Boy, Interrupted

by ArtThedevil

Summary

Otabek isn't crazy, but for falling in love with a sociopath, he might as well be.

(Note: My summaries are complete crap)
Chapter 1

“So, Mr. Altin, I presume?”

I nodded. I was seated in an old chair that was slightly uncomfortable, hands neatly folded in my lap. I'd gotten up way too early for this, earlier than necessary, and I'm exhausted. “Yes, Otabek Altin,” I answered, trying hard not to sound too groggy. I needed to sound professional.

The man shuffled through papers in a file cabinet nearby. His hair was gray, and looked like it needed to be brushed, topped by a hat that looked weirdly out of place on him, and his skin was wrinkled with age. He had bags under his eyes as if he hadn't slept in days, and maybe he really hadn't. “Ah, here it is.” He pulled out some papers and slid them over the desk. “I'm going to need you to sign these.” The elderly man coughed into his fist roughly before using the opposite hand to hand me a pen. I complied, silently thanking him for not sharing his unwanted germs, signing where prompted and sliding it back to him along with the pen. He looked it over briefly before nodding and extending his hand.

“Welcome to Kanatchikov Dacha, Mr. Altin.”

I shook his hand politely. “Thank you sir.” The man smiled. “My name is Yakov Feltsman, I run things around here. If you have any questions, don't hesitate to ask.” I shook my head. “I think I'll be alright for the time being.” Yakov nodded. “Alright then, I'll have someone show you around.” He picked up the phone and dialed.

It rang a couple times before someone apparently picked up. “Emil? Da, can you have them send Phichit?” There was a pause. “Spasibo.” Yakov hung up and turned back to me. He'll be down in a moment.”

Not three minutes later, a man with dark hair entered the office. “You called for me, Yakov?” Yakov nodded and gestured in my direction. “This is Otabek Altin, he's the new orderly. He'll be working with you in the Men's ward so I'll need you to show him around.”

Phichit's face lit up. “Of course!” He excitedly extended his hand. “It's so nice to meet you!” I stood, shaking the chipper man's hand. Yakov chuckled. “Phichit, you certainly are more uplifting than the norm today.” Phichit smiled. “I'm just glad to finally have some help.”

“Until now, Phichit was the only Men's ward orderly on staff.” Yakov explained. “So he must be greatly relieved.” Phichit nodded in agreement. “Alright then, let me show you the ropes here.” Yakov quickly thanked him, and sent us on our way.

Phichit led me through a long hallway, coming to a stop in front of large double doors. “We have to take the stairs, the elevator is currently out of order.” he said with a sigh. We pushed through the doors and started making our way up the stairs. “It's been broken for three months now, I have no idea how long it takes to get an elevator fixed, but I'm pretty sure it should be fixed by this point.” Phichit complained. I nodded in agreement. “It should.”

“I know right! But when I question Yakov about it he just says 'its being dealt with'.” Phichit says exasperated. “Like what is that even supposed to mean? If you ask me, it's just an excuse.” He stops to turn and look at me. “You don't talk much, do you?”
I shrug lightly. “I'm a man of few words.” Phichit laughs, it's light an airy. “Is that so? Well, I have a feeling that will probably change. Some of the patients here can bring even the calmest of people to rage.” Phichit looked at me with curiosity. “So what made you want to work here in the first place?”

I paused, silently thinking it over. I really have no desire to pour my guts out to this guy, especially considering we only just met. “I don't want to talk about it.” I say finally. Phichit smiles. “That's alright, you don't have to tell me.” He pauses, and his smile drops a bit. “I started working here because of my brother, he was a patient here.” he explained. “He was a schizophrenic.” I raised my eyebrows. “Was?” Phichit nodded, a sad look in his eyes. “He passed away about eight months ago.” My eyes widened, and I instantly regretted asking. “I'm so sorry.”

He waved me off. “Don't be, you didn't know. I came to work here to be close to him and keep him safe, but I still failed.” I reach over and put a hand on his shoulder. “Hey, don't blame yourself. I'm sure you did as much as you could, you even got a job here to be with him. That's not nothing.”

Phichit offered his best half smile. “I suppose.” We stopped at more large double doors at the top of the final staircase. “This is the third floor, it's reserved for the occupants of the Men's ward only.” he explained. I couldn't help but notice how eager he was to change the topic. I don't blame him.

“The third floor is the Men's ward, and the second floor is the Women's. First floor is just Yakov's office, and the other doctors' offices.” I nod slowly, thinking the information over. “You most likely won't be visiting the second floor, most of your time will be spent on the third, and occasionally the first if Yakov calls you down for something.”

We push through the doors, they open onto the Men's ward. Everything was white and sterile looking, like any normal hospital. Patient's heads turned and watched us as we passed by. Others just carried about their business without so much as a glance. “Oh, and make sure you pull the doors to the stairway all the way shut, we've had quite a few escape artists on our hands.”Phichit says, laughing. “The doors lock automatically when closed, you'll be given a key for them.”

A pale looking man all but waltzed over to us, his face is somber and there's darkness around his eyes like he never sleeps or like someone broke his nose or something. The sleeves of his long shirt are pulled into his balled fists. He grimaces at Phichit. “Phichit! I wanted to ask if I had to go to my session with Dr. Nikiforov today, because I really don't think I need to. I'm feeling fine, I'm not even a little depressed.” The man bites his lip to the point where it might bleed if he kept it up much longer, he gazes at Phichit with pleading eyes.

“Well, Georgi, I think that's something you should discuss with Emil or Lilia. I'm sure Lilia would want you to meet with Victor anyway.” The man, Georgi, visibly deflates. “But they're most definitely going to make me! I'm fine! I don't need to see him every freaking day! I should have a say in whether or not I need a therapist!” Phichit shrugs at him. “I don't know what to tell you, I don't make the rules around here.” Georgi grunts in annoyance, crossing his arms as he storms off, cursing up a storm and causing a scene as he goes.

Phichit sighs. “That's Georgi Popovich, he was admitted for his suicidal tendencies. His parents decided he needed to stay here for awhile after his girlfriend dumped him, and he proceeded to try and kill himself several times.” We watch as Georgi stalks off down the hall and into what is probably his room. “Dr. Victor Nikiforov is the main therapist, and Dr. Lilia Baranovskaya is our Psychiatrist. Georgi hates them with a burning passion. You'll most likely meet them eventually.” Phichit explains.
We continue on, and a man with light brown hair and a beard greets us. “Hello, Phichit! I was wondering where you ran off to.” Phichit smiles and gestures to me. “We have a new orderly, I was instructed to show him around.” Emil smiles brightly. “Oh! How nice!” He happily shakes my hand. “I'm Emil Nekola, I'm the RN for the Men's ward.” I nod. “I'm Otabek Altin.” I reply politely. “I hope you like excitement, because this place is full of it! Never a dull moment.” He says. I can't tell if he's being sarcastic or if it really was genuine.

“Well, I still have a lot to show him, we'll see you later Emil.” Emil utters a quick 'see you later' and we're off again. “This is the main room, also known as the entertainment room. It's where all the patients come to mingle and do their own thing. Most of them just like to come here and watch TV.” We pass a small table with a man sitting by himself, reading a book. “Hey, Yuuri.” Phichit greets happily. “How are you doing today?”

The man looks up at us, pushing his glasses up his nose. He has dark hair, and comes off extremely timid. “Hello, Phichit. I'm doing alright.” He smiles at him like they had been best friends for years. He glances over at me a little nervously. Phichit must notice, because he pulls me over more. “Yuuri, this is Otabek, he's the new orderly.” Yuuri stares up at me, offering a small smile. “It's nice to meet you.” I return the sentiment. “Have you met with Victor today?” Phichit asks. Yuuri looks down, his face flushing a bit. “Uh, not yet. I'm supposed to see him at three.” Phichit nods. “Alright then, tell him I said hello.” Yuuri assures him that he will, and we move on.

“Yuuri's a sweetheart, you'll probably not have much of a problem with him.” Phichit says. “He seems pretty normal to me, how did he end up here?” I ask. “He has anxiety disorder. He gets pretty overwhelmed sometimes and can lapse into intense episodes of depression for long periods of time. He's extremely self conscious.” He sighs. “Last time it took almost twenty four hours to calm him down. He wouldn't come out of his room at all.”

“I see.” I say, as we walk further into the ward. We pass through the main room and go down another hall. A tall blonde man is leaning up against the wall in front of one of the rooms, smoking a cigarette. “Hey, Phichit.” He says, blowing out a puff of smoke into the air. “Who's the hot new guy?” I can't help but notice he's unusually thin. “This is Otabek, he's the new orderly.” The man looks up in mild interest. “Really?” He taps his cigarette, making ashes fall to the floor. “Chris, how many times do I have to tell you to use an ashtray? Maintenance is getting pissed with you.” Phichit scolds.

“Chris shrugs. “There's never one around when I need one.” Phichit rolls his eyes. “Whatever you say.” We continue walking till we reach the end of the hall. “That was Christophe Giacometti. He's here diagnosed with anorexia. He can be a pain in the ass sometimes. Especially when he won't eat.” Phichit says. “The cafeteria is down this way.” As we turn to go to the cafeteria, a loud noise from behind startles us. There's banging followed by a lot of yelling. “Oh shit.” Phichit says. “Let's go.”

I follow him back the way we came without question. We run back toward the main room, where there is quite the scene going down. Two men followed by several other men had burst through the doors to the stairway, a petite blonde man thrashing about in their grasp. “Let go of me assholes!” The blonde continued screeching and thrashing until he was free, dashing out into the main room. The men went after him, but Phichit and Emil stopped them. “Leave him.” Phichit ordered. They eyed him like he was the one who was crazy.

The blonde came to a stop in the middle of the room. “Welcome back Yuri.” Phichit said sarcastically. The blonde, Yuri, glared daggers at him. “You fuckers can't do this to me!” He's clearly pissed, and very irate. “Can't do what? Bring you back every time you manage to escape?”
Yuri glowers. “I can do whatever the fuck I want.” His eyes dart over at me, as if he’s just now noticing my presence, despite me having been right next to Phichit the entire time. His attitude completely changes direction and he moves in my direction. He takes his time, moving as if he had all the time in the world. “Who’s the stiff?” There’s a mischievous glint in his eyes. “This is Otabek Altin, he’s the new orderly.” Phichit explains. “Which means you will have to listen to him now as well.” Yuri quirks a brow. “Is that so?”

Yuri suddenly rushes at me, startling me a bit, but I keep it from showing. He grins up at me, trailing a hand up my arm coyly. “You’re cute.” He cackles and tosses his head back, causing his long hair to cascade down his back and shoulders. It’s slightly disheveled but still shiny and soft looking. “That’s enough, Yuri.” Phichit warns. “You’re wanted in Dr. Nikiforov's office.”

Yuri whips around to look at Phichit, his expression sour again. “Like I care?” Phichit huffs. “Yuri, I do not want to have to escort you there with excessive force. I think you already know that’s not pleasant for either of us.” Yuri rolls his eyes and raises his hands in mock fear. “Oh no I'm so scared!” He hollers. “Victor can kiss my ass.”

Phichit crosses his arms. “Office, now.” Yuri defiantly turns and walks off in the direction of the hall, blatantly ignoring Phichit's request. Emil steps in front of him, blocking his path. “Move.” There's venom in his voice, it almost sounds deadly. Yuri tries to race around him, but Emil grabs him by the arm. The men that brought him in must have knew the hell he was about to raise, because they moved at him before he even shouted.

They caught him in an instant, as he struggled to get out of their grasp. The screams and shouts coming from the petite man were almost inhumane. He cursed and yelled all sorts of profanities, and I think he even tried to bite one of them, as they hauled him away.

I didn't know what it was about that guy, but something was drawing me to him. I found myself even more curious about the feisty blonde than I should be. All I could think about was the odd feeling those pale blue eyes staring right into mine gave me as he was carried out of sight.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

I intended on updating this sooner, I'm just a really big slacker. I hope to have the next chapter up next Thursday or Friday, if all goes according to plan. Anyway, hope you guys enjoy if anyone's still reading this.

As my first day as an orderly came to an end, Phichit and I sat outside on the back steps. Phichit liked to come out here to relax and have a coffee while on his break. He sighed, stretching his legs out in front of him. “What a day.” He gazes up at the slowly setting sun.

Before I can stop myself, I open my mouth and ask the question I'd been wanting to ask for hours now. “Who was that blonde? You know, the one from earlier?” I mentally scold myself for sounding like an idiot. “I assume you mean Yuri.” I nod. Phichit sighs another long heavy sigh. “His name is Yuri Plisetsky.” He shakes his head. “Man, that guy is something else. He's been diagnosed with Antisocial Personality Disorder, or in short terms, he's a sociopath.” Phichit explains. “And he takes pride in it too. He tells anyone who will listen.”

I say nothing, listening to all he has to say about him. “He's been here for four years now. His parents enrolled him here when he was fifteen.” Phichit sighs. “If you ask me, they just didn't want to deal with him. They never visit, or even call to see how he's doing.”

I couldn't help but feel bad for the guy. It must suck to not have any family to care about you. No matter how messed up you are. “He must be lonely.” I hear myself saying. Phichit just nods. “I find myself thinking that too sometimes, but you know what? Then I have to go in and deal with him when he gets brought back, and I take it back.”

He looks over at me. “Do yourself a favor, and don't get too worked up over it. He's charming and charismatic, but evil as fuck.” He looks concerned. “Yuri Plisetsky will toy with your emotions, then take advantage of you, like so many others. I've seen it way too many times.”

Phichit looks at his watch. “Well, looks like break time is over.” He stands, stretching his arms. “We should get back inside. Gotta get everyone settled in for the night.”

I stand as well, brushing the dirt from the steps off of my pants. “Come on.” He says, motioning for me to follow with a smile.

Back in the ward, everything is mostly calm. Mostly. Georgi was still being grumpy about his visit with Dr. Nikiforov, and Chris was smoking without an ashtray yet again. Phichit didn't even yell this time. He walks right past him, and over to Leo, a boy with Multiple Personality Disorder. Over the course of the day, I'd met pretty much every patient here. Each had intriguing stories and very unique personalities.

Leo smiled at Phichit. “Aw man, is it time to call it a day already?” Phichit nodded. “Afraid so, Leo.” Leo frowns. “I'm not Leo, I'm Jason.”
“Ah, we haven't heard from you at all yet today, Jason. Is everything alright?” Phichit asks. Jason nods. “Just been tired, needed a break from fighting for the hotseat with Leo, Oliver, and Rhys.”

“Alright then, go get your meds now. It's time for bed.” Phichit says. “You don't have to sleep, but you do have to get in your room. You know the drill.”

Jason shrugs. “Ah, well Oliver and Rhys are already sleeping, and I don't think Leo will bother me.” He explains. So I'll probably just chill now that its my time to shine again.”

He walks off to take his meds. “Everyone, go to Celestino for your meds, then get in your rooms!” Phichit says. Everyone lines up, takes their meds, and are off to their rooms within ten minutes. Except for one.

Yuri is seated on the floor in front of the couch in the entertainment room. The tv is on, but he is only pretending to watch it, back leaning up against the couch. “Ahem.” Phichit clears his throat, purposely trying to get his attention. Yuri doesn't move. “Yuri.”

Yuri's head turns to look at him this time. “What? Can't you see I'm watching something?”

Phichit shakes his head. “Yuri, you hate tv.” He states. “Now care to explain why you're the only one still out here?”

The blonde shrugs, obviously disinterested. “Why not?”

“Because there are rules, and you seem to specialize in breaking them.” Yuri smirks. “Rules are made to be broken, otherwise there wouldn't be any in the first place.”

Phichit rolls his eyes. “Have you taken your meds yet?” Yuri nods. Phichit doesn't look like he believes him. “Did Yuri take his meds?” He shouts over to Celestino. “Nope. Wouldn't get his ass over here and I sure as hell wasn't gonna fight with him.”

Phichit crosses his arms, giving Yuri a tired look. He goes and retrieves the meds from Celestino, bringing them back to Yuri. He hold them out to him, and Yuri eyes him before snatching them out of his hand. He pops them into his mouth, swallowing hard and glancing up to Phichit again.

“Open your mouth.”

Yuri complies, and Phichit nods in approval. “Alright then, I guess you can stay out here, even through you're not allowed to until three.” He turns to me. “Can you keep an eye on him for a few minutes? I have to go do checks soon.”

I nod. “Of course.” Phichit thanks me, giving Yuri one last stern look, a warning that clearly meant 'behave yourself'.

When he's gone, Yuri smirks up at me. “He's such an uptight ass.” He says. “I swear, all the staff in this place needs to get laid, maybe then they would chill out a bit.”

I resist the urge to laugh, and Yuri looks at me expectantly. “How about you? I can't imagine you don't get any with an ass like that.”

I know what he's doing, and I can't let myself fall for it. Remembering what Phichit had said earlier, I try to compose myself enough to answer. “I believe I'm not at liberty to discuss that with a patient.”

Yuri scoffs. “Yep, another uptight one.” He picks himself up off the floor and crawls onto the couch with almost cat-like agility. I couldn't deny that it was sexy, but it would be even more so if he wasn't
absolutely crazy. His black shirt had a rip in it where his stomach was, showing off his belly, and the shirt was so loose it hung off of one shoulder. His pants were so tight it left little to the imagination. I shut my eyes, willing the thought from my mind.

Yuri must have known what I seemed to be thinking, because the smirk never left his face. He slid his hand up my shirt and grabbed it, pulling me so I was face to face with him. He gazed into my eyes with those mesmerizing green ones. His hair smelled faintly of cigarettes.

“Like what you see, mister Altin?” He taunted. Before I could protest, his tongue slipped out and licked up across my lips to the tip of my nose. It caught me off guard and he could tell I was flustered. He chuckled, and a throat cleared from behind me. I turned my head, my shirt still being grasped by Yuri's hand.

Phichit looked at Yuri disapprovingly. “Yuri, you've lost your main room privileges for the night. Go to your room.”

Yuri smirked, releasing his hold on my shirt. “Sure thing asshole. It's boring out here anyway.” He says. As he slips away from me, he slides his hand off me completely, making sure to brush his hand over my crotch as he does. With a sly smirk and a wink, he saunters off to his room for the night.

As Phichit gives me a sorry look, I can't help but wonder what the hell I'd gotten myself into.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Once again, sorry it's been so long, I'm so bad at this -_-  
Warning, (my sad attempt at) mild smut in this chapter

That first day only made me realize how difficult this job was going to be. After Phichit dismissed me from my duties for the night, I quickly made my way to my 'room'. Being an Orderly meant sleeping at work. Well, not sure how other institutions work, but since this one is so understaffed, all employees have their own living quarters in the building. They are located off the left end of the first floor, opposite of the wing with all the doctors and management offices. Two long hallways with heavily locked doors separated us from them. Sort of reminds me of a prison.

The rooms were all set up like a studio apartment. There was a full size bed with plain gray and white sheets, a small dresser for clothing, a small tv was set up across the room in front of the bed. A half wall separated the bed area from the kitchen area, which had a small counter space, a microwave, a stove, and a refrigerator. A small round table with one chair was in the center of the room. There was a door on the far right which I could only assume was the bathroom.

I didn't waste much more time taking in the décor, plopping myself on the bed and kicking my shoes off. I was absolutely exhausted, but I also had a little problem to deal with, courtesy of a certain blonde. No matter how much I had tried to will it away, it just wasn't happening, and I silently cursed the man for being such a tease. I flopped back, rubbing my temples in frustration. I had literally just gotten hard because of one of the patients.

I sighed. “This can't be fucking happening.”

I wasn't even going to shower, I'd take care of that in the morning. I didn't want to move, because every time I did it felt like my pants got tighter and tighter. I definitely wasn't going to jack off, not to a fucking patient, that wold be wrong on so many levels. Closing my eyes, I tried to fall asleep. Maybe in the morning my little problem would be gone.

I was in my room. The tv was on, but it was playing some reality show that nobody really cares about. I wasn't paying attention to it anyway. My pants were pushed down past my hips, and I was busing myself with the task of masturbation. I moved my hand in slow steady strokes, swiping my thumb over the tip a little. My breathing grew harder and I moved my hand a little faster, when a voice in the doorway stopped my motions completely.

“Need some help with that?”

Yuri. He stood there in his tight leather pants and loose t-shirt, oh that fucking loose shirt. His pale white shoulder bare for me to see. I couldn't stop thinking about how badly I wanted to trace it with my tongue, to cover it with bite marks and make him moan. Fuck he probably sounded so sexy.
“Get. Over. Here.”

I didn't need to say it twice. In the blink of an eye, Yuri was climbing on top of me, connecting our mouths. He nibbled lightly on my bottom lip, swiping his tongue over it quickly before I opened my mouth and he slipped it in. His lips were so soft, not like I was expecting. We broke apart, panting hard as we tried to catch our breath. Once my breathing slowed, I tried to speak but before I could say anything, Yuri's lips were crashing into mine again.

I trailed open mouthed kisses down his neck and to his shoulder, running my tongue over the soft skin. His head tilted back to give me better access, and I sunk my teeth into the edge of his shoulder. He let out a gasp, moaning and clutching my shirt like he had earlier.

Moving further down, I pushed his shirt up so I could do the same to his nipple. A sharper breath, like it hitched and he gripped me so tight his knuckles were whiter than normal. He pushed me away, green eyes sparkling with mischief.

“Not so fast.” He shifted so that his face was level with my still exposed crotch. “You can't have all the fun.” He said with a wink, before he licked the head of my cock.

I woke up breathing heavy, looking around to see nothing but plain gray walls and sheets. The tv was off, and there was no Yuri in sight. Looking down, my pants were still on and closed, but one thing hadn't gone away. I ran a hand through my sleep tousled hair. Of course my hard on hadn't softened, how could it have after a dream like that.

Groaning, I decided taking a shower after all would be best. I stripped off my clothes as I made my way to the bathroom, knowing I would actually have to deal with my hard on or it wouldn't go away. Sleeping usually did the trick, but with my dreams being plagued with a certain blonde, that just wasn't going to happen. For the first time in a long time, I got off in the shower, to the image of the ever frustrating but absolutely sexy, Yuri Plisetsky. I knew I would hate myself for it afterward, but at the moment I didn't care.

When I eventually came, quick spurts against the tiled shower wall, I imagined it was Yuri's face. With a sigh, I got out and dried off, knowing I was going to be in deep trouble if these thoughts continued. I'm fucking screwed.
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Once again sooo sorry about the long wait, but I'm really bad at updating regularly. Just hang in there, I will not abandon this or any other of my fics, no matter how long it takes me to update them. This is why you DON'T start writing more than one thing at a time, it's so hard T^T

When I enter the Men's ward at just half past seven, Phichit is already rounding everyone into the cafeteria for breakfast. He greets me with a smile as soon as he spots me walking over.

“I hope I'm not late.”

Phichit shakes his head. “Nope, you're just on time!” He motions for me to join him by the wall. “The morning is usually pretty uneventful, after breakfast everyone just kinda does what they want until lunch, unless they have a meeting with one of the doctors.” He explains. “Dr. Nikiforov usually sees everyone one to three times a week, depending on their progress.”

I watch as everyone gets their breakfast and settle into groups, or alone, to eat. “You'll learn everyone's schedules eventually, it doesn't take long at all.” Phichit informs me. “As well as their personalities and little quirks.”

I notice Yuuri has decided to sit alone, quietly shoveling spoonfuls of what I can only assume is oatmeal into his mouth. Leo, Mickey (a man with Dream Anxiety Disorder), Minami (a teen with Bipolar Disorder), and Guang Hong (a teen with Anterograde Amnesia) sit together, chatting quietly amongst themselves. Chris, JJ (a pathological liar), and Georgi are also sitting together, although Chris doesn't seem interested in paying attention to either of the other two. JJ is attempting to tell him a story that likely isn't true, and Georgi is complaining about something I can't make out from my spot against the wall. I notice that Chris has a plate in front of him, but hasn't made any effort to touch any of it's contents, while quietly smoking another cigarette. And last, Seung Gil (a man with Borderline Personality Disorder) is also sitting alone at a table in the corner. There’s a sinking feeling in my stomach as I realize that Yuri is the only one not accounted for.

I shift uneasily, moving closer to Phichit. “Um, aren't we missing someone?”

Phichit looks confused, scanning the room before sighing with realization. “Ah, Yuri sometimes skips breakfast, or shows up late.” He says. “We gave up fighting with him a long time ago, and he doesn't have Anorexia, so it won't kill him to skip breakfast once an a while.”

“Oh.” I nod in understanding. “Maybe he likes to sleep in.”

Phichit shakes his head. “It's not likely that he's sleeping, he rarely sleeps. I only ever see him rest between two to four hours a day.” He shrugs. “I don't know how he manages to have so much energy.”

“I guess he doesn't need it.” I offer. Phichit laughs. “I wish I were like that! Especially with this job.”

I'm about to agree with him, when there's loud shouting from one of the tables. Minami shoots up out
of his seat, palms resting flat against the tabletop. “I said shut up!”

Leo is glaring at him from across the table. “Make me, shrimp!”

I don't know what I should do, or if I should do anything. It's only my second day, and I'm not familiar with everyone and their typical behavior, so I have no idea how to handle explosive situations like this. I move away from the wall, and Phichit holds up a hand. It's okay, I'll handle it. He moves over to the two.

'I'll make you all right!’ Just as Minami raises a fist, Phichit steps up to them. “Hey!” They both turn their heads to look at him. “What's going on over here?!”

Minami puts his hand down, glowering at Leo as he speaks. “Leo is making fun of me!” Leo glares back. “I'm Rhys! And I didn't do shit!” This apparently only irritates Minami more. “Are you serious?!” Rhys rolls his eyes. “What does it matter if I did? What are you gonna do about it?!” Guang Hong quietly tries to calm Rhys, but he doesn't pay him any mind. Minami picks his fist back up. “Come here and I'll show you!” He leans forward like he's going to hit Rhys.

“Okay, okay!” Phichit shouts, a little irritated. “Rhys, don't harass Minami, you know how he can get.” He looks at Minami. “Minami, I know you're upset, but we don't solve our problems with violence. Now settle down or I'm writing you both up!”

Minami's eyes water, and he starts to cry. “I know, I'm sorry!” Phichit sighs. “Just sit down and finish your breakfast, I don't want to have to separate you.” They do as they're told, and don't speak another word to each other. Phichit comes back over to the wall where he was before. “You handle everyone here really well.” I say in appreciation. He smiles at the compliment. “I guess I'm just good with people. I've also been here a while, so I know how all of the patients work, and how they think.”

I secretly hope that I'll do just as well. I don't know how everyone will react to me yet, at least when it comes to diffusing aggressive situations. I don't know if they will respect me as an authority figure. Especially the more aggressive of the bunch.

The rest of the morning goes by easily. Yuri still hasn't left his room, which both relieves and stresses me, and by the time noon rolls around, I get my chance to actually do my job. Leo, or rather Rhys, and Minami are at it again. Phichit is in the middle of escorting Yuuri to Dr. Nikiforov's office, so it's up to me to deal with the two. They're about to launch into a full on scuffle on the floor of the main room, when I approach them.

“Hey you two, what seems to be the problem?” I ask calmly. I didn't want to raise my voice unless necessary. They pause to look at me.

“Rhys keeps calling me a shrimp again!” Minami wails. “Because that's what you are.” Rhys nonchalantly retorts. “I wish you would just go away! I hate you!” Minami yells in his face. “I like Leo and Jason way better, hell even Oliver is better than you!”

Rhys rolls his eyes. “Of course you would like those idiots, you are one too.” He taunts. Minami wastes no time swinging his fist at Rhys' face, and I quickly wedge myself between them just in time to block it, his fist slamming into my shoulder. There's a moment of quiet shock on Minami's face, before he backs away from me with wide eyes.

“I-I'm sorry! I didn't mean it!” I raise an eyebrow at him. “I know, you meant to hit him, not me.
That's why I stopped you.” Minami didn't respond, and Rhys smirked at him triumphantly, like he'd won.

“Now if I remember correctly, Phichit warned you guys this morning that if you continued you'd both be written up.” I say. Rhys' smirk was replaced with a scowl and an annoyed click of his tongue. Minami glared at him. “This is all your fault! Now we're gonna get in trouble and it's all because you're an asshole!” Rhys continues to glare at him. “I'm not the asshole here, you're the one who tried to punch me. It's because of you that we're in trouble.”

I thought Minami was going to be pissed, even lunge at him again. But instead, He falls to the floor with a loud sob. It caught both me and Rhys off guard. Minami was sobbing, his words all mushing together as he cried on the floor like a toddler in time out. With a sigh, I turn to Rhys.

“I'll speak with Phichit about the write up, given the circumstances.” I tell him. “I think it's in your best interest to stay away from Minami for the rest of the day, unless you want more trouble.”

He gives me a nod, then retreats to his room. By this point, the other patients that had stopped to watch the whole scene were scattering, or chuckling to themselves at Minami's behavior. My eyes met with sparkling green ones, and my heart skipped a beat.

Yuri had emerged from his room finally, probably to see what all the yelling was about, and was leaning up against the wall by the hallway. He smirked at me, arms casually crossed over his chest. I forced myself to look away from him, and instead at the still wailing teen on the floor.

“Alright,” I say, attempting to help Minami off the floor, who was basically screaming by now. “Minami, you're disturbing the other patients, I'm going to have to ask you to either calm down a bit, or go to your room.”

He looks up at me through wet bleary eyes, sobbing slightly ceasing. He hesitates, before standing shakily, and running off to his room, wailing all the way. Phichit returns, just as he runs by, looking puzzled. I sigh as Minami shuts the door with a slam that echos down the hall.

Phichit approaches me, eyebrows furrowed in confusion. “What happened?”

“Rhys and Minami were at it again.” Phichit sighs. “Those two are always at each others throats.” He states. “I don't think they'll ever get along.”

“This happens often?”

Phichit nods. “At least twice a week.” He says. “But with Rhys' negative attitude, and Minami's constant change of mood, I guess it's to be expected.”

He smiles at me. “But it looks like you handled it well for settling your first fight. Did it get physical?”

I nod, explaining exactly what went down. He shakes his head, running a hand through his hair. “I'm gonna have to write Minami up, since he actually got violent. As for Rhys, I'll think about it, although he seems to have started it, he didn't make any attempts to retaliate physically.”

Phichit looks at his watch. “Oh, I almost forgot! Today we're taking the patients out for coffee and hot cocoa in town. We do that once a month, during the winter months. In the spring and summer, we take them for ice cream.” He explains. “It allows them to see the outside world a bit and get some fresh air. We do have a yard, but that's a bit different.”

That's actually a nice gesture, I didn't think a place like this would do something like that.
“Rhys and Minami are not going, due to their behavior. I'll have to stay here and have a talk with each of them.” He says. “Emil will be with you instead. During outings, one RN and one Orderly must be present. Since Emil is currently the only RN, he always goes, but you and I will take turns going along with him.”

Since he said nothing about a certain blonde, I'm assuming he'll be going along with us. My heart-rate increasing just thinking about it. Great. This should be an interesting afternoon.

The air outside was pretty cold, and it's only mid December, so it'll only get even colder soon. Winters in Russia are notorious for being brutally cold, at least most of the time. Me, Emil, and all the patients (minus Rhys and Minami) are bundled up into coats, hats, and scarves. Except for Yuri, who is wearing a black hoodie over the same oversized shirt he was wearing yesterday. Does he ever take that thing off? I can't help but wonder.

As we approach the coffee shop, Guang Hong bounces happily, and Chris puts out his cigarette as JJ attempts to tell another story about how he met the Queen of England when he went on tour to London with his band. Some of it sounds believable, but I'm almost certain most of it isn't, I just can't tell which parts.

I trail behind as Emil leads everyone through the door, making sure everyone is there. Yuri is walking as slowly as possible, on purpose, most likely to annoy me. But it isn't working. He stops just outside the door, turning his head to look at me. I wait for him to say something, but he doesn't. He just stares at me with those damn hypnotic eyes. There's a hint of a smirk tugging at the corner of his lips. I hate the way he always does that, like he knows something that I don't.

"Come on, Yuri,” I say, his name falling heavy off my lips. “You'll let all the cold air in.” His smirk is more defined now, as he looks from me to where Emil is patiently holding the door open, waiting for him to enter. He stays silent, finally walking inside with the others, and we follow close behind him.

Once everyone is seated, warm beverages in hand, Emil and I split up, Emil sitting at a booth with Seung Gil, Georgi, and JJ, While I sit with Chris, Mickey, Guang Hong, and Yuri at the neighboring booth. Mickey scowls into his cup of coffee, while Chris barely sips his. Guang Hong tells me about his childhood memories, and how his parents used to take him to a coffee shop just like this one, as he happily drinks his hot cocoa. “I may not remember everything that happens every day since my accident, but I do remember everything before it very clearly.” He says with a smile.

I nod at him. “That's very good, Guang Hong. Memories are special, especially ones from childhood.” He beams at me, taking another sip from his mug. “I think so too!”

I notice Yuri is looking at me from the corner of his eye, from where he is seated by my right side. I pretend not to notice, and he eventually averts he attention back to his piping hot cup of cocoa.

As we wait for the last few patients to finish their drinks, I feel Yuri shift in his seat, subtly moving closer to me, until I eventually feel his thigh brush up against mine. I try my best to ignore him, keeping a straight face. When he doesn't get the desired reaction, he tries again. A little less subtle this time. I take a glance at him from the corner of my eye, like he'd done minutes earlier. I can see the devious little smirk again. I ignore him once more, watching as Guang Hong downs the last of his cocoa. Chris still has barely touched his, and it's clear that he probably won't.

I still in my seat, as I feel a hand creep it's way up my right thigh. I know it's not right, but I hesitate, briefly caught up in the idea of Yuri's hands all over me, before slowly sliding away from his touch. I
don't even glance in his direction this time, and I don't have to in order to know that he'd still got that
damn smirk on his face. *This boy is going to be the death of me.*

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!