Mirror, Mirror aka 5 times Michael or Jeremy Looked Into the Mirror of Erised and 1 Time They Didn't Need To

by PunsAndBulletsAndPointyThings

Summary

Written by the "amazing beta Audrey!!" I have no way of posting my fics so waywardflower said she'd post this for me

Just the boys and the Mirror of Erised as they learn their feelings and stuff via Erised ex-machina. Written kind of in 5 +1 style.

Notes

So this is the author, Audrey speaking. First of all thanks to waywardflower for posting this here for me. Long story short I have no way to get access to my Ao3 account or make a new one for parental reasons so she said she'd post this for me. I hope you all like it. And comments would be great, I'll ask her to screenshot them and text them to me and I'll tell her what to reply. Also I'm going to take requests/prompts via comments. More info on that in the after notes. Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes.
1. Michael (Pre-squip):

Michael's mother always told him never to look at the mirror in the attic. Michael being Michael, never listened. And for the longest time he had no idea why she had told him not to because it was just a normal mirror. He was young and happy and didn't have any deep desires or wishes. But that all changed one day during the summer before 7th grade.

He was 12, Jeremy was almost 12, and the day started just like any other day. Jeremy had come over to hang out and they were playing video games in the basement. They had just finished a particularly difficult level of the game they'd been playing and had started celebrating. They'd both laughed and then Jeremy smiled at Michael and suddenly Michael couldn't breathe. His heart clenched uncomfortably in his chest, his pulse raced, and he thought to himself "I really want to kiss him" Then he froze. Panicking, he made up some bullshit excuse about needing to use the bathroom and ran out of the room all the way up to the attic. Jeremy would never look for him in here, he was sure.

He turned around and was looking into the mirror. But it was different this time. He wasn't alone. Jeremy was there.

He almost screamed. He whipped around but there was no one there. Cautiously he turned back around to look at the reflection in the mirror. He studied it closer. They were both quite a bit older, they were adults. And they weren't in Michael's attic either; they were in an apartment that Michael had never seen before. They had matching Pac-man tattoos and... Michael did a double take. They had wedding rings on. Mirror Jeremy held Mirror Michael's hand and kissed his cheek. Michael turned red as he watched the reflection of older himself and Jeremy start making out. He backed away, heart racing, and threw the sheet over the mirror and ran out of the room.

He came back into the basement looking no different from before, an almost perfect poker face hiding his new realization. That was the day Michael Mell realized that he was completely, desperately, totally, undeniably, head-over-heels in love with his best friend.

He pushed the emotions down, hoping they'd go away. They never did but sometimes he'd convince himself that they did. Whenever he thought he was over his feelings for Jeremy he'd look in the mirror to see if the image was different. But it was always the same. He wasn't quite sure how it worked but he knew that Jeremy could never see it. So he told him that the mirror was boring and never to look at it. After all, nothing good could come from Jeremy knowing.

2. Jeremy (Pre-squip):

There was a mirror in the attic at Michael's house. Jeremy had never looked at it but he knew it was there. It was covered constantly by a large sheet that draped over it, protecting it from prying human eyes. All he knew about it was what Michael had told him; it was boring and he should NEVER look at it. It had seemed a little overdramatic in Jeremy's opinion, and now, standing in front of the mirror he was even more confused as to why Michael told him not to go looking at it.

Jeremy had been bored and Michael suggested they play hide and seek. It has seemed kinda childish, but he'd agreed. He had gone up to the attic to find a place to hide and had accidentally knocked the sheet off of the mirror.

It definitely wasn't boring. It was very tall, and the frame was gold and extravagant. Carved on the top was the inscription "Erised stra ehru oyt ube cafru oyt on wohsi". But it wasn't the decorations
that made it so fascinating, it was what he saw inside it.

Jeremy Heere saw not only himself in the mirror but other people as well. He was older, more attractive, and acne-free. His mother was there, and so was his father, who was wearing pants. Michael was there too, laughing with an arm slung over his shoulder. But what he noticed more was that Christine was there. She was holding Jeremy's hand. And smiling at him. Jeremy turned around, but there was no one there. He turned back to the mirror, sighing wistfully. "I wish I could be cooler." He said, brushing his fingers over the glass lightly.

"Ready or not HEERE... I come!" He heard Michael shout. He panicked and threw the sheet back over the mirror. Then he hid behind what looked like a treasure chest, the image in the mirror temporarily forgotten.

3. Michael (Post-squip):

It never went away. It was always there in the back of his mind. The image from the mirror was constantly haunting him.

He'd stopped looking at the mirror a long time ago, but the mirror never stopped haunting him and his dreams. But ever since the "squipcident", as Rich had dubbed it, his dreams changed from bittersweet fantasies of something that could never be to straight up nightmares.

He'd wake up with a shout, soaked in sweat, chilled to the bone, and face wet from tears, the phantom image of mirror Jeremy sneering at him and called him a loser dancing in and out of his vision and his mind. Choking back sobs, he'd rub his eyes furiously until the tears stopped, put on his glasses and his headphones and listen to music until he either fell asleep or the sun came up. He had a nightmare every night, and some nights he' have them 2 or 3 times in one night.

His lack of sleep showed. He'd come to school slow and lethargic, dark bags under his eyes, and would usually pass out at the lunch table, dead to the world and oblivious to the concerned looks Jeremy and the rest of his friends shot him and each other.

After a few weeks of vague responses to questions about his sleep and well being his friends were finally fed up with his obvious bull shit. Rich cornered him one day after school and demanded on behalf of all of their friends that Michael tell him why he wasn't sleeping, because everyone was really worried about him. Michael told him that he'd been having nightmares, sparing the details, and Rich seemed to drop it.

The day Jeremy and Christine broke up, Michael allowed himself to look at the mirror. It was the same as always, the only difference being the new picture frames on the wall that now held images of them and their friends. Those hadn't been there the last time he'd looked at the mirror.

That was also the night his sleep schedule got better and he allowed himself to hope. As he sat in front of the mirror, fantasizing over the life that could never be his phone buzzed. He picked it up to see a text from Jeremy "can I come over?" Michael responded with a "yeah sure" and went downstairs.

When Jeremy got there the silence between them was awkward. Jeremy and Christine had announced the breakup at lunch that day. They'd assured everyone that it was mutual and they were better off as just friends, but Michael didn't want to bring it up. They had played video games in relative silence for about an hour when Jeremy suddenly spoke, pausing the game.

"Rich said you've been having nightmares," Michael tensed. He wouldn't have told Rich if he wasn't okay with everyone knowing, but he wasn't totally comfortable talking about it out in the open like
this. "what are they about?" Jeremy asked quietly.

Michael fidgeted with the controller. "Stuff. The past, the future, normal nightmare stuff I guess."

Jeremy nodded, but he looked like he didn't quite believe him. "Uh, m-me too." Michael looked up. "I've been having nightmares ever since the play." Michael's brow furrowed with worry. "It's kind of stupid, but, uh, when I can't sleep, when the nightmares are too m-much, I get out my phone and I-listen to the voicemails you s-sent me while I was sq-squipped. It's stupid, you're kinda mad in a lot of them but, but your voice helps me." He looked away, clearly uncomfortable or embarrassed. "Tha-that's part of why I came over. I thought, I thought maybe we could h-help each other. We could pretend we're kids again and share a sleeping bag or s-something. It might help you. And it-it'd help me." Jeremy blushed. "If you're not okay with that that's f-fine-"

Michael's face heated up and his heart melted as he smiled. This boy, this amazing wonderful boy. God, what did I ever do to deserve him? "It's okay with me, Jeremy" Michael said and Jeremy stopped rambling.

It might have been embarrassing for some but sleeping next to Jeremy felt natural and safe. It was a little awkward getting started but then it became easy as they joked and talked themselves to sleep.

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Michael woke up the next day well rested and covered in Jeremy. He didn't mind. They'd both been nightmare free and it was refreshing. Michael smiled at sleeping Jeremy and wished that the circumstances of the situation were different so that he could kiss Jeremy awake and cuddle with him openly.

When Jeremy awoke things weren't awkward for longer than a minute or two, and it wasn't really awkward persay, just different.

It became a routine, the two of them sharing a bed to keep the nightmares away. And every time Jeremy held Michael's gaze a bit longer than usual, blushed at a compliment Michael gave him, or was just a little more physically affectionate than was strictly necessary, those were the times that Michael allowed himself to hope.

4. Jeremy (Post-squip):

When Jeremy broke up with Christine it was a relief to know that she felt the same, and thought that they were better off as friends. Jeremy had noticed that their dates seemed more like friend hang outs and after one awkward kiss he realized they weren't meant to be. It was mutual, but if you'd told Jeremy that he did it so he could be with Michael he would have sputtered indignantly, turned bright red, and denied it. Because that simply wasn't the case.

He was however, hesitant to tell Michael about breaking up with Christine. He was ashamed, he'd hurt Michael, really really hurt him in an attempt to get with Christine. And now that they'd broken up, now that he knew they were never meant to be more than friends, it seemed like what he'd done to Michael was so much worse. He'd dragged him through the mud, ignored him, treated him like shit, called him a loser, and only tried to get him back when he needed him, when he owed it to him, and for what? A girl he only dated for a month or so. That's why Christine and him had told everyone at the same time during lunch.

Then he'd come over to Michael's house and they'd slept in the same bed like they were 7 and innocent children again.
It should've been weird. Sleeping in the same bed as his best friend. They were both dudes; they were almost adults, all logic, every social rule said that this was weird, strange, awkward, taboo, but... it wasn't. It felt natural, easy. He woke up and Michael was smiling at him, he had an arm wrapped around one of Michael's, and the other one was trapped under his body. And when Michael whispered "good morning" in a voice that was low and sleep-roughened, and looked at him with eyes that were warm and kind, completely unobstructed without his glasses, and warm chocolatey brown that crinkled at the edges from his smile, Jeremy's heart did a funny little flip and warmth spread from his head to his toes. It was a strange sensation, but not entirely unpleasant. He smiled back at Michael and cracked a joke about Robert Pattinson and watching people while they sleep, to which Michael laughed loudly and Jeremy beamed, loving the sound.

This kind of stuff went on for a while and, Jeremy being Jeremy, had no idea what they meant. They'd be playing video games and their eyes would lock and Jeremy would suddenly be filled with that warm, happy feeling that for some inexplicable reason always made him smile or, even worse, giggle, then blush and look away. It was an automatic reaction and it was always the same. If their hands accidentally (read: on purpose) brushed Jeremy would get the feeling, smile, blush, and look away. If he caught himself staring at Michael, warm feeling, smile to self, look away before he notices, blushing. This went on for what seemed like forever until he finally realized why he was doing it and what that funny little feeling meant.

He had woken up early before Michael and decided to try to do something for him, or find something for him. He wasn't entirely sure what he was looking for, he had a vague idea of finding an old trinket that would remind them of the good old days of elementary school. He wandered into the attic and started going through stuff. That when he turned around and saw the mirror. It wasn't covered with a sheet anymore for some reason. He suddenly remembered seeing the mirror before junior year had started. He was so startled he almost dropped the lint-covered Pac-Man ghost stuffed animal he'd been holding.

He blinked. The image in the mirror was... different from last time. It was just him, looking pale and scared, and clutching a small stuffed animal so tightly it was like it was a lifeline. He stepped forward and nearly dropped it again. Now that he was directly in front of the mirror he saw something else. Michael. He saw Michael in the mirror. It was just him and Michael. They looked a few years older, but not much, they looked like college freshman. The Michael in the mirror was standing behind the Jeremy in the mirror, his head was resting on Jeremy's shoulder and his arms were wrapped around his waist.

That was... weird, but Jeremy was sure that there was a totally logical explanation for that.

Then Reflection Michael smiled and turned his head to kiss Mirror Jeremy's cheek. Oh. OH. He dropped the pac-man ghost stuffed animal. Mirror Jeremy smiled and closed his eyes, and brought up a hand to rest lightly on Michael's hair and the other hand moved to lay on Michael's hands that were clasped around his waist. In the mirror Jeremy tilted his head to give Michael better access before turning his head to kiss him.

Actual Jeremy's eyes widened and he staggered back away from the mirror, the sudden realization hitting him like a ton of bricks. He dazedly made his way to the ground, sitting down to catch his breath. Oh my god. Oh my GOD. He looked down at his hands and was mildly surprised to see that they were shaking. That made sense, he supposed, he did just have the most mind blowing realization of his life. He loved Michael. He loved his best friend. He was totally in love with Michael Mell.

"J-jesus Christ," he said to the empty room. His voice was shaky and scared. He got up, knees
shaking and in danger of buckling. He bent down and picked up the stuffed animal that he'd dropped. He made his way down the attic ladder and walked to the kitchen. He grabbed a pen and took a sticky note from the pad that was on the fridge door. He took a deep breath to steady his breathing and hopefully his handwriting, and wrote a note to Michael. "Michael, look what I found. That's a real blast to the past isn't it? Haha. So I remembered that I promised my dad we'd do something' "very specific" he muttered to himself but kept writing. 'so I got to go. See you later though. Love, Jeremy' Jeremy swore quietly under his breath and roughly scribbled out the word "love", replacing it with "from". He put the stuffed animal next to the note, then left to go to his house.

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When Jeremy got home he slammed the front door behind him and panted, out of breath. He almost screamed when his father cleared his throat.

"You okay there, son?"

Jeremy was a split second away from nodding when he gave up. He slid to the floor and shook his head. "N-no," he croaked. "I'm not okay, dad."

His dad made his way over to Jeremy and sat down next to him. "What's wrong, Jeremy?"

"I- I just r-realized something and it, it scares me."

"What did you realize?" Mr. Heere asked gently.


Mr. Heere paused. "...and?"

Jeremy gaped at his father. "W-wha? What do you mean 'and'?"

Mr. Heere sighed. "Son, you're not exactly subtle." He chuckled at Jeremy's face. "Besides I've been betting on the two of you getting together since the 5th grade."

"I- I, y-you, what?!" He screeched, face red. "Dad!"

"Aw, come on Jeremy. The two of you are so cute together, go for it! What are you afraid of?"

Jeremy looked down, "What if he doesn't like me back?"

Jeremy's father burst out laughing. "Son, if there is one thing I know for certain, it's that that boy is head over heels for you. He does everything for you. There's no way he doesn't like you back. Tell him how you feel."

Jeremy looked up at his father. "You think so?"

"I know so,"

"But what if everything changes?" Jeremy asked quietly.

Mr. Heere thought for a moment. "Does he make you happy?" He asked. Jeremy nodded. "Then that's all that matters. I know you make him happy. Follow your heart, son. That's the only way to get what you want."

Jeremy nodded, face set in newfound determination. "I'll do it," he said. "I'll tell Michael how I feel."
Mr. Heere beamed. "Good man," he said, patting Jeremy on the back.

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Telling Michael, however, turned out to be much easier said than done. I mean, how do you tell your best friend that you're in love with them? You can't just say out of nowhere, "hey man, just so you know, I'm totally in love with you, okay?" and then go back to playing Mario Kart. It just didn't WORK like that, no matter how much he wished it would. So Jeremy decided to only tell him when the time was right, at the perfect moment. But whenever said perfect moments arrived Jeremy would either chicken out or something would interrupt them and ruin the moment.

A few days after Jeremy realized his feelings for Michael, he'd woken up in the morning completely wrapped around a softly smiling Michael. He'd been awoken by the light sensation of someone rubbing circles on the exposed skin of his side. When he opened his eyes he immediately noticed the way their legs were tangled together and the way he'd wrapped both of his arms around Michael's torso. Michael, for his part, didn't seem to mind, judging by the way he was rubbing circles on Jeremy's skin and smiling softly. Oh, and there was also the fact that they were only centimeters apart and Jeremy could feel Michael's breath on his face. "Sleep well, Mahal?" Michael asked in that gorgeous raspy sleep-roughened voice of his, and Jeremy shivered involuntarily. They were so close, it'd be so easy to kiss him, all he'd have to do was lean in ever so slightly and their lips would touch. Jeremy could've sworn he'd seen Michael's eyes flicker down to look at his lips for a split second before he closed his eyes, leaned in fractionally and- the alarm clock started beeping, shattering the moment into a billion pieces. Both boys leapt apart, faces aflame and avoided eye contact with each other.

Two days later they were playing video games in the basement when it happened again. He wasn't sure what caused it, but the timing was right. "Michael, I-" he started, but when Michael turned to look at him inquisitively he panicked and flailed mentally for something to say. "I, I" he sputtered, face turning red.

"Yes?" Michael promoted, almost eagerly, no, that didn't make sense.

"I, uh, I need some Mountain Dew Red." He said finally.

Michael's face fell for a split second before shifting into his "oh shit. Overprotective best friend mode" and he nodded and went to the mini fridge for one of the Mountain Dew Reds he kept stocked around the house for Jeremy. Jeremy felt bad lying to Michael like that, but the Mountain Dew Red actually made him feel better, it being his comfort drink, so it wasn't totally a lie. "Thanks" he said.

"No problem," Michael replied. "What are friends for?"

This pattern went on and on and Jeremy finally accepted the fact that he was destined to pine helplessly forever, too shy to make a bold, obvious, move and too unlucky to ever finish making a move uninterrupted.

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5. Michael (Post-post-squip):

It was slowly killing him. He'd been sleeping better but he was slowly going insane. Jeremy fucking Heere was going to be the death of him.

Jeremy, with his soft, wavy, almond colored hair and his big blue eyes and his smile and his laugh. He was driving him crazy. Allowing himself to hope was a bad idea. Because he kept doing...
And sleeping in the same bed, don't even get him started on that. It started out with them on opposite sides of the bed but nowadays Jeremy would just attach himself koala-like to Michael as soon as he lied down on the bed, and Michael would end up with an armful of Jeremy and his head of curls in his face, the smell of his shampoo overwhelming everything else.

And then Jeremy would bury his face into the juncture between Michael's neck and his shoulder and make a happy little keening noise that made butterflies flit around frantically in his stomach and his heart skip a beat. He tried to keep his arms to his sides but usually by the time morning came around his arms were wrapped entirely around Jeremy.

And there was that one night when Jeremy had snorted irritatedly after getting situated and had grabbed Michael's arms and wrapped them around him. When Michael gaped at him in disbelief Jeremy had turned his head and mumbled, "What? You're comfy. And warm" into Michael's skin in a way that gave him goosebumps, sent a sharp bolt of electricity through his body, and caused a warm heat to coil almost painfully in his gut. He had to spend a solid 30 minutes thinking stubbornly about spiders, snakes, and nearly naked old ladies. Things that definitely WEREN'T Jeremy and how nice his lips had felt talking against his skin to keep himself from awkwardly popping a boner while his best friend was cuddled up against him. Morning wood was also a problem, but thankfully Jeremy had never noticed it and Michael hoped it would stay that way.

Michael woke up in the middle of the night for absolutely no reason. He looked down at Jeremy, who was cuddled around him and smiling softly. But the sight filled him with a somber sadness. This could never be what it LOOKED like. It'd never be more than friendship. He would never be more than a friend to Jeremy. He was just Michael Mell, the antisocial headphones kid who was a bit of a stoner. He felt tears start to sting at the edges, blurring his vision. He gently unwrapped Jeremy's arms from around him careful not to wake him. He grabbed a large stuffed bear and placed it in between Jeremy's arms where he'd been.

Then he left the room, closing the door quietly behind him. The next thing he knew he was in the attic and was uncovering the mirror. He sat down criss cross in front of the mirror.

In the mirror Jeremy and Michael were cuddled together under blankets on a bed. They were smiling at each other. Michael didn't even notice the tears that streamed down his face. He reached out to touch the mirror. "Jeremy..." he murmured. "I wish...

+1 Jeremy:

Jeremy was always a light sleeper, after the play, even more so. So it was no surprise that he woke up a few minutes after Michael left. Any thoughts of "he's just using the bathroom, go back to sleep" were immediately dismissed when he saw the teddy bear.

He got up and headed to the attic. Michael thought Jeremy didn't know that he liked to hide in the attic when he was upset or wanted to be alone. But Jeremy had noticed.

He got to the attic just in time to see Michael sit down on the floor in front of the mirror. Jeremy was shocked to see that he was crying and though he wanted to say something, to move closer and comfort Michael, he was frozen in place. As Michael stared fixedly at the mirror Jeremy tried to imagine what he saw in the mirror. It was quite difficult. Then Michael reached out and brushed his fingers lightly over the surface of the mirror and said something that seemed to make his heart stop.
and speed up at the same time. He said Jeremy's name. Then he said "I wish..." and Jeremy was filled with a sudden, powerful hope and his father's words suddenly replayed in his head, "Son, if there is one thing I know for certain, it's that that boy is head over heels for you. He does everything for you. There's no way he doesn't like you back. Tell him how you feel."

Jeremy stepped forward and he mentally scrambled for the right thing to say. Nothing he thought up felt right, so finally he just settled on his name.

"Michael." He called.

Michael scrambled to his feet and whipped around, trying, unsuccessfully, to wipe the tears off of his face and make it look like he hadn't been crying. "Jeremy!" He yelped nervously. "What, what are you doing here?"

Jeremy shrugged slightly and rubbed the back of his neck nervously. "I, uh, w-well, you left, and I, uh, I woke u-up. A-and you p-put the teddy bear there, s-so I knew something was wrong." He wanted to look away, but forced himself to remain eye contact.

"Oh. Well, uh, here I am. I'm, I'm good. You, you should go back to b-" Michael started to say, but he stopped talking when Jeremy stepped forward and hugged him tightly.

"You're not 'good' Micha," Jeremy whispered over Michael's shoulder. "You were c-crying. D-don't try and p-pretend you weren't, I-I saw you." He paused, rubbing circles soothingly on Michael's back. "Micha...?" Michael made a small noise to show he was listening. "W-why were you crying o-over," he took a breath. "over me?"

Michael tensed. He started to deny it but Jeremy moved one of his hands from his back and fisted it in the hair at the base of Michael's neck and hung his head over his shoulder and Michael's words cut off. "I know you w-were. You s-said my n-name. Wha-what do you wish?" He wanted to pull away slightly and look Michael in the face, but he didn't have enough courage. Slowly Michael's arms raised up and he hugged Jeremy back.

"I, I wish..." Michael sighed. "I wish a lot of things about you, Jere. I don't think you'd like a lot of them."

"L-like what?" Jeremy asked, torn between fear and anticipation of the answer.

"Uh, well I wish I could make your insecurities go away... And I wish you weren't so good at Mario Kart."

Jeremy chuckled lightly, but he knew that wasn't what he'd wished for in the mirror. "W-what do you see in the mirror? I, I know how it works. I've used it t-twice. D-do, do you see m-me in the mirror?" He asked quietly.

There was a moment of total silence, and Michael was still. Then, slowly he nodded. Jeremy's heart soared but he still wasn't positive. He pulled away and looked at Michael. He'd silently started crying again and was looking down at the ground. The hand Jeremy had fisted in Michael's hair smoothed out and cupped the back of Michael's neck. He moved his other hand to cup Michael's cheek and tilted Michael's head up to look at him, wiping a tear away with his thumb.

"In what w-way?" He asked, but Michael's eyes were still aimed at the floor. "Micha." He said, voice steady and calm, stutter-free, though he felt the complete opposite of calm and steady on the inside. "Look at me." Michael's watery brown eyes lifted to look at him, slightly red at the edges from crying. "How do you see me in the mirror?" Michael's face heated up under his hands in a way that he could feel, which was helpful since it was too dark to see it change color.
"I-" Michael started, but he couldn't seem to get the words out, and he looked away again.

Jeremy moved his hand so he was cupping Michael's face with both hands. "Do you see me in the mirror with you the same way I see you with me?" Michael's eyes shot up to meet his quickly, face very hot underneath Jeremy's hands in a way that told him that Michael was blushing a LOT.

"Wha-" he started, but Jeremy had heard, and felt, enough. He closed his eyes, leaned closer, and kissed Michael.

Michael gave an audible gasp against Jeremy's lips and for a split second Jeremy was worried he'd read everything wrong and Michael'd push him away. But then Michael tilted his head so their noses weren't pressing uncomfortably together anymore and kissed Jeremy back. Jeremy's breath hitched and his heart started somersaulting in his chest. One hand moved back to tangle gently in Michael's hair and after pulling Jeremy closer with one hand, Michael moved to hold Jeremy's face gently in both hands like he was something precious and fragile. It was a simple gesture, but it made Jeremy's heart melt. When finally they broke apart for air, both breathless, they leaned together and rested their foreheads together.

Michael, still cupping Jeremy's face, looked at Jeremy in astonishment, like he'd just been given the best gift of his life. Then he said something that made Jeremy feel like he could fly. "I love you."

And Jeremy looked at Michael. His hair was messy and ruffled from Jeremy's fingers, his cheeks were pink, his lips were slightly puffy from kissing, and he was smiling at Jeremy in a way that seemed to light up the room. Jeremy smiled back at Michael and said, "I love you too." Michael, if it was even possible, smiled wider and happy tears formed in his eyes.

Michael tilted his head and sang lightly. "Is this love? Is this love? Is this love? Is this love that I'm feeling? Is this love? Is this love? Is this love? Is this love that I'm feeling?"

Jeremy laughed and kissed his nose. "Y-you've been listening to too much Bob Marley, Michael." He said.

Michael gasped over dramatically, putting a hand over his heart. "Too much Marley? No such thing."

"And yes," Jeremy added. "I think this is love." He smiled.

Michael moved his hand to one of Jeremy's and laced their fingers together. "Are the Beatles better?" He asked and started singing. "I wanna hold your hAAaAand. I wanna hold your hand." He smiled lopsidedly at Jeremy.

Jeremy laughed. "You dork," he said affectionately, and squeezed his hand. He leaned up and kissed Michael again. And again. And again and again and again. Finally, exhausted, he said "C'mon, Micha. We should go back to bed."

Michael nodded. "Yeah."

Hand in hand, they walked out of the attic, which was tricky seeing as the entrance, and therefore the exit, was a thin ladder, and back to Michael's room. Michael got in bed, Jeremy right behind him, instantly attaching himself to Michael, wrapping his arms around him. It sent a thrill of happiness through him when Michael automatically wrapped his arms around Jeremy as well. And when he leaned up to kiss Michael lightly before closing his eyes, his heart warmed at the knowledge that he could do this whenever he wanted to now.
Now, Jeremy kissed Michael whenever he could, and it was obvious that Michael did the same. He'd wake up Jeremy with a kiss and a "Good morning, Mahal", which he explained to Jeremy meant "love". And when they came to school the next Monday holding hands all of their friends had cheered. A few people even passed money around, Rich grinning in satisfying as Jake passed him a twenty. And by the end of the day the entire school knew, thanks to Jenna. People were surprisingly supportive for the most part.

Jeremy was nervous about telling his father at first, but Mr. Heere was thrilled. And Michael's mom's were really happy for them.

And neither Michael nor Jeremy ever looked at the mirror of Erised again.

~End~

End Notes

So I hope you all enjoyed that!

While writing this Waywardflower said that her headcanon is that if Jeremy had looked in the mirror while he had the squip he wouldn't see his reflection, but the mirror would have other people on it because he didn't want to be there. And I wanted to add that to the fic but there would've been no reason why Squipped! Jeremy would even be in Michael's house, let alone the attic, so I wasn't able to. But consider that canon in this AU. Also if you got the Dear Evan Hansen reference than you're awesome.

Okay so if you guys comment prompts or requests I will (probably) take them. I'm not limited to BMC ships. Ships I'll write for sure: Boyf Riends, spideypool, Destiel, Sabriel, and Wildehoppns. I'll also attempt to write Pinkberry and Richjake but I've never written anything for them before so I can't guarantee how good it'll be. Comment a ship, a prompt, a request, or whatever and I will try to fulfill.

And if any of you ship spideypool and want to read my fics for that my A03 account is punsandbulletsandpointythings. I can't log in to it anymore but you can read them.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!