Cramps

by Noth_lit_8

Summary

Mike visits Eleven after she gets her first period (and has calmed down with the understanding she is not dying).

Notes

I want to start posting in this fandom. I'm obsessed. So cute. Kill me.

See the end of the work for more notes

Mike Wheeler had been standing at the step in front of the cabin Hopper and Eleven resided in for over ten minutes. He knew he needed to be here, but he didn't know what to say. He just knew that it was his duty, as El's boyfriend, to be here.

El and Max had been spending time together lately, much to Mike's delight. He knew the two had gotten off on the wrong foot, and although he would prefer to have El with him 24/7, he felt like El getting to bond with a girl would probably be healthy. And besides, he couldn't be selfish. It would be wrong of him to deny the rest of the world of the best human in existence.

As Max explained to him, she had been watching a movie at the cabin with El earlier today when it happened. El, who never admitted to pain or weakness, complained to Max of a stomachache. With a laugh, Max had said her dad always told her that the first thing to do when your stomach hurts is to try to poop, so she shooed El off to the bathroom. Within just moments, there had been a shout,
followed by a panic attack as Max burst into the room. El was kneeling on the floor, pants and underwear pulled down (Hopper had explained that she wasn't supposed to show those areas to anyone, but the horror that washed over her when she found blood between her thighs had outweighed this.)

Max rocked El on the floor, explaining to her that she was safe, that she was having a period. No, not the kind at the end of a sentence. No, it's not bad. No, it's not weird. No, she cannot believe Hopper never explained to her what menstruation was.

Luckily, Max had pads with her and gave one to El, teaching her how to apply it to (a fresh pair of) her underwear. Then she informed Hopper of what was going on. The man had gone pale and called Joyce, who came over with boxes of cotton materials and a bottle of Mydol.

Max had gone home, but not before stopping at Mike's house to let him know his boyfriend duties call.

So this was how Mike Wheeler ended up on the step of his girlfriend's house, uninvited by Hopper. Just before he could take yet another deep breath to knock on the door, it was flung open, and Mike found Hopper standing above him. It had been about a year since he was first reunited with El, and within that time, Mike had sprang up like a weed. He wasn't at eye level with Hopper yet, but it's not like it would have mattered to Mike because Hopper was still the one with the gun.

"H-hello, Sir."

"Hey kid. What do you want?"

Mike swallowed. "Max t-told me that El..." he trailed off, unable to say "period" for some reason. Hopper raised an eyebrow and nodded slowly, probably suspicious of why in the world Mike would think that anything concerning El's reproductive system is even close to his business. "I brought chocolate," he spit out. "I know it's what Jonathan brings Nancy-" He wrinkled his nose at the thought of his sister in this context. "And! And a few books from the library that I thought she'd like. I thought we could read them...together." He pursed his lip. Why was he such a mess?

Hopper looked back at Mike, stared for what felt like way too long of a time in Mike's opinion, and sighed.

"Alright. You can come in. But just..." Mike paused, waiting for Hopper to finish his thought. Hopper just let his shoulders relax and shook his head. "You know the drill."

"Yes, sir," Mike replied as he stepped in and made his way towards El's room. The door was shut, so he knocked.

When he received no reply, Mike coughed. "Hey El, it's me. Can I come in?"

Instead of a verbal response, after a few moments, the doorknob twisted and gently swung open. Mike stepped in, opening the door all the way to reveal his girlfriend curled up under the comforter of her bed, reading one of the Magic Tree House books that Mike had gotten her so interested in. Her back was propped up on three pillows, and her head lolled onto one of them, her curls sticking out every which way. Mike thought there couldn't possibly be a creature more beautiful than this girl.

"Hi, Mike," she whispered, smiling softly. Mike felt his heart melt. She scooched over in her bed, patting the side to welcome Mike to sit.

He cautiously sat at the very edge of the bed, making sure not to invade her space. El rolled her
eyes, a gesture she had picked up from Lucas. "All the way, Mike." When he went to glance out the
door to see if Hopper was watching, El silently closed the door from across the room. Mike looked
back at her. Her nose wasn't bleeding. She had gotten better at using her powers since leaving the
lab.

"You shouldn't do things like that when you're not feeling well. Save your energy for feeling better
instead," Mike said, taking off his shoes to slide in next to his girlfriend. El scrunch her nose in
reply, disturbing the smooth planes of her soft skin.

"I'm okay. Joyce gave me My-del."

"Mydol," Mike gently corrected. "And I'm glad you're feeling better." He pulled the chocolates out
from behind him. Thankfully Valentine's day was about a month away, so stores had already begun
to stock up. "I brought you some chocolates. I heard this stuff helps."

El beamed and took it thankfully. She gazed up at Mike, and he wondered how he could love
someone so much. "Mike. You're not...grossed?"

Mike almost had to hold back a laugh. Grossed? "El," he started, smiling down at the work of art
below him. "Everything about you is perfect. And I'm your boyfriend. Boyfriends are supposed to
be there for this stuff."

Mike and El went over the titles of the books that Mike had brought over for them to read together.
It was one of their favorite things to do. Mike would take one side of the pages, and El would take
the other. She was becoming a stronger reader, starting to understand low-level chapter books and
still enjoying looking up words she didn't understand in her dictionary. "This one-" El decided,
pointing to a copy of Junie B Jones. Mike nodded.

"This is a great choice, El. There are a lot of books about this girl, so if you like it, we can read
more."

They spent the afternoon with chocolates melting on their tongues, El taking the left side of the
pages and Mike taking the right.

When Hopper found them fast asleep an hour later, El cuddled up to Mike, looking so much more
peaceful than she had been earlier today, he didn't have the heart to move them. God damn young
love.

End Notes

Comments make me smile.

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