These Word Are All I Have

by prettyinsoulpunk (IAmTotallyNotAPsychopath)

Summary

Pete Wentz was once a famous author that took off from his novel that he wrote in college. Several years later, he sits uninspired and washed out, unable to write his next hit story.

One night, Pete dreams of a guy who he falls in love with. Hit with a spark of inspiration, Pete starts writing about the guy from his dreams, who he names Patrick. Pete spends his days writing about spending time with Patrick, until one day Patrick enters Pete's life as a real person with no realization that he is a fictional character Pete made.

(Directly inspired by the movie, Ruby Sparks).

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
"Hey, get up silly," A sweet voice called out to Pete. "You can't sleep out here forever," the voice chuckled.

Pete squinted his eyes against the male figure in front of him. Light beamed behind them, leaving their face in shadow.

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Pete jolted awake to the sound of his alarm. He rubbed his eyes as Hemmy jumped on his stomach and started pawing his chest.

He wanted to go for a walk.

Pete's phone dinged on his bedside table. It was a text from Andy.

Andy: hey, we still going to the gym this morning?
Pete: yeh, hemmy wants to pee first
Andy: k, at 10?
Pete: K

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"Hey, kept me waiting long enough." Andy acknowledged from his treadmill. His display read "running speed," but Andy barely looked tired.

"Shut up, I was busy dreaming." Pete stepped on the treadmill and picked "jogging speed."

"About?" Andy took a swig of his water while still running.

"I dunno, some random guy. I thought he was cute." Pete replied.

"Yeah? Then, what happened?"

"He just... talked to me." Pete shrugged.

Andy let out a disappointed sigh. "Seriously? Man, you can't even get laid in your dreams. That's sad."

"It was actually kinda nice."

"I'm pretty sure this is because you're so sexually frustrated that any cute guy talking to you has become a fantasy." Andy shook his head.

"I mean it's not like I don't wanna get some. I'm just looking for something more serious."

"Why don't you just get with one of those girls I saw you with last week?" Andy asked.

"They liked me because of the novel I wrote in college."

"So, they didn't want to date you."
"They liked the idea of dating me."

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Pete stared up at the ceiling as he laid down on the chaise lounge. His therapist, Dr. Toro, had reclined back in his chair with his clipboard.

"How's the new book coming along? Do you have an idea on what you're writing about?" Dr. Toro asked.

Pete sighed. "I dunno, I thought, maybe I'll write about my dad. He didn't necessarily neglect me in the interest of a career, but I knew he disliked the idea of me being a writer. Blah blah blah, law or whatever. Then, I just collapse and think, who would want to read about that?"

Pete laid there in defeat. "Maybe I should write about Hemmy. I mean, he slobbers, he chews up all my shit, and he pees like a girl for some strange reason."

Pete tilted his head towards his therapist. "Can I have Bobby now?"

Dr. Toro furrowed his eyebrows. "Do you need Bobby now?"

"Yes."

Dr. Toro stood up and reached into the cupboard next to him to grab a plush cat. He handed Bobby over to Pete.

"Have you been giving Bobby to your other patients?" Pete sniffed Bobby before hugging it against his chest.

"No, Pete. Bobby is only for you."

"He smells weird."

"Pete," Pete turned his head in reaction to Dr. Toro. "When was the last time you saw a friend?"

"Yesterday, with Andy."

"Someone other than your childhood friends."

Pete went silent and curled up on the chaise lounge.

"So, you think Hemmy could be your writing inspiration? Correct?"

"I guess,"

"Alright, I want you to write me a pag-"

"I can't write."

Dr. Toro held his hand up to stop Pete. "I want you to write a page about someone that likes Hemmy, all slobbery and nervous, for who he is. You think you can do that?"

Pete turned to face Dr. Toro. "Can it be bad?"

"It can be as bad as possible."

Pete swallowed nervously. "Okay."
Pete stood backstage as he watched fellow author, Gabe Saporta, speaking of his career as a writer. His manager unexpectedly called him up for some author's party and live interview that he really didn't care about.

"I remember when I first met Pete. It was after he dropped out of college during his sophomore year," Gabe slowly walked across the stage as he spoke. "And I remember saying 'who the hell is this kid?'"

The crowd chuckled at Gabe's joking tone. "This was just a few months after his novel had reached the top of The New York Times Best Seller list. I can still imagine his emo hair cut and the eyeliner on his eyelids." Gabe smiled at the audience.

"And just recently I realized something when I reread his novel, now in the fabulous tenth year anniversary edition," Gabe picked up the thick novel with a gold seal on it. "That... his writing is one of the best of our time and that we should look forward to what he has in the future. I'm not talking about another short story of his, but something greater."

"Ladies and gentlemen, welcome, Peter Lewis Wentz!" Gabe gestured at Pete offstage to signal him in front of the crowd.

Pete sighed one last time before walking on stage, looking like a mess.

When the show was over Pete stayed for the after party and book signings, because, y'know he was an author with a book. He tried his best to give vague answers to the people at the signing.

"What's the symbolism of the tree outside of Mila's house?"

"What happened to Eura's mother at the end?"

"Can you read this fic I wrote about your book?"

Pete sighed as he leaned back in his signing chair.

"Hey, Pete, how's it going?" Pete's agent, Hayley, asked.

"You gotta remind me about these things." Pete stretched out in the fold out chair. "I felt so embarrassed walking on stage in a hoodie and skinny jeans."

"You gotta check your messages, Pete." Hayley stuffed her hands into the pockets of her suit pants. "You know nobody cares about what you wear. You're a genius."

Pete sighed. "Please don't use that word."

"Hemmy, I'm home." Pete locked up the door behind him and hung up his coat.

"Hemmy?" Pete called out into his empty home. He climbed the stairs and walked into his bedroom.

"Hey dude," Pete sat down next to Hemmy on the bed who was chewing on one of Pete's pillows. "You need to stop slobbering all over my shit, dude." Pete pet the top of Hemmy's head,
Pete threw off his shirt and jeans. He climbed into bed with Hemmy, laying his head on the pillow that Hemmy wasn't gnawing at.

Pete gave Hemmy a final head rub before he turned off the light, closing his eyes.

"Your dog's so cute." The same voice Pete heard from last night, except Pete could see a face to the voice.

"Excuse me?" Pete stared at the man's beauty. The sun shone through his coppery hair.

"Your dog, I think she's really cute." The man smiled and sat next to Pete underneath the tree. He placed the guitar case on the ground next to him.

"Oh, he's a boy." Pete shook his focus back to the man next to him.

The man gave a look of doubt. "He just peed like a girl."

Pete just shrugged and said, "It's just a thing he does."

The man hummed in acknowledgement. "What's his name?"

"Hemingway, but I just call him Hemmy for short." Pete rubbed Hemmy's back, who snuffled at him.

"Why?" The man adjusted his glasses.

"Oh, he's named after Ernest Hemingway."

The man tilted his head in curiosity. "Who's that?"

"The novelist? Farewell To Arms? The Old Man And The Sea?" Pete's eyes widened in surprise.

The man bit his bottom lip. "I'm sorry, it's just... I'm not that knowledgeable on my literacy."

"But isn't that disrespectful?" The man asked after a pause.

"Huh?"

"Like... naming a famous author after your dog sizes him down." The man explained. "It gives you a superiority over him, so you can scold him if he pees on your kitchen floor."

Pete simply stared as Hemmy rested his head on the man's lap. "Oh, careful, he slobbers."

The man chuckled and glanced at Pete. "It's okay. I don't mind. I love him anyways."

Pete woke up in shock and sprung out of bed. "Yes, yes, yes," Pete whispered to himself as he slipped on sweat pants and ran into his office. He nearly tripped on himself as he sat down at his office chair and typed away at his typewriter.

He spent several days typing on his vintage typewriter, often skipping meals and sleep just to write about the man from his dreams.
"You're a genius!" Pete exclaimed to Dr. Toro.

Dr. Toro raised his eyebrow. "I thought we were going to avoid that word."

"You're so fucking smart!" Pete pushed his hair back as he sat down on the chaise lounge.

"You certainly surprised me, Pete." Dr. Toro flipped through the typed pages Pete had handed him earlier. "I asked you to write me a page, and you wrote me fifty. I'm glad that you've found something that inspires you."

"Inspires me?" Pete stared at his hands and looked up at his therapist. "It consumes me. I almost didn't come here today because I've been so addicted to writing page after page about this boy."

"Every hour of the last couple days, I've been writing or wanting to write. I write to spend time with him, to have him smile, and to-" Pete went silent. "Fuck..."

"What is it?" Dr. Toro asked.

"This is bad." Pete pulled at his head.

"What is so bad?" Dr. Toro tried to pull out of him.

"I think I'm falling in love with him." Pete said in horror.

"Pete, that's okay." Dr. Toro reassured.

"No, it's not!" Pete screamed. "He's a fucking product of my imagination!"

Pete collapsed onto the chaise lounge. "Pete," Pete faced his therapist, "tell me about the boy you've been writing about."

Pete sighed and started to talk. "Patrick Stump, 25 years old, born in Glenview, Illinois. He's stubborn and can swear like a sailor, but he's sweet and understanding. Patrick hates his middle name, Martin, because it makes his initials PMS. He grew up with music to the point that's he's obsessed with listening and creating music. His first crush was Prince; he cried the day he found out that he was already married. Patrick isn't perfect. His love of music clouded his judgement; after high school, Patrick toured from band to band in hopes of find a career in music. He bummed from friend's house to friend's house. Patrick's looking for change. He just doesn't know where to look or why."

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"Honey, we're back!" Andy called out to Pete's house as Pete, Hemmy, and him got back from a run.

Joe appeared from around the corner. He smiled at Andy and hugged him tightly. "I missed you."

Joe smacked a kiss on Andy's mouth.

"I missed you, too. But I smell like sweat, get off. I need to take a shower." Andy pushed Joe's face away.

Pete rolled his eyes at his friends and climbed up the stairs to shower.

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Pete walked down the stairs after his shower. Joe was sitting on the couch, playing with his daughter,
Ruby. Andy was leaning against the counter across from Joe.

Joe turned to Pete as soon as he entered line of sight. "Pete, you didn't tell me you were getting laid."

"Joe!" Andy exclaimed and motioned at Ruby.

"Umm, I'm not?" Pete responded.

"Andy, he says he can't visit us because he's been writing too much." Joe pulled up a pair of blue boxers. "It just turns out he was getting the booty too much. You don't wear this brand." Joe grinned.

"Joe, don't let the baby touch that." Andy complained as Ruby reached out for the underwear in her dad's hand.

"It's just uhhh, Hemmy, y'know." Pete tried to defend himself.

"It's Hemmy's?" Joe raised his eyebrows in confusion.

"No, it's just... he's been bringing that kinda stuff in the house." Pete snatched the boxers out of Joe's hand. "I think it's from the neighbors' trash or something."

"So, that's a random dirty pair of boxers." Andy followed Pete as he took the boxers to a drawer, and shoved them into the top shelf.

"That's gross. You made Ruby cough." Joe called as Ruby coughed against her hand.

"Pete, throw it away!" Andy reopened the drawer to reveal a pile of clothes and accessories collected in the drawer.

Andy picked up a different pair of boxers, this time, they were red. "Joe, come over here."

Joe placed Ruby on the couch and walked over. "Is that a fedora? You don't wear a fedora."

"Fuck offffff..." Pete whispered. "Please, it's just Hemmy dragging them in."

"Yeah, sure, Hemmy." Joe said, unconvinced.

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Later, Pete joined Joe near the pool. Joe leaned back on the lounge chair as he read a packet of Pete's writing.

Pete sat down on the poolside lounge next to Joe.

"Where are you seeing this going?" Joe asked as he flipped through another page.

"I don't know. I just started." Pete leaned back.

"Buddy, I love ya, but I hate to say it. You suck at writing romance." Joe admitted.


"It's just... quirky and sweet guys like this don't exist." Joe looked at Pete. "Their flaws should feel real, not endearing."

"They do exist. I've met people like Patrick." Pete insisted.
"Like?" Joe questioned without looking away from the pages. "Ashlee?"

"No, not Ashlee." Pete huffed.

"Pete, the honeymoon phase does not last." Joe turned to face Pete. "Look, I love Andy with all my heart... but he's a weirdo. Like, he'll yell at me for no reason or fight with me over some petty shit. He's a person, Pete." Joe flipped the packet back to the front. "You haven't written a person. You've written an expectation."

Pete snatched the packet from Joe with a scowl. "I haven't finished it. Writers don't really show their stories this early yet."

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After Pete said goodbye, he eagerly sat down at his typewriter. Pete shook off what Joe had told him and began typing a scene in his head.

"This thing is dripping everywhere." Lewis complained before he took a bite of the burger. He looked up to see Patrick staring at him, sipping his root beer with a soft smile around the straw.

"What?" Lewis asked while still chewing his food.

"You're so not my type." Patrick said after placing his drink on the poolside table.

Lewis tilted his head in curiosity. "Huh? How so?"

"I tend to go for more... assertive guys." Patrick took a fry into his mouth.

"I'm assertive." Lewis insisted.

Patrick let out a melodic laugh. "You're stubborn. That's different."

"I once dated a guy, that told me I wasn't funny, but said I had a good sense of humor when I laughed at one of his jokes." Patrick shrugged.

"Why would you date him, then?" Lewis questioned. "Is your type assertive douchebags?"

"I don't know." Patrick sighed. "I guess I was in such a bad place in my life that I just accepted any kind of company." Patrick smiled and looked back at Lewis. "I guess you're the change I've been looking for and I'm so lucky to finally find you."

Patrick stood up from the poolside chair. "C'mon!" Patrick encouraged as he took a running start and cannonballed into the pool without a care of his clothes getting soaked.

Lewis hesitated before jumping into the pool after Patrick.

"Do you think I'm unlovable?"

"Never, I wouldn't think that even if the whole world told me."

"Why? I'm a mess."

"Patrick, I love your mess."

"I wouldn't trade you for the world. I'm going to love you forever and ever and ever."
"What if you get sick of me?"

"I won't."

"I promise."

Pete smiled at the typewriter as he typed out the last line and passed out on his desk.

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Pete woke up with a snort. He blinked awake against his desk. He stretched with a yawn and got up from his seat.

Pete walked downstairs and to the kitchen. He mindlessly opened the door to the refrigerator to see what leftovers Joe and Andy left for him.

"Hey," Pete heard a familiar voice and suddenly turned in the direction of it.

Patrick was leaning against the kitchen counter across from Pete. He had a bowl of cereal in his hand and a spoon in the other. "I missed you in bed last night." Patrick smiled at Pete and took another spoon of Cinnamon Toast Crunch.

Pete stared at Patrick. He looked exactly like Pete had pictured. Pale skin and curves around his body. Copper hair sat atop his head with beautiful blue eyes and soft pink lips. Patrick wore only boxers and one of Pete's white button up shirts.

Pete closed the door of the refrigerator and leaned back against it. "Oh my god, they're gonna take me away. People told me I was creative, but I was actually just crazy." Pete's back slid down to the floor.

"Pete?" Patrick squatted next to Pete and poked Pete's shoulder.

"What the fuuuuck?!!" Patrick's touch threw Pete into a frenzy as he scrambled to his feet and ran upstairs, tripping on a few steps along the way.

"Pete!" Patrick called behind Pete from downstairs as Pete retreated into his bedroom.

"He's not real. I'm just tired. He's just my imagination." Pete told himself as he stepped out of his bedroom.

Pete walked out to the hallway and looked down to his living room and kitchen. No Patrick, he wasn't batshit. Pete sighed in relief.

"Was it something I said?" Patrick walked into sight and stared up at Pete.

Pete retreated again. This time we ran into his bathroom and locked the door. He scrolled down the contacts on his phone before he found the one he needed.

"Hey, Dr. Toro, something's come up that I think you should know. Call me back whenever you can."

Pete walked down the stairs. He approached the kitchen to see Patrick whisking eggs in a bowl, now wearing pants and a red apron.

Patrick glanced up at Pete. "Hey, I thought you might be hungry. I decided to make you an omelet." Patrick stepped toward Pete. Patrick's expression was one of worry.
"Patrick," Pete reached behind him into the drawer to pull out the pair of boxers that Joe discovered days ago. "Would these happen to be yours?"

Patrick stared at Pete as if he was crazy. Well, Pete certainly felt like he was going insane. "Who else's would they be?"

"Oh, my god. Are you seeing someone else?" Patrick asked.

"No, no, no. I just wanted to make sure." Pete motioned at Patrick. "I'm not seeing anyone... other than you, of course." Pete stuttered out the last part.

Patrick bit his lip out of insecurity and nodded his head. "Okay."

"I actually need to talk to Joe about something. I'll be upstairs." Pete scrambled back upstairs.

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"Joe, remember when your mom told me I had an overactive imagination?" Pete asked Joe. He was sitting underneath his work desk with his phone pressed against his ear.

"So, you're telling me that Patrick is really in your house." Joe sighed.

"It just happened this morning; I walked downstairs to see Patrick. He thinks we're going out because of what I wrote in my book." Pete looked over the desk to see if Patrick had come upstairs, and then retreated back under his desk when the coast was clear.

"Pete," Joe whispered. "Patrick is not real. He is a fictional character that you wrote. I'm pretty sure that you just need a break from writing."

"No, no, no, Joe, listen, I know he's not real. But I can see him, I can smell him. He fucking touched me earlier and I could feel it. He's making me an omelet right now, with actual eggs from my actual fridge!" Pete freaked out over the phone to Joe.

Joe sighed over the phone. "Pete, I'm at work. Why don't you see a friend? I'm sure your sanity will thank you."

"No, Joe I real-" Pete couldn't finish the sentence before Joe hung up on him.

Pete leaned back and called Andy. Unfortunately, he was met with Andy's voice message.

"Hi, you've reached the phone of Andy Hurley. I'm currently occupied with work or with my daughter. Leave a message and I'll get back to you."

Pete hung up on the voicemail and sighed. Suddenly, the contact "Hayley Williams" flashed on screen.

"Hello?" Pete answered.

"Pete? Where are you dude? I'm at Coffee's for Closers" Hayley asked. "Look, if you don't want to meet up today I'm fine with it."

"No, hey, hold up. I'll be there; I've been getting a ton of writing done. You're gonna be excited." Pete stood up from under his desk. "If traffic isn't terrible, I should be there in fifteen minutes."

"Alright, don't keep me waiting for long, Wentz." Hayley said before she hung up.
Pete looked out the hall for his delusion before tiptoeing his way down. He carefully avoided the creaky step at the bottom, only to land his full weight on one of Hemmy's dog toys.

The squeaky toy let out a loud cry into the house. Pete looked around for any signs of Patrick. Pete sighed of relief when nothing came.

Pete snuck his way to the coffee table to grab his keys. Just as he opened the door, he heard that familiar voice.

"Where are you going?" Patrick asked from behind Pete.

"Out," Pete stated as he held the knob of the front door.

"Can I come?"

"No," Pete shook his head slowly.

"Why?" Patrick stepped forward.

"I'm just going out to get some stuff." Pete bit his bottom lip.

"Please?" Patrick gave a doll eyed expression. Pete closed his eyes in hopes that Patrick would stop staring at him.

Pete reopened his eyes to be met with Patrick's ocean blue eyes. "Fine," Pete sighed.

Patrick said nothing and smiled wide at Pete.

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On their way to the café, Patrick turned on the radio. What started as simple head nodding turned to full on singing.

"Give me envy, give me malice, give me your attention." Patrick sang with the radio.

If Patrick were real, Pete would most certainly complement him on his singing. Pete's sure that if Patrick's singing were any better, it would have physical healing properties.

Pete stared at the road ahead of him the whole drive. He didn't want to acknowledge Patrick's imaginary presence.

Patrick immediately started chattering as soon as Pete parked the car and turned off the radio.

"So I heard they're doing a zombie film festival at the nearby cemetery." Patrick tried to spark a conversation.

Pete did his best to ignore Patrick as they walked towards the cafe to meet Hayley. As they got a block away from the cafe, Pete looked are to see if anyone was paying any attention to him talking to thin air. When he confirmed that no one was looking at him, he nudged Patrick toward the entrance of a music store.

"Okay, bye," Pete said plainly. Patrick looked at Pete in confusion as Pete started to walk away from him.

Patrick jogged up to him in a worry. "Where are you going?"
"I'm just going to get some stuff." Pete glanced around him.

Patrick placed his hands on his hips and huffed at Pete.

"Okay, I'm meeting up with a friend. It won't take long." Pete confessed.

"What am I supposed to do?" Patrick puffed out his cheeks, adorably.

"Just check out some shops. I'll be back soon."

Patrick sighed. "Alright, have fun," he said before walking into the music store.

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Pete walked into Coffee's For Closers and immediately spotted Hayley's bright orange hair. He walked over and sat down in the chair across the table from her after he bought his iced coffee.

"Kept me waiting enough, Petey." Hayley sipped her latte.

"Ugh," Pete sighed. "I just had a rough morning."

"So get me in on the good stuff." Hayley leaned toward Pete with her head resting on her hands.

"Yeah, yeah," Pete reached into his satchel, only to find nothing. "Shit," Pete whispered to himself and Hayley.

"You don't have it, do you." Hayley frowned at Pete. "You left it home, didn't you?" Hayley asked, though she fully knew the answer.

Pete leaned back into the chair and held his face in his hands. "Again, rough morning."

Hayley sat there before taking another sip of her drink. "It's no problem. Why don't we head back to your place to get it?"

"Oh, sure," Pete nodded his head.

"Excuse me?"

Pete froze in place. 'Why now?' Pete had a sucky sanity that even interacting with people can't quell it.

Hayley turned her head behind Pete. "Who are you?"

Patrick walked forward to be in Pete's peripheral vision. "I'm Pete's boyfriend and I don't think I've met you."

"Wait, you can see him?" Pete asked in shocked and stared at Hayley and then at Patrick.

"Look, Patrick I just wanted to-" Hayley attempted to explain before Pete cutted in.

"Wait, you can see," Pete pointed at Patrick, "him?"

Patrick glared at Pete and then back at Hayley. "She can see me, I can see her. I don't see how this can get you out of this situation, Pete."

Pete stood up from his chair. "Did Joe and Andy put you up to this?"
"Did your damn friends get involved with this too?" Patrick was now in hysteria and attracting the attention of the whole cafe.

Pete pulled aside at random stranger. "Can you see him?"

"Pete, are you even listening?" Patrick cried.

"Huh, why? I'm sure everyone can see him." The stranger replied before Pete took the stranger's hand at lightly hit Patrick with it.

Patrick flinched and the stranger's hand moved from the disturbance.

"He's real." Pete whispered to himself in amazement before Patrick took Pete's coffee and splashed it into his face and ran off in the street.

Pete's reverie didn't last long before he bolted out of the cafe and down the streets to catch up to Patrick, leaving Hayley scared and confused with her latte.

"Patrick!" Pete called out when he knew Patrick was in shouting distance.

"Leave me alone!" Patrick screamed as the two of them ran down the streets. "Get away from me, you creep!"

Pete caught up to Patrick to grab his wrist and stop him in his tracks. Patrick struggled with Pete before Pete grabbed his other wrist.

"Let go of me!" Patrick shouted.

"Hey!" A male passerby caught both of their attention. "You okay? Do I need to call the police?" He asked Patrick as Pete let go of his wrists.

Patrick nodded with tears in his eyes. "No, I'm fine. He's just being an asshole right now." Patrick glanced at Pete before looking back at the man.

"Are you sure?" The man asked.

"Yeah, thank you for your concern." Patrick smiled at him.

Pete watched the man get into his car.

"I knew there was something going on with you since this morning. I've been acting like a freak all day-" Patrick was unable to finish his tearful confession before Pete hauled him over his shoulder and carried him down the street.

"Hey! Put me down!" Patrick exclaimed while he pounded his fists against Pete's back and kicked his legs in hopes that Pete would put him down.

Eventually, Pete did put Patrick down in an alley with Patrick against the brick of the building. Patrick started throwing punches, one of which hit Pete square in the jaw.

"Will you fucking stop?" Pete held Patrick's wrists with his hands. "I'm sorry that I've been acting weird all morning. There's just been a lot on my mind and I'm having such a hard time processing it." Pete held Patrick's face in his hands once the younger man calmed down.

"Then talk to me! Don't go on a date with a girl!" Tears streamed down Patrick's face.
"I don't know what's wrong with me. I'm just trying to wrap my head around the reality of this situation and that..." Pete paused to take a breath. "That you're real and that you're here right now with me."

Patrick's face softened as he placed his hands on top of Pete's. "Kiss me, you idiot." Patrick sobbed out a laughed.

Pete smiled as he pressed his lips against Patrick's. The kiss grew heated; Patrick pulled Pete on top of him while Pete stuck his tongue in Patrick's mouth.

Pete never remembered how long they stood there, making out shamelessly in the alley between the bookstore and the butcher shop.
You Touched Me And Suddenly I Was A Lilac Sky

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

In the two weeks that Pete discovered Patrick's existence, the two of them have gone on date after date. Pete was confident that he was the happiest man alive and not because he got laid every night.

One evening, Pete spent time with Joe to explain why he's been MIA recently.

"So, you're telling me that you're in a relationship with Patrick, and that he's living with you in your house." Joe raised his eyebrow.

Pete shook his head. "Look, I know this sounds fucking crazy, but you have to believe me. Someway, somehow, he's real and I like it."

"Real as in people can see him?"

"Yes," Pete nodded. "We go out on dates, shop for groceries together, and take Hemmy out for walks. Patrick talks to people and he's very friendly."

"That's impossible." Joe stated.

Pete shook his head in disagreement.

"What does Dr. Toro say?" Joe questioned. Pete said nothing and turned his head to avoid Joe's glare. "Are you fucking serious? This is how people get dragged off to Bedlam, Pete."

"I'm not going to a mental asylum."

"Just fucking call him. I'm getting worried about you."

"I can't, he already knows that Patrick was a character of my writing. I'll sound crazy." Pete sighed.

"You are crazy," Joe retorted.

"The situation is crazy. I am not." Pete denied.

Joe leaned across the table. "There is no way that you are sleeping with a guy that you made up."

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"He doesn't know that he's part of my writing, so please don't mention anything about the manuscript you read, okay?" Pete opened the door to his home with Joe behind him.

Joe waved Pete off with his hand. "Yeah, yeah, whatever."

"Hi, Patrick, nice to meet you." Joe talked to thin air before quickly turning to Pete. "Can we call the mental institution now?"

"Pete!" Behind Joe, Patrick ran up to Pete and hugged him tightly. Pete smiled and rocked the two of them side to side.

Joe stared at them with his eyes looking like they were about to fall out. Pete smirked at Joe from
where he was hugging Patrick.

"Patrick, this is my friend, Joe." Pete introduced Joe as they pulled apart.

"Joe, hi! Pete talks about you and your family a lot. I heard you have a daughter; I'd love to see her!" Patrick pulled Joe into a tight hug.

"You're Patrick, right?" Joe asked after Patrick let go of him. "The musician from Glenview, Illinois?"

"Yup," Patrick nodded with a smile. "Are you staying for dinner? We're having meatloaf."

"Patrick's an amazing cook." Pete smiled.

Joe glanced between Pete and Patrick before he pulled Pete to the side. "Can I talk to you?"

Patrick watched as Joe dragged Pete upstairs and to Pete's office.

"Okay, you got me. Did you hire some actor? Was it craig's list? This isn't funny." Joe closed the door.

"I told you. He just appeared." Pete negotiated.

"You're a writer! Not Ricky fucking Jay!" Joe exclaimed as he pulled his hair in frustration. "There's gotta be some logical explanation."

"Love isn't logical." Pete tried to explain.

"But there's gotta be some goddamn way this happened. People don't just poof into existence!" Joe made a gesture with his hand.

"I don't know! It's love, magic, whatever!" Pete threw his hands up.

Joe pinched the bridge of his nose. "Look man, it's possible that some crazy stalker fan, read your writing and is now freeloading with you."

Pete shook his head. "That's impossible. You're the only one that's read my manuscript."

"Okay, you say that Patrick is a character of your writing? Then, write something about him." Joe commanded.

"Why? He's already perfect."

Joe sighed. "If you write something about him and he does it, then he's really your creation. However," Joe looked around to see if Patrick could somehow eavesdrop on them. "If nothing changes, I'm calling the police."

"Alright," Pete collapsed on his work chair pulled out a blank piece of paper. "It has to be something we'll notice right away."

Joe perked up. "I know."

Pete leaned his head towards Joe as he whispered his suggestion to Pete. Pete glared at Joe before he typed it on the piece of paper.

Suddenly and inexplicably, Patrick began to speak in French. He had no awareness he was
Joe opened the door slightly to see if they could hear anything.

"Joe! Pete! Bon appetit!" Patrick yelled from downstairs.

Pete and Joe shared a look with each other before they headed downstairs.

"C'est tres chau mais je pense que l'on devrait manger. Pete, est-ce que tu peux aller chercher le vin? Joe, reste, s'il-te plait, nous avons beaucoup a manger. Pourquoi est-ce-que vous me regardez comme ca?" Patrick placed the meatloaf on the dinner table and stared at the two of them.

Pete stared dumbfounded while Joe looked ready to burst out laughing.

"Quoi? Qu'est-ce qu'il y a?" Patrick questioned as he glanced between the two of them.

Joe snickered into his hand.

"Ca n'est pa marrant." Patrick said, irritated.

"I need to go do something. I'll be back." Pete excused himself back up the stairs.

"Faire quoi?" Patrick questioned as his eyes followed Pete until he was out of sight. "Je ne vois vraiment pas ce qu'il y a de si amusant." Patrick complained to Joe, who continued to giggle into the palm of his hand.

Pete ran back with a fancy bottle of wine and handed it to Patrick. "I think this occasion calls for a bottle of wine."

Patrick smiled at Pete. "Great. Joe looks like he could use a drink."

--

After dinner, Pete walked Joe to the front door, expecting Joe to leave immediately. Joe, however, had different plans. He pulled Pete outside.

"Get in the car." Joe commanded as he got into the driver’s seat.

Pete reluctantly sat in shotgun.

"THAT WAS INSANE!!!" Joe screamed as soon as Pete closed the door. "Insane!! How did this happen?"

Pete cackled, clearly proud of himself at his unintentional accomplishment. "I had no idea I could change him."

"Dude, you just manifested a person out of your mind!" Joe quieted down, but was still loud. "That's amazing! I have to tell Andy."

"Woah, woah, woah, hold up." Pete snatched Joe's phone out of his hands. "Please don't tell anyone about this. They'll think he's some freak."

Joe stared confused at Pete. "So what? We're just going to pretend that he's your boyfriend."

"He is my boyfriend." Pete insisted.
"Are you sure? I mean, he is a part of your mind. It'd be kinda weird, like if you married him or like had kids with him. Would that be like... incest? Or like mind-cest? Self-cest?" Joe leaned back.

"I don't care. I love him and I've never been happier. Don't ruin this for me." Pete gazed at the silhouette of Patrick from his house.

"But think about it. You could change any part of him. Give him a tight ass or slender legs." Joe suggested.

"I like his soft thighs." Pete defended.

"You could get blow jobs all the fuckin' time." Joe smirked.

"What do you think I've been doing all this time?" Pete sighed dreamily.

"You could make him do anything." Joe pulled Pete by the shoulder. "Don't let that go to waste."

As Pete watched Joe drive out to the road, he told himself. "I'll never write about you again, Patrick. I won't."

--

"Pete?" Patrick stood in front of Pete as soon as he came inside.

"Yeah?" Pete scratched the back of his neck.

"Did he like me?" Patrick bit his lip nervously.

"He loved you." Pete grinned.

Patrick grinned back and hugged Pete tightly. Pete leaned forward to kiss Patrick and picked him up. Patrick broke the kiss and giggled in Pete's arms as Pete carried him up the stairs.

--

Pete leaned his head against Patrick's as they sat in traffic. Patrick was playing a game on Pete's phone.

"Hey," Pete held out his hand. "Hand me back my phone, you're gonna use up all my battery."

"Hold on, I'm about to reach the next level." Patrick whined. Pete's phone rang in Patrick's hand.

"If that's my mom don-" Pete sputtered before Patrick tapped the accept button.

To his credit, Patrick did give Pete regretful look after he realized his mistake.

"Hello?" Dale asked over the phone.

"Hey, Mom." Pete answered.

"Hi sweetie, I didn't think you were there." Dale laughed over the speaker.

"What do you want, Mom?"

"I was wondering if you can make it over this weekend."

"I already told you that we're busy." Pete answered. Patrick looked confused and mouthed "Busy?"
at Pete.
"Really? Joe and Andy have told me that you haven't been writing."

Pete shushed Patrick with his hand. "They don't know."

"It's just that... you've been with this boy for months and I still haven't met him. I'm beginning to think that he doesn't exist." Dale's voice gave concern.

"What? No. I mean, yes, but-" Pete stuttered out.

"So when can I meet him?"

"Soon," Pete stated off-handedly.

"This weekend?"

Patrick nodded excitedly.

"I don't know. I think we have something this weekend." Pete watched as Patrick slumped in his seat and turned his head toward the window.

--

"Why can't we go over to your Mom's house?" Patrick asked as Pete got out of the shower.

"We'd have to find someone to look over Hemmy." Pete stated and sat down next to Patrick on their bed.

Patrick leaned against Pete's shoulder. "We could bring him with us."

Pete sighed. "I don't know... The house is too big and my stepdad, and my siblings and all."

"You don't want me to meet your mom, do you?" Patrick laced his hand with Pete's.

"Of course I want you to meet her. I can have her come down for Christmas." Pete rubbed Patrick's hand with his thumb.

"Come on, we should get to bed." Pete scooted back to the headboard. Patrick followed his action before they pulled the blanket over them.

"I've been thinking of getting a job at the local record store." Patrick commented.

"Why? I thought I already told you that I'm happy to support you while you work on music." Pete wrinkled his nose at Patrick.

"I haven't been able to make any music."

"You will." Pete reassured and ran a hand up Patrick's shirt.

Patrick pushed Pete's hand away and mumbled, "I'm sleepy."

Pete nodded and leaned over to turn off the bedside lamp.

"It's just; maybe if I wasn't around all the time, you'd be able to write more. When we met, weren't you working on something?" Patrick asked.
"I thought you liked spending time with me."

"I do."

"So why do you care if I'm working or not?" Pete pulled Patrick closer.

"I just want you to be happy again." Patrick nosed against' Pete's chest.

"I'm already happy." Pete stated.

"Good."

After a pause, Patrick spoke again. "It's just.. if you aren't serious about me. Then you should probably invest your time in something else."

Pete shifted over to turn the lamp back on and stared at Patrick. "I'm super serious about you, Patrick. How can I be more serious about you?"

Patrick shrugged before turning over. "Good night, Pete."

Pete frowned before he turned the light back off and spooned Patrick.

--

Patrick woke up to see Pete throwing clothes in a suitcase.

"What are you doing?" Patrick asked as he rubbed the drowsiness off his eye.

Pete just smiled at Patrick and answered, "I'm packing to see Dale."

Patrick's face lit up with joy and ran over to Pete to give him a big kiss on the lips.

--

"We're here." Pete parked his car in front of the huge house that belonged to his mom and stepdad.

Hemmy sniffled in Patrick's arms. Patrick smiled at Pete from across the console. "Thank you for bringing me here."

"Wait," Pete halted as Patrick started to open the car door. "We should stay somewhere else for the night. My mom's pretty weird."

"So?" Patrick cocked his eyebrow. "You're weird and I like you."

"It's just-" Before Pete could finish, they were interrupted by Dale excitedly tapping on the window of Pete's car.

"Welcome!" Dale yelled through the glass. "You must be Patrick!" Dale exclaimed as the two of them stepped out of Pete's car.

"Hi, it's so great to meet you!" Patrick grinned at Dale.

Dale pinched Patrick's cheeks. "You're so cute! I can't believe my son keep you away from me for so long."

Dale led them through the front gate and into the main foyer.
"Whoa," Patrick stood in awe. "It's so cool. It looks like a fancy castle."

"It better. The chandelier was not fun to install." Dale grinned at Patrick while Pete rolled his eyes. Dale led them up a flight of stairs before she stopped at a room at the end of the hall. "This is where you'll be staying."

Patrick's eyes visibly lit up as he set Hemmy down. "This is so cool!" Patrick jumped on the bed and giggled.

Dale turned to her son. "Don't try anything funny. My room is directly under."

Pete shook his head at his mom. The floor was marble with a glass lamp on the ceiling as the only light. The room had a balcony with a view of the private pool. The bathroom was located right of the door and canopy bed laid to the left of the door with a dresser right next to it. A coffee table laid in the center with a red shag rug underneath.

--

Later that night, Joe and Andy joined them for dinner.

"So Patrick, what do you do on your own time?" Pete's stepdad, Rick asked before he took another bite of this dinner.

Patrick beamed. "I'm a musician."

"Do you perform?" Dale asked.

"Not really, but I do write melodies and lyrics. I play guitar, drums, piano and a number of brass instruments." Patrick scratched the back of his neck and smiled.

"Do you sing?" Andy leaned forward to grab another serving of salad.

"I guess," Patrick shrugged. "I'm not very good at it."

"Well, it can't be as bad as Pete's singing." Dale chuckled. "He used to be part of a screamo band."

"Really?" Patrick exclaimed at the same time as Pete made a cut throat motion to tell his mom to stop.

"Yeah," Joe joined in. "He had eyeliner and red bangs. I'm sure I have some picture still in my computer."

Patrick laughed so hard that he tilted his head back. "I can just picture it now."

Pete frowned in both annoyance and jealousy. He refused to show joy in a situation of nearly strangers. He felt alienated and Patrick leaving him to his own devices wasn't helping.

"Awww, Petey," Patrick smiled at Pete and reached over to entwine their fingers. "You don't gotta be so sour about this."

Pete nodded in acknowledgment but didn't stop frowning.

--
The next day, Dale suggested that they swim in the pool. Pete laid on a raised platform by the pool as he read.

"Pete!" Patrick called from the water. "You should totally join us!"

"I promised Gabe that I'd finish his novel." Pete responded.

"Don't pay attention to him." Andy chuckled. "He's always been like this."

"Cannonball!" Rick took a running start from the diving board and landed in the water with a huge splash. Patrick, Andy, and Ruby screamed before they erupted into laughter.

Joe and Dale grinned from the side of the pool while they conversed. Pete huffed out that no one noticed how miserable he felt.

Time passed before Pete realized he fell asleep with Gabe's novel on his face. His mom shook him awake.

"Where's everyone?" Pete asked as he sat up.

"They're all inside, honey." Dale replied. Pete said nothing as he stretched his arms upwards.

"Are you okay, sweetie?" Dale rubbed at her son's back.

"Yeah, I'm fine." Pete sighed.

Dale frowned, but quickly turned it into an understanding smile. "Dinner will be ready in half an hour, just come in whenever you want."

--

"Your mom told me that she'd teach me how to bake her cherry pie recipe." Patrick told Pete that night in their bedroom. "She's so excited and carefree."

"She wasn't always like this. She used to be serious, wore polo shirts and suits." Pete commented. "Ever since Rick came into her life, she's been acting like this. It's like she's been brainwashed."

"Well, what wrong with the way she's acting right now?" Patrick leaned his head on Pete's shoulder. "She looks so happy."

Pete leaned his head back against Patrick's. "She doesn't feel like the person that raised me."

"She still loves you. It shouldn't matter if she acts differently."

--

"Patrick, I want you to see something." Dale beckoned Patrick the morning they were supposed to leave.

"What is it?" Patrick sat down at the table with Dale.

Dale opened the photo album in front of her and pointed to a picture of a younger version of herself in a wedding dress with a young man. "That's Peter."

"Seriously?" Patrick stared. "So handsome."
Dale chuckled. "Yes, like Pete. He was also very stoic like Pete."

"He was a lot like Peter. My son loved his dad so much." Dale sighed as she stroked a finger over Peter Wentz II. "He loved his dad so much, he didn't even attend my remarriage."

"I was surprised that he followed the career he did." Dale smiled at a picture of the three of them, a baby Pete giggled in her arms with her husband smiling at her side. "Pete never thought he'd be as smart as his dad, so that's why he became a writer. He may be a grown man, but he's still a pouty child."

Dale turned to Patrick. "Take good care of him."

"I will."

The two were interrupted by Rick and Pete barging into the room. Rick held a bonsai tree in a pot.

"For fuck's sake, I don't want it!" Pete exclaimed at Rick.

"What's going on?" Dale questioned.

"Pete won't accept my gift." Rick explained.

"Patrick, let's go." Pete dug out his car keys from his pocket.

"Come on, Rick works hard to grow his plants." Dale defended.

"I just," Pete protested.

"Just take the damn tree." Patrick said, frustrated.

--

They drove home with the house plant on Patrick's lap. Pete paid no attention to the mild frustration he felt that Patrick took Rick's side.

--

Pete was laid on his couch with Gabe's novel on his chest. He tried to read passage in front of him when Patrick started singing while he cooked dinner.

"Skinna marinky dinky dink, skinna marinky dinky doo, I love you." Patrick sang wistfully. "I love you in the morning and in the afternoo-"

"Baby," Pete huffed. "I'm trying to read."

Patrick visibly wilted before he continued to cook dinner.

--

After dinner, Pete found Patrick tearing up on their bed.

"Hey, what's wrong?" Pete rushed to Patrick's side.

"I don't know how I got here." Patrick sniffled.

Pete's expression paled. "What do you mean?"
"Shuffling around waiting on you. I don't know who this is." Patrick stared at his palm.

"You don't have to cook."


"I'm sorry." Pete rubbed at Patrick's shoulder.

"You don't have a lot of friends." Patrick commented.

"I don't need them. I have you."

"That's a lot of pressure."

"Well, you don't have any friends to speak of either." Pete bit his lip.

"I do. I used to. I had a ton of friends."

"Really?" Pete couldn't wrap his head around that fact that Patrick would have memories that Pete never wrote in.

Patrick nodded into the pillow. "I'm so lonely."

"Okay," Pete used his hands to face Patrick towards him. "How can I help?"

"Maybe I could play for some bands downtown." Patrick suggested.

Pete nodded slowly. "Okay, good, get you out of the house."

"And I think that I should start spending nights back at my apartment." Patrick added.

Sirens set off in Pete's mind. He feared that Patrick could disappear at any moment or possibly die. This apartment couldn't be real.

"I don't know."

"Just one night as an experiment." Patrick looked at Pete expectantly.

Pete bit his lip, but submitted. "Alright."

--

Pete agreed to Patrick's request date of next Tuesday night. Pete tossed and turned that night. Pete forgot what it was like to have such a restless night. He constantly looked at Patrick's side of the bed, only to be met with Hemmy faced away from him.

--

The Wednesday after, Patrick biked his way to Pete's house after lunch. Pete waited for Patrick at the front steps with Hemmy. As soon as Patrick entered Hemmy's line of sight, he perked up to run at Patrick while Pete remained seated on the steps.

"Hi, Hemmy!" Patrick greeted, his interactions with his band members had significantly brought up his mood.

Patrick parked his bike and leaned it against Pete's porch. "How have you been?" Patrick sat next to
Pete.

Pete sighed of exhaustion. "Terrible."

Patrick had a moment of hesitation. "I'm sorry to hear that."

"I don't think this experiment is going to work with me."

"Hey," Patrick placed his hand on Pete's cheek. "There needs to be space in the relationship. Otherwise, we'll end up being to the same person."

Pete tried to ignore the thought that Patrick's creation from Pete's mind technically made them the same.

"Just one night a week." Patrick pinched Pete's cheek with a smile.

For a night every week, Pete had restless hours. His body missed Patrick and his mind filled with worry that Patrick would forget him or leave him. Was he really that draining to be around?

--

On the night of one of Patrick's performances, Pete made dinner for Patrick when he would come home, granted Pete wasn't the best cook and paled in comparison to Patrick's skills, but Pete figured it would be a nice night for the two of them.

Pete glanced at the clock. It was a half past seven and Patrick still hadn't come home. His phone rand with Patrick as the Caller ID, he immediately picks up and nudged the phone between his ear and his shoulder. He made sure to keep attention on dinner.

"Hi, where are you?" Pete asked immediately.

It's noisy on Patrick's side with constant chatter. "Oh, the band decided to stay here at the bar for drinks."

"When are you coming home? I cooked dinner." Pete's voice is laced with concern. The line goes silent for a while. "Patrick?"

A muffled sound can be heard through the speaker before Patrick finally replies. "Yeah, uhh, I don't know, we just ordered our food here. Plus your place is pretty far." Patrick paused, most likely to take a sip of his drink before he continued. "We might not see each other until tomorrow."

Pete just stood there in his kitchen. His gut wrenched with betrayal and jealousy.

"Pete?" Patrick prompted from the phone.

"I understand. Have fun." Pete forced the words out of his mouth before he hung up.

--

That night, Pete laid in bed, sleepless once again. He stared at the alarm clock and then at Patrick's empty side of the bed. Pete turned on the lights in the room and got out of bed.

Pete walked out to the hall and into the office across. He turned on the desk lamp.

A thin coat of dust sat on the typewriter as if it mocked him, longing to be touched again.
Pete dug into the drawer of the desk to recover the sheet of paper that he wrote on since Joe made his visit. He diligently loaded the paper into the machine and twisted it down until the align sat under Pete's previous sentence.

With everything prepped, he started typing. Every letter felt like a stab at his frustrations.

**Patrick was miserable without Pete. He had to be near Pete all the time, or he would become despondent.**

In mere seconds, the landline in Pete's office rang. Pete responded instantly.

"Hello?" Pete panted as if he ran a mile.

Brief sobbing was heard before Patrick finally spoke. "Pete, I wanna come go home." Patrick sounded moments apart from bawling.

They had sex twice that night. Patrick begged desperately for Pete as if Pete would disappear at any moment. After they finished, Patrick clung onto Pete like death itself.

Chapter End Notes

Posting this in chapters to make it easier to look over. Also please tell me about any mistakes in my writing for me to fix, thank you!

I hope the French was okay, I apologize for any mistakes. They're from translation not from my own knowledge.
Next day, Patrick refused to separate from Pete. It was terrible. Patrick sat thigh to thigh with Pete at the dining table. They ate from the same bowl of cereal with Patrick eating with his left hand to simply hold Pete's from under the table. When Pete took a moment to browse on his phone, Patrick sniffled.

"I miss you right now." Patrick's face had tears dripping from it.

Pete immediately changed his attention to Patrick, but it was already too late. Patrick's waterworks were already started.

They watched TV with Patrick curled to Pete's stomach. He still held an iron-grip to Pete's hand. When Pete moved to get up, Patrick pulled him back down.

"I need to pee." Pete complained.

Patrick bit his quivering lip. "Can I come with you?"

--

In the car that evening, Patrick leaned his head on Pete's shoulder from across the console. Pete felt trapped as Patrick squeezed his hand.

--

They decided the watch a movie for date night. Pete stood at the booth with Patrick next to him, clinging to his arm.

"Two for 7:45."

"Sold out. There's a 9 o' clock." The seller told him.

Pete glanced at Patrick. "Take a walk around?"

Patrick nodded before Pete confirmed with the seller. Pete tucked the tickets into his wallet as they walked out into the sidewalk.

They walk through the crowd of people, holding hands, and waited to cross the street.

Pete's phone rang in his pocket. The caller ID was Hayley.

"Hey, Pete. You finally answered!"

Pete scratched the back of his neck as he crossed the street with the crowd. "Yeah, sorry. I've just been super busy recently."

"I hope it's because you've been busy writing. The publishers are growing impatient and I'm trying to hold them back. You did seem excited about it. Are you making any progress?"

This would take a while. Pete turned to the side to tell Patrick that it will take a while, only to be met
with no Patrick. Panic filled Pete's body, where could Patrick have gone? Did he get snatched while Pete wasn't looking? It's only been a few seconds.

"Uhhh, hold up Hayley, I'll call you back." Pete looked around.

"What? Pete no-" Hayley was unable to finish her sentence before Pete ended the call.

"Patrick?" Pete called out into the crowd. Pete started to trace his steps back to when Patrick was next to him. He looked across the street to see Patrick stood there. Pete felt a mix of relief and frustration wash over him. "Patrick!" Pete yelled as he attempted to cross the street to where Patrick stood, cars whizzed by, accompanied by horns and complaints.

"What the hell do you think you were doing? You scared the shit out of me by disappearing like that!"

Patrick full-on sobbed into his hands. He said something that was muffled.

"What?" Pete leaned in and removed Patrick's hands away from his face.

Patrick sobbed out again. "You let go of my hand." He continued to cry in the middle of the sidewalk.

"What?!" Pete exclaimed in disbelief.

--

They don't end up seeing the movie that had planned that night. Instead, Pete tried to console Patrick as he cried into their bed.

"Patrick, babe, you need to calm down." Pete stroked Patrick's hair.

"You didn't even notice I was gone!" Patrick whined against the pillow.

"I'll get you some water, okay?" Pete got up.

Patrick looked reluctant, but nodded.

As soon as he closed the door, Pete let out a breath that he didn't know he was holding. Pete walked down the hall to the office again. He felt depressed from Patrick's cloudy mood. It was honestly too much for Pete to take care of.

He typed into the piece of paper once again.

**Patrick was filled with the most delicious, effervescent happiness. He didn't worry about Pete leaving. There wasn't any room for worry in all that joy.**

Pete returned to their room with a glass of water. He opened to door to see Patrick bouncing on their bed with a grin as big as Jupiter.

"Hi dummy," Patrick greeted then let out a cheery laugh.

--

Pete invited Joe's family the next day. Patrick, Andy, and Ruby swam around in the pool as Joe and Pete conversed to the side of the pool. Patrick was overjoyed with Ruby in his arms. He yelled about how cute and tiny she was.
"So, I've been writing again." Pete prompted.

Joe glanced at him before he looked back at his family. "That's great. What's it about?"

"Nonono. Writing. Again." Pete made a vague gesture to Patrick, who laughed with his full body when Ruby pinched his nose.

Joe nodded in understanding. "Ahhh... Is it the ass?"

Pete sighed. "No, not that." Pete leaned in and whispered. "He wasn't happy. Now he's like this... all the time."

"So what? Are you gonna ask me if it's moral? Because I have no idea. It's at least working. Like Prozac." Joe shrugged.

"But, how do I know it's real?"

Joe shook his head. "It's not. He's not."

"He was... I want to be what's making him happy without just writing it in." Pete explained.

"Just write him back to normal. No big deal." Joe stated as if it was that simple.

"I just... thought he would leave me." Pete confessed.

Joe leaned back in his lawn chair. "Andy left me once."

"What?! When?" Pete shot up in his seat.

Joe's expression stayed the same. "While ago. Before we were engaged."

"Why didn't you tell me?" Pete gave a look of shock.

Joe shrugged. "You were busy with your own problems and I was busy with mine. Plus, he came back." Joe glanced over to Andy. "I haven't forgotten about it since though. Every moment I fear that I'll lose him again."

"You've been together since high school. You're married with a kid. There's no way he'd leave you."

"Nothing's permanent. It's dangerous to love someone." Joe and Pete looked at the pool where Andy and Patrick smiled at Ruby's laugh.

--

Pete watched Patrick load the dishwasher with a huge grin on his face. His face completely screamed joy despite the mundane activity of dishes.

"I've been thinking of going away for a few months. By myself." Pete tested the waters to see Patrick's reaction.

Patrick didn't skip a beat with his cheery reply. "Where do you wanna go?"

Pete leaned forward on the counter. "I don't know. Somewhere far."

"Send me lots of postcards! I love getting mail." Patrick turned to smile at Pete.
Pete frowned and tried again. "Or I might hole up here. In the house. Not even go outside."

Patrick stayed unperturbed. "Cool! We could build pillow forts and watch horror movies together!"

Pete felt agitation. He walked up to Patrick and grabbed his face. Pete forced Patrick to look Pete in the eyes. Patrick stared in shock initially, but he quickly smiled and started to giggle.

--

That night, Pete told Patrick to go to bed early. When Pete confirmed that Patrick was asleep, he went back to his office.

Pete sat at his desk, typewriter at the ready.

Patrick was just Patrick. Happy or sad, however he felt. Whoever he might be.

--

In the coming week, Patrick barely spoke, he barely looked in Pete's direction, and seemed cold to Pete's touch.

Patrick spent the last couple days laying down on the couch and watching television. Snacks of sweet and salty were strewn about on the coffee table in front of him.

"What are you doing? We have Gabe's party." Pete walked by with a dress shirt and dress pants on a hanger.

"Who?" Patrick asked without prying his eyes from the TV.

"Gabe Saporta? My writer friend?" Pete stared at Patrick. When Patrick didn't give a reaction, Pete grabbed the TV remote and turned it off.

Patrick's head snapped back to face Pete. "Hey, I was watching that!"

"Yeah, for days."

"It's a marathon."

Pete sighed. "I don't want to fight about this." Pete pulled the remote away as Patrick made a half-hearted attempt for it.

"Fine, then let's ignore it." Patrick stretched for another grab.

After several attempts, Patrick seemed to tire himself out. He slouched down and put his face in his hands.

"Patrick?" Pete sat next to Patrick and rubbed at his back to comfort him.

Patrick lifted his face up from his palms, but still wouldn't look Pete in the eyes. "I'm sorry. I don't know what's wrong with me lately. It's like my internal compass is just... gone." Patrick shook his head. "Maybe I do need to go out and see people."

--

Gabe's house was huge. A winding mansion if nothing else with shelves of books, decorations, and photos of award ceremonies. There was enough people that the placed looked packed without being
too loud or too tight.

Patrick looked anxious by Pete's side, intimidated by the massive amount of people around him after being cramped in Pete's home for weeks. "Pete, is it too late to go home?"

Unfortunately, Patrick's question was interrupted by a shout of "Pete!" over the crowd. Out of nowhere, Hayley appeared.

"What are you doing? You have to talk to Adam and Mandi." Hayley exclaimed.

"Who?"

"The two producers that want to adapt your novel. I messaged you about this."

Pete shook his head and glanced at Patrick. Patrick looked restless, his eyes darted back and forth to the large quantity of people around him.

"Okay, Hayley, can you keep Patrick company? I'll talk to them right now."

"No problem, they're over there." Hayley pointed over to a small group of people on the side.

Pete faced Patrick. "I'll be back, just stay here, okay?"

Patrick nodded his head, but his facial expression told otherwise.

--

Pete was surrounded by not only Adam and Mandi but several others that were interested on his input of the adaptation.

"Would you want to write the screenplay yourself?" Adam asked.

"Of course he is, who else is gonna do it?" Mandi insisted.

Pete scratched the back of his head nervously. "I don't know. I've never written something like that before..."

"I'm sure a genius like you wouldn't have a problem. You'd probably nail it first try." Adam laughed.

Pete cringed internally. He glanced back, Patrick stood with his back to the wall, a drink in his hand. He looked trapped in the corner.

"Who would you want to play Mila?" Mandi asked with twinkles in her eyes.

Adam joined in, "The cast has gotta be elite. It'll be huge."

Halfway through their conversation, Pete turned his head to check up on Patrick. Pete's jaw dropped as he saw that Patrick was nowhere to be seen. The corner that Patrick had been occupied was now empty.

"I'll be back." Pete excused himself while the producers stared in disbelief.

Pete pushed himself past the crowd of people in search for Patrick. On his way, he bumped into a girl.

"Sorry, excuse me." Pete apologized.
The girl turned around and Pete felt himself tense up.

"Pete."

"Ashlee."

Pete's throat clenched up as he tried to speak. "I thought you were in New York."

Ashlee crossed her arms and held her guarded expression. "Langdon's helping me get my novel published. He didn't tell you?"

"You finished your novel?" Pete swallowed thickly. 

Ashlee huffed. "Big surprise, huh? The dilettante finished something."

"I never said that." Pete defended.

"I heard you're seeing someone." Ashlee stirred her drink.

"Yeah, he's here."

Ashlee quirked an eyebrow. "Is he a writer, too?"

Pete shook his head. "No, he's a singer."

Pete caught a look of sympathy from Ashlee before he deadpan expression came back. "Sounds great, very nonthreatening."

"You thought I was threatened by you?" Pete clenched his fists. 

Ashlee shook her head. "Why would you be? You're a genius."

"Don't use that word. To think I loved you."

"Loved me?" Ashlee sneered. "Since when?"

"What's that supposed to mean?" Pete's voice was filled with annoyance.

"You never loved me, Pete. You loved an ideal of me. You treated me as a pet project rather than a girlfriend. Anything I did that you didn't like, you chalk it up as a flaw rather than a part of me."

"Bullshit." Pete scoffed.

Ashlee's expression softened. "Look, Pete. I still care about you. But a relationship is two-sided and to me, the only person you wanted to be in a relationship with was yourself."

"Good bye, Ash." Pete fumed as he pushed past her to the indoor pool.

Ashlee gave a disappointed face before she turned away.

--

Patrick sighed as he finished his drink.

Patrick tried to talk to Hayley, but it was too embarrassing after his initial impression of her. So, he grabbed a drink and sat in the corner. After several minutes, Patrick decided to move and find something interesting to do after Pete had abandoned him.
Patrick pushed his way around the house until he found himself in an indoor pool area with a bar to the side. Patrick wandered the edge of the pool and took his shoes and socks off.

"You like my pool?" A voice caught Patrick's attention as he dipped his toe into the water. "What are you doing at my party?"

Patrick stared from across the pool to see a tall man dressed in a black suit. "You tell me."

"Did you come with someone?" Gabe asked.

"Pete Wentz."

Gabe walked around the pool, closer to Patrick. "Are you the kind of boy that only dates famous writers?"

This piqued Patrick's attention. "Why, are you a famous writer?"

"I don't mean to brag. But I'm probably more famous than Pete Wentz."

"You don't say." At this point, Gabe stood just a few feet away from Patrick.

"Why do I feel like I know you?" Gabe's breathe smelt strongly of alcohol that Patrick could nearly retch at the scent if he wasn't already a little loopy himself.

Gabe walked closer to Patrick that he had to tilt his head back to look Gabe in the eyes properly. "Since we're here, why don't we go for a swim."

Patrick swallowed dryly. He knew that he should just refuse a go back to look for Pete at the party, but, hey, it wouldn't matter, Pete would probably just leave him again. Plus, Gabe was Pete's friend after all, it should be fine.

"But I don't have a suit." Patrick confessed.

Gabe gave a dopey smile. "Is that a problem?"

--

Gabe sat at the opposite end of the pool in nothing but his boxers while Patrick started to dip his toes in the water, he too was in his boxer only, pants and shirt tossed to the side.

Suddenly, Pete burst through the door. He looked around to access the situation before he spoke. "What the hell is going on here?"

Patrick stared in horror while Gabe spoke. "Pete. We thought we'd take a dip. Care to join us?"

--

The car ride home was tense. Pete's hands clenched on the steering wheel while he silently fumed. Halfway through, Patrick tried to turn on the radio to lighten the mood, only for Pete to immediately shut it off.

--

As they got home, Patrick opened the door ahead of Pete. Hemmy sat the side of the room.

"Hemmy!" Patrick called out to the dog and grabbed for Hemmy's leash on the coat hanger.
Pete walked up and slammed the door shut behind Patrick. He stared coldly at Patrick.

"What was that?" Pete demanded.

"What?" Patrick tried to play dumb.

Pete wasn't having any of it. "You know what."

"Oh, grow up." Patrick growled.

Pete grabbed Patrick's arm and pulled as Patrick tried to escape the conversation.

"Stop! You're hurting me!" Patrick cried, but Pete didn't let go.

Pete leaned in. "Explain what you were doing."

Patrick mustered out a face of frustration or tears. "You left me alone at a party where I didn't know anyone. I found someone to talk to."

"In your underwear."

"Would you have been mad if it were my swimwear?"

"Do you know how it looked? My agent was there. My ex was there!"

Patrick's brows furrowed in confusion. "Ashlee was there? Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because I was too busy trying to get you to put your damn clothes back on!" Pete let out a noise of frustration. "You're supposed to be my boyfriend!"

"I am your boyfriend!" Patrick pulled hard to force Pete to release his arm.

"Then act like it!" Pete hissed.

"I'm sorry I wasn't acting like your perfect image of a boyfriend!" Patrick spat back. "You can be such a fucking prude!"

Pete crossed his arms. "Because I don't want you skinny dipping with other men?"

"Because you don't want me doing anything! You have all these rules! And you don't tell me what they are until I've broken one of them and it's already too late!"

"You wanna know my rules? Don't fuck other men. Don't let them think about fucking you!" Pete snarled.

"So I'm responsible for what other people think? Pete, I'm not your fucking child. You don't get to decide what I do." Patrick screamed.

"Wanna bet?" Pete asked as Patrick started to put on his coat.

"What?!" Patrick turned to face Pete.

"I'm pretty sure I can make you do whatever I want."

Patrick made a face of disgust. "What are you gonna do? Tie me up?"

"Nope, I don't have to." Pete calmly walked up the stairs and into his office.
Pete took the last page of the manuscript and loaded it into the typewriter.

Patrick entered the room with his coat on and a small bag of his belongings. "Pete, I'm leaving. I'll call you tomorrow and we can work this out." Patrick sighed.

Pete simply stared at his manuscript before he typed something out.

"Pete." Patrick called again.

Pete glanced back up to Patrick. "Fine, go."

Patrick shook his head and started to walk out of the room. However, when he tried to leave, he was forced back as if something was pushing him back.

"What the hell is this? What's going on?" Patrick asked as he tried over and over to leave to room, only to be repelled by an unknown force.

Pete stayed silent and pulled out the piece of paper that he had typed on. He handed it to Patrick.

Patrick stared in horror as he read it aloud. "Patrick could not leave Pete's house. He couldn't even leave his office."

Patrick turned to Pete. "What the fuck is this?"

"This is my book. The one I haven't been working on. Wanna see?" Pete remarked.

Patrick grabbed the manuscript. He read it with dread filling his face. "Is this some kind of sick joke?"

"No, it's serious." Pete whispered.

"How could you know about this? About my homelessness? About my abandonment? This is private information! You can't write about me!" Patrick's hands shook as he clutch the stack of papers.

Pete leaned back in his chair. "I'm not writing about you. I wrote you. I made you up."

Patrick stared in disbelief.

"I had a dream about a guy. I wrote it down and gave him a name, Patrick. I wrote all kinds of things about him. And one day I woke up and he--you-- were living in my house. I can make you anything. Because you're not real." Pete confessed.

"You're sick. You fucking made me up? You must think so high and mighty of yourself. But, you're not the center of the fucking universe, Pete. If that's how you truly feel, than you're in for a lonely and fucked up life." Patrick yelled.

Pete looked unfazed and simply typed something out.

"Je te jure, tu ferais mieux d'ecoutez ce j'ai." Patrick covered his mouth and his eyes grew on horror. "Mon Dieu. Je parle francais? Mais, je ne sais pas parler francais."

"Patrick speaks French." Pete read out the phrase on the piece of paper.
"Qu’est-ce-qui se passe? Mais, comment est-ce que tu fais ça?" Patrick asked.

"I told you. I can make you do anything by writing it down." Pete smirked as he typed up something else. As Pete hit the period key, Patrick's right hand started snapping on it's own.

Patrick stared at his own hand as if it didn't belong to him. "Mon Dieu! Arete! Arete!" Patrick commanded, but his fingers wouldn't stop.

Pete typed out something else, the typewriter dings.

Patrick was no longer snapping his fingers or speaking French. Instead, he was slowly stripping himself of his clothing and singing for Pete.

"Skinnamarinky dinky dink. Skinnamarinky do, I love you..." Sadness spread across Patrick's face. "Skinnamarinky dinky dink. Skinnamarinky do, I love you..." Tears welled up in Patrick’s eyes as he finished unbuttoning his shirt.

"Ding!" The typewriter sounded as Patrick started spinning around chanting. "I love you, I'll never leave you!"

"Ding!"

Patrick fell to all fours and started growling like a ravenous dog.

"Ding!"

"I love your mouth! I love your face! I love your hands!" Patrick danced around.

"Ding!"

Patrick jumped up and cheered. "You're a genius! You're a genius! You're a genius!"

The phrase echoed around the room as Pete felt a strange guilt melt over his body. Disgust, he wasn't sure if it was with himself or his weakness.

Pete pounded his fists on his desk to the rhythm of Patrick's cheers. A loud clunky "ding!" rang out as Pete realized that he had smashed the keys of his typewriter.

Pete looked back at Patrick, who laid exhausted on the ground. Patrick's breathing was shallow and quiet. Pete could hear soft crying from Patrick.

Pete got up from his chair and approached Patrick. As soon as Pete lifted his hand to Patrick, the other man flinched and sprinted out of the room as fast as he could.

Pete sighed as he heard the bathroom door slam in the hall. He knew it would be best for Patrick to be left alone.

Pete looked at the remains of his typewriter; keys scattered everywhere and jammed into the machine. Pete sat back down in his chair and fixed the keys as best he could. He loaded up a fresh piece of paper and started typing.

As soon as Patrick left the house, the past released him. He was no longer Pete's creation. From that moment on, only Patrick could determine the course of his life. He was free.

Pete took out the page from the typewriter. He stacked all the piece of the manuscript back in chronological order.
Pete walked up the bathroom door and placed the manuscript on the floor of it. On top of the manuscript was a handwritten post-it note:

"Patrick. Look at the last page. I love you. -Pete"

Pete sat in the hallway, leaned against the wall, and waited for Patrick to come out.

--

Pete woke up with a stiff back and Hemmy licking at his face. The door to the bathroom was ajar. Pete noticed that the stack of papers was still there, but the note was gone.

Pete stood up and looked around the house. The bedroom was gone of all of Patrick's things. He ran into the laundry room. There were no traces of Patrick's clothes that were supposed to be hanging next to Pete.

Pete laid down into the floor of the hallway and cried. Pete was all alone again.

--

"Pete?" Pete shook awake for the second time that day. He blinked into focus as he saw Andy shaking his shoulder. "Are you okay? You weren't answering your phone and I let myself in to see you passed out on the floor."

Tears sprung again in Pete's eyes and he hugged Andy. "He's gone, Andy."

It took several days for Pete finally leave his home. Pete had broken down and explained everything to Andy. Surprisingly, Andy just gave a nod and continued to the pat his back.

--

"Nothing helps." Pete confessed dejectedly as he watched Joe pick out baby clothes for Ruby.

Joe stopped and put away a green onesie to look at Pete. "When was the last time you write something?"

"I can't write." Pete stared off into the section of cute tiny dresses.

Joe put a hand on his shoulder. "Sure you can. You had a pretty cool story under your belt. Why not finish it?"

Pete sighed. "They'll think I'm crazy."

Joe grinned. "No, they'll think it's fiction."

--

Things changed for the better in Pete's life, his old broken keyboard was changed for a shiny new laptop that made simple corrections for him, he started meeting new people outside of pre-established friends and family, his old timely novel was adapted into a successful movie, and most importantly, his new novel was published.

On the week that his novel was published, he went to a public reading where he read the first couple chapters of his new book, "The Boyfriend."

Pete stared off into the crowd of fans. In the corner sat his mom, Rick, Joe, Andy, and Ruby in Joe's
arms. They smiled patiently and proud. Pete took a deep breath and started to read.

"This is the true and impossible story of my very great love. In the hope that he will not read it and reproach me, I have withheld many telling details. His name, the particulars of his birth and upbringing, any identifying scars or birthmarks. All the same, I cannot help but write this for him. To tell him, I'm sorry for every word I wrote to change you. I'm sorry for so many things. I couldn't see you when you were here. And now that you're gone, I see you everywhere. One may read this and think it's magic--but falling in love is an act of magic. So is writing. It was once said of Catcher in the Rye, 'That rare miracle of fiction has again come to pass: a human being has been created out of ink, paper, and the imagination.' I am no J.D. Salinger, but I have witnessed a rare miracle. Any writer can attest, in the luckiest, happiest state, the words are not coming from you, but through you. He came to me wholly himself. I was just lucky enough to be there to catch him."

Pete looked up to the crowd as he turned the page to chapter one.

--

After the crowd dissipated, Pete took a chance to talk with his family. Hayley sidled next to him, most likely to take him to book signings.

"Where have you been? People have been dying to see you." Hayley exclaimed with a laugh.

Pete gestured to his family. "Hayley, meet my family."

Hayley's eyes bugged out comically as Dale pulled her into a big mom hug.

Rick let out a chuckle. "Isn't his imagination amazing? I mean, where does he come up with this kind of stuff?"

Pete smiled; he glanced to the side where Joe and Andy gave him a knowing look. Joe even gave him an over the top wink.

--

Pete walked around the park with Hemmy again. He could help the empty silence as Hemmy trotted alongside him.

When Pete stopped to tie his shoe. Hemmy pulled hard on his leash and ran off. "Hemmy!" Pete called after him.

Pete ran after his dog, who jump into the lap of a guy reading underneath a tree.

"I am so sorry." Pete apologized immediately.

The stranger laughed as Hemmy kissed at his face. "It's okay. I don't mind."

Pete crouched down to get a hold of Hemmy's leash. Pete's eyes widened as he looked at the man's face.

It was Patrick. His hair was a little shorter and he was wearing different colored glasses, but it was still Patrick.

"What's his name?" Patrick asked as he kept petting Hemmy.

"Hemmy." Pete answered.
"Huh," Patrick commented. "That's funny, that's the name of the dog in this book."


"Have you read it?" Patrick asked.

Pete didn't trust his words, so he nodded.

"Did you like it?" Patrick tucked a strand of hair behind his ear. As he did this, Pete glanced at the last page, "As soon as he left the house, the past released him."

"What did you think of it?" Pete looked back up at Patrick.

Patrick gave a small shrug. "I don't know. It sounds a little too pretentious in my opinion so far."

Pete almost wanted to laugh. It was definitely still Patrick.

"Have we met before?" Patrick leaned in. "You seem so familiar."

Pete froze. He was scared the Patrick would remember and hate him a second time. "I don't know." He answered.

Patrick smiled. "Maybe we knew each other in another life. Or maybe we just go to the same coffee shop."

Patrick tilted his head. "So what do you do, besides go for walks with your dog?"

"I'm a writer." Pete stated.

"Oh, what do you write?"

Pete simply held up the book to show his author photograph.

Patrick turned red and covered his eyes with his hands. "So that's why you look familiar."

"Maybe," Pete said, offhandedly.

Patrick looked back at Pete. "I was kidding about calling your book pretentious." Patrick bit his lip. "Can we start over?"

Pete smiled. "Yes. Can I sit here?"

"Please do." Patrick smiled back and scooted over to leave room for Pete.

"Just don't tell me how it ends, okay?" Patrick said after a beat of silence.

"I promise."
If you're interested, I suggest you check out Ruby Sparks. It's a great commentary on the objectification of women in media. Also, the two main actors are together in real life and it's cute!

Again, pardon my French, I don't speak it.

End Notes

I'm kinda back?? I've been uninspired to write, so I hope this will hold you over. And don't worry, I've already written the whole thing, so this won't get abandoned as well.

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