh fandom but then i went to New York to visit family and my cousin who has a fuck ton of connections (he does makeup, his friend was the chicago george washington for hamilton, and he already saw DEH) surprised me with tickets so i saw our boy benny live and this really kicked me back into the fandom

after a lot of snot an dtears

okay thanks for wasting ur time reaing this

ily all bye <3 :^)
Hey it's me, the author. Sooo ik this story is probably liked by a lot of people...and hated by a lot of people. Anyway, I find it extremely terrible and I sincerely want to delete it. I write differently, and better, and its only been a year. This isn't my proudest work and I didn't even proof read it. Its not good enough for this fandom, so after a little over a year, I'm gonna delete it. Not now, but after I rewrite it and try to fix all the plot holes, I'm gonna post a new, better holding on tight. Essentially the story but a little better, and less straying from the plot. As originally, the plot was a lot different. So, thank you to everyone who has read this story in held on tight <3
hey, the new story is posted!!! Ily all, and if you want to read it the link is here:

https://archiveofourown.org/works/15144743/chapters/35120012

Please [drop by the archive and comment](https://archiveofourown.org/works/15144743/chapters/35120012) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!