He was always forgotten.

He didn't have any friends.

Just a stuffed polar bear.

Although, when a certain albino boy shows up, he finds that he's not invisible to everyone.

But sadly a new friend isn't enough to get rid of his past, and the hell he lives now.

Unless they can work together to help each other.
The only think I could think of was the pain in my stomach. No it wasn't a stomach ache, it was much more then that. I looked down at the red and pink cuts I did about a hour ago. I did it because my family didn't call me down to eat with them, so I guess I just won't eat anything today, I could lose some weight anyways. I stared at my phone screen, the brightness burning my eyes a little, and focused on the video I was watching.

(Now I would also like to add all the following youtubers are real, and people that are currently helping me handle my depression)

It was 'The Forrest' part 3 'Rise of the titbabies' by Minx, and 4 of her friends, Doxy, Gab, Alpaca, and Sinow. I laughed slightly as they reacted to the 'titbabies' as Minx had named them. I cringed at the small pain on my stomach that made itself known, looking down, and seeing the many lines on my skin. I looked to my arms, many lines were covering up to my elbow on my left arm, but they're only a few were on my right arm because I'm right handed. I looked to my upper legs where 13 cuts were, dried blood on the edges surrounding it.

I smiled a bit as I stared at them, sickeningly happy at the lines marking my skin, and each time they left I was sad to see them leave. I looked around my room, the video still playing in my ears, and at all the holes, blood, and knives sticking out from the walls. Nobody knew, since no one hears or notices me, but I have a huge temper. I've gotten so mad I put holes in the wall with different tools, or screamed so loud in class because the teacher would skip over me, and would never hand me the worksheet or test.

I looked over at the other side of my bed at my bear, Kuma-something or another. I've had him for years, my papa and dad gave it to me when I turned 2, I am 15 now, and I always forget what I named him. I continue watching the video, and notice it's 9:45. So I get up from my warm bed, and turn off my lamp, my ceiling light broke so the only thing I have for light is that lamp. Once it's off I look around my room, darkness surrounding me, and begin to get scared. I ignore the fear, walk back to bed, lay down, and pulled the blanket over my scared body.

At first it's not bad, but that didn't last for long. I saw a flash of light dart from one side of the room to the other, and I sat up, seeing a shadowly figure standing by the edge of my bed. I begin to shake, my eyes wide.

'Shh Matthew it's ok, remember it's not really there'

I try to remind myself, but can't as another thing of light moves over my lamp. I get up quickly, open my door, and turn on the guest room light. My house is built kind of weird. It's pretty old, built in the 1960s, and at first my room, the guest room, and the hallways leading to both weren't there. It was added later on because the people that lived here before us had a growing family. I didn't mind being so far from my parents and Alfred, because I don't have to hear them walking around, or talking. I walk back to bed, light filling the room, but not enough to keep me awake, smiling to myself, and turning my phone on. I put it on a playlist that I have called 'sleep' which has a few 'best of' different games that Game Grumps played.

I smiled lightly, and closed my eyes to sleep, but opened them a few minutes later a look of slight anger on my face. I turned over, and tried to get comfortable, but I couldn't. This went on for what seemed like hours, but was really only about 45 minutes, me tossing and turning, but just not able to get to sleep. Finally I fell into a sleep, but the problem was it was one of those nights. I don't know how many times I woke up, but said fuck it when I checked the time, and it read 5:27. I usually get
up at 6:30, and I have to start walking to school about 8:30, plus I like to shower in the morning. I just watched YouTube on my phone until my alarm clock went off at the set time, and I sadly got up from my warm blankets to start the day.

'Let's hope today is better, maybe it will be a day where Alfred makes sure you get the work.'

I thought, but it most likely wasn't going to happen. A little about my brother is that Alfred was pretty popular, and had quite a few girls trying to get with him. He plays all the sports pretty much, only his grades weren't the best. He's the athletic and popular brother, well I'm the nerdy and quiet brother, not the mention the alone brother. I walk into the shower, no one else was up yet by the way, turning the water on, wait a minute for it to warm up, and get in. I sigh as the warm water hits my skin, smiling to myself. This was one of my favorite times of day, no one else was awake yet, and the only thing I focused on was the sound of the water and the heat hitting me. I washed my hair slowly, staying until the water turned cold, before getting out and putting a towel around my waist. I shivered a bit when I walked into my room, if you wondering why it's because my room is the coldest one in the house. I like the cold because I was born and raised in Canada.

I pick out one of my many hoodies, and put it on over my shirt, I had chosen my red hoodie with a while maple left on it, and my polar bear shirt, which were my favorite things to wear. I finished dressing, and checked the time again '7:15' it read. I sighed, sitting back on my bed, and pulling out my phone. I turned on some music, and went to one of my unfinished books. I began to work on it as I waited for everyone to wake up, papa usually makes breakfast, and he mostly remembers to make me some.

My story is about these three friends, and how they find a book written by the most 'perfect' girls in school which says all of their secrets in it, and they plan to tell everyone the secrets at prom to get back at them for the years of bullying, but instead the 'perfect' girls tells everyone many of one of the 3 best friends, the shy Russian one, secrets. Including the reason she left Russia with her parents and middle brother, which leads everyone, including the 2 other best friend, to leave her alone.

(This is actually a book I am currently writing called 'Non-Perfect.' I'm using that one because I don't want to make up another story idea right now.)

I've already finished the ending because I couldn't help it, and my goal is for it to make people cry, which is a weird goal I have for a few other books I'm writing. I hear Alfred's alarm go off, it's really loud because it takes a bomb to wake that boy up, and know it's time to go downstairs. I grab my backpack, finished homework and...well don't tell anyone but I also have a pair of scissors with me. Seems harmless right? That's the idea. No one would find it weird to have scissors in school, but I use them for a different reason. They are sharp, and can cause a little bit of bleeding when done correctly, and for whatever sick reason I love seeing blood come from the cuts.

Papa is downstairs, I can smell the food, and hopefully he remembers me this morning. I walk into the kitchen, and papa is singing in French as he made the breakfast "bonjour papa" I say in my soft voice, he jumps a bit, but turns, and smiles "bonjour Matthieu" he says, and I smile in my head.

'He remembered! But please tell me this isn't that time again."

I yelled to myself, and smiled at him, before walking to the table, and sitting down. I pull out my phone, and turn on another Minx video, this one is a Cards Against Humanity one. I laughed at the cards as Arthur came downstairs, grabbing one of his awfully cooked scones (ALWAYS SAY NO TO SCONES!) from the top of the refrigerator, and sat in the seat that had the freshly made tea in it. He looked up to me "hello Matthew” he said, before taking another sip of tea, and continued to read his newspaper. My eyes where wide.
'Oh no, it's one of those times, I always hate these days..."

Alfred ran down the stairs and into the kitchen, his glasses slightly crooked as he ran. Arthur glared "be careful you git!" He yelled, and Alfred just laughed "whatever you say old man" this is how it always went. Alfred and Arthur auguring about whatever, then Francis interfering before it gets too loud. Breakfast was set on the table, and papa sat with us, suddenly Alfred piped up "oh yeah! Mattie would you like to eat lunch with me today? Apparently Feliciano's German boyfriend is moving here, and I think you might like him and his brother" he said loudly, mouth full of food, but as Arthur scolded him for talking with food in his mouth my world stopped.

'Oh shit, not again.
Chapter 2

Alfred decided to walk to school with me, which doesn't happen very much.

'Maybe things will change for the better today'

I thought, but I didn't want to get my hopes up, for I did the first time, and he didn't keep that promise.

"So Mattie do you sit with anyone at lunch?"

Alfred asked me, and I looked down in sadness.

"N-No I usually just si-sit alone in a back table, far from everyone else..."

I told him, and he smiled.

"Well today and now on you will have people to sit with!"

He proudly said, looking back in front of us.

'I don't think so.'

This has happened before. My entire family remembering me, but after a day or two they forget me, but it's even worse the few days following. Papa doesn't make me breakfast, lunch, or dinner (he makes our lunches because he doesn't trust school food), so I have to wait until late at night to get food, because if anyone is awake they think a ghost is stealing food.

Alfred doesn't say anything to me in our classes (he says hi to me almost every day), and no one sees me when I'm home. When I don't get a paper from the teacher Alfred would mostly tell them they forgot about me, but he doesn't do that the few days after, so I usually get behind because I don't get the worksheets.

Those are the days I'm most depressed. The first day I'm somewhat ok, but after that I don't feel motivated to do anything, so I just stay home, and lay in bed all day. During those days I don't eat much, shower, or sleep more then 3 hours a night, and the hallucinations are worse, so is the craving to cut or self harm in someway. Sometimes it's scratching, sometimes it's punching walls or hair pulling, once I even burned myself during that time.

Those last only about 5-7 days, and after a few days papa comes into my room, and makes sure I'm ok. After he does I start to feel better (but it takes a day or two), so I return to school, and Alfred gives me the worksheets I missed, if he remembers that is. His friends that sit with him, he always invites me to sit with him during those days, forget I exist too (so I'm guessing Feliciano's boyfriend and his brother won't remember me after today/tomorrow).

Alfred sits with a lot of people at lunch.

First is Kiku, a Japanese kid that hates being touched with a fiery passion, and is really quiet. Despite that I've heard he's a very skilled fighter.

Next is Feliciano and Lovino, the Italian twins. Both are easily scared, and can be kind of useless, but they try very hard to be useful. Lovino can be pretty rude (and has a thing with calling people bastard), but I've heard once you get to know him (the only people that really see this though is Feli
and Lovino's boyfriend Antonio) he's very nice and caring. While Feliciano is always nice and cheerful, and is apparently dating this German guy Lovino calls 'potato bastard,' who I'm guessing is moving here today.

Next is Antonio, Lovino's boyfriend. He is basically the opposite of Lovino, all always seeing the brighter side of things, and is one of the most caring people you will ever meet. Although I've been told that he has this ax, and will not hesitate to use if if someone he cares about is hurt. A few years ago he dated Roderich, but after a few months they broke it off, and both moved on.

Roderich and Elizaveta are the most known couple around school. Roderich kind of always seems he has a stick up his ass, and Elizaveta is very motherly, so how they mange to stay together is a mystery to a lot of people. Elizaveta used to wear boy clothes, and believed she was a boy for her first few years after birth (until she was in 5th grade and puberty hit her). Roderich is very talented when it comes to the piano, I've never met anyone better then him.

Next, and last, is Ivan and Yao. They are somehow a couple, but they are so different. Ivan is a creepy Russian, who always asks people to 'become one,' and Yao always gets mad with him after he asks. While Yao is super motherly, and has a love for cute things. Apparently they've known each other for years, and started dating in 6th grade, and we are all in 11th now.

"Hey Mattie you there?"

Alfred asked, waving a hand in front of my face. I shook my head, and stared at Alfred.

"Hm? Yeah I was just thinking."

I explained, and he nodded.

"Ok well see ya at lunch!"

He yelled as he ran off to wherever that dumbass goes in the morning.

I walked to my locker, a few people almost knocking me to the ground, and got there a little over a minute later. I opened the locker, after putting in the combination of course, and placed my bag and lunch in it. I grabbed the books I needed for my first two classes, physics and French. I took French because it's a easy A, papa taught me when I was little, and well he tried to teach Alfred but we learned that his ability to learn languages was awful.

"Hey."

A unfamiliar voice said behind me. I turn, and see the the strangest looking guy. He has almost white hair, and these deep red eyes that seem to stare into my soul...in a good way?

"He-Hello."

I answered, and he looked confused.

"Didn't I just see you? When Feli introduced me and my brother to you and a few other people?"

He asked, and I shook my head.

"That was my brother Alfred, we're twins."

I told him, and he laughed.

"That makes since Birdie."
It was my turn to be confused.

"Bir-Birdie?"

I questioned, and he smiled.

"Yeah it's a nickname! I just came up with it cause I'm that awesome!"

He said a little louder than normal, a few people turning to look at us.

"My name is Matthew."

I told him, and he laughed again.

"Mine is Gilbert, but you can refer to me as the most awesome person on the planet!"

He yelled, looking very proud of himself.

'Oh god, this is Ludwig's (Feliciano's boyfriend) brother! God they weren't kidding when they said he had a big ego...'

I thought, frowning a bit, and he looked at me, frowning as well.

"Hey I think you look better smiling, frowning doesn't suit you Birdie."

He told me, and I tilted my head to the side.

"Wh-What?"

I stuttered out, and he smiled.

"Yeah you look better smiling, it's cute."

I blushed red.

'No one has called me cute but papa, and that was many years ago. '

Gilbert's POV: (when he first sees Matthew)

'How in the world did Alfred move so fast?'

I asked myself as I stared at the boy standing in front of the locker.

"Hey."

I said to him, and he lightly jumped before looking behind him at me.

"He-Hello."

He stuttered, I tilted my head in confusion.

"Didn't I just see you? When Feli introduced me and my brother to you and a few other people?"

He shook his head.

"That was my brother Alfred, we're twins."

Now that he mentioned it he does look different than Alfred.
Instead of short bright blonde hair, his hair is almost down to his chin, it's a bit wavy, and it's a darker blonde. Not only that but his eyes are purple, while Alfred's are blue.

He kind of reminds me of a bird.

He's pretty cute now that I think of it.

Matthew's POV: (where we last left off in his POV)
He stayed quiet for a second before continuing.

"So what class do you have next?"

He asked, pulling out a slip of paper.

"U-Um physics."

I answered, and he nodded, reading the paper.

"Ah we have that class together! Miss. Grove?" (Random name)

He asked, and I nodded.

"What next? go ahead and list your schedule."

He told me, and I nodded, looking up in thought.

"Well first I have physics with Miss. Grove, then French with Mrs. Stanley, Calculus with Mr. Watson, Creative writing with Mr. Janson, European history with Mis. Crawford, art with Mr. Vargas (cause I like grandpa Rome being the art teacher), and..." (All random names but that one)

I trailed off, not wanting to say the last one.

"What's last? So far we have 4 periods together, and we could have last together as well."

He said, and I looked down.

'What are you nervous about? His brother is gay, or not straight at least, so he's obviously not homophobic."

I told myself, and decided to go ahead and tell him.

"I have the LGBT group last."

I told him, and he stayed looking at the paper, but he smirked.

"Looks like we have 5 classes together."

My mouth dropped.

'Really!?"

I yelled to myself, and he looked up.

"Y-Your ga-gay?"

I asked him, and he shook his head.
"Technically bisexual, although I favor boys."

He told me, still smirking at me. I looked away, blushing even more now.

"What about you?"

He questioned, stepping a bit closer to me.

"We-Well I'm u-um...pan-pansexual."

I nervously told him, as he stepped even closer. Suddenly I was pulled away.

"Mattie's not interested."

The dumbass said behind me.

"A-Al?"

I questioned, looking behind me at my brother, who was currently glaring at the boy in front of me.

"Bruder what have I told you about coming onto people you just met?"

A tall muscular blonde boy said, rubbing his forehead in irritation.

"Aww West don't be mean, I was only messin with 'em."

Gilbert told his brother, smiling brightly at him. I noticed Feli was clinging onto the blondes arm...and I also noticed Lovino struggling to get away from Antonio's hug to...get to Ludwig? Probably to attack him or something.

'So this is Ludwig...' I thought as Alfred hugged me to his chest.

"You no touch Mattie."

He told the smiling boy.

"You mean Birdie?"

He asked, and Alfred got even more mad.

"What did ya just call my brother!?"

He screamed, and I cringed as he yelled in my ears.

'He's never this protective of me...I can't decided if I like that I'm getting this much attention from him or not.'

"I called him birdie, and about your no touching rule."

He stepped close to me, only a few inches from me and Alfred. Suddenly I felt a hand on my thigh, and my eyes widened.

Alfred got even more angry, pulling me away from the smirking albino.
"Does that count?"

He asked, and Alfred lost it.

"Of course it counts! Don't touch my brother Gilbert!"

He yelled, and Gilbert just laughed.

Ludwig just looked even more irritated.

"Gilbert what have I told you abou-"

He was cut off as an angry Italian ran into him, knocking him to the ground.

I looked at Antonio, Lovino gone from his arms.

Ludwig was currently being sat on by Lovino, who was trying to hit him, but failing as Ludwig held on to his wrists.

"Oh it looks like Lovi broke free from Antonio's hug."

Feli pointed out as Antonio pulled the screaming Italian off the German.

"Danke." (Thanks)

He said to the Spaniard who nodded, once again holding back Lovino.

Alfred and me just stared at the scene that played in front of us.

"Well it seems like class is going to start soon sooooo."

Gilbert trailed off, quickly grabbing my wrist from my brother's grip, and pulled me to where our class was. Alfred yelling at us from down the hallway.

I winced at his grip, and sadly he noticed.

"Oh did I grab too hard?"

He asked, and I nodded, but he really wasn't gripping too hard.

"Sorry 'bout that."

He said, instead grabbing my hand, and pulling me along.

"I'm guessing we have first together?"

I said, and he nodded.

"Yep first, second, third, fifth, and of course seventh."

After he said that he winked at me, and I looked down as we neared the class.

'Oh I hope everyone remembering me never ends, I'm beginning to really like it.'
Matthews POV:
We walked into our first period a minute late, but class had yet to start because the teacher wasn't there yet, for some reason she is always exactly 3 minutes late everyday. A few people turned to look at us, and I heard a few people start talking about Gilbert.

"Omg that guy is so freaking hot! Is he new? I'm guessing he is since I've never seen him before, but damn."

Is what I heard some girl say to her friends.

"Who is he walking with? I've never seen him either."

-sigh- of course.

"That guy looks like Alfred Jones doesn't he?"

Some guy asked the boys surrounding him.

I tuned them out as me and Gilbert reached my seat, luckily the seat to my right was empty. Our seats were little two person tables, you know the ones for science? We sat down, but quite a few people were staring at us as we did. Gilbert looked at them confused.

"Um birdie...why are they staring at us?"

He asked me, I looked at them as well, and then looked back at Gil.

"They are staring at you."

I answered, and he laughed his loud laugher.

"Of course they are!"

He yelled, shocking not only the people around us, but me as well.

"How could I not guess before? They are attracted to my awesomeness! I mean who isn't attracted to the awesome me?"

He asked in a loud voice, continuing to laugh, and the people around us just looked confused. I blinked, and he looked at me as if asking for a answer, but I didn't know how to answer.

"Um...I'm not sure Gil."

I answered with a little bit of hesitation, and he chuckled at my response.

"You really are just too cute birdie."

He ruff my already messy hair, making it even messier, but unfortunately he brushed over my curl. I felt my cheeks flush, and I lightly groaned. He stopped, and my eyes widened.

'Shit.'

He looked at me in confusion, but then smirked down at me.
"Oh? Ludwig mentioned something about Feli having something like that."

He quickly touched it again, but withdrew his hand before I could hit it away.

"But I wouldn't have guessed it's the same with you."

Before I could say anything about the subject, the teacher walked in.

"Hello class! Today we have a new student joining us from Germany."

She motioned for Gilbert to come up to the front, and he did, smirking proudly as he walked.

"Can you introduce yourself to the class?"

Miss. Grove asked, and he nodded, taking a deep breath before starting.

"Listen up everyone! My name is the awesome Gilbert Beilschmidt! And you can and will refer to me as your most awesomeness!"

He told the people in the class, and everyone's eyes widened, minus mine because I just face palmed at the boys words.

It took a second, but Miss. Grove recovered from the shock, and cleared her throat.

"Well Gilbert I saw that you had already been sitting in an empty seat, so you may sit there next to Mr. um.."

She trailed off, and I spoke up.

"Matthew."

I said for her, and she nodded.

"Yes of course I remember now, you may sit by Matthew."

Gilbert nodded, thinking for only a moment about the fact she didn't remember his new found friend.

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The next classes seemed to go by fast, since I was so excited for lunch. As me and Gilbert walked to my locker so I could grab my lunch. We already got Gilbert's from his locker, so once we grabbed mine we could go ahead, and go to the lunch room.

As we walked I got a sickening feeling in my stomach, telling me to leave the school, but don't return home.

"Matthew you need to leave, just run, if you don't something bad will happen."

I stopped for a second, eyes wide in fear. Gilbert stopped as well, turning in confusion.

"Hey why did you stop? Are you ok?"

He asked, and I nodded, not wanting to say what was actually happening in my head. I continued on walking, ignoring the voice, and my fear.

"Listen to me Matthew! I know you don't want to but you need to! Something awful is about to happen that never has before. Leave the school, and don't return home! Just go to a park, and stay
away from everyone for a few days!"

I got that sickening feeling again, but still did not stop my walking. I could hear Gilbert talking but it sounded far away, everything sounded far away.

"Please Matthew you need to believe me! I know it's hard but please!"

Everything in my body was telling me to run, straight out the doors of the school, and go somewhere where no one was.

Gilbert's POV:
Something was going on with birdie, it was obvious. He was still walking with me, but didn't look like he was there, he looked somewhere completely different.

I stopped walking, but he kept going. My eyes narrowed, and I began to become scared for the boy. I grabbed him by his wrists, and he flinched, but other then that he didn't react.

"Birdie."

I tried, but he didn't do anything. I picked him up bridle style, not knowing what else to do, and carried him outside because I don't think he would want everyone seeing him like this. I opened one of the doors that led outside, and noticed that no one was around that area, so I put him down. I stared at him in the eyes, his were wide in fear and noticeably duller. I wasn't sure what to do since nothing like this has ever happened to me or anyone I know.

'Maybe Alfred knows what to do, this is his twin after all.'

"Birdie I need you to stay here ok?"

He didn't answer, just stayed completely still, and I took that as a 'ok'.

I ran back into the school, and towards the lunch room. I looked around, and saw Alfred at a table close to the back, so I headed there.

"Alfred!"

I yelled as I neared the table, and he turned to see me, smiling.

"Hey Gil! Come and sit!"

He pointed to a chair in between my brother and Antonio, but I shook my head.

"I came to get you because there is something wrong with your brother."

I told him, but he tilted his head in confusion.

"What do you mean dude? I don't have a brother."

He told me, and my eyes widened.

'What?'

"What do you mean? Yes you do, you got mad at me this morning because I touched his thigh."

He laughed.
"Bro stop fucking with me, I don’t have a brother."

I began to get angry.

"What the fuck do you mean you don't have a brother!? Matthew! You don't know him?!"

I yelled, and Alfred looked to get a little mad as well.

"I've never met a Matthew before in my life, but if you are so convinced this 'Matthew' is my brother then take me to him and we will ask him."

I narrowed my eyes, then grabbed Alfred by his wrist, and dragged him outside to where birdie was. He was in the exact spot I left him, still staring fearfully at nothing.

I stopped, and turned to look at Alfred, but again he just looked confused.

"Dude there's no one there."

He told me, and I looked back at Matthew, but he haven't moved from the spot in the moment I looked away.

"What the fuck do you mean there's no one there!? He's right here!"

Matthews' POV:

"I heard yelling, it sounded like Gil and Alfred fighting."

"What the fuck do you mean there's no one there!? He's right here!"

'I told you to run Matthew, but you didn't listen to me.'

'Dude I mean there's no one there! And I've already told you that I don't have a fucking brother!"

That sounded like Alfred! Wait...did he just say what I think he did...?

'Alfred doesn't remember you, no one does, the time where everyone does is over, that's why I was telling you to run.'

I felt tears in my eyes as I started to return to the world around me.

I blinked, then turned my head to look around. I noticed that I was outside. Gilbert and Alfred were in front of me, Gilbert looking away from me, and Alfred looking at Gilbert.

I started to back up, fear clearly written in my eyes, as I retreated from the boys in front of me.

I guess Gilbert heard me moving because he turned in time to see me turn my back, and run.

"Birdie!"

He called for me, but I kept running.

'Just get home. No one is home so you can just go to your room, and wait it out, don't worry they will remember you again, just give it a while.'

Gilbert's POV:

I watched birdie run off, and turned to see Alfred gone.
I turned back to see Birdie turning a corner out of my sight, but in a split second decision I began to run after him, a feeling in my chest that if I didn't, it would be the last time I would get the chance.

Matthews POV:
As I run I debate rather I should return home or not. I knew no one would be home, but I still wondered if I should listen to the voice. I didn't have much time to decide because I was nearing home, so I decided to just go home.

"Birdie!"

I heard behind me, I stopped and turned to see Gilbert running after me. He caught up to me, and hugged me tightly.

"Oh god Birdie you scared the shit out of me!"

He pulled away, but still kept his hands on my shoulders, holding me still so I couldn't run.

"What happened to you? And why is your brother acting like that?"

He asked me, and I looked down.

"He isn't acting."

I told him, and he looked confused.

"What do you mean? He said he didn't have a brother! That he couldn't see you!"

I started to tear up, looking up to stare at him in the eyes.

"He wasn't kidding about not being able to see me, and he didn't remember me, so he doesn't know about having a brother."

I told him, and he hugged me again.

"I won't ever forget you Birdie, never."

He told me in my ear, and my eyes widened, but then closed as I remembered the sad truth.

"I don't know if you can keep that promise."

A tear fell from my eyes.

"Because Alfred made the exact same promise."

He hugged me tighter.

"I won't break it, I will be there for you."

He broke the hug, and stared at me, before lightly smiling.

"How about we spend the day together? We can go back to school to grab your backpack and then drop everything off at your house, and then I treat you to lunch, and then we can do something that you want to do? Sound like fun?"

He asked, and I nodded, smiling back at him softly.

We walked back to school, and entered through side doors that were close to my locker. I opened my
locker, and packed what I needed into it. We decided that we should grab Gilbert's stuff as well, so we went to his locker as well. We exited the school once again, and began the trip back to my house.

I pulled my key from my pocket, and opened the door. Gilbert entered the house after me, and he closed the door behind us.

He looked around the entrance way of the house, and into the living room that you could see from where we were standing.

The house was decorated in a style that both Arthur and papa would like. Many French and English paintings covered the walls, and one of the walls in the living room was shelves which were filled to the brim with books, which included anything Shakespeare that Arthur could get his hands on, and many books in French for me and papa.

"Damn. I recognize a few of these, and from my guess these are all French or English, where are your parents from?"

He asked me, and I chuckled.

"My papa is French and my dad, me and Alfred just call him Arthur though, is English."

He smiled, looking around again before we headed up stairs to my room. I walked in, but quickly shut the door. Gilbert looked in confusion.

"What's wrong?"

He asked, but of course I couldn't tell him that my room was filled with holes, parts of it was covered in blood, and a few knives were stabbed into the walls.

"Um could you just wait downstairs?"

I could tell he was wondering why, but didn't ask.

"Ok birdie whatever you say."

He walked back downstairs, and I once again opened my door to the destruction that was my room.

Taking a deep breath, I looked around my room.

My bed had a Canadian flag bedspread on it, hockey gear was in the corner, a large closet was opposite my bed, and a desk was to the right of the door (if you are looking at it from inside the room), as well as a second one across from the other, but there was also many holes, blood from cuts that I dragged across my walls, and knives sticking out from the walls.

I dropped my backpack on the chair in front of my desk, and sighed.

"Maybe he can keep his promise."

I said aloud, really hoping that he will because even though we only met a few hours ago, he has grown into someone special to me.

I smiled softly to myself, and walked out of my room, real happiness filling my body.

'But how long can the good last when your world is filled with so much pain?"
Gilbert's POV:
I found it pretty weird that Birdie had asked me to go downstairs, almost like he didn't want me to see his room, but didn't press him on the issue because I didn't want him to freak out again, I mean you guys never know.

I walked downstairs to sit on the couch, but decided against it when I saw all the books again. Around the fireplace were bookshelves, filled with hundreds of books. I noted that some were in French, but most were English.

'I wonder who his parents are...he said he had a papa who was French and a dad, who they call Arthur, who was English...hm..

I continued to look around, until I came upon a photo frame with 5 different pictures sitting on a window sill, one of those that you could sit or place things on. The first pictures had 4 people in them, two of which I recognized as Alfred and Birdie, and I figured out the other men must have been their papa and dad. The taller had blonde hair a little bit above his shoulders and purple eyes like Birdie, while the shorter had shorter blonde hair and green eyes with the biggest eyebrows I've ever seen!

I'm guessing that the taller was their papa, he looked really French, and the shorter was Arthur.

The first had little versions of the twins running around a park, and Arthur trying to chase them. The next was maybe when the twins were 7, and this one was them baking with their papa. Although after that I started to notice the absence of one of the twins. In the final 3 pictures, all 3 looking to be when Alfred looked to be in middle school, not one was Birdie in. One was even what looked to be planned as a full family photo!

"I'm sure you can guess that it's not only Alfred that forgets me.."

The soft voice of Birdie said behind me, and I turned to see him standing by the stairs, looking at his feet. I walked closer to him, but he didn't move. I grabbed his hand, and pulled him to me, hugging him.

"I promise on all of my awesomeness that I won't forget you, that would be un-awesome of me"

I told him, and I felt him slightly smile against my shoulder.

We walked out of his house, and turned left down the sidewalk.

"where are we going?"

Birdie asked, and I smiled at him.

"well we will first go to my house, and then get some lunch, then you can pick what we do."

I told him, and he smiled.

"are you sure I can pick?"

He asked and I nodded.

"yep! 100% sure!"
As we walked I got an idea. Out of the corner of my eye I saw that birdie was looking straight ahead, not paying attention to me, so I lightly pushed him to the side. He stumbled for a second, and then glared playfully at me.

"That's not very nice Gil."

He told me and I shrugged.

"Are you going to do something about it?"

I challenged, and he looked straight ahead once again.

The moment I was looking in front of me as well, I felt a hard push to my arm, and I went crashing down on my side into the grass. Birdie giggled above me, and I blushed.

'This guy is just too cute!'

I thought, and Birdie started walking once again.

I stood up from the ground, and jogged to catch up with the blonde. We began to talk about anything we could think of, when I started talking about embarrassing moments from when my brother was a kid he laughed, and I smiled when he did, wanting to make him laugh even more.

We were nearing my house, and a little idea struck me. I wrapped an arm around his shoulders, and he looked at me confused.

"Gil?"

He questioned, but I just looked at him innocently. He shrugged it off and continued walking, missing the smirk that spread across my face.

Quickly I moved my hand down to his back, picking him up under his knees with my other so he was being held in my arms. His eyes widened for a second, but then he rolled them.

"What are ya doing Gil?"

He asked, but I just smiled at him.

"I guess I just decided to carry ya"

I told him and he laughed.

"You dork."

'Plan worked!'

Yet during my little victory he removed himself from my arms, and quickly picked me up instead, smirking at my shocked face. I looked at him.

"Whoa Birdie I didn't think you could do that."

I emitted, and he laughed again.

"I'm full of surprises Gil."

I laughed with him.
"I guess so."

He put me down and we continued the small rest of the way to my house, laughing with each other once again as we walked up the driveway.

"Do you think your grandfather is home?"

He asked, I had told him that I lived with only my bother and my grandfather when I was telling him funny moments of my brother. I shrugged.

"I doubt it, but I'm not 100% sure."

I unlocked the door, pushing it open, and walking into the box filled house. Well technically it wasn't filled with boxes. There was only about 2-4 left in the area we could see because opa and Ludwig both like to keep things looking nice, especially Ludwig. The only room in the house that wasn't clean was my room because I can take care of that later, and I don't mind a mess anyways.

We walked to my room.

"So what do you want to do after we eat? And do you want to pick where we go for lunch?"

I asked as we entered the actual box filled room, and he shook his head.

"I don't know an-and you can pick where we eat."

I shrugged and put down my bag, taking out my wallet from my back pocket. I counted the money.

"I have 30 bucks."

I told him and he shook his head again.

"I can't let you pay for everything Gil, I want to pay for something as well."

He said, obviously dead set on that, and I laughed.

"Wh-What?"

He asked and I whipped invisible tears from my eyes.

"I've never met anyone that wanted to pay after someone said they would buy it."

He laughed a little as well.

"I guess I'm a little weird h-huh?"

He asked and I nodded.

"Yep you're pretty weird Birdie, but isn't everyone?"

I questioned and he nodded, smiling back at me. I grabbed another 30 from my 'money box' and grabbed Birdies hand.

"Let's go eat shall we?"

~small time skip~

We decided that we were just going to some sandwich shop. I turned and smiled at him, he looked
back at me, smiling back.

"What?"

He asked, laughing slightly, and I shrugged.

"Nothing much birdie."

He looked forward, still laughing a little bit at nothing.

~very small time skip~

We looked at the menu, trying to decide what we wanted.

"I don't know birdie, what do you want?"

I asked and he shrugged.

"I might just get a turkey sandwich."

He told me, pointing to one of the sandwiches that they showed a picture for. I nodded.

"I think I will get that as well."

I stepped into the line, birdie joining me just a second later, and we waited to order in the short line.

"We will have two of the turkey sandwiches, the one that you show the picture for."

The lady taking the order smiled.

"That will be 10 dollars sir."

I pulled out my wallet and handed her the money. She handed me two cards, one had a 34 on it and the other had a 35.

"Thank you."

Birdie said and we walked away, spotting a booth in the back and taking that for our table. We sat down, me on one side and birdie on the other, and the blonde smiled softly at me.

"What are you going to tell your brother Gil?"

Birdie asked and I shrugged.

"I don't know, but I'm sure Alfred told everyone about the, eh, fight that we had, so mein Bruder can figure it out, and if he asks I'll just tell him that I skipped, I can go to classes some other day."

He looked confused.

"What do you mean by 'some other day'? You are going to school tomorrow right?"

I thought for a moment.

"Are you going to school tomorrow?"

I asked, but he just looked down.
"No...everyone forgets me for a few days so I just stay in my room."

It was my turn to be confused. He noticed and tried to explain.

"A few times a year, my entire family and everyone I know fully remembers me, but after a few days they go back to not remembering me, and the days after they actually forget that I exist, hence why Alfred stood up for me this morning but forgot about me when you guys fought. I don't really the point in going to school if no one remembers me so I just stay in my room during that time."

I was frozen for a second, but shook out of it.

"Then I will go back to school when you do, no matter how long that takes."

His eyes widen and he shook his head.

"I can't let you not go to school because of me, you need an education and I'm sure your brother won't be happy with you if you don't go."

I snorted.

"I hate school so I don't give two shits about not going, I would rather hang out with you then be stuck having useless information stuffed down my throat."

He smiled, but still looked unsure at the same time.

"If you are sure I won't stop you."

I smiled.

"Awesome."

~another time skip~

"What do you want to do birdie?"

I asked him, and he thought for a second.

"Ice skating."

I turned.

"Ice skating?"

He nodded, smiling. I sighed, but smiled back.

"Ok birdie, where is one?"

He pointed to the right.

"There's one down that way."

He told me and I nodded, grabbing his hand in mine. He blushed as I smiled at him.

"Lead the way birdie."

~another small time skip cause I lazy~
Birdie laughed as I once again fell on my ass, I playfully glared at him.

"How come your so good at skating?"

I asked, struggling to get up from the ice, but somehow I managed to stand with birdie's help.

"Hockey."

He said, laughing as I once again fell. He grabbed my hands, pulling me up.

"Here I'll help you, just don't let go of my hands."

He began to skate backwards, holding on tightly to my hands as we glided across the ice. I just watched the ice in fear, birdie couldn't know that though, so I tried to keep it a secret, but I guess he noticed because he chuckled. I felt a hand gently grab under my chin, lifting it up so I was looking at him, he smiled softly at me.

"If your scared just look at me ok?"

I nodded, staring at birdie as we, we meaning birdie, skated around the oval shaped ice rink.

Almost nobody else was there since it was during school, so it was pretty much just me and birdie.

Birdie let go of one of my hands and skated around to my side, still holding my right hand, and we started to skate side by side, and by we started to skate I mean that I pretty much didn't move because when we were skated just a moment ago I wasn't moving my feet, so I wasn't sure if I could do it without falling.

Birdie laughed.

"Gil you have to move your feet to go anywhere."

He told me and I groaned.

"But it's so hard."

He laughed, and I looked at him weird.

"That's what she said."

He got out through his giggles and I rolled my eyes.

"And I thought you were the more mature one of us."

I said, and he just gripped my right hand tighter, smiled at me, and then started skating, dragging my ass with him around the rink.

I almost fell a few times, and did fall even more times, but somehow we managed to go around multiple times before the clock hit 4:00 and we decided that we should stop.

We returned our skates and decided to go back to my house. The walk to my house was filled with loud laughter, random ass conversation, and a whole lot of planning what we should do tomorrow and however many days that I need to be with birdie until everyone eh... 'remembers' him again and he goes back to school.

I unlocked the door and was met with a angry blonde...and a Italian?
"West why is Feli here?"
I asked, and Ludwig rolled his eyes before narrowing them.

"Where have you been?"
He asked, pretty much demanding a answer. I shrugged.

"Been out and about, schools lame so I decided to skip."
I told him, not knowing if he could see birdie or not.

He sighed.

"Gilbert you can't just miss what should have been your first day at school, when did you even leave?"
I thought for a moment.

"Technically I left school for good probably a few minutes before lunch was going to end."
I could feel birdie standing behind me, so far neither one of them has pointed him out so I'm guessing they legit can't see him.

People are just super un-awesome for forgetting mein awesome birdie.

"Whatever, opa can deal with you later."
He paused.

"And Feli is here because we are all going over to his house for dinner."
He said it with slight irritation, I sighed.

"Ok but I'm taking my own car, if Lovino calls me potato bastard one more time I'm gone."
Feli smiled at me.

"Don't worry Gil! I will make sure Lovi will be nice to you and Luddy."
I snorted, and Ludwig blushed.

"Luddy?"
I questioned, about to burst out laughing at the name, and Feli nodded.

"Yep! I came up with it a few days after we had first met!"
I chuckled.

"It's creative Feli, anyways I'm going up to my room."
I walked away before Ludwig could say anything else.

Me and birdie got to my room and we sat down on the floor.

"How in the world did Feliciano and Ludwig meet?"
He asked and I chuckled.

"Well my opa had to meet this Italian man, so the man came to Germany to see him. He ended up bringing his two grandkids, Feli and Lovino, and once they met they hit it off. Once they left, him and Feli kept in touch for a year and a half, even when Feli moved here to America, and then we moved here and they got to meet in person again!"

~timeskip because I need to hurry this chapter up~

Matthews POV:
I had returned home from Gilbert's at about 5:30 because they needed to leave for Feliciano's house.

I sat down in my backyard, not for sure if anyone was home quite yet, but knowing that I should go upstairs to my room before anyone did.

I got up from the chair and stretched, smiling at the memory of today, not remembering what could happen if I walked into the house, but by then it was too late.

I reached to open the door but heard voices so I stopped and listened.

"Hey dad!"

'It's Alfred and Arthur, I doubt papa is home yet.'

"Hello Alfred, how was school today?"

"Pretty good, Feliciano's boyfriend and his brother finally moved here...although there's something up with his brother."

"What do you mean?"

"During lunch he insisted that I had a brother named Matthew and he said he could prove it so he took me out one of the doors of the school and kept telling me that there was someone standing there, but there was no one there!"

"Sounds like he might need some help, did he seem fine the rest of the day?"

"No after that he just disappeared and no one saw him the rest of the day, weird kid."

"Yeah I've never met anyone named Matthew before, much less adopted a boy with that name...and you are a only child so I wonder where he got that idea."

"I have no idea dad...he might know someone that looks like me named Matthew?"

"But why would he think that this boy, if he even exists, was your brother?"

"Arthur?"

A third voice joined the conversation.

'Papa.'

"Papa guess what happened today!"

"What?"
"Ludwig's brother Gilbert tried to tell me that I had a brother named Matthew and when he brought me outside to prove it to me there was no one standing where he was pointing! And he said someone was!"

"Weird...the adoption agency said that you were a only child...but where would Gilbert get a idea like that?"

By that time tears were streaming down my face.

'These days are always the worst...where is Gilbert? Oh yeah. He's at Feliciano's so he can't come get me...'  

"I bet Gilbert is crazy and this 'Matthew' never even existed, and even if he did he has no connection to me or this family."

I couldn't do it anymore. I backed away from the door, thoughts running into my head, and just ran.
Matthews POV:
I ran. I didn’t know where I was trying to go, but still I continued to run.

'I don't know anyone named Matthew.'

Tears fell from my eyes as I sobbed. Coming upon a park that my family would go to when me and Alfred were little, I stopped running and began to walk, walking up the sidewalk that lead to the playground.

It was cold from the winter air, it looked like it was going to rain soon, and it was dark outside so I guessed that no one would bother me if I stayed here the night. I walked up to the swings, and sat down on one of them, slightly swinging myself.

'Some people wish to have the power to be invisible.'

I said aloud, and chuckled a little as more tears streamed down my face.

'I guess it's easy to say that when you are visible.'

I sat in silence, moving my foot against the ground so I swung a few inches up. I felt a raindrop, and chuckled again as more drops hit me.

'This seems like something I would read in a story...a depressed or sad character sitting outside in the rain...'

I sighed.

'Regretting their life...'

Memories began to hit me from 6th grade, April 24, the day my life changed.

'The day that started a part of this Hell.'

~flashback~
"Come on just tell me!"

My best friend, Caleb, begged, and I laughed.

"No way!"

I told him, and he smiled.

"Can I guess? And you tell me if I'm correct?"

He asked, and I thought for a second before nodding.

"Sure."

He began to guess, getting it wrong multiple times.

"Do you love me?"

He joked, and I shook my head, but looked over to my other friend, Cole, in disbelief, he gave me a
scared look back.

The truth was that I did love him, and didn't want to tell him, but gave in to his begging only 25 minutes later.

"Fine, I will tell you."

I told him with great nervousness, and looked over to Cole.

"C-Can you tell him?"

I asked, walking over to the table next to ours, where some of Alfred's friends sat. Alfred was at a lunch detention that day, but I would see him next period in gym.

He stood up quickly after Cole whispered something in his ear, and walked over to me.

"You want to date me!?"

He yelled, and my world stopped. All air had been taken from my lungs, I couldn't breath, and I was shaking harder then I ever have before. My system had been filled with fear and panic. I wanted to leave, I didn't want to be there anymore, for awhile I wanted to die.

We were dismissed from the lunchroom only a second after that, I quickly stood, and practical ran down the hallway to the gym, not wanted to face my could be ex-best friend.

I had never been more scared in my entire life.

"Mattie?"

The voice of my brother broke my thoughts, and I turned to look at him, eyes widened in panic, and his widened as well. He gripped my shoulders.

"Mattie tell me what's wrong!"

He yelled, but I couldn't answer, there wasn't enough air in my lungs to answer.

"Al-Alfred."

I said softly, yet fast, and he hugged me.

"Mattie who got you like this? Do I need to call papa and dad?"

He asked, and I shook my head. Yes I wanted to go home, but I didn't want papa and dad to see me like this, I didn't want them to know, I didn't want anyone to know.

Alfred didn't leave my side as we changed into our gym clothes or went to the gym, and when we got there he sat next to me, gripping my hands in his as I shook and struggled to breath.

"Mattie I need you to take deep breathes ok?"

He asked and I nodded, trying to calm down enough to do as he said. I was able to for a few seconds, but once I saw Caleb walk in, I began to shake and not breath properly once again.

Alfred looked behind him once I started to freak out again, and saw that Caleb had just walked in, looking freaked out as well. His eyes narrowed.
"Was it Caleb?"

He coldly asked me, and I looked at him in the eyes, nodding.

"What did he do?!"

He harshly asked, glaring daggers at the auburn haired boy, who noticed after a minute and started looking even more scared. He knows that an angry Alfred was dangerous.

"I-I asked him o-out an-and he freaked out."

I tear fell from my eye.

"Oh Alfie I'm going to be alone, I ruined another friendship, I'm so worthless, I mess everything up, it's all my fault.

He looked back at the now lightly crying me, hugging me to his chest.

"I should just die, I'm simply a waste of space after all."

I whispered, but sadly Alfred heard. He broke the hug and stared straight into my eyes.

"Don't you ever say that Matthew Kirkland-Bonnefoy-Williams."

He told me, using my full name to make sure I knew he was serious, but I shook my head.

"I'm just a waste of space, everyone overlooks me, can't see me, and sometimes even forgets I exist."

More tears fell from my eyes as Alfred brought me into his lap, hugging me as I cried into his chest.

"I ruin everything, everyone hates me, everyone going to reject me now, I'll never have friends again."

He rubbed my back, letting me get all my self hate out.

"I'm good at nothing, I'm going to be alone, please someone just kill me."

I wasn't for sure where all of this was coming from, other than the part about people forgetting me, but once it crossed my mind I believed it.

"Mattie I need you to calm down ok? None of that is true you understand?"

He told me, and I nodded, but didn't believe him. He continued to hug me to his chest, and I heard people walk up behind us.

"Alfred? Is Matthew ok?"

Feliciano asked, and he hugged me tighter.

"No."

He told him, and Feliciano sat next to us, wrapping his arms around me as well.

"Matthew-kun?"

Kiku said, sitting next to Alfred, I looked to him, and he placed a hand on my head, smoothing down my hair.
"What's wrong with the maple bastard?"

Lovino asks, and Antonio places a hand on his shoulder.

"Lovi it's not nice to say that to someone that is obviously very sad."

Lovino looks down.

"Sorry."

He says, and I lean into Feliciano's hug.

"It's ok Lovi."

I tell him, and Antonio wraps his arms around me as well.

That's how we all sat for a minute, me crying in Alfred, Antonio, and Feliciano's arms, while Kiku pet my hair, and Lovino just sat next to Antonio. Finally Lovino gets fed up.

"Who did it?"

He angrily asked, and I look up.

"Wh-What?"

I say, and he narrows his eyes more.

"You heard me. who. did. this."

I look back down.

"Caleb."

I tell him, and he stands up, looking around the gym before seeing Caleb and marching over to him. If he thought a angry Alfred was bad, he had yet to see a angry Lovino.

Antonio stood as soon as Lovino left.

"As much as I want to curse or beat Caleb, I'm going to go get Lovi before he gets in serious trouble."

He said, and walked over to the yelling Lovino. I look over to them. Lovino is being held back by Antonio, who is yelling curse words and threats in his direction. I noticed that Caleb is being comforted by many people, must be more then 15, and I'm sure he told all of them what happened.

I hide my face when I notice one of Caleb's friends walking over, a angry look in his eyes.

"You think that you can just ask out any boy you want? And then act like you are the victim in this? Hm fag?"

He yelled at me, and Alfred removed me from his lap. He stood up, and faced the guy.

"And you have another thing coming for you if you think you can mess with my brother! And I find that offensive since both of my fathers are gay and I happen to be bisexual! So if you have a problem with anyone that's not straight then you can take it and shove it up your ass!"

Alfred yelled, drawing the attention of every single person in the gym. My eyes widened.
'F-Fag?'

I thought.

'Is that what I am?'

I look up to see the angry face of the boy, he narrows his eyes at me, and then my brother.

"This is for asking out Caleb."

And before Alfred could stop him, he landed a solid kick to my side, and then walked away. Alfred eyes widened, and before anyone could tell him 'no' he ran at the guy and punched him straight in the face.

I stopped listening to what was happening after that, all sense of reality slipping from my mind.

"Alfred...you need to call your papa or dad, Matthews not ok."

Feliciano told him, but it sounded far away. I heard Alfred say something back but I couldn't understand it. Arms picked me up off the ground, and began walking towards the locker room.

"Don't worry Mattie...I will grab your stuff...but right now you need to go home."

He told we, and I nodded, reality slowly coming back to me.

He called papa because he would be able to get here faster then dad, and he walked down to the office.

"What happened?"

The lady asked, standing up from her desk, and walking over to us.

"Don't worry, our papa is coming to get him."

She shook her head.

"You can't call your parents during school to come and get you."

Alfred looked at her.

"I'm going to repeat myself. Our papa is coming to get him."

He said coldly as papa walked in.

"Mathieu!"

He yelled, knowing from Alfred's call that there was something wrong with his son. He looked over me, in my frozen state. My face was tear streaked and I was shaking, softly mumbling self-hating words.

"Something happened today that got him like this, and he needs to go home."

Alfred told him, and papa nodded.

"Can you carry him out to the car while I sign him out?"

He asked, and Alfred nodded, walking out of the office doors to papas car.
He strapped me in the passenger seat, and looked in my eyes.

"Matthew you're going to be ok, I will make sure that no one does anything to you, and you can eat with us from now on ok?"

He told me, and I softly nodded at his words.

Once papa showed up Alfred went back in the school, and we drove out of the parking lot.

Papa asked me questions on what it was, and it took awhile but I told him, and he hugged me, saying that I was none of the things I told myself, hugging me tightly.

He called Arthur and told him everything, he came home once he was told.

For awhile I was fine. I had calmed down, and wasn't in a frozen state anymore. That was when the call came in.

I'm not sure who called, but they told papa and Arthur about how I said I wanted to die and everything I had said.

They didn't leave me alone for a second after that.

The only time I was able to be alone was when I took a shower, and for the first time I cut. It was with a razor, and I made 3 cuts on either arm, what I didn't know was that was going to start addiction in a little over a year.

The next week I was scared to go to school, but Alfred convinced me that it would be ok.

Either Alfred or one of his friends stayed with me, making sure no one messed with me.

For a long time that's how my school days went, me never alone, unless I was in the bathroom, but it didn't stop people from saying things about me.

I heard it all the time, the name calling, threats, and notes in my locker. I let the words get to me after awhile, and began to believe them myself.

That's when depression hit me, and it never left.

~flashback over~

I began to cry into my hands, wishing nothing more then to die like I wanted to that day.

It had started raining while I was thinking about it, so I was soaking wet, yet didn't move. I just sat there, crying, and then I remembered the scissors. I always had a pair with me. I took them out of the holder I have for them strapped to my calf.

I took them out, and smiled through my tears. Taking them, and making one cut on my wrist, right over the blue vein. I went mad with the want for pain, doing it over and over again up and down my arm, until that was the only red I could see covering my left arm. Blood leaked from each cut, and since there was so many, there was a lot of blood, more then normal.

I began to feel faint.

'I made a mistake...'

I told myself as I got up from the swing and sat down on the mulch. My vision began to go dark, and before I knew it, I blacked out.
Gilbert's POV:
I was driving back from the Vargas house hold because Lovino ended up calling me Potato Bastard #2 about 10 times today and I wasn't lying when I said I was going to leave. I noticed someone laying down in front of the swings.

' Weird. '

I thought, parking my car, and walking over to the swings. When I got a good look at the boy, my world stopped for a moment.

"Birdie!"
Chapter 6

Matthew's POV:
Everything's dark.

'Hello?'
I called out.

'Yes?'

A voice said back, it sounded familiar, yet at the same time it didn't.

'Who are you?'
I asked the voice.

'I am you.'

'You're me? But you don't sound like me.'

'I'm you, but a different you.'

'I don't understand.'

'My name is Matt, I'm sorta like your opposite self.'

'Do you know where I am?'

'Yes, you are inside your mind.'

'How did I get here?'

'You tried to commit suicide.'

'Is this the after life?'

'No, you are still alive.'

'If I'm alive then why am I here?'

'It's hard to explain.'

'Oh..am I asleep?'

'Sorta, kind of like a really deep sleep that you have to decide to wake up from.'

'I decide?'

'Yes.'

'And when I decide to wake up I will enter back into the real world?'

'Yes.'
'...so I would go back to my family?'
'Yes.'
'And school?'
'Yes.'
'And my own home?'
'Yes.'
'...then I don't want to wake up.'
'What?'
'I said that I don't want to wake up.'
'But you won't see your family.'
'They will forget I exist after awhile, besides, you seem like a nice person too talk to.'
'I guess I can't make you wake up.'
'Good, what do you want to talk about?'
'...do you like hockey?'

Gilbert's POV:
I stared at him from the chair on the side of his hospital bed, rubbing circles on his hand with my thumb.
"Your family really is full of dumbasses."

Matthews family was contacted and they denied any connection to him, which made me want too go up to their doorstep and punch the day light out of them.

'What's something to do that will pass time?'
I asked myself, looking around the room for anything entertaining, but found nothing.
'Opa is at work and Ludwig is at school, so I can't bother them.'
I thought for a moment, and a idea hit me.
'My diary!'
I think, pulling out my diary from my backpack.
'And they thought I was going too study for school when I brought this.'
I smirk, looking through the pages of my latest diary. I have about 10 of them in all, having started my first when I was 10.

It's full of my secrets and other peoples, funny moments, sad moments, ideas, dreams and pretty much anything you can think of that would be in a diary.
'I really hope birdie wakes up soon.'

~flashback~
Gilbert's POV:
I was frozen in shock at the passed out blonde boy, but soon broke out of it when I saw how much blood there was. I ran up to him, quickly looking him over.

'Oh god there's so much blood, I can see that he is still breathing so that's a good sign.'

I thought in slight panic, pulling out my phone and dialing 911.

"I'm at the park on 69420 street, my friend is bleeding out from what I believe is a attempted suicide."

I told the lady on the other end of the line.

"Ok sir, a ambulance is on its way."

She explained, and I nod, looking back down at birdie.

I put my phone down and lightly pick up his heavily bleed arm, but something caught the corner of my eye.

'Scissors?'

I pick it up, turning it over in my hand.

'It's completely covered in blood.'

Some of the blood gets on my hands and drips down on the grass below me.

'What happened too cause this?'

~flashback over~

The ambulance was there in only 6 minutes and they put birdie on a stretcher then in the ambulance. I was aloud to ride in the ambulance with them and in there they tried to stop the bleeding. I learned that he was bleeding from both his arms, legs, shoulders, and stomach, and when we got to the hospital he was rushed to the ER.

I called Ludwig and opa once I calmed down a little and told them generally what was happening, they left Feliciano's house and rushed here. When they got here I told them what had happened more in detail and they tried to convince me to call his family, although I refused because I just knew that they had forgotten him like Alfred had.

Although, I knew that we would have to call them soon, so when a doctor asked for their phone number or address I was forced to tell her where he lived.

They came back from the house saying that they all denied any connection to him.

A hour and a half later she, the doctor, told me that birdie was out of surgery but wasn't awake yet. She aloud me to go to the room he was in, although the sight almost made me want to cry.

Birdie was pale, very pale, and he had bandages covering his arms, but I knew they weren't the only areas bandaged. His purple eyes were closed and the only movement he made was the rising and falling of his chest.
I didn't leave his side until 10 that night when opa and Ludwig dragged me from him. We got my car from the park and went home, I couldn't fall asleep that night.

The next day I went to school in my car without Ludwig, and as soon as I saw Alfred I punched him as hard as I could, and then walked out of the school to my car, where I drove back to the hospital.

And that's where I've been for the past 4 hours. Ludwig, opa, Antonio, and Feliciano all called me more then once, but I only answered opa, only so I could tell him where I was.

He didn't tell me to leave the hospital and go back to school.

I bought something for lunch, and went to the bathroom a few times, but other then that I haven't moved from this spot.

A wave of tiredness hit me, I did only get about 3 hours of sleep last night, and I laid my head on the bed next to birdies hips, just staring up at him.

"Guten Abend, gute Nacht, mit Rosen bedacht, mit Näglein besteckt, schlupf unter die Deck: Morgen früh, wenn Gott will, wirst du wieder geweckt, morgen früh, wenn Gott will, wirst du wieder geweckt.

Guten Abend gute Nacht, von Englein bewacht, die zeigen im Traum dir Christkindleins Baum: Schlaf nur selig und süß, schau im Traum's Paradies, schlaf nur selig und süß, schau im Traum's Paradies."

I quietly sang to him, starting to drift off, and in about a minute I completely fall asleep.

Matthew's POV:
'You will get to see Gilbert if you wake up.'

'I know...I just don't know if being with Gil will save me from all of the bad things that happen to me.'
Francis's POV:
I sang a song in French quietly as I cooked dinner.

Suddenly I was struck with a horrid feeling. My eyes widened, and I dropped the knife I was holding, luckily it didn't hit my body.

"Matthew."
I breathed out.

"My baby Matthew."
I suddenly felt dread cover my entire body.

"I forgot Matthew."

The world stopped around me, and as soon as I came back, I quickly picked up my phone and called Arthur.

"Francis you git I'm at work."
I didn't reply though, too busy having a small anxiety attack.

"Fr-Francis?"
He stuttered, beginning to sound scared.

"Arthur I forgot him."

"Who?"

"Matthew."

"Matthew?"

"Our son!"

"...oh my god do you know where he is?!"

"No, we need to find him!"

"Call Alfred! Tell him to come home now! I'm been there in a minute."

I took a deep breath.

"Ok Arthur, I will see you soon."

He said goodbye and hung up, right after he did I called Alfred.

"Hey papa."

"Alfred you need to come home."
"Why?"
"Matthew is missing."

The line was silent for a minute.

"I know where he is."
He told me, sounding sad.

"Where?!"
I heard him take a deep breath.

"He's in the hospital, Gilbert yelled it at me this morning after he punched me."

I didn't say anything.

'My baby is in the hospital...?"'

I couldn't believe it.

There was talking on the other end of the line to someone else.

"I'll meet you there, Yao said he can drive me."

He hung up after that, sounding rushed. I called Arthur back.

"Arthur he's in the hospital, so head there."

"What is he in the hospital for?!"

I paused.

"Alfred didn't tell me, apparently Gilbert knows though because he yelled it at him this morning after punching him."

"I would get mad at Gilbert for this but I'm glad it happened, otherwise we wouldn't know where Matthew is."

"I'll see you there."

I grabbed my keys, unlocking the car and getting in as quick as I can.

'What happened to my baby?"

Gilbert's POV:
Matthew hasn't shown any signs of waking up yet, and I'm starting to grow even more scared for him.

"What caused this birdie? What made you want to do this?"

I knew he wouldn't answer, but I still asked the unconscious boy in hopes he would. I heard fast running down the hallway.

'What the-?"
The door slammed open and a man I recognized as Matthews papa ran in, his father and Alfred right behind him. I glared at them "what are you doing here?" I asked coldly, and Alfred and Matthews dad, Arthur I reminded myself, glared at me.

"I'm here to see my son."

"I need to be the hero for Mattie."

The answers didn't change my mood, instead it just made me more pissed.

"If that's true where were you the rest of the day? Last night?"

Francis looked at me, sadness in his eyes.

"He's been here since last night?"

His voice was shaking, and I nod.

"I brought him here after I found him."

There faces changed.

"You found hi-?"

Francis paused, noticing the bandages wrapped around his entire left arm.

"He didn't."

I nod.

"He did, he attempted suicide."

He broke down in tears when I said that, and both Alfred and Arthur had shocked faces. I just stared at them with an emotion I couldn't place.

"I believe Matthew would want you to leave."

They all turned to me in disbelief, Alfred glared daggers at me.

"No he wouldn't, we're his family."

I glared back at him.

"Family doesn't forget family, and I saw Alfred forget, and not see, Matthew first hand."

Arthur was now glaring.

"No matter what we are his family."

He hissed, but my angered expression didn't change.

"Leave."

Matthews POV:

'Is that Alfred?'

'Yes, your family is here.'
'...do they count as family?'
'That's for you to decide.'
'I hear them fighting.'
'Gilbert is telling them to leave.'
'What?'
'You need to wake up.'
'No! I don't want to wake up!'
'Mattie you need to!'
'No! I don't want to go back to that world!'
'...Mattie, you can't stay in this state forever.'
'Why not?'
'You have a life to live.'
'My life is hell.'
'You can fix that.'
'How? I can't help that people always forget about me.'
'Go with Gilbert.'
'...Gilbert?'
'Yes, go with Gilbert.'
'Where?'
'Home.'
'But I live with papa, Arthur, and...Alfred.'
'What's with the pause?'
'I'm just thinking that Alfred seems to be the villain of my story now, not the hero he claims to be.'
'Go with Gilbert.'
'Gilbert won't want me.'
'Yes he will.'
'No he won't!'
"Birdie would be better off with me! Someone that actually remembers and pays attention to him!"
'He will.'
It's your decision Matthew Williams.'
'Don't use my full name...you saying it sounds weird.'
'Heh ok Mattie.'
'Will you still be here?'
'...
'If you would like.'
'Then I will wake up.'
'Really?!
'But only if you promise to still be here, if I'm abandoned and have no one, I want to have you to talk to.'
'I will stay here.'
'Will you be a voice in my head?'
'I can come to you physically.'
'What?'
'I can come to you physically, in real life.'
'You would become a human being?'
'I guess that's one way to put it.'
'When will you come?'
'Two days time.'
'After I wake up?'
'Yes, you have to wake up first.'
'Then I can see what you look like?'
'Yes, now wake up Mattie.'
For a second everything was dark and silent.
"Don't you dare tell me that my son won't want to come home!"
My eyes opened, and I turned to see my family and Gilbert battling it out with glares.
Alfred noticed me first.
"Mattie!"
He moved papa away, and rushed to my side.

"Are you ok? We were so worried!"

He sounded truthful, but I knew they hadn't been here that long.

"No."

I breathed out, and his face turned confused.

"What?"

A small glare was aimed at him.

"You haven't been here long, you haven't remembered me until recently."

Alfred guiltily looked down, and that confirmed what Matt said was true. I looked up at papa, sadness was in his eyes, same with Arthurs, but for once I didn't think I cared.

"I attempted because of y'all."

Their eyes widened, but I pasted out again before I could see anymore then that.
3rd person POV:
Matthew didn't awake again for 2 hours, but by then Francis, Arthur, and Alfred were gone.

The three decided that they would give Matthew sometime away from them since they were the reason he attempted suicide.

Actually, the doctor decided that.

She ended up walking in the room at the same time Matthew said that, and she convinced them to give Matthew some space for awhile. After about an hour they left the hospital.

At the hour and 30 minute mark, Ludwig and Gilbert's Opa came up and she told them what she didn't want to tell Francis, Arthur, and Alfred.

"Matthew will need to go to a psychiatric hospital when he is released."

Gilbert's POV:
We were all confused, Ludwig looked up from Matthew.

"Why are you telling us?"

He asked.

"We aren't his family."

She nodded.

"Yes I know, but we have a new rule that if a child attempts suicide because of their family, they will have to be taken care of by someone else for awhile."

She nodded to me.

"And this young man seems to be the best person to take care of him, and make sure he stays ok."

I looked at her in disbelief, then back down at birdie, Ludwig and Opa had the same looks on their faces.

"Would we be the ones to pay for his hospital stay?"

Opa asked, and she shook her head.

"No, his family will pay if they agree to let him go, and they have to let him go, since it's a doctors order."

I continued to stare at birdie.

'A psychiatric hospital?'

My eyes turned to the doctor.

"How long will he be there?"

She thought for a second.
"It can be anywhere from 5 days all the way to 2 weeks."

My eyes widened and my jaw dropped.

"But in his case, since there are many other scars on other parts of his body I'm guessing he's been doing this awhile, he will likely be there for a little over a week."

She gave me a small smile.

"But that's just my guess, for all we know it will only be a few days."

"Gil?"

A soft voice asked, and I quickly turned to see birdie's eyes opening. He looked around.

"Where's papa, Arthur, and Alfred?"

He asked, his voice just a little above a whisper.

"They left birdie."

I ran a hand through his hair when his eyes saddened.

"Doctors orders, they didn't want to leave."

He lifted his eyes to the doctor.

"Why did they need to leave?"

She wrote something down on her clipboard.

"I heard they were the reason, so I wanted to give you a little space away from them, but if you want them to come back I can call them."

Matthew shook his head.

"No, I'm fine."

I ran my fingers over his hand.

"Could you tell me what caused it? Only if you are comfortable with it."

She asked and birdie nodded.

"I'm ok with it, but could it just be me, you, and Gilbert?"

She nodded, giving Opa and Ludwig a smile.

"I will come get you when he's ready for you to come back."

They nodded, walking out, birdie watching as they left. He turned to the doctor, and she clicked her pen.

"I'm ready when you are."

Birdie took a deep breath.
"Since I was in 5th grade, or 10 years old, my family and everyone around me started to begin forgetting about me. It started simple, not calling me down for dinner, my teacher not giving me a paper, nothing crazy big, but at 13 it got worse. Papa would forget to make me lunches, Alfred would look over me and couldn't hear me whenever I tried to talk with him, I didn't get picked up sometimes, Arthur mistook me for Alfred...actually a lot of people do that...I even get beat up sometimes because my brother is such a fucking idiot."

His voice grew enraged.

"I would sometimes limp home from school because Arthur forgot I existed and didn't pick me up, I once had to sleep outside because Alfred wouldn't let me into my own damn house because he couldn't fucking recognize me."

His eyes caught fire.

"Sometimes they would remember full well I existed, but it only lasts awhile, and after it they completely forget I exist."

Somehow I could feel anger radiating off of his body, and I got a little afraid.

"They don't see me, or hear me, nobody does."

He paused, and every ounce of anger left his face, and it turned to a mix of fear and sadness.

"Today I had a panic attack, and Gilbert tried to help me by getting Alfred...but he didn't remember nor see me...so I ran."

He paused again, suddenly gripping my hand tightly.

"Gil followed me, and we spent the day together...but I returned home and heard them talking about it...they said 'if this Matthew even exists, he has no connection to this family'...and so I ran to a park I love."

His grip tightened.

"I had a flashback to what started my self harm...the boy."

All reality seemed to leave his mind and he began to shake, eyes widening.

"I shouldn't have told him, I-I would still have him as a friend, I ruin everything."

I petted down his hair and he seemed to calm down a little.

"Shh it's ok birdie."

I whispered, wiping a tear from his eye.

"You don't have to continue if it hurts too much."

He stopped shaking, and looked over to me, almost all fear gone.

"Thank you Gil."

I gripped his hand tighter.

"You don't have to thank me birdie."
The doctor clicked her pen closed, drawing our attention to her.

"Matthew, I'm going to tell you this now because my shift is almost over and I need to be the one to tell you."

He nodded.

"You will be going to a psychiatric hospital, and then you will likely go with Gilbert and his family for awhile, is that ok?"

He looked over to me, then back at her.

"I-I would be going with Gilbert?"

She nodded.

"An-And not back to Alfred, papa, and Arthur?"

She nodded again.

"Only until you want to go back."

He lightly smiled.

"I'm ok with it, how bad could a psychiatric hospital be? And I'm ready to get away from them for awhile."

She smiled back, writing something down on her clipboard.

"You will be going in a day or two, until then Gilbert can stay here if he wants."

I smiled at birdie.

"I'll stay."

She began to walk out of the room.

"I will send you some information on the hospital you will be going to."

With that she walked out.

I looked at birdie, he yawned.

"Tired?"

He nodded, closing his eyes.

"Being passed out is tiring."

I chuckled.

"I'll let you sleep then."

I let go of his hand and walked towards the couch type thing, but his hand grabbed mine again.

"You can lay by me, that couch looks really uncomfortable and cold."
He blushed lightly, and I chuckled again, walking back over to him, sitting next to him. He cuddled up to my side.

"Goodnight Gil."

He whispered.

"Goodnight birdie."
Matthews POV:
"Matthew."

The voice of Gilbert said, drawing me from my sleep. I slowly open my eyes, the light burning them, looking to Gilbert who was once again sitting in the chair next to the bed. He gives me a smile, then points to the doctor, who was standing at the end of the bed.

She gave me a smile.

"Good morning Matthew."

She said, handing me a paper. I look over it.

'Keystone Heights Psychiatric Hospital'

'This must be where I'm going.'

I conclude, reading farther down.

My eyes widen at the address. I look up at the doctor.

"This is a hour and a half away."

I point out, and she nods.

"It's the closest one that we believed would be the best for you."

She explained, and I understood, going back to reading over the paper.

'Keystone Heights Psychiatric Hospital is located at the address of 1384 Valley View Road in Keystone Heights, WA (not real address or town) and it houses all ages.'

"What do you think birdie?"

Gilbert asked, and I thought for a moment.

'What do I think of this?'

"It's...ok."

I say, continuing to read down the paper.

"We called your family, they said they were fine with paying for the hospital stay and your papa and dad are going to bring up clothes for you."

The doctor explained to me, handing Gilbert what looked to be a menu.

"Matthew needs to eat something so here is the hospital menu, you can order something as well if you would like."

She told him, but he just handed it back.

"Thank you, but I'm planning on bringing back food for him, I need to go home and change clothes
so I decided I would just pick up food on my way back."

She smiled, taking back the menu.

"Matthew is lucky to have a friend like you."

I looked up at him.

"I guess I am huh?"

Alfred's POV:
"Ve~ Alfred are you ok?"

Feliciano asked, but I didn't look up from my paper.

"Yeah I'm fine."

"No you're not amigo, tell us what's wrong."

I sighed.

"My brother Matthew is in the hospital and we aren't aloud to see him."

Lovino spun a pencil around his fingers.

"Why not?"

He questioned.

"Because he attempted suicide, and apparently it was our fault."

I explained, and silence took over the little group I was sitting with.

Feliciano was the one to break it.

"Is anyone with him? Or is he all alone in the hospital?"

He asked, sounding sad. A small amount of anger filled my system.

"Yeah."

I hissed out, venom in my voice.

"Gilbert's with 'im."

Ludwig sighed.

"Speaking of him, Gilbert texted me saying that Matthew is ok and he's heading back to the hospital with pancakes for him."

Feliciano smiled.

"That's nice of Gilbert."

I nod.

"I'm pissed that I can't see him, but I'm glad he does have someone to help him."
I look at Ludwig.
"But if Gilbert dares to lay a finger on him."

I threaten, remembering about Gilbert's personal space issues.

A small 'ding' goes off on Ludwig's phone, and he looks down to check the message.

"I'm glad Gilbert texted, I forgot I put it on ring."

He turned it on vibrate.

"He said that they are taking Matthew to the hospital tomorrow morning."

I pause.

"But he's already in the hospital."

He looks up.

"You weren't told?"

I shook my head.

"Told what?"

He gave a concerned look to Feliciano.

"Matthews going to a psychiatric hospital tomorrow morning."

I narrow my eyes, standing from my chair. They all looked at me.

"Alfred-san?"

Kiku questioned, but I didn't answer, instead walking out of the lunchroom and to the bathroom, locking the door once I made sure no one was in it.

I dialed Arthur's number.

"Hello?"

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Alfred? Why are you calling me and not paying attention in school?"

"Why didn't y'all tell me?!"

"Why didn't we tell you what?!"

"That Mattie is going to a mental hospital!"

"Oh...we didn't think you need to know right now."

"Why didn't you think I needed to know?!"

"Because we knew you would freak out!"
"I'm going to see him."

"Alfred don't you dare go up there, you remember what the doctor said."

"Fuck what the doctor said! I'm going to go up and see him!"

"Don't cuss at me! And don't you even think about leaving school."

"But I want to see Mattie! I'm the hero and the hero takes care of people!"

"Me and Francis are going to go up there and we will tell you how he is doing when you get home."

"Ludwig already told me he's fine, Gilbert texted him."

"...Gilbert is still there?"

"Yes! And I don't want him to be with Mattie!"

"There isn't much I can do about it Alfred."

"Tell him to leave!"

"No I'm not going to tell him to leave!"

"Why not?"

"Because I can't leave Matthew alone there! He needs someone to be with him."

"Then we can be there with him!"

"The doctor said we can't see him for a few days!"

"Gilbert is going to be touching him! Remember his personal space issues?"

"I'm sure he is perfectly fine with Gilbert."

"I'm going up there."

"Don't you dare Alfred F Jones-!"

I hung up on him, putting my phone in my pocket and leaving the bathroom. I walked back the table, picking up my stuff. Everyone sitting there watched me as I did.

"Where are you going amigo?"

Antonio asked, taking a bite of his tomato.

"To see Mattie."

Feliciano stood.

"Can I go see Mattie to?"

He asked, starting to pick up his stuff as well, but Ludwig sat him back down.

"Probably not a good idea Feli, I think Alfred needs to talk with Matthew."
Feliciano gave him a pouting face, but stayed seated. Ludwig pulled out his phone.

"I'll tell Gilbert you are coming."

He told me.

"No!"

I yelled, scaring him a bit.

"Why?"

He asked.

"Because he doesn't need to know."

With that I walked away from the table, leaving Ludwig to question rather he should listen to my command or not.

Matthew's POV:
"Come on Leo Komarov! Make the goddamn goal!"

I yell at the screen, watching as the goal is made, putting the Toronto Maple leafs on the board 1-2.

I watch as the puck is dropped, the other team getting it.

"Kick that penguin ass!"

Currently I was watching a Toronto Maple Leafs vs Pittsburgh Penguin's hockey game, and, like always, was getting really into it.

"Knock knock!"

Gilbert yelled, opening the door. I turn to face him, and notice the bags in his hands, automatically my eyes got wide in excitement at the label.

"Pancakes!"

I exclaim as he sets the bags on the small table like thing in front of me. He puts his school bag next to my feet, opening it and taking out a laptop.

"The awesome me has brought the awesome gift of pancakes and YouTube!"

He announced, then did a small nervous chuckle.

"It would be Netflix but I don't have a account."

I chuckle as well, taking the bottle he was handing me.

"I got you a Ginger Ale from the grocery store."

He tells me.

"You could have just gotten me something from the restaurant."

I say, but he shakes his head.
"I didn't know what drinks you like, but I heard Ginger Ale helps when you're sick."

I was about to tell him I wasn't sick but he climbed on the bed next to me, setting the laptop on the little table in front of us. He turned to me.

"So, what do you want to watch?"

I think for a moment, before remembering one of my favorite play throughs.

"How about Game Grumps Kirby's Epic Yarn best moments?" (Awesome play through 10/10 I loved it)

He nods, looking up the video. Once he finds it, he clicks on it and makes sure it's going to play, then picks up his fork and begins to eat his pancakes.

Before I even think about eating my pancakes I reach for the maple syrup, but disappointment fills me when I see it's not the real thing.

'Stupid fake Maple Syrup.'

Gilbert notices my disappointment and fishes something else out of the bag, handing me another bottle.

"I figured you would want the real deal so I got you some real maple syrup from the store."

I looked at him, but he had already turned back to the laptop.

'I've never met someone that would do all of this for me.'

Once my pancakes are drenched in the maple syrup, I finally take my first bite, melting at the deliciousness of them.

"Thank you Gil-"

My words are cut off by a familiar loud voice and the door slamming open

"Mattie the hero is here!"
Chapter 10

Matthew's POV:
My eyes were wide in surprise.

"Al-Alfred?"

I questioned in disbelief.

'Why is he here?! Gilbert said they were instructed to stay away from me!'

Gilbert glared at the blonde.

"What are you doing here?"

He hissed at him, and Alfred gave him his million dollar smile.

"I'm here to help out my twin."

He said like it was obvious, but Gilbert wasn't having it.

"You need to leave."

I could tell that sentence made Alfred angry. He took a few steps closer, and Gilbert stood from his chair next to me. They had a stare off, sizing each other up.

"The doctor said you guys couldn't come see him other then Francis and Arthur bringing him clothes."

Gilbert began walking around the hospital bed, while Alfred stood where he was, following Gilbert with his eyes.

'Please don't pull me into this conversation, please don't-'

"Birdie tell Alfred to leave."

'Damnit Gil."

I looked towards Alfred, but he was already looking at me, a emotion I couldn't place in his eyes. I stayed silent for a moment.

"Leave Alfred."

The emotion turned into disbelief, and he took two steps closer, now only about a foot away from me. He leaned down so he was face to face with me, a battle between blue and purple eyes.

But this time I wasn't losing.

My hand moved quick, too quick for him to see.

'Anger issues."

I took a fist full a blonde hair in my hand, pulling just enough to hurt a little. I could feel my eyes go dark as he gave a look of slight fear.
"Ma-Mattie?"
I saw Gilbert looking at us out of the corner of my eye, but I ignored him.

"Leave."
My grip tightened.

"And if you want to see what I can really do."
I leaned a little closer.

"My anger."
A little closer.

"Look in my room."
I leaned back, letting go of his hair. He backed up.

"Your room?"
The door opened once again.

"Matthew-?"
Arthur stopped, glaring at Alfred.

"You git, I told you to stay at school."
He hissed, walking over and dropping the bag he had on the bed next to my feet. Gilbert stood there awkwardly, probably not believing the scene that just happened.

Papa walked to the other side of the bed, pulling out a bear from behind his back.

"I figured you would want Kuma mon cher."
I reached out my hands, taking the bear.

'Kumajiro...I remember his name.'
A small tear fills in my eye, but I blink it back.

"Come on Alfred."
I turn my head back to Arthur and Alfred, Arthur holding Alfred's ear as he drags him out of the room.

"Goodbye Matthew, we will see you soon."
With that they walk out of the room, Alfred demanding that Arthur let his ear go. Papa brushed my hair from my forehead, kissing it lightly like he did when I was little.

"See you soon mon cher."
He began walking away as well, my eyes following him as he closes the door. I continue to stare at the door, a hand being put in my shoulder after a minute or two. I look up at Gilbert, he gives me a
soft smile.

"Let's continue eating."

I nod, picking up my fork and taking another bite, he does as well.

We continue watching the video (game grumps best moments of Kirby's Epic Yarn), this time without any interruptions.

The video finished, our food gone long ago (the video is over two hours long). He stretches, a small 'ding' coming from his pocket. He takes out his phone, texting something back.

"Ludwig is on his way with my schoolwork and car."

He finishes typing.

"We are going to be taking you to the hospital."

He looks up.

"Is that ok?"

I nod, hugging Kumachili close to my chest.

"It's ok."

He looks at Kumacheero.

"Is this your bear? I didn't ask about him since we were watching the video."

I nod, showing him Kumavirgo. He pets his fur.

"What's his name?"

'Oh shit, I remembered his name awhile ago.'

"It's um...I forget his name."

He tilts his head in confusion.

"You forget your bears name?"

I nod in embarrassment.

"I named him when I was little, since then I call him different things."

I give a small laugh.

"All I know is that the beginning is Kuma."

He gives a small laugh as well, the door opening to show Ludwig. He looks at us, a knowing look in his eyes.

"Ve~ Luddy."

Suddenly Feliciano latches to Ludwig's arms, making the taller blush and look to the side.
'Oh yeah, Feliciano and Ludwig are dating.'

Gilbert laughs.

"You wanted to come along Feli?"

The brunette nods happily.

"Yep! Lovino is going to Antonio's and grandpa needs to work late."

He tights his grip on Ludwig's arm.

"I didn't want to be alone at home so Ludwig asked if I wanted to come with him."

He smiles up at the blonde.

"Isn't he just the sweetest?"

Ludwig's blush darkens, and Gilbert laughs even more.

"Like a cupcake."

Ludwig clears his throat.

"The doctor said that she will be here soon to help Matthew to the car."

He walks over and hands Gilbert a few papers.

"Here's your schoolwork."

He turns back to me.

"She already called the hospital to let them know we are taking you, so we should be able to sign you in without any issues."

Almost on cue the doctor walks in, smiling. She walks to my side, checking all the machines.

"Looks like you're good to go."

She begins to turn things off and unhooking me from them. A nurse rolls in a wheelchair.

"Would you like to help him?"

She asks Gilbert.

"I think I can do it."

I say, starting to get up from the uncomfortable bed. Gilbert, probably just in case I happen to fall, runs around to the other side, putting his hands out so he's ready if I do. With almost zero trouble, I sit down in the wheelchair with Kuma in my lap.

Gilbert grabs the bag with my clothes, getting behind me and pushing me out the door after the doctor and nurse, Ludwig and Feliciano right behind us.

We make it out to the parking lot and to Gilbert's car. Once I'm standing, I turn to look at the doctor.

"What's your name?"
She perks up.

"Oh! How rude of me!"

She puts her hand out.

"My name is Olivia Kirkland."

She puts her hand on the nurse's shoulder.

"This is my brother Oliver Kirkland."

He smiles at me.

"Nice to meet you poppet~"

He shakes my hand.

"By the way, my sons are staying where you are, maybe you three can be friends~"

I smile back.

"Maybe."

Ludwig climbs into the drivers seat, Feliciano in the passenger, and Gilbert in the back with me.

I wave to them as we drive off, both of them wave back. Realization hits me.

'I didn't ask what his sons names are...I guess I can just ask around.'

Feliciano turns the radio on, some pop song I don't know the name of fills the car. Gilbert leans up in his seat.

"Play my CDs."

He tells them, and Ludwig shakes his head.

"This music is bad enough, I'm not listening to rock-n-roll."

Gilbert pouts.

"This is my car so I choose the music."

Ludwig stops at a stop light, looking at Gil in the rearview mirror.

"Stop complaining."

He commands, and Gilbert groans, leaning back in his seat. I chuckle a little, and Gilbert gives me a mix of a smile and smirk.

'He really is cute.'

The thought didn't shock me as much as I thought it would.

'I mean...he is very handsome, but it's what he's done for me that makes him...almost perfect.'

The drive took over two hours due to traffic, and Feliciano fell asleep at the 30 minute mark because,
from what Ludwig said, he didn't have a nap due to school. At about the hour mark, Lovino called, and since Feliciano was still asleep, Gilbert picked it up.

Ludwig said he didn't want to get yelled at right now.

Gilbert explained to Lovino that Feliciano fell asleep and they should be back in a few hours.

I could hear yelling in the beginning from Lovino about how Feliciano didn't pick up.

At the hour and 30 minute mark we hit almost stand still traffic, which lead to a lot of complaining from Gilbert.

At a hour and 45 minutes we got flipped off because Ludwig cut in front of another car.

Gilbert wasn't happy about it and I had to hold him back from jumping out of the car, so instead he rolled down my window, let out a few curses, and flipped them off back.

At 2 hours Gilbert and Ludwig’s grandpa called to make sure we were ok and ask when they thought they would be coming home.

At 2 hours and 15 minutes Feliciano woke up wanting food, so Ludwig, being the nice boyfriend he is, stopped at a small restaurant to get him some.

Gilbert got me and him something as well.

At 2 hours and 30 minutes we entered the hospitals parking lot, that is where my fears started.

I carried in Kuma, and Gilbert carried the bag inside, Ludwig took care of the signing in part. I was so afraid that I held Gilbert's hand.

A man took my bag and Kuma, telling me they just needed to check it and then it would be brought to my unit.

Gilbert tightened his hold on my hand in a comforting way, almost saying something like 'you can do this'.

Another man, this one looking in his early 20s, walked us to us with a smile.

"Hello Matthew."

He said, and I nodded.

"He-Hello."

He motioned his hand to get me to follow him, and I let go of Gilbert's hand. I turn to him, and he gives me a small smile.

"Don't worry birdie, I'll be here to visit as soon as I can."

He promised, giving me a hug.

"Ok Gil."

He lets go and I turn, following the man. Before we go through the doors I turn to look at Gil one last time, he gives me a smile and waves. I give a smile as well, waving back, and then turning to walk to my unit.
Already missing him.

Alfred's POV: (surprise!)  
'Look in his room.'

I bawled my hands into fists, walking down the hallway to his room.

'What the hell does that even mean?'

I reach the door, opening it.

'What could a room-'

My thoughts cut short.

"Holy shit."

Everything was destroyed. What seemed like hundreds of holes covered the walls, and the parts that didn't have holes, had knives sticking out of it or blood smeared on it. The desk had cravings in it, and his curtains were ripped to shreds. The two mirrors he had were completely smashed, glass covering the area below them. His closet door had writing all over it, words like 'worthless' 'fat' 'evil' 'invisible' and 'not real'. Pictures of our family were cut up, the frames broken, and some were even burned. Some things were burned to ashes, and some spots of blood were on the floor.

Although one thing stood out to me.

In one of the corners, 4 photos were taped to the wall, all in perfect condition.

I stepped closer to them, seeing the writing above each one.

'Oh no.'

The first was our 8th grade graduation photo, although he wasn't there...it was only me and Arthur, as papa took the picture.

Above it was written 'I stayed home, as you guys left me there.'

The second was me at my championship football game last year, where I made the winning touchdown. It had me, papa, and Arthur...Matthew was missing.

Above that one was 'congratulations Alfred, I saw you make the winning touchdown, I wish I could have gone to eat with you guys afterwards, but you forgot me at the field...again.'

The third was me and papa at the beach, Arthur took the picture.

Above that one was written 'from what I heard when you were talking with Kiku about it, it was a fun day, wish I could have gone, but you guys forgot to wake me up to tell me we were going, I sat alone all day.'

The forth is what crushed me.

It was a selfie taken by Matthew at the hockey rink.

Written above it was 'I made the winning goal at my final game today...too bad you guys didn't show up, seems like you guys forgot about me like always.'
"So you found out."

Arthur said behind me, and I turn to him and papa, both had a sad look on their faces.

Papa looked around the room.

"How did we never hear this?"

He walked towards me, bending down to look at the photos.

"How did we forget?"

Arthur placed a hand on his shoulder.

"Don't worry, we won't anymore."

He paused.

"I hope."

Matthew's POV:

We entered into another room, this one having people that looked my age.

A few looked at me in curiosity, but I just looked down, not having the bravery to look up.

The man motioned me to follow him after he talked with the lady at the desk for a moment. I followed him down the hallway, passing what I guessed were the bedrooms.

He stopped at one that was almost completely closed, knocking on it. A tall blonde opened it, staring at me with dark purple eyes. If I had any bravery before, it was definitely gone now.

"Matthew, this is your roommate, his name is Matt."

I froze.

'Ma-Matt?'

I look back to him, and he puts out his hand.

"It's nice to meet you Matthew."

He gives me a smirk/smile.

"I'm Matt."
Gilbert's POV:
I look at the hospital as we drive away, worried for birdie.

'What if people over look him? What if people are mean?'

"Gilbert?"
Ludwig asked, worry in his voice.

"Yeah?"
I didn't turn his way, continuing to stare out the window at the passing buildings.

"This might be a bad question, but why are you so worried about Matthew? You haven't known him very long."
I looked down, memories hitting me. I'm silent for a moment.

"...he reminds me of Edgar."
This time he was silent.

"...how so?"
I think for a moment.

"They are...both quiet and...had family lives that weren't very good."
I smile as I think of Edgar.

"They are both strong fighters and are kind and smart."
My smile disappears.

"I'm worried about Matthew because I don't want him to end up like Edgar."

~flashback~
Gilbert's POV:
I run up behind the long haired albino, jumping on him, making him let out a small scream.

"Ed!"
I yell excitedly, hugging him tightly from behind. He relaxes a bit in my hug.

"Hello Gil."
He says quietly, looking up at me with a small smile as I give him a large one.

"How was your day?"
He asked, getting out of my hug and sitting down on the bench next to us. I sit next to him, facing him.
"It was awesome like me!"

He gives me another smile.

"I'm glad you're doing awesome."

I sensed depression in his voice. I scoot a little closer to him, placing a hand on his thigh.

"Are you ok Ed?"

I asked in worry, and he gave a unconvincing smile and nod.

"O-Of course Gil!"

I could tell he was lying, especially since he was giving me such a large smile, which he never did.

"Ed."

I said seriously, and his face turned a bit worried.

"Ye-Yes?"

I took his hand.

"Edgar, are you planning something?"

Edgar had a history with depression and self harm, so I was more than worried for my boyfriend.

Yes we are dating.

He shakes his head, and my eyes narrow, deciding to lift up his sleeves, pointing to the many lines covering his arm.

"Please don't do this Edgar, I know it's hard and I don't have complete power over it."

I place his arm back down, taking his face in my hands.

"But I don't want to lose you."

Tears begin to form in his eyes.

"Don't worry Gil, I'm not going to self harm."

3rd person POV: (still in flashback)
That night, after they hung out all day, Edgar left for his house after a long kiss, hug, and a goodbye, promising to see him later.

At 11 that same night, Gilbert got a call from Edgar's sister saying that Edgar had committed suicide by hanging himself and died long before they even found him.

The next 2 weeks, Gilbert didn't leave his room other then to go to Edgar's funeral and would barely eat/drink/clean himself in anyway.

By week 3, Gilbert felt as if he needed some way to escape, so he turned to alcohol in order to try and forget.

The only one that could get him to leave his room was Feliciano, who visited in week 4. Feliciano
was better with comforting than Ludwig or Opa, and he was easier for Gilbert to talk with.

It took 3 months, but Gilbert managed to get back to his normal routine, just in time for moving to America, where he promised himself that he would never let that happen again.

~flashback over~
"Gil are you ok?"

I turned to Feliciano, coming back to the real world.

'Shit I forgot he was here.'

"Yeah I'm fine Feli."

I give him a smile, but he gives me a worried look back, not believing the faked smile.

"East...are you really ok?"

I turn to him.

"You never call me that West."

He gave me a small smile.

"He's going to be ok East, you will make sure of it."

Matthew's POV:

After we finished unpacking my stuff, Matt sat me next to him.

"So Mattie, this is me."

I stare at him a moment, suddenly hugging him. He freezes, lightly patting my back after a minute.

"Nice to meet you too..."

I notice he's uncomfortable and quickly let go.

"Heh sorry about that."

He pats my head.

"It's-"

"MATT!"

A loud voice yells, and Matts eyes narrow, his head snaps towards the door.

"What the fuck do you want Allen?"

He hisses, and the auburn haired boy, Allen, walks towards us.

"Woah is that Matthew?! The one you told us about!?"

Allen runs at me, and I lean away from him, but he still gives me a bone crushing hug. Allen is, thankfully, yanked off me by Matt, and I can actually breath easily.

"Yes this is Matthew."
Matt hisses quietly, pushing Allen away. I look at Matt in confusion.

'How does he know about me?'

Matt looks from Allen to me, understanding my confusion.

"Well, if you get me, you get my family."

He sighs in irritation.

"And this piece of shit is my brother."

Allen waves a few feet away.

"My papa and dad are also here, but of course they aren't here here."

Allen nods.

"Yep! Dad is a doctor and papa is a drunk."

Matt sighs.

"Papa isn't a...people person...so he stays home all day and doesn't work, but that's ok because dad makes enough for all of the food and rent and whatever."

Matt explains farther, and I remember what that doctor had said.

"What is your dads name? And does he have a sister?"

Allen nods.

"Yep! His name is Oliver and his sisters name is Olivia! Why?"

I smile at them.

"Your dads sister was my doctor."

I look to the door when a doctor knocks on it.

"It's group time boys."

He tells us, and Matt throws his head back as he groans in irritation, but Allen's smile automatically gets even bigger.

"Yay it's group time!"

He runs out the door, and I watch him as he goes.

"He really likes group, as he tends to flirt with the people in the group and the therapist."

I nod, my eyes still looking at the door. Matt wraps a arm around my shoulders.

"Well, let's go Mattie, you got the next however long ahead of you so you better make some friends other then me."

Feliciano's POV:

'Gil is sad.'
I watch from the backseat as Gil stares out the window, looking to be on the verge of tears after talking about Edgar.

'Maybe I can cheer him up.'

I smile at my plan, taking out my phone and making a group chat.

To Toni, Fratello, Kiku, Ivan, Yao, Elizaveta, Roderich, Vash, Lili, and Natalia:

'Guys, Gilbert is sad over Matthew going to the hospital, maybe tomorrow we can try and cheer him up!' (Feliciano)

'But we have school Feliciano-san.' (Kiku)

'Is Gilbert ok?' (Lili)

'He's having a bit of trouble coping with it...and apparently this is reminding him of Edgar.' (Feliciano)

'Oh no, that poor baby.' (Elizaveta)

'I thought you hated Gilbert Liz.' (Natalia)

'Hate is a strong word.' (Elizaveta)

'What would we even do?' (Roderich)

'I'm not sure, what do you guys think?' (Feliciano)

'I say we get some drinks.' (Ivan)

'No bastard we aren't getting drinks!' (Lovino)

'Lovi's right, remember that Gilbert is recovering from a alcohol addiction.' (Antonio)

'Oh yeah...I forgot about that." (Ivan)

'How is he doing with that Feli?' (Lili)

'Better than before, but still craving a drink when he's really feeling depressed or mad.' (Feliciano)

'Then let's stay away from alcohol, and if we are near it, let's make sure Gilbert isn't alone.' (Natalia)

'Да, sister is right, we don't want Gilbert to be drinking.' (Ivan)

'Ivan is right, we will make sure Gilbert doesn't drink.' (Yao)

'I'm hoping that doing this will help make him feel a little better.' (Feliciano)

'What's the plan?' (Natalia)

'I don't know, what's something Gil really likes?' (Lili)

'Tomato bastard, you're his best friend, what does Gilbert like?' (Lovino)

'Gilbert likes Walmart, Toys R Us, and the mall!' (Antonio)
He likes what now?' (Roderich)

'He likes playing around in places you shop.' (Elizaveta)

'How do you know that Liz?' (Lili)

'He once got us kicked out of a Target because he was messing around and being loud.' (Elizaveta)

'Then we probably shouldn't do that.' (Yao)

'He also likes blowing up condoms with helium and watching them float away!' (Antonio)

'Messing around in stores here we come!' (Romano)

'But I don't want to spend any money, I only work for food and rent.' (Vash)

'And I hate spending money period.' (Roderich)

'Well you guys don't have to spend money, but don't we have like 1,000 coupons Bruder?' (Lili)

'Ja? What does that have to do with anything?' (Vash)

'Well I'm pretty sure if you used them, you would get a lot off the original price.' (Lili)

'Oh yeah! Roderich you have a lot of coupons as well!' (Elizaveta)

'...fine, we can go.' (Roderich)

'Ok! Everyone agree? Let's say...meet at Walmart at 10?' (Feliciano)

'*agreement*' (everyone)

'Yay! I'll get Ludwig to bring Gilbert tomorrow! Bye everyone!' (Feliciano)

'Bye!.' (Everyone)

"Feliciano?"

I look up from my phone at Ludwig.

"We're here."

He gave me a soft smile, stepping out of the way so I could get out of the car. I reach out for him.

"Carry me?"

I asked, putting on my puppy eyes, and he blushes, nodding. He picks me up bridal style, and I wrap my arms around his neck, kissing his cheek which makes him blush even more.

I look over his shoulder at Gilbert, who is watching us at the door sadly, walking inside after a minute. I watch after him sadly.

'Don't worry Gil, you can do this.'
Chapter 12

Matthew's POV:
I walked into what looked to be the main room where everyone 'hangouts' I guess. It had multiple chairs, a few round tables, a tv, a wall of windows that showed a small outside area, and a door that lead to said outside area. Matt sat in one of the chairs, so I took the one next to him, looking around at all the people.

There are 4 girls and 6 boys, not including me, Matt, and Allen. The woman, who I guessed was the therapist, sat down in a chair, smiling at all of us.

"Hello everyone, my name is Hannah, and the reason I'm telling to guys this is we have a new person joining our group."

She gestured to me, and all eyes turned to me, making me a bit nervous.

"Could you introduce yourself? Then everyone else will do the same. Name, age, the reason you are here, and a interesting fact please."

I nod, looking down.

"My name is Matthew, I'm 15, I-I'm here for a suicide attempt and anger...plus a few others I guess...and a fact would be...I'm Canadian."

Hannah smiled, thanking me, then turned to the girl on her right, singling her to introduce herself to me.

"Hey! My name is Michelle, I'm 14 and here for self harm, and a fact is that I have two pet fish!"
(This is Seychelles)

"Hello...my name is Camille, I'm 14 years of age as well, here for a gambling addiction and self harm, and a fact would be that I'm the top of my classes."
(This is Monaco)

"Buna! I'm Vlad, you know, like Vlad the impaler? And I'm 15 as well! I'm here for, as the oameni prosti (stupid people) say, being a danger to society, and a fact is that I am a vampire no matter what these people tell you!"
(This is Romania)

"Здравей (hello), I'm Sava, and I'm 15, I'm here for beating someone up when they tried to attack Vlad, and a fact is that...I'm from Bulgaria."
(This is Bulgaria)

"-sigh- bonjour, my name is Marianne, 17, I'm here for violent outbursts and a alcohol and smoking addiction, and a fact is that I don't want to be here and Je déteste tout le monde ici (I hate everyone here)."
(This is 2p! Nyo! France)

"Hel-Hello, my name is Ravis an-and I'm 13, I'm here fo-for anxiety an-and self harm, an-and I have 2 brothers."
(This is Latvia)

"эй (hey), Nikolia is my name, I'm 14, and here for violent actions, a fact is don't touch my fucking sister or brother."
(This is nyo! Belarus)

"Привіт (hello), m-my name is Dmitri, an-and I'm 17, I'm here for a-a suicide attempt, and I-I'm the brother you really don't want to touch."
(This is nyo! Ukraine)
"Hello I'm Evie! I'm 13 and here for a suicide attempt and self-harm, and a fact is that I'm from the country Sealand! Which is a country." (This is nyo! Sealand)

"Hallo, my name is Noah and I'm 13, I'm here for self-harm and a tad bit of anger, a fact is that I hit the target 9/10 times." (This is nyo! Liechtenstein)

"Aye! Hey Mattie! My name is Allen as you know and I'm 16! I'm here for anger and violent actions with my trusty bat! A fact is that I'm vegetarian." (This is 2p! America)

"...hello Matthew, my name is Matt and I'm 16 like my idiot brother, I'm here for anger and violent thoughts, and a fact is that I play hockey." (This is 2p! Canada)

I give them all a soft smile.

"It's nice to meet all of you."

I tell them quietly, and am met with most of them saying the same back. Hannah pulls out a stack of papers, handing them out. I look down at mine.

Draw something that makes you happy

Hannah smiles.

"Today we are going to be going outside to draw something that makes us happy."

Her eyes move to Allen.

"And it can't be your bat Allen, or sex like last time."

Allen groans.

"But those make me happy!"

Marianne rolls her eyes, narrowing them at Allen.

"If I can't draw drinking or smoking, you can't draw murder or fucking someone."

She hisses, crossing her arms, and looking away from us.

Hannah stands, motioning us to do the same, and we do, minus Marianne who had to be convinced to by Michelle. We walked out the door to the small grassy area, and Matt led me over to one of the tables, sitting me next to him.

Allen, Vlad, Sava, Ravis, Evie, Noah, Michelle, and Camille also sat down at the table. Dmitri and Nikolia sat at the other one, and Marianne sat alone on the other side of the area.

Evie, who sat across from me, smiled, and I smiled, a bit unsure, back.

"Evie, what are you going to draw?"

Noah asked, beginning to draw what looked to be a person.

"I'm going to draw Sealand, my äiti and pappa, and Ruby!"

She told her, excitement in her voice. She looks to me again.

"Ruby is my girlfriend."
She explains, her eyes turn to Noah.

"What are you going to draw?" (Evie)

"I'm drawing my sister and some animals, what are you drawing Ravis?" (Noah)

"My-My brothers..." (Ravis)

"I'm going to draw me and Sava in a park we would go to in Romania!" (Vlad)

"I'm going to draw the same, except one in Bulgaria." (Sava)

"I'm going to draw me and Camille swimming in the ocean!" (Michelle)

Allen nudged my side, giving me a smirk.

"I'm going to draw a sex scene."

He leaned in a lot closer then I would like, making me lean back.

"Me and you Mattie, how does that sound?"

My eyes widen, and I shake my head.

"Pretty awful Allen."

I tell him, but he just leans closer.

"Come on Mattie."

He continues, and I push him away.

"No! Only Gilbert can draw a sex scene with me in it!"

I shut my mouth, blushing a dark red and hiding my face in my hands. Matt chuckles behind me, and I peek to see everyone at the table staring at me. Michelle recovers from her shock and places her hand in her hands, staring intensely at me.

"So Mattie, who's this Gilbert?"

She asks, a knowing look on her face, and I blush even deeper.

"No one..."

Evie smiled, doing the same as Michelle.

"Yeah! Who's Gilbert? Is he your booooyyyyyfriend?"

She asks, dragging out the 'boy' part. I shake my head from behind my hands,

"No-no but he is my friend...and I-I guess crush."

Automatically Evie and Michelle start talking about how cute that is, asking all about Gilbert and how we met, Noah entering the conversation after awhile.

'See Mattie, people do care, and you just need to find the right people, you're not invisible to everyone.' (~Matt)
Ludwig's POV:
Feliciano left 15 minutes after we arrived back home, and as soon as he was out the door, I walked to Gilbert's room, hoping for the best.

'Please don't be drinking East, I know it's hard to remember Edgar and to deal with everything right now, but you can't go back to the way you were before,'

I knock on the door, and open it when I receive no answer. The room was dark, the only light in the room was the light from the hallway.

The soft voice of my brother singing sounded from underneath the blankets, and I walked over to them, pulling up a small corner so I could see him.

"Hello East."

I said, and he looks over, taking out one headphone.

"Hey West."

He says back, putting the earphone back in his ear. The smell of beer hits my nose, and I rip the blanket off of him, showing that he held a bottle of beer in his hand and about 7 others sat next to him, 2 empty.

He reaches for the blanket, but I'm faster, dropping it to the floor and grabbing the bottle from him.

"What are you doing?!"

I yell, and he flinches a bit before narrowing his eyes at me.

"Give it back to me!"

He demands, and I shake my head, placing it on the other side of the room.

"No! I know it's hard Gilbert but you need to stop drinking!"

He shakes his head, a small tear running down his cheek.

"I need it Ludwig! I need to forget about him!"

Tears stream down his face as he cries, trying to get the bottles back from me. I put them down, running over and trapping him in a tight hug.

"I know I'm not good with comforting and Feli is much better then me."

I lean back, taking his face in my hands and staring into his eyes.

"But I'm here Gilbert, I'm here and I'm going to help."

He stops trying to push me off, staring back at me.

"But I need to forget."

I hug him again.
"No, you don't need to forget about Edgar or Matthew, especially Matthew."

I tighten my grip as I feel him crying on my shoulder.

"He needs you right now East, and Edgar will be proud that you are helping Matthew."

"Bu-But I couldn't save Edgar."

"I know...but you can save Matthew, and Edgar will be happy you did."

"R-Really?"

"Ja...now please don't drink, you were doing so good."

He chokes out another sob.

"I broke my record...I was a month sober."

"It's ok Gil, you will do even better this time right?"

He nods.

"Now, tomorrow we are going to be skipping school, ok?"

He nods again, gripping my shirt.

"You don't have to skip school because of me."

I chuckle.

"I know, but I want to."

He lets out a small laugh.

"I never heard of Ludwig wanting to skip school."

I laugh a little as well.

"Yeah...but tomorrow is special."

He breaks the hug, yawning and laying down.

"I'm going to bed West, goodnight."

I smile softly, putting the cover back over him.

"Ok then, goodnight East."

I take all of the bottles from his room, looking behind me at him before I close the door.

I lean against the wall, sighing.

'Please don't let my brother drink himself to death...Edgar, please watch over him.'
Feliciano's POV:
Lovino leaned on the wall next to me, crossing his arms, and glaring ahead of us, listening to Antonio talk about anything and everything. Lili and Vash sat on the ground, looking through all the coupons they found laying around their house.

Natalia sat a few feet from Lili, counting the small amount of money her sister had given her to spend, and Ivan chuckled at the glaring and blushing Roderich, who was sitting in a giggling Elizaveta's lap.

Yao was also blushing in Ivan's lap, but he had a small smile on his face rather then a glare like Roderich. Kiku sat next to me, us talking, although it was more me talking, about what we would be doing first.

Did I mention we were sitting in front of Walmart? Well, if I didn't, we are currently sitting in front of a Walmart like Girl Scouts, watching all the people give us funny looks as they passed us.

"Where are the potato bastards?"

Lovino asked, walking away from Antonio towards Elizaveta when the Spaniard tried to kiss him. I look down at my phone for the hundredth time.

"Ludwig said that they are on their way now."

I smile at them, wishing to tell them of what Ludwig told me last night, about Gilbert drinking, but I didn't think right now would be a good time, as I wanted today to be filled with happiness...or as much happiness as it could be filled with.

Matthew's POV:
Yesterday went by very smoothly. I did learn about one thing that everyone forgot to mention that night though, Noah's sister is really...interesting.

~Flashback~
Still Matthew's POV:
I smiled as Gilbert talked, but even though he was laughing I could tell he had been crying not too long before he called.

"Gil?"

"Yes birdie~?"

"Have you been crying?"

The line went silent.

"Nein..."

I could sense the line.

"You're lying to me Gilbert."

He sighed.
"Fine...I broke my record of being sober."

"...your record of being sober?"

"Ja...I was a alcoholic for a few months after..."

He trailed off, almost sounding as if he was going to start crying at whatever he was thinking of.

"You don't have to tell me, I can tell it pains you to think of it."

I gave him a soft smile, even though I knew he couldn't see it.

"Danke birdie."

"You have one minute remaining."

The robotic voice told us, and I sadly sighed.

"Looks like I need to go, I'll talk to you tomorrow birdie."

"Ok Gil...talk to you tomorrow..."

"Don't worry birdie! Maybe I'll be able to come visit you tomorrow!"

I smile, remembering how people could visit at certain times.

"I hope so, goodnight Gil!"

"Goodnight birdie!"

Gil hangs up the phone, and I close my eyes, smiling to myself. I put down the phone, heading back to where everyone is waiting for their visitors to show up.

Noah and Evie sit at two tables next to each other, talking with large smiles on their faces. Matt and Allen also sat at a table, Matt glaring at the wall and Allen smirking seductively to Marianne, who looked to be ready to rip his head straight off his body.

"Ok everyone! Visitors are here!"

As soon as the doors opened, a blonde man ran in towards Evie, trapping her in a tight hug that looked even worse than Alfred's. Evie giggled.

"Hi äiti!"

A larger, slightly intimidating man, placed a hand on Evie's shoulder, giving her a small smile when she turned.

"Pappa!"

She jumped into the other blondes arms, giving him a hug. The first man joined the family hug, and I smiled at the sight of the three.

"My babies!"

A voice I recognized cried. I looked behind me to see Oliver running over to Allen and Matt, another man following soon after the overly excited man. Oliver trapped them in a hug, dragging the other man in it when he reached them.
The only one that seemed to be enjoying Oliver's hug was Oliver himself.

"Big Schwester!"

Noah yelled, running towards a tall girl that had a small glare on her face. The girl looked down at Noah, giving the boy a very small smile. Allen whistled.

"Lookin' good Elena."

The girl, Elena, turned to Allen with one of the most pissed off faces I've ever seen. Allen just winked at her.

"Been working out? I can tell your butt is looking even more firm."

Matt hit the smirking Allen upside the head, Oliver glaring at his flirtatious son.

"You're lucky I don't have a gun with me, hure!"

Elena yelled, wrapping a arm around Noah's shoulder.

"Does he do this to you little bruder?"

Noah shakes his head.

"Nein, he doesn't, Michelle and Vlad protect me."

The two sit down, Elena trying to ignore Allen's stares.

By the end of the visiting hour, there had been yelling from both tables, basically all of it aimed at Allen.

Elena was fuming as she walked out of the room, glaring back at Allen while Oliver repeatedly apologized to her, Noah watching her leave as Evie and Ravis joined him at the table he was sitting at.

That night Noah gave Allen a good punch to the gut for saying such things to his sister, and when Elena was called about it, she congratulated her brother and said she hoped he did some damage to that 'hure.'

~flashback over~
Still Matthew's POV:
Michelle and Camille sat their trays at the table Matt, Allen, and I were at, taking their seat.

"Hello Matthew, Matt, and Allen." Camille)

"Hey guys!" (Michelle)

I give them a smile.

"Bonjour Michelle and Camille."

"Did you hear about how we got a new girl last night?"

I look up from my eggs, giving Michelle a confused look.

"No."
She giggled.

"Well a new girl showed up at about 3 in the morning, and was roomed with Marianne."

"Bu-But I thought no one was aloud t-to be with Marianne because of what ha-happened last time."

We look at Ravis, who joined us at the table with Evie and Noah.

"I thought it was weird too!"

Michelle exclaimed, taking a bite of her eggs.

"Yeah, I wonder who this girl is..."

A tray loudly dropped at the table next to ours, and we turn to look at Marianne, who is half heartily glaring at a smiling brunette that is talking rather loudly. The girl notices us and walks over, smile still present on her face.

"Hola! My name is Isabel!"

She announced to us. Noah puts out his hand, and Isabel takes it.

"Hello Isabel, I'm Noah."

Noah introduces with a soft smile, Evie stands.

"Hi Isabel! My name is Evie!"

Everyone introduced themselves to Isabel, except me. Her eyes turn to me, and she gives me a large smile.

"And what's your name?"

She asks, putting out her hand, which I take.

"Bonjour, I'm Matthew."

Out of the corner of my eye I see Marianne watching us with a frown on her face. Isabel looks to the messy haired girl, giving us a apologetic smile.

"Nice to meet all of y'all, but I need to return to Marianne."

She waves, walking over to the other girl, sitting next to her and beginning to talk about whatever.

"I think Marianne likes Isabel~"

Allen says, making Matt roll his eyes.

"And why would you think that?"

"Cause I'm the master of love."

Michelle snorts.

"More like the master of lust."

Ravis looks up.
"I think Allen might be right...Marianne does seem attached to Isabel..."

We look over for a split second, seeing Marianne giving Isabel the smallest smile I think possible.

"Allen might be right...Marianne needs someone like Isabel."

We all nod in agreement, all silently hoping that Allen really is right.
Gilbert's POV:
'Ok...this is weird.'

I stood in front of my friends, well most of them are my friends, a look of pure confusion on my face. Antonio runs up to me, wrapping me in a tight hug.

"Gil!"

He exclaims, trapping me in a bone crushing hug. I put his back, laughing slightly.

"Hey Toni."

I look at everyone.

"Um, why is everyone here? And at Walmart of all places?"

Feliciano steps up, smiling as normal.

"Because we are going to have fun!"

Antonio nods.

"Yep! We are going to buy some condoms and blow them up with helium and watch them fly away!"

"Da fuck? I thought we decided we weren't going to do that."

Natalia said, arms wrapped around Ivan's. Antonio chuckled.

"We can do it without them."

He whispered, letting go of me, and I chuckle in amusement.

"Y'all don't have to skip school because of me."

"True, but skipping school is fucking awesome."

Ivan narrowed his eyes at his younger sister.

"Natalia, don't cuss please."

Said girl rolled her eyes.

"Ok brother."

We walk into the store, and I notice the bag Yao is holding.

"Yao? What's in that bag?"

He turns.

"Chinese tasty treats, the food here sucks, aru, I'll sale actually good food."
"Like a Girl Scout?"

Vash asked jokingly, and Yao crossed his arms.

"I'm awesomer than a Girl Scout."

Elizaveta snorted.

"You're sounding like Gilbert."

I wrap a arm around my friend, even though neither of us will emit it, we are friends, giving her a smile/smirk.

"I'm awesome aren't I?"

She rolled her eyes.

"Awesome at being a pain in the ass."

I laughed as she lightly pushed me away. My eyes catch a car cart, and I automatically run to it, jumping on the top.

"Roddy push me!"

He gives me a 'fuck no' look, but I'm not one to give up easily.

"Please Roddy?"

I put on my best puppy face, which always makes him give in. He glares at me, but sighs.

"I hate you Gilbert."

He walks over as I laugh.

"You know you love me Roddy."

He starts to push me down the pet food aisle, automatically getting out of breath from the small amount of exercise.

"For Narnia!"

I shout, putting my hand up in a hero type pose. We go down another aisle before Roderich starts, breathing heavily. He looks around.

"Where are we?"

He questions.

'Shit, I forgot Roddy is the king of getting lost.'

"Just keep walking, I'll get off and we can try to find everyone else."

I climb off the blue car cart, whistling a small tune as we walk, trying to hunt down the others.

Finally we come across Lili and Vash, who are looking at clothes for, I'm guessing, Lili. Vash looks through his large collection of coupons, looking at all the prices.
"Ok Lili, if we buy two of these dresses, I will get 50% off both of them, meaning they will cost 30 dollars total, and we can get three bows for 10 dollars using this coupon, and these...bras are on sale 30% off, so you can get 3 for 15."

He blushes at the mention of bras, Lili does too, but picks out three sports bras anyways. I walk up to them, Roderich right behind me.

"Hey guys!"

Lili gives me a smile, but Vash is in his own little world, trying to figure out how much he can save on everything.

"Do you guys know where everyone is?"

"Sorta, I know Yao and Ivan are outside in the front, trying to sale what Yao brought, Lovino and Antonio are in the toy section, and Elizaveta and Natalia are in the woman's clothing section."

Lili pointed to said area, and I caught a glimpse of blonde hair with a bow, meaning they were indeed over there.

"I'm sure Feliciano is in the pasta section with Kiku and Ludwig."

I nod, thanking her with a smile, and walking towards the two girls.

Elizaveta's POV:

I look behind me, seeing that Roderich and Gilbert were walking over here, and quickly got a funny idea.

"Nat, Gil and Roderich are walking over here, I'm gonna get Roderich's thoughts on which bra is sexier."

I smirked at my plan, and Nat snorted.

"Do it, that will be hilarious to see."

"Hey you two!"

Gilbert yelled, and we turned, me holding two bras behind my back.

"Hey guys, um Roddy, I have a quick question to ask you."

He nodded, and I brought out the bras, automatically he blushed, looking away.

"Which one do you think would look better on me?"

I asked innocently, and he coughed awkwardly, Gilbert laughing.

"I-I'm not sure Liz, maybe you should ask Natalia, she is a girl after all."

I frowned, wrapping my arms around his, making him blush even more.

"But Roderich, you're my boyfriend, so you should decide."

Gilbert continued to laugh, Natalia joining in.

"I-I though we were waiting until marriage."
At this I start laughing with the other two.

"Don't worry Roddy, I'm just messing with you."

I give him a small kiss on the cheek.

"Eww, get a room you two!"

I roll my eyes at Gilbert.

"Oh grow up."

Kiku's POV:
I tried to ignore what was happening just 20 feet away from me, pretending that I didn't know Feliciano and Ludwig.

Especially Feliciano.

"Sir we have 25 different kinds of pasta in this store-"

"But there are approximately 350 different kinds of pasta in the world!"
Feliciano exclaimed, Ludwig trying to calm him down, but he was failing.

"I'm sorry, he's Italian and really loves pasta...just be thankful his brother isn't here, he's even worse..."

Ludwig apologized, dragging Feli away from the girl, who sighed and walked away, mumbling about how she hates her job. I follow behind them, being the awkward third wheel I am.

Ivan's POV:
I stood against the wall as Yao sold his 'Chinese tasty treats', and from what he said, he has made about 50 bucks.

"Yao-Yao?"

He turned, smile on his face.

"Yes?"

"Are you almost done? I-I kind of want to go into the store and..."

I didn't know how to finish, a little nervous of making Yao mad because I didn't want to do what he wanted to.

He gave me a soft smile, walking over, and hugging me.

"You don't have to be afraid to ask to do something else Ivan, I don't mind."

I blush, feeling silly for ever thinking something like that.

'Yao wouldn't ever be mad at me for that...'

I had my doubts, but put a smile on my face anyways, hugging the shorter boy back. He breaks the hug, grabbing my hand.

"Let go Ivan! We can have a adventure!"
My smile grows bigger, and I nod.

"That will be fun, да?"
Matthew's POV:
"Papa?"

He nodded, giving me a nervous smile. I stared at him, confused as to why he was here, and wondering where in the world Gil was, as he promised to visit me.

"Gilbert is here, just waiting for me to leave."

Papa wiped his eye when a small tear fell free.

"I'm sorry mon petit enfant, all of are."

He apologized, setting a hand on my head, smoothing down my hair. More tears streamed from his eyes.

"We didn't know, but once you come back home to us, we are going to do better and help you the best we can."

He promised, lightly kissing my forehead. My eyes were wide, and I stared over at Matt, who was busy talking with his family. I look up at papa, his blue/purple eyes filled with tears. Mine do the same, and I let out a small sob, tightly wrapping my bandaged arms around him.

"Je t'aime papa."

I cry, and he returns the hug, petting my hair.

"Je t'aime Matthew, but I need to go, your father and Alfred are waiting for me at home."

I nod, letting go of him. He gives me a soft smile, reminding me that I won't be here forever, and leaves, Gilbert coming in only a moment later. My face forms a smile when I see him, and I run into his arms, he laughs when I do, spinning me around.

"I missed you too birdie."

He laughs, pulling away, but his face turns concerned.

"Were you crying? Did your papa do something?"

He asked, but I shook my head, giving him a smile.

"Non, I was just happy to see him I guess."

I gesture to the table I picked, not wanting to talk about my family anymore. His face turned serious when he sat down.

"Has anyone been mean to you?"

He asks, looking around the room at everyone. I shake my head.

"Non, actually, everyone is really nice."

I think back to Marianne.
"Well mostly everyone, but she doesn't like anyone...except for Isabel it seems."

I explain, slightly nodding to the two girls talking. Isabel was smiling with random hand gestures, and Marianne was just nodding along. Gilbert pretended to pop his neck so he could look at them without seeming obvious.

"What have you been up to Gil?"

He turned back to me, a smile on his lips.

"I skipped school yesterday...actually."

He had to stop because he started laughing.

"Not only did I skip, but Ludwig, Vash, Lili, Yao, Ivan, Natalia, Feli, Lovino, Toni, Roderich, Elizaveta, and Kiku did as well."

While he was busy laughing, I was shocked.

"Why?"

He suddenly grew serious, and the quick mood change scared me a bit.

"Feli planned it I think, he wanted to make me happy because I...didn't take you being here very well, and I got flashbacks to someone..."

He paused, sounding sad, voice cracking at 'someone.'

"Someone I knew in Germany that was...in-incredibly special and important to me."

He looked to be on the verge of tears, so I changed the subject quickly.

"What did you do yesterday?"

He gave me a soft smile, which made me feel a bit better.

"We went to stores and messed around, after that me and Toni blew up condoms with helium."

He chuckled, but I just stared at him.

"Da fuck?"

Suddenly, he stopped chuckling, face quickly turning to face me.

"You cursed!"

He exclaimed, and I raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah? What about it?"

I questioned.

"I thought you were a innocent little angel!"

I actually burst out laughing at that.

"Me? A innocent angel? That's cute, but I'm far from innocent."
I laughed, rolling my eyes. He crossed his arms playfully, looking away with a frown.
"There goes my fanfiction."

He smirked at me, and I blushed, looking away and covering my face with my hands.
"Are you kidding? You write fanfiction about me?"

I said, voice muffled by my hands. He laughed.
"Sorta, I've written one."

He emitted, I blushed deeper.
"What about?"

There was a small pause, a awkward cough came from Gil.
"Oh god please tell me you didn't write a sex scene with me in it."

"Fanfiction? Sex scenes? Yaoi? What's the point?"

Michelle smirked knowingly, sitting down next to me. She put her hand out for Gil, he took it.
"My name is Michelle, and I'm guessing you're Gilbert, Matthew has told us all about you!"

I peeked through my fingers, and saw Gilbert raising a eyebrow at me.
"Oh really?"

Michelle nodded.
"Yep! Me and my girlfriend ship it, to be honest though, I think everyone does."

She giggled, and I started sliding down in my chair blush growing even darker if that was possible.
"Really now?"

I could hear the smirk in his voice.
"I think it would be cute."

I squeak in embarrassment and shock.
'Holy shit, Gilbert just-! He is-! My god!'

During my silent freak out, Camille joined us from talking with Noah and Ravis.
"Bonjour Michelle, Matthew."

She greeted, nodding to me, and sitting next to Michelle. She looked at Gilbert.
"You must be Gilbert, Matthew has told us a lot about you."

Gilbert laughed.
"So I heard, birdie is too cute huh?"
Michelle squealed, scaring me because of how loud it was.

"That's adorable! I ship it even more after this!"

She yelled, scanning the room.

"Vlad! Sava! Get over here!"

The two looked up from their game of checkers, Vlad smiling at the sight of Gilbert. He stood quickly, practically running over here, Sava not far after.

"Oh my god you're Gilbert right?"

Gil nodded with a smile.

"Matthew has gone on and on about you! It's so flipping adorable that you were the one to save him! I'm so glad you did as well, Matthew is so awesome and nice to all of us! We ship y'all together hardcore!"

Vlad said quickly, so fast I could barely understand. I sank farther into the chair, practically dying of embarrassment from the 4 of them sharing half the stuff I've said about Gil.

'God, when will this end?!'
Chapter 16

Gilbert's POV:
'Mein Gott, birdie is so fucking cute!'

I squealed inside my head, watching as his face grew redder by the minute, and how he sank into his chair as the four of them told me what birdie has said about me.

"He actually said something about fanfiction!"

Vlad, who I noticed talked a lot and shared too much information (which I guess is fine, Toni does that too, the only difference is he does it on accident), said with a large smile aimed at Matthew. Automatically the blonde stood up, laughing in embarrassment, pushing Vlad away.

"Merci Vlad...but I really want to talk to Gilbert alone s'il vous plaît."

He told him, nervous laughing as Vlad smiled at him, agreeing to leave. The other three followed, Michelle winked at Matthew, who blushed deeper if that was possible. I just laughed.

"Sorry about them."

He apologized, but I just smiled and shook my head.

"Naw it's fine, it's quite...interesting to hear all that."

I gave him a smirk when I said 'interesting', which caused him to look away from me, but smiled anyways.

"That's nice Gil."

He whispered, and I leaned in closer, shockingly he didn't move away, instead turned his head towards mine a little bit.

"So am I aloud to write the fanfiction, since you basically gave me permission."

I whispered back, and his eyes widened, looking away again. He again surprised me by nodding.

"Sure Gil, you can write it."

Matt's POV:
I watched Gilbert and Mattie talking, and I already could tell they would be getting together, the others, even Marianne, who was looking over every little bit during her conversation with Isabel, could also see it.

The only people that didn't seemed to know are Mattie and Gilbert theirselves.

"Matt."

Papa, Francois, questioned, voice flat like always. I turned back from the two to him.

"Oui?"

I asked in French, he nodded towards Mattie.
"That 'im?"

I nodded, and he gave the smallest smile I think possible.

"I'm glad he's here, or else we wouldn't get to see you again."

Oh yeah, I forgot to mention.

A few years ago, when Mattie's problem started, I got hit by a car.

I didn't survive.

My only purpose now is to help Mattie, and since Mattie wanted me to come to him personally, I was finally able to see my family again when they could actually see and hear me.

Everyone can see me, but once I'm gone and done helping Mattie, everyone (except the people I knew before and Mattie) will lose all their memories of me.

I may say I don't like my family, and when I was alive I didn't, but now I love them more than anything.

And only wish I had more time to spend with them, but it seems someone really hates me, and the chance to actually spend time with them was over before it even started.

"Time is almost up! 3 minutes left!"

Someone yelled, I never cared to learn his name, Oliver stood, tears in his eyes. He pulled me into a hug, while Francois hugged Allen.

The three of them are afraid that one of the days will be the last they saw me, and every goodbye was like the last.

"We will be here tomorrow."

He promised in a whisper, letting a small sob loose. He reluctantly let go, hugging Allen while Francois took his place.

Papa was never good with affection, and rarely showed it or any type of emotion, but once he heard I came back, Oliver told me he's been a lot more emotional and affection, but tries to hold it until he finally breaks.

But when I died, I watched him cry himself to sleep when he thought no one could see and drank/smokes even more often than before.

I never saw someone change so much in only a day.

My family was crushed, Oliver obviously being the most dramatic cried nearly the entire day, not even feeling motivated to bake or even work.

Allen didn't leave his room and barely ate, pretty much not caring for his health or personal hygiene. I was his brother, and losing a sibling is one of the worst thing to experience, especially when I was pretty much his only friend.

I watched them leave with a heavy heart, Allen patted my back in a comforting way.

"Wanna go to ya room and talk?"
He asked, and I nodded, following him, trying to hold in tears.

Papa wasn't the only one that changed since I came back, I did too.

Matthew's POV:
I frowned when the announcement was made, but Gil patted my head, smiling his dorky smile.

"Don't worried birdie, I'll be back tomorrow, ja?"

I softly smile.

"Oui."

I said sadly, he hugged me tightly, and I did the same, but I froze up for a second when he pulled away and kissed my forehead. He moved away, telling me 'goodbye' in German before walking out the door, I stared after him, still shocked.

"You too are cute together, I wish the person I like liked me back."

Noah said behind me, voice quiet. I turn to see him with a small smile. I blush.

"Non, me and Gil aren't together, just...best friends."

He laughed softly.

"Whatever you say Mattie."

I thought back to what he told me a second ago.

"Wait...who do you like?"

He blushed, looking away towards two boys that were talking. I turn that direction, and got confused.

"Dmitri?"

I questioned quietly, guessing he didn't want him to know, but he shook his head. My eyes widened, head quickly turning to him.

"Nikolia?"

I asked in disbelief, dropping my voice even quieter, scared the glaring boy would hear me say his name. Noah nodded, a dreamy look in his eyes.

"Everyone says he's heartless and unable to love, but I know the truth, he's nicer than he seems...I've experienced it first hand."

He turned back to me, a smile back on his face.

"I don't think he likes me back though, I'm pretty sure all his love goes towards his siblings, even if he has a weird way of showing it. He has a sister you know? Her name is Anya, very pretty girl, seems innocent, but I know better."

He chuckles.

"She's cool though, I've talked to her once or twice when she visits, sadly she can't very much due to
work, it's her job now to make money to support herself. Although, I'm guessing Dmitri won't be here much longer so he will start helping again...Nikolia is a different story."

He gave me a big smile.

"But I'll probably be here awhile longer too, so I'll get to spend even more time with him!"

I smile at him, telling that he really did like Nikolia.

"I hope all goes well for you Noah, but you never know, maybe he likes you back."
Chapter 17

Gilbert's POV:
I was forced to return to school the next day, and sadly I had a lot of work to catch up on. My eyes began to close, head hurting from a hangover. Last night I was able to get ahold of alcohol, I had to steal it from the gas station, but got it anyways.

The things an addiction will do to you I guess.

Just as I was drifting off, hoping to sleep off the headache, Ivan poked me with his pencil, I looked at him, eyes likely looking dead.

"Skip with me next period."

He requested in a whisper, looking back down at his paper. I silently agreed, trying to concentrate on the math problems, hoping to finish at least 3/4 of them so I didn't have another paper to worry about.

An antiderivative of function $f$ divided by an antiderivative of function $g$ is an antiderivative of function $f / g$.

I sighed, head hurting so bad that I couldn't even begin to think about math. I stared at the paper the last 15 minutes of class, seeing Ivan giving me worried looks out of the corner of my eye.

Ivan.

Such a interesting boy, so many people are scared of him, I used to be when Feliciano talked about him when he Skyped my brother, and when I met him, I was afraid, but yesterday...yesterday he was so nice, helping me and trying to make me laugh all day.

The bell rings, signaling that class was now (thankfully) over. I gather my stuff, looking to Ivan, hoping the offer to skip was still there. He gave me a smile.

"Come Gilbert, да?"

I nod, following him out of the class and down the hall. I didn't know where we were going, but we got outside and starting walking towards the student parking lot.

"I'm able to drive, I got a special pass even though I'm not 16 yet."

He walked to the drivers side of a four door gray car, motioning me to get in. I do, sitting in the passenger seat. He starts the car, pulling out of the parking space and out of school grounds.

"Where are we going?"

He gives me a smile, not taking his eyes off the road.

"A park, but I want to talk."

I nod, hoping it would be a easy talk.

"Did you drink last night?"

I stay silent, growing uncomfortable by his serious tone of voice. My lack of an answer seemed to tell it all.
"I know it's difficult Gilbert, I...had an addiction to it that only ended 4 months ago."

My eyes go wide, as I probably never would have guessed.

"I knew from a young age I would have one, my dad had one and I would always try a bit, but always wanted more."

A small tear fell from his eyes, and I grew even more shocked at Ivan crying in front of me.

"It lasted 3 years, starting at 12 and continuing until, like I said, 4 months ago, meaning I was about 15 and a half...it was Yao that got me to stop."

Even though tears were falling from his eyes, he still smiled at the mention of his boyfriend.

"It took 8 months, but I stopped depending on it for happiness, instead going to Yao when I was sad."

His smile fell, turning into a frown.

"Once I...(loud sob) slapped Yao when I was drunk, I didn't know what I was doing, and I often get mad when drunk, going to places so I could fight."

He paused for a moment.

"Yao forgave me the next day, and that's when I knew I had to try to stop drinking, I didn't want to hurt my Yao-Yao, or my sisters, (I gasped, and he shook his head) I never have! I always lock myself in my room if I don't leave the house...I could never hurt my sisters."

The smile he gave me had so many emotions in it, finally looking towards me at a red light.

"I feel like Mattie will help you, and you can help him...he...has a addition as well you know, but no one would ever guess."

I grow curious, but also afraid it was like mine.

"He's addicted to both marijuana and...he took a deep breath) and self harm, rather it be cutting, burning, pulling his hair, scratching, even banging his head against a wall, he's probably done it all."

I slam my fist on my leg, and he jumps, startled by my sudden outburst.

"Marijuana!?"

I yelled, and he nodded sadly.

"Found out 3 weeks ago, after Yao and I found him with his girl named Megan, who goes to our school but is in 12th grade, both smoking it. Mattie was a complete mess."

My mind was still racing, planning to talk to Mattie about this as soon as possible.

"Red eyes, barely recognized we were there, he kept saying there was a magical polar bear and moose next to him, and told us multiple crazy things when we took him to Yao's house, knowing he wouldn't want his family to know."

He parked the car, as we had arrived at the park.

"We took care of him until the next day, calling Alfred and telling him that Mattie was going to chill"
with us for a bit. He's not super addicted to it, mostly self harming when upset, but sometimes he gets too stressed, calls up Megan and they meet up on the roof of the school."

With a look towards me, looking into my shocked eyes, he opens his door, I do the same.

"Let's just walk, да? There's a wonderful trail through those trees that I always walk when stress, Yao suggested it and it really works."

With a hand on my shoulder and a small smile, he starts off, I join him, mind racing with the new information learned.
Matthew's POV:
I'm a bit scared.

Gilbert called me 2 hours ago and told me, and I quote.

'Mattie, I will be there the moment visiting hours start, we need to talk.'

Then hung up, he sounded incredibly pissed with me! But I don't know what I could have done!!

I lean back in the chair, sighing as Allen laughs at whatever he's watching. Usually I would join in, but today I'm not in the mood for anything.

"Ça va Matthew?" (How are you Matthew?)

Marianne asked, taking a seat next to me. She learned yesterday night that I spoke French, after I yelled a horde of French curses, and since this morning she's been warming up to me.

As much as someone like Marianne could at least.

"Déprime." (Depressed)

I answer, voice quieter than normal. She nods, leaning back in the chair she took next to me. Isabel was currently talking with her mom, happily chatting away. Somehow, Isabel got Marianne to take a shower and wash her hair, which she never does due to not giving a shit (as she puts it), so Marianne's shoulder length hair looked light blonde (instead of the usual dirty blonde) and had a small flower in it (done, of course, by Isabel).

"Gilbert?"

"Oui." (Yes)

She sighs, and I turn towards her.

"Amour de dégoûtant." (Love is disgusting)

Her eyes grow sad instead of angry, looking back at Isabel, who is smiling and talking in Spanish. I shake my head.

"Non." (No)

I disagree, closing my eyes for a moment, letting my mind wonder to me and Gilbert's strange relationship.

Marianne broke the moments silence.

"je connais." (I know)

My eyes turn to her, startled by the fact her dark purple eyes were already staring straight at me.

"Quelle?" (What?)

She gives me the smallest hint of a smile, one that reminded me of Matts papa.
"Tu fumes." (You smoke)

My eyes widen, which causes her smile to almost darken.

'How in the world did she know!?'

"Ai-je raison?" (I am right?)

I nod in disappointment, as I had hoped no one would know about the marijuana.

"Voilà pourquoi il veut parler." (That's why he wants to talk)

She points out, but I stay silent, hoping he didn't find out about anything.

The only people that know are Megan and...

'Ivan and Yao.'

My eyes quickly open, knowing one of them must have said something.

'God damnit! Ivan probably said something to Gilbert, I swear if papa, dad, and Alfred find out-!'

"Matthew its visiting time, Gilbert's here~"

Marianne said, moving away to Isabel, who now sat with Noah and Evie.

"Matthew Williams..."

Gilbert growled behind me, I hesitantly turned to him, taking the seat next to the one he sat in when he patted it, dark look in his eyes.

'You fucked up~'

Gilbert tapped his fingers against the table, leaning on his right hand, his elbow resting on the table. I could feel his eyes on me, not see them because I was looking down in my lap.

'So Mattie~'

My eyes look to him, head still down. His face has a knowing look on it.

"I heard you have a bit of an addiction to...a drug hm? Know a girl named Megan?"

The question held fake innocence, I look away again, tears filling in my eyes because I didn't want Gil to be mad with me.

"Oui."

I whisper, shame in my voice.

"I smoke marijuana, and do it with a senior named Megan."

I emit to him, and he lets out a small laugh.

"It's ok birdie, I'm not mad."

My eyes look to him again, unshed tears in them, but his eyes weren't mad or disappointed.
"I'm definitely not happy with what Ivan told me, but I'm going to help you stop it."

His voice held determination.

Suddenly a body sits down next to me.

"Bonjour."

Matt says, voice sounding bored like normal. My eyes turn towards my left, looking at him while he watches Gil. Gil gives him smile, a unsure one due to the look he was receiving, but a smile none the less.

"Hallo..."

"Matt, I'm Mattie friend."

Gilbert nodded, putting out his hand, and Matt took it in his own, giving it a good shake while staring down the other. He looks from me to Gil, before giving me a nod.

"He's good for you Mattie, I give him permission to date him."

My face heats up with a blush, as does Gil's.

"I-I didn't know I n-need your per-permission eh?"

I stuttered, feeling even my ears turning red from my embarrassment at Matt's words.

"Yeah man, th-thanks I guess."

Gil laughed awkwardly, scratching the back of his nervously. Matt stands when Oliver calls him to come back, giving me a small smile.

"Make sure Gilbert is good to you."

He walked off after that, back to his family a few tables over.

Three new people joined to break the awkward silence between me and Gil.

"H-Hi Noah, Dmitri, and...Nikolia?"

The boy in question nodded, I noticed his hand was laced with Noah's, which made me smile. Noah gave me a large smile.

"I just wanted to thank you Mattie! Turns out Nikolia did like me back! I've never been happier!"

Noah exclaimed, turning his smile to the taller boy. Nikolia gave Noah a small kiss on the forehead, which caused the smaller blonde to giggle.

"And big sister is now happy too! Apparently she found a girlfriend for the first time ever! Her name is Sophia and she just moved to big sisters college from Austria!"

The entire time, Noah had the biggest smile I've ever seen him give on his face, and his eyes sparkled with pure joy. I return it, seeing Gil do the same out of the corner of my eye.

"I'm happy for you Noah, and your sister as well, maybe one day I can meet Sophia."
Chapter 19

Matt's POV:
Mattie has been here a week already, and I could already tell he wouldn't need me much longer.

But I didn't want to leave my family.

It scared me to think I probably won't see them until they die, which I hope won't happen anytime soon.

Although, soon enough, the first person here left.

"Oh Evie we're going to miss you so much!!"

Michelle yelled, hugging the blonde tightly. Evie was crying, her äiti and pappa standing behind her as she said all her goodbyes. Camille had to pry Michelle away, Ravis took Michelle's place, wiping away a tear.

"I'm going t-to miss you E-Evie."

Evie laughed.

"Work on that stutter Ravis, see you one day."

The Latvian nodded, hugging Evie tighter for a moment before letting go.

Everyone said their goodbyes, including Marianne, all that was left was Mattie. Evie pulled him into a hug, but it was a bit awkward because she is 5'2 and he is 5'9, getting on her very tippy toes.

"I'm rooting for you Mattie, have a happy life ok?"

She whispered in his ear, but loud enough for me to hear it since I was so close, although she couldn't really reach it, giving Mattie a smile. Evie let go, running to her pappa, reaching up, hinting she wanted to ride on his back.

The tall, and imitating, although Evie told us he couldn't harm a fly unless it was her uncle Matthias, the Swede bent down, letting her climb on his back.

Her äiti gave her a smile.

"Ready to go Evie?"

She nodded, waving to us.

"Goodbye everyone!!"

With that, she walked out of the room.

A few more tears fell from Ravis's eyes, it was no secret they got along the best here, and I knew he would really miss her.

"Are you ok Ravis?"

Noah asked softly, he nodded, giving him a small smile.
"I'll miss her, b-but I'm happy she's a lot better."

He emitted.

"My br-brothers are coming today, so-so I'm excited!"

Noah suddenly widened his eyes.

"Oh yeah! Big sister is bringing Sophia here today! I can't wait to meet her!"

His eyes held so much happiness, I couldn't help but smile at the normally quiet and shy boy. Michelle grinned as wide as him.

"I want to meet Sophia too!"

She exclaimed loudly, Allen smirked.

"I do too~ I always love seeing Elena~"

Noah suddenly glared at my brother, a dangerous glint in his eyes.

"Don't. Touch. My. Big. Sister."

He practically hissed it at him, and if looks could kill, Allen would be dead ten times over. I could feel Allen start to back off, laughing nervously.

'I never knew Noah could be so...scary.'

"Do-Don't worry Noah, I just like messing with her."

Noah went back to smiling sweetly.

"Gut."

Matthew's POV:

I excused myself from the group, saying I was tired and wanted a bit of sleep before Gilbert came. They said 'ok' with a small wave, and I walked back to mine and Matt's room, shutting the door halfway.

My eyes close, and I let out a sigh, thoughts returning to what I was told yesterday.

Yesterday, during my meeting with my psychiatrist, he diagnosed me with early schizophrenia due to me having most of the signs, and prescribed me with two medications.

Risperdal: which is an antipsychotic.

Bupropion: which is an antidepressant.

I was shocked at first, but as he explained why, it started to make more sense. He called papa and told him, and according to my psychiatrist after he ended the phone call, papa began crying when he was told.

Slowly I walked to my bed, shockingly it was more comfortable then you would think, and laid down, hoping to take a quick nap because one of the medications made me tired.

I curled up in my blankets, making a small cocoon and hugging Kuma tightly to my chest, burying
my face in his fur.

Within 5 minutes, I feel into a deep, dreamless sleep.

Matt's POV:
The visitors walked in, I spotted Gilbert looking confused when he didn't see Mattie. I walked over to him.

"Mattie's asleep, one of his medications side effects is tiredness."

I explained, he nodded, thanking me as I walked back to get him. I opened our door, seeing Mattie hiding under his blanket. Gently, I shook him awake.

"Mattie, Gilbert is here to see you."

I said, he groaned, opening one eye to glare at me. If there is anything I learned about Mattie, it's that he doesn't like being woken up.

"Come on, can't keep Gil waiting can we?"

He shook his head, sitting up, a half asleep look on his face. Slowly, we walked to the main room. I lead Mattie, who basically had his eyes closed, to Gilbert, sitting him next to the albino.

"Hi Gil..."

Mattie yawned, making Gilbert laugh. That was when I left, sitting with my family, which was too far to hear their conversation.

Gilbert's POV:
I smile at the half asleep blonde next to me, who is starting to drift back to sleep as I watch him.

'He's adorable.'

I lightly rub his back, I see a small smile form, his eyes open a bit.

"Hi Gil, it's -yawn- nice to see you."

His voice is quiet, slow, and screams 'I just woke up!'

"Hey Birdie, tired?"

He nodded, turning his head, which is resting in his arms, to look at me. I stare at him as he stares back, sitting in a comfortable silence. The silence was broken when, Michelle I believe, sat down across from me, and the girl I remember as her girlfriend, Camille, taking the one between me and her.

"Hello Gilbert! How have you been?"

She asked me, I smile.

"I've been doing awesome! How about you girls?"

Camille, to my shock, answered first.

"I've been doing ok, my mother dropped off another book for me because I finished the ones I have."
Michelle took over.

"It's been pretty good, only thing is Evie left today so we are all a bit sad."

Birdie began drifting off to sleep, so I talked with Michelle and Camille for a few minutes, giving him a little more sleep. Within 10 minutes, he opened his eyes, stretching with a really cute noise.

The three of us turn to him.

"Welcome to the world of the living sleeping beauty."

I joke, he pushed my shoulder, rubbing his eyes with a small grin. He suddenly stopped, making me nervous at how his smile dropped. His eyes looked towards the two girls.

"Could I possibly talk with Gil alone for a few minutes?"

He nearly whispered, sounding on the verge of tears, they nodded, Camille taking Michelle's hand and leading her away down the hallway. I hear a small sob come from him, face covered by his hands.

"Hey, hey, hey."

I say, concerned for the blond. I gently remove his hands from his face, seeing that a few tears have fallen from his eyes. Slowly, I pull him into my lap, letting him bury his face in my chest as he cries.

I rub his back, whispering works of comfort to him as he tries to calm down. It takes a few minutes, 4 to be exact, but he is reduced to quiet sniffles. He leans his face from my chest, his face red and wet from tears.

"I-I was diagnosed and given med-medication."

He explained quietly, I rested my head on his.

"What where you diagnosed with?"

He muttered something, so soft I couldn't hear it.

"A little louder Birdie."

I rubbed his back, hoping to calm him down a little more.

"Early schizophrenia."

My ears barely picked it up, but I was shocked when it registered in my head. 'Schizophrenia?'

I felt a few tears hit my arm.

"I-I'm sorry Gil."

He apologized, but I just hugged him tighter.

"What are you sorry for? You couldn't have controlled this."

He nodded, taking a deep breath.
"You know what I wish Gil?"

I close my eyes, breathing in lightly as I nuzzle my face in his soft hair.

"What do you wish Birdie?"

He takes a deep breath.

"I wish we could just leave, go on an adventure just us, get away from everything."

A small smile forms on my face.

"One day Birdie...one day we will do that."

Gilbert's POV:
'Time to make Birdies wish come true!'

After a quick 'hallo' to Ludwig and Opa, I ran to my room, closing the door behind me. I pulled out my phone from my pocket, calling the one number I know by heart.

"Ah! Hallo Gilbert!"

He greeted, and I smile, glad to be talking to him for the first time in a few weeks, as he is one of the most important people in my life.

"Hallo old Fritz."

I greeted back, remembering the question that has been on my mind for the past 2 hours.

"I was wondering something."

"Ja?"

I take a deep breath, gathering all the courage and awesomeness in my body, smiling.

"Could I come visit you in Germany with my friend?"
Chapter 20

Gilbert's POV:
The line was silent for a moment as I held my breath, but Old Fritz broke it with a small, humor filled chuckle.

"Visit me? Gilbert it's the middle of the school year for you, I doubt your Opa will allow you to come all the way to Germany, much less your friends parents."

I could see him smiling.

"But Opa will definitely agree! And there's a break coming up so there no need to worry."

That was a lie, there wasn't a break for months.

"And I'm sure Birdie's parents will be okay with it!"

The line when silent for a few moments, before he once again chuckled.

"Birdie?"

I smile, thinking of the blond boy I've come to love.

"His name is really Matthew, but I call him Birdie, and...we really need to get away for awhile."

"And why is that?"

I take a deep breath.

"Birdie is currently in a psychiatric hospital after a suicide attempt, and gets out very soon. His family, well...a lot of people actually, forget him all the time and I'm scared he might try something again."

I let him take it all in before continuing.

"Birdie just wants to travel far away, take a break from everything for awhile, so I want to surprise him with a trip when he gets out."

I hear him take a deep breath.

"Well Gilbert, I will make a deal with you, get Matthew's parents and your Opa to agree and you may come stay with me for two weeks."

I smiled the biggest one I've done in weeks, beginning to thank him before he cuts me off.

"Everything will be payed for, I want no money from your nor Matthew's families, just bring some for shopping if you wish to do that."

I nod, even though I know he can't see it.

"Thank you! Thank you so much Old Fritz! I will ask right now and call you back tomorrow!"

I begin to run towards the stairs.

"Okay Gilbert, ich liebe dich."
The phone hangs up, so I run up the stairs two at a time.

"Opa!"

He nearly jumps at my sudden yell. I stop right in front of him.

"I just called Old Fritz because I want to take Mattie to Germany next week in order for him to get away from everything! He said we could if you and his parents said yes! So can I go? Please! I'll run over and ask Francis and Arthur right now! He said he will pay for everything but what I buy there! Mattie will be so happy and I want him to be happy cause I'm afraid he might try to kill himself again and I think I'll die too if does that because I love him!"

I stop, realizing what I just said. Opa has his eyes wide from my long, and very fast, speech. He clears his throat.

"Um, Gilbert, you and Matthew have school, you can't just run off you Germany."

I open my mouth to argue, he puts up a hand to stop me.

"But, if you get all of your work and do it during the time you are there, and get Matthew's parents to agree, then I will allow you to go."

My mouth turns into a large smile, I hug him tightly.

"I'm going to ask them right now!"

He chuckles as I run out the door.

"But Gilbert."

I turn, he has a soft smile on his face.

"Even if you love boys, I'll still love you more than you can imagine."

My eyes begin to form tears of happiness.

"Thank you Opa."

My feet turn, and I'm suddenly running down the street to Matthew's house.

I knocked on the door loudly, hoping it was Francis that answered.

Sadly, it was not.

"Gilbert?"

Arthur questioned, raising an eyebrow in confusion and surprise. I smile, growing a bit nervous, realizing what I was actually about to ask.

"Hello Mr. Kirkland, I was wondering if I could talk with you and Mr. Bonnefoy?"

He stayed silent, but laughed lightly, confusing me.

"How about you have dinner with us, it will be done in just about 5 minutes and it will give us time to talk."

I nod, and he lets me into the house. My ears pick up the sound of Alfred talking loudly in the
kitchen, although he raises his eyebrows like Arthur did just a moment ago when I walk in.

"Gilbert? What are you doing here?"

I could hear a small edge in his voice, but ignored it. Arthur hit him upside the head.

"Don't be rude you git! Remember, he's the one taking care of Matthew, so be thankful."

Alfred opens his mouth to say something, likely some form of complaining, but I cut him off.

"I'm actually here to ask your parents something."

Francis looks up from the dish, a knowing smirk on his face.

"Oh? Would it happen to be about Matthew~?"

I knew he was implying, and I could see Alfred turn an angry red. I laugh.

"Sorta, but it's not what your thinking."

He frowns playfully.

"So you aren't going to ask for my sons hand in marriage? We would most definitely agree."

Alfred spoke up.

"I wouldn't!"

We ignored him. I turn a deep shade of red.

"N-No, I'll say when we are eating."

Francis turns from the pot.

"Well, it's finally finished, Alfred?"

He stops glaring at me to look at Francis.

"Yes papa?"

"Could you serve today? It's your turn."

Alfred groans, throwing his head back. Francis chuckles but Arthur rolls his eyes, both joining me in sitting at the table.

Alfred lightly places the bowls of a dark colored soup in front of each of us before taking his own chair. I take a small spoon full, barely able to stop myself from moaning at the pure deliciousness of the soup.

'Francis is an amazing cook, seems like Birdie wasn't lying.'

Francis looks to me, a very small twinkle in his eyes.

"So, Gilbert, what was your question?"

I take a deep breath, gathering all the confidence I have in my body.
"Could I take Matthew to Germany?"

A suffocating silence takes over the house, the three staring at me, only the ticking of the clock can be heard.

"You want to take my brother where?"

Alfred sounded mad, but interested and surprised at the same time.

"Well, once Mattie gets out of the hospital...I was thinking of taking him on a trip because he told me that's what he really wanted, a family friend, although he's basically like a grandfather to me, gave me permission to come as long as I got a 'yes' from you and my Opa."

The three stared at me like I just grew horns or something, making me feel increasingly uncomfortable.

"Yes."

Alfred was the one who said it.

The three of us turn quickly in complete shock at Alfred's now calm face, eyes wide.

"I know it's not my decision, but I think it's a good idea for Mattie to go on a adventure with you."

My eyes actually teared up.

"Thank you Alfred."

Our eyes looked towards Arthur and Francis, who really decided if he could go. They looked at each other, having a silent conversation with only their eyes.

Finally, after 4 minutes of me holding my breath in anticipation, they smile.

"We have decided that yes, you and Matthew can go to Germany."

I stood up, and hugged them both.

"Thank you, thank you so much."
~three days later, 3rd person POV~

Gilbert kept the trip plans from Matthew, wanting it to be a surprise for when he gets out. Finally, three days after they got permission to go, Matthew gets to come home.

Currently, Matthew is saying goodbye to everyone, Gilbert, Ludwig, and Feliciano waiting to take him home, where his family is holding a small party to welcome him back, which is where Gilbert will announce where they are going to Matthew.

Matthew's POV:
Michelle wipes the tears from her eyes, wrapping her arms around me once again. I smile, hugging her back.

"Come on Michelle, other people need to say goodbye."

Camille gently pulls her girlfriend away from me, Vlad takes her place, nearly crushing me.

"I'm going to miss you so much Mattie!"

He yells, some tears wetting my shirt. I pet his hair down, trying to get Sava's attention so he can get Vlad from blocking my airway any farther.

"Alright Vlad, that's enough, it's time to let Matthew go."

Vlad does so reluctantly, lastly, but definitely not least, is Matt. This time, I'm the one to wrap my arms around him. I notice Allan behind Matt, crying. I knew it wasn't for me though, as he was looking right at Matt, not me.

"I'm going to miss you, please tell me you will stay with me."

He chuckles.

"For as long as you'll want me."

We let go, I smile, eyes tearing up. His do as well, which shocks not only me, but multiple other people in the room.

"Go live your life Mattie, your family and friends are waiting."

I look back at Gilbert, Ludwig, and Feliciano. Feliciano waves, Ludwig is holding his hand with a small blush, and Gilbert is smiling brightly at me. I smile at them.

"Yeah...they are huh?"

With one last look at everyone, I turn and walk out with the three of them, Gilbert placing his arm around my shoulders.

"Lets go home Birdie."

With that, we walked outside, entering a new era of my life.

Gilbert's POV:
It was like Deja Vu. I sat in the back of the car with Birdie, Ludwig drove with Feliciano sitting in the passenger seat, talking away to Matthew about what he has missed. I stared at the boy next to me, who was smiling and answering every question Feli asked.

"Ready to go home Birdie?"

I ask him, and he turns, smiling at me. He nods, a small amount of happy tears in his eyes.

"Yeah, I'm ready to see my family."

~2 hour time skip, Francis, Arthur, Matthew, and Alfred's house. Still Gilbert's POV~

A tap on my shoulder brings me from my conversation. Behind me, Francis and Arthur are smiling at me.

"It's time don't you think?"

I nod excitedly, running across the room, leaving Liz and Roderich to stare at me in confusion.

No one but Ludwig, Feli, Opa, Alfred, Francis, and Arthur knew.

I climb on a chair, smiling at the 20 or so people here to welcome Birdie back. With a large smile, I ready myself.

"I, the awesome Gilbert Beilschmidt, have an awesome announcement to make!"

I yell, making the room calm down. Lovino coughs, and I swear I can hear his say 'lies' in it. I laugh at him.

"In 4 days, I will be leaving for Germany!"

There are gasps from the people in the room, including Mattie, who looks crushed. I just chuckle.

"And one lucking person is coming with me."

I turn towards Birdie, and his eyes widen.

"Birdie! Also known as Matthew Williams, will you go on the ultimately most awesome trip of your entire life and join me in Germany?"

He smiles up at me, running from Alfred and towards me. I jump from the chair, catching Matthew in my arms. We hug, him lightly crying into my shoulder.

"Holy shit Gil."

He whispers in my ear, laughing.

"Fucking damn straight I will go with your ass on the 'ultimately most awesome trip of my entire life' with you."

I join him in laughing, pulling back. Something fills his eyes.

'Love?'

I can see what is about to happen before it does, so I ready myself for the most awesome thing to ever happen in my life so far.
He smiles softly, leaning forward and kissing me lightly.

My eyes widen in shock, but I get over it quickly, kissing back with the same amount of passion.

For a moment, there's no one else there, just me and Birdie.

Then, of course, it's ruined.

By Alfred.

"Save room for Jesus you two!!"

He yells playfully, getting in between us.

"My brother is innocent."

He has a smile on his face, but Mattie just pushes him away softly, yet with enough strength to make him stumble back. He stares into my eyes, placing a hand on my cheek.

"I think I love you Gil."

My heart speeds up.

"You know Birdie, I think I love you too."

A camera clicks in the background, we turn and see Liz holding one, taking pictures. She notices us looking, smiling at us.

"It took you two long enough! And perfect timing too, I bet Lovi 20 bucks you would kiss tonight, he said it wouldn't happen until Germany."

Lovino grumbles, slamming a 20 dollar bill into the smiling brunettes hand.

"Thank you Lovi."

Everyone is smiling, until Feliciano breaks it.

"What are we doing standing around? Let's dance!"

And we do.

~4 days later, on the plane~

"We will be taking off soon, put your seat belts on and get ready."

We are sitting near the back, Birdie with the window seat and me in the middle, no one on the edge. We are holding each other's hand, Birdie staring at the window, and me staring at Birdie.

Old Fritz got us amazing seats, first class with seats that lean back and are hella comfortable, actual food being served, outlets, and the ultimate plus.

Free wifi.

We gotta be comfortable on our 10 and a half hour flight, with one stop in Spain.

It was 3:25 in the morning, so both of us were practically asleep, but we decided to try to wait to fall asleep until we couldn't see the ground.
We are wrapped up in a soft, fluffy blanket that Birdie brought and he is laying his head on a pillow that I brought, me leaning on him.

"You make a comfy pillow."

I say, he laughs softly, tiredness apparent in both our voices.

"Thanks Gil."

He answers, making me smile as we both silently drift off to sleep, the engine of the plane being our lullaby.

Matthew's POV:
I wake up slowly, pulling out my phone and checking the time.

8:47

I look over to Gil, who is still asleep. He has his mouth open and is snoring softly, mumbling some incoherent words and making noises in between the snores.

My lips curl into a smile at my boyfriend.

My boyfriend.

It sounds so strange, yet so right to say about him.

I put my headphones in, turning on some music and opening up a new note, beginning to write more in my story.

It took another hour, but Gilbert eventually woke up, wiping the sleep from his eyes with a yawn. He looks confused for a moment, then his eyes land on me and the confusion leaves his eyes.

I giggle.

"Morning sleeping beauty."

I joke. He laughs, waking up more, leaning over and kissing me. We smile in the kiss, breaking when we hear someone clearing their throat.

We turn quickly, a blushing flight attendant standing there.

"Good morning sir's, would you like some breakfast?"

She asks as we blush just as dark as her.

"S-Sure, could we just have Cheerio's and some orange juice?"

Gil asks, and she nods, walking away. She stops a moment later, turning with a small smile.

"You too make an adorable couple by the way."

With that, she continues on.

I lean my head on Gil, curling up with Kuma.

"I'm excited Gil, I want to get there already."
I say, and he chuckles, petting my hair.

"I am too Birdie, I'm excited to spend this time with you."

He sighs, leaning back in his chair.

"I can't wait to show you Berlin, you'll love the Wiblingen Monastery Library, its beauty will make the 6 hour drive completely worth it."

I giggle, looking up at him.

"Tell me everything we're going to do Gil."

He smiles, pulling out a piece of paper with our plans.

"Ok we are doing, in no particular order,
-Museum Island
-biking around Berlin
-Queer Berlin Guided tour (real thing, look it up)
-Mauerpark
-Vergnügungspark Spreepark Plänterwald
-The Room
-Cosmic Comedy
-BeachMitte & MountMitte
-Laserstar Lasertag
-Magic Mountain Kletterhallen
-Jump House Berlin."

I smile, snuggling into Gilbert's side.

"Sounds perfect."

~few hours later, airport. Still Matthew's POV~

Gilbert looked around quickly, large smile on his face.

We had gotten our bags already, and now we were waiting for 'Old Fritz' as Gilbert had called him. Suddenly, Gilbert perked up, taking off running. I grab his bags and mine (6 in total), trying to follow. I find him, hugging a old man who is likely in his 70s. The old man, Old Fritz I guess, is laughing and hugging Gilbert tightly.

"Hallo Gilbert, I missed you."

He says, and Gilbert nods, saying 'I missed you as well' in the mans shoulder.

Gilbert let's go, running to me, wrapping his arms around me.

"Old Fritz! This is Mattie! Mattie, this is Old Fritz!"

He introduces loudly, getting some people to look at us for a moment. I shake Old Fritz's hand.

"Nice to meet you sir."

He chuckles.

"No need to be formal Matthew, please just call me Old Fritz."
He tells me, and I smile, nodding softly. Gilbert grips my hand, taking his bags. He begins jumping in excitement, making me laugh at my hyper, yet sometimes idiotic, boyfriend.

Old Fritz chuckles at Gil.

"Alrighty, let's go home."

We begin walking, Old Fritz taking two suitcases so we each carried two, me and Gilbert keeping our carryons.

We step outside into the warm German air, I take a deep breath, smiling. Gilbert grabs my hand.

"Welcome to Berlin Birdie."
Gilbert's POV:
I pace back and forth nervously, Antonio and Ludwig watching me.

"What if I trip?! What if I mess up?! What if he says no?!"

I yell, making everyone look at me. Alfred stops me, slapping me across the face.

"Get ahold of yourself Gilbert Beilschmidt!"

He yells in my face, eyes wild, showing he is also nervous, maybe even scared. Francis nods.

"Matthew is just as nervous as you, calm down."

He calmly tells me, even though I can heard his nerves.

I am marrying his son today after all.

Alfred chuckles, sitting down neatly as to not ruin his suit.

"And dude, you and Mattie have been dating 8 years, you saved his ass and he saved yours, you took a trip to Germany together, and adopted a kid, I'm pretty sure he's gonna say yes."

I nod, taking a few deep breaths. I look around.

"Speaking of Monika, where is she?"

A small form jumps on my back, wrapping their little arms around me.

"I'm right here! Papa sent me to calm you down Vater!"

Monika tells me.

She's a 4 year old orphan that we adopted a year ago. Currently, she's wearing a ruffled, sparkly pink dress and her curly black hair is down past her shoulders with a small white flower holding one side behind her ear. In her hands is a basket full of different flowers.

I give her a hug, kissing her on the head.

"Good job girly, you did calm me down, now get back to papa, it's going to start soon."

On cue, Ludwig, my best man, calls for me to get in position.

I give Monika one more kiss to the head then let her go off back to Matthew.

"Go get him tiger!"

Alfred yells, going to where Matthew is, as he is Matthew's best man.

I take a deep breath, walking down the isle with Ludwig by my side.

Opa died 3 years ago, Old Fritz passing 4 months after.

But both are watching over, I just know it.
Ludwig, my groomsmen, Roderich, Liz (who insisted), Vash, Antonio, and Ivan, and I stand to the right of the alter.

I tug nervously at the hem of my suit, watching the door.

Finally, the music starts.

It's not that shitty classical 'here comes the bride' though, much to Roderich's dislike, it's a more modern version I wrote called 'here comes the awesome groom', cause Birdie didn't want to be thought of as a girl.

It's a modern, outside wedding.

First is Monika, throwing flowers happily. Next is Romero, Lovino and Antonio's little boy, holding the rings.

Next is Lars, Lovino, Carlos, Katrya, and Alfred.

I tear up, letting one fall at the gorgeous boy that is my soon-to-be husband.

Birdie, Matthew Williams, walks down the isle with Francis on one arm and Arthur on the other, smiling at me.

Suddenly there's nothing else.

Nothing but me and Birdie.

He joins me, holding my hands in his own.

"Friends, we are gathered here today in the presence of these witnesses, to join Gilbert Beilschmidt and Matthew Williams in holy matrimony commended to be honorable among all; and therefore is not to be entered into lightly but reverently, passionately, lovingly and solemnly. Into this - these two persons present now come to be joined. If any person can show just cause why they may not be joined together - let them speak now or forever hold their peace."

I barely understand or here the words, too lost in Birdie's violet eyes.

"If there are no objections, Matthew please read your vows."

He clears his throat, taking out a piece of paper that has a few dried tears covering it.

"I, Matthew Williams, take you, Gilbert Beilschmidt, to be my awesome husband. I will cherish our union and love you more each day than I did the day before. I will trust you and respect you, laugh with you and cry with you, loving you faithfully through good times and bad, regardless of the obstacles we may face together. I give you my hand, my heart, and my love, from this day forward for as long as we both shall live. As a final add."

I see a tear slide down his cheek, so I wipe it away, he laughs.

"I thank you, for if Lovino haven't called you a potato bastard one too many times, I wouldn't be here to experience this moment with you. I love you, and promise to never try and leave again."

Francis and Arthur are crying in the front row, so is Alfred behind Matthew.

"And Gilbert please read yours."
I pull out my own piece of paper.

"I, Gilbert Beilschmidt, take you, Matthew Williams, to be my awesome husband, my friend, my faithful partner and my love from this day forward. In the presence our family and friends, I offer you my awesome vow to be your faithful partner in sickness and in health, in good times and in bad, and in joy as well as in sorrow. I promise to love you unconditionally, to support you in your goals, to honor and respect you, to laugh with you and cry with you, and to cherish you for as long as we both shall live. And as one more point."

I smile at him.

"If you hadn't come into my life Birdie, I would be dead too, my life was gray after he left, but you gave me color again, I can never repay you what you have given to me."

He laughs, tears falling down his eyes.

"I now pronounce you husband and husband, you may kiss the groom."

And by the world we do.

Matthew's POV:
"And you won't believe what happened next!"

Alfred says into the microphone, drunk as all hell.

It's 12:56 at night, Monika is passed out in Arthur's lap, tired from dancing and all the food. Romero passed out in Antonio's, who is laughing with Alfred.

As for Gilbert and I, we're still dancing to a song I don't care to remember the name of, gently swaying to the soft beat.

My head rests on Gilbert's shoulder, his hands around my waist and mine resting on his as we ignore Alfred's story telling.

A lot of people left, the only ones still here are our closest friends and family.

"Wanna go outside Gil?"

I ask, and he chuckles.

"Sure, Matthew Williams-Beilschmidt."

I giggle softly.

"Just call me Birdie, that's too long."

He shakes his head, kissing me lightly.

"But I love the name, it's awesome."

I hum.

"Just like you huh?"

"Yep."
I take his hand, leading him outside. We sit down on a bench, only hearing a muffled Alfred and Lovino, who is yelling at the blond.

Leaning my head on his shoulder, I hum the tune he wrote softly, a slower version. He leans his head on my own, joining in on humming.

"I'm happy Gil."

He kisses the top of my head.

"I'm happy too Birdie."

A few feet away, in a tree, another blond and albino sit, watching over Gilbert and I.

~

"Good job Mattie, I knew you could do it."

"You did awesomely Gil, don't give up, I love you."

~The End~

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