# A damn good babysitter

by Livitup

**Summary**

Steve has pretty much become the guardian/mom/older brother of the main party. He's 110% willing to help the kids with anything but when he needs them the party will stop at nothing to help their favorite babysitter.

**Notes**

WHATS UP PEOPLES! Yes, I am attempting a Stranger Things fic and yes, I will still update my other stuff but I wanted to try something. This is gonna be weird, funny, fluffy, a little angsty, so read on!

Well here we go!
Dustin was alright with the way things had turned out. Will was ok, El was ok, Mews was not ok, but now there was Tews, who was even more work. (Some days Dustin would have preferred Dart)

Not to mention that half of his friends had girlfriends. Well, not officially but it was obvious that it would happen soon.

Lucas had won Max. Mike and El had always kind of been a thing, and Mike wasn't letting Will out of his sight so it was kind of like a threesome.

The one time Dustin had brought this theory up he had almost been thrown against a wall by Eleven, weather it was because of the threesome comment or the thought of sharing Mike.

One thing was for sure. D&D had gotten quite awkward. Lucas and Max kept looking at each other. Longingly. And Mike kept changing the rules for El so she'd win more.

And this was why Dustin was upstairs bothering the babysitter.

"Whatcha doing?" Dustin asked, looking at the mess of papers covering Mike's table.

"Regretting taking astronomy." Steve Harrington grumbled. "Aren't you playing a nerd game?"

"I was." Dustin said. "Then it got weird"

"Welcome to being single" Steve said. "Now go away. I'm busy"

"I can help" Dustin said sitting down next to Steve.

"No way. I'm not letting a middleschooler teach me anything"

"Steve"

"What?"

"You misspelled Orion"

"Whatever"

"Steve"

"What?"

"Cassiopeia is one constellation. Not three"

"Ok ok. I'll fix that"

"Steve"

"WHAT"

"Half of these flashcards are wrong"
"FINE" Steve yelled. "Teach me whatever. I'm already failing. What more can you do"

"Dustin!" Lucas said coming up stairs. "Where have you been? You missed the best part!"

"We're studying astronomy" Dustin said. Steve just shrugged.

"Hey guys! Steve's actually learning!" Lucas called to the basement. Laughter resonated.

"Alright you little shit!" Steve said. "Who has the wallet? Me! The fate of the pizza rests in my hands so go be a nerd and keep me out of it!"

Dustin patted Steve's arm. "It's ok. Just focus on the dog star"

A little while later after Dustin decided Steve knew enough to at least get a C in the class, Steve prepared to get the pizza. (Lucas had feared that Steve would go through with his threats and enlisted Eleven to send a book flying by his head)

"Hey dipshit" Steve said, looking at Dustin. "Just going to sit up here?"

"I love nebulas" Dustin said, staring at a book.

"Yeah right. You wanna come?" Steve asked.

"Really?" Dustin said. The look on his face would have made anyone smile.

"Yeah yeah. I'm awesome" Steve said as Dustin raced by him to the car.

"Can I drive?"

"Ye- OH HELL NO! I promised your parents I'd keep you in one piece."

"Unlike the wall"

"The wall? What the hell happened?"

"Nothing I was kidding."

Steve punched Dustin lightly. "Stop that. I don't need to break down Nancy's house."

"Hey Steve" Dustin said once they were driving.

"Yeah?"

"Do you like being single?"

"No one really likes it after a break up stupid"
"Ok ok. Jeez. Do you hate Jonathan?"
Steve nearly swerved off the road.
"What? No. No Jonathan's fine."
"Yeah. That reaction was fine"
"Shut up"
"Steve"
"What now?"
"You're cool ok? Like you're awesome"
"What?"
"It's a compliment shithead. Take it"
"I call you that. Not the other way around."

At the pizza parlor new issues arose.
"Jesus! I am not buying the x-tra x-tra large! Look at the prices!"
"Aw come on! Cough it up!"
"No! We do not need deep dish crust or waffle crust and we definetly don't need both!"
"It's important Steve!"
"It's twenty bucks Dustin!"
"I will give you a starting loan of fifty cents" Dustin said, handing out two quarters.
"Oh gee thanks" Steve said. "Fifty cents- wait where did you learn about starting loans?"
"My mom. She wants me to learn how to do the taxes"
"Okayyyy" Steve said slowly. "How about this. We go fifty fifty and get desert for the two of us. Sound good?"
"Ok" Dustin said, handing over ten dollars and his quarters.
"Nice try kid. Seven more dollars." Steve said, holding out his hand.
"Ok gimme a sec. I gotta get to my emergency stash"
"Ok" Steve said. He'd had one when he was a kid. He'd kept some cash in his shoe.
"It's in my underwear" Dustin said casually.
"IT'S WHERE?" Steve yelled.
"It was in my shoe at first. Then I moved it because bullies kept stealing it."

"Just go in the bathroom to get it. No one wants to see you bring it out here"

"Come on Steve. I'm a catch." Dustin said, making his purring noise.

"Go" Steve said, pointing to the bathroom trying to conceal laughter.

"I'm back" Dustin said holding out cash."

"No way kid. I'm not touching that" Steve said. "You go pay"

"Fine wussy. I will" Dustin said marching off.

Two seconds later he came back.

"What the hell was that?" Steve asked, looking at the lack of food.

"Uhh...I'm not hungry."

"Bullshit" Steve said. "Well even if you supposedly aren't the other shitheads are and have probably blown up the house in the time we've been gone."

"We can just order take out" Dustin said, looking back at the line.

"Hell no. I don't see you paying for gas. Now do I have to hold your hand or can you man up and order the pizza" Steve said.

"Ok ok fine. But if this gets stolen it's not my fault" Dustin said.

"Stolen?" Steve asked. "Are there some ninjas I didn't see on the way in who's favorite past time is robbing little shits who wear the same hat way to often and store money in their underwear?"

"Sort of" Dustin muttered looking to the front of the line. "That's Troy. He held me at knife point once."

"He what?" Steve asked.

"Long story involving Mike jumping off a cliff"

"WHAT? How messed up are you shitheads!"

"Says the guy who sleeps with a bat"

"Sorry for being paranoid!"

"Hey Toothless!" A voice yelled from the front of the line.

"And now we run" Dustin said.

"Oh no we don't. We get in line and we ignore him"

"And what if he starts something?"

"We're in public kid. He won't start something"
"And if he does?"
"The bat's in the trunk"
Dustin smiled.

"Jeez." Steve said in response to the insults that were flying at Dustin. "I mean, your mom's a little eccentric but I don't think she's that."

"And when he has a knife it's worse"
"What an asshole. Too bad the demo whatever didn't eat him"
"Demogorgon Steve. I thought you would have known that by now!"
"All I did was hit it! Not study it!"

Eventually the duo did manage to pick up the pizza and drive home.
"We're ordering takeout next time" Steve said.
"That's what I said in the first place dummy" Dustin said.
"No! No one suggested that! It was get pizza or death by book!"

"About time!" Max said taking the pizza box from Steve.
"Yeah you shitheads are welcome!"
A chorus of "Thanks Steve" came from the room.
And now Steve faced a new challenge. Making sure the kids ate a decent dinner.
"Ok assholes. I am the responsible adult" Steve said. There were a few snickers at this.
"And I say you eat the vegetables" Steve finished.
"Come on Steve! I thought you were cool!" Dustin said.
Steve swiped the hat off the little traitor and tossed it across the room. "And no hats at the table"
"Now you're just quoting my mom!" Will laughed.

Halfway through dinner Lucas discovered a loophole.
"Hey Steve. Where are your vegetables?"
"Once you are a senior, you don't have to eat vegetables"

"BULLSHIT" everyone yelled.

"Fine fine. No vegetables. But we have to hide them somewhere."

Which was how Steve found himself burrying vegetables in the back yard.

"If I get in trouble I'll blame you!"

"A responsible adult wouldn't do that!" Dustin called back.

"A responsible adult wouldn't be digging a grave for your damn vegetables!"

"You just burned yourself!" Lucas called.

"Alright enough! Get outside now! Bury your own vegetables!"

No one was willing to explain to Mrs. Wheeler why there were two dozen unmarked vegetable graves in her yard.
The magic child

Chapter Summary

Some Steve and Eleven one on one time

Chapter Notes

Random idea I had

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The magic child freaked Steve out. At least he thought she was magic. There was a different word but magic child usually came to Steve's mind first.

And one on one time with the magic child was not Steve's ideal afternoon.

"I'm trusting you Harrington because if Joyce Byers can trust you with Will then I might, might be able to trust you with El." Hopper had said.

And now Steve was standing in Hopper's house.

"I'll be back at quarter til midnight." Hopper said.

"Ok" Steve said slowly.

"There's food in the fridge, don't just eat eggos"

"Ok"

"And Harrington"

"Yeah?"

"If anything goes wrong, you're dead"

This was making to be a calming evening.

The magic child was watching TV.

"Hi" Steve said awkwardly. "Do you, uh, know who I am?"
"Steve" the magic child said.

"Yeah, that's right." Steve said, not moving from the doorway. "So, uh, what are you doing?"

"TV" the magic child responded.

"Ok" Steve said, trying to make his legs work.

They refused so Steve stood in the doorway.

"Steve" the magic child said at the fifteen minute mark. She was patting the spot beside her on the floor.

Steve awkwardly sat down next to her. "What are you watching?"

"People" she responded. She was flicking through channels looking at different commercials.

"Oh" Steve said, watching the people. A few minutes later he burst out laughing.

The magic child stared at him.

"Sorry...sorry. It's just that oh my god that looks just like Dave Lansky's hair style and and...he said it was an original and...What am I saying?"

The magic child was smiling at him now.

"Hey here's an idea. Make people watching a game" Steve said. The magic child looked at him in curiosity.

"It'll work like this. We see who can find a person in...a red shirt first. Or someone with rediculous hair. Whoever finds it fastest gets a point. You like that?"

the magic child nodded. "Yes"

"Ok then. Let's start with...gray pants."

722 rounds later (the magic child loved the game) Steve decided it better be dinner time.

"Ok kid. What you want to eat."

The fridge opened on it's own and a box of eggos landed at Steve's feet.

"Yeah nice try. Hopper said no eggos and I don't need to be arrested over waffles. How about...canned mystery meat?"

When Steve looked back to the counter the box of eggos was there.

"Duley noted" Steve said, happily putting the mystery meat back in the fridge. "But don't tell Hopper. Again, I am not being arrested over waffles."

The magic child was no stranger to eggos. Within minutes she had prepared the best looking eggos
Steve had ever seen.

"Alright then" Steve said, bringing the plates over to the table after he had placed strawberries over the obscure amount of syrup and whipped cream (He was at least going to be a little healthy with dinner)

After nearly contracting diabetes with dinner Steve and the magic child returned to the TV.

"You don't have a bed time right?" Steve asked. The magic child shook her head.

"Perfect"

A little while later Steve lost seventeen consecutive rounds due to exhaustion.

"Damn kid. You really like this" he said, yawning.

The magic child looked at him. "Giving up?" she asked innocently.

"Hell no" Steve said, but he started dozing off again a few minutes later.

"Ok kid. I have school tomorrow so let's call it bedtime" Steve said.

The magic child reached over and poked Steve's cheek. "Tired"

"More like dying" Steve said, looking at the clock. "Jesus! Ten forty five!"

"Ten four five" the magic child repeated.

"Yep. Bed time. Go on" The magic child doesn't move. "What are you going to do? Bring the bed over here?"

A sudden image of a bed zooming through Hopper's house destroying everything entered Steve's head.

"On second thought don't" Steve said. The magic child giggled.

"So. Bed. Yes or no?" Steve asked. The bedroom door slammed closed.

"Couch it is" Steve said, refusing to be pushed around by a thirteen year old.

Once he had gotten the magic child settled on the couch Steve prepared to turn off the TV.

The remote went flying out of his hand. A crash souded from the other room.

"Ok ok. A little more TV" Steve said, praying that the remote had not smashed through a window.

A little more TV consisted of Steve sitting next to the magic child on the couch and falling asleep.

About a half hour later the door slammed open. "HARRINGTON!"
Steve would later deny the high pitched scream that had escaped him as he woke up.

"Oh" Hopper said quietly as he saw the magic child tucked in on the couch.

Steve was mainly happy about the handful of bills Hopper handed to him. "Thanks for doing this Harrington."

"No prob. It was fun"

"It was El's idea. She thought you didn't like her"

"What?" Steve asked.

"She thought you didn't like her" Hopper said again. "Was that true?"

"What no! Steve said defensively. "Ok, maybe she made me a little nervous, but I like her!"

"Well she likes you too. Gotta say, I'm a little jelous. She doesn't normally take to strangers this quickly."

"I'm a pretty good babysitter"

"Damn right you are. I'll be calling you again" Hopper said.

"Awesome. I can't wait" Steve said, turning to leave.

"One more thing Harrington." Hopper said, holding up a remote. "Why was this outside a broken window?"

"Uhhhh"

"Don't let her walk all over you" Hopper said. "She's still human"

Steve knew that now.

Chapter End Notes

And chapter 2 end! Hope you enjoyed!
Roads, soap, and dogs. And more soap

Chapter Summary

Disasters always seem to happen when Steve is baby sitting

Chapter Notes

SWEET CHEESE AND CRACKERS! 35 KUDOS IN 2 DAYS! AND SOME COOL COMMENTS!

Yes, I am aware that my grammar is not up to speed. I've been writing these at light speed and I plan to go back and fix em.

While I do that here's another chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Steve had been asked (More like ordered) by a tired Mrs. Byers to watch the kids at Will's house.

Steve didn't mind. The little assholes were growing on him and he liked Mrs. Byers.

That was until Dustin and Lucas ran into the road screaming STEVE STEVE!

Steve jammed on the breaks.

"WHAT WERE YOU DUMBASSES THINKING!" Steve roared. "I COULD HAVE HIT YOU!"

"It was an emergency!" Lucas said.

"What did you shitheads do?"

"Mrs Byers asked us to put the wash in" Lucas started

"But we used too much soap" Dustin continued.

Steve pinched the bridge of his nose. He felt a headache coming on.

"And it exploded and now there's soap everywhere and no one knows where the dog is." Lucas finished.

"Shit" Steve muttered. "Ok. How bad is it."

They were greeted by a soap covered dog leaping out of the house and tackling Steve.

"GAAH!"
"Well there's the dog" Dustin said.

A strangled yell escaped Steve when he saw the ocean of soap in the house.

"WHAT DID YOU DO!"

"Hi Steve" Max said cheerfully. (At least Steve thought it was Max. She was covered in a lot of soap)

"Don't hi Steve me. You little shits are in trouble." Steve said, crossing his arms.

"I tried to tell them" Will said in a small voice.

"Why didn't you assholes listen?" Steve sighed.

"Because we thought it would get done faster with more soap" Mike said defiantly.

"Well that's not how it works" Steve said. "What time will your mom be home?" he asked Will.

"In two hours I think." Will said.

"Ok we have time. We need to clean this up and pray we didn't shrink all of the Byer's clothes."

Steve gathered the five kids in the living room (Hopper had demanded that El stay at home)

"Ok. Will, since you actually know how to work that piece of shit," (Steve glared at the others) "I hereby trust you to turn off the machine and start it again with the clothes in it. Dustin, Lucas, I want you to track down the dog. When you get back help us with the cleaning. Max and Mike, you're helping me clean."

Cleaning was the issue. Steve knew they could push the soap out of the house but he didn't know what to do with it then.

"Hey Steve" Will said, coming up to them.

"Hey. Is it off?"

"I...can't exactly get to it."

Steve walked down to the laundry room. When he opened the door he was met with a wall of soap.

"OH GOD!" he yelled slamming the door. Then he turned to will. "I need eye protection.

Five minutes later, armed with swim goggle and an umbrella Steve prepared to enter the room of soap.

"Ok. If I somehow die in there you'd better give me a decent funeral" Steve said.

"Only the best" Max said, clapping him on the shoulder.

Steve opened the umbrella and charged into the soap.
"This was a stupid idea!" Steve yelled from within the soap. The room was much bigger then he thought. "Where is the damn-OW"

A metallic clang sounded from the room.

"I found it" Steve called weakly, holding his shin.

"Do you want me to tell you how to turn it off?" Will asked.

"Uhh..." Steve said, when faced with the complicated looking dials and buttons.

"Ok hang on. I'll try and find you." Will said.

"Wait, kid no! I don't need your mom on my ass about...soap poisoning."

"Soap poisoning?" Max asked.

"It could happen!"

"Ok fine" Will said laughing. "Do you see the blue dial?"

"I can't see anything! My eyes are closed!"

"Well open them!" Mike demanded.

Steve then proceeded to break the world record for amount of soap in one's eyes at one time.

Under Will's careful instructions Steve managed to turn off the washing machine.

"Ooh!" The kids groaned in sympathy upon seeing Steve's soap reddened eyes.

"I can't actually see you little shits so someone direct me to the bathroom"

Will lead Steve to the bathroom before Max lead him into a wall.

"Ok team." Steve said to the three kids. "Cleaning time. Someone get the vaccum and suck up as much of this shit as possible. Will, you get the vaccum. Max, I am trusting you with the snow blower. Don't make me regret this"

"You got it" Max said, eyeing the machinery.

"Mike, you, um...get this shovel" Steve said, handing over a snow shovel.

"And what about you?" The younger Wheeler asked.

"I will supervise" Steve said.

That got a shovelful of soap flung at him courtesy of Mike.

"Ok fine!" Steve said, returning with a frying pan and a soup pot. "What! It's all that's left!" Steve said, glaring at the snickering kids.
Once the house was partially soap free, Steve called for a five minute break. "Looking good guys. We're getting there." Steve said. "Thankfully there's no soap down by the bedrooms. How about--AAGH!"

A muddy dog sprung through the front door tackling Steve and sending him head first into a pile of soap.

"CATCH THAT DOG!" An equally muddy Lucas and Dustin yelled running in.

"MY EYES!" Yelled Steve.

"Chester!" Will admonished.

After Steve had flushed out his eyes for the second time. Steve handed the pot to Dustin and the pan to Lucas.

"And what are you going to use?" Dustin asked.

"I'm supervising" Steve said.

"Can you maybe wash the dog?" Will asked innocently. "If you're not too busy supervising."

"Here boy!" Steve called. He had cornered the muddy dog in the bathroom and was armed with a scrub brush. "Just go in the tub"

Unfortunetly for Steve, Chester decided to run for it.

"SHIT! NO NO NO NO NO!" Steve yelled, diving after the dog. Somehow he managed to pick the dog up. Also unfourtunetly for Steve the dog's flailing around caused him to fall in the tub.

At least he brought the dog with him.

Down the hall the kids were having more luck. The soap was almost completely gone and Dustin and Lucas had proceeded to have a kitchen untinsil fight.

"WHAT'S ALL THAT CRASHING?" Steve yelled from upstairs while washing/wrestling the dog.

There was a final crash and a yelp of pain (it sounded like Dustin)

"Shit" Steve said. In the moment's hesitation Chester seized his chance and escaped.

"DAMN IT" Steve yelled, chasing after him. When he reached the end of the hall the dog abruptly stopped causing Steve to trip over him and fall the rest of the way through the hallway.

"Jesus! Steve are you ok!" Lucas asked.

"I hate your dog" Steve said to Will.
"At least he's clean." Max shrugged.

"Ok what happened?" Steve said, seeing the pan Lucas was hiding behind his back.

"Lucas hit me in the nose. But I'm ok" Dustin said.

"Ok give me those" Steve said, confiscating the "weapons" "Is all the soap by the door?" the kids nodded.

"Good. We can use the hose to spray the rest of it out the door."

Steve watched as his plan worked. There went the rest of the soap...

"EEK!" Steve yelled as cold water hit him in the face.

"You scream like a girl!" Lucas laughed.

"Gimme that you little asshole!" Steve yelled running at Lucas.

And then the true war began.

"Oh my god the house is so clean!" Mrs. Byers said upon returning.

"Why does it smell like detergent?" Jonathan asked.

"No reason" Max said, and skateboarded off.

"I think something like this deserves a little extra" Mrs. Byers said, opening her purse.

"No fair! We helped!" Dustin said.

Steve smirked. At this rate he was going to end up a billionaire.

"I thought we had more soap then this" He heard Mrs. Byers say from the laundry room.

Time to leave.

Chapter End Notes

And a shoutout to BookGirlFan for actually catching my errors.

Leave a comment or a kudos, it makes my day!

Later peoples! :3
Mom pose

Chapter Summary

Just a typical night of babysitting...

Chapter Notes

AAAAGH! MORE KUDOS? You guys are awesome! I didn't think it was any good! I shall continue this if you all like it so much.

And here you go, enjoy the chapter!!! :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Nice job shithead" Steve said, looking at the lettuce scattered around the Byer's living room.

"You said, toss the salad. That's what I did!" Dustin said.

"Not literally dumbass!"

"Well what would you have done?"

"Uhh.."

"Exactly" Dustin said. "This thing is shit" he said pointing to the "healthy cookbook" Hopper had demanded they use.

"You two are too dumb to use it" Lucas laughed.

Dustin showed Lucas his middle finger.

"Hey" Steve said, pushing Dustin's hand down.

"Enough's enough. Steve, I comand you order pizza!" Dustin said.

"Command? I don't think so." Steve said, putting his hand on his hip. "I don't see you paying and I'm not made of money. You shitheads owe me three arcade trips worth of quarters."

The kids started snickering and Steve caught Max mouthing "mom pose" to Mike.

"Mom pose? What am I missing here?" Steve asked.

"We started calling that your mom pose because you're usually acting like a mom when you do that" Will said.

"How do I act like a mom?"

"No hats at the table" Dustin said.
"I was kidding"

"Do your homework" Lucas said.

"Well you have to do that!"

"No skateboarding indoors" Max said.

"You could scrape up the floors!"

"Wash your hands" Lucas said.

"You were digging in the mud!"

"Take off your shoes in the house" Mike said, grinning.

"Your shoes are covered in dirt and this is nice carpet"

"Indoor voices" El said.

"You little shits talk loud enough to wake the dead!"

"Clean up this mess" Will said laughing.

"The little game pieces laying everywhere drives me crazy! And someone could step on one."

"How are you not like a mom again?" Dustin asked.

"I'm just going off of what Mrs. Byers told me." Steve said, crossing his arms and turning back to the book.

"Suuuuuure" Dustin said.

"I'm not a mom guys!"

"Well yeah, you're a guy"

"He's like a really feminine dad"

"Yeah that sounds like him"

"ENOUGH!" Steve said. "You assholes are on your own for dinner. I'm doing homework"

"Doing homework" Consisted of Steve trying to remember where he left his stupid book.

"Hey Steve?" A voice asked, making Steve jump.

"Jesus!"

"Sorry" Will said. "Are you mad at us?"

"Huh?"

"You seemed kind of mad" Will said shrugging. "I told them to stop."
"I wasn't mad" Steve said. "I just need to find my damn book"

"Are you sure?"

"Come on kid" Steve said. "It would take you dipshits starting world war three over your nerd game to make me mad at you."

"Ok." Will said, smiling in relief. "Because we kinda need your help."


It appeared as if a sauce volcano had gone off in the kitchen, splattering most of its contents on the ceiling.

"Hey Steve. Did you know that you're supposed to put the cover on the pot when you make spaghetti sauce?" Dustin said.

"Oh my god" Steve groaned. "Who's idea was this?"

Everyone pointed to Lucas, who was trying to back out of the room.

"Of course." Steve said. "Ok, first of all, I trust none of you with the stove, except Will in some scenarios."

"Damn you" Dustin said.

"Second of all, do we actually have any spaghetti or were you planning on sauce for your main course?"

"Oh" Max said.

"Third of all look at this! It looks like a battilion of Tomatoes was murdered here!"

"That's true" Lucas said.

"Fourth of all...I'm out of points. But this was a dumb move shithheads."

"Sorry Steve" Eleven said. At least one kid seemed to be guilty.

"We need a new dinner plan, and no we don't have any eggos"

Eleven looked down sadly.

"We got it covered" Dustin said walking out of the room with the others behind him.

"Oh so I get to clean this up!" Steve called after them.

Ten minutes later the kids found Steve standing on a chair scrubbing the ceiling.

"I hate all of you" Steve said, trying to reach the last spot without falling.

"We love you too" Lucas said, shaking the chair.
"AAGH! HEY!" Steve said. "I hate you most of all."

"Steve come eat something. You're no fun when you're hungry." Dustin called.

"Who's a mom now?" Steve retorted.

"Seriously shithead" Dustin said, poking his head into the room. "We have pizza."

Steve checked his pockets. His wallet was still there. So how had they ordered pizza?

"I said no pizza." Steve said, walking into the dining room.

"We bought it ourselves dummy. We're repaying you." Dustin said.

"Oh." said Steve. He hadn't been expecting this.

After sending the girls home and comanding bed time, (which resulted in Steve being bombarded with pillows) Steve was finally doing his homework.

"Who names a whale Moby Dick" he muttered.

"Steve?" a voice asked.

Steve jumped a mile, almost flinging the book. "Jesus!"

Will stood in the doorway. That kid was quieter then a ninja.

"Stop doing that!"

"Sorry" Will said. "Can I sit with you?"

Steve searched the room for water balloons. "What are you planning?" he asked suspiciously.

"Nothing I promise." Will said. "I just can't sleep."

"Oh. Then read this. It'll put you to sleep, I guarentee it."

Will laughed and joined Steve on the couch.

"Why'd you want to come out here anyways. It's not very interesting." Steve said, flipping through the book looking for reading shortcuts.

"I don't know. Do you have your bat?"

"Whatever Dustin did it's not worth killing him over, and I didn't peg you for the violent type." Steve replyed.

"No not for that!" Will said. "I mean, just in case anything shows up."

"Like what? Billy? Because I'm pretty sure that's manslaughter."

"I mean for...things."
"You mean the demo-whatevers? The gate's closed..." A realization occured to Steve. "Did you have a nightmare?"

"Yeah" Will said slowly. "He was in me again..." he trailed off.

"You don't have to talk about it if you don't want to." Steve said.

"I want to." Will said softly. "He, the mindflayer, was in me again. And I was sending the demodogs to this house, but they weren't demodogs, they were demogorgons and they...ate you all."

"Jeez" Steve said. Then he saw Will was crying. "Woah, hey. It's ok. Nothing's gonna get you. The gate's closed."

"It could open." Will said.

"Then El would close it again, and we'd kick whatever came out's ass" Steve said.

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah." Steve said. "C'mere kid" Will accepted the hug.

"I promise I'll protect you all, even if Dustin was being a dick moments before."

"And if you can't?"

"We give Max some sedative and see what happens." Steve said, picturing the Billy incident.

Will smiled. "You really are like a mom you know."

"I what?"

"You're protective, and you care, and you make me feel safe like a mom."

"Oh" Steve said, not really knowing how else to react. "Thanks kid."

"Can I stay here with you tonight?" Will asked.

"Sure" Steve said, trying to picture Max armed with sedatives.

Will adjusted his position and the book fell to the floor.

It sure as hell wasn't getting read tonight.

Chapter End Notes

And there you have it! Leave a comment or a kudos! It makes me feel loved!

Also, Random thought: Would Steve and Kali from the lost sister in season two make a good couple?
Max had been acting strange ever since she had come over to Mike's house. Lucas was worried but he didn't want to take what was known as "The Mike approach" at worrying about girls.

"Ok shitheads" Steve said coming downstairs. "If you all are sleeping over girls stay upstairs got it? Hopper will be coming by at nine to make sure everyone's still alive and Nancy's off with...someone and Mike's parents aren't back until morning. Something about needing a break. I don't blame them. As always, I am in charge. Just do your homework and I don't care what you do until dinner."

The kids nodded at the regular "I'm in charge" speech.

Of course the homework's destiny was not to be completed.

"Ok MadMax" Lucas said. "What's up? You're acting weirder then usual. Is it Billy? Do we need to send Steve over to get beat up as a diversion for you to escape?"

Max laughed. "No, it's not him. I...um..."

And then Max's jacket squeaked. It had been rolled up in her lap the entire time and she had been handeling it like it was made of glass ever since she had arrived at the house.

"What's in there?" Dustin asked.

"Nothing." Max said quickly.

"Yeah nice try." Dustin said. "Show me! I showed you Dart."
"No one wanted to see Dart." Max said.

"It wasn't Dart's fault he was a demogorgon! Now show!"

"Leave her alone Dustin." Lucas said. Then Max's jacket wiggled.

"You're making it awfully hard to defend you" Lucas said.

"Ok fine. I found him outside my house." Max said, opening her jacket. Inside was a tiny tabby kitten.

"It's like Mews and Tews had a baby!" Dustin said.

"Why'd you bring him here?" Will asked, petting the kitten.

"Because I thought Billy would kill him." Max said. Eleven looked longingly towards the kitten.

"You wanna pet him?" Max said, holding the kitten out. Eleven nodded and gently stroked the cat.

"Soft"

"Let's name him Dart the second!" Dustin said. "Look, he has markings and everything!"

"Dart the second?" Steve said, poking his head in the basement.

"Jesus! I thought you were upstairs!" Dustin said. "How did you hear that?"

"He probably has Demogorgon PTSD" Lucas said.

"Ha ha." Steve said, rolling his eyes. "But seriously. If you find a small strange amphibian, squish it."

"Why didn't you show Steve?" Will asked after Steve had left.

"Because Steve might be an adult and take it to a shelter. I want to keep him" Max said, petting the kitten's tummy.

"I still say we name him Dart the second." Dustin said.

"No way. I wanna call him Digdug" Max said. "His stripes are like tunnels."

"Digdug it is then." Lucas said, ignoring Dustin's protests.

During an epic fight in D&D Digdug started crying.

"I think we need to feed him" Mike said.

"I nominate Dustin for finding food" Lucas said.

"Fine." Dustin grumbled, stomping upstairs.
"Dinner's at six!" Steve calls when he hears Dustin digging in the fridge.

"I'm looking for raw fish!"

"What?" Steve says, entering the room.

"Raw fish Steve. Open your ears." Dustin says.

"Yeah, but why do you want it?"

"Mike's hungry." Dustin said without thinking.

Steve looked at him suspiciously.

"Where's the fish Steve?"

"Do you have another Dart or not?" Steve said. "I'm kinda concerned."

"No. No abnormal pets." Dustin said.

"Alright then. And I'm willing to cook some fish when it's dinner and I have time."

"But I need a fish now!"

"Ok fine." Steve said.

Dustin was sent back downstairs with a drawing of a fish (or more of a stick-fish)

"You should have said edible fish." Lucas said.

"HA HA HA STEVE! YOU'RE HILARIOUS!" Dustin called upstairs.

"He did get you pretty good" Will said innocently.

"Damn you, cynical senior." Dustin said. "Now what?"

"Now you try sneaking upstairs." Mike said. "It'll be like a mission. Get the fish without Steve noticing."

"I'll need a diversion dumbass."

"We'll cross that bridge when we come to it." Mike said. "Now go get that fish."

Dustin managed to sneak upstairs but there was a slight complication when Steve caught him army crawling across the floor.

"The hell are you doing?"

"Oh hi." Dustin said.

"Hi." Steve said.
"I'm...imitating Dart."

"Jesus. What is it with you and Dart tonight?"

"I don't know. I'm trying to get inside his head. You know, find out why he ate Mews."

Steve raised his eyebrows.

"What? Haven't you ever wanted to know what a demodog thinks?"

"Where's my diversion huh?" Dustin snapped when he was sent back downstairs. "Steve probably thinks I have a screw loose now."

"I'm working on it. I was going to have El throw some things around to distract him but she seems so happy right now." Mike said.

Eleven was levitating a piece of paper around for Digdug to chase.

"So now I say we use Will."

"What?" Will asked.

"It's obvious Steve has a soft spot for you." Lucas said.

"Yeah and he actually trusts you." Dustin grumbled.

"Maybe we should just tell him about Digdug." Will suggested.

"Or you go up there and tell him you want to talk to him. He'll give you his full attention." Mike said.

"I don't want to lie to him" Will said.

"Come on! We're depending on you." Dustin said.

"Ok." Will said.

"Is it national annoy the babysitter night?" Steve asked as Will came up behind him.

"Um..."

"Oh sorry. I thought you were Dustin. Everything ok kid?" Steve asked.

Dustin made his move. He sprinted into the kitchen but hit his leg on the table. Everything would have been fine if there hadn't been plates on the table.

Steve nearly jumped out of his skin when he heard breaking glass. His first thought: earthquake. His second thought...

"DUSTIN WHAT THE HELL!" Steve yelled, coming in to see Dustin surrounded by broken glass.
"Hey Steve" Dustin said, trying to look innocent."

"I don't know what's going on with you shith... tonight-"

Before Steve could finish Dustin ran back down to the basement.

Steve had a million choice words to say to Dustin but he grabbed a broom and started sweeping.

Dustin was greeted with worried expressions when he arrived downstairs.

"Guys, I'm fine."

"We're not worried about you. It's Digdug. He got out of the basement." Lucas said.

"Shit!" Dustin yelled. "We can't let Steve find him!"

"Split up and find him first" Mike said, and the party took action.

"WOAH HEY STOP!" Steve yelled, throwing his arm out to stop Max. "Broken glass. Don't walk in here."

"Ok. Sorry" Max said breathlessly.

"Everything ok?"

"Yeah. Yeah we're fine." Max said, sprinting off in the opposite direction.

"Do you think he got outside?" Lucas asked as he and Dustin searched Nancy's bedroom.

"I don't know. Cats can fit in a lot of weird places. Tews likes hiding in drawers."

And that was why Steve came upstairs to see the duo rumaging around in Nancy's underwear drawer.

"Look in the back...Steve!" Dustin said, seeing him standing in the doorway. "How long have you been there?"

"Dude. Not cool."

Another crash sounded from downstairs. On his way to the kitchen Steve found Eleven looking through his bag.

"What are you doing?"

"Looking." She replied.

A second and third crash sounded. Steve ran into the kitchen to see Max, Mike and Will
surrounded by silverware.

"Guys, what did you do?"

"I tripped." Will said quickly.

"And knocked out three drawers?"

"GET HIM!" Dustin yelled from upstairs, two seconds later he and Lucas came thundering down the stairs.

"EVERYBODY STOP!" Steve roared.

The kids froze.

"I don't know what the hell is wrong with you guys! Max, Mike, Will, I'm sure you didn't mean too but you're destroying Mike's parents' things. Dustin, Lucas, you're violating privacy by going through Nancy's...things. El, you better have left everything in that bag. And guys, relax. Just clean this up and do something calming?"

"Like what?" Dustin said, eyeing Digdug who had just climbed into Steve's bag. El saw and slowly started moving towards the bag.

"Do some yoga, write a symphony I don't care! Just please, stop running around and destroying things.

El dashed towards the bag, grabbed it and ran for the basement. The other kids followed.

"AND BRING THAT BACK!" Steve yelled.

Dustin dumped the kitten out of the bag and sprinted back upstairs with it running right into Steve.

"Jesus!"

"Ow Steve! You're like a wall!"

"Well stop running." Steve said.

"That was close" Max said.

"No shit. I thought Steve was gonna lose it." Dustin said.

"He's been pretty cool so far." Lucas said. "Maybe we should tell him."

"He probably thinks we're hiding a bomb down here." Will said.

"No! Let him calm down first." Mike said.

"He didn't seem mad." Will said.

"Well we need to be sure." Mike said. "Will, go offer to help him clean."

"Sure Mike. I'd love to." Will sighed.
"Want some help?" Will asked Steve.

"Sure." Steve said, he was kneeling by a pile of forks. "Damn it. I have no idea where any of this goes."

Will knelt down next to him. "Forks go on the far right."

"You're now my favorite shithead." Steve said. "But seriously. What are you guys doing?"

"Um..."

"Come on kid. You can tell me. You could be hiding a body down there and you could tell me."

"I'm not sure Max wants me to tell you. If she doesn't, she will. I promise."

"And the mystery continues." Steve sighed.

"HEY GUYS! DINNER'S-"

The kids practically tackled each other coming up the stairs and Dustin ran into Steve again.

"OW!"

"Steve, Jesus! Get out of the way!"

"Nice try buddy" Steve said. "Slow down and maybe I will."

"Damn" Lucas said, eyeing the grilled fish on the table.

"As requested." Steve said. Then he saw Mike heading downstairs with a plate of fish.

"Nuh-uh Wheeler. Dinner table."

"Aw come on Steve! Be cool!" Dustin said.

"Hey I didn't have to go all out for dinner, and this is technically your second fish of the evening."

"The first one didn't count shithead!"

"Sure it did. It was a fish wasn't it?"

Halfway through dinner Lucas saw that Max kept placing little pieces of fish into her jacket. Normally he would have made some sort of joke but it wasn't hard to imagine what was in her jacket.

"Steve! I demand more!" Dustin said.

"Come get it yourself. I'm busy!" the brunette answered.

"Dammit Steve. I need to preserve calories!"
"For what?"

"I don't know! Stop being lazy!"

When there was no response Dustin accepted his fate and walked into the kitchen.

Part of Dustin debated taking the rest of the fish and running but Digdug seemed to be doing ok.

"Hey Steve, where are you?" Dustin asked.

"Am I invisible shithead? Right here." Steve said. He had dragged a chair over to the counter and was doing homework.

"Oh." Dustin said. "How's it going?"

"It would be done by now if it weren't for you shitheads. Romeo and Juliet. This Shakesphere was clearly going through some shit when he wrote this. It's so freaking depressing." Steve said.

"High school reading sounds like it sucks."

"It does. Can you hand me those tissues?"

"Yeah sure...HOLY SHIT STEVE ARE YOU CRYING?" Dustin yelled.

"No dumbass my eyes are watering." Steve said, snatching the box of tissues from Dustin. "I'm probably allergic to your stupidity."

"Uh, by any chance are you allergic to anything else?" Dustin asked.

"Why do you care?"

"It's very important!"

"Dustin!" Lucas hissed, poking his head into the room.

"I can hear you, you know." Steve said.

"Whatever, Dustin come here!"

"What?" Dustin commanded.

"Digdug escaped again!" Max hissed.

"We have another issue." Dustin said. "I'm 95% sure Steve's allergic to cats, that or he's more romantic then we thought."

"What?" Mike asked, staring at him.

"Long story. But we need to find that cat before Steve figures out what's up."

"Allergic?" El repeated.

"That means he can't be around cats." Mike explained.
"Why couldn't of you have left the damn cat where it was?" Dustin grumbled.

"Hey guys, lights out at nine." Steve said as the party wandered upstairs after a planning session."
"Have you ever considered leaving this house for a long period of time?" Dustin asked.  
"Yeah no, not happening" Steve said. "What's with you guys? Seriously this time." 
"It's about time we told you Steve." Max said. Will relaxed. Finally the truth would be out. 
"We hate you Steve. Now stay out of our way." Everyone else did a double take.
"Jeez fine" Steve said. "Stay up all night, kill each other off, I don't care, just leave me alone."

"WHAT WAS THAT!" Dustin yelled.
"I don't know! I panicked!" Max said.
"Well you probably just killed Steve's feelings." Dustin said.
"Once we find Digdug, we straighten this out" Max said.
"He's not Billy!" Dustin yelled. "Steve has feelings!"
"Guys!" Lucas said. "Look!"
Digdug had walked into the kitchen where Steve was.
"Well shit." Dustin muttered.

"Hey Steve" Dustin said. (After losing rock paper scissors he had been nominated to re-enter the kitchen)
Steve was ignoring him, staring at his book intently.
"Ok fine. Don't pay attention to me." Dustin said. "I'm ok with that." he spotted Digdug walking across the counter.
"Hey Steve. Don't move."
"Ok, what are you trying to hit me with?" Steve said, turning around.
"Nothing jeez!"
"Then what do you want?"
"Rate your feelings on a scale of one to ten!" Dustin said, saying the first thing that came to mind.
"What? Are you just trying to-" Steve trailed off, then dissolved into a harsh sneezing fit.
"Jesus! Steve breathe! Don't die!" Dustin commanded. "Guys Steve's dying!"

"I'm not dying" Steve managed, catching his breath. "Ok...what's going on?"

The kids all stared right behind Steve.

"What?" Steve turned around to see Digdug attempt the farthest leap for kitten kind over to the fish.

"WHAT THE HELL?"

"Steve, buddy, calm down" Dustin said. To everyone's surprise Steve started laughing.

"You little shits were...hiding a cat...oh my god...I thought you had drugs or something!"

"I thought you'd have a little more faith in us then that!" Dustin snapped.

"So you're not mad." Lucas said.

"No. I'm not mad. God this is hilarious. You could have just told me."

"You would have taken him away." Max said.

"Says who?" Steve said. "If you dipshits think you can predict my every move you're wrong."

At that moment Hopper kicked down the door.

"AAAAAGH!" Steve yelled.

"HARRINGTON DID YOU NOT HEAR ME KNOCKING- what's going on?" The police man asked.

"Long story." Dustin said.

Chapter End Notes

And there you have it! If you have any chapter suggestions you want me to write fire away! I love requests. Feedback is always loved and leave a comment or kudos if you want!

Hope you enjoyed and a new chapter is on the way!
The perfect stick

Chapter Summary

Dustin finds the perfect stick. If only Steve's car wasn't in the way.

Chapter Notes

98 KUDOS! WOWOWOWOWOWOWOWOW!!! This makes me feel so alive!

Anyways new chapter for you, and this is one of my favorite so far I gotta admit.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Dustin, I said leave it!" Mike called back at Dustin.

"But it's the perfect stick!" Dustin protested.

The stick in question was pointy like a sword and the perfect weight for swinging it around.

"I hereby dub it, excalibranch!" Dustin proclaimed, pretending to stab Will.

"Your branch is stupid" Mike said.

"You're so grumpy whenever El's not around" Dustin said. "Now let me have my moment. Will, Max, You'll be my knights. Lucas, you're the damsel in distress."

"Gee thanks" Lucas said.

"Mike, you're the court jester even though you're not very happy" Dustin concluded.

"What about Steve?" Lucas asked.

"He can be my loyal steed." Dustin said. "Because steed kinda sounds like Steve. Get it?"

"Sir Dustin rode his Steve off into the sunset." Max said. Everyone but Mike started laughing.

"Steve's watching us tonight right? I will literally make him be my steed." Dustin said.

"Yeah good luck." Lucas said.

"ONWARD!" Dustin yelled, waving his stick around in the air.

Steve's car was at the Byers but Steve was not.
Steve had hastily written a note and left it on the table.

Shitheads, Nancy demanded that I have an actual conversation with Jonathan because she's sick of all the awkward shit. I'll be back soon. Break anything and I'll break you.

"Perfect time to practice weilding my sword" Dustin said, swinging it around.
"Careful dummy! You're gonna kill someone!" Lucas said.
"Hey Max, watch this!" Dustin said, going into a complicated twirling move.
"Oh my god!" Max said laughing. Dustin decided to go for a grand finale.
He brought his stick up and brought it swishing down...to hear metal scraping.
Dustin stared at the stick. Had it somehow gained magic powers. Then he saw his friends staring in horror.
He turned around to see a long scratch going down Steve's car.
"Shit."

"HE'S GONNA KILL ME!" Dustin yelled.
"We could paint over it." Will suggested.
"WHERE WOULD WE GET THE PAINT! STEVE'S GONNA GET HIS BAT AND KILL ME I SWEAR!"

Steve returned from an awkward conversation to see his babysitting charges standing in a circle around his car muttering.
"This looks very satanic." Steve said.
"Steve!" Dustin said in a high falsetto.
"Dustin."
"What are you doing here?"
"Watching you dipshits obviously. Why are you surrounding my car?" Steve tried to look around Dustin.
Dustin quickly threw himself against the scratch and assumed a relaxing position. "Oh what a lovely veiw!"
Steve looked up at the gray sky. "Ok weirdo. Now it looks like it's gonna rain so get inside. I don't think your parents would take it well if you get struck by lightning."
"You do that. I'll be here watching the sky." Dustin said.

"Nope. After you Mr. Suspicious."

"Oh hey. I left the stove on. See all that smoke?" Mike said quickly.

Steve took off running towards the house.

"You're welcome." Mike said.

"Ok gang. Tv night. What do you want to watch?"

"JEOPARDY!" everyone but Max yelled.

"Seriously? It's so boring." Steve said.

"Take that back!" Lucas said. "I'll have you know that we have an unbroken streak on jeopardy. As a team we're unbeatable."

"I'll believe it when I see it." Steve said, turning on the TV.

It was true. The party made the ultimate jeopardy team when Lucas and Dustin weren't fighting over answers.

"No dumbass! It's the nucleaus! Leave science to me!"

"Language." Steve said lazily from his spot on the couch.

"You're one to talk." Mike said.

"Shit." Steve said, sitting up.

"I rest my case."

"I left my wallet in the car and the food will be here soon." Steve looked out at the rain and grimaced.

"Wait. You're going to your car?" Dustin said.

"Uh, yeah." Steve said. "I just said that."

"NO!" Dustin yelled.

"Why not?" Steve said, getting up. Dustin dove for his legs almost tripping him.

"HEY!"

"DON'T GO STEVE!"

The rest of the party were staring at him.

"Kid, what the hell?"
"Please Steve, for the love of all that is good, don't go out there."

"Jeez what's out there? Dart's ghost?"

"No Steve. Something much much worse."

"This isn't funny." Steve said. Dustin refused to let go.

"Kid, I will drag you outside with me if I have to."

"Yeah good luck. Mike says I weigh as much as three boulders."

"Well that was mean." Steve said, looking at Mike who shrugged.

Steve tried unsucessfully to move. "Kid, I am giving you to the count of three to let go of me."

"No!"

"Three, two..." Steve tossed a pillow at Dustin, who let go in surprise.

Dustin retaliated quickly and managed to latch himself to Steve's belt.

"Jesus! What are you? A parasite?"

"A parasite that doesn't want to die!"

"Kid if you pants me I will kill you."

After a few minutes of being held there Steve caved.

"Ok I give up." Steve said. Dustin let go. "But you're explaining to the delivery guy why I'm being held prisoner." the brunette finished, adjusting his pants.

"I'll get your wallet." Lucas said.

A few moments later Lucas returned he held the wallet and...THE PERFECT STICK.

"Where did that come from?" Steve asked. "It looks like the world's more dangerous stick. Don't tell me you shitheads were playing with it."

Dustin sighed. Of course in all of Steve's parental glory all he could see were the dangers of excalibranch.

"It's not the world's most dangerous stick." Dustin said. "It's excalibranch."

"I don't care what it is. You could lose an eye and I'm not sure your mom would go for the eyepatch look." Steve said. "Gimme."

Lucas smugly handed over the stick.

After the designated bedtime Dustin had snuck out of the bedroom and was going in search of his coat. He planned to go assess the damage he had done to the car.
Oh no you don't" Steve said. Ever since he had begun babysitting he seemed to be able to use the fabled "eyes in the back of his head."

"What are you doing?"

"Looking for my coat obviously." Dustin said, trying the direct approach.

"Nice try. So you're telling me you intend to go out in the middle of a storm at ten o clock at night."

"Yep. I won't be too long..."

"Did you dig another pit in the yard again?"

"It was a bully trap and no."

"Then what did you do?"

"Nothing!" Dustin said in another falsetto.

"If that's the case you wouldn't mind getting your oh-so-innocent ass back in bed then."

Dusten headed back towards the basement stairs but climbed up to Nancy's room instead where he exited through the window. He had done it before. Once he had accidently climbed in there instead of Mike's room. Nancy had not been pleased.

Being coatless Dustin had wanted to make this a quick trip.

"Oh shit." He muttered seeing the scratch. It looked bigger. "Oh shit oh shit oh shit."

"You done?" A voice asked. Dustin jumped noticing Steve behind him.

"Steve I-"

"Save it. What did you do?"

Dustin nervously pointed to the scratch.

"It's not bad."

"STEVE I'M SO SORRY PLEASE FORGIVE ME YOU CAN SELL ME TO GET MONEY TO FIX IT-"

"Kid relax. I can get this fixed.

"OR YOU CAN SELL EVERYTHING I OWN OR YOU CAN HAVE MY HOUSE OR-"

"Seriously it's not going to cost much."

"KILL ME CREMATE ME AND SELL MY ASHES THAT'S HOW SORRY I AM I-

"Dustin."

"AM A HORRIBLE PERSON AND I PARTIALLY BLAME THE PERFECT STICK BUT IT WAS MOSTLY ME."
"Dustin!"

"I DON'T DESERVE THE TITLE OF BEING YOUR FAVORITE I AM A LOW HUMAN BEING-"

"DUSTIN!" Steve yelled. "It's fine. I can get it fixed- whoever said you were my favorite?"

"Come on Steve. It's obvious. Mike's your least favorite right?"

"I don't play favorites."

"Ok maybe the last one was stretching it but you totally like me the most."

"Yeah right."

"Come on Steve, you know I'm your favorite."

"What if I told you that you were my least favorite."

"Then I'd say your full of shit."

"No really, Will's my favorite."

"Really?"

"No. I don't play favorites."

"Don't forget who introduced you to the party."

"Don't forget who scratched my car with a stick. A stick idiot! How did you scratch it with a stick!"

"I'm very strong."

"Ha ha ha...you're paying for half the repairs."

"Ok" Dustin sighed. "But this makes me your favorite."

Chapter End Notes

Well there ya go! Leave a comment on what you think, like seriously guys I need feedback.

Again I will take requests and can we get to one hundred kudos?

This got so popular I'm amazed.

Anyways I hope you enjoyed and see you next time!
A New Sitting Charge

Chapter Summary

Steve agrees to watch Lucas for an afternoon but there's a catch. He has to watch Erica too.

Chapter Notes

This was a request so I hope you like it!
Also: OVER 100 KUDOS!!!! AAAAAAGH! This is officially my most popular fic.
Anyways, enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"You're gonna regret this." Lucas said.

"Nah I'll be fine." Steve said.

"No like seriously I can't tell you how much you're going to regret this." Lucas said.

Steve had found himself a new babysitting charge. Tonight he was watching both Lucas and his younger sister Erica.

"Oh good, you're here, and you brought Lucas home." Mrs. Sinclair said. "Erica's in her room, she has some homework and needs to be in bed by eight. Now you may have heard stories of what she's done to other babysitters-"

"What?" Steve asked.

"-But I'm sure it will be just fine." Mrs. Sinclair finished.

Before Steve could ask what she had done the parents were gone and he was alone with the kids.

"Hello?" Steve asked, knocking on the door. A younger female version of Lucas opened the door.

"Who are you?" She asked in a voice dripping with sass. The adorable yet brutal type. Steve was in for an interesting night.

"I'm Steve. I'm supposed to be watching you."

"That's creepy."
Well maybe he could have phrased that a little better.

"Whatcha doing in here?"

"Staging a wedding." Erica said, flouncing over to her bed.

"Oh, who's getting married?"

"Barbie and He-Man."

"Oh I did not just hear that!" Lucas said, running into the room. "Stop taking my stuff Erica!"

"It's not my fault your wedding invitation got lost in the mail." Erica said sassily, tying a bow tie on He-Man. "He would be wearing a suit but his muscles are just too gorgeous."

Lucas grabbed the figure but Erica pinched him and snatched it back.

"OW! Steve make her give it back."

Steve took one look at the murderous look in Erica's eye. He raised his hands in surrender. "Hey, I'm just here for the money."

"Thanks a lot Steve. You're a huge help." Lucas grumbled. Erica stuck her tongue out at him.

"Hey Lucas come here for a sec." Steve said, pointing to the hall.

"What?" Lucas demanded once they were out in the hall.

"Just let her hold her wedding. She seems to be having fun."

"Oh come on Steve! Barbie and He-Man are from completely different dimensions."

"Inter dimensional wedding then."

"Seriously?! You're supposed to be on my side..." a sudden realization hit Lucas. "Oh no. She used the nine year old charm."

"What are you talking about? She's not doing any harm and she's kinda cute."

"No she's not! She has you under her spell!"

"Lucas, come on buddy, help me out here and be a little more mature."

"WHY DO YOU KEEP QUOTING OUR PARENTS!?"

Steve hadn't even realized he was doing that. Time to stop talking and practice his high school language skills. Quoting Mrs. Byers was alright, but quoting Mrs. Henderson? That was just scary.

"Good luck getting her to do her homework. That's all I can say." Lucas said.

Steve was trying to accomplish his own homework when Lucas came running in.
"STEVE WE HAVE A CODE RED!"

"What? What's wrong?" Steve said jumping up. It would take him about two minutes to run and get his bat from the car granted he didn't trip over the rug.

"ERICA STOLE THE REST OF THE CAKE FOR HER STUPID WEDDING!"

Steve sighed. "That's it?"

"That's it?" Lucas demanded. "Do you want to deal with a nine year old on a sugar high?"

"Sorry kid, I can't let you have all that cake." Steve said, wondering how Erica had managed to steal the whole thing.

"Do you live here?" Erica asked.

"Huh?"

"I said do you live here!"

"No." Steve said slowly.

"Then you don't own this cake. I live here so it's mine."

"I'm pretty sure that's not how it works." Steve said.

"Buh bye" Erica said sweetly, clearly stating that she wanted them out.

"Ok bye." Steve said, not wishing to tangle with a sarcastic nine year old.

"Get back in there" Lucas demanded. Steve was starting to realize a bossy streak in this family.

"Why?"

"Oh you act like you're the king to us but not her? Come on Steve! Go lay down the law! Would you let Dustin have a whole cake?"

"Of course not!"

"Then don't let her have it!"

"Fine!" Steve yelled, giving up.

"On second thought I'm taking this." Steve said, re-entering the room.

"Rude." Erica said. "You don't just interrupt a wedding!"

"Uhh.." Steve trailed off, looking over to Lucas for help. Lucas pounded his palm with his fist. Right. Lay down the law.
"Yeah, but before you have a wedding you have the wedding rehearsal." Steve said. "And you usually don't have cake with that. So how about you do a full run through of the wedding and then come get the cake. I'll put it in the fridge so it stays good."

Erica agreed and Steve considered this a win.

"I don't get how someone like you can be that smart and still think that Seattle is a state." Lucas said.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"That you're an idiot?"

"No that Seattle's not a state."

"Seriously?"

"I'm kidding."

"Suuuuure you are." Lucas said.

"Whatever kid. How about you do your homework."

"Sure. It's just some questions about the states."

"Well have fun. I'll be doing chemistry which is a lot harder and requires more intelligence."

"Aren't you failing chemistry?"

"Go." Steve said, pointing to the table.

Steve looked up at the clock. An hour of silence had gone by. He looked back to his paper...

"JESUS!"

Erica was standing right in front of him. He hadn't even seen her come in.

"I want my cake."

"Too bad. It's gone forever." Steve said, trying to recover from the minor heart attack.

"I said." Erica says, taking a step forward. "I want my cake."

"And I said" Steve said, standing up. "That you can't have the whole cake."

"Then I'll tell who egged the house." Erica said, playing her trump card.

"Wait." Steve said, sensing danger. "Are you talking about..."

"Last year. You and your ugly friend."

Steve groaned. Stupid Tommy! He said that no one was home.
"Look kid, I'm sorry about that-"

"Cake." Erica said, holding out her hand.

"STEVE!" Lucas yelled. "Why did you give her it! What happened to laying down the law?"

"What's wrong with a little cake?"

"She made her move." Lucas groaned. "Come on. What dirt does she have on you?"

"Nothing!" Steve said indignantly.

"Come on. Jonathan told us enough stories about you to make us think you came straight out of hell."

"I WASN'T THAT BAD!" Steve yelled. "And she may or may not have brought up the egging incident."

"That time those total jerks egged our house? What does that have to do with you?"

"I may or may not have been one of those jerks."

"THAT WAS YOU?"

"It was a long time ago!" Steve snapped.

Lucas sighed. "Part of me wants to hate you but part of me knows you're a decent person."

"Thanks." Steve said. "Anyways, we're letting Erica have that cake."

"Steve, the egging wasn't a big deal. Just let her tell them."

"You clearly didn't see what we spray painted on the house."

"What did you do?"

"It was possibly a word I will never use again."

"JEEZ STEVE!"

"Ok ok. That was a beyond stupid thing to do and I used to be a piece of shi...ttake mushroom." Steve said quickly, seeing Erica enter the room.

"Hey Erica. Steve wants you to do your homework." Lucas said.

"Mmmmm No."

"Please kid. I'm literally begging you to do this one thing for me."

"Good luck." Lucas said, leaving the room.

"What am I gonna get out of this?" Erica demanded, putting a hand on her hip and raising an eyebrow.

"Uhhh...Education?"
"Bor-ing." Erica said. "You can do it for me."

"Can I make a deal with you?" Steve asked.

"What kind of deal?" Erica asked without turning around, but Steve could tell she was interested.

"How about you do this homework for me, and I'll do something for you. Anything you want."

It was a bold bargain but Steve was ready to give it his all.

"Anything?" Erica said, slowly turning around.

"Anything." Steve said.

"You're gonna give me a big something then."

"Deal, but homework first." Steve said quickly.

"I'm forever a genius" Steve said to Lucas.

"What did you do?"

"Possibly traded my freedom away but hey, homework's getting done."

"Well congrats. Dustin wants to come over. Can he?"

"Sure. What the hell right?"

"Ok. Cool." Lucas said. "Can I ask you something?"

"Fire away."

"If a girl is mad at you, what do you do?" Lucas asked.

"Trouble in paradise?" Steve snorted.

"STEVE!"

"Tell her she's right no matter what and whatever happened was your fault and expensive presents usually help."

"Hey Nerd." Erica said, poking her head into the room. "I need my husband."

"Huh?" Lucas asked.

"Him. He's gonna be my husband in the wedding." Erica said, blowing Steve a kiss.

Steve looked to Lucas for help.

"You want to marry him?" Lucas asked, pointing to Steve. "Steve?"

"Yes Steve! He's husband material!"
Lucas almost fell over laughing.
"This exceeds the favor." Steve said.
"You said anything." Erica purred.
"This is not what I meant!"
"Bye Steve. Have fun on your honeymoon." Lucas said, waving cheerfully.

One wedding later Steve greeted his "bride's" parents.
"I don't know how you did it, but Erica seems to like you. I hope you'll be back." Mrs. Sinclair said.
"Uhh...sure." Steve said slowly looking at Erica.

He had moved on from angels like Nancy to nine year olds.

"You know she doesn't actually want to marry you right?" Lucas said as Steve was leaving.
"Huh?"
"She has this thing with weddings. But I guess she liked you."
"She called me "Steviekins."
"Next time's gonna be fun." Dustin said, walking up behind them.
"In the car shithead. I have to drive you home now."

"What's it like having a wife?" Dustin asked as they were driving home.
"Kid, never underestimate being single."
"I do that every day." Dustin said.

Steve awkwardly patted Dustin on the shoulder. "It'll get better."
"So where you going on your honeymoon?"
"Shut up."

Chapter End Notes

There you all go!
Don't hesitate to ask for requests, I'm always ready for em!
Leave a comment or a kudos if you will! It makes my day!

Have a good day and I hope you enjoyed!
Report cards

Chapter Summary

Steve gets his report card back.

Chapter Notes

SO MANY KUDOS! I can't thank you guys enough for all the support! I hope you enjoy this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Report cards!" Dustin announced, waving the black envelope in the air.

Steve, who was waiting by his car waved his on envelope in response.

"Ok come on. We gotta go pick up El if we're gonna see that nerd movie you all want to see." Steve said.

"El's coming?" Mike asked excitedly.

"Finally. A positive response." Steve laughed. "And yes, we're gonna go get her but if we're one minute after four Hopper's calling it off."

"DRIVE THEN!" Mike yelled. Like Nancy, he possessed the ability to yell louder then what was thought possible.

"YOU DRIVE LIKE A GRANDMA!" Dustin yelled as Steve carefully stuck to the speed limit.

"Come on Harrington! Show us what you got!" Max cheered.

"Just because your dick of a stepbrother drives the tires off his car doesn't mean we all have to." Steve said, trying to keep his patience.

"Steve! Who goes actually follows the speed limit?" Lucas asked.

"A good driver!" Steve protested.

"Why are you slowing down at a yellow light?" Will asked jokingly.

"Alright that's it." Steve said, pulling the car over. "This car is not moving an inch until each of you says one nice thing about my driving."

Steve ignored the groans. "Come on. I have all day."

"You use turn signals" Will said, being the first to surrender.
"You stop at stop signs." Mike said, following suit, wanting to get to his precious El.

"You don't get tickets." Max continued.

"You don't drive drunk?" Lucas asked. Steve shrugged, accepting the answer.

"We're all still alive thanks to your amazing driving." Dustin concluded.

"Ok. Good." Steve said, continuing on.

They arrived at exactly 3:59. (Mike had surprised everyone by speeding to the door and almost knocking it down. Steve had completely face planted due to an unseen tripwire.)

"You're all paying me back." Steve said as he handed out money to the kids for food.

"Sure Steve. Sure." Dustin said.

"Hey I mean it Shithead."

"Yeah yeah. You mean everything you say." Dustin said, eyeing the candy.

"Just don't gain fifty pounds." Steve said.

During the movie, (which Steve had no interest in) Steve pulled the report card envelope out of his pocket. It was never a good thing when they came to his house so he made a habit of picking them up without his father seeing them.

He waited until a really bright explosion happened on the screen so he could see the report card.

"SWEET MARY MOTHER OF JESUS CHRIST!" (Steve wasn't quite sure where that came from)

"See? Isn't this filming awesome?" Dustin said, misinterpreting Steve's yell.

"Oh shit. Shit shit shit shit shit." Dustin whispered.

"It's ok. He comes back at the end." Dustin said.

"No. Not that." Steve hissed.

"What then?" Dustin asked.

Steve showed him the report card.

"HOLY FREAKING SHIT!"

"Shhh!" Steve said, putting hands over Dustin's mouth. (although he himself had been louder)

"I've never seen grades that low." Dustin whispered.

"Thanks." Steve grumbled. This was going to be trouble at home.
After the movie Dustin had found it necessary to show the whole party.

"Woah..." Mike trailed off.

"Sorry man. You're screwed." Lucas said.

"See? His grades suck!" Dustin said.

Will gave him a sympathetic look, and El just didn't know what she was looking at.

"I think Billy has higher grades then this." Max said.

That did not help Steve's mood.

"Wonderful, wonderful. A douchebag with bricks for brains has better grades then I do. And do you know why that is? PROBABLY BECAUSE I HAVEN'T TURNED IN A COMPLETED PIECE OF HOMEWORK SINCE I STARTED WATCHING YOU SHITHEADS!"

"Steve, buddy, it's gonna be ok. We're gonna fix this." Dustin said soothingly.

"How genius. How are you going to fix this?"

"We can tutor you. All of us are advanced in at least on subject at school. What classes are you taking?"

"Chemistry. Astronomy."

"Perfect I have you covered." Dustin said. "What else?"

"World History."

"Lucas has your back. Anything else?"

"Language arts."

"Mike has that down. What else?"

"Lunch."

"Steve, I really hope you're not failing that."

"Ha ha. Cooking, I can handle that one, Art, I needed the credits-"

"Will's area of expertise"

"And math."

"Uhhhh, Max? You any good?" Dustin asked.

"Not really." Max shrugged.

"I'm ok with failing one class." Steve said.

"Unnaceptable!" Dustin said. "We'll figure something out. Maybe Nancy can-

"No." Steve said. Nancy was part of the problem. Ever since he had lost her help things had deinetly gone downhill.
"Well we'll get you started with the subjects we know."

"This not necessary."

"If being taught by middleschoolers is the issue let me remind you that the middleschoolers have better grades." Dustin said, matter of factly.

"Fine."

"This is the stupidest thing I've ever learned! When am I ever going to use this!" Steve yelled, after two hours straight of chemistry and astronomy.

"Come on Steve, you know this!"

"But why?"

"You need an educacion." Dustin said. "You need to get into a good collage."

"You're more of a father then my father." Steve said, rolling his eyes. "And I'm not so sure about college..."

"You're going." Dustin said. "But first, star charts."

Steve groaned.

"Ok, let's translate this into "Steve language." Lucas said, pointing to the book about the french revolution.

"Steve language? You're on thin ice shithead."

"It's like this. All you really need to know is that an angry little dude carrried out a war and eventually died of stomach cancer, but he was also italian."

"How is this helping?"

"Napoleon, angry little dude."

"Got it."

"Now George Washington had no teeth and a wig. Washington, teeth and wig."

"Ok."

"Cleopatra. Hot egyptian babe who killed herself. Can you remember that?"

"Yep. I can." Steve said. He was actually learning. "Wait kid, did you learn this for fun?"

"Yeah. I like it. We're gonna go on to the civil rights act now, which is a personal favorite of my dad..."

Steve didn't know how middleschoolers knew more about this then he did.

"STEVE! LISTEN!" Lucas yelled.
"Jesus! Fine!"

"You'd better get into a good college after this." Lucas said.

Steve raised an eyebrow.

"What? It's what my dad says to me."

Steve shrugged.

"Ok, moving on, Einstien, crazy hair..."

LA was a personal nemesis of Steve's. Not only were the books so boring he could never actually remember what happened, he often lost them.

"A tale of two cities." Mike said, slamming the book on the table. "You lost it for three days and the dog was found chewing on it.

Steve tried his best to look as if he had not given it to Chester in exchange for his shoes, something he actually cared about.

"Moby Dick, Dustin "accidently" dumped water on it." Mike continued.

Steve tried again to not look guilty.

"Romeo and Juliet. You burned a hole in it."

"Ok, that one wasn't my fault. Dustin and Lucas performed their science expirement on it and it started burning."

"The point is, you can't get a good grade in the class unless you actually care." Mike said.

He reminded Steve so much of Nancy it hurt.

"Nancy's not going to let me let you fail so let's actually work." Mike said.

"Wait you told-"

"She thinks it's great we're helping you." Mike said.

"Wonderful." Steve said. Mike shoved the books towards him. "Wait, how am I supposed to read Romeo and Juliet with a hole in it?"

"Figure it out.

Art was actually the least painful. Will was patient and nice, and was very encouraging even though Steve knew he couldn't draw for shit.

"That's good!" Dustin said, looking at Steve's semi decent house. "You're getting better."

"I don't know why I took this stupid class." Steve mused. "I mean, sure if I had your skills but I don't."
"We all have our talents." Will said in response. Steve didn't know when all these kids got more mature then he was. "I don't think anyone in the world can cook as well as you do."

"I'm sure someone can, but I'm ok with holding down the Hawkins reccord." Steve said.

"Do you want to leave Hawkins for college?" Will asked suddenly.

"I don't know. Why?"

"I'm not sure. Just curious I guess." Will said quickly.

"Ok then." Steve said, and focused on a new challenge. Drawing a bird that actually resembled a bird.

Steve sat at the dining room table as the other party members discussed his math homework. If these annoying little geniuses couldn't figure it out no one could.

"Ok Steve." Dustin said, coming over to him with the textbook. "I think that you carry the exponent like this, thank god we have an answer key or I'd be even more lost, but we'll get through this."

"Guys!" Lucas said suddenly, pointing to Steve's homework. The answers had been filled out and seemed correct.

Steve's mind searched for an answer? "Homework faries?" Woah, he had been spending too much time around Erica.

The party members stared at him.

"A homework genie is more like it." Dustin said.

El calmly looked up from the piece of paper she was writing on.

"Wait a sec." Lucas said, ripping the paper away from El. "She can do math!"

"Well this is new." Mike said. "Should we try and get her to teach you math?"

"I have a better idea." Steve said, walking over to El.

Steve returned to the party looking content.

"Is she going to teach you?" Dustin asked.

"Nope." Steve answered cheerfully. "She's going to do my homework for me."

The party stared at him.

"What? She wanted to!" Steve said. "And I'm giving her candy covered eggos for each sheet she does."

"And just when we thought you were not a low down human." Mike said.

"HEY!"
The next day the party was waiting for Steve to pick them up.

"At this rate the shithead's actually going to go to college." Dustin said. "I was kinda hoping he would stay back this year."

Everyone else stared at him.

"What? I'm gonna miss him." Dustin said.

"We're all going to miss him." Mike said.

"I want him to do ok in life, but I don't want him to leave us." Will said. "Is that bad?"

"Nope. We shouldn't have to share Steve with the rest of the world." Dustin said.

At that moment Steve pulled into the parking lot. "Sorry I'm late. My teacher was questioning the hole in the book. What?" he asked when he saw the party smiling at him. "What are you planning?"

"Nothing." Dustin said. "We're just glad to have you around."

"Yeah. That's not suspicious at all."

Chapter End Notes

And there you go! Again, I can't tell you guys how happy I am that you like this. Updates are gonna be about every other day if I can!

Leave a comment or a kudos if you wish, requests are always open, and have a lovely day!
"What I don't get" Steve said as he parked the car, "Is why we need to go get ice cream when its 20 DEGREES OUT!"

"Come on Steve, It's never too cold for ice cream." Dustin said. The other two kids in the car, Lucas and Max, nodded.

Steve opened the door, stepped out and instantly fell into a pile of snow due to some unseen ice outside the car door.

"Nature is telling me it's too cold." Steve said, struggling to get out of the pile.

"Screw nature. I want ice cream." Dustin said, jumping out of the car.

Steve struggled with the snow until a new issue arose.

"AAAAGH! SHIT! SNOW DOWN MY PANTS!"

Lucas, Max, and Dustin cracked up as Steve flailed his way out of the snow pile and onto the road, attempted to stand up, slipped on the same ice, and eventually crawled over to the road.

"Graceful." Max said.

Steve thanked his lucky stars that Nancy wasn't around.

"Ok Shitheads. Here you go." Steve said, handing them money. "I'm going to go to the bathroom, so don't burn the place down while I'm gone."

"Ok Steve. Go de-frost your balls." Dustin said.
Steve and the other party members stared at him.

"That sounded better in my head." Dustin muttered.

After removing the snow from his pants, Steve rejoined the party.

"TRIPPLE SCOOP?" Steve yelled, feeling how light his wallet now was. "EACH?"

"Yep." Max said shamelessly.

"You and Lucas are sharing anyways! Why did you need one each!"

"Because more is better!"

"One day I'm going to show up with a grand total of all the money I spend on you and make you pay it."

"You're not going to get anything?" Dustin asked.

"My hands are already frozen and I'm freezing. I don't need ice cream."

"You're such a wuss when it's cold." Dustin said. "Remember the time it snowed and I opened the window? You freaked out even though you had this giant blanket."

"CLOSE THAT WINDOW RIGHT NOW DUSTIN HENDERSON OR SO HELP ME I'LL IMPALE YOU WITH AN ICICLE!" Lucas yelled in an imitation of Steve.

"So I get cold easily. And let me remind you that I was stuck in a pile of snow before this." Steve said. "Now hurry up and finish. It's getting dark out.

"JESUS!" Dustin yelled about five minutes later.

"Indoor voice." Steve said, unfased.

"Steve look at your hands!"

Steve looked down at his hands. "What? They've looked like that for a while."

"Damn it Steve! I think you're frostbitten."

"Oh. Ok."

"Do you know what that is?" Dustin asked slowly.

"Can you maybe stop talking to me like I have the mindset of a three year old?"

"Do you know that your fingers can freeze and snap off?"

Steve stared at him.

"I was kidding. But you totally believed me for a minute." Dustin said.

"Did not."
"Anyways, give me your hands." Dustin said.

"I'm sorry. Who put you in charge Dr. Henderson?" Steve asked.

Dustin grabbed Steve's hands and held them in his own.

"Dustin." Steve said, cheeks reddening. "This looks really weird."

"Can you feel this?" Dustin said, pressing on Steve's hand.

"OUCH! Jeez, yes, and can we maybe not do this in public?"

"I'm just trying to make sure that your fingers don't snap off. "Dustin said, rubbing Steve's hands with his own.

"Dustin, I mean it, you're making me look like some kind of pedephile." Steve said.

"When your hands stop hurting I'll stop."

Max and Lucas were laughing. Steve wished he had his hands so he could attempt to pound them. He definitly wasn't cold any more. He felt like his whole face was on fire.

"Will you relax? No one's looking at us." Dustin said. "You have these weird issues with being judged. Do you know that?" He asked.

"I do not."

"You changed your shirt after Max started making fun of you even though that shirt was fine"

Steve shrugged. Maybe Billy was getting to him.

"Steve." Dustin said.

"Huh?"

"I love you."

Steve jumped up. "WHAT?"

"Oh my god." Dustin said, cracking up. "I'm kidding. That reaction was great! Oh jesus your face!"

"Not funny." Steve said, certian he was blushing harder then ever.

"Sorry, sorry. It was a dare from that smartass." Dustin said, pointing to Lucas.

"You all suck." Steve said. "We're leaving."

"Ok, we're done anyways. Are your hands better?" Dustin asked.

"Yep, I'm fine now except for all the blood that rushed to my face throughout all of that. Will's my favorite for sure now."

"Your brother's adorable." a woman said to Steve on the way out.

"He's not-"

"I know." Dustin said, giving the woman his most charming smile.
After dropping Max and Lucas off it was just Steve and Dustin.

"Why'd you do that?" Steve asked.

"Do what?"

"Tell that woman I was your brother."

"Well you kinda are." Dustin said. "Like if I did have a brother he would hopefully be like you."

"Aw thanks" Steve said, leaning over and messing with Dustin's hair.

"Sorry about that dare. You were so red. I thought you were gonna explode." Dustin said.

"It's ok. I guess. But you're not out of the woods yet. There will be payback."

"Ok ok fine. But we need to work on your self confidence issues."

"I don't have any!"

"Yes you do!"

"No I don't!"

"If you didn't you would have let us hold hands like the beautiful couple we are!"

"DUSTIN!"

"Ok sorry."

"Enough's enough!"

"I said I was sorry! And your reactions are amazing."

"You make it so hard to remember why I actually like you shitheads."

Chapter End Notes

And there you go! I hope you enjoyed and go ahead and give me more requests!

Leave a comment or a kudos if you so choose, and have a fantabulous day!
Sensitive

Chapter Summary

Dustin continues to create yet more uncomfortable situations for Steve.

Chapter Notes

This was a request from josie, I hope you enjoy, and over 150 kudos? what? WHAT? can we make it to 200? 50 comments? am I getting in over my head with this? (probably yes)

Anyways, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Hey Steve! Wanna hear what we learned in health?"

"Steve, can we climb on the roof?"

"Steve, can we try and find where we burried my dead hamster?"

"Steve, wanna play catch the rock?"

"Gross, no, gross, and give me the rock." Steve said upon entering the Byer's front yard.

"Aw come on Steve." Dustin said, handing over the rock.

"And there's no way I want to re-live middle school health." Steve said.

"The main point we learned was that boys-"

"Nope!" Steve said, covering El's ears. Hopper would probably want her to keep her innocence for at least another year.

"It's not bad." Will said, laughing.

"We learned that in a certain stage in life guys can be more sensetive then girls. Like you."

"I am not sensetive."

"Yes you are!"

"No I'm not."

"Yes you are Steve."

"I am not!"
"No!"

"Yes."

"Give me one example." Steve said, assuming the mom pose.

"How about the time when we started criticizing your every move. You eventually sat there and did nothing."

"I did not!"

"We were joking, and yes you did."

"I have no memory of this."

"We hurt your feelings didn't we?"


"Ok ok fine. But I had another question about something else from health..."

Steve groaned. Why him?

"We need to fix Steve." Dustin said.

"What's wrong with him?" Will asked.

"Steve is literally the most insecure person on the planet." Dustin said.

"Probably not on the planet but the guy has issues." Lucas said.

El looked terrified.

"El, Steve's fine." Mike said reassuringly.

"No, no Steve is not fine." Dustin said. "How can a monster slaying badass be all insecure like this?"

"Steve's self confidence is like negative nine." Lucas said.

"So we're gonna fix him." Dustin said.

"It's not Steve's fault." Will said. "Jonathan told me he goes through a lot at school-"

"Which is why we're gonna fix him." Dustin said. "And I have a plan."

"Hello Steve." Dustin said, coming up to the brunette who was looking over groceries.

"Hey."

"Can you look over my essay for me?" Dustin said, holding out a piece of paper.

"Sure." Steve said, taking it. "The planet Earth, by Dustin Henderson. Earth is one of the most
interesting plants in the solar syster." Steve looked at the paper again. "Plants?"

"Jeez Steve. How stupid can you get? It says planet."

"No, I'm pretty sure it says plant."

"No Steve, I'm pretty sure it says planet and I think I would know." Dustin said.

"Jeez, ok planet." Steve said. "Earth has lots of water, and land, and water, and oxygen...you said water twice."

"No I didn't. You know what Steve? I think you're bad at reading." Dustin said, taking the paper and walking away, leaving a very confused Steve in the kitchen.

"We were right. He gave up on fighting me." Dustin said, erasing parts of his paper. "Shit! I think I have to re write this now. We should have used Lucas's. It already had errors."

"I don't think that was necessary." Will said as Max tried to hold Lucas back from punching Dustin.

"Sure it was." Dustin said, holding a pillow up as a shield. "Now we have a plan."

"We do?"

"Yep. Self confidence training."

"Do you need something?" Steve asked. The party was standing in a circle around him. No one responded.

"Can you maybe stop staring at me?"

Still no answer.

Being stared at was one of Steve's least favorite things. Having six middle schoolers stare at him was a little hard to bear...

"OK ENOUGH!" Steve said, jumping up and escaping out of the circle of humans.

"Are we making you uncomfortable?" Dustin asked sweetly.

"Ok, what are you doing?" Steve said, searching for marshmallow catapults.

"Nothing." Max said. "We're just staring at you. Are we making you uncomfortable?"

"Uh, yeah. I don't know anyone who likes being stared at by a circle of people...CAN SOMEONE BLINK ALREADY?"

"No." Dustin said.

"Seriously! Do you need something?"

"Can we have your wallet?"

"NO!"
"We'll stop staring at you if you give us your wallet."

Steve sighed. First staring, then robbery. "Fine."

"Wait seriously?" Dustin asked, blinking finally.

"Yeah, now leave me alone."

As the kids left with the wallet Steve stuffed the contents of the wallet into his pocket. No way was he giving those assholes his credit cards.

"Damn." Dustin said, looking at the wallet.

"I think he would have gone and hid in a corner if we didn't stop." Max said.

"He's worse off then we thought." Dustin said, turning the wallet over. He thought it was heavier then this...

"SON OF A BITCH!"

"What?" Mike asked.

"He emptied it!"

"I guess there's more in Steve then we thought." Lucas said.

"The gang of theives returns." Steve said as the party entered the kitchen.

"We're hungry."

"Why don't you go and steal the fridge."

"Sorry." Dustin said, returning the wallet.

"Thank you." Steve said, returning his wallet to his pocket. "Ok. What do you shitheads want?"

"Food. Duh."

"I'm gonna need more then that." Steve said, yanking Dustin's hat over his eyes.

"Fine. How about...a steak."

"Oh sure Dustin. Let me go find a cow, butcher it, learn which part is actually steak, cook it, and serve it to you on a silver platter."

"Jeez, fine wise guy." Dustin said.

"I'm open to any kind of sandwich." Steve said.

"Steak sandwich." Dustin said.

"Granted we have the ingridients in the kitchen."
"Fine. Make whatever." Dustin said, giving up.

"Damn you guys are annoying today." Steve said.

"It's what we're here for." Max said.

"I'd better be getting extra."

"Hey Steve." Dustin said.

"No, you cannot sell Lucas."

"It's not about that!" Dustin said as Lucas glared at him.

"Ok then. No need to snap at me. Whatcha want?"

"If I asked you to take your shirt off, would you?"

Steve nearly cut his finger off with the knife he was holding. "WHAT?"

"Oh god." Max muttered, face palming.

"Dustin, WHAT THE HELL?" Steve yelled.

"I thought we ditched that plan. Too weird." Lucas said.

"Ok, what's happening?" Steve asked, assuming the mom pose.

"We're fixing you." El said.

"HUH?"

"Steve, relax and please put down the knife." Dustin said.

"I'm not relaxing." Steve said, but he put down the knife. "And what do you mean fixing."

"Uhh...Will can tell you." Dustin said quickly. Will looked like a deer caught in head lights.

"We were kinda worried about your self confidence." Will said in a small voice.

"And being unbearbly creepy is going to fix it?" Steve asked.

"Uh, no." Lucas said.

"Bingo." Steve said. "And guys, it's nice of you to want to help but my issues are mine, and I can handle them."

"Ok fine." Dustin said. "Now dance!" he snapped his fingers.

"What?"

"You heard me Steve! Dance."

"First of all, no, second of all, I don't really dance. And stop changing the topic."

"Are you refusing to dance because you're ashamed to?" Dustin asked smartly.
"I am not just dancing around the kitchen with all of you watching!"

"Aha!" Dustin said. "Sensetive!"

"Are we really still on this?"

"Yes Steve. We are."

"Ok. That's it." Steve said. "I'm going to give you ten seconds to change the topic."

"Are you sure you can't just do the macarena or something?"

"Does he even have the authority to ground us?" Dustin asked. The party had been confined to Will's room.

"We probably made him pretty uncomfortable." Will said.

"Sensetive." El said, nodding.

"THIS ISN'T OVER" Dustin called.

The next day the party was supposed to be watched at the Wheelers.

"Hey guys. Can I talk to you?" Nancy asked.

"Sure." Dustin said. The party sat at attention.

"Can you maybe dial it back with Steve?" She asked.

"What do you mean?" Dustin asked.

Lucas punched him. "We all know what she means."

"You just have to give him time." Nancy said. "Be patient. You can't really fix him over night."

"We owe you an apology." Dustin said. He and the rest of the party were standing in the driveway.

"Can I maybe park first?" Steve asked.

"Nope." Dustin said. "We have realized that we may have taken things too far and we apologize."

"Yeah, that's nice but seriously, I'm wasting gas."

the party reluctantly vacated the driveway as Steve parked.

"Ok. Continue."

"We shouldn't of pushed you. In fact we might have made you worse."

"How so?" Steve asked.
"You're wearing three shirts and it's not even cold out. Don't tell me that's our fault."

"No, it's not, and you're wrong it's freezing out here. How are you not cold?" Steve asked, looking up at the gray sky.

"Are we good Steve?" Dustin asked, extending his hand.

Steve looked at him. "Huh?"

"It's a party thing Steve. Just shake my hand and we're good."

"Ok." Steve said, shaking his hand. "Is this some kind of sacred nerd ritual?"

"Shut up." Dustin said, punching him.

"I'm serious. Is the lord of the nerds smiling upon me now?"

"This means you're playing D&D with us."

"What? Oh no."

"Oh yes." Dustin said, dragging Steve into the basement.

"No no no." Steve said.

"Oh yes. You'll like it." Dustin said.

"What no! Help!"

"There's no escape!" Dustin said. "And you're gonna like that!"

"I'd better be getting extra."

Chapter End Notes

And there you have it! As always requests are open!

I hope you enjoyed and leave a comment or kudos if you so choose!

Have an awesometacular day!
Steve had a very long list of complaints about school. One, it started too early. In his opinion it should be illegal to be up before the sun was up. Two, he had to work pretty hard to keep his grades up. Three, the third issue was one Billy Hargrove.

After the usual medley of "King Steve" jokes, Steve focused on making it to his next class without losing his temper.

Tommy and Carol were still some of the top cool kids in school (and two of the biggest pricks in Steve's opinion.)

Some days Steve was very confused about the fact that his friends were all middle schoolers now.

After struggling to stay awake during a chemistry lecture, Steve happily entered his favorite class, Home Economics. It seemed the only thing he was good at in school were things he could use while babysitting.

Speaking of which, those kids were getting in his head. Too many things reminded Steve of one of them or something on of them had said. Earlier he could have sworn he saw El.

After making a recipe his bitch, (one of the only things he could make his bitch) Steve hurried to his locker to get a chance to talk to Nancy before Jonathan showed up.

Ok, maybe Steve still had feelings for her, and it wasn't that he didn't like Jonathan...well, ok he didn't like Jonathan that much...Fine, he was kinda jealous that the perv with the camera made off with the girl.
"Hey Nancy" Steve said, trying to smoothly open his locker. (He had heard that Dustin had once gotten his pants caught in his locker while talking to a girl. Even though it was Dustin, Steve wasn't taking any chances.)

"Hi Steve." Nancy said calmly.

"So...boring chem class right?"

It had always been so much easier to talk to Nancy before they broke up.

"Actually I thought it was interesting."

"Oh."

And then awkward silence. Steve pretended to be interested in his locker door.

"Well I have to go." Steve said, seeing Jonathan approaching them. Then he took off.

The once king of the school had never really struck out with girls before, but Nancy was different. If he could change one thing in the universe it would be the fact that she had chosen Jonathan, that, or Erica decided to marry him. (Lucas swore she was kidding but Steve wasn't so sure)

"What's the matter King Steve? Lose the princess to the jester?" Billy drawled as he sauntered past Steve.

"Leave me alone Hargrove."

"But why? Does the king request some alone time?"

"I mean it."

"Oh, he means it." Billy said, stepping closer. "You know what Harrington? I think you like getting your ass kicked. I think you like sympathy, even though all you get is from those stupid kids."

"Leave them out of this." Steve said. This was going to be messy...

There was a crash as the lockers fell between Billy and Steve. When Billy kept coming the lockers on the other side flew open and books pelted him.

"WHAT THE HELL?"

Steve knew better then to look a gift horse/freak accident in the mouth. He booked it out of there.

Unseen by both boys, a small figure ducked back inside the locker room, out of sight.

Steve drummed his fingers on his desk ignoring the annoyed looks from his classmates. Either he had finally lost his mind from those kids or-

Steve froze. He had just seen a figure dart by the classroom door. A very familiar figure.

"MR. HARRINGTON!" the teacher bellowed. "Why are you standing up?"
"Uh...I don't feel good." Normally this was a weak excuse, but this teacher in particular was a huge germaphobe. Steve threw in some fake coughing for effect.

"Alright, let me write you a pass..."

But Steve was already out the door.

"HEY!" Steve yelled. This might not have been the best choice because the figure sped up.

"HEY! KID! EL!" the figure slowed down.

"What...what are you doing..." Steve said, panting. (the kid was faster then he thought.)

El turned towards him. (thank goodness it was actually El, because if it wasn't it would have been pretty weird.)

"Looking for Mike." She said, as if it were obvious.

"Here? At the high school?"

El seemed confused. "High School?"

"There are two schools." Steve explained. "Middle school, and High school. Mike's at the middle school."

El nodded and started walking again.

"Woah woah woah. Where are you going?"

"To see Mike."

"Did Hopper say you could?"

El avoided his gaze. Steve assumed the mom pose. "Did he?"

El looked down. "No."

"Then I have to take you home."

El took one last longing look at the middle school. "Ok."

"I'm guessing Hopper's not home." Steve said.

El nodded. "Work."

"Then it's probably best he didn't find out about this."

Steve became aware of the fact that El was staring at him.

"Kid, what did I say about the staring?"

"Are you ok?"
"Huh?" Steve asked.

"Are you ok?"

"Yeah, why?" Steve said. "Don't tell me there's more monsters to fight."

"You were going to fight."

"Huh? Ohhhhh. Do you mean Billy? Cause I wasn't going to fight as much as get my ass handed to me."

El was looking at him in a concerned fashion.

"Kid, I'm ok. Someone will take that dick down some day and hopefully I'll get to help. And thanks for your help. Maybe Billy will lay off me for a bit."

El nodded looking less concerned. Now she just looked sad.

"You really wanted to see Mike huh?"

She nodded.

"Tell you what. I'll bring the gang by after school. Does that sound good? It's Friday so I can make eggos for dinner and we can do that people watching game."

El nodded. "Yes." she seemed happier.

"Great. Now let's just sneak you back inside...uh oh."

A livid Hopper was standing on the front porch yelling at his deputies.

"I don't think he saw us-"

"HARRINGTON!"

"HARRINGTON!"

Steve spent his afternoon trying to explain that he was not a kidnapper.

Chapter End Notes

And there you go! Here are a few chapter ideas I was handed. I wanted to know if you all wanted to see any of them in particular.

Some version of a sick fic (probably Steve)
Some more brotherly bonding with Dustin and Steve
Some Mike and Steve bonding
Some form of angst involving Steve's home life
Something involving Will coming out to Steve (this one was pretty specific)

Just go ahead and comment if you wanna see any of these, (actually please do. I'm not sure how to narrow it down)

So go ahead and comment for me, or leave a kudos if you want.
A new chapter's on the way and as always have a wonderful day!
Late

Chapter Summary

Steve ends up running late when he has to pick Dustin up

Chapter Notes

Chapter twelve. Holy crap. And almost 200 kudos. My caps button isn't working otherwise I'd seem a lot more excited.

This was a request from LUCY (Oh hey, it works again XD) So I hope you like it

Enjoy now!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Flash would have lost a race to Steve as the brunette flew out the school's doors. The teacher conference had taken much longer then Steve had hoped as his father hadn't actually shown up. Leading his own parent teacher conference had been awkward as hell, but at least it was over now.

But now he was late.

Steve had promised Dustin that he would pick him up from some after school nerd club thingy at four thirty, but now it was four forty five.

"Come on! COME ON DAMMIT!" Steve yelled, trying to unlock his car. Then he realized that he was at the complete wrong car and his car was in the spot across from it.

Steve unlocked the right car this time, dove into the passenger's seat by accident, crawled into the driver's seat and screeched out of the parking lot, almost hitting a janitor.

Dustin glanced up at the clock again. All the other AV club members had gone home.

"Still here Dustin?" Mr. Clarke asked.

"Yeah, I guess my ride's running late."

"I can give you a ride if you want." Mr. Clarke offered.

Dustin shook his head. "Nah, he'll be here."

"Well I have to lock up this room." Mr. Clarke said, shrugging apologetically.

"It's ok. I can wait outside. Steve would probably get lost in here anyways."

"Steve?" Mr. Clarke asked. "Steve Harrington? I remember him. He used to be in the AV club."
"Steve? Anti nerd anything Steve? Ha! I knew it! I knew Steve was secretly a nerd!"

Mr. Clarke laughed. "I didn't think his family was still in town after what happened.

"What happened?"

"It's not really my place to say. You could probably ask him." Mr. Clarke said, turning off the light. "Want me to walk you out?"

"Sure." Dustin said. Steve was a secret nerd. He was going to have fun.

Steve's babysitting and driving minds were at war. The babysitting mind knew that he had to get there quickly, but the driving mind knew he had to slow down at yellow lights.

Sometimes Steve regretted becoming a better person.

He looked at the clock and yelped. Four fifty. Twenty minutes late, what kind of babysitter was he?

Ok, only a few more turns now-

Steve brought the car to a screeching halt.

Damn afternoon traffic.

Dustin waved as Mr. Clarke drove off.

"Damn it Steve. You'd better have a good explanation." Dustin said, checking his watch. It was a little chilly out and it was starting to get dark.

Dustin looked out at the road checking to see if any of the cars were turning. They weren't.

Dustin decided to think of some angry sentences to say to Steve. If he could convince the brunette that he was mad at him Steve might take him out for ice cream.

"Damn it Steve! Where have you been!"

No, too easy.

"Steve I could have gotten pneumonia and died!"

Maybe a little intense.

"Steve, I know you tried your hardest to get here, but what if the demodogs were still around? They could have gotten me because you were late."

Perfect. That was perfect.

"Hey Toothless."

Dustin froze. Troy. He had forgotten that Troy had detention tonight.

"Screw off Troy." Dustin said, turning back to the road.
"What are you still doing here? Does Mommy not care enough to come get you?"

"My ride's coming. Maybe I'll ask him to run you over."

"No one's around Toothless. How about we go back to playing dentist?"

Dustin took a step back. "Leave me alone."

"Will you scream?" Troy asked. "No one's gonna hear you."

Dustin could run to the school but it would probably be locked, no, he had seen Mr. Clarke lock the doors. He could fight, but when it came to fighting he and Steve had something in common...

Troy was walking towards him now with his hand in his pocket. He probably had his knife on him. Troy would tell anyone that listened that his father, who was a famous aligator hunter had given him that knife.

"Leave me alone." Dustin said again, but his voice was weaker.

"Aw, you gonna cry you big baby? You gonna cry because no one's here to help you?"

Dustin wished he could cast a protection spell.

Steve had done it. He had probably broken three driving laws in the process but he had evaded the traffic and was pulling into the school parking lot.

There was Dustin, that kid was impossible to miss in that hat, but who was that other kid? Jesus, he had a knife. Dustin seemed pretty freaked out.

Steve reached into the back of the car. No one held a knife at one of his assholes and got away.

Dustin knew there was nowhere to run. He had tried backing away but Troy had caught him in an instant. He was holding Dustin's arm behind his back and Dustin was trying his hardest not to scream in pain.

"Come on Toothless, cry. Wheeler's girlfriend's not here, no one's gonna save you."

"Think again jackass."

Dustin looked up to see Steve standing over them...with the bat.

Troy squealed like a pig as he jumped back.

"Beat it kid. Or you get hurt."

"Y-you can't do that." Troy stuttered.

"And I didn't just see you holding a knife on my buddy?"

Troy gave Steve one last terrified look and ran.
"YEAH THAT'S RIGHT YOU LITTLE SHIT! YOU BETTER RUN!"

"Steve." Dustin said. He was on the ground.

"Oh shit I am so sorry Dustin, I will never be late again are you ok-"

Dustin was hugging him now.

"Uh, ok" Steve said awkwardly.

"Thanks." Dustin said.

"Any time."

Once the initial shock wore off Dustin refused to shut up in the car.

"That was soooo awesome Steve you're such a badass Troy'll probably have nightmares now oh my god you're so awesome-"

"Ok kid, breathe. Then keep going." Steve laughed. It was nice to hear someone praise him for once.

"Seriously man. Thanks." Dustin said.

"I didn't know you were a hugger."

"We will never speak of that."

Steve laughed. "Well, I've learned to never be late again."

"Yeah where the hell were you?" Dustin asked, punching Steve in the arm.

"Parent teacher conference. My parent didn't show."

"Don't parents kinda have to show up?"

"Well my douchebag of an old man is an expert when it comes to making me suffer. But not important. Can we try to get that little asshole arrested?"

"Who, Troy?"

"Yeah Troy. Who else?"

"His mom's on the school board. She'd just say it wasn't his fault.

"We'll get him some how." Steve said. "Wanna go get ice cream?"

"Hell yeah!" Dustin said. "Oh yeah, You never told me you were a nerd."

"What?"

"AV club Steve."

"Uh, no, That wasn't me..."
"Come on man! AV brothers!" Dustin cheered, holding out his fist.

"Fine." Steve said, accepting the fist bump.

Dustin was completely shocked. Steve needed way more credit for his AV club knowledge.

"You're a fountain of knowledge!" Dustin exclaimed.

"That is literally the first time anyone has ever said that to me." Steve said. "And probably the last."

"What if you and Troy had started fighting."

"He would have won and then we would have a new issue."

"No he wouldn't of. You need to give yourself more credit. And you just have the bat in the car?"

"Of course." Steve said. "It's an essential babysitting tool."

"This is your stop" Steve said, pulling up in front of Dustin's house. "Try not to get in trouble on your trip to the front door."


"It's nothing."

"No it isn't Steve! Jeez!"

"I don't see why you're making such a big deal. I'll always have your back."

Chapter End Notes

And there you have it! Thanks for all your feedback on the chapter suggestions, I think it's gonna go like this: Sickfic (With some angst on the side potentially) coming out fic, angst again maybe, and then we'll go from there.

So standby for another chapter and I hope you enjoyed!

Leave a kudos or a comment if you want and have a fantabulous awesometacular stupendiculous day! (yes I combine words, fantastic/fabulous, awesome/spectacular, Stupendous/ridiculous. If you have any of those I'd love to hear them)
Chapter Summary

Steve gets sick while babysitting. Very self explanatory.

Chapter Notes

OVER 200 KUDOS! WOW! A special thanks for everyone who left comments on the last 2 chapters. I hope this meets your expectations!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hammers. A million hammers. That's all Steve could hear. There probably weren't a million hammers but with the headache he had there could easily be a million hammers banging on the door, the windows, the walls...the door.

Someone was banging at the door, and unless Dustin had broken into his house again, it was his father.

His father rarely knocked so Steve had to assume that his old man was drunk again and had forgotten how to open doors.

"M' coming" Steve muttered, rolling off his bed, slowly getting to his feet and staggering to the door.

Steve didn't really comprehend much of the following conversation of his father, all he really took from that conversation was a bunch of cussing, that Steve was lazy, and useless, and a disappointment, same old same old, that Steve deserved to be hung for his grand crime of leaving the window open, and that Steve needed to get out and leave the house for a bit.

It was Saturday and he had a sitting job at the Byers so having some place to go wasn't an issue.

After pumping his system full of advil Steve drove to the Byers.

"Steve thank god you're here. The kids are a bit wild tonight." Mrs. Byers said.

Well that was just great.

"Food's in the fridge and I rented a few movies so you can have a good chance at survival..."

At least someone was on his side tonight.

"And I'm pretty sure they're going to demand a sleep over and that's ok with me, but you might have to call Hopper to double check with El, and girls have to stay in separate rooms..."
A crash sounded from the other room.

"And I'll let you get to that. I'm free." Mrs. Byers joked.

Steve laughed weakly.

"Call me if anything happens." Mrs. Byers said.

"You got it."

A second crash sounded.

"THAT BETTER NOT HAVE BEEN ANYTHING BREAKABLE!" Steve yelled, snapping into babysitting mode.

Mrs. Byers laughed. "Good luck."

"Yeah, I have a feeling I'll need it."

Steve walked into the living room to see world war three if pillows were involved. After taking three pillows to the face, Steve decided it was time for peace.

"Ok, what's going on here?"

"World war 2" Dustin said. "Me Lucas and Max are the allies, I'm America, Lucas is France and Max is England, and El, Mike and Will are the axis powers. Mike's Germany, El's Italy, and Will's Japan."

Steve shook his head. "I can't believe you shitheads are playing world war 2. And you even took over countries."

"Do you want to be Russia?"

"No, he's more of a smaller country. Maybe Latvia."

"Lichtenstein! It never gets any credit."

"What the hell is Lichtensten?" Steve asked.

"I rest my case" said Dustin.

"And actually, I'm the ambassador who ended world war two because the countries were getting too loud and destroying the house and the nice pillows."

"Fine." Dustin sighed as the parties dropped their pillows. "Now what?"

"Go play outside or something." Steve said.

"Nature's boring."

"I saw a snake out back." Steve said calmly.

"Ooh cool!"

"Let's go!"
"I wanna catch it!"

"Snake" El said, and followed Mike, Lucas and Dustin out the door.

"Gross." Max muttered, but she went outside as well. Will stayed behind.

"Don't want to go outside?"

"I don't really like snakes." Will said, shuddering.

"I don't blame you." Steve said. "Wanna help me clean up the war?"

"Sure." Will said.

Twenty minutes later it looked as if the war had never happened.

"They still out there?" Steve asked.

"Yeah. Guess they didn't find the snake."

"Actually there wasn't one." Steve said. "I just needed a break."

"Hey Steve!" Dustin said, as he and the rest of the party ran inside. "Meet Spud!"

Steve jumped back. Dustin had just stuck a small garter snake in his face. Will moved back five feet.

"We found it!" Lucas said.

"Snake." El said again.

"OUTSIDE NOW!" Steve yelled.

"Aw but Spud wants to see the house!"

"He's on vacation!"

"He can meet Chester!"

"Nope." Steve said, assuming the mom pose. "I don't think "Spud" needs to be inside."

"Look at him wiggle!" Dustin said, putting Spud on the floor.

"No! Off the floor right now!" Steve demanded. Will had flattened himself against the wall.

"Snakes go outside!"

"Spud's a rebel!"

"Go Spud!"

"Either you take Spud outside right now or I get all the pizza." Steve said.
"Spud just crawled into the air duct."

"He didn't crawl, he slithered shithead!"

Steve groaned. First a world war, and now a snake in the air duct. Not to mention his throat was killing him now.

"As long as he doesn't come out of the airduct I guess he's fine." Steve said. No way was he sticking his fingers into an airduct with a snake inside.

"Ok shitheads. Pick a movie." Steve said. He had completely lost the top range of his voice and had to wave his arms around to get their attention.

"Ghost Busters!"

"No way!"

"We just watched that."

"Snake." El said again. It turned out she really liked snakes.

Steve retreated into the kitchen to blow his nose again. At this point it was pretty obvious he was getting sick. Of course it had to be a night when he was thrown out of the house, had six wild kids in the living room and a snake in the air duct.

When he returned the kids had settled on ghost busters because El had never seen it. Mike was explaining the whole thing to her so Steve really didn't know what the point of watching it was, but as long as it got him some piece and quiet he was cool with it.

Steve fell asleep on the couch halfway through, and when he woke up he was feeling much worse, like times some ridiculously high number.

Then he realized the movie had ended and the kids were watching something that was definitly R rated.

Steve attempted to yell at them but instead of his voice, the sound of something emerging from a gutter came out.

He would never take talking for granted again.

After clearing his throat about 500 times (and almost dying in the resulting coughing fit) Steve finally manged to say something that was considered words.

"Hey! No no no. Off now"

His voice was much quieter and hoarse-er (Is that a word?)

"No way! It's getting steamy now! Rrrrr" Dustin purred.

Steve rolled of the couch gracefully as possible and snatched the remote.

"Aw come on!" Lucas said.
Steve attempted to say something else but started coughing again.

"Jesus! Steve don't die!" Dustin said. "And if you do die can I have the remote back?"

"No..." Steve managed.

"You ok?" Max asked. "You look like hell."

"Thanks" Steve said weakly.

"You seriously don't look great buddy." Dustin said. "Are you feeling ok?"

"Not really." Steve said. "And why are you yelling?"

"I'm not. Trust me Steve, you'll know when I'm yelling." Dustin said. "Alright, can you stand up? You'll probably be more comfortable on the couch.

With Dustin's help Steve managed to stagger over to the couch.

"Will, does your mom keep any medicine anywhere?" Dustin asked. Will nodded and ran out of the room.

"None of this is necessary." Steve choked.

"Sure it is. You've taken care of us, now we take care of you."

Steve must have fallen asleep again, because when he woke up Dustin was standing over him.

"Medicine!" he announced, and spent the next two minutes trying to force some random liquid down Steve's throat.

"No! I don't even know what that is!"

"Don't be a baby Steve! It's good for you!"

"I don't know that!"

"Do you want to read the damn box! Just take it!"

After fighting for a bit, Steve finally gave up and let Dustin do his worst.

"There. Was that so hard?"

"Aaaa! Gross! Disgusting!"

"You're welcome. We're going to go get dinner. I'll bring some if you want."

When Steve awoke for the third time, the only one in the room with him was Will.

"Hey Steve. We're taking turns watching you and it's my shift."

Shifts? The shitheads were taking this more seriously then he thought.
"So how are you feeling?"

"Not great. My throat feels like sandpaper."

Will nodded sympathetically. "I can get you some water."

Steve gave him a thumbs up because talking was painful.

This was nice, being taken care of. And unusual. Who would have thought the first people to actually take care of him would be a gang of kids?

After having a weird dream where Steve was babysitting giant frogs, he was shaken awake by Max.

"Sorry Steve, but we kinda need help. Dustin kinda got his hand stuck in the airduct."

Steve groaned. This snake would be the cause of all his issues tonight.

"DON'T YOU DARE GET UP STEVE HARRINGTON!" Dustin yelled.

Steve sighed and got to his feet. And before he knew it he was on the floor.

"OH MY GOD!" Max yelled. "STEVE JUST PASSED OUT"

"SHIT!" Dustin yelled, yanking on his hand. "Will call your mom!"

Will nodded and ran for the telephone.

El looked terrified.

"He'll be ok" Mike said soothingly. "He's just sick..."

"HE'S DEAD!" Lucas yelled. "Wait nevermind. He's breathing."

"Freedom!" Dustin cheered as he pulled his hand lose. "Uh oh."

Spud the snake crawled out of the airduct and made a run for it.

"SHIT!"

Mrs. Byers came home from a frantic call to find the babysitter unconscious on the floor and the rest of the party chasing a snake.

Steve slowly opened his eyes. He was doing something a minute ago...

"Snake!" he said, sitting up.

"Shh, sweetie lay back down" Mrs. Byers said. "You have a high fever."
"But the snake...the snake..." Steve said faintly.

"It'll be alright." Mrs. Byers said, rubbing his arm. "The kids wanted to stay and make sure you were ok."

"Shitheads..." Steve muttered, laying back.

It really did feel nice to be taken care of.

Chapter End Notes

And there you go! Next chapter will probably be a coming out fic. I hope you enjoyed and happy new year!

Have a splendidforus new years eve!
Steve stood out on the porch waiting for Mrs. Byers to open the door. He was just watching Will tonight. The Wheelers were having family game night, Max was MIA, the Sinclairs were seeing a movie, El and Hopper were bonding, and Dustin had been forced to take a ballet class with his mom.

Dustin had complained to high hell about this turn of events but there was no changing Mrs. Henderson's mind.

It was chilly outside and Steve still had a bit of a cough after being sick. In other words he was about ready to kick the door down when Jonathan opened the door.

If someone had been monitoring Steve's thoughts, they would have seen: Shit shit shit shit shit shit shit shit shit.

"Hi!" Steve said awkwardly.

"Hi."

"So...nice weather."

"Uh huh."

And then they stood there awkwardly looking anywhere but at the other.

"Hi Steve!" Will said, running to the door. "What are you doing?"

"Admiring your fence"

Will then took it upon himself to complete the Steve/Jonathan transition.

"Ok, Steve in, Jonathan out." Will said, dragging Steve inside.
"You two need to work on communicating."

"We do not" Steve said.

"You were admiring the fence?"

"I...love fences. Like come on kid, who doesn't love a good fence?"

Will laughed. "You can sit down if you want."

Every time Steve watched just Will he often felt like he was at some sort of hotel where he was served pretty much anything. It was enjoyable though. Will was a great kid and the fact that Mrs. Byers actually trusted him was amazing.

"Did you ever actually catch the snake?" Steve asked, eyeing the air duct wearily.

"Yeah, we did, I think Dustin kept it as a pet."

Steve sighed. What was it with Dustin and reptiles?

"So kid, what do you want to do. Did you do your homework?"

"Yeah it's all done."

Steve nodded. "Yep, you're my favorite."

Will smiled then looked away.

"You ok kid?"

"Yeah...can I draw for a bit?"

"Sure." Steve said. Will was definitel shy then the other kids but had never really come of as anti social.

Steve managed to complete three out of seven worksheets in the time it took Will to create a masterpiece.

"Woah!" Steve said, admiring the picture. It was a drawing of the entire party plus Steve. "That literally looks just like us."

"Your hair was the hardest part."

"Because it's too awesome?" Steve asked.

Will smiled again and looked down.

"You sure you're ok?" Steve asked again.

"Yeah...I'm just hungry."

"Then food it is." Steve announced going to the kitchen. "We have stuff for sandwiches mostly. Preferences?"
"Turkey?" Will asked.

"Good choice. I am the supreme lord of Turkey sandwiches." Steve said.

As Steve cooked dinner Will sat at the dinner table looking at the ground. Now any member of the party sitting there silently was weird but a kid in general sitting there in complete silence was a rare event. So a kid sitting personally still and a member of the party sitting perfectly still either meant Steve was being messed with or something was wrong.

"Ok kid, what's eating you?" Steve asked, sitting down at the table.

"Nothing"

"Yeah right." Steve said. "C'mon. We've been over this, you can tell me anything."

"Anything?" Will asked.

"Bingo."

"Even if that something was really bad?"

"Sure."

"Really really bad?"

"Jesus what did you do? Murder someone?"

Will looked at him sadly.

"Woah hang on. Did you actually murder someone?" Steve asked.

"No. Worse." Will said, looking down.

"More then one person?!" Steve asked. "Kid look at me. You're scaring me."

"If I'm part of something bad would you hate me? Something you didn't agree with?"

"Are you a satanist or something?"

Will stared at him. Steve decided from then on he would filter his thoughts.

"Ok, so not a satanist. Did you join a cult?"

Will shook his head.

"Well you're going to have to tell me or my guesses are going to take us places no one wants to go."

Will smiled weakly. "Never mind. It's nothing."

"Oh no it's not!" Steve said. "Nothing doesn't do this to people. What is it?"

Will shook his head.

"Ok then." Steve said, leaning back. "Then I'm just gonna start singing until you tell me. Remember you brought this upon yourself."
"SHOULD I STAY OR SHOULD I GO NOW!!!!!! IF I GO THERE WILL BE TROUBLE, IF I STAY THERE WILL BE DOUBLE!! SO COME ON AND LET ME KNOW!!! Uh...PARA BAILAR LA BAMBA-"

"Ok ok!" Will said laughing. "Stop it before you ruin those songs for me!"

Steve smirked. "Harsh"

Will opened his mouth like he was going to say something, then closed it.

"PARA BAILA-"

"I think I like boys."

Steve instantly stopped singing. "What?"

"I...think I like boys." Will said, voice trailing off.

Steve then found himself in one of those moments where you have no idea how to react. Like when he saw Dustin in his ballet outfit.

"See? Now you hate me." Will said.

"Nope."

"What?"

"I don't hate you."

"How can you not!" Will said, he was crying now. "I'm queer! A homo! A fag!"

"Well now we have an issue."

Will was practically shaking as he looked up at Steve.

"Kid, don't you ever call yourself those things again." Steve said firmly. "You're making yourself sound like you're worth nothing. You're worth so much to so many people, and this won't change anything you hear me? I don't hate you, I could never hate the one shithead who actually listens to me. Will, you are an amazing kid, and you don't have to abuse yourself like that and if anyone else abuses you for that so help me I will fight for you with all that I have. Got it?"

Will was practically sobbing now. "D-do you really mean that?"

"Course I do-" Will practically threw himself and Steve hugging him.

"Thank you."

"For what?" Steve said, putting his arms around Will. (Hugging was still new to him and he had no idea if he was doing this right)

"Accepting me."

"That was easy. And I am 110% sure everyone else will to."

"Are you sure?"
Will smiled. "Ok. I believe you."

"Thank god. No one ever believes me."

"You were the first person I told."

"Wait what?" Steve asked.

"Yeah."

"Wait why me?" Steve asked. "Like, shouldn't you tell your family first?"

"I told you first because I thought your opinion would matter the most."

"Since when does my opinion matter?" Steve asked. "Especially about that?"

"Because everyone else looks up to you and would follow your lead."

"They only look up to me because I'm taller than them." Steve laughed. "Wait you told me before Jonathan?"

"Yeah."

Score. Point Steve.

"I also wanted to get it over with if you were going to hate me."

"Well I'm not. Do you feel better now?"

"Yeah." Will said.

"Well I'm always gonna be on your side kid so if you need anything I'm your guy."

"You're awesome Steve." Will said, giving him one last squeeze.

"I know. And now prepare to have the world's best turkey sandwich!"

A few days later Will pulled Steve aside as his mother was coming through the door from work.

"I need something."

"Name it and it's done."

And that was how Steve found himself sitting next to the kid as he told his mom for moral support.

Chapter End Notes

And scene! I hope you all liked it! Again I apologize for being gone and thanks again for all your support!
Ok so there are two ways the next chapter might go. SelkieSkin I am totally taking your request so that's coming up, and do you guys want a chapter with more angst, you all seemed to like what Mr. Clarke said and wanted to see more of that so if you want an angst chapter let me know!

Other then that, requests are welcome, and i hope you have a funmazing day!
"In my hand I have ten dollars." Dustin said.

Steve sighed. Where was this going?

"These ten dollars can be yours if you write my research paper for me."

"Yeah nice try." Steve said. "Go write it yourself."

"Dammit. I suck at writing research papers!"

"I'll help a little bit." Steve said. "Like with spelling and stuff. Thats it. What's your topic?"

"Caterpillars."

"Caterpillars?"

"I couldn't pick so my stupid teacher picked for me." Dustin grumbled. "Everyone else's doing something cool. Mike's doing the history of D&D, Lucas is doing bikes, Will's doing some mind thingy about nightmares, (Steve was decently impressed by this) and Max is doing video games. And I get caterpillars!"

"Caterpillars are...cool." Steve said. He knew that caterpillars somehow turned into butterflies, and that was the extent of his knowledge.

"That's like saying Mike's cheerful." Dustin grumbled. "What did you do for your paper?"

"Alcohol addiction."

"See? That's cool!"

Steve sighed. That was anything but cool. If all his issues revolved around caterpillars his life would be easier.
"Well can you pick a different topic? I thought you would have done reptiles."

"James is already doing them." Dustin grumbled.

"Amphibians then."

"Troy's doing those." Dustin said spitefully.

"Ballet?"

Dustin glared at him.

"You could give your presentation in your little ballet shoes." Steve said smirking.

"I'm not giving a girly presentation like that!" Dustin yelled. "I'm not a girl! Or a fag!"

"Nope. We're not using that word." Steve said.

"But-"

Steve shook his head and crossed his arms. "Nope."

"Jeez fine." Dustin said. Steve had been riding him about using that word recently.

"What else are you interested in?"

"I don't know!"

"Fine. How about...parallel dimensions?"

Dustin stared at him. Steve shrugged defensively. He thought it was a good idea.

"THAT'S PERFECT!" Dustin yelled. "Steve you're a genius. See you after school!" Dustin ran off.

"Oh no you don't." Steve said, as Dustin jumped into the shotgun position. "It's Max's day."

"Yeah, but she's not here. She never showed up." Dustin said. "And I'm your favorite so it's automatically my turn!"

Steve frowned. He knew for a fact that Max actually liked school because it got her out of the house. Come to think of it Billy hadn't been at school either...

"STEVE!" Dustin yelled.

"WHAT?"

"Oh hey, you're alive. You were zoning out. Now drive! We want pizza!"

"Whatever happened to reaserch papers?" Steve asked.

"I need food to create." Dustin said, putting his feet up.

"No way! Feet down!" Steve said.
"What are we doing here?" Mike asked.

"I'm taking a shortcut." Steve said, as he drove past Max's house, looking for a non suspicious place to park.

"You can just admit you like us every once in a while." Will teased.

"Now why would I do that?" Steve said, parking the car. "Lucas, you come with me. Everyone else stay here."

"If you're not back in five minutes we're coming in after you." Dustin said.

Steve followed Lucas to the back window where Max's room was.

"And now you throw a rock like this." Lucas said, picking up a rock.

"Oh no you don't!" Steve said. "I refuse to break any windows."

"Fine." Lucas grumbled.

"We will do it my way." Steve said, gripping the window sill and pulling himself up.

"Steve! Are you seriously breaking into a house?"

"It's not breaking if the window's unlocked!"

"You are a terrible role model." Lucas said.

"How about if I do something, you shitheads should never do it."

Max was laying face down on her bed. This had definitly been one of the worst days of her life.

The last thing she expected was one Steve Harrington falling through her window.

"Ow! Shit!" Steve said, struggling to escape the cocoon of curtains that had surrounded him.

"Steve?" Max asked.

"Hi." Steve said, getting to his feet. "Are you ok?"

Max smiled for the first time that day. Steve was a dork, an idiot, and had questionable methods for entering houses, but he was awesome.

"Yeah I'm fine. Billy didn't let me leave."

"And where would the king of the bastards be now?"

"Off with some girl. He probably won't be back until tomorrow."

"Well then, what are you waiting for?" Steve asked gesturing to the window. "Your boyfriend is waiting for you."

"Shut up" Max said, punching him in the arm, then she climbed out the window.
"Max!" The rest of the party cheered. Max grinned then turned to Dustin. "Out. It's my day."

Dustin grumbled but climbed into the back seat, then proceeded to lead the party in a chant of "pizza! pizza! pizza!"

"Ok ok!" Steve yelled as the chant grew consistently louder. "But research papers the second we get home."

After successfully making the party work on their papers Dustin ran over to Steve.

"My bitch teacher said I have to stick with caterpillars!"

"Well can you somehow incorporate dimensions into caterpillars?" Steve said.

"Yeah." Dustin said thoughtfully. "I'll do that. But did you know that a caterpillar has more muscles than a human?"

Steve honestly learned more from these kids than from school.

After having the majority of the party dropped off at home, Steve had Dustin and Max in the car.

"I thought we only get one turn in shotgun." Dustin complained from the back seat.

"Well tonight you're being a gentleman." Steve said.

"You're worse than my mom."

"At least I don't make you go to ballet."

Max giggled.

"Whatever. Let me out." Dustin said as Steve pulled up to his house.

"You're welcome."

"Thanks" Dustin said, rolling his eyes.

Now it was just him and Max in the car.

"I don't suppose you want to go home tonight." Steve said.

"It's fine. I can go." Max said.

"Or you can stay at my place. I don't think my dad's home." Steve said.

"What about your mom?"

"She...hasn't been around for a while."

"Oh." Max said. "Actually that sounds good."
"Great." Steve said. "Just let me get gas then we'll be on our way.

"You have a big house." Max said.

"Well my room is the smallest one." Steve said.

"Same." Max said. "Small rooms are good."

"Yeah. Except when Dustin climbs through the window and breaks my stuff. Where did that kid learn to enter buildings?"

"Probably you." Max said.

"Touche."

"And now you see how messy my place is." Steve said as Max looked around the place.

"It's better then mine. Billy's stuff is all over the place. I can't take three steps without tripping over a weight set."

Steve laughed. "You should see his locker. An avalanche of crap falls out every time he opens it."

"Not surprising. Did you know Dustin changed his paper topic so it involved parallel dimensions?"

"That would be my fault." Steve said. "But I kinda want to know how this ends."

"Same." Max said. "Anyways, are you sure you're ok with this?"

"One hundred percent." Steve said. "You can take the guest room. No one uses it ever so it should be clean."

Max nodded. "Who is it in your house?"

"Huh?"

"You know" Max said, gesturing to the messy house. "I have Billy, you have..."

"My dad." Steve said shrugging. "No big deal."

"Neither is Billy."

"What does it matter that he gets drunk off his ass?"

"Yeah, and what does it matter that he's a complete psychopath?"

"And what does it matter that he sleeps around?"

"That he beats up people for fun?"

"And chased off my mom?"

"And ruined my life?"
"And destroys the house every time he gets drunk?"

"And insults me?"

"And makes me feel like nothing."

"And tries to throw me out?"

"And tells me I'm worthless?"

"And only thinks of himself?"

"And bullys me?"

"And tried to sell me to some hookers?"

Steve stared at Max. She stared back.

"We are so screwed up."

"Yay family life." Steve said.

Sometimes during deep conversations the speakers can't help but start laughing. This was the case and both Max and Steve were nearly rolling around with laughter.

"Ok...this isn't even funny..." Max wheezed. "Why am...I laughing?"

After they finally calmed down they sat in silence.

"I only have to deal with Billy part of the time. You have to deal with him all the time." Steve mused.

"I'm glad I've never met your old man." Max said.

"Does he hit you?" Steve asked.

"Not as hard as he hit you, but yeah." Max said, rolling up her sleeves.

Steve's face hurt in sympathy.

"Yeah, you've seen me with bruises before." Max said, shrugging it off. "No big deal. You have them too."

"Not denying it." Steve said. "But the ones on my legs are mostly me tripping over that damn trip wire at Hopper's place."

"They call it a tripwire for a reason stupid." Max said.

"I know!" Steve said.

The two stared at each other again then broke down laughing.

"How are we still sane?" Max said, wiping tears from her eyes.

"Probably the rest of the gang. Those shitheads are like the cure for life." Steve said.

"Do you know what Dustin did today?" Max asked, giggling. "Ok so he was talking to some girl,
Laurie or Lauren or something and he was being all smooth, and the his belt got hooked on something and when he tried to run after her it pulled his belt off and...and...HIS PANTS LITERALLY FELL DOWN!"

Now Steve was really dying. "What-what did he do?"

"He said he didn't normally treat girls to a show but she was really special!" Max yelled. The two collapsed again.

"Wait wait." Steve said, snapping into protective mode. "Was he ok?"

"As far as I know he's working on the next girl on his list." Max said.

Steve sighed. Of course Dustin had a list.

"Anyways" Max said. "Are you going to tell the rest of the party about this?"

"Not if you don't tell them about me." Steve shrugged.

"No sense in screwing up the non screwed up with our screwed up-ness" Max said.

"Exactly."

After talking for a little while longer Steve decided it was time for bed.

"Steve, thanks for this." Max said as she walked into the guest room. "It's nice having someone who understands."

Steve smiled. "Any time." Max was tough, probably the toughest person he'd ever met but no one deserved to go through that alone.

"Ta da!" Dustin said, holding up his paper proudly. It was after school and Steve was picking the gang up.

"C plus" Steve said. He read the title and his eyes nearly bugged out of his head. "COULD CATERPILLARS SURVIVE IN OTHER DIMENSIONS? THE PAPER'S FACT BASED!"

"But I still got a C plus." Dustin smirked.

"That is an accomplishment." Steve said, high fiving him.

"You two are so alike it hurts." Max said, sliding into the car.

"I'm the better one right?" Dustin asked.

"No way. I'm better shithead." Steve said.

"Keep dreaming."

"Hey! I'm older!" Steve said. "What I say goes!"

"I'm a rebel!"

"Are you sure you guys aren't related?" Mike asked.
"Thank god we're not!" Dustin said, but he seemed happy about that comment.

"Alright then. What are we doing today?" Steve asked.

Dustin lead the party in a chant of "arcade! arcade! arcade!"

"Ok ok!" Steve said.

"You're paying." Dustin said.

"NO WAY IN HELL! Why is there a hole in your shirt?"

"So when I was talking to Tessa..."

These shitheads really were a life cure.

Chapter End Notes

Annnnnd scene. Hope you all enjoyed! Dustin's expiriences are taken from a friend of mine so I have lots of inspiration!

I'm gonna go through my requests and see what's next so next chapter will be a surprise!!!

But yes i will take all the requests. If you request something you will get it. That is my rule. So yeah.

Anyways, have a funderful day! (watch me accidently use my combined words in an essay XD)
Playing Favorites

Chapter Summary

The brother fic that was requested

Chapter Notes

HEYYYY! I am so sorry for the dry spell, my schedual got so crazy. This is zugzo's request so I hope you enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"No!"
"Yes!"
"No!"
"Please!"
"No!"

Dustin sighed. "You said you would always be there for us."

"I am!" Steve yelled. "But this is different!"

"How is this different?"

"It's weird!"

"Because my mom will be there?"

"I didn't sign up for this!"

"You didn't sign up for life Steve! And I didn't sign up for ballet!"

Steve had been asked to attend Dustin's ballet recital. As much as he wanted to see the kid dancing around in a leotard, he did not want to be seen in an auditorium full of mothers.

"Pleeeeeeeeeeeeeee..."

"Oh that's nice, go ahead and suffocate." Steve said.

"eeeeeeeee eeee..."
"Even if you die I am not coming to see your little dancing ghost."

"eeeeeese?" Dustin whined.

"No." Steve said. "And my word is law."

"Says who shithead?" Dustin grumbled. "I'd come to your ballet recital."

"Only to laugh at me." Steve said.

"Because we're friends!" Dustin declared.

"No." Steve said.

"Are we not friends Steve?"

"Yeah, we are, but..."

"I thought I was your bestest friend ever!"

"That's not a word-"

"I am at a very crucial stage in my life Steve! You're breaking my heart!"

"I. Said. No."

"THIS GUY'S AFRAID OF BALLET!" Dustin screamed to the emptying court yard.

Steve grabbed the little asshole and shoved him in the car.

"Why won't you come!" Dustin said, kicking his feet against the car.

"Stop hurting the car." Steve said.

In reality Carol's little sister was in ballet. The last thing Steve needed was for Carol to see him and murder his social life even more.

"So I guess I'm not your favorite." Dustin sighed.

"I don't play favorites."

"If it were Will or El doing ballet you would come."

"I assure you, Hopper could be doing ballet and I wouldn't go."

"So sad. You said you would support us forever."

"Forever?" Steve asked.

"A long time!" Dustin yelled. "And ballet is just as important as Mike and El's separation issues!"
The next day Dustin worked on a list of ways he could get Steve to grow a pair and just go to the recital already!

1. Guilt trip
2. Set his car on fire
3. Set his pants on fire

"I'm not sure what that has to do with the lesson." Mr Clarke said.

Dustin jumped. When it came to sneaky teachers, Mr. Clarke was the ninja master.

"Whatever it is you're trying to do," Mr. Clarke was saying, "I don't think lighting someone's pants on fire is going to help."

Dustin sighed. Maybe not.

"Drive!" Dustin commanded as he got in the car.

"My day was great thanks for asking." Steve said.

"Oh hi Steve. How are you?" Dustin asked drily.

It was just the two of them that day.

"Let's go get ice cream!"

"Let me just ask my wallet...oh wait! It's still recovering from the last arcade trip."

"Relax shithead. I'm paying."

"Cool." Steve said, driving out of the parking lot.

Dustin grinned. That was easy.

"Waaaaaait a minute." Steve said suspiciously. "This wouldn't have anything to do with ballet would it?"

"This is because we're friends!" Dustin said. "Are we suddenly not friends?"

"We're friends." Steve sighed.

"Thanks buddy. You know, friends go to each other's dance recital-"

"Quiet."

"What can I get you today?" a waitress chirped. Her name tag read, Doreen.

Steve trusted Dustin to order everything correctly so he started zoning out. But Dustin kept talking. Steve snapped to attention.

"So here's the deal Doreen. I got my buddy Steve over there. He seems really cool right? Like
someone you can trust? And here's the issue Doreen. You see, when I need him, good ol' trustworthy Steve here, he refuses to be there for me. So tell me Doreen, Does Steve sound like such a good guy now?"

Steve reached over and slapped a hand over Dustin's mouth.
"Sorry, my brother's annoyed that I won't go to something for him."

The waitress laughed and shook her head as she walked back into the kitchen.
"You called me your brother." Dustin said.

"It was a lot easier then saying, oh this random kid won't shut up."

"Brothers go to each other's dance recitals."

"Well then thank god we're not brothers."

Steve didn't know why but Dustin suddenly looked crestfallen.

Steve knew he must have done something wrong because Dustin, usually the most chatty of the shitheads, was silent.

"Everything ok?" Steve asked.

"Oh yeah, I'm fine!" Dustin snapped.

Steve didn't press the matter again.

After an afternoon of the silent treatment, Steve decided enough was enough. He pulled over two blocks away from Dustin's house.

"What are you doing?"

"Ok kid, spill it." Steve said. "You're waaaaay to quiet."

"I am taking a vow of silence Steve. I refuse to break it."

"You just did."

Dustin narrowed his eyes and glared at Steve.

"Ok then." Steve said, searching the car for a pen. "Here you go. I'm sure you have paper somewhere."

Dustin took the pen and wrote, "I am now taking a vow of no-writing."

"Bullshit" Steve said, crumpling the paper. "Now write or I will literally force you to talk.

Dustin shook his head.

"Come on kid! Do something!" Steve said.
Dustin sat there like a statue, refusing to do anything.

"Fine." Steve said. "I'll go talk to some more responsive shitheads."

"SEE! THIS IS WHAT YOU DO!" Dustin yelled. "YOU PAY ATTENTION TO EVERYONE BUT ME!"

Steve jumped a foot, not expecting a full outburst. "Huh?"

"If it were Will you would go!" Dustin screamed. "If it were Max you would go! If it was anyone else you would go!"

"Woah hang on a sec-"

"NO!" Dustin yelled. "You pay more attention to them then me! You clearly like them more so why am I even here? Can't I just go home?"

Steve stood there. He had not been expecting this turn of events.

"Is that it?" Steve asked.

"WHAT?"

"I mean, it's an easy fix. We can spend some one on one time, checking out the chicks, you can try and persuade me to wear a hat again..."

"Would you really do that?" Dustin demanded.

"Wear a hat? No."

"No! Hang out with me!"

"Sure kid. We're probably the most similar out of all the shitheads so hanging out with you is always the most fun."

"Really?" Dustin asked softly.

"Yeah. And I'm gonna change topics before I play favorites. Anything else bothering you?"

"Sort of, yeah."

"Fire away."

"So, you're gonna think this is stupid, but I've always kind of thought of you as my brother, and when you said you were glad we weren't related, well, that kinda hurt, I was tired so...yeah."

Once again Steve's ability to be completely insensitive astounded him.

Dustin sighed. His life was about to end. Here he was, onstage, about to dance to that stupid sugar plum fairy song. Dustin risked one last peek through the curtains, no video cameras thank god. But there was his mother waving at him like crazy. Great.

Dustin assumed his position. He wanted to die right about now.

The curtains opened, he was blinded for a minute, and then....
Steve was sitting in the front row wearing an expression that clearly said "Dance your freaking heart out and I won't regret this."

Dustin then proceeded to embrace his inner sugar plum fairy.

"Steve Harrington? What the hell?" Carol's snobby voice cut through the music.  
"Shh, I'm trying to watch my brother."

"Brother?"

"Yeah, the one on the left, the one with better moves then your sister. That's my brother."

Chapter End Notes

Alrighty then! I hope you liked it! Up next is one of the Will requests (man u guys love him XD)

Any other requests are welcome! Leave a comment or kudos (ALMOST 300!) and have a supercalifragalisticexpialidocious day!
Chapter Summary

Just what the lovely request said. Will wakes up from a nightmare and Steve activates his parent powers yet again.

Chapter Notes

WHATS UP PEOPLE! 307 KUDOS? WHAT? Ok you all really like this. Why that is I don't know XD This is Paria Sabeti's request, (and if I ever spell your guys' names wrong I am so sorry) so I hope you enjoy!

Also, Answer this question in the comments if you want. Who's your favorite member of the party and why? (I'm curious XD)

Silence. Steve loved silence. Sadly, silence was never around anymore. But tonight, Silence had graced him with a visit. Sweet, blissful silence.

After putting away twelve game pieces, eleven pillows, letting the dog out ten times, tripping over said dog nine times, yelling at the party eight times, slamming his arm in the door six times, stopping five fights, taking for pillows to the face, calling bullshit on three excuses and carrying Dustin back to bed twice (and a partridge in a pear tree) Silence had finally graced him with a visit at eleven thirty PM.

Even Chester, the Byer's hyperactive dog, and Steve's least favorite animal had given up on trying to murder Steve's shoes while they were still on his foot.

Now it was just Steve and Silence. Sweet, blissful silence.

And homework.

As usual all Steve had to do was read a chapter for LA, but the book was soooooo far away, and it was sooooooo peaceful....

A high pitched scream shattered the silence.

Steve's first thought: WHO'S ATTACKING THE GIRLS!

Steve's second thought: Waaaaaait. Was that one of the guys?

All the male members of the party could scream incredibly loud. (even though Lucas and Dustin would go to their graves denying it)
As Steve made his way to Will's room where the guys were located, three blurs shot out of the room and nearly tackled Steve.

"OW!" Steve and Dustin yelled. (Mike and Lucas had managed to stop. At this point Steve had decided that Dustin had three speeds. Snail speed, normal speed, and race car-with-no-breaks speed)

"STEVE!" Dustin yelled

"WILL'S HAVING A SEIZURE!" Lucas shrieked, entering high pitched scream territory.

Steve entered his own race car-with-no-breaks speed as he rushed down the hall.

Thankfully Will wasn't having a seizure so much as convulsing in his sleep screaming. Steve had to admit it was pretty horrifying.

The other party members kept elbowing past Steve trying to see.

"EVERYONE OUT!" Steve yelled. It was possibly the first time the party had actually listened to Steve without making a sarcastic comment or questioning him.

Now he could focus on Will.

"Will, buddy, wake up." No response. Steve shook him harder but that only made Will shake harder. Time for plan B.

Steve returned from the bathroom with a bucket of water, which he dumped on Will. (Not too much on his face though. He did not need a drowned kid.)

Will's eyes snapped open but he continued screaming.

"PLEASE DON'T KILL THEM KILL ME!"

"Will! Relax!" Steve said.

"TAKE ME! TAKE ME INSTEAD!"

"WILL!"

"LET ME DIE!"

"HEY!" Steve yelled, shaking him.

Will finally seemed to recognize where he was.

"It's only a nightmare." Steve said firmly.

Will broke down sobbing, burying his face against Steve's chest.

"It's ok. It's ok." Steve said gently. "You're safe. It was only a dream."

"It was....so real!" Will managed.

"Do you want to talk?" Steve asked. Will shook his head, then shrugged, then nodded.
"Then come on out here. We can eat the extra cookies."

Steve gently guided Will out of the room to find Lucas and Dustin mid-cookie heist.

"Why Steve! Fancy meeting you here!" Dustin said. Mike just rolled his eyes.

"Nope. Bed." Steve said. All the guys knew better then to deny a direct order at that moment. Mike shot Will one last concerned look before following the would be cookie thieves.

"Alright then." Steve said, carefully counting the cookies just in case. "Ready when you are."

"It was about Him." Will said.

"Mind...flayer?"

"Yeah." Will said softly. "I was in school when I felt his presence. It didn't go away. Then we were at Mike's house. You were there too. He told me to kill everyone, I didn't want too but he was yelling at me, I wanted him to take me, and then Bob and all these soldiers were around me...and..."

"Damn." Steve said. "The worst thing I ever dreamed about was being kidnapped by a gang of clowns."

"Huh?" Will asked grinning. "Do you want to talk now?"

"I guess I owe you." Steve sighed. "Ok. Once upon a time I went to a circus with some friends when I was eight, and this one clown followed me around the whole time. For real, like every time I turned around, there was the clown. And then that night I had this really crazy dream, where I was in school, and then all of a sudden that clown and about a dozen of his friends burst in the door and carried me away and eventually threw me down the grand canyon. The end."

"Did you really dream about that?" Will said laughing.

"Yeah. I had a strange childhood. There are many more like that."

"Like what? Will asked, smile growing bigger.

"We're going to be here for a while." Steve said, handing him a cookie. "Ok so there was this old man named Mr. Grunfer, and he had this rickety old boat, and in the dream I was dared to sneak onto his boat and all of a sudden there's Mr. Grunfer ready to bust me but get this, he had two heads! I jumped overboard and was almost eaten by a mermaid but then..."

Steve had to admit that some of his dreams were pretty stupid, but Will seemed to enjoy them. At least the kid was relaxing.

"..And after I escaped from the pirate bears I was eaten by the carpet." Steve said, finishing his sixth dream story.

Will was laughing now. "Can you tell me another?"

"And waste all the good ones now? No way. Next time you have a nightmare come and tell me and we can continue."

Will nodded. It seemed like a good deal.
It didn't happen too much more but Will would occasionally wake up and the two would spend the night taking a trip down Steve's memories.

"Again huh?" Steve asked. It was the third sleepover in a row. Will nodded.

"Well alright then." Steve said, moving over.

"Can I tell you about some of my dreams?" Will asked.

"Sure." Steve said. He was interested in hearing about this.

"Ok, so it starts out with us hanging out here, like normal stuff. Dustin had a bunch of shaving cream and you were chasing him around. And then it got really dark. Then this shadowy hand tore the roof off of the house and reached in trying to grab us. It was about to get me and then you shoved me out of the way. I thought you were dead but you were fine. Then I realized it was a dream and woke up."

"What made you realize it was a dream?"

"The fact that He didn't kill you. And Dustin had a beard."

Steve smirked. "This is a good sign."

"Dustin having a beard?"

"No, well sort of. I think this means the dreams are getting better."

"Do you really think they're just dreams?" Will asked.

"Yes." Steve said. "Do they feel like those weird memories?"

"No."

"Then I say dreams," Steve said.

"Yeah. I guess." Will said. "Can you tell when you're dreaming?"

"Always." Steve said. "Because my dreams are always so weird."

"Like?"

"Like the one I had last night. Want to hear about it?"

"Yeah!"

"Ok so I was watching you shithheads. And all of a sudden Dustin runs downstairs yelling about a giant squid in the toilet..."
another Will-centric so look out for that!

Go ahead and answer the question I asked in the first notes if you want. More requests are welcome, leave a comment or a kudos if you want, and have a fantagical day!
Odd one out

Chapter Summary

Steve observes the social structure of the party

Chapter Notes

Ok so this chapter might be a little different, I might try a new style, I don't know yet. This is one of Smiley101's requests and I hope I get this exactly as you wanted it! (I felt like updating twice today. Ur welcome XD)

Also, ChaoticNeutral, your comments make me laugh every time. You deserve a shout out! Thanks for making this so much more fun!

Alright then, that's all i have to say, enjoy!

Steve sighed looking up at the sky. It was probably going to rain soon, yet the idiots still wanted to go to the park. Why? Why did Steve always have to be the one to take them to the park in questionable weather huh? It wasn't fair.

El had been granted permission to come today. She loved moving the swings with her creepy powers. Steve would love to know where her powers came from but everyone had yet to tell him.

Dustin and Lucas were fighting with sticks quoting movie lines. Did Steve have to go over there and take the sticks away? Well no one had lost an eye yet so why not let the stick fight go on longer.

El was mentally pushing Mike on the swings. It was a little strange to watch, but kinda cute when Steve thought about it. Max had now joined in the stick fight and was winning. Was she some sort of knight? Anything was possible.

The only party member not joining in the somewhat dangerous fun was Will. He just sat there looking up at the gathering clouds. No way was weather that interesting. Was something wrong?

Steve had noticed that Will was always a bit happier given a little space when he wanted it. Will was constantly lost in his own world thinking about god knows what. Mrs. Byers said it had always been Will's way of coping with things. He would go off on his own and just think about it. Let it settle.

After his first return from the upside down Steve had been told that Will would sit in one place for hours just thinking through what happened. It would almost be impossible to rouse him from thoughts when he was completely submerged. And Steve thought that his own day dreaming skills
were intense.

After the incident with the mind flayer Will had spent even more time off in his own world. Steve didn't blame him, the kid had a lot to think about. Almost too much honestly. There was Bob. Will had said that he thought about Bob a lot. At first the name hadn't really rung any bells with Steve but now that he thought about it Steve could vaguely remember the tech guy that he and his friends used to bother.

Steve had never really taken that Bob guy for a hero, but apparently he had saved everyone trapped in the lab with the demo-dogs. Steve had made the man his hero after he heard. That kind of bravery seemed incredible. All Steve had done was defend some kids trapped in a trailer. (They had kind of gone looking for trouble) And yes, Steve just about pissed himself upon realizing there were at least five monsters hunting him. Bob had apparently risked everything to leave the safety of a locked room to unlock the whole lab for his family and friends to escape.

Like all heroes Bob had met a tragic end. According to what Steve had heard Bob had run for his life to gaze upon his fiance on last time before one of those damn monsters pounced on him and tore him to pieces. Even in death Bob had saved his family. His body was a diversion.

The one word Steve associated bravery with was now Bob. And Steve also knew that Will blamed himself for his death.

Steve along with many other had tried to tell Will that none of that was his fault and that he couldn't have done anything. Deep down Steve knew there was no changing the kid's mind. Will knew he had played a roll in both the soldier's deaths and Bob's death. As much as Steve wanted to fix it, he couldn't bring the dead back.

So it was best to let Will think about that.

The stick fight had broken up and the kids had moved onto other activities. Mike, Lucas, and Dustin were attempting to build a gateway over a tunnel and Max was climbing a tree as El watched in awe.

Psychic powers and climbing a tree impressed her.

Will had shifted his position slightly, but was still staring off into space lost in his own world. Part of Steve wanted to go tell the kid to go be social or something but at this point it was clear that he should leave Will where he was.

Steve really hadn't known Will for very long but it was clear that out of the friend group that he was the quiet one. With people like Dustin and Lucas battling for attention it was probably easy to get lost in the noise and the rest of the chaos that surrounded the group. While the other group members seemed to favor fun activities Will tended to get to know people by talking to them.

The first time Steve had met Will all the kid wanted to do was ask Steve different questions. When Steve asked about this Will had said that he just wanted to get to know Steve. Steve had a feeling that this was how Will got to know people and gradually started feeling safe around them. The more he knew a person, the more he trusted them.
He had probably done this to most of his friends, and judging by the fact that no one was really willing to talk it out these days, that must have been one of the reasons he didn't have many. His mother had also clearly trained him to respond well to different adults, but the only ones Will went to were ones he trusted.

Steve didn't blame the kid for his trust issues. He'd had some sort of monster sharing his body so that kind of thing was understandable.

Some strange form of hide and seek was going on now. Steve could see most of the kid's hiding places from his spot but some of them were pretty good. Dustin had somehow wedged himself between a rock and a play structure almost invisible to El who was the seeker.

Will was laying back in the grass looking at the darkening sky. He seemed relaxed.

Another thing Steve had been told about was Will's constant battle with school. Every kid hated school but there seemed to be an natural amount of bullies going after the party in particular.

Steve couldn't deny that the party was a little weird on so many levels. (for example stalking Max) But what Steve couldn't understand was why the bullies seemed to single out Will in particular. Yes, people were evil. Steve knew that well. But why were the good people always the ones targeted.

According to Mike, Will had always been a popular bullying target, but after he had returned from the "dead" quote unquote, apparently the bullying had grown new wings. Old Steve would have loved a chance to mess with a "Zombie boy" but new Steve, who actually knew the kid wanted to act as his body guard all the time now. Yes, a person coming back from the dead was beyond weird, (Not that Will had been dead but what were they supposed to say?) but...actually Steve had no good alternatives for this one.

That kid was beyond tough, Steve knew that much, if only he had more friends to be around, more people who knew the real him and not this "Zombie Boy" everyone thought of.

If Steve thought his own life was hard it was nothing compared to what Will had gone through.

Now the five other party members were attempting to free Dustin from his hiding place, he was apparently stuck. El was using her powers to try and move him out and Dustin was clearly freaking out. Should Steve step in? The shitheads seemed like they could handle it.

Will's eyes were closed. Steve thought he was asleep at first glance, but now he could see Will muttering something to himself.

One of the biggest questions Steve wanted to ask Will. What's the upside down like?

He would never actually ask, how insensitive would that be? Every person he asked, however, had a different answer. Nancy had supposedly been to the upside down but he didn't really want to ask her. Too awkward.
The only thing the opinions had in common was that it was a horrible place. And a kid like Will had to stay there for so long, hiding from this terrifying monster. How the kid didn't lose his sanity was a mystery to Steve. All alone in an unknown place, kidnapped by a monster. And after he had barely been rescued he had flashbacks of the place and had some creature from there take over his body.

He knew that a friend of Nancy's had died in the upside known. He did feel a little bad for tormenting her when she was alive. Sure she was a dork, and seemed to have a never ending supply of dorky clothes, no one deserved to die like that. In a way Will was beyond lucky.

The kids seemed to be getting bored and the clouds looked about ready to dump their contents on the party. Steve decided it was time to go.

"Hey kid" He said. Will opened his eyes and looked at him.

"Hey.

"We're gonna go before we get soaked. You ready?"

"Yeah." Will said, getting up.

"Have a good time?"

"Yeah. It was helpful."

"Good. I'm gla-NO NO NO! NO SLUGS IN THE CAR! DUSTIN PUT IT BACK NOW!"

Will joined the party in watching Steve return the slug to the wild. Will might have been the odd one out sometimes, but he was still a member of the party.

But member of the party or not, no one got to bring slugs into Steve's car.

Chapter End Notes

There you go! A little different huh? I'll go back to my original style in the next chapter. I wanted to write some of Steve's thoughts on what happened to Will in this.

Next up is Smiley101's other request. It's a fun one so I get a break from angst! Humor! Yeah!

More requests are always welcome and go ahead and leave a comment or a kudos if you want!

Continue having a fantagical day! XD
"LET'S GO!" Steve bellowed from the parking lot. The rest of the party was moving at a snail's pace.

"WE'RE COMING!" Dustin yelled back.

"WELL HURRY UP!"

"WE ARE!"

"NO YOU'RE NOT!"

"YES WE-"

"SHUT UP!" Mike yelled.

They shut up.

"About time." Steve said when the party finally reached the car. "So, what are we doing today?"

The party shrugged.

"Well I don't have any ideas." Steve said. "Come on, some one give me something."

Lucas nudged Dustin. Dustin nudged him back.
"Ok what is it?" Steve asked.

"We were thinking-"

"Dustin was thinking"

"Fine then, I was thinking that we should-"

"Dustin thinking is dangerous"

"That we should-"

"What if Dustin had psychic powers?"

"We should-"

"Total disaster"

"CAN WE GO AROUND TOWN AND TAKE PICTURES!" Dustin yelled, waving his arms around.

"Sure." Steve said. "Wait, why?"

"I want to document everything that happened."

"Then the dummy wants to put it in a time capsule"

"ITS A COOL IDEA!"

"Yeah, that does sound pretty cool." Steve said. Dustin nodded.

"I guess." Lucas grumbled. "But it was Dustin's idea so...."

"Unless anyone has a better idea we're doing that."

No one spoke.

"Pictures it is."

"Can we stop at the Byers?" Dustin asked.

"Why?"

"I need to break in there and steal Jonathan's camera."

After having Will go in and politely ask Jonathan for his spare camera, the gang was on their way.

"Where to first?" Steve asked.

"Right here." Dustin said, snapping a picture of the house. "Ok we're good."

"Now where too?"

"The arcade." Mike said. "Then Mirkwood"
"Then what?"

"Oh sweet, inexperienced Steve." Dustin said. "You shall learn."

As the gang drove past Mirkwood they missed the camaro sitting on the side of the road. Inside that camaro was none other then Billy Hargrove. Billy's favorite game was "Steve hunting" and why not get a jab at the little brat who lived in his house too?

Billy pulled his car back out on the road carefully following behind Steve.

Eventually Harrington pulled over and a bunch of kids jumped out of his car. They started taking pictures of the road. Why? What was so fascinating about this road anyways? And why was Harrington with a bunch of kids?

"You named this road Mirkwood?" Steve asked. "Why?"

"Why not?" Mike said defensively.

"Jeez, ok sorry." Steve said.

"Hey Steve, do you have the bat?" Dustin said. "I think the bat is a very important part of this story."

Billy squinted at the group in the distance. Harrington was opening the trunk of his car and taking out...a bat with nails in it?

Billy half expected Harrington to beat those kids to death right there (he would have been doing Billy a favor) But then the kids all crowed around it like the bat was some kind of celebrity. Were they taking pictures of a demented bat?

Clearly his stepsister was more messed up then he thought.

Just when Billy thought things couldn't get any weirder, one of the kids yelled, "Steve, do the demodog pose!"

What was a demo-dog? It sounded like food.

Apparently the demo-dog pose had nothing to do with food. Harrington assumed some battle ready pose with his crazy bat, like he was ready to fight of invisible monsters. Was Harrington on some sort of drugs? Who takes a pack of kids to take a picture of a road with a bat full of spiked nails? And what was a demo-dog?

Harrington and the kids were getting back inside his car now, driving somewhere else. Billy decided that he better follow them, plus he kind of wanted that bat.

"It's this turn Steve."

"No, the next one!"
"Guys, I know where the arcade is." Steve said, looking up only to see that he had completely missed his turn.

"Yeah sure you do."

Steve had been looking at a car. Maybe it was all the conspiracy talk but he thought that maybe the car was following them. Come to think of it, the driver did look a little bit like Billy. Wait was that Billy...

"STEVE! TURN!"

Steve jerked himself out of his thoughts, barely missing the turn for the second time. Man, he was really paranoid.

The arcade. Billy grimaced. He hated this place. Anything that brought Max joy was poison. If Billy only had some gasoline. He had a match. It was simple enough. One flick of his wrist and...

Were Harrington and those kids taking more pictures? Come on! They were at the stupid place almost every day! Why did they need pictures!

"Is that where you saw the mind flayer?" one of the kids asked. Another one nodded.

Mind flayer? Were those asshats just making words up now? Billy tried to zone back in on the conversation.

".big ugly shadowy thingy right up there!"

"...My digdug score is sooo much better then your's!"

"...where did he posses you Will? We should go there next..."

Posses? Well now Billy knew what this was. Some stupid nerd game. He had heard his sister talking about it.

"Onward!" Dustin declared.

"Speed limit." Steve said, carefully sticking to it.

"You're such a granny."

"Granny?"

"Well you outlawed a whole bunch of other words so now I'm stuck with Granny."

"Ok. I'm ok with Granny."

"Hey we should make Steve an insult!"

"You drive like a Steve!"

"Don't be such a Steve!"

"Don't call me a Steve, you Steve!"
"ENOUGH!"

"Guys we just got Steved."

"One more word and I'm turning this car around."

And now they were taking a picture of a field. A field. Was this some sort of landscaping fetish? Billy had no idea.

Yes, Billy had originally planned on going home, but he had a hunch.

Billy's hunches were good for many things. Finding his stepsister, knowing just which knucklehead to pick a fight with, and when something interesting was going to happen.

Billy wasn't sure when something interesting was going to happen, but watching some idiots take a picture of a field was not going to cut it.

"You ok buddy?" Harrington asked one of the kids. Billy recognized him as the younger Byer kid. The one who died.

Not-dead kid was staring at one spot like it contained all the world's nightmares.

"Yeah. I just think about Him."

Him? Who was Him? Jesus? Santa? Hitler? Why would a spot on a field make you think about "Him" whoever that was.

Billy decided it was time for answers.

Harrington and his kids didn't see him approach, Billy knew where to stand to be out of sight, but still listen in. He had plenty of practice sneaking around.

"You know, it does feel kinda cold on this spot." the kid with the hat was saying. "C'mere Steve."

Harrington walked over and stood in the spot.

"Wow, I think you're right."

"Will, come feel this!"

"I already felt it."

"I hereby dub it, the possession spot!" Hat kid declared.

"Ok, enough. Anywhere else you want to hit? It's getting dark." Harrington said. Who did he think he was? These kids' dad?

"We could go visit El."

"I don't think Hopper wants pictures of their house."

"Who cares! Who said we'd tell him?"
"I am not doing anything that would get me a Hopper smackdown." Steve said. "Pick somewhere else."

Billy knew Hopper was that sonofabitch cop that had busted him for so many things. But who was El? Hopper didn't seem like the type to have kids.

Harrington and the kids had settled on Nancy Wheeler's house, one of the kids must have been her brother. Or maybe Steve wanted to look in her window.

After they had left Billy walked over to the "possession spot" not that he believed in it.

The spot was ice cold.

"This is where it all began" Dustin said, looking at the Wheeler's basement.

"Yeah." Will said numbly. No doubt he was remembering that one night.

Dustin snapped a picture and the party stood there in silence, mourning normal life.

Billy was looking through the window. What he saw was a basement. Wow, fascinating.

Alright, maybe that spot did have Billy feeling a little shaken up. But there was no way anything was going on in a boring ass town like Hawkins right? right?

Harrington and the kids were sitting down now. They flipped some sort of game board over and put a game piece on top of it. Weird and a little cult-y.

The Byers kid was drawing now, as the rest of the group talked in hushed voices.

"And then the demogorgon came..."

"...it ate Barb..."

"...Bob Newby died too..."

Billy froze. Did these psychos think monsters had killed both that Barb girl, and Bob Newby?

Billy knew they were both dead, that they had died by very strange causes, but there wasn't a monster lurking around was there?

"Ok gang, time to go." Steve said, looking at the clock. Then he peered out the window.

"You ok?" Dustin asked. "See a demogorgon?"

"No.." Steve said. "What he did see was a car. The same one he thought had been following them..."

"STEVE!" Dustin shrieked. Steve jumped.

"Jesus where's your head at? I wanna get home already."
"Then walk." Steve said, but he was already pulling his car keys from his pocket, all thoughts of the car gone from his mind.

Billy watched as the kids got up and prepared to leave. Good riddance. This entire night had been a bust. Nothing interesting had happened except for a freak chill and a "Monster"...

The Byers kid put down his drawing.

Billy felt as if someone had dumped a bucket of water on him.

The drawing was of a monster.

Steve carefully pulled his car out of the driveway. No one was dying on his watch-

"JESUS!" Steve yelled, jerking the wheel around. The kids screamed.

"WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT!" Lucas yelled.

"Someone...ran behind the car" Steve panted, heart racing.

"Then go ahead and kill him, not us." Dustin said, smacking Steve in the arm.

Steve watched the figure run off. The figure kind of looked like Billy...

Billy's speedometer didn't dip below eighty until he arrived at the police station. Normally he would never come here but that drawing was so real! No way a kid could come up with that!

Was Barb really killed by a monster? Was the Byers kid actually possessed on that spot? What if he had actually died! Was the kid himself a monster?

Billy's head was going a million miles an hour as he raced into the police station.

What kind of effed up town was Hawkins?

Steve fidgeted uncomfortably in the chair as Hopper stared him down.

Steve was sitting in the police man's office. Hopper had called him that morning. Had he somehow figured out they were planning to take pictures of his house?

"So" Hopper said. Steve jumped and Hopper must have noticed this because he said "Calm down, you're not in trouble." in a slightly kinder tone.

"Are you sure?" Steve asked nervously.

Hopper nodded. "I just got a very...interesting report. Apparently at nine last night a youth was at the station screaming about monsters and possession. You know anything about this?"

Steve shook his head.
"Do you recognize this guy?" Hopper asked holding up a picture.

Steve groaned. Billy. He was following them. How much had he heard?

"I think we'll take a look at this young man's place for drugs don't you?" Hopper said. "After all, nothing like this happens in Hawkings."

Steve nodded.

As Hopper stood to leave he muttered "Be more careful next time."

"Yes sir."

Chapter End Notes

And there you go! Next up is Phantom_maybe's request so stay tuned for that!

Also, I think I got my update scheduled figured out. I think I'll update up to three times on weekdays, (That's three times not three chapters every day) and every day on weekends. So, about five chapters a week, sound good?

No promises of a strict update schedule though.

Anyways, more requests are welcome even though I have dozens XD and leave a comment or kudos if you so choose!

Have a wondiforus day!
I am a terrible role model

Chapter Summary

The gang tries alcohol for the first time.

Chapter Notes

heyo!!!!! This is Phantom_maybe's request and this was fun!
Now this chapter ran kinda long so I might connect this one into the next chapter.
Also, SO MANY REQUESTS!
I am flattered people but DANG! I gotta put some real time into this, and people stay up all night reading this? SLEEP IS GOOD BUT FANFIC IS BETTER!
Anyways, that's all I have to say, enjoy!
(Also some warnings for vomiting in this)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Ok." Dustin said. "We now begin our journey into adulthood."
"This is a bad idea." Will said nervously.
"This is gonna be awesome." Lucas said.
Mike glared at them and El sat there, not sure of what to do.
"This is stupid." Max said. "And remember, her father's a cop!"
"We're not gonna get arrested." Dustin said.
"You don't know that." said Mike.
"Yes I do. Come on! Have I let you guys down yet?"
"Yes."
"Yeah."
"You let us down a lot."
"THAT IS NOT THE POINT!" Dustin yelled. "Guys, aren't you tired of being the losers at school?"
"I'm ok."
"Yeah, being losers is fine."

"Losers forever!"

"Come on guys!" Dustin said, looking at the three doubters. (Lucas was on board and he had written of El as undecided.) "Don't you want to change something?"

"Change what?" Will asked. "My streak of never going to jail?"

"Is that what you're scared of?" Dustin asked.

"Well, yeah."

"DUSTIN THIS IS ILLEGAL!"

"Only a little! And if that's all you're afraid of, I can tell you that millions of people get away with this. Millions!"

Max narrowed her eyes at him. "I'm not afraid of being arrested."

"Then what are you scared of?"

"What it'll do to me."

The kids stood in silence, looking at the glass bottles the party had managed to steal from Mike's parent's cabinet.

"So you have to underage drink to become an adult." Mike said. "Dustin, where did you get your information?"

"Uhhhh...Troy?"

"That's it." Mike said. "I'm putting it back."

"Are you scared?" Dustin called.

Mike turned around. "No I'm not scared."

"Yeah you are!" Dustin declared. "A party leader is supposed to be fearless. Maybe I should be party leader now!"

That did it. Mike stomped back to the group.

"Mike?" El asked.

"We're gonna do it."

Dustin couldn't believe he had actually gotten his friends to go along with it. He was a genius! Finally he would be able to throw off his loser title. This was gonna be great.

Lucas was attempting to open the bottles, with no luck, Mike was carefully lecturing El about not telling Hopper, Will was staring at the carpet, and Max was glaring at him.
Dustin didn't get what the big deal was. It was only a little alcohol right? It was probably just like water. Ok, let's face it, Dustin had no idea what he was doing, all he knew was that doing stuff like this was cool.

After almost breaking his knuckle on the bottle, Lucas had finally gotten it open. The party now sat in a circle, staring at the open bottle in the middle.

"Ok, here we go." Dustin said.

"This is a bad idea." Max said.

The kids sat there and stared some more.

"Let's put it back." Will said.

"You put it back sissy." Dustin said, picking up the bottle.

The kids watched in awe as he took a swig.

"See, I'm still alive." Dustin said. "Who's next?"

As he handed the bottle over to Lucas Dustin thought of a slight problem.

Steve looked at the basement door. It had been pretty quiet down there for a while. Suspicious.

Steve wanted to give the kids the benefit of the doubt, but then again the party had their ways of doing some pretty impossible stuff.

Then again they were getting older. Why not give them a little leeway?

Steve stood up, walked to the door, turned around, then walked back.

He would give them some trust. If there were no explosions in the next twenty minutes though, he was coming down.

Dustin understood what all the jazz about alcohol was now. This was fuuuuuuuuuun. His friends seemed happy too. Everyone except Max who was sitting in a corner, glaring at her intoxicated friends.

"C'mon Max." Dustin said, shaking the bottle. "Plen'y lef!"

"You're all stupid." Max said.

The party had collectively gone through a whole bottle and were attempting to open the second. (It was somehow much harder then Dustin remembered)

Dustin wasn't sure how much time had passed, but he was feeling great. His friends on the other hand weren't looking as great. Mike was swaying back and forth and Will looked really sick. El
was laying on her back sending the other bottle flying over their heads giggling. Lucas couldn't seem to stand up.

Ok, maybe this wasn't such a great idea. Dustin wasn't sure...why was it so hard to think? Dustin attempted to stand up and flopped over.

Damn that hurt! But it was fuuuuuuuuuuun! Dustin lapsed into laughter until he could hardly breathe.

Max couldn't believe how dumb her friends were being. Didn't they know what that poison did to people? Sure it was all fun and games now but...

Max watched Lucas attempt opening the bottle again. They sure as hell didn't need more.

Lucas put all of his strength into his hands. He could feel it turning it was almost open!

Suddenly the bottle was snatched away from him. How did that happen?

His blurry vision landed on a blurry figure.

"Give it" Lucas demanded, reaching out a hand.

The blur held it away. "No. You've had enough."

Lucas grimaced. His head was pounding. How dare that annoying blur not give it back?

"I said GIMME THAT!" Lucas yelled, attempting to grab the blur. The blur danced out of the way.

"give it to me!" he growled, struggling with the now screaming blur. Pain bloomed on the side of his face. Lucas recoiled and the blur escaped, but it had dropped the bottle in the first place. Perfect.

Steve was looking at the basement door again. It was wayyy too quiet.

"WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE!?" He yelled.

"STRIP POKER!" Someone yelled back.

That did it. Steve got up and went to the door. As he reached towards the doorknob the door flew open.

Steve quickly looked away until he was sure the figure had its clothes on.

"Steve." Max said breathlessly.

"Max." Steve said. "What are you guys doing?"
There were tears in her eyes. "Steve you gotta help them."

The all too familiar smell of alcohol hit Steve as he entered the basement.

"Oh no." he muttered. "Oh god no."

His worst fears were confirmed as he entered the basement.

"Oh god."

Dustin was sprawled on the floor laughing his head off. Mike was swaying back and forth singing, and El seemed comatose. Will was clutching his stomach groaning and Lucas, sporting a fierce purple bruise on his cheek, was battling with a closed bottle swearing his head off and punching the carpet.

"Did he do that to himself?" Steve asked, pointing to the bruise.

Max shook her head. "That was me. He jumped on me and...I punched him."

Steve nodded. "Understandable." then he saw the empty bottle. "Jesus! How much did you shitheads have?"

"Too much." Max said.

"Did you have any?"

"No."

"Ok good, only five to deal with then."

Steve decided that he had to up his child watching skills. When had they even stolen all that? Give these shitheads a little trust, and then they go and get drunk off their asses.

Steve sighed. Maybe this was his fault. He probably should have been watching them better.

There was no time to dwell on this now. Time to clean up the mess.

"Hey!" Steve said, snapping his fingers. "Dustin! Hello?"

Dustin continued rolling around on the floor laughing.

Steve sighed. He hated incredibly happy drunks.

"News flash, the world sucks." Steve said. Still no response. "YOUR TURTLE DIED!"

"He...he's a tortoise." Dustin wheezed. Progress.
El seemed down for the count so Steve left her where she was. (after making sure she wasn't dead)

"Lucas!" Steve yelled. "Jesus is opening that thing that hard?"

Lucas glared at him.

"Want some help?"

Lucas begrudgingly handed over the bottle.

"Ok no more." Steve said tossing it away. That sent Lucas into a rage. He flew at Steve trying to punch him.

"Ok. You do that." Steve said as Lucas missed and almost face planted into the couch.

Dustin seemed to have finally calmed down. Mike seemed to be lost in his own little world.

"Hey, mini Wheeler" Steve said, snapping his fingers. At this point Steve had decided that it was best to let these kids sleep it off.

After carrying Mike upstairs, and El, and Dustin (who were all out of it) Steve returned his attention to Will and Lucas.

Will was practically green at this point. Steve sighed. This was going to get messy.

"Ok kid, get it all out." Steve said as he held Will over the toilet. Poor kid sounded like he was throwing up everything he'd ever eaten. "It's gonna be ok, just breathe."

"Steve..." Will said weakly. "I'm sor-"

Steve's heart hurt in sympathy as the poor kid tossed up even more.

"It's ok."

After tiring out Lucas, which involved letting him go at Steve while Steve dodged him, All the kids were finally sleeping it off upstairs.

"You're not bad at handling drunks." Max said.

"I know a thing or two."

"Don't be too hard on them ok?" Max said. "Dustin was only trying to be cool."

"That is not the way to do it."

"Well he seems to think it is."

"Where did he get that idea?"

"You." Max said, walking off.
Steve watched her go. "I am a terrible role model."

Chapter End Notes

Alright! Now I have never really been drunk so i kinda just winged it XD

I tried not to make anything too graphic but i felt bad for Will writing this!

Next up is TempestinBlue's request so look out for that!!

Leave a comment or a kudos if you choose and I guess more requests if u want XD

Have a marvelistic day!
Mama

Chapter Summary

Mother's day! And a little bit of part two of the second chapter.

Chapter Notes

Man oh man did I slack off updating!!!

Ok so there was this massive snowstorm, and then I couldn't get on this site so I wrote down a bunch of chapters in a notebook.

It might take me a bit longer to type them down because my handwriting is super hard to read XD

Anyways, enjoy this late ass chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I'm gonna go for it" Dustin said.

"Hey there Steve!"

"No, we're not going anywhere." Steve said.

"Why not!?"

"Cause this is your punishment shithead. You're lucky I didn't tell your parents."

"So you're grounding us?"

"If I can't trust you in a basement how can I trust you outside of the house where I can't keep an eye on you?"

"Dammit Steve, I thought you were cool."

"Well?" Mike asked as Dustin stomped downstairs.

"He's acting like a mother."

"So?"

"So leaving the house is a no go."

"I told you it was a bad idea." Will said.
"No one asked you." Dustin said grumpily.

The party had been confined to the basement with the door open, their ears still ringing from Steve yelling at them after the last time they were down there.

"ARE YOU KIDDING ME?" Steve had yelled. "I thought you were smarter then this! Do you know what this shit can do to you? Plus this is illegal! I can't beleive you did this! Give you guys a little trust and I guess this is what happens. No to mention alcohol poisoning you coud have died!"

"Are you going to tell our parents?" Will had asked tearfully.

"No" Steve said. "But if there is another incident I will, and there will be a punishment. Yes Dustin, I can punish you.. Mrs. Wheeler said so. I have the power.

Punishment had been the losss of privacy, no leaving the house, and no TV. For a month. ("I'm going easy on you." Steve had said)

Dustin did not call this going easy. Will and El clearly felt bad (although El wasn't quite sure what she had done. The party hadn't exactly explained underage drinking too well.)

Dustin was 99.999999% certain that the hangover had been punishment enough. No one had told him that drinking resulted in that amount of pain.

The drinking incident had occured three days ago now. On the morning after it, Dustin had a dream about his head being seared by a fire ball.

Then he realized that he wasn't asleep, he was awake and the fire ball was the sun.

Dustin had smushed his face back into his pillow trying to hide from the searing headache.

"Sleeping beauty arises." Steve had said, pulling the drapes closed.

"Turn off the sun" Dustin said weakly.

"This is what you get." Steve said, but all throughout that day Steve only left his side to check on the other party members.

Thank god the Byers had left for the weekend or there would be a lot of explaining to do.

After Steve had nursed the party back to health he had laid down the law and punished them, hence Dustin's current situation.

Dustin's original plan was to guilt trip Steve. He knew for a fact that Steve had done a lot of drinking, maybe not as young as they had been, but still.

"We have to do something!" He exclaimed.

"No. No it's not" Dustin said. "Our freaking babysitter put us under house arrest!"

"It could have been actual arrest." Mike said. "I think we got off easy."

His friends did not help Dustin's bad mood.

Dustin went to ballet class in the same bad mood. His teacher told him to channel his move into his actions.

"Bullshit." Dustin muttered.

When did Steve get all high and mighty huh? What was wrong with them having a little fun?

Then it hit him.

"Who's ready for an amazing day!" Dustin cheered as he entered the room.

Mike raised an eyebrow. "You're ok with staying here?"

"No we're not staying here!" Dustin said. "We're sneaking out! Steve told me that's what he did when he was my age!"

"I don't know." Will said. "He's pretty mad at us already.

"Let's do it!" Max said. She was sick of being punished for something she didn't do.

"That is why I love you MadMax!" Dustin cheered. Lucas gave him a dirty look.

"I'm in too." Lucas said, probably to keep Dustin away from Max.

"You want to come El?" Dustin asked. "It'll be fun!"

"Fun!" El said nodding.

"No, not fun!" Mike said. "We all saw where Dustin's idea of fun took us last time. Let's just stay here and play some D&D."

"Nope, we're going." Dustin said. "Are you and Will in or out?" He began fiddling with the window. "How do you unlock this thing?"

"A special way only I know how." Mike said.

"Mike's a wimp!" Dustin sang.

"I am not!"

"Are too! You and Will both!"

Mike went over to the window and unlocked it.

"Let's go to the woods then."
Steve had lightened the punishment a bit and let the kids stay in the basement with the door closed, but he could check every fifteen minutes.

On his last check he had gone downstairs to find the lights off with a flashlight on in the little fort. All was quiet. Good.

Steve returned to his science homework. It was nothing interesting, just things about light casting shadows...

There weren't any sillouhetes in the fort.

Steve ran back downstairs. The fort was empty. He checked the window. It was unlocked.

Steve decided he'd give them a five minute start. If Dustin wanted to play that game Steve would let him, But little did Dustin know that Steve was the champion of sneaking away.

Game on Shitheads.

"Woods!" Dustin cheered as they reached the woods. "Uh, now what?"

"We go in there!" Mike said. "We should build a kingdom!"

El nodded. "Kingdom."

"With what tools dummy?" Lucas asked.

"El" Mike said simply. El nodded again.

Steve went through his list of hiding places. One of his favorite places to go was the woods, where he may or may not have spent hours hunting for fairies in.

If these magic realm loving shitheads would pick anywhere, it would be the woods. The only problem, there was a lot of woods.

With El's assistance the party was able to create a decent fort with smaller forts around it and were now building a wall around their camp.

"We need more logs over here!" Mike called. He had made himself the leader of the project.

El was decorating the fort with flowers.

"El! We're supposed to make it look tough! Not pretty!"

"Ease up there control freak! I liked the flowers!" Dustin said. El smiled and sent flower petals
flying over Mike's head.

After another half hour of building Mike decided that the camp looked pretty good. It was on to the next order of business.

"Ok guys, what should we call it?"

"Fort Dustin!"

"No way dummy! You barely did any work!"

"I got us out here didn't I?"

"You couldn't unlock the window!"

"It was a hard window!"

"How about we call it fort Eleven?" Will asked. "Since El did most of the work."

The party seemed to accept this.

"Now what?"

"I don't know."

A twig snapped.

"What was that?" Will hissed. Will seemed to have issues with hearing things he couldn't see.

"Bear?" Lucas asked.

"Demo dog?" Dustin said.

"Papa?" El asked.

The party hoped it wasn't Hopper. Hopper would be worse then a bear.

Dustin slowly approached the trees.

"WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?" Lucas yelled.

"Here bear bear bear." Dustin called. "Save yourselves." he whispered back to the party. Dustin braced himself....And Steve jumped out from behind him and grabbed his shoulders.

"AAAAAAGH!" Dustin yelled falling over.

Steve almost fell over laughing. "Oh my god...you shitheads are so gullible!"

"I hate you!" Dustin said, swatting him.

Steve only laughed harder.

After the party recovered from the initial shock they prepared for the speech.

"I gotta say, I'm impressed."
The party stared at him.
"Cool fort by the way."

"WHY ARE YOU NOT YELLING AT US?" Dustin demanded. "WHY ARE YOU SUDDENLY COOL?"

"I am always cool." Steve said. "And maybe I have been a little hard on you guys. This full scale jail break is pretty impressive."

The party stared at him again.

"But next time I'm going to show you some better places to hide."

Steve had been locked out of the basement.

It was the next day, and Steve was running out of patience.

"I said a little more freedom! You can't lock me out!"

"We're not ready yet!" Dustin called.

"What are you smoking now or something?"

"No!" Dustin said, throwing the door open. "Come on!"

Steve was lead downstairs and was met with a face full of confetti.

"What the-"

"HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY!" The gang cheered.

Steve looked behind him for Mrs. Wheeler or someone. "Wait, me?"

"Yes you!" Max said. She and Will pulled some books aside revealing a cake that had been messily iced with "Sorry Steve, and happy moth day."

"Moth day?"

"Supposed to be mother's day." Lucas said, "but someone messed up." He looked at Dustin.

"Shut up!"

"Why am I being celebrated on mother's day?" Steve asked.

El looked straight at him and said, "You're like a mama."

"Oh." Steve said, unsure how to react. "Thank you?"

"Hey guys, Let's call him mama!"

"Did you like it mama?"
"You can just call me Steve." Steve said. "Please just call me Steve."

"Fine." Dustin sighed.

"But this is pretty awesome." Steve said.

"Well we gotta pay you back somehow."

"It's a start shithead. It's a start"

Chapter End Notes

And scene! Hope you enjoyed!

I forgot who requested it but the chapter about Dustin taking hits for steve is next so get ready!!

More requests are always open, and leave a comment or kudos if you want.
(Chaotic_Neutral ur still awesome)

Sorry again for the late update and have a splenmazing day!
Not the other way around

Chapter Summary

Steve gets in a fight and Dustin takes the hits for him.

Chapter Notes

Heyyyy! Here is the next request! Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

"99 bottles of beer on the wall..."

Steve was tempted to swerve the car off the road and end this pain. Yes, the kids were only on 99 but this was the third time they had sung this song.

"Ok, enough's enough" Steve said.

"One million three hundred thousand twenty one bottles of beer on the wall..." Dustin sang.

Steve sighed. At least they were having fun. Even El was singing along and she had no idea what the song was about.

Hopper had allowed Steve to take the kids to the next town over for the day, both he and Joyce had decided a break from Hawkins was in order.

Steve had been all for this idea, but that was before the singing started.

"NO MORE" Steve finally yelled after three hundred forty two more rounds. He pointed to a pizza place. "If I get you pizza will you finally stop?"

The party members looked at each other.

"Fine." Mike said. "But we get as much as we want."

"Ok smart ass let's see your wallet."

"Does anyone know the words to ninety nine bottles in spanish?"

"It's a feast."

The pizza parlor was no different then anywhere in Hawkins. Then again, Hawkins looked like any
other town, from the outside.

"Ok, what will it be?" Steve asked, looking at the menu.

"Cheese!"

"Sausage!"

"Everything!"

"Eggos"

"Sorry kid, no eggos." Steve said. El sighed. When was the world going to acknowledge the power of eggos?

"Anything else?" Steve asked.

"Anchovies!"

"Ew gross!"

"Billy!"

"Anchovies yes or no..." Steve trailed off as a certain figure walked into the building.

"Seriously?" Steve hissed. "We're a town over!"

Steve almost had a heart attack when he saw El turn her attention to a shelf.

"No no no! No powers!" Steve whispered. Using powers would just make the situation worse. Then the situation got worse on it's own.

Five other guys, just as mean looking as Billy followed him in.

"Now he has a gang?" Steve stared. He would take the ninety nine bottle song back in a heart beat.

"Billy comes down here a lot" Max said. "I guess he liked the people here more."

"You could have said something!" Steve said, throwing his arms. Wonderful, just wonderful. Steve sighed. "Let's get lunch somewhere else."

The kids nodded. "But how do we get out?" Lucas asked.

Billy and his apparent gang were blocking the door.

"Ok act casual." Steve said. "We'll get the food and pretend we're normal. I don't think he's seen us."

"Don't worry Steve, we won't let them get you! Dustin said. The party nodded.

Steve felt his heart melt. Stupid shitheads. Steve was supposed to be protecting them.

They ordered pizza no trouble at all. Steve tried his hardest not to look at Billy.
The shithheads were better at acting casual than he gave them credit for. They continued their anchovies argument and even started singing again. They looked like any other group of kids.

Lucky for Steve there were other groups of kids around. At least six other babysitters with groups of kids occupied the area.

A blonde girl at another table was trying to break up what seemed to be a fight about comic books. She caught Steve watching and gave him a "What can you do?" look.

Steve smiled back. He had found his people.

Lunch passed uneventfully. Billy and his gang had been thrown out for smoking and Steve was able to relax a bit.

El had only come from her home once or twice and she wanted to see everything. The party seemed ready to leave so Steve settled on sight seeing.

The town they were in wasn't too remarkable but by the way the kids were acting you'd think they'd never been outside before.

Steve watched the party attempt parkour. Maybe it was good to get out Hawkins every once in a while. Steve had always dreamed of going far away for college. The party however, seemed to have other plans. Steve had walked in on Dustin shredding his college applications.

Once Steve had thought that nothing could keep him in Hawkins, but watching the kids he wasn't so sure.

The moment ended when Steve spotted Dustin attempting a back flip off a curb.

"WOAH WOAH WOAH! STOP! YOU DON'T ACTUALLY KNOW PARKOUR!"

Leave them alone for a second and they almost break their necks.

Soon the party had gotten bored of sightseeing and reverted back to annoying Steve.

"Steve Steve Steve Steve Steve..."

"What?"

"Hi." Dustin said. It was the seventeenth time a party member had done that.

"Ok, we're done." Steve said. "Anything else you idiots want to do before we head back?"

"Can we see if there's an arcade here?" Max asked.

"Wouldn't you rather find a nice library?" Steve teased.

"NO!" The party members yelled.
"Jeez! I was kidding!" Steve said.

"I wanna leave my mark here." Max said. "Dig Dug or die."

Dig dug or die quickly turned into "find the arcade or die."

"If this town doesn't have an arcade I swear I'll kill someone" Max said.

Apparently Hawkins had one thing going for it.

It was starting to get dark so Steve figured that he would give the arcade hunt a few more minutes tops.

"Ok Guys, five minutes."

"Who made you overlord of time?"

"If I say so, it happens." Steve said, crossing his arms and giving them the mom pose.

Five minutes passed with no success so the party proceeded to walk back to the car.

"Steve! Someone's stealing your car!" Will yelled.

Steve looked up. There was a group of people standing around his car in a cluster.

"HEY!" He yelled, running towards the car.

A figure turned around. It was Billy.

Billy seemed to be enjoying this with a maniac glint in his eye. Then he saw the group of kids watching him, including his stepsister.

"Didn't know you were a pedophile." Billy said, a smirk touching his lips.

"Leave them out of this." Steve growled.

"Why?" Billy sneered. "Do you love them? Did King Steve finally find love?" He walked towards the kids.

Then Steve demonstrated a moment of pure bravery/stupidity.

He flung himself at Billy knocking him off balance.

"RUN!" Steve yelled.

The kids shot one more terrified look at Steve before bolting.

At that point Billy had recovered. He managed to flip Steve over his shoulder and slam him on the road.

Billy then proceeded to complete the routine ass kicking and Steve found himself in some of the
worst pain of his life all over again.

As Billy's fist connected with his face again and again Steve's only comfort was knowing that the party escaped.

A car started across the parking lot.

Billy looked up. No one was there, right?

The car's engine revved and the headlights snapped on.

Steve stared at the car. First gangs then haunted cars?

A second car started from the opposite end. Then the cars started driving.

Steve froze. Billy let go of him and he dropped to the ground. Becoming part of a car sandwich was not part of the plan.

Steve took his chances and started to sneak away.

Haunted cars or not Billy was not letting his prey get away.

Steve waited for the harsh blow to the back of his head hit him.

It never came. There was a thump instead.

Steve turned around. Billy was standing stock still, staring at the crumpled figure at Steve's feet.

Dustin.

Billy looked down at the kid he had just hit. That could be trouble.

His gang stood behind him, awaiting orders.

"Let's go." Billy said.

Steve didn't see Billy stand up and walk away.

"Kid! Get up! Say something!" Steve cried, shaking him.

How could he let this happen? Steve was supposed to protect these shitheads and now Dustin had taken a hit for him! He was terrible at this! What was he thinking? Steve could barely take care of himself, why was he looking after kids?

Billy was having a harder time then he thought leaving the parking lot.

The cars were circling the parking lot but who were the drivers?

Billy squinted at one of the cars. He froze. There was no driver.
Steve looked up to see Billy sprinting away from the parking lot. Normally he would have laughed.

"Steve!" Someone yelled. Lucas ran over to him. "Did it work?"

"What?"

"Lucas pointed to the cars. "Max is driving one and El is controlling the other!"

"Mm." Steve said, not really listening.

"What happened!" Lucas yelled, seeing Dustin for the first time.

"Just get the others." Steve said.

Lucas ran off. Now it was just Steve and Dustin.

"I'm so sorry kid." Steve said softly. "You shouldn't of had to do that. I'm a coward who can't handle a fight and I don't know what I was thinking putting myself in charge of all of you. I'm not going to let this happen again."

"Shithead." Dustin said weakly. "I just got the wind knocked out of me. Relax."

Steve could have cried with happiness.

The drive home was very quiet. Steve wasn't speaking so the party didn't either.

When they got to the Byer's house Steve pulled Mrs. Byers aside which was weird. Then he left without a goodbye which was even weirder.

Will questioned his mom during dinner.

"Mom what were you and Steve talking about?"

Mrs Byers sighed. "For some reason Steve doesn't think that he can babysit you any more. We're going to have to find another sitter but I doubt there's anyone else I trust that much."

Will rushed to his room and dug out his walkee talkee.

"GUYS!"

"Will, if you're going to use this talk right!"

"Guys. Over." Will said again.

"What? Over."

"Code red what? Over."

"Code red. Over." Will said. This was going to take a while.
Steve sighed. It had been three days since he "quit" and boy did he miss those shitheads.

He opened the door to his room and screamed.

Dustin was sitting on his bed.
"You can't get rid of us that easily!"

"How did you get in here?"

"Window, obviously. Now why are you trying to get rid of us?" Dustin accused.

"I'm not trying to get rid of you. I'm just..." Steve trailed off. "I don't know what I was thinking. I am an awful role model, I am a horrible person, and I let you get hurt for me. I let a kid get hurt for me. Who does that?"

"We don't care!" Dustin yelled. "You did what you could! It was our choice to come back there!"

"It's still my fault."

"No it's not!" Dustin yelled. "I said we would protect you too! We're a party! No one takes all the responsibility! We're a family!"

"Well that's cute but..."

"We're a family and we don't let our members leave, especially the ones we love!"

Steve couldn't believe what he was hearing. Did they seriously want him back?

"You're one of us Steve, even if you are a grumpy old man some times."

Steve raised an eyebrow.

"Well? Are you going to come back to us? Dustin asked.

"I'll think about it." Steve said.

Dustin nodded, accepting this answer and vanished as quickly as he came.

Crashing into the grill on the way down.

"I'm ok!" He called, running off.

Steve sighed and shook his head. But he was smiling.

"How did it go?" Mike asked when Dustin returned.

"He said he'd think about it." Dustin said. I guess we'll know tomorrow."

The next day the party hastily awaited Steve's arrival, keeping their eyes on the parking lot.
"Is he coming?" Max asked.

Suddenly Steve's car pulled up to them.

"STEVE!" The party cheered.

"Now there's the greeting I'm looking for." Steve said. "What are we doing today?"

Chapter End Notes

That took me forever! XD I take so long to type things off paper.

Anyways I hope that you enjoyed! Next request is Steve saving max so stay tuned for that!

Leave a comment or kudos or another request if you want and I hope you have a delovely day!!

(and ChaoticNeutral you never fail to make me laugh)
Stars, sticks, and shiners

Chapter Summary

Steve saves Max from Billy

Chapter Notes

HEY HEY HEY!!!

Today's chapter is Hope's request for a Steve saving Max chapter!!

Ok so I tried a new writing style again, I used different flashback techniques so tell me how you think it goes!

Also, yes I know it takes me a long time to get to requests, I have nine more not counting this one so bear with me! I'm going to start notifying people when I finish requests and special thanks to Caysie+armstrong and her sister for giving me the motivation to update today.

Now enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I AM THE LORD OF FIRE!" Dustin declared, holding the flaming stick into the air.

"NO!" Steve yelled, trying to snatch it. "No fire! Fire is bad! Fire is dangerous."

Dustin teasingly waved the stick by the tents.

"Dustin that's not even funny."

"I will now throw the stick into the air anc catch it. Ready Steve? One, two-"

"No smores."

"I call a foul!" Dustin said.

Steve had taken the gang camping. This had seemed like a good idea at first, but now that Dustin had a flaming stick it seemed like a one way trip to disaster.

The rest of the party seemed just as thrilled by the flaming stick as Dustin was.

"Twirl it like a baton!" Lucas said.

"No!." Steve said sharply.
"Try holding two sticks!" Mike exclaimed.

"No!" Steve barked.

El decided to get in on the action. With in seconds a small army of flying flaming sticks was circling her head.

"HEY! ARSONISTS!" Steve yelled. "No means no! Put the sticks down."

"Awwww" everyone said, but they listened.

As the party prepared to go frog hunting Steve pulled Max aside. "Doing ok?"

"Yeah. Much better. This was a great idea!" Max said. Her jacket was covering the bruises on her arms Steve noticed, as she ran off.

If only this trip had occurred at a happier time.

Earlier that day Steve had been in school. It had been your average boring day. Class, another class, and yet another class.

One thing Steve had noticed was that Billy seemed much angrier then normal.

He yelled at pretty much everyone and everything.

At one point Steve had seen him yelling at a door. Maybe he had walked into it. Steve had done that many many times.

Whatever the reason was, Billy's danger level had risen. Steve decided the best move was to just stay out of the way.

Steve wasn't the only one who had noticed Billy. He had overheard Nancy talking to Jonathan about him.

Not that Steve hung around and listened to Nancy's voice.

Well not too often anyways.

Jonathan and Nancy had been talking about Billy's home life, and at one point, Max.

That sent Steve's babysitting senses into overdrive. Of course Billy might try and take his anger out on Max.

The party had found their way to a creek and were now hunting for frogs.

Steve was there to make sure no one drowned.
Dustin and Lucas were trying to plan an elaborate frog trap. The girls and Mike were looking at the creek and

Plustrying to find the highest cactail.

Will was scanning the creek for frogs.

To be honest Steve hoped they didn't find a frog. He knew that the party would want to keep it, name it, and exect Steve to take care of it.

Plus no one seemed to know what they would do with a frog.

Flashing back to that morning Steve had decidedon tailing Billy jst in case. You never knew when a psychopath like Billy would run over to the middle school building and start beating up kids.

He might have been overreactin a bit but when his shitheads were cncearned Steve would Stop at nothing to roect them.

Billy seemed to be going about his normal day, picking on people, yelling at teachers, and so on.

Steve even let Billy pick on him in gym if that meant there would be less anger to take ut on Max.

But even beating up Steve didn't seem to calm Billy down.

Billy had actually been waiting to take his anger out on Max, and messing with King Steve wasnt going to cut it.

It was all her fault anyways. His stupid father just had to fall in love with some bitch who would move them awa from California. Billy hated Hawkins almost more then he hated his new family.

He missed the sun, and the beaches, and the lack of Max, and let's face it, he had almost zero resistance to cold weather.

Billy couldn't lay a hand on the whore that was his stepmother, he was told if he did he would be shot down on the spot, so why not make the mini version of that bitch hurt.

It was their fault Billy was here. It was there fault ihe was suffering, so he was going to make them suffer too.

"YAAAAAAAAH!" Dustin yelled, breaking Steve out of his thoughts.

The party had not found a frog, but a giant slug and Dustin was waving it around in Steve's face.

"GROSS! PUT IT BACK!" Steve yelled.

Dustin, Lucas, Max, and Mike seemed thrilled with their discovery.

Will and El were hanging back, looking disgusted. Steve was more on the disgusted side then the thrilled side.

"I am the lord of slugs and fire!" Dustin crowed.
"No way! I found it!" Lucas said.

"PUT IT BACK!" Steve yelled again. He did not need the party fighting over mutant slugs.

After chasing Dustin around for control of the slug, he tripped over a rock and almost fell in the creek. Dustin took this opportunity to put the slug on his head.

"AAAAAH!" Steve yelled, rolling around and finally dumping the slug back in the creek.

"No more slugs." Steve said breathlessly. "Find something cute instead."

That morning Billy had noticed that Steve had been sticking close to him that morning. Did that dimwit actually like being beat up? Fine, Billy didn't care. He was more than happy to kick Steve's ass yet again. Steve Harrington was yet another idiot in this stupid down.

Harrington seemed worried. If he was so scared then why was he following Billy?

No, if he was being cowardly he wouldn't be here...He was worried about something else.

Steve froze as Billy gave him a wicked smirk before blending into the end of the day rush.

Steve fought through the crowd. He had one guess of where Billy was going. He had to get there faster.

"Mr. Harrington no running!" A teacher said as Steve flew by. Steve refused to stop. Avoiding a detention wasn't important right now.

Steve almost ended up knocking over Nancy during his escape from the school.

"Steve what-"

"Sorry! No time!" Steve yelled, and continued running, leaving Nancy staring at him.

Dustin and the rest of the party minus Max were waiting outside the school.

"Hey, Max said Billy would pick her up-WHERE ARE YOU GOING?" Dustin yelled as Steve sprinted past them.

He had to get there first.

"Jump in!"

"No!"

"Come on! There are fish!"

"I don't care! I don't want to get all wet." Will said.
The party wanted to find out if it was possible to catch a fish with their bare hands.

"If you want a fish so bad you catch it!"

"Steve, want to catch a fish?"

"No." Steve said. "The only thing I would catch is pneumonia."

"Come on!" Dustin said, throwing his hands up. "Doesn't anyone want to...oops."

Dustin had managed to knock his hat into the water and it was floating away.

"Shit." He said.

Steve sighed. It looked like he was going swimming after all.

The water was freezing when Steve first jumped in. All this bullshit for a hat. Dustin was welcome.

The scrapes on Steve's legs stung as he waded deeper. Damn he really was going to catch pneumonia or hypothermia. It was COLD.

Shivering, Steve reached out for the hat before it could go out farther.

The party cheered from the shore.

Steve slowly made his way back. Those shitheads better be greatful.

As he made his way back to the shore the party screamed.

"LEECH!"

Steve looked down.

Steve could see Billy and Max standing a little ways away. Billy was yelling and Max seemed scared. He had to make it on time.

Billy had backed Max up against a wall. He seemed prepare to hit her...

Steve punched Billy as hard as he could in the back of the head.

Max took her chances and tried to run, but BIlly grabbed her and threw her down.

"Don't move." He growled.

Steve knew fighting was hopeless and now Max seemed to have the wind knocked out of her. But he had to try

He couldn't hold out for too long but...

A teacher ran over to them yelling.
Billy bolted leaving Steve with Max.

As the teacher ran after Billy Steve saw Jonathan walking back into the building. Had he...helped them?

Steve didn't dwell on it for long. He dropped down next to Max.

"Kid, you ok? Did he hit you?"

Max sat up slowly. She had bruses from Billy grabbing her and from hitting the pavement.

"Yeah I'm fine. Are you...ooh." She winced.

Steve touched his face. He could feel it swelling.

"Nice shiner Harrington." She said.

Great.

"What the hell was that-STEVE YOUR FACE!" Dustin yelled.

"I know, I know." Steve said. "There was a misunderstanding. Max wasn't supposed to go home with Billy and I...walked into a door on the way over to get her."

It was a believable story. The party had seen Steve walk into doors before.

"We're going to do something cool tonight." Steve said. "Any suggestions?"

"Summon the devil!"

"No!"

"Camping?" Will asked.

"Sounds good." Steve said.

Steve looked down. Nothing.

"Ha!" Dustin said. "We got you!"

"Ha ha ha." Steve said. "So funny."

The rest of the party was laughing too, even El, despite not knowing what a leech was.

"Here's your hat." Steve said, turning it over.

A frog looked back at him.

"AAAAH!"

"FROG!" yelled Lucas.
The said frog jumped out of the hat and ran (or hopped) for it. The party chased after it.

"HEY HEY HEY! WAIT FOR ME!" Steve yelled.

He was still really really cold.

It didn't take them long to gather the gear they needed. When they arrived at the campsite Max came over to Steve.

"Thanks Harrington. I mean it." She said. "I mean, I know you loved your face."

"Yeah." Steve said, ruffling her hair. "Guess I love you shitheads more."

"If I can do anything for you-"

"You can have a good time. You need the relaxation." Steve said.

"If you say so pretty boy."

"Get outta here shithead."

It was getting dark as the party headed back to the camp. Stars were poking through the trees.

"Wow." Steve said.

"Find something prettier then your hair?" Dustin teased.

"Honestly yes." Steve said, sitting back looking at the sky. The party followed suit.

"Pretty." El said.

"Yeah." Dustin said.

"That one looks like a bat." Lucas said, pointing to a cluster of stars.

For the next hour the party looked at the stars and made different shapes.

"Hey Steve." Max said.

"Yeah?"

"Can we do this again some time?"

"Sure."

Chapter End Notes

And there we go!!!

Next request is Davey Gravy's so look out for that!!!

If you must leave more requests, go ahead, I will manage somehow XD
Leave a comment or kudos if you wish and i can't believe we're actually getting close to 400 kudos. Wow.

And that's all I have to say! Have a exellawesome day!!!!
Chapter Summary

Steve walks in on certain party members making out and remembers what it means to be single

Chapter Notes

HELLO MY LOVELIES!!!! Yes indeed it is time for chapter 24!!!

This is Davey Gravy's request so I hope you get what you're asking for!!!

Guys I really needed the weekend. I'm so tired!!!!! But I will remain a slave to this fanfic and update for you XD

what am I saying???

Ok just read the chapter, there is no point to listen to me ramble!!!

(Also a fair warning, the paragraphs got a little messed up and it's not letting me fix it.)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"10 points!"

"20 points! Beat that sucker!"

"WOW! DID WILL JUST GET FIFTY?"

"And game over" Steve said, taking the tennis ball away before the game of wall ball knocked picture frames off the wall.

"Dammit Steve!"

"Goodbye tennis ball. We will miss you."

El waved goodbye to the tennis ball sadly.

"I swear Steve has a little stash where he keeps all his confiscated stuff." Dustin said. "He's like a freaking squirrel."

"Or a leprechaun."

"Steve are you secretly a leprechaun?"

Steve sighed and ran a hand through his hair.

"Ok, time for quiet activities." Steve said. "Go do something quiet that's out of my way but
enjoyable to you shitheads. Got it?"

Dustin raised his eyebrows.

"Quiet and appropriate." Steve said, stealing the gutter-minded shithead's hat. Dustin laughed.
Steve wouldn't be surprised if he had aged fifty years since he started watching these shitheads.

"What shall we do?" Dustin asked.

"I don't know." Mike said. "You pick."

"Summon the devil!"

"No you satanic bastard!" Lucas yelled. "And it didn't work remember?"

"We used ketchup not the blood of the innocent!"

"Steve nearly had an aneurysm when he found us!"

"I don't want to be sacrificed." Will said.

"How about we summon something nice instead?"

"Eggos." El said.

"No!" Mike yelled. El sighed.

"I meant no summoning. We can have eggos." El perked up.

"You guys never want to do anything fun."

"You don't understand fun Dustin."

"Fine then." Dustin said, kicking an empty water bottle. "What does Mr. Safe want to do?"

"How about...spin the bottle?"

"Are we...allowed to?" Will asked. Spin the bottle seemed so foreign.

"Who's gonna stop us?" Dustin asked, sitting down.

El was looking out the window.

"El! Spin the bottle is so much cooler then nature!"

"What is 'spin the bottle'?"

"It's a game." Mike said. "Older kids play it. It's where you spin a bottle and the tip will point at someone. Whoever the tip points at you have to kiss."

El nodded. It was clear who she wanted to kiss.

Steve sighed. It was boring upstairs all alone. Why were all of his friends middle schoolers now? Once he had been Steve Harrington, the guy who everyone either wanted to be or date, and now he
was Steve Harrington, the guy who gets his face rearranged by Billy Hargrove once a week and hung out with a pack of kids.

Oh how the times had changed.

But what he missed most wasn't the friends or the popularity, it was Nancy. Steve could have any girl he wanted but he had picked Nancy. That girl was everything to him. What he wouldn't give to get her back. And let's face it, he was probably never going to forgive Jonathan for stealing her heart.

What did Jonathan have that Steve didn't? Well Steve knew one thing, an expensive camera but if that was all Nancy had less going for her then he thought.

Was he still in love with her? Steve had tried so many times to convince himself that he was over her, but the truth was he wasn't. He missed her so much it hurt, and thinking back to the night where she had called everything bullshit hurt even more.

Steve knew that the breakup had changed him and he had become a better person from it, but he would honestly take being an asshole if it meant having Nancy.

But would it? Steve loved those assholes he watched. He loved them like his own siblings. If he had to choose between Nancy and the party....He would....

He would pick Nancy of course. What was he thinking?

He felt guilty though. Couldn't he have both? Nancy had seen the side that he had wanted people to see. The smooth, flawless Steve Harrington that had died with their relationship.

But the party had seen the side of Steve Harrington that was stupid, dorky, motherly apparently, and a little bit broken. And they were ok with that. They had let Steve into their worlds and had let Steve help them.

And they had helped Steve too.

Steve often wondered if he had more friends now then he had before all the upside down craziness had happened. Sure there were more people around him but were they really his friends?

He had been wondering that a lot lately.

Back in the basement the party was sitting in a circle. They had been more talkative during the summoning.

"Ok." Mike said. "Here we go."

"I feel so old." Lucas said. Max nodded.

Dustin stepped up to spin first. "Ok, here we go."

Max, Max, Max. Dustin thought. The bottle landed on Max.

"Ok stalker 2. Pucker up." Max said.

It was the happiest two seconds of Dustin's life. Lucas glared at him with jealousy.

Will went next and got Mike. Will felt like his face was on fire.
"Dude! That is so gay!" Dustin said.

Now Will wanted to curl up into a ball and die.

Mike glared at Dustin. Then he pulled Will closer to him and kissed him.

"WOOOOO!" Lucas and Dustin cheered. El giggled. The thought that she could lose Mike to another guy clearly hadn't occurred to her.

"I need to go to the bathroom!" Will said, getting up and running to the bathroom.

Lucas shrugged and spun. He got El.

El seemed slightly annoyed that it wasn't Mike who kissed her.

"Knock knock" Steve said, opening the basement door.

"Dude you can actually knock." Dustin said. "You sound like a dork."

"You are a dork." Steve said. "And my hands are full." He had come bringing pizza.

As Steve prepared to go back upstairs Dustin said, "Wait, stay here and eat with us."

"Huh?"

"Steve you are becoming the upstairs hermit. Be social." Dustin said, not unlike a mom himself.

"Ok ok." Steve said. "Where's Will?"

"Bathroom." Mike said. "He's been there for awhile."

Steve walked over to the bathroom and knocked on the door. "You ok buddy?"

"Yes, I'm fine. Totally fine!" Will said in a high voice.

"Ok." Steve said slowly. "Well I have food."

Will came out a second later and sat down.

Steve looked at the silent party. "What were you guys doing?"

"Nothing." Mike said while Dustin said "Something magical" at the same time.

"Ok." Steve said, opening the pizza box.

The only downside of having middle schoolers for friends was that they told him absolutely nothing.

The next weekend Steve was supposed to be supervising a sleepover at the Byers house.

During the grueling task of washing dishes Steve realized that he could only hear the voices of four shitheads. Yes, he was learning to recognize their voices. After listening for a bit longer Steve noticed that Mike and El were gone.
"Mike, El?" He called, wandering the house. "You guys in....here...." Steve trailed off as he looked in Jonathan's room.

The kids were in full makeout mode. Mike had no technique and El had no idea what she was doing but they were still...."

"Ahem." Steve said. The two broke apart.

"Hi." El said. Mike's face was the color of the red sheets on the bed.

"Uhhhh....just making sure you two were ok....ummm you can go back to....ok bye." Steve said, leaving quickly.

Ok so now middle schoolers were getting more action then he was. And why in Jonathan's room? Life was not fair.

Steve wandered back to his chair in the kitchen, debating whether or not to give Mike kissing advice. Steve had probably gone down that road more often then Mike, but it probably wouldn't be that way for long.

Then again two of his shitheads were making out in a bedroom and that was just.....weird. Could Steve handle the knowledge and let this go on???

No.

"DINNER!" Steve yelled at the top of his lungs.

"At four thirty?" Dustin asked as he ran over.

"Yeah I set the timer wrong." Steve said. "So early dinner."

The party shrugged but sat down. Mike shot Steve a dirty look. El just sat there smiling.

For the rest of the night Steve made sure he could see all six party members.

The next morning Max awoke to find Lucas standing outside the room looking in at her.

"Creepy!" She hissed. Lucas motioned to her to come.

Max got up and met Lucas in the hall.

"What?"

Lucas closed the door. "I've been thinking about spin the bottle."

Max sighed. Will kissing Mike was cute, but was it really worth obsessing over?

"I mean it's kind of a stupid game." Lucas said. "All that kissing and I didn't even get to kiss who I wanted."

Max raised an eyebrow

"I wanted to kiss you MadMax."
Steve thought the house was being robbed when he awoke to see two figures standing in the hall. Then he realized the figures were shorter than him, and kissing. Really? No one wanted to see that. (And Steve was alright with being no one) couldn't Mike and El take up stamp collecting or something...

But it wasn't Mike and El.

Max opened her eyes to see Steve staring at them. She jumped back.

"What?" Lucas asked as he turned around. "Oh....."

"Morning!" Max said brightly. Steve nodded with a slightly weird smile.

"Uh, you're not going to tell anyone are you?" Lucas asked.

"No. Not unless you want me to." Steve said.

"NO!" Max yelled.

"Ok then." Steve said, turning to go. "Oh and use a condom."

"STEVE!" both party members yelled.

Steve laughed and went into the kitchen. Somehow situations were much easier without a Wheeler around.

Steve had successfully made breakfast and was now washing dishes again. He probably needed to train the shitleads in the art of dish washing but for now he was ok with it.

He had been getting more and more reminders that he was now single. And now the party members had been experimenting.

Why? Why did all this happen to Steve? He was a decent guy on average. Now the party was just acting weird. Mike and El were crazy in love with each other, and same went for Lucas and Max. Dustin seemed willing to fight for a chance with Max, and Will was just acting weird.

How would Nancy fix this? It would be so much easier with her around.....No. How would Steve fix this?

He would start with Will.

"Hey buddy." Steve said. Will was coloring quietly at a table as the rest of the party caused chaos elsewhere in the house.

"Hi." Will said.

"Whatcha doing?"

"Drawing." Will said. "I needed some space."

"Why do you think I stay upstairs?"
Will laughed. Then he turned serious. "Does it ever get easier?"

"Staying away from all of you?"

"No, knowing you love someone but you can't be with them."

Steve was taken aback. "No...not really. Everything ok?"

Will nodded. Then shook his head. Then he said, "Don't get mad at us."

"For?" Steve said, raising an eyebrow.

"We played spin the bottle."

Steve sighed. "Continue."

"And, well, I kissed Mike, and um....now I think I like him." Will said.

Steve felt nothing but sympathy for this poor kid. "Well those Wheelers really do have something special about them."

Will nodded. "But he loves El. And I can't take that away from them."

"And Nancy loves Jonathan."

Steve was perfectly willing to take that away from Jonathan but Will, this kid was so sweet he put his friend's happiness above his own. Steve could never match him.

"It does get easier, and you've already done better then me. You've accepted it, and I always hope things will change."

"I hope that too." Will said. "But I know it won't happen."

"Stay strong." Steve said. "The perfect person for you is out there."

Will smiled. "I also think there's one for you too."

If there was something measuring Will's sweetness levels it would have exploded.

As Steve was driving Dustin home from the sleepover Dustin talked about one topic. Winning Max.

Steve was used to Dustin talking nonstop, but this was a little much.

"Dustin, buddy, I think she might have already chose Lucas."

"I know." Dustin said. "But I'm doing what you do! Never giving up and always hoping!"

Steve pulled the car over. "I CAN'T DO THIS!"

"Woah Steve you ok?" Dustin asked.

"All of this! I can't handle it! All this romance and all the threesomes, I can't!" Steve said, pounding his hands on the steering wheel. "It's like watching my siblings date each other, and if it doesn't go well it's gonna break up the group and now all I can think about is Nancy, and how I'm never
going to get her back and...no just no! I can't do this!"

He was breathing heavily, and honestly felt like crying.

"Shhhhh." Dustin said soothingly, rubbing circles on Steve's back. "It's ok, It's all ok. We're not going to do anything. We're stupid kids, we're just having fun, and we're going to stop because you're a party member too and your feelings matter. And come on, we all know Nancy took a major step down."

Steve looked at him. "Why am I the mom of the group again?"

"Because I only do this to you." Dustin said, sitting back down. "Any time you need to talk, I'm here for you. Also, sorry but we're all glad you're single. We refuse to let some girl take all of your attention because we are attention leeches! We will take all of your attention! Steve you now belong to us!"

"Ok ok." Steve said laughing. "You're not wrong about the attention leech part."

Strangely enough he felt better.

The next day there was a surprising lack of romance. Dustin must have talked to the party because things were kept G rated. Even Dustin stopped cracking dirty jokes.

Yesterday he would have taken Nancy over the party but now....now the choice was obvious.

Sitting in the Wheeler's basement playing go fish which quickly turned into "pick up all the cards" it was obvious he would stay with his attention leeches.

Because apparently they owned him.

Chapter End Notes

ANNNNNNND SCENE!!

Next request is....YESSSS IT'S THIS ONE!!!!!

It's selkieskin's request and I have been looking forward to it! It's gonna be great so look out for that!!

I got more requests last night XD I guess if you want to leave another one go ahead. Leave a comment or kudos if you want and have a wonderfantastic day!!!!
Guys' weekend

Chapter Summary

Dustin charges Steve with taking care of his tortise Yertle. What could possibly go wrong?

Chapter Notes

400 KUDOS?? IT ACTUALLY HAPPENED???

I can't thank you guys enough. This wouldn't of happened without you readers. Just thank you so much :)

Anyways today's request is selkieskin's and I have been looking forward to this one!!

Alright then let's get started!

(None of the other party members are in this chapter. They can be wherever you want. Use your imaginations!)

Steve had been called over to Dustin's house for some "very important business."

"Ok." Dustin said as he lead Steve back into his room. "Now listen closely."

Steve had been waving at Mrs. Henderson. "Huh?"

"I called you here on some very important business. This," Dustin said, reaching into a tank. "Is Yertle. He will be your new best friend."

Steve raised an eyebrow at the small brown tortoise.

"Yertle is on the quiet side. He might seem like he doesn't care but he is always listening and always cheering for you. He's a bit on the sensitive side."

Steve had not taken his eyes off the turtle.

"And he is not a turtle." Dustin said. "He takes offense to you calling him one."

Steve nodded slowly.

"Well go on! Introduce yourselves!" Dustin said.

Steve slowly reached out and shook the tortoise's front leg. "Nice to meet you."
Dustin smiled. "I knew the two of you would get along!"

Steve tried to smile but it probably looked more like a grimace.

"You two are going to be spending a lot of time together." Dustin said, more to Yertle then Steve. "Steve you will be taking care of Yertle while I'm gone."

The Hendersons were going on a trip for the weekend and as far as Steve knew, the cat was coming with them. Yertle had apparently not made the cut.

"Wait wait wait." Steve said. "I'm here to watch a tortoise?"

"No, you are here to watch Yertle." Dustin said. "Yertle does not let species define him."

"Great" Steve said.

Dustin talked about Yertle's personality for a bit then left Steve alone with the tortoise for some alone time while he packed.

Steve stared at Yertle. Yertle stared back.

"Ok we're gonna go now." Dustin said a little later.

Steve now knew about Yertle's life down to the last detail. He knew how Yertle was born, his favorite color and so forth.

But as Dustin walked out the door Steve realized that Dustin had not given him one detail about how to actually care for the tortoise.

As he returned to Dustin's room Yurtle the turtle...no, tortoise was right where Steve had left him.

But Yurtle the tortoise? Why couldn't Dustin have named him Yortoise the tortoise? Or at least gotten a turtle if he wanted to name it Yertle so bad.

Steve was going to be fighting the urge to call Yertle a turtle all weekend.

"It's a guys' weekend." Steve said sarcastically, turning back to the tank.

Yertle was gone.

It was like he had never been in the tank in the first place.

Steve looked around. How?! How had the tortoise escaped? And why couldn't Steve find him? Tortoises weren't fast.

Or could they become invisible.

Steve sighed. This was his life now. Once being a bad ass, and now he was hunting for a tortoise.
There was a party this weekend Steve could go to. He could go in there, get hopelessly drunk and pretend he was cool again. But he couldn't do that. Dustin seemed to really love that tortoise. The kid would be crushed to find out that his beloved tortoise had disappeared.

Steve knew what he had to do.

"Heeeeeeere Yertle!" he called. Yes, calling a tortoise was probably pointless but what could he do? "Come on." Steve said. Luring out demo dogs had been easier then this.

How far could the Tortoise of gotten on it's own? Steve's gaze traveled towards the open window. Stupid! Was that reachable by tortoise?

Was Steve an idiot? That was another question he had been asking recently. Yes school wasn't his best achievement, but was he stupid? Yes, he probably had his moments, and he really did feel stupid around the shitheads sometimes but...

A flash of movement caught Steve's eye. Yertle!

The tortoise was indeed heading for the window. Steve had to give him credit. The little guy was determined and a lot faster then Steve thought.

"Gotcha!" Steve said, scooping the tortoise up.

Yertle proceeded to bite Steve.

"YAAAAAH!" Steve yelled, almost dropping the tortoise.

It seemed Yertle had some demo-dog tendencies after all.

"You are evil!" Steve said, glaring at the tortoise. Yertle stared longingly towards the window.

"Nope" Steve said. "I am the human. I am a higher species." Steve said, plunking the tortoise into the tank. "And I'm not in a tank."

Steve explored Dustin's room until he found a bag labeled "Yertle's food" Now Steve had no idea how much food the tortoise needed.

"Ok buddy." He said, turning around.

Yertle was gone.

"DAMMIT!" Steve yelled. Of course Dustin had a freaking Houdini tortoise. On the bright side Yertle had less escape time. He couldn't of gotten far.

Steve wandered Dustin's room looking under furniture. Something crunched under Steve's foot. His heart almost stopped.

Steve slowly looked down. Only some cabbage. Now why would Dustin have cabbage on his floor?
At the sound of the cabbage Yertle came crawling out.

"AHA!" Steve yelled triumphantly. He refused to let Yertle escape again.

On the bright side Steve had learned. Tortoises liked cabbage. But he needed more than that.
Steve decided he needed to shove his pride aside and go to...the library.
But could he leave Yertle? One look in those suspicious beady eyes and Steve decided no.

It didn't take Steve long to find one of Mrs. Henderson's purses and stuff it full of socks.

"Ok buddy." Steve said, placing Yertle gently in his newly created tortoise carrier. "Guess you're going on vacation after all"

As Steve walked through the library doors the librarian glared at him. Steve tried his best to look charming. This was the librarian who was on duty when he and Tommy snuck in and started a bonfire with some of the books.

Back when Steve was "Cool."

"Do you...um...have any books on tortoises?" Steve asked, hastily shoving Yertle down into the purse. The last thing he needed was for Yertle to poke his head out and let the librarian assume another prank.

She stared at him for a while but eventually pointed him in the right direction.

Steve carried as many books as possible over to the table he had claimed.

"Stay" He commanded, as Yertle looked around.

Steve had been reading about Giant Tortoises when someone tapped him on the shoulder.

"I'm not burning books I promise!" He said, expecting the librarian.

It was Nancy.

"Oh, hey Nance."

"Hi." She said, looking at the pile of books. "I didn't think you liked reading, or reptiles."

"Well it's a new interest..." Steve trailed off as he saw Nancy staring at something.

"Steve, what is that?"

Yertle was crawling across the table.

"Dammit." Steve said, reaching out for the tortoise. "And he's Yertle."

"Dustin's tortoise?"
"Yep."

"Awwww" Nancy cooed. "You made a new friend!"

Great. His first friend acknowledged by society was Yertle the tortoise.

"I'm watching him for the weekend." Steve explained. Yertle looked up at Nancy.

"Cute." She laughed.

"Evil." Steve corrected.

"Poor Yertle." Nancy said. "Is Steve being a meanie?"

Steve laughed. For a second it was as if things had gone back to normal. Then the awkward-ness set in.

"So..."

"Yeah..."

Steve picked up a book called "A guide to your tortoise." "I'm gonna head out. Yertle looks hungry."

Nancy nodded. "Yes he does."

"See ya Nance."

"Bye Steve."

Once he was in the car Steve slammed his hands on the steering wheel. Stupid! Why couldn't he have a decent conversation with Nancy without needing something to hide behind like a tortoise? Man his people skills were rusty. He needed practice.

Steve slowly got an idea.

"Hey Yertle, want to go to a party?"

Billy was bored of Hawkins girls. Like seriously they were an insult to women. Let's hide our figures in hideous coats, they said. Or maybe cold weather was to blame for this. They were all standing in a huddle around something...HARRINGTON?

"Sure you can pet him" Steve was saying.

"Ohmigod he's so cute!"

"I think he likes me!"

Billy leaned forward to see a small tortoise. If this was what Hawkins girls were into then there really was no point.

And apparently Harrington had upgraded from children to tortoises.
Steve had decided he was a genius. Nine out of ten girls thought Yertle was adorable and came over to pet him. Steve was getting some pretty good socializing practice too. It was nice to have girls' attention again.

But still, there was only one girl Steve wanted. And she had already seen the tortoise.

By the time the Hendersons returned Steve had become an expert on tortoises.

Dustin flew through the door screaming questions. "Is he ok? Did you have fun? Is he dead?"

"He's fine." Steve said. He had been watching TV with Yertle. So, Yertle was growing on him. Whatever.

"What did you guys do?" Dustin asked.

"Nothing really. It was just a guys' weekend. Did you know Yertle is a womanizer?"

Chapter End Notes

And there we go! Next request is from Hope and it's gonna be an El chapter so look out for that!

Go ahead and leave another request if you want, and add a comment or kudos if you so choose.

Have an awesomazing day and I'll see you next time!
Steve Harrington, Ninja master babysitter did sound kind of cool. Until he completely wiped out tripping over a rock. Ninja master indeed.

After picking himself up Steve dragged himself to the door and knocked on it. No answer.

"It's me!" Steve yelled.

"Use the special knock" Hopper growled.

"But-"

"Do it."

Steve sighed and knocked on the door again. Hopper opened it and looked Steve over.

Steve sighed. There was no hiding the dirt on his shirt.

"Graceful kid. What got you?"

Steve decided to be honest. "The rock."

"The rock?"

"It's a really clever trap. Sir." Steve said.
"Ok get your sarcastic ass in there" Hopper said, shoving Steve inside. "I'll be back by midnight. Not too much candy on the eggos.

Steve saluted. It seemed like the right thing to do.

El appeared in the doorway. "Steve."

"Hey El."

"Go away Papa. I want to play with Steve."

Hopper laughed. "She knows you're a pushover"

"Alright then kid. What do you want to do?" Steve asked once Hopper left.

El looked down thinking. "Mike."

"Sorry kid not toni...did you say you want to "do" Mike?"

El nodded, not seeing her error.

"No no no." Steve said, trying to hold back laughter. "And anyways the Wheelers aren't home. What else?"

El looked up at him. "A game."

Steve nodded. "Perfect, what game?"

"Dustin's game." El said, taking out a pack of cards.

So Dustin had taught her a card game. It was probably something like BS or-

El took the cards out of the box and flung them everywhere.

"Woah woah woah! What was that?" Steve yelled, looking at the mess.

"The game is "pick up all the cards"

Steve sighed. Of course it was. He knelt to pick up some of the cards.

Suddenly the majority of the cards floated off the ground into El's hand.

"I win" She threw the cards again.

This time Steve got a few more cards before El got them.

The two continued the game, Steve never getting more then ten cards before El won, but she was loving the game.

She laughed hysterically when Steve dove over some furniture to get more cards.

El also seemed to enjoy winning.
"Ok." Steve said, panting after sixteen more rounds. "Time for a quiet activity."

El nodded and headed for the TV.

Steve clung to the couch, out of breath before following.

El was watching a documentary on turtles when Steve walked in.

It was pretty cute seeing El fascinated by the tiny turtles.

Steve was also vaguely reminded of Yertle.

Now the documentary was talking about turtle mothers. Steve couldn't help wondering what had happened to El's real parents. She probably had a family somewhere. Did they know what had happened to her? El had mentioned a sister before, one that had apparently given her a "bitchin'" makeover. He also vaguely remembered El mentioning a "mama" who was sick. Steve wanted to ask more questions but a look from Hopper had shut him up the one time he had tried to question.

El was watching a scene on animals mating...NO!

Steve turned off the TV quickly. El glared at him and turned it back on with a flick of her head.

"Kid, no." Steve said. Hopper had specifically told him to keep things PG.

Steve tried to turn it off again but El turned it right back on.

"El, no means no!"

El ignored him.

Steve tried again to turn off the TV but this time the remote flew out of his hand.

"That's it." Steve growled. He marched over and stood in front of the TV, blocking El's view. "I said no."

"Yes." El said.

"No." Steve said again, standing his ground.

"YES!" El screamed and Steve found himself flying across the room.

Steve slammed stomach first into the wall, getting the wind knocked out of him.

"You're not Papa!" El screamed. "You can't tell me what to do!"

A chair went flying towards Steve, pinning him against the wall.

"Ow! El!" Steve yelled. "Stop!"

El seemed to realize what she was doing. The chair slowly pulled away.

Steve rolled over gasping for air.

El backed away slowly then ran into her room, slamming the door.
Steve rolled over onto his back. Nothing seemed broken.

Steve slowly sat up. Now he could see the reason El was locked away. Sure she was sweet and all, but she was dangerous.

Steve hadn't felt this scared since the demo-dogs.

He had seen the party freak out over TV before but this...

Steve suddenly remembered the look on El's face. She was still just a kid. She didn't know this would happen.

Steve slowly stood up wincing, then made his way to El's room.

"El?" he asked, knocking on the door. No response. "El are you ok?"

"You're mad." El said from behind the door.

"No I'm not." Steve said. "Really. I just want to make sure you're ok."

"No punishment?"

"I thought I wasn't allowed to tell you what to do." Steve said jokingly.

The door opened. El was sitting next to it crying.

"Are you hurt?" Steve asked. El shook her head. "Good" Steve said.

"I hurt you." El said softly.

"Me? I'm fine. No big deal."

El shook her head and buried it in her arms.

"El, really, it's ok." Steve said. "I don't really know what just happened, but I don't really want to talk about it or think too much about it."

El shook her head. "Me either."

"Then we don't have to." Steve said.

"Can we play another game?"

Steve nodded.

"I'm sorry." El said, during a round of people watching.

"I know." Steve said. "And it's ok."

"Don't tell the others." El said. It seemed her biggest fear was losing the others over this.
"I won't." Steve said.

"Promise?"

"Promise."

Steve waited until El was asleep before telling Hopper what happened.

"I gotta hand it to you Harrington." Hopper said. "Not everyone would have stuck with her and moved on like that. They would have called you a freak or a monster or abandoned her. But not you apparently. Yeah it does seem like her powers are getting stronger and harder to control. We're trying to work on that and there are going to be some TV restrictions and a lecture on respect. But you still impressed me Harrington."

"Guess I'm just extra special." Steve said.

Hopper grunted in reply. "Thanks Harrington."

"No problem.

Steve decided to take his chances while he could.

Sir, can I ask you something?"

Hopper grunted again which Steve took for a yes.

"What happened to El's family, like do they know what happened to her-"

Hopper held up his hand signaling silence.

"El's real name is Jane, and her mother had powers just like her. When they found out that El had the same powers they took her away. Her mother tried to stop them but they captured her and tortured her to insanity which is why El refers to her as sick...

Within the duration of an hour Steve had heard about El's life as an experiment at Hawkins lab, her sister, and more.

As he walked back to his car Steve was aware of one single fact. These kids would forever be tougher then he was.

Deep in his thoughts Steve fell victim to the rock once again.

The rock was perfectly camouflaged in the darkness and in the perfect spot to trip people.

Maybe the rock really was a trap, or maybe Steve was just paranoid.

Chapter End Notes

And there we go!!
This next request is a combination of three. Waffles requested a Mike centric chapter, and Erin and InArduisFidelis wanted a Mike chapter too so this is killing three birds with one chapter!!

In other words a Mike chapter is next.

That's all I have to say now, and leave another request if you want, or a comment or kudos and have a wonderfabulous day!
Shields

Chapter Summary

Once again Karen opens the door to see Steve waiting on the front step. But this time he's not there for Nancy...

Chapter Notes

IIIIT'S TRIPLE REQUEST TIME!!!! I'm really gonna give this chapter my all because three people wanted it.

Also, updates might be a little slow again this week because I have a science exam now. The pain will never end.

Anyways enough about my misery let's get started!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Steve remembered entering the Wheeler house through the window.

It had been immensely uncomfortable and he had possibly gotten his belt caught on part of the roof. And Mike had seen him but had apparently said nothing.

But still, that kid seemed to have it out for him. He rarely said more then three words to Steve and he mostly just glared at him. If Mike was in a talking mood his words to Steve were usually harsh or some kind of command.

Wheelers were stubborn. In that department it was easy to see where Mike and Nancy were related.

Speaking of Nancy another item of conflict between him and Mike was that relationship. Some days it was like Steve had broken up with Mike, not Nancy. Mike guilt tripped Steve about the things he had done in the past all the time.

Well, maybe it was less sibling love then it was one more reason to pick on Steve.

Steve tried to be understanding. Mike had it rough and had apparently jumped off a cliff. Steve had never really gotten the end of that story except that El had saved the day yet again.

Back in the present, the Wheeler's door was opened by Ted.

Steve had never quite understood why someone like Nancy's mom married someone like Ted. Ted seemed pretty clueless and out of it.

"Why hello Stefan!"
And had never learned Steve's name.

"Karen it's Stefan!" Ted called into the house, retreating back to his chair in the living room. (Steve had rarely seen him leave that chair)

"Who?" Karen called, walking towards the door.

Karen Wheeler had only seen Steve a few times. Several of those times Steve had been demonstrating some very inappropriate behavior with her daughter. Needless to say she had not approved of Steve at all. Yet Steve had started to show a different side. He seemed to have become a more polite young man and she hadn't seen him doing anything to horrible lately. She had seen him fit five kids in the back of his car with no seat belts but that had been the worst of it. His hair was still a little extreme though.

"Hi Steve." Karen said. "I'm sorry but Nancy's not home right now."

"Oh I know." Steve said. "I'm here to see Mike."

This was a new one. Karen could only remember Steve asking to see Nancy. She didn't think that he and Mike got along too well.

"So, is he home?" Steve asked.

"You can check his room." Karen said.

"Great, thanks Mrs. Wheeler." Steve said, running up the stairs.

Karen watched him go. This was certainly a surprise. Maybe Steve had changed more then she thought.

Mike was reorganizing his action figures when he heard a knock on his door.

"Mom, I told you I'm busy!" Mike said, looking up. His eyes narrowed. "You."

"Watch a lot of movies lately kid?" Steve asked.

"Go away." Mike said, turning back to his figures.

"Nope." Steve said.

Mike bestowed upon him the famous Wheeler glare.

"I just wanna be friends!" Steve said, holding his hands up in surrender.

"You could not have been more cheesy." Mike grumbled.

"Ok, that was a mistake." Steve said, stepping farther into the room. A look from Mike sent him scrambling back.

"What do you want?" Mike demanded.

"Nothing!" Steve said. "I just want to hang out, get to know you-"
"GET OUT! I HATE YOU!"

"-and figure out why you act like that." Steve finished. "Can I come in?"

"Fine." Mike grumbled.

Steve took three steps into Mike's room and feeling bold, took two more. He flopped down on the floor and Mike glared at Steve from his bed.

"Ok." Steve said, looking up at Mike. "Can we maybe try talking some things out first?"

"Fine." Mike said. He was enjoying looking down on Steve. It was hard to look down on him when he was usually so tall.

"Ok, first of all, why do you hate me?"

"That's a very long list." Mike snapped back.

"Ok." Steve said, not missing a beat. "What's one of the reasons that you hate me?"

Mike seemed surprised. Then the snide look came back onto his face. "I can only pick one?"

"To start." Steve sighed. He was doing a lot of compromising.

"Fine." Mike said. "For one thing you dated my sister."

"Ok, I can get why that makes it weird-" Steve started.

"Stop sounding like a counselor." Mike demanded. "If we're gonna talk we're going to talk man to man."

"Ok then." Steve said. "In that case I'm not going to not date a hot girl because her nerd brother says so." Steve said.

Mike seemed taken aback.

"Yeah, that's right, your word is not law." Steve said. Mike scowled.

"I dated your sister because I liked her, I thought she was pretty, I would have done anything to make her happy, and I didn't actually know she had a brother when I asked her out." Steve said.

"Honestly?"

"Kid, my opening line never has been, and never will be, do you have a younger brother."

Mike seemed to accept this answer. "Alright then, why were you such a jerk to her?"

Steve sighed. "That would be peer pressure. I wanted to impress my friends and I still wanted to date her but it was one or the other and it was just a mess, and then I made a really stupid decision, and then I went back to fix it and ended up hitting a monster with a bat." Steve said.

If it had been any other town then Hawkins this would not have been an acceptable answer.

Mike nodded. "Ok, then if you cared about her so much why did you break up?"

"Because she wanted to." Steve said.
"Guess she's smarter then I thought." Mike said.

Steve shot him a dirty look. "Well then wise guy if El loved someone else would you let her get in a relationship with them?"

"I wouldn't want to!" Mike exclaimed, "but if she wanted to I would."

"Exactly. Any other questions?"

The next two hours consisted of Mike rattling off a list of things about Steve that he hated.

"Why do you own so much hair gel?"

"Because I need it!"

"Why do you need it?"

"Because it makes my hair look cool!"

"Why does your hair look so stupid?"

"It's not!"

"Why do you think it's so cool?"

"Because it is!"

"Why do you think Winston is a good ghost buster?"

"Because he had to join out of the blue and managed to not die!"

"Why do you wear those pants."

"Cause I can't exactly walk around with no pants."

"Why are you so sarcastic?"

"Because I can be, and because you shithheads are to me. I gotta have some form of retaliation."

"Why is your favorite color blue?"

"Why not?"

"Why is your voice so annoying?"

"Ok these are getting unreasonable."

"Why is your name Steve?"

"ENOUGH!"

"Next time I get to ask the questions." Steve said as they walked downstairs.
"Hello boys." Karen said. "Steve do you want to stay for dinner?"

"Is that ok with you?" Steve asked Mike.

Mike shrugged. "Fine, but keep your eyes off Nancy."

"Awww, you love your sister."

"I do not. I just hate you."

The next day Steve had been told to take Mike to the comic book store. Nancy had somehow heard about Steve's bonding attempts and wanted them to continue.

One awkward care ride later they were walking into the shop.

"Wow." Steve said, looking around.

"Yeah. Ever seen them before? They're called books." Mike said.

"There. Right there. That's why I'm so sarcastic to you." Steve said. "And I've heard of books. I went here too when I was younger."

"No way." Mike said.

"Yes way." Steve said.

"Who's the best super hero?" Mike challenged.

"Captain America, obviously."

"Why?"

"Because his name's Steve."

"NO!" Mike yelled, slapping Steve. "A real reason."

"That was a great reason." Steve said laughing. "But if you want another he went from being a nobody to being a hero, which is pretty cool."

"Hmm." Mike said. "Alright, I'll accept that."

"Thank you, O' great Mike."

"You seriously read comics?"

"I was about ready to start a protest to make the teacher let me read them."

"Because they were so awesome to you?"

"That, and they were easier then real books."

"Stupid."
"I'm kidding!" Steve yelled. "You take everything I say so literally!"

"New test." Mike said. "If I told you to find Marvel comics where would you go?"

After proving to Mike that he could indeed navigate the store, Steve was lectured on every Captain America issue ever, even though he could probably recite some of them better then Mike could.

"I guess you're kind of like Captain America." Mike said.

"Because I'm a total badass?"

"No, because you were a wimp who took a chance and got lucky."

"Thanks."

"And you don't have a shield. I'll get you one for your birthday or something." Mike said.

"Really?"

"Sure, then we can pretend you're cool."

Steve was getting used to the insults, but he could tell they were more joking now then mean. Somehow he had gotten through to Mike, even if it was purely luck or the fact that Mike was in one of his favorite places right now.

"Can we go get pizza?" Mike asked a little while later.

"Sure." Steve said.

"This is weird." Mike spoke up as they drove to the pizza parlor. "I don't think I've ever been alone with you before."

"Yes you have, remember last year?"

The incident of last year had occured when Steve was hanging out with Nancy at the Wheelers and had gone to the bathroom. Mike and Steve had stood in the same room switching between glaring at each other and avoiding eye contact.

"That doesn't count." Mike said. "How about the time you were breaking into Nancy's room through the window when I was going out to look for Will."

"That definitely doesn't count." Steve said.

"You and me should go to see Ghost Busters some time." Mike said thoughtfully.

"Really?"

"Yeah so I can prove you're wrong about Winston."

"Great." Steve said, but he was accepting it. He would take what he could get.
"I guess I was kind of wrong about you." Mike said.

"Kind of?"

"You're kind of a bad ass. You got us out of that tunnel alive and kept the others alive in that trailer."

"Well I guess I did-"

"But you're still a wimp." Mike said.

Steve sighed.

"At least until we get you a shield."

"I'll take it."

Chapter End Notes

And there we go! The next request is TruthInYourLies99 and it is another Will chapter. Bear with me, I don't know when I'll be able to post it. Also, I have been getting some repeat requests. Before you leave a request, maybe check to make sure that I haven't already done it.

If I somehow ignore your request its because it either got lost in my inbox or it's a repeat. Other then that I'm trying my best to get everyone's requests done.

Leave another request if you must and leave a comment or kudos if you want.

Have a extramazing day!
Castle walls

Chapter Summary

Steve faces new challenges and new similarities with Will (some Byler in this chapter as requested)

Chapter Notes

EXAMS ARE OVER!!!!!! I will officially be getting back to a normal update schedule!

Today we have TruthInYourLies99's request, and again, more angst, I NEED HUMOR PEOPLE!

Alright then! Here we go!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As Steve approached the Byer's house he heard yelling. Lots of it.

Either Jonathan's voice had grown deeper, louder, or angrier or there was a new person in the house.

Steve was reaching for the doorknob when the door slammed open, almost hitting him in the face. Jonathan went storming out, went to his car, and drove away.

Steve watched him go. Weird.

The angry yelling continued. Steve reached for the doorknob just as the door flew open again, forcing Steve to flatten against a wall.

A man Steve had never seen before came storming out. Mrs Byers came after him. "AND STAY OUT" she screamed.

The man went to his own car and drove away. Steve carefully crawled out of his spot.

"Steve!" Mrs. Byers said. "Y-you're early!"

"Hi" Steve said slowly.

"That was just my ex husband, he lost his job and needed a place to stay, I'm sorry you had to see that" Mrs. Byers said, almost tugging out her hair.

Steve put a hand on her shoulder. "It's ok."

She nodded. "Thank god you're here. Will went running out the back door, I think he might have gone to Castle Byers, I'm not sure. Could you please go check? I have to find Jonathan..."
Steve watched as Mrs. Byers ran to her car and drove in the direction Jonathan had. Steve looked out towards the woods. It seemed he was going for a walk.

Steve had only been to Castle Byers a few times. It was a pretty sweet fort he had to admit. All he had accomplished in his fort building days was a handful of nails.

"Will, you there?" Steve asked, knocking on the wall. No response. Right, there was some kind of password. What had it been?

Steve wracked his brain. It was probably some sort of nerdy movie quote or something. Maybe from the Hobbit?

"Mirkwood?" Steve guessed. "Hobbit? Wizard?"

"You can come in Steve." Will said.

"Was I close?" Steve asked, stepping into the fort.

Will shrugged.

"You ok buddy?" Steve asked. Will shrugged again. "Would it have anything to do with the random angry man I saw a minute ago?"

A small smile spread over Will's face. "He's my dad."

"Ah." Steve said. Crappy parents. Something he had experience with.

"He came here because he lost his job. He wanted to stay here for a little while. Mom freaked out and Dad started yelling at all of us."

Steve nodded. "That sucks. Wouldn't it be nice if there was some sort of manual for parents, like how and how not to act?"

Will nodded. "Then maybe things like this wouldn't happen."

"Well" Steve continued. "There might actually be a book because I'm pretty sure your mom read it inside and out. She might have even written it."

Will laughed.

"There we go." Steve said, smiling. "I think we have the next few hours to ourselves. Wanna draw something? I'm getting better at drawing birds." Will had been giving Steve drawing lessons after a quick sketch of a plant was given an F in science.

Will's eyes lit up, then he looked down. "No, I don't think I want to draw any more."

"What?" Steve asked. "You love drawing!"

"It's too...can we do something cool?"

"Sure, what do you have in mind?"
"I didn't know you were into this stuff." Steve said, looking around at the car show. Steve thought this was pretty sweet, they had a whole bunch of bright red camaros on display that Steve would have killed to drive.

It was loud and lots of people were all over. Steve didn't think that Will was the kind of person who liked all this chaos. Last he had checked Will was a bigger fan of silence.

"Look Steve." Will suddenly said. "Babes." A group of scantily clad females were standing over by one of the camaros.

"Uhhhh. Ok then." Steve said. He had not been expecting this. A motorcycle revved somewhere. Will flinched.

"You sure you don't want to go home?" Steve asked.

Will shook his head and went to look at some more cars. All Steve could do was follow.

Ever since the car show episode, Will had been showing some very subtle differences. He no longer wanted to do some of the activities he enjoyed, like he occasionally liked watching certain cooking shows with El. He flat out said he hated watching girly shows with that and Steve could have sworn El was going to burst into tears.

Will had also been borrowing clothes from Dustin and Lucas, which didn't seem like that big of a change but sometimes Steve barely recognized Will. Will also went on about his apparent crush on the hottest girl in school.

Everything about this in Steve's opinion, was weird. He didn't know what had brought this change on and he didn't like it. The other party members seemed to notice it too, and out of all of them Mike seemed the most distressed.

"It's like I hardly know him any more." Mike said, after pulling Steve aside. "I asked him if he wanted to play D&D and he said he'd rather watch sports! Will hates sports!"

Steve finally expressed his concerns to Mrs. Byers.

"That is a little strange." Mrs. Byers said.

"You mean you haven't noticed?" Steve exclaimed.

Joyce's expression turned bitter. "Actually, Will's been staying with his dad. Lonnie got a new job and demanded that the kids see him more. I haven't seen Will all week."

Steve sighed. Well that explained it.

After managing to get Lonnie's address from Mrs. Byers Steve drove to her ex husband's house in search of Will. The house was sort of run down and it clearly had the look of a man who's habits were similar to Steve's father's.

Steve knocked on the door. It was opened by a curvy blond woman who somehow seemed similar to the "babes" Will had pointed out. It was starting to make sense now.
"Uh, hi." Steve said. "I'm looking for Will."

"I'm not supposed to let anyone in." The woman rasped in the dry tones of someone who had smoked way too much in the past hour.

"Cynthia!" a man called from inside the house. "Who is it?"

"Some kid." Cynthia called back. "Says he's looking for Will."

"Great, another faggot." The man said. "I thought we were finally making progress...GOD DAMMIT KID!"

Will ran over to the door. "Steve!" he said happily.

"Tell "Steve" it's time to go." Lonnie said, striding over to the door. "I can call the police on you."

"Doubt you'd get far. I'm sorta friends with the police." Steve said cockily. "And I think someone like you wants to avoid your friendly neighborhood cops."

Lonnie's face turned an ugly red. "Who the hell do you think you are?"

"Someone you'd never be good enough to know." Steve said. "Now I'm here for Will. We can make this easy or I can happily contact Joyce Byers, I'm sure she'd be glad to talk, have you met her new lawyer?"

Lonnie's face was practically purple now. "Fine!" he spat. "Take the little fag, see if I care."

"I don't want to see you any longer then I have to." Steve said, turning to leave. "Come on Will."

Will's eyes were practically sparkling with admiration.

"Man do I hate that guy." Steve said, as they got in the car. "I thought he was actually going to attack me."

"Steve, you're amazing." Will said.

"Thank you." Steve said. "I've had a lot of practice with those types."

"Really?" Will asked.

"I don't know if I've told you much about my old man. He's pretty similer to your's, except he prefers hitting things to yelling at them."

Will's eyes grew big. "Steve that's not good."

"Nothing I can't handle." Steve said coolly. "Now how about you? Does your father have anything to do with your recent personality changes?"

"I'm sorry!" Will blurted out.

"What for?"

"I don't actually like car shows, or "babes" or sports. Dad just told me to like them. I like drawing, and cooking shows, and D&D!"
"And there's Will Byers." Steve said. "Why did you stop?"

"Because dad told me drawing was too...faggy."

Steve nearly swerved off the road. "I am literally going to kill that man. Forget demogorgons, I think I'll hit him next!"

"No don't do that!" Will said. "He's still my dad!"

Steve sighed. Loyal, sweet Will.

"Kid, nothing you do is...f-a-g-g-y. I swear there is nothing wrong with you and I will go to my grave saying that."

Will smiled. "Really?"

"Yeah, and it's not me you should be apologizing to, it's your friends."

"Oh no..." Will muttered.

"It'll be ok, trust me." Steve said. "I'm sure all they want to do is hang out with you like they used to."

Will nodded.

"Speaking of hanging out, how about we take a guy's afternoon?"

Will nodded. "Let's go to the car show."

"Ok, wait what?" Steve asked.

"Yeah, I want to show you how to sketch cars. I think your birds are coming along nicely. It's time for a challenge.

Steve smiled. "You the man Byers, you the man."

Chapter End Notes

Annnnnnd SCENE! Next time it's Maddie88's chapter and I think it's going to be a full cast chapter!!

Ok then, that's all I have to say, leave another request if you want, add a comment or kudos if you so choose and have a funtastic day!

See ya next time!
The ref of life

Chapter Summary

Steve takes care of a sick El and Will while pandemonium ensues in the background

Chapter Notes

Heyo! This is my attempt to get back to a regular update schedule!! We'll see how this goes!

This is Maddie88's request and I will try to make this good!

Ok, that's all I have to say! It's chapter time!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"It's time for..." Dustin said, taking a black and white ball out of his bag. "INDOOR SOCCER!"

"No it's not!" Steve said, snatching the ball away.

"Aw come on." Dustin whined.

"I'm not opposed to outdoor soccer, where things can't get broken." Steve said.

"Great! You can come ref for us!"

"Huh?"

"You're already dressed like a referee! Maybe you're the psychic one!" Dustin said.

Steve looked down at the black and white striped shirt he was wearing.

"I like this shirt!"

"Well you look like a ref. And you referee everything in life already."

Dustin had a point. Steve did feel like his life had solely become determining which plays in life were right and wrong.

"Ok, ref says outside." Steve said. The party ran out. Some days Steve thought he needed a whistle.

Well, at least the party was outside where they wouldn't break anything.

"WE BROKE WILL" Lucas yelled about a half hour later.

Steve jumped up and ran outside. "WHAT?"
"I accidently hit Will in the face with the ball." Dustin said. "And he kinda just flopped over."

Steve sighed and knelt down next to Will. "You ok buddy?"

Will slowly sat up. "Yeah, I guess. I'm kinda dizzy."

"Alright lets get you inside." Steve said, pulling Will to his feet. "Ref says don't kick the ball too hard."

"Fine." Dustin said.

Steve looked behind him. Will was following him into the house almost sluggishly.

"You doing ok back there?" Steve asked. Will nodded.

Once inside the kitchen Steve sat Will down on a chair and got an ice pack out of the freezer. While he was placing it on Will's forehead Steve's hand brushed against it.

"Jesus Christ!" Steve said. The kid was burning up!

"What is it?" Will asked almost sleepily.

"Stay here." Steve said. He returned with a thermometer. 103.

"Ok." Steve said. "Uhhh, kid, you have a fever."

Will nodded, not really in or out of the conversation.

Steve was sort of panicking now. Was 103 life threatening?

"Ok kid, I want you to go lay down. I'll check on you in a second." Steve said. Will slowly walked to his room.

Upon returning outside Steve found the party continuing the soccer game.

"Keep it down a bit!" he called. "Will's not feeling great."

Dustin flashed him a thumbs up.

Steve returned to Will's room. Will had flopped over on his bed, still in his clothes. His face was flushed.

"Alright buddy." Steve said, picking Will up. (The kid was light)

Steve managed to turn Will over and lay him down on top of the covers. (Steve wasn't sure if he should cover him up.)

"Steve...I'm hot...." Will said.

"I know." Steve said. "I'm going to go get a washcloth."
Back outside the soccer game was still going strong.

"This tree is a better goalie then Will was!" Dustin crowed. Lucas scowled. His last five shots on goal had hit the tree.

At the moment the teams were Mike, El and Lucas against Dustin, Max and the tree.

"Alright then." Dustin said kicking the ball. Lucas intercepted it, took a shot....

It bounced off the tree.

"AAAAAAAAAGH!" Lucas yelled. He dropped to the ground and started rolling around.

Steve poked his head outside. "Was that a scream of pain?"

"Yes." Max said laughing as Lucas rolled around groaning.

"Ok...." Steve said. "Anyways Lucas, can you lose more quietly?"

That sent the party into hysterics.

Back indoors Steve returned to Will's side.

"Are you doing ok? Does anything hurt? Scale of one to ten."

Will laughed hoarsely. "Slow down. I'm ok. My head and throat hurt a little."

"Good, I mean not good, it's good it's not worse." Steve said. Will laughed again.

Shouting came from outside.

"GOD DAMN TREE!"

"SUCK IT UP LOSER!"

"Great." Steve sighed. "I'm gonna go take care of that. You ok here?" Will nodded.

"HEY HEY HEY!" Steve yelled, running outside. He needed a whistle during moments like these. "What's going on?"

"THE TREE!" Lucas screamed as Dustin laughed hysterically.

"The tree?" Steve asked. Lucas nodded and kicked it.

"Don't...don't hurt the nature." Dustin managed between laughs.

"I will freaking hurt nature if I want to." Lucas growled.

Steve noticed that Mike and El were standing off on their own.

"What's up guys?" He asked, walking over to them.

"Hurts." El said, pointing to her head and throat.
"Oh no." Steve groaned, feeling her forehead. It was warm.

"Ok kid, go into Will's room. Steve sighed.

"Is she sick?" Mike asked, concerned.

"Yeah, I think so. She might have the same thing as Will." Steve said. "Hey shitheads, listen up! Now there are two sick people so you have to be twice as quiet!"

In Will's room Steve laid out a spare mattress and tucked El into bed.

"Ok El, you need to stay here now. You're sick and laying down will make you feel better faster."

El nodded and laid back.

"How're you doing Will?"

"Good." Will said. His voice was dying fast. "Can I have some drawing stuff?"

Steve nodded. "Yeah. El do you need anything?"

"Water."

"Ok." Steve said, exiting the room.

Back outside Lucas was continuing to have the worst game of his life. The tree had blocked twelve consistent shots.

"THAT'S IT!" Lucas yelled, kicking the ball straight at the tree.

"Go tree!" Dustin cheered.

"You can save it!" Max yelled.

The ball slammed into the tree, bounced off, and flew right into Lucas's face.

"OW!"

"Ooh you made it mad."

"OW SONOFA-"

Steve heard more garbled swearing and stuck his head outside.

Lucas was laying on the ground...blood was streaming down his face!

"Oh god!" Steve yelled, running over.

"-BITCH TREE!" Lucas yowled.

"What the hell happened!" Steve yelled.
"The tree got mad." Mike said in a monotone but he was grinning.

"The tree what- I don't want to know." Steve sighed. Lucas do you wanna take a break?"

"No." Lucas growled. "I need tissues, lots and lots of tissues."

After watching Lucas stuff his face full of tissues Steve returned to the sick ward.

"Ok, here you go." Steve said, handing the crayons and paper to Will, and a glass of water to El. "Need anything else?"

"Book." El said. Hopper was teaching her to read and she was vastly enjoying it.

"Thanks Ste-" Will broke off into a coughing fit.

"Save your voice." Steve said. "I'll just ask yes or no questions."

Will flashed him a thumbs up.

Back outside Lucas was sizing up his opponent, the tree.

"The tree's gonna school your ass." Dustin said.

Lucas narrowed his eyes. Not today.

Lucas dribbled down the yard and unleashed a professional level shot...

It bounced off the tree and went over the fence.

"AAAAAAAAAGH!" Lucas screamed again. Dustin burst out laughing.

"You know what?" Lucas growled, stalking over towards Dustin. "YOU NEED TO SHUT UP!"

He shoved Dustin and he fell into a mud puddle.

"HEY!" He picked up a hand full of mud and threw it at Lucas.

The sound of fighting reached Steve's ears.

"Oh boy." The exhausted babysitter sighed. "Maybe I should bring puzzles over some time."

El nodded happily. Will sent him a sympathetic glance.

"And I'm off." Steve said.

Both Will and El gave him an encouraging thumbs up.

"STOP!" Steve yelled, pulling the two apart. "Where's the ball?"

Max jogged back into the yard. "Got it!"
"Ok." Steve said. "This is your last chance to play soccer quietly without conflict. One more outburst and you all go inside to read books."

Lucas's eyes widened.

"Yeah, I'm bad." Steve said. "Now can I trust you?"

The party members saluted.

"How's it going?" Steve asked.

Will, who had completely lost his voice now gave him a thumbs up and held up a picture of the tree.

Steve laughed.

El seemed absorbed in her book. She had developed a harsh cough, but otherwise she seemed pretty happy.

"Alright. I'm going to go do the dishes while I have the chance." Steve said. "Need anything else?"

Will had started shaking his head but suddenly doubled over in a harsh sneezing fit. He looked up at Steve with his eyes watering.

"I'll go get some tissues." Steve said. Will nodded gratefully.

Back outside Lucas "the tree killer" Sinclair was making his last stand against the devious tree.

Lucas narrowed his eyes at the tree once more. It's leaves waved in the wind almost tauntingly. Lucas "the tree killer" Sinclair would not take this.

He stepped back to get a running start. Then he was off!

Lucas "the tree killer" Sinclair dodged Max, he dodged Dustin, he dodged his own teammate, he was truly on fire! It was the moment of truth! He wound up for the shot, this was history in the making, he kicked the ball, it soared over in a perfect arc...

Only to be blocked by the tree.

Lucas "the tree killer" Sinclair dropped to his knees. His career was over.

The ball flew over Mike's head and smashed through the shed window.

"Uh oh."

After giving the patients what they needed, plus a little bell, Steve finally returned to the household chores. He washed the dishes, cleaned the kitchen, and even got a head start on his homework. All was peaceful.

No one had screamed about a tree and the patients didn't seem to need anything.
After a little while Steve looked in on El and Will. They had both fallen asleep. Steve smiled. The scene was pretty cute.

Compared to the other party members these two were easy to take care of when they were sick. Mike adopted a tough guy don't-help-me attitude and Dustin was flat out whiney when he was sick.

Steve returned to his homework. All was right with the world. Probably.

"We can fix it." Dustin had said. The party had gathered all the glass into a pile and was attempting to fit the pieces together. Max had snuck into the kitchen and stolen a roll of ductape.

Lucas glared at the tree. This was its fault.

"Ok, I think it goes like this, ouch." Dustin said, trying to fit the pieces together.

"No you're doing it wrong." Mike said.

"Let me!" Lucas yelled. Shoving ensued.

Suddenly Steve came running out. "NO NO NO NO NO! DO NOT TOUCH BROKEN GLASS!!"

The party looked up at him nervously. Lucas looked like he had been through a war.

It was a little sad how the sick people were less work then the healthy people.

A few days later the patients had recovered and the party was sitting in the yard putting a puzzle together while Steve installed a new window.

Steve also had a new whistle around his neck. This life ref was ready for anything.

"No! It goes here!" Lucas said.

"Move it dummy, here!" Dustin said.

"Puzzles" El said happily.

The tree stood there silently, waving its branches in the wind.

"Hey let's ask the tree!"

"NO!"

Steve blew his whistle. "Silence! I need silence if I'm going to do this right!"

The party returned to quietly building the puzzle.

For now.

Chapter End Notes
AND THE END!!! Hope you enjoyed, the tree part was fun to write!

Next up is a chapter I'm making out of a comment made by AlexValondale.

I found this comment interesting and decided to make a chapter out of it so that's up next!

Alright then, that's all for now, see you next time and have a fanmendous day!
Risk Taker

Chapter Summary

Dustin's chaos level rises to a maximum and it's up to Steve to save him.

Chapter Notes

Hey hey hey!!! Alright it's chapter time and this is the chapter I made out of AlexValondale's comment.
Alright this was a little different because it wasn't a request but I hope you guys enjoy anyways!!
Alright it's chapter time! Here we go!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Don't do it!"
"Dustin no!"
"Don't jump!"
Dustin looked at the group. "What? It's only like six feet!"
The party had discovered a ledge in their favorite part of the woods. The ledge seemed to drop off into a cave.
"It's just like wilderness explorers!" Dustin said.
"The last time we played that Steve was here to stop us from killing ourselves." Will said.
"How was I supposed to know that was a snake hole?" Dustin asked.
"Please don't" El said worriedly.
"Just one little jump." Dustin said. "Here..I..WOAH!"
Dustin suddenly shot into the air away from the hole.
Dustin looked up to see El wiping her nose.
"WHAT WAS THAT?" Dustin yelled.
"Please be safe." El whimpered.
"I wanna go home." Will said suddenly. "Steve said he would stay with us tonight."
"Steve is so lame." Dustin growled.
"The brave explorers return." Steve called as the party walked up to Will's house. "How was it out there?"

"Hey Steve! Dustin says you're lame." Lucas said cheerfully as he walked by.

Steve raised an eyebrow. "Is this because I didn't let you touch that weird moss down by the lake?"

"You never let me do anything cool." Dustin said.

"Eating weird moss is not cool." Steve said.

" Sitting inside playing checkers isn't either."

"Oh I see how it is." Steve said. "This is because "someone" didn't believe me when I said I was the checkers king and I kicked his ass seven times!"

Max high fived Steve.

"You're all so lame!" Dustin yelled. "I wanna do something cool!"

Steve stared at him for a minute. "Alright then." he said. "Go put your coats on."

The party looked up at him. Dusting eyed him curiously.

"We're going to Dead Man's gulch.

Dead Man's Gulch was an abandoned field that was riddled with sewage pipes. Back in the day there was a leak and it flooded. The rumor was that the owner had gotten sucked into the swamplike water and died. It was a popular hangout for high schoolers until someone had supposedly gone missing. The legend was that they had been taken by the nameless (and in some versions, faceless) gulch ghost.

Now the "gulch" was a piece of abandoned property mostly covered in swamp water.

It really wasn't even a gulch and Steve didn't believe the rumors anyways but he thought it might impress Dustin.

"I can't believe we're going to the gulch!"

"Think we'll see a ghost?"

Steve smirked. The party was easily impressed.

Dustin narrowed his eyes. "This better be cool."

Almost easily impressed.

In the dying sunset the gulch seemed even creepier, the water shimmered with the light and appeared to be made of blood.

"Woah!" the party said together.
Will stepped closer to Steve. "Is there really a ghost?"

"No." Steve said. Will relaxed.

"There are two to my knowledge."

"STEVE!" Will yelled.

Steve laughed. "Kidding, just kidding relax. No, I don't think there's a ghost. I'm just trying to satisfy Dustin.

Will nodded.

Steve turned to the party. "Ok shitheads, have fun. Stay in my sight and try not to die!"

"You're awesome Steve!" Dustin said, running off.

"HEY! I SAID STAY IN MY SIGHT!"

"This brings wilderness explorers to a whole new level!" Dustin declared, walking across a log.

"Careful!" Mike said. "Steve said don't die."

"I'm not gonna die." Dustin snorted. "I'm...HOLY CRAP!"

A beam hung between two chunks of land. It looked like a plumbing pipe and it acted like a bridge. The space between the two pieces of land was full of dark swampy water.

"I wonder what's over there?" Dustin said, raising his eyebrows.

"Dustin no." Max said. "that looks really unstable."

"I bet that's where all the ghosts are."

"Did you not just hear me?" Max said. "That looks really unstable!"

"You sound like Steve." Dustin said, making his way to the pipe. "And if you babies want to stay here be my guest."

"Dustin!" Mike yelled. Dustin kept walking.

"Is he actually going to...oh my god!" Max said as Dustin stepped onto the pipe.

"I'm gonna get Steve." Will said, starting to walk back.

Dustin made it to the middle of the pipe before disaster struck.

The ground on the opposite end of the pipe gave way sending the far end of the pipe into the water. Thrown off balance by the movement, Dustin fell forward.

"DUSTIN!" the party screamed.

"WILL GET STEVE NOW!" Lucas yelled. Will took off running.

Dustin managed to grab onto the pipe and was now dangling above the water.
Dustin was slowly sliding towards the water. He closed his eyes. He was going to die like this. Taking a stupid risk. He hated doing things like this! He was just trying to be cool for a change!

A figure ran towards him. A gulch ghost. Dustin would be joining their ranks soon. He took one last look.

Not a ghost. Steve.

"STAY!" Steve commanded at the party. He ran to the pipe and slid down it without stopping.

"Kid!" he yelled. "Gimme your arm!"

"I can't!" Dustin wailed.

"Try!" Steve yelled.

Dustin slowly reached up but lost his grip with his other arm.

Steve grabbed him and threw Dustin over his shoulder before making his way up the side of the pipe.

At the last second the entire pipe started falling. Steve threw Dustin and sprung for the side.

Dustin hit the ground and rolled to his feet.

Steve pulled himself up the side of the swamp. "Great." he muttered, looking at his muddy shoes.

"Steve." Dustin said. "I was almost a gulch ghost."

The walk back to the car was silent except for Steve's socks squeaking in his sopping shoes.

"I'm sor-"

"Save it." Steve said, cutting Dustin off.

Dustin sat uncomfortably in the back. Every once in a while a party member would look at him then look away. Dustin felt like he had been put in a literal dog house. Bad Dustin, very bad Dustin, Dustin could practically hear Steve saying it. Why was it always Dustin in these situations huh?

Dustin was now the last party member in the car. Steve suddenly pulled the car over.

"Are you going to beat me to death with your bat?" Dustin asked.

"What? No." Steve said. "I just wanna know what's going in your mostly empty head."

"What do you-"

"All this stupid incredibly risky BS!" Steve said. "Flaming sticks? Giant slugs? Summoning the
devil in the Wheeler's basement? What's up with that? Did the dart experience teach you nothing?"

"It did." Dustin said quietly. "I guess I'm just trying to be the cool one."

"The cool one?"

"Mike's the emo one, Lucas is the dumb one, El's the psychic one, Max is the hot one, Will's the innocent one, I'm the cool one." Dustin said. "And you're the...Steve...one."

"Uh huh." Steve said. "Sure. But you're not so much the cool one as much as the eventually-going-to-end-up-dead one."

"I...I know." Dustin said.

"I mean I get it kid, everyone's trying to find themselves. But you have plenty of time, and I don't think you're gonna find yourself in a swamp."

"Yeah. That was really dumb." Dustin said.

"No shit." Steve said. "You owe me new shoes."

"I do not!"

"I saved your ass!"

"Yeah. I guess you did." Dustin said slowly. "Thanks. You're not lame. You're bad ass when you want to be."

"When I have to be." Steve said. "Don't worry, I'm pretty lame. Being around kids and having to save you all the time does something to a man."

"Steve, you're the heroic one."

"Damn straight."

"But why did you risk your precious shoes for me?"

"The party wouldn't be the same with five shitheads." Steve said. "Even numbers are good."

"Yeah. They are."

"Oh yeah, I want you to read a book for me. Lord of the Flies. I think you can relate."

"I AM NOT SLOWLY LOSING MY MARBLES! And I am not doing your reading homework."

"Well it was worth a try."

Chapter End Notes

Alright that's all for now!!

Next time we are finally getting back into Steve's parents and what Mr. Clarke hinted at (about time am i right?)
I'm gonna try and cram as many requests as I can into that chapter so look out for that!

That's all for now, leave another request if you wish, leave a comment or kudos if you choose, and have a funtabulous day!!

(Also, thanks to Phadom_Maybe for catching an error man I'm glad you caught that. I fixed it and if anyone else sees errors please feel free to tell me, I write these at light speed and grammar is not usually my priority)

Also, I just wanted to say thank you to all of you for reading this and taking the time to comment on it. Writing this for you all makes me so happy and it's the highlight of my day. I don't have the best friends and let's face it school is hell so it's nice to have somewhere where i can do things to make people happy. Thank you for reading this, you are all wonderful people and you don't understand how much you liking my work means to me. Thank you :3
"Is he here yet?" Dustin asked, looking out at the road.

"No." Will said in a concerned tone. "He's never been this late before has he?"

Dustin shook his head. "He'd better not have gotten in a car crash and died on us."

All of a sudden Mr. Clarke came out of the building and walked towards him.

"Uh oh." Dustin said. "Did he figure out it was me who set off that volcano by accident?"

Will rolled his eyes at the "by accident."

"Hello boys." Mr. Clarke said, walking up to the two of them. "I'm supposed to give you a ride home."

"WHAT?" Dustin yelled. "But Steve's supposed to."

"I just got off the phone with Mr. Harrington." Mr. Clarke said. "He wasn't feeling well and asked if I could drive you two home."

"Oh." Dustin said. "Ok...wait a sec! Stranger danger!"

"Really?" Will asked.
"Mr. Clarke could be a pedophile!"

"I know you want to wait for Steve." Mr. Clarke said, "but this is not the way to do it."

Dustin sighed. "Fine. Is he ok?"

"Yes, he sounded fine on the phone."

Steve had not sounded fine on the phone, that much Mr. Clarke knew. His voice had sounded strained almost as if he were intense pain. Mr. Clarke had been more then concerned for a while when it came to that boy's well being. He among many others knew the force of the elder Mr. Harrington's rage, and also like many others, was too scared to react.

Mr. Clarke would have gladly done all he could, he had once tried during a flash of bravery. He had been walking up to the police station when Steve had ran over to him.

"Mr. Clarke...It's ok." Steve had said, panting. There had been bruises on his face and arms. "Nothing's...wrong. Dad just...got a little...upset. Nothing...the police...need to worry..about."

Out of respect for Steve Mr. Clarke had said nothing, but often regretted that choice.

He rarely saw Steve's father leave the house unless it was for some form of liquor, and he was certain that Steve was not better off.

Mr. Clarke could see Dustin and Will exchanging worried looks. Steve had most likely kept his home life a secret from the kids, it was probably better that way, and Steve really wasn't the type of person to force his problems on someone else.

But surely the party had noticed something was amiss.

"Let this emergency meeting begin." Mike said seriously.

"Since when do we have meetings?" Lucas asked. A look from Mike shut him up.

Mike had made the executive choice to call a meeting when the party had seen Steve that morning. The brunette had shown up with bruises on his face and arms.

He said he had walked into a door.

Dustin had retorted with "was it a door with fists?" and Steve had refused to talk answering with "I'll bet Will's room is lonely. Why don't you go visit it?"

Max had been silent. Mike had a feeling that she might know something but so far she wasn't talking.

"I'm worried about him." Will said quietly.

"Yeah." Dustin said, crossing his arms. "Doors don't do that shit."

"Is Steve in trouble?" El asked worriedly.

"I'm not sure." Mike said. "But if he is we're going to help him!"
Max looked down. "I'm not so sure we can help him."

"Why not?" Mike demanded. "Do you know something? It sounds like you know something."

Max shook her head. "I don't know anything."

Mike eyed her suspiciously and Max looked down.

"Tone it down." Lucas snapped.

"Well sorry for ignoring your girlfriend's feelings when our babysitter might be dying!" Mike yelled.

"You don't think he's dying...is he?" Will asked.

"Cancer." Said El.

"That's ridiculous. He doesn't have cancer." Mike said. "Right?"

The party looked at each other worriedly.

"We don't know what's wrong." Dustin said. "Unless someone decides to tell us." he glared at Max.

"Lay off!" Lucas yelled.

"NO!" Dustin screamed. "THIS HAS BEEN GOING ON FOR A LONG TIME! SOMEONE'S HURTING STEVE! I NEED TO KNOW WHO IT IS!" his voice broke off. The party realized he was crying.

Will moved over and put an arm around Dustin.

"I..it's just...Steve's like family you know." Dustin said. "I want to make sure he's ok."

"We all do." Mike said. He turned to Max. "Please, if you know anything, you should tell us. It could help."

Max looked down then opened her mouth to speak.

Steve brushed his hair out of his face. His face hurt. Everything hurt.

It was his own fault. If he had just kept his mouth shut none of it would of happened.

Steve looked over towards the doorway and jumped. The party was standing there staring at him intently.

"Uh, hi." Steve said.

"Hello." Dustin said, not looking away. "How are you doing?"

"Fine." Steve said uncomfortably. He hated being stared at and six pairs of eyes were six pairs too many. "Do you guys need something?"

"Nope." Dustin said quickly, and the party ran back Will's room.

Steve sighed. There was no such thing as normal with the party was there.
"I say we investigate." Dustin said. "Something's very wrong with him."

"Detectives." El said.

"Exactly." Dustin said. "And if we're going to be detectives the first thing we're going to need is evidence."

"How are we going to get that?" Lucas asked.

"Well if what Max says is true, and things aren't going so great for Steve at home, one of us is going to have to stalk Steve twenty four seven!" Dustin declared.

The party stared at him.

"Uh, no." Mike said. "You had your turn as leader, now it's mine."

"You're always leader." Dustin grumbled, crossing his arms.

"Because I'm the best at it." Mike said haughtily. "Anyways, I think we definitely need a lot of evidence before we pull anything too crazy. Will, where's Jonathan's camera?"

"The expensive one?"

"Yes."

"Hey hey hey!" Steve said, spotting Lucas and Will out of the corner of his eye. "Be careful with that!"

"I know I know!" Lucas said, carefully lifting the camera. "Will, relax, you're gonna give yourself a heart attack."

"And then Jonathan will dig me up and kill me again if we break that." Will said in a small voice.

"How about we leave the expensive camera where it is." Steve said. "Because if that thing breaks the first ass that's getting kicked is mine." He stood up to take the camera.

"NO!" Lucas yelled. "We need it for...science."

"Science?"

"Science!" Lucas said.

"You'd better not be studying gravity with that." Steve said.

"If we were we'd use Dustin." Lucas said.

"If I hear any loud crashes I'm coming over there!" Steve said as the pair retreated back to Will's room.

"Here she is!" Lucas crowed.
"Please be careful!" Will said.

"I'm not gonna break it." Dustin said. "I'm just gonna...OH NO A PART SNAPPED OFF!"

Will turned white and made a squeaking noise.

"Relax Will." Mike said, pulling Will away from the camera. "He's kidding. Dustin you're not funny."

"Here we are. "Dustin said, extracting the film roll. "Will you're the camera master, go develop these."

Will sighed and went to find a dark room.

"Now then." Dustin said, placing a new roll of film in the camera. "I think I did that right. Now who's up for playing ninja, with a camera!"

Steve could have sworn he heard footsteps but when he turned to look no one was there.

"Ok." Steve said. "Not funny."

No response. Steve turned back to his homework...he could have sworn he heard a giggle.

He sat up. He was becoming paranoid.

"SMILE!" Dustin yelled, jumping out of nowhere.

"AAAGH!" Steve yelled as he was developed in a bright flash.

Dustin nearly fell over laughing. "I'll bet that was an awesome picture!"

"NEVER DO THAT AGAIN!" Steve yelled. Dustin started laughing again and ran off towards Will's room.

"WHY? JUST WHY?" Steve yelled.

"I'm back." Will said, blinking at the light. He held out a picture.

"Great, go develop these." Dustin said, handing Will the new roll of film.

"Oh goody." Will sighed. He didn't really like the dark.

"I'll go with you." Mike said quickly. Will smiled gratefully, blushing slightly.

"Man, look at these!" Dustin said, after the two left. "Memories am I right?"

The pictures had been taken the day the party had gone to a cookout hosted by Hopper.

Dustin gazed upon the images smiling sadly. He didn't want those times to end.

Max snorted. "Let's frame that one."

The last picture was of Steve making a weird face. He was clearly yelling at the picture taker and
had not been ready for the flash.

Dustin snickered softly. "Yeah let's frame it and give it to him on his birthday.

"Hi." Will said, returning with Mike. "Here."

Dustin snorted. Steve was making another weird face in the one that had just been developed.

"Ok, let's compare." Dustin said. He laid the pictures side by side.

"Woah." Will said softly.

Dustin felt like he had been plunged into ice water.

In the later picture the bruises on Steve's face stood out so brightly. The look in his eyes was also different.

"I'll kill him." Dustin growled.

"Who? Steve?" Lucas asked.

"NO! WHOEVER'S HURTING HIM!"

"Are we gonna get in trouble?" Will asked. The party was gathered outside Steve's house. It was dark and they could hear crickets.

"No." Mike said.

"We need to get to a window." Dustin said.

"Guys." Will said.

"Ok." Mike said, entering 'planning mode.' "Dustin, Lucas, let's for a pyramid over there."

"Guys." Will said again.

"Can I not be on the bottom?" Lucas said. "I'm more of a top guy."

"Ew." Max said.

"What?" Lucas asked. Max turned away. "What did I say?"

"GUYS!" Will yelled. The party turned to look at him.

"There's a sliding glass door right there. You can see everything."

"Oh."

After positioning themselves in the bushes the party watched Steve enter the kitchen. What seemed to be an older meander version of Steve was seated in an arm chair surrounded by empty bottles.

Steve's father seemed to be yelling. Steve was saying something in what seemed to be a calm tone but Dustin could see a stressed look enter Steve's eyes.
Steve's father was yelling even louder now. The party could make out the words "useless, lazy, pathetic"

"Poor Steve." Will said softly.

Steve seemed to respond again calmly but Dustin could see how much the words hurt.

Steve's father finally stood up and strode over to Steve.

The glass made everything going on in the kitchen impossible to hear but the party members could have sworn that they heard the smack.

Steve stumbled back, holding his face, but his father didn't stop.

Despite fighting otherworldly monsters watching Steve get kicked to the ground by his father was the scariest thing he ever saw.

"Get Hopper." Mike said hoarsely. "GET HOPPER!"

Chapter End Notes

And cliffhanger!!

AAAGH! So much angst! I need a break, and you all deserve a lot more out of me so I'm breaking this chapter into two parts. Part two will most likely be posted tomorrow so watch out for that!

Sorry I was gone so long, I got busy but now I'm back and ready to update!

Leave another request if you want, add a comment or kudos if you choose, and have a spectawesomest day!
A continuation of the last chapter. Also warning for abuse again.

What up peoples! In this chapter my imagination kinda took over giving Steve's father a backstory so you all can tell me if you like it or if it's realistic.

I'm not gonna waste time with talking, time for the chapter!

As he ran for the police station Dustin could remember several times where this had possibly happened before.

*Flashback*

"Come on!" Dustin yelled. "Jump in!"

"No way." Steve said. "That looks freezing!"

The party had gone for a walk and had ended up at a pond.

"Come on!" Dustin said, pulling his shirt off. Lucas and Will did the same.

"You're gonna get eaten by a fish." Steve said.

Dustin snorted with laughter. "Come on you baby! Let's see that six pack you're always bragging about!"

Steve shook his head. "No way. I for one am not getting eaten by a fish."

"Wussy!" Lucas crowed. "DROWN THE WUSSY!"

The party ran at Steve, trying to shove him in.

"MOVE YOUR ASS!" Dustin yelled, grabbing Steve around the waist and shoving him.

Steve emitted a sharp hiss of pain and jumped away.

"What's wrong?" Dustin asked.

"You sure?" Lucas asked.

"I think I would know if I walked into a locker." Steve said.

"Fine. Then take your shirt off and jump in!" Max said.

"Nope." Steve said. Dustin picked up a handful of dirt and flung it at him. Within seconds a dirt fight had broken out.

"GET HIM!" Dustin yelled and the party ran at Steve with armfuls of dirt. Looking back Dustin could have sworn Steve was limping.

The past Dustin hadn't noticed anything at all.

"ATTACK!" Dustin yelled, grabbing Steve by the belt.

"Hey! What are you trying to do! Pants me?"

"Shove the dirt down his pants!" Lucas yelled.

"What! No!" Steve yelled. He unhooked his belt and ran away, holding his pants up.

Dustin had fallen over laughing, holding Steve's belt.

"Ok, enough." Steve finally said. "ENOUGH!" he yelled as Max threw more dirt. "No dirt in my hair! Gimme that!"

Dustin reluctantly handed over the belt.

"Mike hasn't taken his shirt off yet." Steve said. "Go harass him."

"YAAAATAAAAH!" Dustin and Lucas yelled, running at Mike.

"Ok ok!" Mike yelled, pulling off his shirt. "Jeez!"

"No no no!" Steve yelled as El tried to copy Mike. "Girls leave their shirts on...MAX PUT YOUR PANTS BACK ON!"

"What?" Max asked. "It's like a swimsuit."

"Ok, we're going back for swimsuits." Steve said, reattaching his belt and pulling his shirt over the vibrant bruises that decorated his ribs.

*end flashback*

The party could see the police station. El waved her hand and the door slammed open.

"HEY!" Hopper yelled. "NO SLAMMING DOORS!"

"HOPPER!" The party screamed.

"What? Did Tews escape again? Where's Harrington? He's supposed to be in charge of all things kitten."
"Hopper!"
"Steve's dad!"
"He hit him!"
"He's hurting him!"

As the party babbled Hopper's face grew dark. "I knew it." He growled. "Get in the car. All of you! HURRY!"

Steve lay on his back, staring at the ceiling. His father had left after he had finished with Steve. Probably had gone to get more alcohol.

Steve tried to remember the last time his life didn't suck. Back before his dad was psychotic.

It was probably second grade. Young Steve had everything he could have wanted. Lots of friends, a nice house and loving parents.

Then the fighting started. Steve had come home one day to hear his father shouting and his mother in tears.

Steve had run to his room sobbing, telling himself this would never happen again.

It did up until fourth grade. His parents continued to fight. At the beginning of fifth grade his mother packed a bag and left. She didn't come back for a week.

When she did return she told Steve she was sorry and would never do it again.

But she did. She left again and again for longer and longer times up until seventh grade. Then she left for good.

She would occasionally call but those stopped too.

Steve's father grew consistently worse. He grew angry and turned to drinking.

Steve's father had once been a valued member of society. A charming man with a good job and a lovely family.

After his wife left he turned spiteful. He soon stayed home all day from work to drink and if Steve was unlucky enough to encounter his father during one of these times he would get yelled at.

Stupid. Useless. Lazy. Pathetic. Worthless. Waste of space. Steve began to accept these words for who he was.

Finally his father was fired from his job. He had been caught drinking at work.

It was the final straw. Mr. Harrington began to vent his anger by hitting his son.

The first time it happened Steve had been unprepared. He had been screaming for help, terrified. He started to live in fear.

This went on until freshman year.
His best friend at the time, Tommy told him that in order to be anyone at high school Steve needed to stop being such a wimp.

"If you're gonna be cool you have to stop being Steve the sob story. No one wants to see what goes on with mommy and daddy. No one cares. So if you're gonna be cool you're gonna have to be a new Steve Harrington.

Steve took those words to heart. He created a new Steve. This Steve was confident, tough, the guy guys wanted to be and girls wanted to be with.

It was survival of the fittest.

Steve gained friends and followers. He bullied the school's former king out of the top spot. He was the king and he could have whoever he wanted.

He hid his home life. No one wanted to see it and no one cared.

But then all the upside down weirdness happened. He lost Nancy to a weirdo, he lost his friends, his throne.

But he gained the party.

Now Steve was hiding his home life out of concern for the shitheads. They saw Steve as tough, they didn't need to worry about him. This was his problem.

Steve slowly pushed himself up into a sitting position. He could feel blood running down his face. He touched his nose and flinched. He hoped it wasn't broken.

Steve struggled to his feet and almost fell over again. It had been a while since he had been this battered.

Bright lights flashed outside the window. Steve groaned and pressed his head into his hands. Couldn't the lights come and bother him when his head wasn't killing him?

Someone started banging on the door. Steve wanted to tell them to come back later but his head was spinning too much. He stumbled forward and grabbed onto the sink.

The banging continued. Someone was yelling for a "Steve." Hey, his name was Steve, what a coincidence.

Suddenly the door flew off the hinges. A large angry man ran into the room. No, it was Hopper, Steve knew Hopper.

"STEVE!" several voices yelled.

"Easy there." Hopper said to him. "What's your name?"

"Steve Harrington." Steve said. His vision was blurring. "I-I'm ok."

"LIAR!" Dustin yelled. "You're not ok Steve!"

"Really I'm fine." Steve said weakly.

"Then what's my name?" Dustin challenged.
"Mike?"

Dustin's jaw fell open. Steve chuckled weakly. "Kidding."

"That's not funny." Dustin said, walking over to slap him, but changed his mind halfway through and lightly tapped Steve on the shoulder.

"I don't think he has a concussion." Hopper said. "He's just pretty banged up. Let's get you some medical attention, or a lawyer."

"Lawyer?"

"You can't expect me to ignore this any more. You've suffered long enough. It's time your life started getting better."

Steve was told to stay in the hospital over night as his injuries were treated and past injuries were assessed. Mrs. Byers volunteered to be his emergency contact and temporary guardian.

Will had been told to go to bed. He was at home now and his mother had just gotten off the phone with the hospital.

"Is Steve going to be ok?" Will asked anxiously.

"Yes, he'll be fine." Mrs. Byers said. "But what that poor boy had to go through all this time."

"Did you know this was happening?" Will asked Jonathan.

Jonathan shook his head. "I just thought Steve was an egotistic jerk. So this was all because of abuse."

"It's a very real issue." Mrs. Byers said. "I always knew his mother left town but I didn't know his father got this bad. Will, honey I'm sure you have a lot of questions about this but it's probably best not to ask them just yet. Steve's been through a lot and his life's going to change a lot now."

Will nodded.

Mrs. Byers turned to Jonathan. "Can you believe that Mr. Harrington hasn't had a job these past few years? At this point the two of them were practically living off of Steve's babysitting wages..."

Steve sighed. Was it really over? He had told his father was going to be tried and things weren't looking good for him in terms of avoiding prison. But that left a new issue. What would Steve do now? Could he still live in his house? Would he have to drop out of school to get a job?

The window opened and Dustin tumbled through.

"Dustin!" Steve hissed. "You did not just break into a hospital!"

"I unlocked the window before I left earlier." Dustin said.

"You're going to get in real trouble one day. Also, there's this thing called a door." Steve said.

Dustin rolled his eyes. "Well duh. Anyways, how are you feeling?"
"I don't know." Steve said. "Better? Not better? I don't know."

"Well I have something that will make you feel better!" Dustin said cheerfully.

"Dustin, no more stickers."

Earlier Dustin had covered Steve's room in sparkly stickers.

"No! It's not stickers!" Dustin said. "It's a home!"

"You bought me a house?"

"No! My house!"

"You're giving me your house?"

"NO!" Dustin yelled. "You can move in with us!"

"Huh?" Steve asked.

"My mom loves you, Yertle loves you, it works out perfectly!" Dustin said. "So, you want to?"

"And get more time with my favorite..."

Dustin beamed.

"...tortoise Yertle? Of course!"

Dustin glared at him.

"And your mother of course."

"Steve!"

"And you." Steve said, laughing. "And I'm looking forward to it."

Dustin walked over and placed a happy face sticker on Steve's forehead. "We're gonna be like brothers!"

"We're not already?"

"True."

"And Dustin."

"What?"

"Was the sticker necessary?"

"Yes Steve. Yes it was."

Chapter End Notes

And Scene! I hope I fulfilled all those requests, and I hope you all enjoyed!
We're almost at 500 kudos, can you believe it? I can't. It's so amazing that you all love this and welcometothefangirlparade I highly recommend watching the show, I'm afraid my fic doesn't do it justice XD.

Leave a comment or kudos if you want and more requests are always welcome!

Have a amazelaxing day!
Thoughts and feelings

Chapter Summary

The party's view on Steve

Chapter Notes

Guess who's totally sick right now and just dragged herself out of bed to update!! ME!

Anyways this is skydancer's totally late request, I am so sorry these requests are taking so long. Also I got to mess around with Lucas's character a little more, I hope you like what I did.

So here we go! Enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"PUT THAT AWAY!" Steve yelled. "Dustin don't you dare. I SAID DON'T YOU DARE! AAAAAGH!"

"You just got hosed!" Dustin cheered, waving the hose in the air.

"I SAID PUT IT AWAY!" A sopping wet Steve yelled.

Dustin laughed and ran away with the hose still running. "MIKE YOU'RE NEXT!"

"WATER WAR!" Lucas yelled.

"IF YOU FLOOD THE YARD YOU SHITHEADS ARE DEAD!" Steve yelled.

"Are there any water balloons?" Max asked.

Steve sighed. This was going to get messy.

Dustin had liked Steve from the second Steve had agreed to go Dart hunting with him. Not that Steve had known what he was getting into, but it did take a brave guy to go through with all the craziness that followed.

Dustin had always been a little envious of Steve. He could see Steve from the middle school playground some days, and it wasn't fair how he could be so cool so effortlessly. How did he do it?

Dustin soon discovered the answer when Steve began to watch them. He was able to act so cool because he was so cool. Steve was incredibly fun. Most of the time him trying to stop chaos created more chaos.
Dustin had become one of Steve's biggest friends quickly. Steve had saved their lives and had put himself at risk in the process. No doubt he wanted to get out of that tunnel as fast as the rest of them did, but he still took the time to get the party members out before him.

Plus the whole challenging the demo-dogs with a bat thing. That was freaking awesome.

There was more to Steve then the bad ass-ness, that much Dustin knew.

Underneath the tough guy act Steve was a total dork, and could even get as nerdy as the party on some occasions. Dustin had never seen anyone beat Mike at a Iron Man vs Captain America fight until Steve did. That was an accomplishment all on its own.

Steve also had his insecurities as Dustin had discovered. Along with an irrational fear of bats. (the tiny winged rodent. If Steve had a fear of baseball bats they would all be dead by then.)

Dustin could remember the time they had all gone up into the Wheeler's attic to help clean. Dustin had been interested in looking in every single nook and cranny trying to find a skeleton.

What he had found was a nest of bats.

Dustin had jumped back in surprise and whacked the nest with a mop. That sent the tiny creatures spiraling into the air.

Steve had emitted a high pitched yell and rushed to open a window, covering his head. Five minutes of chaos followed as the bats flew around the room and Dustin and Lucas tried to catch one.

After opening a window Steve had pressed himself against a door as far away from the bats as possible.

After the bats flew away Dustin teased Steve about the bats.

"I don't want them in my hair! So what!" Steve said.

Dustin also admired Steve's ability to deflect insults.

Steve was also a very caring individual in Dustin's eyes. (Not that he would ever tell Steve.) He stuck his neck out for the party on an almost regular basis. Plus he was willing to show love to small undeserving creatures like Yertle, or Mike.

Steve was one of the most awesome human being Dustin had ever met, and if Dustin could choose a human being to be his sibling he would choose Steve hands down.

"YOU ASKED FOR IT!" Steve yelled, running after Dustin with a bucket of water.

Dustin grabbed Lucas and shoved him in front of him like a shield.

The plan worked and Lucas was doused.

"STEVE!" Lucas screamed as Dustin ran away laughing.

"Ooh, sorry man." Steve said. "Shall we get him together?"

"You bet!" Lucas said, bumping fists with Steve.
"NOT FAIR!" Dustin yelled from across the yard.

"YOU BETTER RUN!" Lucas yelled, turning to Steve. "Now what shall our weapon be?"

Lucas's main goal in life was to be cool. He had decided that the second Erica called him the king of the lame. If he could prove his sister wrong and be awesome it was a win win. Sadly it was a lot harder to be cool then he thought. Dustin had quickly taken the roll of doer-of-incredibly-stupid-stuff, and Max was clearly the cool one. Lucas couldn't even be a cool leader because of Steve. Life was rough for Lucas.

All these people with these amazing personalities, all these amazing skills, and Lucas was getting buried underneath it all. Like there was the amazing psychic child who had saved all their lives! And Will had gotten trapped in the upside down. Who cared about Lucas huh? Lucas was just your boring average kid.

Even at home Lucas was over shadowed by Erica. Erica demanded so much attention so his parents were always paying attention to her and watching her stupid one man shows which included her dancing to a random song for twenty minutes.

Lucas felt invisible most of the time. He knew deep down if he was cool he could maybe be someone and be a little more visible for once.

It was also hard to be cool with all the bullies around. Lucas knew that the bullies just wanted to get a reaction out of him, but honestly Lucas felt like he might be better off in those situations without his friends. It was like the bullies preferred to pick on his friends.

Sometimes Lucas resented having his friends around. Maybe without them he would get picked on less, and would be less invisible.

And even his parents seemed to be drawn in to his friends' personalities. Lucas could swear that his mother asked how Mike's day was more often then her own son's.

Lucas was the invisible boy. he had once seen Steve reading a book called the invisible man. Lucas had no idea what the book was about but in his version it was about a lonely man who no one could see. He was probably really wrong but he would like to read a story like that.

He wanted to know if there were any possible happy endings.

And then along came Steve. At first Lucas was enraged. It was like Steve was replacing him. Dustin had gone to find Dart with Steve, not Lucas, even though it had been Erica's fault that he hadn't gotten Dustin's message. Steve was brave, and strong and was the kind of person that everyone loved and wanted to talk to. That was who Lucas wanted to be.

Yes, Steve had saved their lives but Lucas was definitely jealous of Steve. Luckily after the conclusion of the upside down weirdness he didn't have to see Steve any more.

Or so he thought.

Before Lucas knew it he was opening the door to let Steve in who was going to babysit not just Erica, but him too. The unfairness! His own mother didn't trust him alone at home. Granted that he and Erica would probably go to war and burn the house down if they were left alone, but still. His other friends were probably allowed to be home alone with the exception of Will.

But Steve had won him over. Steve who was kind, and funny despite being cool and the item of Lucas's jealousy. Steve treated him like a person. Steve wanted to get to know Lucas and see the
real Lucas in all his awkward glory, because Steve had told Lucas about himself when he was in sixth grade.

Steve had been just as awkward as Lucas in his earlier years. "But," Steve had said. "You're way cooler then I was back then."

Steve made Lucas feel cool, he made him feel visible, and thanks to Steve his moves on Max were getting more and more successful. Steve was like the friend he never had. He was like the coolness guru. Sometimes.

"OW!" Steve yelled, rubbing his nose. He had fallen right into Dustin's trap and had walked comically into a rake.

"THAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED!" Dustin yelled, roaring with laughter.

"Well now you're even more dead." Steve said. "El, can I get a little psychic help over here?"

Dustin's laughter quickly turned into squeals as water balloons floated over to him and landed on his head. Steve grinned and flashed El a thumbs up. El smiled back.

El loved Steve. She really loved him. Steve was fun, and funny, and nothing like Papa. Steve was nice. Steve liked doing what El liked and he never said no to eggos. Hopper said Steve was a good kid and he was right. Steve had saved Mike and all her friends.

Steve was also brave. One time while Steve was watching El there was a storm. It was loud and bright flashes of light and harsh bursts of sound kept happening. It was so scary, but Steve wasn't scared one bit. He persuaded El to come out from her hiding place under her bed and told her a story about rain.

"No need to be scared Ellie bean." He had said, using the nickname he had given her after El had accidentally called him Mama. ("If you're going to be sweet to me you're getting a sweet nickname" Steve had said.)

"It's loud." El had said.

"Yeah, I wish I could tell Mr. Thunder to be quiet but he's trying to beat out Mr. Lightning to win Ms. Rain's hand in marriage."

Intrigued El climbed out from under the bed to hear Steve's story.

"Mr. Thunder's not too scary." Steve had said as El settled in his lap. "He's just really loud. Kind of a misunderstood guy. Now he's desperately in love with Ms. Rain, the most beautiful girl in all of the sky, but he's not the only one. Mr. Lightning is his neighbor and they both are madly in love with Ms. Rain. Now even though she's pretty Ms. Rain is kind of a brat and she wants the best of the best. She wanted to see who could fight for her love and win, and poor Mr. Thunder and Mr. Lightning decided to compete for her love."

"What is compete?" El asked.

"It's like a game sort of. Remember when Dustin and Lucas ran around the yard to see who got the last cookie? They were competing for the cookie."
"Oh." El said, snuggling against Steve. "Keep story telling."

"Alright then kiddo, but it's getting late. You sure you can handle it?"

"Yeah!" El cheered.

"Ok then. So Mr. Thunder and Mr. Lightning decided to compete for her love. Now Mr. Thunder's special talent was his voice. He could yell as loud as mountains and he could whistle like a bird. He decided to sing for Ms. Rain. Mr. Lightning was afraid he would lose so he decided to use his special talent. Mr. Lightning was a very fast runner. He could run down to earth and back to the sky just like that." Steve said, snapping his fingers.

El laughed and snapped her own.

"So when Mr. Thunder began to sing, Mr. Lightning began to run. The two began to try to outdo each other until Mr. Thunder was practically roaring and Mr. Lightning was running so fast he was creating bursts up light as he ran up and down. Now just like you, Ms. Rain found the loud noises and bright flashes very scary and she began to cry. Water poured down on the earth but Mr. Thunder and Mr. Lightning didn't notice because they were too busy competing. Now when Mr. Thunder and Mr. Lightning get tired they stop to rest and that's when Mr. Sun and Ms. Blue sky come out to play. But when they get their energy they start right back up and another storm starts. Ms. Rain is so quiet that she can't tell Mr. Thunder and Mr. Lightning how scared she is, so she just cries and cries. And that's where storms come from."

"Is that real?" El asked.

"Nah kid, it's just a story, but instead of being scared you can cheer on Mr. Thunder or Mr. Lightning."

"Ok!" El said cheerfully, running to the window to watch for lighting.

El adored Steve. He was so much fun and told the coolest stories. If anyone ever tried to hurt Steve El would protect him. Steve was one of the best people ever in her opinion.

"Ok ok!" Steve said. "Truce! Truce!"

The party had ganged up on him with Mike in the lead.

"Never surrender!" Mike yelled.

"YAAAAAH!" the party cheered.

Steve pushed his sopping wet bangs out of his eyes and prepared to run.

Mike loved to be in charge. Being in charge made him happier then anything. When one grows up with a big sister one eventually learns to hate being told what to do.

Nancy and Mike fought as any brother and sister did. Nancy was always in a hurry to grow up and Mike loved jumping out at her wearing a goblin mask.

The good old days.
Then Nancy actually did get up and all of a sudden there was a b word involved.

Mike had heard of the dreaded b word. It was...a boyfriend! At first it was fine and dandy but before the poor younger brother knew it there would be PDAs all over the place! EW!

Plus his sister's boyfriend was a total jerk. He looked so stupid with his hair and thought he was the coolest thing to happen ever.

He wasn't. Iron man was way cooler and wasn't dating his sister. But if Iron man was dating his sister Mike would have been a little happier.

But Iron man wasn't dating Nancy. Steve Harrington was and Mike had to endure "Steve this," and "Steve that" for weeks.

Eventually the word "Steve." became like a dreaded curse to Mike. He soon named all the worst monsters in D&D Steve and made sure they died horrible deaths.

And then the upside down happened. Steve was kicked to the curb for a few weeks before saving Nancy. It sucked. Mike had been so close to being rid of Steve. He would never get all the horrible things he had done to Nancy and Jonathan and whacking a monster with a bat wasn't going to change anything.

Then Will's condition worsened and Dart appeared. Steve was thrown back into his life as Dustin turned to him as an ally and Steve did something Mike could never forgive him for. He saved his life.

How was Mike supposed to hate the man who saved his life? Not to mention said man was now his babysitter and all of his friends loved him. Mike would not be bought over so easily. Every chance he got he showed Steve that he was still in charge and that Steve was just some side character next to the party.

But then Steve accidentally showed his cool cards. He knew more about Captain America than anyone Mike knew. And he used to be in the AV club and fixed several science project mishaps. Steve was actually a cool guy deep down. A little insecure, and a little weird but a good guy. Mike started to let Steve in a little. Mike was still in charge of course, but Steve was allowed a little more leeway.

And then the truth about Steve's father was revealed. Mike began to forgive him for the things he had done in the past. He would never fully forgive Steve, no way! But it was a start.

Steve seemed to want to get to know Mike, and eventually became part of a D&D campaign. The dice didn't lie, it was good to have a higher lever fighter around.

So Mike's honest opinion on Steve? Steve had many many character flaws, but he was cool.

Not that Mike would ever tell Steve.

"NOT FAIR!" Steve yelled as he ran down the sidewalk with Max behind him on her skateboard. She was holding a bucket of water.

"Come on Steve!" Max cheered. "Or should I say snail!"

"YOU HAVE WHEELS!" Steve yelled. He was getting a side cramp.
"Then I'll teach you to ride." Max said, dumping the bucket on him.

"Perfect." Steve said, pushing his bangs out of his eyes.

"And point Madmax!" Max cheered.

"Not for long." Steve said, grinning evilly, taking off his shoe which was full of water.

"Ew gross! Shoe water!" Max yelled, taking off.

"Yeah you better run!" Steve yelled, running after her.

Max owed a lot to Steve.

He stayed quiet about her home life and had helped her when she needed it the most. She loved Steve for it. He was stronger then her when it came to stuff like this. He had survived for years in his home life and Max had barely survived a year with Billy and her step father. Steve had his own issues with Billy but he always seemed to put Max's first.

Max's parents wanted Max to be more ladylike and stop running around with a gang of boys. (They had never seen El)

Steve said to hell with stereotypes. (He actually did, posing with one foot on a stool holding a soup ladle into the air. Steve was most dramatic when he was cooking.)

Steve took Max to the arcades as often as he could. He even bought her a T-shirt that said Madmax on it. Max had no idea why but Steve seemed determined to be her number one fan.

Steve also wasn't afraid to engage Max in sports. He had taught her to play basketball almost as well as him and it was one of Max's new favorite activities. He also took her to the skate park to watch her try out new moves on her skateboard.

One time Max had wiped out and scraped up her legs. Steve had carried her back to the Wheelers and had fixed her up almost as well as a doctor would have.

"You don't have to do this you know." Max said, wincing as Steve wiped off the scrapes.

"And you didn't have to go for that last spin but here we are." Steve said.

"Yeah, I guess that was pretty stupid." Max laughed weakly.

"Alright, this is gonna hurt." Steve said, pouring some disinfect on a rag.

"Ouch!" Max hissed as Steve pressed it on her leg.

"You can go ahead and cry." Steve said. "No shame in that. Go on, drop the tough guy act."

"No way." Max said, gritting her teeth.

"Are you sure? No judgement. Sadly my wimp cards have already been revealed but I'll give you a free pass."

Max sucked in a deep breath. "OWOWOWOWOWOW THAT STINGS OWWW!" She wailed. "Ok there."
Steve laughed. "And all done." Steve said, finishing bandaging her legs. "The doctor says you're good. Now get back out there shithead."

"You didn't have to do that." Max said.

"Call myself a doctor? Yes I did. That was very necessary."

"No!" Max laughed, punching him in the arm. "Take care of me."

"Well I couldn't let you bleed out." Steve said. "And it was my pleasure."

Max knew it was very good to have someone like Steve on her side, and she honestly wouldn't mind playing doctor on Steve for a change.

The water fight had become a mud fight. Steve resembled some sort of mud monster as Dustin and Lucas wrestled him back into the mud.

"Nooooo!" Steve yelled as he was dragged back to the mud. "Take mercy on me!"

"No way!" Lucas said.

"Will, take pity on me." Steve said, laughing.

Will laughed too. "Sorry Steve, I don't think I can."

"Hey!" Steve yelled as Dustin stole the shoe he hadn't taken off. "No no no! Don't put it in the tree. Don't you...DUSTIN!"

"I got it." Will said, scrambling up the tree. "Got it!"

As Will looked down he realized that the shoe had been a lot higher up then he had thought. "Uhh...Help!" Will yelled.

"I gotcha." Steve said. "Come on, jump!"

Normally Will would not have jumped out of a tree but he trusted Steve.


Will trusted Steve more then a lot of humanity.

He was one of the last party members to meet Steve. He heard about the adventure in the tunnels while he was recovering.

He had only heard of Steve Harrington back then. Jonathan had complained about Steve many times and everything he said made Will want to stay very very far away from him. All these things about hating gay people, using that term as an insult, it felt like Steve was insulting Will every time Jonathan talked about it.

It was one of the biggest shocks of Will's life to hear that Steve Harrington had saved all of his friend's lives.
Once Will had spent some time at home recovering, his mom told him he had a visitor. It was the first time he met Steve Harrington. He remembered seeing Steve standing in the door way in a leather jacket, the marks from his fight with Billy still on his face. Will had been a little afraid at first, unsure what to make of this new person.

"Hey Will." Steve had said in a voice that was nothing close to the voice Will had imagined Steve having. "I'm Steve. It's nice to finally meet you."

Will had been incredibly confused at first. The Steve he had talked to was calm, funny, friendly. He wasn't at all mean, a little crass maybe but not mean. Jonathan wouldn't lie would he? This was one of Will's first realizations that people could change.

Will came to adore Steve. Steve was brave, smart, handsome, funny, he was perfect in Will's eyes. He was always looking out for the party and putting them first.

Steve had kept quiet about Will coming out to him and had been so supportive. Will trusted Steve completely and would do anything for him.

Will hoped that Steve cared as much about him as Will did him. Steve had helped him with his father and had let Will give him drawing lessons. Will was always happy when he was with Steve and was more happy in general since he had met Steve.

Since the incident with Steve's father Will had grown very worried about Steve but Steve seemed fine. He was strong and said he would always be there for the party.

Will wanted to be there for Steve too. There was hardly anyone as great as Steve in the known universe as far as Will was concerned. Steve had saved them all.

"Look at this place! Look at us!" Steve moaned, looking at the muddy yard.

"We look great!" Mike said.

"Speak for yourself. Ok we're going to have to shower off in pairs to save time."

"I am not showering with Dustin." Lucas said. "I'll shower with Max."

"What no!" Steve said. "I meant spray you off with the hose!"

"Oh thank god." Max said. Lucas sighed.

As the party rinsed themselves off and returned the yard to a semi organized space, they felt like something was missing...

"Where's my other shoe?" Steve asked.

"Oh we buried it somewhere as a hostage." Lucas said. "After you dumped shoe water on us."

"WHERE?" Steve asked as he looked around the yard.

"I don't know." Lucas said. "How about we wait and see if it grows into a tree?"

"Oh hell no!" Steve yelled, grabbing a shovel. "Those shoes were expensive!"

The party sat back and watched as their favorite babysitter dug a small army of holes in the yard.
"Oh wait." Lucas said. "We put the shoe in the shed. Should we tell him?"

"Nah." Dustin said. "Let's wait."

"He's gonna be so mad when we tell him." Max said.

And he was.

Chapter End Notes

Wow. This became really long really fast XD

So the way I see it Lucas feels a bit over shadowed by his friends and Erica and kind of just wants to see someone see him for who he is. Also I see Will as having a bit of a hero's crush on Steve. I don't know if you all like that take but I want to hear your opinions on it!

I have so many requests to finish but if you want to add another one go right ahead. Leave a comment or kudos if you choose and have a wonderific day!
Knock knock

Chapter Summary

Knitting, pranks and knock knock jokes

Chapter Notes

HEYO! So I had a little bit of writer's block lately so I ended up combining peirypatt and sammmmommom's request. This is gonna be humor centered so here we go!

Also, OVER 500 KUDOS! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!

Thank you so so so so so so so so so so so much. I cannot believe how much this story has grown and its because of readers like all of you. Without your requests I would have run out of ideas a long time ago.

Anyways, it's chapter time!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Today was the day, Steve decided. He was going to find something worthwhile to do with his time.

Far too often Steve had found himself completely bored while watching the shitheads. On the occasions where there was no housework or homework to be done Steve had entertained himself with counting the silverware, until the party started calling him a silverware leperchan.

"Leperchans don't take silverware!" Steve had yelled.

"Silverware leperchans are a completely different species!" Dustin yelled back.

To avoid a long pointless argument Steve had dropped the situation.

While searching for more books on tortoise care at the library (Dustin was convinced that Yertle had contracted some kind of turtle plague) Steve had discovered a book on knitting. Mrs. Henderson had told him that knitting was a good way to pass time so Steve had figured, what the hell right?

After confirming that Yertle was not dying Steve had found some yarn and Mrs. Henderson's spare knitting needles before driving over to the Wheeler's house.

"You look like a granny." Dustin said as Steve carried his things into the house. "All you need is a walker."

"I'll stab you with these." Steve had said and Dustin had ran into the basement looking slightly terrified.
Now it was quiet. Steve settled himself on the couch and opened the book.

Step one: Hold the needle with the cast stitches in your left hand.

Steve raised an eyebrow. This was going to be harder then he thought.

It was quiet Dustin decided. Too quiet. How was one supposed to be entertained on a glorious saturday when said one was trapped in a basement?

"We need something fun to do." Dustin said.

"You can come over here and practice magic tricks with us." Will offered. He had found Jonathan's old set of magic tricks and the party was each trying to learn a trick.

"Boring." Dustin said. "And all those tricks are lame anyways."

Will held out an egg to Dustin. With a flick of his wrist the egg "disappeared."

"WOAH HOW DID YOU DO THAT WITH AN EGG!" Dustin yelled excitedly. He had not been expecting something that cool.

"It's pretty easy once you get the hang of it." Will said, holding out the instruction book."Want to try?"

Dustin grinned as he grabbed a book, and an egg.

"You might want to start with coins. Eggs can get...messy." Will trailed off as Dustin dropped the egg.

"Whoops! Mike hand me another one!"

Mike sighed and handed over the egg. The basement was a mess already. How much worse could it get?

Step four: slip cast-on stich off left-hand needle while holding middle finger against second cast-on stitch to ensure it does not also slip off.

Steve looked down at his work. He had sucessfully knitted...a blob.

This was much harder then it looked. Mrs. Henderson was able to knit adorable sweaters for Dustin that made him look like a roly poly in an instant. Clearly she had a lot of practice.

And practice makes perfect Steve decided as he slipped the blob off the needles and got new yarn. He was not going to give up on this. It was knit or be the silverware leperchaun forever.

Steve looked in the direction of the basement. It had been quiet. Will had shown him a magic trick kit so hopefully nothing too chaotic was going on. The worst Steve had ever done with a magic trick kit was give himself a hand full of papercuts.

Then again he had spotted Lucas heading downstairs with some eggs...
"Oops." Dustin said for the eighteenth time.

Mike looked away. The basement was littered with the remains of eggs.

El sat on the couch, happily making one of the few surviving eggs dance through the air.

"Steve's gonna make us disappear when he sees this." Lucas said.

"Not unless we make this mess disappear!" Dustin said. "But first I need more eggs." He reached for the floating egg but it zoomed out of his grasp.

"El lemme have it!"

"No!" El said.

"Just go get some more eggs." Mike sighed. "Let her keep it."

"Listen to Mike." El said sternly.

Dustin showed her a specific finger then walked upstairs.

Steve looked down at the scarf he was making. It was turning out much better then his blob. He was sort of getting the hang of this now!

"Hey Stevie." Dustin said as he walked into the kitchen.

Steve looked up at him. "Stevie?"

"I'm just getting some more eggs."

"Ok." Steve said, turning back to his knitting. "Wait, more eggs? What happened to the old ones?"

"They...disappeared?" Dustin offered.

"Yeah right." Steve said. "More like their cold dead carcasses are lying on the basement floor waiting for me to clean it up."

"Nice...hat." Dustin said, trying to change the topic.

"IT'S A SCARF!"

"Nice scarf." Dustin said earnestly.

"No eggs."

"Aw come on!"

"Goodbye." Steve said, turning back to his scarf.

Dustin stomped back downstairs.

Steve sighed. Silence had returned. He noticed if he turned the scarf one way it did look a bit like a hat.
"We need to get revenge!" Dustin yelled. "Steve didn't give me any eggs!"

"You could help us clean up these ones." Max said, placing a paper towel over an egg. El sent paper towels flying over the rest of the fallen eggs.

"Still, we should totally prank Steve." Dustin said. "It would be totally hilarious!"

"I guess you're right." Lucas said, grinning. "We could use some of this awesome magic stuff!"

"Let's make Dustin disappear." Mike said.

"HEY!"

"What is, prank?" El asked.

"A prank is where you play a joke on someone. It's funny." Mike explained.

"What is, joke?"

"A joke is like this!" Dustin interrupted as Mike opened his mouth. "Where do sheep get their hair cut?"

El stared at him.

"You're supposed to say where." Dustin said.

"Where." said El.

"At the baa baa shop!" Dustin said, laughing. "See? Funny!"

El seemed mystified.

"That's nothing." Lucas said. "Knock knock."

"Where." said El.

"No, you're supposed to say who's there." Lucas said.

"Stop before you ruin jokes forever for her." Mike said.

"Hey, this is El's first prank." Max said.

"So we gotta make it legendary!" Dustin cheered.

Will pulled the magic tricks over to them. "What do you guys want to use?"

El sat quietly, pondering jokes.

Scarf attempt three had been the best one yet Steve decided. It looked like a scarf, the stitches were fairly neat and he hadn't messed up once.
It had been a while since he had checked on the party, Steve thought. As he prepared to go downstairs Lucas and Dustin came running up.

"Where's the fire?" Steve asked jokingly.

"Steve this is not the time for jokes." Dustin said seriously. "We have a huge issue here."

"Oh do we now." Steve said. "Would the large issue happen to be the fact that there are probably hundreds of raw eggs soaking into the carpet that the manservant, I mean babysitter will have to clean up for the little brats, I mean wonderful children?"

"Wow someone's in a good mood despite the fact that there's a DEAD SQUIRREL DOWNSTAIRS!"

"What?" Steve asked.

"It was the craziest shit!" Lucas yelled.

"Language." Steve said almost automatically.

"Language your ass." Lucas said. Steve raised an eyebrow but stopped halfway through. He cursed like a sailor most of the time! When did he become so motherly?

"You ok there Steve? We lost you for a minute." Dustin said.

"What? No I'm fine."

"Ok good." Dustin said. "Because when I opened the window a squirrel jumped in and started running around like crazy. We tried to herd it out but it tried to bite us and jumped on Mike. I think it had rabies or something! Then it just kinda keeled over and died! And now there's both blood and eggs in the carpet. And a rotting squirrel carcass on the carpet."

Steve's mouth fell open.

"It also smells terrible." Dustin said.

"AND YOU DIDN'T CLEAN THIS UP?" Steve asked.

"Nope, we thought the manservant should." Dustin said cheerfully.

Steve groaned. "Fine. I'll go get the cleaning supplies."

As the unsuspecting babysitter left the room Dustin and Lucas high fived. Phase one was complete.

Steve trudged into the kitchen. A rabid squirrel? Steve thought that these things never happened when the parents were home. The forces of nature must work against him whenever he babysat. A rabid squirrel. Why did these things happen to him?

As Steve knelt down beside the cabinet he thought he heard something clunk inside of it. Shaking off thoughts of cabinet goblins (D&D was sort of getting to him. One scenario included Steve's character getting attacked by goblins hiding in a cabinet) Steve opened the doors and stared into the contents.

Something stared back.
"YAAAAAH!" Steve yelled. It was a goblin. And actual goblin. Steve jumped up and turned around...

To get hit in the face with slime.

"AAAAAGH!" Steve yelled. "WHAT THE HECK IS GOING ON!"

The "goblin" crawled out of the cabinet and took off its mask. Max grinned back at him. "Hiya Steve!"

"Steve spit out slime and turned around to glare at Mike, Will and El who were wiping their slimy hands on the clean dish towel. A moment later Dustin and Lucas bounded in.

"Did it work?" Lucas asked. One look at Steve's slime covered face and the two cracked up.

"Goblin in a cupboard." Steve said. "Funny, funny. And the slime, wow aren't we feeling mature."

The party was cracking up around him. Steve grabbed the already slimy dish towel and wiped off his face. "So it's safe to assume that there is no dead squirrel?"

"No, that part's true," Dustin said.

Steve sighed.

"Ok ok, it's not true." Dustin said. "You just look so pitiful I can't take you seriously!"

"Next time I watch you on a Saturday, I am taking you outside." Steve said. "Mike, can I take a shower?"

"If you have to." Mike said.

"Oh I have to. You got slime all the way down to my-"

"EW!" The party yelled.

"Go! Just go!" Max said.

Once Steve returned from showering he found the party sitting quietly in the living room.

"Ok, what did you do?" Steve asked.

"Nothing." Max said. "We were just looking at this." She held up the scarf.

"Oh." Steve said. "Do you like it? I started learning to knit today."

"Really!?" Max asked. "Dude, that's dedication."

"I want this." Dustin said, holding up the blob.

"You can have it." Steve said laughing.

"Socks." El said. She had discovered a new obsession with socks.

"Sure, I can make you some socks." Steve said.
"Yeah, make em' celebration socks!" Dustin said. "Today was El's first prank."

"Wow." Steve said. "Alright, congrats then."

"Also, can you help us explain jokes?" Lucas asked. "I don't think El gets jokes."

"I got you covered." Steve said. "El, knock knock."

"Where?"

"Jesus what did you guys do to her?" Steve asked.

"Many many things Steve. Many many things."

Chapter End Notes

Annnd SCENE! Alright I hope you enjoyed this chapter! I actually had a prank pulled on me that was like this so that's where I got the idea!

Next time I will be taking Stacy's request for psychic tantrums and Gavin's request for Byler. So look out for that!

Also, shoutout to some random dude named Leon and Stormyskies for their awesome comments! Those gave me the strength to break through my writers block!

Anyways, leave a comment or kudos if you choose, or another request and have a wildful day!
Chapter Summary

Ok so there is much shipping in this chapter. And there's my summary. BOOM!

Chapter Notes

Alright alright alright! This is a combination of Gavin's request and Stacy's but I also added in FireDancer109 and Shiny's requests. This is going to be a long chapter XD

Anyways, another question I was asked, do I support LGBTQ and such. Answer: Yes I do.

Anywho, let's get this super long and somewhat angsty chapter started!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Language Arts never really challenged Will too much. He was a bright kid, he knew how to ace his classes and get his teachers to love him. But sometimes along came a topic that confused him, and no topic had ever confused him as much as this one.

Love.

The assignment was to write a paper about something you love. At first Will thought he was just going to write a paper on drawing. He loved drawing. That was love, right?

Apparently it wasn't. Will's teacher had given him several different explanations and none of them seemed like the type of love he was familiar with.

His friends didn't seem to have this issue. Lucas and Mike were both writing poems about girls. Max was writing a poem about California, and Dustin was writing a poem about Yertle.

Will wasn't sure that the last one counted but Dustin didn't seem to be having the same conflict he was.

"Your eyes are as beady as a...a..." Dustin said as they walked out of school.

"Save all your creative energy for Steve." Max said. "I'm sure he'll love two hours of you writing poems about your tortoise."

"Our tortoise." Dustin corrected. "Steve wanted shared custody."

"You two are made for each other." Max said, shaking her head.

Mike and Lucas seemed to be taking the project much more seriously then Dustin or Max.
"It has to be perfect." Lucas was saying. "It needs to capture our true feelings."

"What are you guys writing about?" Will asked, feigning innocence.

"Something special. Something you don't need to know about." Lucas said.

"Let him in." Mike said, putting an arm around Will's shoulders and pulling him back as Will tried to walk away.

Will felt the blood rise to his face and quickly bent down to "tie his shoes."

"We're writing love poems to our crushes." Mike said. "Lucas is writing about Max and I'm um, writing about someone else."

Will nodded. "Cool." He knew that Mike was going to write about El, but that didn't stop him from wishing that Mike would write a poem about him.

Steve's car suddenly pulled up, splashing the party members as he drove through a puddle.

"YOU SON OF A BITCH!" Dustin yelled.

Steve was laughing as he rolled down the windows. "What up shitheads?"

"You are so dead." Dustin said, picking up a rock and aiming for a window.

"No no no no no!" Steve yelled. "I'm sorry! Do not break that window!"

"Fine." Dustin said, tossing the rock into a bush. "But you're helping me write a poem about Yertle."

"Say what?"

"It's a long story."

It was easy for Will to blend into the background noise in the car. Steve and Dustin were trying out different ideas.

"Why don't you make it into a song." Mike had said sarcastically, which had led to the two of them singing about Yertle.

"Yertle, Yertle, you're a tortoise not a turtle!" Dustin sang.

Lucas groaned and placed his jacket over his ears.

Will laughed. He enjoyed all the random moments in the car.

"Alright, first stop, Byers house." Steve said as he pulled into Will's driveway.

"Thanks Steve." Will said as he gathered his stuff and jumped out of the car.

"No problem buddy." Steve said, flashing him a thumbs up.
Later that night Will was sitting at his desk looking at a sheet of blank paper. He wanted to draw but had no idea what to draw. His thoughts kept going back to the LA assignment.

Maybe he should write something about a love interest. No. Definitely not. That was just stupid. None of his friends knew about him being...gay. And he wasn't sure he had fully accepted...being gay yet.

If he was going to write a poem about a love interest he would probably write it about Mike. He felt different around Mike. All of his friends were amazing but Mike was especially...special.

He was the only person Will felt that way about.

Wait, no, that wasn't true. Will also felt that way around Steve. Did that mean he had a crush on Steve?!

Yes, Steve was brave, strong, funny, handsome, kind, easy to talk to...

Will froze. He had accidentally developed two crushes. This was not good. He was still 99.9% sure he would get in trouble for dating a guy, plus the bullies would tease him even more.

Will stared down at the blank paper. He was really and truly screwed wasn't he.

A crackle of static startled him, causing him to fall backwards out of his chair.

"Will." Mike's voice came from the walkie talkie.

"I'm here, over." Will said, scrambling up onto the bed.

"Hey, over."

"Hi, over."

"So we were thinking about hanging out at my house to do our projects. Steve would be watching us and El would be there too, over."

"Yeah. That sounds cool, over."

"We can help you get an idea for your project too, over."

"Really? Thanks, over." Will said, doubting that Mike could help with what he was going through.

"Yeah, maybe you could write a poem about a girl too. Didn't you say you liked Jessica? Over."

Will sighed. He had developed a fake crush on a girl to avoid suspicious.

"Yeah. Yeah I do. Over." Will said sadly.

"Well you could write a poem about her. She thinks you're cute, over." Mike said.

Will felt like he had been plunged in ice water. He had heard that hearing that a girl liked you was the best feeling in the world. But it didn't feel that great to Will. It just felt...wrong.

He didn't want to date a girl, but he didn't want to hurt Jessica's feelings by not liking her back. In all the cheesy romance movies he had ever watched a girl fell to the ground sobbing if a guy didn't like her back and was never the same ever again.
Will didn't want to hurt anyone.

"Th-that's great. Over." Will said. "I'll be there. I, um think I hear my mom calling me. I have to go, over."

"Ok, see you tomorrow. Over."

"Bye. Over and out." Will placed the walkie talkie on his bed and put his head in his hands. He wished there was someone he could talk to about this, but he didn't know anyone else who was gay, in fact, hardly anyone knew he was gay...except Steve.

He could try talking to Steve. That might make him feel better.

"There once was a tortoise named Yertle." Dustin said dramatically. "He refused to be known as a turtle. He lives in a tank, and never goes to the bank...and...has never had to walk the plank!"

Steve applauded. "That was alright, but I think we can make it more dramatic. Bring tears of...drama to their eyes!"

"There once was a tortoise named Yertle." Dustin started again.

The phone rang in the other room.

"MOM GET THE PHONE!" Dustin yelled. "IT'S INTERUPTING MY FLOW!"

"I'll get it." Steve said. "It's bingo night, she's not here."

"Right." Dustin said. "Well hurry up! I'm losing the moment!"

"Hello?" Steve asked.

"Steve?"

"Will?"

"Yeah. Can we talk?"

It was one of the longest phone conversations of Will's life. He had been careful not to talk too much about being g-a-y. (saying it out loud felt like saying a bad word to Will) but he had more so talked about how to tell someone they weren't interested without hurting their feelings.

"That's a tough situation kid." Steve said. "And you are an incredibly sweet and amazing person to worry about someone else's feelings before your own."

Will had felt his chest swell with happiness at this. Steve thought he was sweet and amazing!

"I've been down this road many times." Steve continued. "And most of the time I've blown off girls without caring how they felt at all. That was really dumb. I'd say to just let things play out for now. We don't know for sure if this girl likes you or not. If things get any hairier just talk to me ok? I'm here for you."

The conversation had then gone on to many different random topics. Will enjoyed every second of
it. Steve was so easy to talk to and Will knew he could talk to him about anything.

As Will got into bed that night, a single thought ran through his mind. He definitely had a crush on Steve Harrington.

The next day Will found himself in the Wheeler's basement looking at another page of blank paper, except this one had lines.

"Writer's block?" Steve asked. The babysitter had come into the basement to check on the aspiring authors.

"Yeah." Will sighed.

"We got your back buddy," Lucas said as he and Mike sat down next to Will. "Start with the hair. Describe her hair first, then her eyes."

Will looked at Steve for help but he was already talking to Max. Will sighed. This was going to be a long afternoon.

Over an hour later it seemed that everyone but Will was having success with their poems. Max had written a "beautifully artistic" (so said Steve) poem about California, and Dustin had written several songs about Yertle. Even El had written a short haiku about eggos for fun.

Will sighed. Why was this so hard? There was clearly something wrong with him.

He turned back to his paper. Black hair, nice smile...Will looked towards Mike. Jessica and Mike looked similar. Why not write a poem about Mike and say it was about Jessica?

Suddenly Will's pencil flew across the page, filling the lines with words.

"Would the young authors like some nachos?" Steve asked, as he carried down the plate. "Keep in mind that if the young authors get cheese on the carpet they will be fed to the ravens, or whatever birds I happen to find."

Dustin laughed. "Steve you should write a poem."

"About?"

"About how much you love us."

"With that topic he could write a book!" Max cheered.

"Yeah." Steve said. "My life with shitheads, the autobiography of Steve Harrington."

"NO!" Dustin yelled, flinging a nacho at Steve.

"Watch it." Steve said. "Am I sensing a challenge?"

"Whoever eats the most nachos wins!"
"And makes the smallest mess!"
"Deal!"

Will placed his poem on the ground to watch. Suddenly it was snatched off of the ground. Will looked up to see El.

Ever since she started learning to read El had decided that she liked it, and was now trying to read everything she could.

El's eyes slowly traveled over the page. "This is about who you love?"

"Yeah." Will said.

"Then why are you writing about Mike?"

Will froze. "Wh-what?"

"You like Mike." El said, her voice dangerously soft. "You like him."

"N-no I don't!" Will said. "That would make me gay and I'm not gay!"

"You don't like him." El said.

"Yeah." Will said, relaxing. "Yeah that's right."

"You love him."

"What?" Will asked.

"Mike." El said in a scarily calm voice. "Is MINE!"

The windows shattered. The room seemed to be filled with some kind of invisible wind.

"I don't! I swear!" Will cried but that didn't stop her. Suddenly a couch moved towards Will. There was a strangled yell and Steve leaped in front of the couch and threw Will to the side.

Then there was a crunch.

Max screamed.

Will slowly looked up. Steve was sprawled out next to him with his arm bent at an unnatural angle.

"Steve I think your arm is broken!" Lucas yelled.

"I..I'm fine." Steve grunted.

In the shock of Steve getting hurt, the psychic energy seemed to have calmed.

"El!" Mike yelled. "What was that!"

"He wanted to take you away." El said meekly, pointing to Will.

"Will? He's my friend! You're both my friends!" Mike yelled. El looked down.
"Guys." Will said. "We should call 911."

After explaining to the ambulance that Steve had fallen down the stairs the party sat in the living room at Will's house as Mrs. Byers tried to reach Mrs. Henderson.

"El what happened?" Mike asked. "You can't do that every time you get jelous."

"Lost control." El said simply, turning away. She didn't seem to be in a talking mood.

Will sighed. He knew this was his fault. If he had just grown a pair and written about a girl they wouldn't be in this mess.

Mike pulled El to the side and started lecturing her. Will just wanted to disappear.

It was a relief when his friends finally left.

A few days later when Steve was home from the hospital Will found himself absentmindedly doodling on Steve's cast while the brunette was watching him.

"So." Steve said. "How did the poem go?"

"Horrible." Will said. "It went horrible."

"Well it's kinda hard to write about someone you don't really like that much." Steve said. "I say you should have just kept the poem on Mike. It's not like anyone would have known."

"El knew." Will said. "I shouldn't have written it in the first place."

"Well Hopper did warn us her powers are a little unstable." Steve said. "I think the only one at fault is me for not being more careful."

"Done." Will said, placing the cap back on the marker. A small drawing of a tortoise and a car were the finished products.

"Awesome!" Steve exclaimed.

Will examined the other signatures. One of them spelled, Yertle, in shaky letters.

"Did Yertle actually sign this?" Will asked jokingly.

"Sort of." Steve laughed. "Dustin put a marker in his mouth and moved him around so he would write Yertle."

Will laughed as he spotted the biggest signature. It read "DUSTIN" In huge capital letters. Underneath it Dustin had written "Steve's favorite forever and ever."

"You'd think he was claiming me." Steve said.

Will nodded.

"Stop being so quiet kid. There is nothing wrong with you having a crush on Mike. I love El and all, but she needs to chill out about the guy."
Will nodded. "I guess."

"I can see where you're coming with this." Steve said. "Those Wheelers just have something about them huh?"

"Yeah." Will said.

"So, I say you go for him. It'll be the shithead battle for love!"

"Steve!"

"No cage match?"

Will laughed. Steve had a way to make everything better. And even if things didn't work out with Mike, Will always had Steve.

Unless Dustin claimed him first.

Chapter End Notes

And there we go! Thanks for reading and I hope you enjoyed!

Next time is a songfic prompt from anonymous. (and I might add in some max requests)

I have never attempted one of those before so we'll see how this goes.

Anyways, leave a comment or kudos if you want, and have a splendiferful day!
One Foot

Chapter Summary

Songfic attempt one!

Chapter Notes

Ok guys, I am officially scared! I have never tried this before so this is like totally new. I've read the song lyrics about a million times, and I have an idea of a good chapter, but I don't know if this is an actual songfic or one of my crazy ideas.

Anyways, this is anonymous request and we're gonna try this! The song was Walk the Moon's One Foot which I actually really like and it goes well with Stranger Things.

Anywhatsit, here we go! Songfic! (attempt)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Well I'm screwed." Dustin grumbled.

"No you're not." Mike said. "You're going to be fine."

"Fine?! I am so dead! I am beyond dead! I fail one more project and my mom's going to through out my movie collection!"

"I'm sure she wouldn't get away with it." Will said. "Steve loves those movies too. I'm pretty sure he'd fight to the death for star wars."

"True." Dustin said, relaxing a little. "But I'm still screwed."

"What up gang?" Steve asked, rolling up into the school parking lot.

"My demise." Dustin said.

"So soon?" Steve asked, as the party climbed into the car.

"Yes." Dustin said, crossing his arms and pouting like a two year old.

"Can I have your comic books?" Steve asked.

"NO! They're going to be buried with me."

"Worth a shot." Steve sighed. "Anyone else dying?"

"Dustin's just freaking out over a stupid project." Mike said. "I don't think he's ever passed a single one, and his mom's threatening to get rid of all his movies."
"No! Not star wars!" Steve yelled in mock horror.

"I know." Dustin said. "And it's not a big deal! I'll pass the next one! Just not this one!"

"What's the matter with this one?" Steve asked. "I don't want to risk star wars and your mom seems pretty serious."

"It's...just a dumb project." Dustin said, blushing.

"It's about the arts." Max said. "We drew topics out of a hat and Dustin got ballroom dancing."

Dustin flushed and yanked his hat down over his face.

Steve had to bite his hand to keep from laughing. "That's...that's not so bad."

"Yes it is." Dustin said. "I can't dance."

"You seem perfectly willing to dance with girls." Lucas said teasingly.

"That's random dancing! This is fancy schmancy ballroom dancing!"

"Well it can't be hard to learn." Max said. "Just find a teacher."

"I'll teach you." Steve said.

"WHAT?" the party yelled.

"Sure. There was a ballroom dancing unit in PE. I remember most of it. I got so good because all the girls wanted to dance with me."

"Show off." Lucas grumbled.

"So, Dustin, buddy. You in?"

"Hmmm." Dustin hummed.

"For Luke Skywalker?"

"And Princess Leia." Dustin says.

"Alright!" Steve said, reaching back to shake hands with Dustin.

"One condition." Dustin says. "My mother is not allowed to watch this."

"Agreed." Steve said quickly. "We don't need photographic evidence of it."

Steve was sitting in a chair reading his book for language arts when something was plunked onto his head.

"A crown." Dustin said. "I'm supposed to be creating a monarchy.

"Sweet, what am I king of?" Steve asked.

"Nothing at all."
"Alright." Steve said. "I'm the king of nothing at all. That makes you the queen of nothing at all."

"Great." Dustin said, placing another crown on his own head. "Wait a second, why am I the queen?"

"Because I was crowned first."

"So you're saying that a woman can't be crowned first? Gender equality Steve!"

"Fine! I'm king because I say so, and I'm older. So there."

Dustin sighed and crossed his arms again.

"So my lady." Steve said teasingly. "Shall we dance?"

Steve dragged Dustin to the middle of the living room.

"Are you sure she's gone?" Dustin asked.

"One hundred percent certain." Steve said. "It's bingo night, remember? We have plenty of time."

"I don't think I can do this." Dustin said. "I suck at dancing. I walk into walls without trying!"

"You and me both buddy." Steve laughed. "But you'll get there. Watch me now."

"Holy shit!" Dustin yelled as Steve showed him a series of steps. "How are you that good?"

"Practice." Steve said. "Nothing too hard."

"Bullshit." Dustin said. "All of that looks impossible."

"It's not." Steve offered.

"I kinda lied." Dustin said.

"About?" Steve asked.

"I picked the topic myself. I wasn't thinking when I did! Don't give me that look!"

"Why on earth would you pick it if you hate it so much?" Steve asked.

"I really don't know alright. I guess I just wanted a skill that would make me seem cool."

"And yet you go with ballroom dancing."

"IT'S A PROJECT ON ARTS STEVE! YOU CAN'T GET THAT COOL!"

"Jeez, ok ok." Steve said laughing. "And don't worry, when I'm done with you, you will be incredibly cool." He held out his hand.

Dustin took it. "Go slow ok."

"Don't worry, we'll start easy. One foot in front of the other."

"Ok, Dustin said uncertainly."
"I'll guide you." Steve said. "It's not hard, promise. Trust me."

Dustin moved stiffly as Steve guided him around the room.

"Loosen up a little." Steve said. "I'm not dragging you somewhere to be killed. Relax, trust me."

"Are you sure you have this?" Dustin asked.

"Cross my heart and hope to die." Steve said. "We'll take this one step at a time."

"You'd better." Dustin said, loosening up. "These are my nice shoes."

"It's easy." Steve said. "One foot in front of the other."

"One foot in front of the other." Dustin repeated.

"Ow! That was my foot!"

"Sorry." Dustin said, concentrating.

A little while later they were making progress.

"Yeah, there you go!" Steve said, twirling Dustin. "Now you got it!"

"Yeah!" Dustin cheered. "I'm doing it! You're actually a decent teacher!"

"I am the king of dance!" Steve cheered.

"No, you're the king of nothing at all." Dustin said.

"Then you're the queen of nothing at all."

"I so got this!" Dustin cheered.

"Damn straight!" Steve yelled.

The two ballroom danced around the room for hours since Dustin started creating his own moves.

"Nine thirty!" Steve yelped, eyeing the clock.

"That's not a dance move." Dustin said.

"No, it's the time! Your mom should have been home fifteen minutes ago.

The two slowly looked up to see Mrs. Henderson holding a camera.

"Oh don't stop!" She gushed.

"Bedtime." Steve said, clinging to the last shreds of dignity he possessed.

"Bedtime." Dustin agreed.

The two ran up the stairs.
Dustin twirled into Steve's room. "Wakey wakey! Time for school!"

"Mm." Steve mumbled. Dustin yanked the covers off him and turned on the light.

"TIME FOR THE KING OF NOTHING AT ALL TO ARISE!"

"And kill the queen." Steve said, tugging his pillow away from Dustin.

"But seriously man. I need a ride to school. Get up."

Steve groaned. Another day in the life of a man slave.

"Well you seem excited." Steve commented as Dustin twirled around the kitchen.

"Turns out I like dancing." Dustin said. "And I'm actually pretty good at it."

"All credit should go to the teacher." Steve said, taking the milk out of Dustin's hands before it spilled all over. "And could her majesty the queen maybe sit down and eat before we leave?"

"Already did, just waiting on you."

Steve laughed. It had been a while since Dustin was this jazzed about something.

"Ready there?" Steve asked as he pulled up to the school.

Dustin took a deep breath. "As ready as I'll ever be."

"Good man." Steve said.

"Are you sure I'm ready?"

"Cross my heart and hope to die. Just take it one step at a time."

"One foot in front of the other!" Dustin cheered, holding out his fist.

"One foot in front of the other." Steve agreed, bumping it.

Steve rushed out the doors of the high school and raced to his car. He couldn't wait to hear how Dustin's project had gone.

As he pulled into the school parking lot he was met with a glare from Dustin. The rest of the party members were snickering.

"Everything alright?" Steve asked uncertainly.

"YOU TAUGHT ME THE GIRL'S PART!" Dustin yelled.

Realization hit Steve like a wrecking ball. "Ohhhhh. I didn't think of that. Dustin I am so so sorry-"
Dustin burst out laughing. "Kidding! Turns out I'm good at acting too!"

Steve relaxed a little. "You're...not mad at me?"

"No!" Dustin cried. "I mean, yeah you taught me the girl's part but my teacher loved it! She said it was amazing how I learned both sides of the dance! I owe you one man."

Steve relaxed. "Alright get in the car you little shithead. You get to sit in the back for scaring me."

"What! But it's my day to ride shotgun!"

"Not anymore it's not. Max, you've been promoted to shotgun shithead."

Max smirked and dove into the front seat. Dustin scowled, but couldn't be mad for too long after his success.

"I can act, I can dance, all I need to do now is sing and I'll be ready for the stage!"

"Please don't start singing." Mike sighed.

"TWINKLE TWINKLE LITTLE-"

"NO!" The party yelled.

"You're just jealous." Dustin said happily.

"I demand silence. You shitheads are going to make me run off the road." Steve said.

"Want to hear about our new project Steve?" Dustin asked.

"Another one?"

"We have to write a play! Can you play a frog?"

Steve sighed. It seemed he had been upgraded from babysitter to frog. Oh well, he would just roll with it.

"Let's color him green with magic markers!"

For now.

Chapter End Notes

And there we go! Songfic complete! Yes I am aware that this is probably nothing like a songfic, but I tried ok?

Alright so next time we're gonna have a combination of Hope and Had's requests because they both involve Max. So Max chapter is up next, watch out for that!

I hope you enjoyed, leave a comment or kudos if you choose, and believe it or not I actually only have a few requests left so go ahead and ask for more if you want to.

Alright, that's it for now, see you next time and have a funtabulous day!
Protector

Chapter Summary

Steve protects Max

Chapter Notes

HEY HEY HEY!! So, I got another Max request, (two of them actually. Had and Hope) but I felt like I've done the whole Steve saving Max thing before so I'm gonna change it up a bit and turn this into a humor request.

Also, I'm so happy you guys liked the songfic! I tried so hard XD

Finally, I'm on Spring break next week but I'm going on a cruise so I won't be able to update from monday through friday. I'm kinda dreading it because I love writing and I'm pretty sure I'm going to have withdrawal hallucinations. (And go ahead and ignore my weirdness) but it's also whale season and i'm hoping to see some whales. I'll probably get another chapter out before that but just letting you guys know now! (Because I'll probably forget if I don't do it now)

Anyways that's all I got, enjoy this new chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"This was a bad idea."

"It's fine, now shut up and find me some poison ivy!"

Steve groaned, and plunged back into the plants, hoping the gloves covered all the skin on his hand.

Max had requested help on a science project. She was supposed to collect samples from an ecosystem and had chosen the forest.

"Are you sure you need poison ivy?" Steve asked for the fifth time.

"Yes! It's an important part of the forest, and after you find that we need to find some weird moss and maybe some mushrooms."

"Yay." Steve sighed. He could hardly remember what poison ivy looked like. He knew it was green with three leaves but he was pretty sure there were some other features. Maybe he should find some other green plant to hand to Max and call poison ivy.

"Nice try." Max said as Steve tried to hand her a random green plant he found. "Now go find some real poison ivy. Wait, actually can I have that fern, I might need it later."

Steve was moderately impressed with Max's knowledge of plants. Before he met Max, his
definition of California girls was blond, sexy, with breasts bigger then their brains. Not that Steve would ever be telling Max that.

It was also Steve's own fault, he'd admit that he was the one hunting for plants in the middle of the forest. Max had originally wanted to go alone but the idea of poor somewhat defenseless Max alone in the forest had been too much for Steve and he demanded that he come along, and handle all dangerous items.

The thought of poison ivy had slipped his mind.

"This isn't so bad." Max said, somehow picking up on Steve's internal complaining. "You could be trying to find a Venus flytrap with Dustin."

Dustin had chosen the jungle for his project, forgetting that there were no jungles in Indiana.

"Very true." Steve said. He had no intention of looking for a plant that could eat him. Dustin could get eaten on his own.

"I like Indiana forests." Max said. "They aren't like this in California."

"Indiana forests are alright." Steve said. "It's pretty easy to get lost in here though, so stay close to me."

"Got it." Max said. "I am following forest master Steve's orders." she saluted.

"I wouldn't say forest master." Steve laughed. "The most I ever did here was build a really crappy tree house. And then lived there for a week."

Max stared at him.

"It was better then home at the time." Steve said shrugging. "And I spent that week trying to find some chimpanzees to live with."

"How'd that work out for you Tarzan? And I think it was gorillas."

"I don't know alright!" Steve yelled as Max laughed. "Anyways, the Indiana forests are no laughing manner, and living in them for a week was one of my life's greatest achievements."

"What's so scary?" Max asked.

"Our abnormally violent mountain lions." Steve said calmly.

"Oh..."

"It's ok. I'll fight em' off." Steve said, striking a pose.

"Hey strongman, you're standing on some mushrooms. Try and spare some."

Steve climbed off the mushrooms and handed the most intact one to Max.

"Scratch that one off the list." Max said, checking it off. Suddenly there was a loud crack. Both Steve and Max jumped. "Wh-what was that?"

"Probably nothing." Steve said slowly. Another crack sounded.

"Is that gunfire?" Max asked.
"Oh no." Steve groaned. "We might have walked into hunting grounds."

"WHAT?"

"Ok, no big deal. I can get us out of here." Steve said. "We just have to go this way."

Another gunshot sounded and Steve and Max took off running.

"Ok." Steve said, panting. "I think we're far enough."

"Jesus." Max said, breathing heavily. "I now see what's so scary about Indiana forests. Oh hey look, an oak sprout."

"We could have gotten shot and you're worrying about plants?"

"It's for a grade Steve!"

"Jeez, alright alright." Steve said, dropping to the ground. He had forgotten how pretty the woods were. The only times he had been in here recently he had been shithead herding and hadn't really had time to enjoy the view.

It was kind of nice here. All Steve could hear was the leaves rustling in the breeze and what he thought was a creek a little ways away...was that growling? Nah, just his imagination-

"Did you hear that?" Max asked.

Steve sat up. So not his imagination.

The growling sounded again, this time closer.

"Mountain lion?" Max asked quietly.

"Hold still and shut up." Steve whispered back.

The two sat in silence. The bushes behind them rustles.

"OK FORGET WHAT I SAID, RUN!" Steve yelled, throwing a rock at the bushes.

"Ow!" said the bush.

Steve stopped and narrowed his eyes. Wait a minute...

Max hadn't stopped running. She was afraid to turn back. She ran through random patches of trees. Steve wasn't saying anything so she must be going the right way...

She couldn't hear his breathing or his footsteps. Max turned around. Steve wasn't there.

Panic flared in her chest. Had Steve been eaten by the mountain lion? Should she go back? She didn't think she could rescue Steve from a mountain lion. Had he been injured? Was he dead?

Suddenly Max heard footsteps behind her. Without thinking she ran for the nearest tree. Max had never been good at climbing trees. Was this even a good idea?
As she began to pull herself up she realized it was a lot easier then she thought. Then she realized that the tree had a ladder.

"What the..."

As Max neared the top of the tree, she could see that the tree had a base, and some walls and...it was a tree house. And a pretty beat down one at that.

Suddenly something crashed through the bushes. Max screamed.

It was Steve.

"STEVE!" Max cried, running down from the tree and hugging him. "YOU'RE ALIVE!"

"Woah!" Steve said as Max basically tackled him.

"How did you escape from the mountain lion?" Max asked.


Lucas and Dustin walked out from behind Steve. Dustin was holding a toy gun.

"THAT WAS YOU?" Max yelled, punching Dustin in the arm.

"OW!" Dustin yelled, running away. "I wasn't actually going to hit you!"

"Guns are bad." Steve said firmly, taking the toy from Dustin. "And it turns out Lucas here is a lot better at animal impressions then we thought.

Lucas took off running as Max chased him. "STEVE HELP."

Steve pretended to be looking at the sky. He could ignore Lucas a little longer. Just a little longer. He deserved it anyways...

"So we actually scared you?" Dustin asked.

"Yeah, you little shitheads did and there is going to be a major punishment!"

"Aw come on!" Lucas said. "It was funny!"

"No it wasn't." Max snapped.

"Ok." Lucas sighed. "I guess it wasn't that funny."

"Stop siding with the woman!" Dustin yelled.

"The 'woman' is going to kick your ass for scaring her!"

"Oh shit." Dustin muttered, hiding behind Steve.

"Oh no you don't." Steve said, shoving Dustin back into the open. "You're not getting any help from me."

"Why!" Dustin whined. He shoved Steve back and a shoving match broke out between the two.
"Hey be careful!" Max yelled. The two had backed into a patch of green plants.

Steve had been winning the shoving war when Dustin looked down and yelped. "POISON IVY!"

Steve looked down and groaned. He had rolled his pant legs up. Well, at least they had found the poison ivy...

"I HATE EVERYTHING!" Dustin yelled, scratching at his legs.

"I hate everything more." Steve said, scratching at his own legs.

"Stop acting like toddlers." Max said sternly. "Yeah." said Lucas. Max glared at him and he shut up.

"Did you find everything you needed?" Steve asked as he rubbed at his legs.

"No, we never found some moss."

"Let's go get some." Steve said, standing up.

"No! I can get it myself!" Max said, trying to make Steve sit back down.

"And you're not scared at all of the woods."

"Well.." Max said slowly.

"To the woods." Steve sighed. "And you two are staying here." Steve said as Dustin and Lucas tried to follow.

"You know there are remedies for that." Max said as Steve walked/limped/scratched through the forest.

"No pain, no gain." Steve grunted, leaning his back against a tree to scratch his legs. "Oh hey. Moss."

The tree he was leaning against was covered in moss. "Is this good enough?"

"Yeah." Max said cheerfully. "Thanks for coming out again. You must feel like crap right now."

"My body is an itchy prison." Steve moaned. "But I'll always protect you. Whether it be Dustin and Lucas, or a rabid werewolf I will protect you...someone cut off my legs..."

"Ok, time to go back." Max laughed.

"You'd better get an A." Steve said as he looked for oatmeal in the Henderson's cabinets.

"Wait." Max said. "Can you maybe leave your legs like that?"

"WHAT?"

"It would be cool to have an example of poison ivy for my presentation. It's on Monday."
"IT'S SATURDAY!"

"I know, but please?" Max begged.

Steve looked back at the cabinet.

Two sleepless nights later Steve dragged his itchy exhausted self into a middle school classroom and showed off his possibly ruined legs.

The things he did for these kids.

As Steve dragged himself home he was met with half the party running around with a broom.

"GET THE SNAKE!" Dustin yelled.

"THERE'S A SNAKE IN HERE!" Lucas yelled as Steve walked by.

"STEVE YOU PROBABLY SMELL STRONGLY OF REGRET! WE'LL USE YOU AS BAIT!"

Steve stared down in sympathy at the small brown snake that was desperately trying to escape the house.

"I am so sorry you had to meet these people."

Chapter End Notes

Ok! And scene! I don't know if I'm going to get another chapter out but I am taking all my requests with me and Imma write them all down in a notebook!!

So yeah, expect a huge chapter burst next week.

(And shinzomi idk if I said this but CONGRATS ON YOUR NEW ACCOUNT!)

Next time we're gonna have Erin's request.

So that's all I have for now. Leave a comment or kudos if you choose, or a new request, and have a splendorous day! (Funfact, splendorous is one word. But it doesn't sound like one XD)
A/N

Chapter Summary

We interrupt our previously programmed fanfic to bring you a message from our sponsors! (not really)

Chapter Notes

Just some updates!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

What up guys! Tis' I, the author!!!

As you all hopefully know I was on vacation these last few days and resorted to typing chapters on my tablet so I wouldn't get behind. I typed three super long chapters and I was so proud of myself! I was like, Liv, you have done something wonderful.

And now you're all probably wondering where the chapters are. Funny story, in all my technological glory I have no idea how to transfer stuff from my tablet to my computer. I used this app called pages since I was on a cruise with no wifi.

In other words you are perfectly allowed to call me an idiot. I deserve it :)

So I'm gonna try and get those chapters up by latest tomorrow. (That sentence makes zero sense so I have no idea how to reword it.)

Anyways, I had some of you guys calling me a writing goddess. 110% not true, I mean as awesome as I am I can't figure out how to make a stupid tablet work.

So this is me guys! Not some mythical muse but your average....I don't know what to classify myself as.

So this is probably my saddest chapter ever. I guess I might as well answer some questions I was asked.

So I was once asked why I don't say that I'm taking requests on the title like, This is My story (requests open)

I have two answers. One, I am very very lazy and constantly forget to change it, and two I want people to read my story because they want to, not just for requests. Also it's really really awesome that you guys want me of all people to write your requests despite me taking forever, and losing chapters on my tablet.

Another question, how'd you get the inspiration for this?
Answer, No freaking clue. I started writing this during finals to try and ignore my suffering and then it gained like 100 kudos in two days so I kept going!

One more question, (and yes i was asked this) How can I spell most things correctly!

Autocorrect people! It saves lives! (and ruins others.)

There was this one time where I was texting my friend something about this meme I was sent and I was trying to say, I love memes! But autocorrect goes, ha ha ha NO! And corrects it to I love men!

That was an awkward conversation.

I guess to take up some more room here I will tell you another story.

So for vacation I went on a Carnival Cruise. I was like "Oh no no no, I am not going off the reserve with no wifi" but my complaints were overridden.

So, there I was on a boat. Something they don't tell you about cruises, they rock back and forth a LOT! It's like being drunk honestly because you cannot walk in a straight line.

So now it's story time. I was in the tiny bathroom washing my hands when the boat rocks backwards. I fell out of the bathroom and smacked my face on the closet. (The bathroom exit and the closet were literally two feet apart. DESIGN FLAW I SAY! DESIGN FLAW!)

And before I could regain my balance the boat rocked back the other way and I fell back in the bathroom and whacked my head on the sink.

Now did I stand up heroically and challenge the disoriented gravity!!!!

No. I clung to the sink, afraid to move.

So there's my story! You could read this chapter and literally gain nothing from it XD

Anyways, main point here is that you guys aren't forgotten and that I am by no means this incredible person. Just give me some time to battle the tablet and you'll have new chapters in no time!

Ok, so if you guys want to ask more requests, now is a good time to do it. I have like three, I've almost gotten through all of them!

And that's all I have for you! Sorry if this is like the biggest waste of time ever! One more random fact, I actually have a catchphrase that is really cheesey but I like it and I use it on a different one of my fanfics. Should I try using it here? Decisions decisions.

Ok, Imma do it. No judgement!

You only live life once so be sure to Livitup!!!

(So bad. So bad.)

Chapter End Notes
Maybe you enjoyed this authors note, idk. Leave a comment or kudos if you choose, add some requests, maybe give me an opinion on my catchphrase (burn it with fire is an option) and have a splenderiffic day!

Happy Easter/April fools day! (I am so conflicted today btw)
Staying cool

Chapter Summary

The party tries to take care of a sick Will.

Chapter Notes

Alright alright alright! Ok so I wrote this new chapter while I try to figure out how to get the other three. I have a few more things to try, then I'm just gonna start retyping them, which could take a while so bear with me!

Anyways this is TruthInYourLies99's request and I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Hot potato, hot potato." Dustin said as the party passed around a pillow. "Who are we kidding! This sucks! This isn't fun at all! The next verse is 'who has the hot potato.' I can see the hot potato!"

"Maybe this would be more fun with an actual hot potato." Mike said sarcastically.

"Hey maybe!" Dustin cheered. "Let's try it!"

"I was kidding!" Mike called as Dustin ran up the stairs.

Dustin quietly snuck by the form of the stressed out babysitter in the living room. Steve was studying for finals and demanded that no one bother him. Dustin intended to leave Steve alone. If Steve was busy working that meant he wasn't around to stop Dustin's plans...

When Dustin got to the kitchen he quietly opened the fridge and looked for a potato. Did people even keep potatoes in the fridge? What did one do with a potato?

Luckily for Dustin, there was a potato laying on the counter next to him. It was probably for dinner, but hey, they could still eat it after playing with it!

Well now Dustin had a potato. How would he heat it up? His eyes slowly traveled towards the microwave. Perfect.

He opened the door and stuck the potato inside. How long did it take to microwave a potato anyways? He just wanted it a little warm. Not too warm.

"Two minutes." Dustin said, reaching up to type in the numbers. He accidentally typed in 20 minutes.

"Stupid fat fingers!" Dustin hissed as the potato started spinning in the microwave. "Shit! Stop! Stop!"
Steve was in the middle of trying to remember the periodic table of the elements when a sound similar to a gunshot sounded from the kitchen. Steve jumped a mile then quickly ran into the kitchen.

"What are you doing!" Steve yelled at Dustin, who was looking into the microwave with a slightly disgusted expression on his face.

"I killed it." He said.

"What do you mean you killed it?" Steve demanded as he walked over to Dustin. He looked into the microwave. "What the heck are you...is that a potato?"

"It was." Dustin said as he watched the potato guts slowly drip down the sides of the microwave.

"Why were you microwaving a potato? For 20 minutes!" Steve asked, looking at the timer.

"Blame my sausage fingers! And we were playing hot potato in the basement." Dustin said. "It got kind of boring so we decided to make it a little more interesting by getting a real hot potato."

Steve sighed and ran his fingers through his hair. "Well let's maybe not microwave vegetables right now."

"Ok. Nice talk." Dustin said, running downstairs.

Steve looked at the potato plastered microwave. More cleaning. Great.

"I killed a potato," Dustin said as he ran back down the stairs.

"Good for you." Lucas said. "We're playing monopoly now."

"Dibs on the boardwalk!"

"That's not how it works! You can't call dibs!"

"Sure I can!"

Mike sighed. It was a mistake to try playing this game.

As Mike predicted, the game of monopoly quickly went downhill. El didn't understand money in the least, Lucas and Max kept stealing from the bank, Will was zoned out the whole time, and Dustin kept creating new rules.

"New rule!" Dustin yelled. "All players named Lucas must forfeit a thousand dollars to all players named Dustin!"

"Bullshit!" Lucas yelled. He and Dustin started throwing cards at each other.

"This is stupid." Mike said. "Let's do something fun like D&D."

"We play that so often." Max said. "We should go outside."

"It looks like it's going to rain." Lucas said.
"Eggos." El suggested.

"We're not going to sit around and eat eggos all day!" Dustin yelled. The party sat in silence for a minute. "I hate being bored." Dustin grumbled.

The party sat in silence looking out the window. A squirrel ran by.

"I wish I had a tail." Dustin said thoughtfully.

The party stared at him.

"What? It would be cool! Dustin the squirrel guy!"

"Dustin the mutant squirrel freak." Lucas said. Max snickered.

"Whatever ok, it was a bad idea." Dustin grumbled. "But I still wanna see what I'd look like if I had a tail. Hey Will, can you draw me with a tail?"

Silence.

"WILL THE WISE!" Dustin bellowed. "YOU MUST DRAW ME WITH A SQUIRREL TAIL!"

"Huh?" Will said, looking up. "Oh. Sure."

"Are you ok?" El asked. Will had been virtually silent and was looking a little pale.

"Yeah. I'm just tired."

"You remind me of a ghost." Dustin said.

"Rude." Said El.

"What? It's true!" Dustin said.

Mike scooted over and felt Will's forehead. "Guys I think he has a fever."

"Should we get Steve?" Max asked. Mike nodded and headed upstairs.

As Steve contemplated the difference between RNA and DNA there was a knock at the door. Steve sighed and stood up.

"Are you Mr. Wheeler?" A sleepy looking delivery man asked when Steve opened the door.

"No. I'm the babysitter."

"That's fine. Just sign in here and we'll start installing the new TV."

"The new what?" Steve asked.

"TV."

"I don't think I'm supposed to do that."

"Just sign here and we'll put it in."
Steve eyed the man skeptically. He didn't think the Wheelers had ordered a new TV.

"Steve." A voice said. Steve turned to see Mike.

"Not now." Steve said as the delivery man tried to step inside the house. "Woah, hang on, sir!"

"Steve!" Mike said again.

"Not now!" Steve said. He blocked the door as Mike ran back to the basement.

"Steve's busy." Mike said. "So now I have a new game for us. Hospital."

"What? That's a kids game!" Lucas said.

"The last time I played that I performed open surgery on a frog." Dustin said.

"Well we're not operating on frogs, we're taking care of Will." Mike said.

"That still sounds lame." Lucas said.

Mike glared at him. "Would you rather play hot potato?"

"No." Lucas sighed. And the game began.

Over the course of the next hour the party cared for Will the best they could given the circumstances. The best recovery space was definitely not a basement.

"I think his fever went up." Max reported. "What should we do?"

"We could get a wet washcloth or something." Lucas said.

"No way, go big or go home." Dustin said. "We should make one of those ice pack thingies!"

"That's a little much." Mike said.

"No it's not. All we need is some cloth and some ice. I know where the ice is!"

"That's concerning." Max said.

"No it's not. I will now quest for the ice!" Dustin said, running upstairs.

Steve was getting a headache. This was ridiculous! Why couldn't the repair/delivery/installation/whatever he was guy just go away?

"For the last time, I'm gonna need you to sign here if you don't want the TV." the guy said.

Steve pinched the bridge of his nose. "No! We don't need a TV!"

"If you'd just let me in-"

"NO!" Steve yelled.
Dustin saw Steve arguing with some random guy at the door. No need to bother him. Dustin could do this on his own.

Dustin carefully snuck into the kitchen for the second time that day. He quietly opened the freezer. Jackpot! A whole bag of ice!

Dustin carefully lifted the bag out of the freezer. It was much heavier than it looked. Dustin carried it back towards the stairs. He didn't notice the hole in the bag.

As Steve continued his battle with the delivery/repair/installation/one more thing Steve forgot guy he heard a faint clicking noise. Steve turned to see a trail of ice leading towards the basement. Steve groaned. What was the party doing now? Playing ice age or some shit?

"Can you hold on for one minute, or better yet, go away?" Steve asked.

The guy was silent.

"Fine then." Steve said, shutting the door and triple checking if it was locked.

He went downstairs and yelped.

Ice was scattered everywhere and Dustin was holding a pair of scissors to one of Mrs. Wheeler's nice sheets.

"Hi Steve." Dustin said.

"NO!" Steve yelled, running forward and snatching the scissors. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

"Making an ice pack thingy. Will's sick." Dustin said.

Steve stared at him. "For real?"

"Yeah!" Mike called. "I've been trying to tell you that!"

"Well you spent the day killing potatoes so what am I supposed to think!" Steve said, stepping over to Will. "Hey buddy, you ok?"

"Can I go back to murdering the sheets?" Dustin asked.

"No." said Steve. "Ok people, education time. When you think a person has a fever you use a thermometer, you don't commit grand theft ice."

Under Steve's watchful eye Will was soon in a more comfortable position and no sheets were harmed.

"By any chance did your parents buy a new TV?" Steve asked.

"No. Why?" Mike said.

"AHA!" Steve yelled, running upstairs. The party watched him go, confused.
A few minutes later they heard him screaming. "BEAT IT! GET OFF THIS PROPERTY YOU DAMN CON! I WILL CALL THE POLICE!"

"We have the weirdest babysitter." Lucas said.

"Should I go pick up all the ice I spilled?" Dustin asked. "It's probably melted by now."

There was a yell and a crash from upstairs.

"Is he ok?" Max asked.

"DUSTIN!" Steve screamed from upstairs.

"He's fine."

"Hello?" Steve asked, picking up the phone. It was the next evening.

"Hi Steve." Mike said.

"Sup Wheeler. Everything ok?"

"Remember that con artist?"

"Yeah?"

"Well he really was a TV guy. It was supposed to be a surprise and he came early."

"Ohhhh." Steve said. "Uh, are your parents mad?"

"No." Mike said grumpily. "They read some article about how the newer TV models rot brains. Now we're not getting a TV. They want to thank you for saving my brain."

"You're welcome?" Steve asked. "Your parents need to chill."

"You owe me a TV Steve."

"Keep dreaming kid." Steve said.

"I'm not kidding. You'd better buy me a TV."

The next day Steve showed up at the Wheeler's with a plastic TV from Lucas' younger sister's doll furniture.

Chapter End Notes

And there we go! I hope you enjoyed!

Leave a comment or kudos if you choose and new requests are always welcome!

I don't know what's coming next but hopefully it's me recovering those chapters XD

So that's it for now. Have a fabulicious day! You only live life once so be sure to
Livitup! (People like my catchphrase! Imma keep saying it!)
Skywalker

Chapter Summary

The long awaited coming out chapter I finally got around to finish...

Chapter Notes

What up what up what up!! After a matter of days I have returned to update once more! Ipad status, I tried, gave up, then cried in a corner. The End!

Anyways I'm gonna give it one last try before I just retype them.

Anyways, funny story about this chapter. This stuff was originally a oneshot I was working on a longlonglonglonglong time ago. I fixed it up and added it to the story. I hope it is excellent and everything you hoped for. Ok then, here we go!

OMFG I LITERALLY JUST FIGURED OUT HOW TO USE ITALICS! I ACCIDENTALLY CLICKED ON RICH TEXT! EVERYTHING MAKES SENSE!! AAAAAAAGH!

How come everything I learn is by accident. It's like, Hey Liv, learn the quadratic equation, or hey Liv, did you know you can get shingles on your scalp? Guess which one I remember...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"And now" Dustin said dramatically. "For the main event..."

Steve was watching the party curiously. He had known that they were fans of starwars but he had never seen their whole movie watching "ritual"

"THE PART WHERE WE DISCUSS WHICH SCENE LEIA WAS HOTTEST IN!" Dustin crowed. Lucas and Mike cheered. El looked confused for a moment and then began to cheer as well.

"Ok." Steve said. "So this is what kids do for fun these days."

"Shut it old man." Lucas said, launching into a dramatic speech about what would happen if he met princess Leia.

"You are aware that Leia is not a real person." Steve said.

"WAY TO CRUSH MY DREAMS." Dustin yelled. "Leia is the only girl who understands me."

"So it makes sense that she's not real." Max said.

"HEY!" Dustin yelled.
"Cold. Very cold." Steve said, nodding his head.

Dustin glared at the brunette and launched into his own Leia fantasy.

Will had been sitting there on the floor quietly. He looked like he was deep in thought. A little too deep for a starwars conversation.

"You ok Will?" Steve asked.

"What? Yeah." Will said quickly.

"Well, let's hear it." Dustin said. "What would you do if you met Leia?"

Will had been dreading his turn all throughout the movie. It wasn't that he didn't want to meet Leia. She was awesome and if he did, he would want her to show him some of her killer moves. It would be amazing, but it wouldn't be romantic.

"Um...I would rather meet Luke Skywalker." Will said, looking down at his shoes. Luckily Dustin nodded approvingly.

"Yeah! Start your padiwan training first! Then get the girl."

"Yeah." Will said smiling, but the smile was strained.

If he was being perfectly honest, his meeting with Luke Skywalker would be more romantic. Skywalker fantasies were some of the first ways he realized he was gay.

Luckily by that point Mike had begun his own fantasy and the spotlight was taken off him.

"I think it might be time." Steve said as Will walked out the door.

"Time for what? To go? I'm ready." Will said.

"No." Steve said, shaking his head. "You know what I mean."

"No." Will said quickly.

"Isn't it getting harder to hide? Wouldn't you be more comfortable if you told someone?"

"I can't! It would be weird." Will said.

"At least your parents?" Steve asked.

"No." Will said again. "I'm not ready."

"It might go better then you think." Steve said. "You really should talk to them."

"No!" Will yelled, then looked around to see if anyone had heard. "I can't. I'm sorry Goodnight Steve."

He walked out the door without another word.
It wasn't getting harder to hide, Will thought as he laid back on his bed. It was just getting a little more uncomfortable. His friends were all in the girl crazy stage. It was going to be fine. No one had to know and then nothing would get weird and Will wouldn't be teased.

There was a knock on the door. Will sat up.

Jonathan walked in, holding a plate of cookies. "Hey buddy. Hungry?"

Yes. Will definitely needed cookies right now.

"Yeah. Thanks." Will said, taking a cookie. It was still warm. "Did you make these?"

"Yep." Jonathan said. "I thought it was time for us to have the talk."

"The..talk?" Will asked nervously. He didn't like where this was going.

"You know." Jonathan said, punching him lightly on the arm. "The girl talk. Give me the goods?"

"The goods?"

"You know, who's hot who's not." Jonathan said.

A cold feeling entered Will's stomach. He liked when he and Jonathan spent some bonding time together but not like this!

"So?" Jonathan said teasingly.

"Uhhhhhh...." Will said. Someone needed to save him right now. Anything. A meteor could hit the house. That would be good.

"You ok?" Jonathan asked. "You look kind of nervous."

"I'm ok." Will squeaked. "I need to go to the bathroom."

Before Jonathan could protest Will ran out of the room and locked himself in the bathroom.

Maybe it was getting harder.

Will had been in the bathroom for a while now Jonathan noticed. Yes, his brother could be a little spastic but nothing like this had ever happened before.

Maybe it was something that Jonathan had done. It seemed to him that he and Will had been growing apart lately. It had started after battle of the upside down 2.0. Will had wanted a little more space after being poked and prodded by doctors and then Steve entered the picture.

Now a single conversation couldn't be held without the word "Steve”. If anything Steve was seeming to be more like Will's brother then Jonathan was.

Steve probably wouldn't have gotten this reaction. Either way, Jonathan was Will's brother Steve or no Steve, and something was going on with him.
"Will?" Jonathan asked, knocking on the door. There was no response. "If you wanna talk, I'm here."

There was still no response so Jonathan retired to the living room.

A little while later Will emerged from his bathroom hideout.

"Hey!" Jonathan said cheerfully. "Are you ok?"

"I need to make a phone call." Will said. His voice was deadly calm and serious.

"To who?"

"Steve."

As Jonathan left the room his heart felt like a rock. Where had his and Will's close bond gone? What wasn't Will telling him?

Part of Jonathan really wanted to listen in on the conversation but he knew that Will didn't want him to know whatever it was he was talking about.

He just hoped that Will would be done with the phone soon. He wanted to talk to Nancy.

"FORT HENDERSON! WHO IS THIS!" Dustin screamed into the phone.

"Ow" Will said. "Dustin, can I talk to Steve?"

"Sure." Dustin sighed. Why didn't anyone ever want to talk to him? Dustin loved the phone. He got a little excited whenever he answered it. "STEVE! PHONE! WILL!" He bellowed.

Steve walked over and took the phone.

"Are you alone?" Will asked.

Steve looked at Dustin. "Scram."

"It's not like I live here or anything!" Dustin exclaimed loudly as he stomped away.

"Steve." Will said in a small voice.

"What's up?" Steve asked. "Have you been crying?"

"It's time. I want you to be there."

Steve nodded even though Will couldn't see him. "Name a time and place. I'll be there."

"What are you? Spies or something?" Dustin asked.

"DUSTIN!" Steve yelled. "WHY ARE YOU LISTENING ON EXTENSION!"

There was a click as Will hung up.

"Steve the CIA agent." Dustin said, ignoring the glare Steve was sending him. "I can't see it."
Three days later Will was sitting in his living room losing what felt like twelve pounds in sweat. His mom and Jonathan were sitting across from him and Steve was next to him. Will had made the first move, asking to tell his mom and Jonathan something. He was really regretting this decision now.

"Sweetie, you said you wanted to tell us something?" Joyce said. She had never seen her son this nervous. She was nothing less then concerned.

Will opened his mouth but nothing came out. He wished Steve had brought Dustin with him. Dustin would have made this situation far less awkward by now.

"Will?" Jonathan asked. So much pressure. Will was going to die.

"Take your time." Steve said gently, only loud enough for Will to hear. Will swallowed harshly.

"U-um...L-look at that bird!" Will mentally slapped himself. After looking at the bird his family turned back to him. Will should have taken his chances and run while they were all looking at the bird.

Steve gently squeezed his shoulder. Steve had once told him that if someone didn't accept him, they weren't worth his time. But this was his family! He wanted them to accept him. He looked at Steve who nodded slightly. It was now or never. At least Steve had promised that if something went wrong he could live with him and Dustin.

"Mom...Jonathan." Will said. Joyce nodded and leaned forward. So did Jonathan.

"I...I...I like boys."

That was it. Total silence. No screaming, no one telling him to get out. Joyce's expression hadn't changed yet. Jonathan on the other hand looked completely surprised.

"Honey." Mrs. Byers said at last. "Do you mean you like boys, or like-like boys."

"Like like." Will said softly.

"Well then that's perfectly fine!" Mrs. Byers exclaimed. Will stared at her. She almost seemed happy. "I'm so happy you trusted us enough to tell us." Joyce continued. "Steve, thank you. You've probably been Will's best asset throughout all this."

Will hadn't blinked in what felt like ages. What the heck was happening!

"Will." Mrs. Byers said, turning serious. "I want you to know that you can tell us anything and that we will accept you no matter what."

Will felt like a weight had been lifted off his chest and replaced with something happier. He was ok!

As Mrs. Byers thanked Steve again Will turned to look at Jonathan. Jonathan's expression was stoney. He regarded Will coldly before leaving.

Will felt his happiness vanish. Apparently everything wasn't alright.
That night Jonathan lay on his bed thinking. He didn't mind Will being gay. Coming out to them had meant the world to him. It was just that...why was Steve flipping Harrington the first to know huh? Why not Jonathan? Did Will not trust him?

Jonathan had probably screwed everything up with that flash of anger he had shown earlier. Will probably thought he hated him. This was all Steve's fault. Why was the person who had called Jonathan gay as an insult helping his brother come out?

He really needed to talk to Nancy.

Chapter End Notes

And that's a wrap! I was exploring Jonathan's character in this one. I imagine him being a little jealous of Will and Steve's closeness and this kind of being the last straw. I'm going to go more into this in future chapters but I hope you enjoyed this one!

I am off to start typing up the lost tablet chapters as I am now calling them. So here we go!

Leave a comment or kudos if you choose and another request if you'd like and have a fan-flipping-tastic day!

(Also, CHAPTER 40?? WHEN DID THIS GET SO LONG?)
"I'm just saying, we should build a squirrel house." Dustin said. "Give back to nature."

"Those squirrels want us dead." Steve said, dropping his load of nails. The party had decided to help rebuild Castle Byers after a particularly rough storm.

Will had been a little down since Jonathan had quit talking to him, and Steve thought this was the perfect way to cheer him up.

"Can we make it bigger?" Will asked excitedly. His eyes were shining. "I wanna fit more books in here"

"We sure can." Steve said. At the exact same time Dustin said "You're weird"

"And proud of it." Will said cheerfully.

Ever since the talk with his parents, Will seemed a lot more confident in himself.

It was nice, Steve thought as he stacked some wood, but he couldn't help but feel like something bad was going to happen.

"I got it." Dustin said. "Wood pecker hotel!"

"What?" Lucas asked

"The woodpeckers fly on in, relax, make baby woodpeckers and leave!"

"You've been watching way too much reality tv with your mom." Steve said matter of factly.

"I have not." Dustin said defensively, fitting some pieces of wood together.

"There's no way we have enoug matirials for a woodpecker hotel." Max said.

"Fine" Dustin said grumpily. "Can I build a birdhouse?"
"Sure." Steve said. "You can build a birdhouse."

"YES!" Dustin cheered. He grabbed some wood and ran off.

"Alright Will." Steve said. "What do you want the new and improved Castle Byers to have?"

Will looked at the wood thoughtfully. "I want there to be enough room for all of us. Maybe we can play D&D in summer, or when it's warm."

Steve nodded. "Good idea." It was pretty cold out at the moment and the sky was grey. There certainly wouldn't any outdoor campaigns for a while.

"So books, D&D space." Steve said. "Anything else?"

"I think that's it." Will said. "I wanna keep it simple."

There was a loud scratching noise and the party turned to see Dustin trying to hammer a pinecone to a piece of wood.

"I think it's best if we leave Dustin to his bird house." Mike said dryly.

"Chaos lord stays put." Steve said. "Good plan. Let's get to work."

"And what do you think you're doing?" Steve asked as Dustin struggled to drag a large piece of wood away.

"Building a birdhouse" Dustin grunted. "Little help?"

"There is no way you need that much wood." Steve said.

"I kinda want to fit into my bird house." Dustin said.

"I am not letting you build...a Dustin house." Steve said. "We do not have enough materials!"

"Fine." Dustin said. "Back to a bird house. You're no fun." He added as he slouched away.

The temperature began to drop rapidly as time went on. Soon the party and Steve were shivering.

"I think it's time to call it a day" Steve said, pulling his coat tighter around him. "We can finish this when it warms up."

The party nodded and prepared for their trek back through the woods.

"It's weirdly quiet." Steve said when they were about halfway back. "No singing about gopher guts." He turned around. Five party members stared back.

"Where's Dustin?" El asked.

Steve groaned. No wonder it had been so quiet. "Ok. You guys go back. I'll go get Dustin."

"Hurry, I think it's going to snow." Will said.
"Got it." Steve said. He turned to go and was met by El.

"Scarf." She said, putting hers around his neck.

Steve smiled. "Thanks."

By the time Steve made it back to Castle Byers, it was snowing. His breath fogged up like smoke around him.

"DUSTIN!" Steve called.

"Is that you God?" A small voice asked.

"What? No." Steve said, ducking inside the castle. Dustin was laying on the floor in a ball shivering. He didn't have a coat.

"Steve." Dustin breathed. "Y-you left me."

"I'm so so so sorry." Steve said. "I'll build you a Dustin house. What were you doing when we left?"

"B-b-birdhouse."

"Of course." Steve said, pulling off his coat and putting it around Dustin. "Come on. We'd better hurry..." Steve trailed off.

The world was now a sea of white. Steve couldn't see two inches in front of him.

"What is it?" Dustin called.

"We might be stuck here for a while." Steve said grimly.

Half an hour later the snow had not yet let up. Dustin and Steve were both freezing, and were currently pacing back and forth.

"I-I feel stupid." Dustin said.

"W-well this is keeping you a-alive." Steve said. "Flap your arms like this."

Dustin grunted, but did what he was told.

As time went on the temperature steadily dropped and Steve and Dustin found themselves huddling in a corner.

"A-are we going to die?" Dustin asked.

"N-no." Steve said uncertainly. "Someone will come for us."

"How do you know?" Dustin asked, looking up at Steve with fear shining in his eyes. Defeat seized Steve. "I don't." He admitted.
Dustin slumped against him. "You were a good brother."
"Y-you weren't so bad yourself."
"Kinda funny how we survive the apocalypse then die in the snow." Dustin said bitterly.
Steve pulled Dustin's shivering form closer. "Y-yeah."

*earlier*

It had been a while and Steve wasn't back yet. Once the party had returned to the Byer house, Jonathan had made them hot chocolate, but Will's remained untouched. He was too worried.

"We should look for them." Will said for the sixth time.

"Are you crazy?" Jonathan asked. "You'll freeze out there!"

"But Jonathan!" Will wailed. "I don't want Steve or Dustin to freeze."

Jonathan still didn't understand this obsession with Steve. Heck, he'd be fine if Steve froze but he clearly meant something to Will.

"Ok." Jonathan said. "I'll call Hopper."

*normal time*

Steve couldn't feel his legs. He couldn't feel anything for that matter. He could barely feel Dustin shivering next to him.

So this was it. All he wanted was to protect those kids. Now he couldn't even do that.

"Steve..." Dustin said weakly. "I'm tired...."

"Stay with me" Steve said, even though he could feel his own consciousness begin to slide. "Stay with me..."

The last thing Steve saw before passing out was a large figure bursting into the castle. An Eskimo? An angel?

Whatever. The least the Eskimo of salvation could do was let him sleep. He was going to die after all...

Mrs. Henderson had made the biggest fuss possible to ensure she was able to see Dustin and Steve.

"my babies!" She wailed. "Oh my god!"

The doctor was trying to calm the hysterical Mrs. Henderson down. Steve and Dustin both looked at each other grinning. There was no calming Mrs. Henderson down.

Tews the cat me owed from Mrs. Henderson's purse. The boys looked at each other and laughed. They were on the fast track to recovery. And were viewing the hospital as a vacation.
Mrs. Henderson finally dodged the doctor and ran to the boys bedsides.

"Are you ok?" She wailed. "How are my boys!"

"When are you going to change your last name to Henderson?" Dustin asked Steve.

"I guess I'm supposed to do that." Steve said.

"Mom wants to legally adopt you." Dustin snorted.

"Why not? I'm amazing." Steve said.

It was the perfect ending...

"Well I wouldn't say you're that amazing." Dustin said. "You didn't let me build a Dustin house."

Steve threw a pillow at him to shut him up.

"And then there are the newlywed woodpeckers..."

It didn't work.

Chapter End Notes

Annd scene! Hope you have enjoyed, leave a comment or kudos if you choose and have a splendidourus day!!! ;)


Lost tablet chapter 1: old ladies, fugitives and gossip club

Chapter Summary

Steve becomes a servant to Mrs Henderson

Chapter Notes

I DID IT!!!!! I got them off!!! Woo! Posting spree!!!!

E "Remind me why we've been outlawed outside?" Steve asked as he and Dustin trecked outside.

"Mom's book club" Dustin groaned. "Her and like five other moms gather in the living room and talk about their disobedient children. It's more like a gossip club to be honest."

"So they talk about you."

"Yeah. I hate it. The one time I listened in all they talked about was the time I thought the next door neighbor was an alien. It's not really a book club as much as "let's talk about Dustin's greatest failures."

"Sounds like fun. I want to hear the alien story now." Steve said teasingly.

"Traitor! You would rather hang out with old ladies rather then me? Oh wait, I forgot. You're turning into an old lady aren't you."

"Hey! I knitted you a scarf! Do not disrespect the knitting."

"Whatever. You're hanging out with me today. And if you want to hear the alien story so badly I'll tell you it."

"Fire away" Steve said cheerfully.

"Wait you're serious?" Dustin asked.

Steve nodded cheerfully. "Yes. So very very interested."

"Alright then." Dustin sighed. "So you know Mr. Raymond right? And how he does all those weird skin care things to himself? He was trying out some weird avocado face thingy but I thought it was his actual skin..."

Whenever Mrs. Henderson's book club rolled around Steve and Dustin would evacuate the house to entertain themselves. One day however Mrs. Byers asked if Steve could watch Will on a book club day. Somehow the entire party ended up at the Henderson's.
And then it started raining.

"So we're trapped." Lucas sighed.

"This is bad. This is very very bad." Dustin moaned as he paced the length of his room.

"Relax. I'm sure we can find something to do here" Steve said.

"It's not that!" Dustin yelped as if Steve were an idiot. "If we even get close to the meeting all of my life's greatest humiliations will be revealed to the world!"

Steve sighed. "Alright then. You can stay here. I'm sure Yertle will provide a show. Yertle blinked lazily from his tank.

"No one likes you when you're sarcastic." Dustin said, taking Yertle out of his tank. "And I'll have you know that I'm teaching Yertle to dance. Alright buddy! Show them what you got!"

As the party became engrossed with the incredible dancing tortoise Steve made himself useful and helped Mrs. Henderson by refilling snacks and so on.

As Steve returned from a pretzel run he spied Dustin glaring evilly at him from the corner.

"Do you need something?"

"What did you hear?" Dustin hissed, sounding like some kind of lizard human.

"Creepy." Steve commented. "And you need to chill out. No ones saying anything bad about you."

That wasn't exactly true. Mrs. Henderson had just finished a very animated retelling of Dustin's journey through potty training. (Which Steve had sort of enjoyed.)

"Ok ok." Dustin sighed. "Maybe I am being a little paranoid."

"Just a little." Steve said mildly. "How long have you been here."

"Not too long." Dustin said.

"Wouldn't you rather be hanging out with your friends and the dancing tortoise?"

"Yertle got stage fright." Dustin sighed. "He's kind of just standing there. El wanted to draw on his shell."

"Oh no." Steve groaned, running into the room.

Yertle looked like he had a run in with a heard of angry crayons. He looked up at Steve as pitifully as a tortoise could.

"Pretty" El said, holding Yertle up.

"Very pretty but maybe crayons should stay on paper." Steve said.

"So should markers." Lucas growled. He had pink marker all over his face.
"Oh..." Steve said, seeing the marker covered party.

"It was horrible. The markers were flying everywhere. No one was safe." Max said sadly.

"Ok. Time to lay some marker ground rules." Steve said. "Start cleaning this off gang. I'm gonna go take care of Yertle.

"How do you wash a tortoise?" Steve asked Dustin as he walked by him in the hall.

Dustin shrugged and kept walking.

"Very helpful." Steve sighed. Yertle looked up at Steve. "Just you and me then buddy."

A few minutes later Steve fond himself washing a tortoise in the kitchen sink. He could hear Mrs. Henderson telling the other mothers about the time Dustin had decided he was going to be a bunny when he grew up. Steve was starting to understand why Dustin was so mortified to have his friends in the house.

"Stop struggling!" Steve commanded as Yertle tried to escape. It turned out Tortoises did not appreciate getting washed.

Steve dunked a washcloth in the soapy water and began to rub the tortoise's shell.

"OW!" Steve yelled as Yertle bit him. "I thought we were friends!"

Yertle gave him a dirty look. (At least Steve thought he was. It was a little hard to distinguish tortoise facial expressions.)

Steve felt something tap his leg. He looked down to see Tews looking up at him.

"Go away cat." Steve said. Tews stared at him hungrily. Steve looked nervously. Did the cat want to eat him?

Yertle took advantage of Steve's distractions and made a run (a slow crawl for it but a run in Yertle's eyes) for it.

Tew's eyes followed the tortoise. "Oh no no no." Steve said. "You are not eating this tortoise." What was it with Dustin's pets eating each other?

"STEVE! COULD YOU GET SOME MORE PRETZELS?" Mrs. Henderson yelled.

"And I thought you were in a diet." Steve grumbled, carrying a bowl in one hand and a tortoise in the other.

Tews followed at Steve's feet mewling.

"Could you not?" Steve grumbled, putting down the things in his hands to pick up the cat.

Yertle broke tortoise speed records as he darted under the fridge.

"Shit." Steve grumbled. This was going just swimmingly.
This was it. The defining moment of history. Lucas narrowed his eyes. His friends had fallen, but he would rise. Everything Lucas had trained for had lead up to this moment. His moment.

His opponent drew in a deep breath. He must know about Lucas' skill. This was his game. His opponent said one last prayer of mercy. "Do you have any threes?"

Lucas' eyes flew open. How had he known?!?! Witchcraft was at hand. Impossible! Was this the end of Lucas the master go fish player???

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO"

"It's just go fish. Relax." Max said as El happily matched Mike's cards for him.

Lucas laid back on the carpet. Sweet death could take him now and save him from this humiliation.

"I think it's time to play something else." Will said, looking at the sad little lump that was Lucas.

"Where's Steve?" Max asked.

"Giving Yertle a bath." Dustin said. "Who wants to play battleship?"

Battleship master Lucas rose from the carpet. Time for redemption!

"I need to go to the bathroom." Mike said as he got up. As he headed for the door Dustin jumped up.

"NO! You can hold it! And if you can't just piss out the window or something."

Mike stared at Dustin.

"what? How do you think Rapunzel managed all those years?"

"Whatever." Mike sighed. "I'm gonna go now..."

"NO!" Dustin yelled jumping in front of the door.

"Dustin! I need the bathroom!"

"If you loved me you would stay!"

El narrowed her eyes.

"Dustin! Move! I'm literally about to explode!"

"Go to the window!"

"Insane! Move!"

"no!"

"I'll piss on you!"

"Dude, just move. I don't need to see that." Max said.

Lucas was laying out the battleship pieces cackling evily. No one would beat him now.

"I NEED TO GO!"
"WELL YOU CAN'T"

"Oh my god." Max said. "Here Mike. I'm hungry anyways."

Max tasered Dustin. When he dropped to the ground the two ran for it. Will was sitting quietly on the floor while El was reaching for more markers. Lucas continued to lay out his battleship death trap.

Almost there...Steve was almost there...

Steve was laying on his stomach reacting for the tortoise. Yertle had positioned himself at the farthest corner of the fridge just out of Steve's reach. Every once in a while Steve's fingers would brush Yertle's shell.

Steve stretched his arm as far as it could go, grunting.

"Hey Steve." Max said as she entered the kitchen. "Whatcha doing?"

" Tortoise...under...fridge" Steve grunted.

" Cool." Max said, opening the fridge. "Watch your legs man."

Max retrieved food and went back to Dustin's room.

"A LITTLE HELP WOULD BE NICE!"

Max was walking back or the bedroom when she heard the phrase "he looked so cute in those bunny ears..."

Curious, Max snuck over to the living room to hear Mrs. Henderson telling a story about Dustin when he was six. Well this changed things.

Dustin stood outside the bathroom like a century.

Mike had finished using the restroom a while ago but he was trying to wait Dustin out. Mike was more then a little curious about why Dustin was so desperate to keep his friends inside.

"Are you done yet?" Dustin asked for the fifth time.

"Not yet." Mike called back. "You can go back without me."

"Fat chance." Dustin called back.

Mike played his trump card. "You do know that Max is out there too."

"Shit! Don't go anywhere!" Dustin yelled. Mike could hear Dustin's footsteps trailing down the hall. Mike waited until the coast was clear before sneaking out of the bathroom. Time for some answers.
"DAMMIT!" Steve yelled as Yertle avoided his grasp yet again.

Steve felt a tap on his foot and turned around to see Tews.

"Not you again" Steve groaned. Tews walked over to Steve and plopped down next to him. Tews proceeded to stick his paw under the fridge just like Steve was.

"Yeah good luck with that." Steve said. "You don't exactly have long arms."

Tews mewed and crawled under the fridge.

"What! No! I call bullshit!" Steve yelled as Tews went for the tortoise.

"I am so sorry Yertle." Steve said, crossing his heart.

A few seconds later Tews emerged with Yertle in his mouth.

"Goodbye old friend." Steve sighed.

Tews put Yertle down gently on the floor and lightly tapped the tortoise's shell.

"What the...you guys are friends?" Steve asked. Tews mewed happily and proceeded to jump over the tortoise playfully.

"Aw" Steve said. "Why can't the shitheads get along this well?" He reached over to let Tews.
"Maybe you're not so bad after all..."

A flash of movement caught Steve's eye. Yertle was making a run for it again, this time heading straight for the living room.

"TRAITOR!" Steve yelled at the furry distraction.

This was it. Yertle moved his little legs as fast as he could. Freedom was so close. He knew there was a door in the other room. If he could make it outside he could eat all the food he wanted. No more grabby children, no more drawing on his shell.

Steve groaned. "I WILL FIND A WAY TO GROUND YOU!"

Mike was waved over by Max who was crouched behind a chair.

"Get over here emo, you have to listen to this!"

Mike scowled at the (fitting) nickname. "Fine. I don't see why it's so important."

"Just wait. Just wait." Max said.

"Now there was this one time Dustin decided that some scarecrows were his family when we visited the corn field. He stuffed his full of hay and tried to mount himself next to some scarecrows. He got his pants stuck and started panicking, poor dear. He took off his pants to escape and was chased by the staff through the corn maze since pants are a must. Ah memories."

Max and Mike fell over trying to contain their laughter.
"That's priceless." Mike wheezed.

"I know." Max said. "Just wait. It'll get better."

Across the room out of the twosome's view Dustin was watching them. He needed to get term out of there before his mother got to the story.

"STEVE!" Dustin yelled. He ran into the kitchen to see Steve on his hands and knees crawling after Yertle.

"I'm a little busy!"

"Steve! Mike and Max are in the living room! We need to get them out before they hear the story."

"Gotcha!" Steve cheered, picking up Yertle. "Wait, that story? Oh no. That's bad."

"Help me." Dustin pleaded.

"Ok." Steve said. "But we need an excuse to get in there."

The pair looked down at Steve's hands.

"Of course. It's so simple." Steve said. "We release...THE TORTOISE!"

Mrs. Henderson was finishing her retelling of Dustin's first Christmas (he had crawled into the chimney to look for Santa and had gotten stuck) when she spotted Yertle crawling across the floor.

Steve watched Mrs. Henderson's eyes follow the tortoise's journey across the room. "That's our cue" Steve whispered. Dustin flashed him a thumbs up.

"Sorry ladies!" Steve said cheerfully, sweeping into the room. "Yertle here got a little lost. So did my friends behind the chair there.

"You suck." Max said, popping up from behind the chair. Mike followed her.

"Thank you Steve. Mrs. Henderson laughed. "Oh, there he goes, under the chair! Better catch him!"

Steve dove for the escaping tortoise. Was no one going to help him catch the tortoise?

Steve scooped up Yertle before he hid under the chair. "Gotcha! No more running for you!"

Yertle windmill led his legs in the air. So close and yet so far.

"Who is this?" A mother asked pleasantly.

"Oh, this is Yertle." Steve said, making Yertle's leg wave hello. The mothers chuckled. "Oh, you mean me. I'm Steve Harrington. I'm the babysitter."

The mothers chuckled again. "These two are Max and Mike. They got a little lost on the way to Dustin's room."

At the sight of Dustin, Max and Mike began to snicker. Dustin looked up at Steve, silently begging
"You know what, since you all like stories maybe you'd like it if I told you one." Steve said pleasantly. "I spend a lot of time around these kids and I have some pretty great stories."

Max and Mike stared at Steve wide eyed. Dustin stared at Steve in wonder.

"I call this story: "The time Mike almost impaled himself with a golf club" it's a lot funnier then it sounds, give it a chance.

Fifteen minutes later Max and Dustin were the ones who were mortified and Dustin was rolling on the floor laughing.

"Ok Steve, time to go." Mike said, dragging Steve out of the room.

"It is sickening how much you're able to kiss up to people." Max said once they were in the hall.

"It's a gift." Steve said cockily.

"You're the best." Dustin said earnestly.

"So Steve told the moms a bunch of embarrassing stories about us." Max said.

"You're dead to me by the way." Mike cut in.

"That's nothing compared to the dirt we have on Dustin now. We go back there any time and we get more of that stuff." Max cackled.

Dustin groaned and put his face in his hands.

Steve patted his shoulder sympathetically.

When they got back to the room it looked like a war had hit. Markers and battleship pieces were everywhere and Will was cowering in the corner.

"What the.." Steve asked.

"Thank god you're back." Will said.

"I miss everything!" Dustin whined.

"Lucas tried to teach El battleship but El wanted to play with the markers and things got crazy." Will explained.

"The animals are more obedient then you." Steve grumbled.

It was a dark day for Lucas the battleship master. All he wanted was someone to play with...AND COMPLETELY DESTROY IN THE ART OF BATTLESHIP!!! But the opponent had wanted to play with markers like a baby and when Lucas had called her a baby things had gotten crazy.

And now like all the greats, Lucas was going to die for his art.
Except he was pretty certain none of the greats had died hiding in a closet from a psychic child.

"You can come out now!" Steve called.

Lucas sighed in relief. It seemed that he would live after all.

After sorting out the battleship incident Steve gathered the party in the middle of the bedroom.

"Ok, I don't care what you do in here but leave that tortoise in his cage." Steve commanded. Mike saluted. Steve turned to leave.

"Wait!" Dustin yelled. Steve stopped and turned to face Dustin. "I know all of you are going to stop at nothing to find out what my mother is saying about me so I'm gonna set the record straight. Sit down and listen. I'm going to tell you every story I have."

Steve couldn't ever remember the party quieting down so quickly.

"And that's everything" Dustin sighed. The party was practically dead from laughter.

"You sure?" Steve asked, wiping tears from his eyes.

"Fine." Dustin grunted. "I'll tell you the story."

Steve laughed but quickly turned into a cough.

"Steve has already heard this story." Dustin said, shooting Steve a dirty look.

"And he would love to hear it again." Steve said, snickering.

Dustin shot Steve one more dirty look before speaking.

(Dustin's POV)

I was four years old when the incident occurred. I was only four so you pricks can't hold this against me! My family had lived in a different area of town back then, and the area we were in had a creek.

I had this weird thing about pants back then. Clothes actually. I was a messed up child...OK FORGET I SAID THAT STOP LAUGHING! YOU'RE ALL MORE MESSED UP THEN ME YOU MOTHER FU....un loving bestest friends ever. Steve chill! I didn't actually say anything! Stop glaring at me.

Anyways, there was a creek and I hated clothes. I was like a four year old stripper...and I'm gonna stop saying things like that. STOP LAUGHING!

So I loved that creek. One day I snuck out of the house to go to the creek. No one had any idea where I was going or that I left at all. I made it down to that creek and dubbed myself Dustin of the Creek and pretended I was a creek creature or something. A CREEK CREATURE NOT A MERMAN! Anyways I went back on my hating clothes thing. I took off all my clothes and then left the creek.
I left my clothes there and wandered into town. The police came after me since I was a naked unattended child. Somewhere along the line I found a stick and I was calling it my best friend or something, I can't really remember...THAT'S SAD! NOT FUNNY! I WAS A LONELY CHILD!

So when the police cornered me I took my best friend the stick and whacked him in the shins. And then I ran and my life of a fugitive began.

(End of POV)

The party had completely broken down. Steve was sitting on the floor laughing so hard he was crying.

Dustin sighed. He was ruined. Will moved over next to him and patted hid shoulder. "It's kind if cool how you were a four year old fugitive."

"Yeah, it is." Dustin said perking up a little.

Steve was still dying in the corner when Dustin walked over and kicked him.

"Ow! What?"

"I can hear my mom calling. Go tend to her!"

Steve mock bowed and exited the room.

"What took so long?" Lucas asked when Steve returned an hour later.

"I told some more stories." Steve said cheerfully. "And your mom invited me to corm to the next book club!"

"You are an old lady."

"I am not!"

"Yes you are Mr. Got-an- invitation-to-book-club-and-now-I'm-all-jazzed."

"Stop talking four year old fugitive."

"Never old lady."
"Wait till' Steve gets a load of this!" Lucas said, holding up a rock he had glued hair on. "A pet rock that looks like him!"

"You need to draw a grumpy expression on it." Dustin said. "Better yet, draw a yelling face. Will can you do that?"

"Sure." Will giggled, carefully folding a drawing he did for Steve.

"Steve said he'd take us all to the skate park!" Max said happily.

"We were gonna sneak over to Hopper's to pick up El." Mike said excitedly.

A car pulled up in the driveway.

"STEVE!" The party cheered.

The driver rolled down the window. It wasn't Steve.

"Ugh. What are you doing here?" Mike grumbled.

Nancy frowned at her brother then turned to the rest of the party. "Hey guys! Me and Jonathan are going to be watching you guys!"


"Steve's sick." Jonathan said. "So we're going to hang out with you."

"Oh." Max said. "I don't suppose either of you can skateboard."

"I didn't know you guys could be so quiet." Nancy remarked during the silent car ride.

"We're tired." Mike said, speaking for the party.
"Jeez, what does Steve have you on?" Jonathan asked.

"Steve's not a drug lord." Dustin said defensively. "He also won't let me be one." Dustin added quietly.

"Why do you want to be a drug lord?" Mike asked.

"I don't know! Drug lord Dustin has a ring to it!"

"Dustin Henderson if you ever even try to become a drug lord I will personally hurt you." Nancy said.

The party shut up.

"Yes mam." Dustin said nervously. The car was silent for the rest of the trip.

When the party arrived at the Wheeler's everyone headed to the basement but Mike.

"You're allowed to enter your own house you know." Nancy said.

Jonathan laughed as if Nancy has said something hilarious. Mike scowled. Disgusting.

"I thought we were gonna pick up El." Mike said.

"Oh I didn't think Hopper would let us. Better to play it safe right?"

"Well if he says no we wait until Hopper leaves and then we smuggle her out!"


Mike sighed and climbed out of the car and headed downstairs.

"No El." Mike sighed as he entered the basement.

"So it's up to me and Will to represent the females." Max said.

Will nodded then sat up. "Hey wait a minute!"

"So we play world war with five countries." Lucas said. "Let's claim our countries! I'll be....Germany!"

"America." Max said.

"Italy." said Mike.

"England." said Will.

"Dustonia!" Dustin cheered.

"That's not a country." said Max.

"I made up my own!" Dustin cheered. "That way there are two allies and two axis powers!"
"Then what are you?" Lucas asked.

"Dustonia is neither an ally or an axis, it simply helps whoever pays it the most chips. But Dustonia is much stronger then it looks, and spoiler alert, it wins the world war and secretly rules the world!"

"Okay...." Will said. "I guess I pay Dustonia three chips to work for us."

"I'll pay him five!"

"20!"

"The whole bag!"

Dustin grinned. This was a great idea.

After Dustonia's alliance had been bought by Germany, the countries picked up their pillows and prepared for battle.

Before the first attack was launched there was a knock on the door.

Nancy walked into the basement. "What are you guys doing?" She asked. "Are those the nice pillows?"

"They sure are!" Dustin said happily. Mike face palmed.

"Maybe we play with something else." Nancy said.

"This isn't playing! This is war!" Max cheered.

"War?" Nancy asked, brow furrowing.

"World war 2! I'm Dustonia." Dustin said.

Nancy stared at him, then turned to Mike. "Can you maybe not use the nice pillows?"

"Then what's our ammunition going to be?" Mike asked.

"Nothing, that game's way to violent."

"You fought a monster! I thought you liked violence!"

"I don't like my kid brother playing a war game!"

"Steve lets us play war games!"

"Oh really? Whose would Steve do if he walked in on you playing a war game." Nancy asked smartly.

"He'd call dibs on Russia or Japan and play with us in the name of victory." Lucas answered.

"With the nice pillows?!"

"He cleaned up all the feathers." Dustin said. "Now can we play?"
"I don't think so." Nancy said. "I don't think mom or dad want you touching the pillows."

"I don't think dad even knows we have pillows. And we don't tell mom stuff for a reason." Mike said, raising a pillow.

"Michael Wheeler if you even think of throwing that pillow you're dead!"

Mike gritted his teeth and scowled. He whirled around and flung the pillow right at Nancy.

The party stared in silence as the pillow hit her square in the face.

Jonathan was searching for sandwich ingredients when he heard screaming coming from the basement. A few seconds later Nancy came storming up from the basement holding several pillows.

"Everything ok down there?" Jonathan asked.

Nancy turned to him with an exasperated expression on her face.

"I just put them under basement arrest and confiscated all the pillows. How do you think it's going?!"

Jonathan raised his hands in surrender.

Nancy sighed. "Sorry. I don't know what Steve does with them normally but I'm clearly not living up to his standards."

"I think Steve's pretty good to them. Will talks about everything he does with them." Jonathan said a little resentfully.

"Are you jealous?" Nancy asked teasingly.

"Not really. Well, a little." Jonathan said. "Will practically worships him. One day he came home crying and the first thing he did was call Steve."

"Aw." Nancy said. "Well you and Steve are pretty different. Maybe that was a situation that required needed Steve's expertise."

"I still can't believe that Steve Harrington is hanging out with my brother and his friends."

"Well you knew him whence was jerk. He's changed and he has a way with those kids. They all love him."

"I guess."

"Although he let them play world war 2."

"Really? That's awesome!" Jonathan laughed. "Apparently Steve does a lot of stuff now. He taught them how to take out windows and climb out of them. I heard that Dustin rarely uses doors any more."

"Wait they can...oh no."

Nancy ran downstairs to see the basement empty with the window open.
"Dammit Steve!" Nancy cursed.

"I can't believe you did that!" Nancy fumed as she drove the party home. After a frantic search she had found them heading for Hopper's.

The party sat silently in the back. It was best to let her rant.

"I know I'm not Steve, and he might let you run around and do whatever you want, but that was dangerous. You could have gotten kidnapped or hurt or..."

"Wow, you and Steve are more alike than I thought." Lucas said.

"That's not the point." Nancy said, but she was smiling. Maybe she could get on Steve's level.

The rest of the time was spent trying to make cookies with Nancy and conducting a short D&D campaign with Jonathan as Steve's character.

"Wait, I'm Sir Muscles McAwesomehair?" Jonathan asked.

"Steve was feeling creative that day." Mike said.

It had taken some time for Jonathan to learn the rules and they nearly burned down the kitchen with Nancy but it hadn't been too bad.

But they definitely wouldn't do it again. Steve was still better in the party's eyes.

"And now we have two rock Steves!" Lucas cheered as the party walked out of the school the next day.

"He'd better love us." Dustin said. "I almost glued my hand to the table making rock Steve 2.0."

"I know Steve's not sick any more." Mike reported. "I saw him over at the high school."

"Thank god." Lucas said. "Nancy and Jonathan were cool but Steve would let us go to the pond and catch a frog."

"Yertle needs true love." Dustin agreed.

A car pulled up to the parking lot.

"Should I throw rock Steve 2.0 at the window or is that a horrible idea." Lucas asked.

The car parked and the shotgun window rolled down.

"No!" Mike groaned.

"You need to work on your greetings." Nancy said.

"It's a good thing I didn't throw the rock." Lucas muttered.
"Why are you back?" Mike asked. "Steve's fine now."

"Steve's busy. I told him how much fun we had last time and he asked if I could watch you again."

Jonathan flashed a thumbs up from the driver's seat.

"Great." Dustin sighed.

The party was creating more Steve rocks in the basement.

"Give that one some sun glasses." Mike commanded.

A second later there was a crashing noise and Lucas came flying down the stairs. He missed the floor and toppled into the closet. He kicked the doortstop out on the way down and the closet door slammed shut behind him. There was a click as the door locked.

Lucas jiggled the doorknob frantically. There were sounds of panicking coming from behind the door.

Mike sighed and slowly got up. He proceeded to slowly walk over to the closet and unlock the door.

Lucas sprung out of the closet knocking Mike over.

"GUYS!" He screamed. "STEVE'S ON A DATE!"

"What? How do you know?" Max asked.

"I thought you were in the bathroom." Mike grunted from the floor.

"I thought you were in the bathroom." Mike grunted from the floor.

"Well I was searching for a plunger, for reasons that do not need to be explained."

Mike groaned.

"So I was upstairs right? And then I heard Nancy and Jonathan talking. Steve bailed to go on a date with some Charlene chick!"

"HE DITCHED US FOR A GIRL?" Dustin screeched.

"No way!" Max said, dumbfounded.

"Bad Steve." El said, making sure she was being included.

"Very bad Steve." Mike agreed.

"I can't believe that he ditched us for a girl." Dustin said, pacing back and forth. "We can't take this laying down! MIKE STOP LAYING DOWN!"

Mike sighed and sat up.

"There is no way we're letting Steve date some stranger woman without our consent!" Dustin said.

"We should meet her and judge her first!" Will declared.

Mike stared at Will. "Since when do you care about Steve's love life?"
Will blushed. "N-no reason! I mean never! I mean...I don't want him getting into an abusive relationship or something..."

Mike nodded. "Good logic. We need to find this woman and make sure she's good enough for Steve. Lucas do you know where Steve is?"

"At the fancy pants dining place. I don't even know what it's called." Lucas said.

"Does anyone?" Dustin asked. "It's some weird French name. But I know where it is." He turned to the window.

"Nancy locked them from the outside." Mike grumbled. "We'll have to sneak out the back."

"Operation ninja is a go." Dustin said. He went to the closet and pulled out a balaclava. "Ninja mask acquired."

"You look like a murderer." Max said. "Maybe we should bring weapons."

"Ready the rock Steves." Dustin said. "It's battle time."

"There it is." Dustin said. The party had snuck out the back door and had gone down town. They had attracted many weird looks as Dustin was wearing a balaclava and the rest of the party had several rocks each. Max had also grabbed a rake and Lucas had armed himself with a large spoon.

The party could see Steve in the restraunt window. He was smiling and laughing.

"Ok team." Mike said. "How should we do this? We could just rush in or we could do this tactically and smartly..."

"Rush in." Dustin said.

"Rush in." The rest of the party agreed.

Max lifted her pitchfork. Lucas readied his spoon. "On my mark. The count of three." Mike said. "One, two-"

"Wait!" Lucas cut in. "Shouldn't we have some kind of war cry?"

"How about AAAAAAAAGH!" Dustin screamed.

"Nice voice crack." Max smirked.

"Fine. Whatever." Mike said. "On my mark. One, two..."

Fancy music was playing throughout the restraunt. Steve leaned back in his chair. This was going well. Charlene leaned forward and flipped her red hair over her shoulder. Steve leaned in as well...

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!" A small figure in a balaclava ran over to the table and deposited a small handful of rocks.

Steve screamed and jumped back. Charlene shrieked. There was a smashing sound as another small figure ran into the room with a rake.
"HOW COULD YOU STEVE!" The figure in the balaclava yelled.

"PLEASE DON'T KILL ME!" Steve yelled.

The figure laughed. "Wussy."

Steve narrowed his eyes. "Wait...Dustin?"

Dustin pulled off the balaclava. "Hi." He beamed up at Steve.

Steve stared for a moment then turned red. "WHAT THE ACTUAL FU-"

A rake whacked him in the face. "Hi Steve. Sorry about that." Max said depositing rocks on the table.

One by one the party members walked by, dumping rocks on the table.

"Oh my." Steve said.

Charlene's face was practically purple. "DO YOU KNOW THESE PEOPLE?"

"Oh uh, guys meet Charlene. Charlene these are the guys.

"YAAAAAAAH!" Lucas yelled, running into the room. He had stopped to tie his shoe and was a little late. He swung his spoon at random, slamming it into a bowl of soup. Soup splashed all over Charlene. She screamed again.

"Here." Lucas placed the last of the Steve rocks on the table.

Charlene stared down at the Steve rocks. "What the hell are those?"

"They're rocks that look like Steve." Lucas explained. "You seem like a bi-"

"WOW THESE ARE GREAT!" Steve cut in. "I love how half of these are yelling angrily. I can really connect with them at the moment. It's not really a good time to shower me with gifts so what say you give us an hour or two and we can get back to this-"

"Oh no." Charlene said icily. "I think we're done here." She threw the soup stained napkin at Steve and stormed away.

"Wow. Nice catch Steve." Dustin said, pulling the balaclava back on.

Steve balled his fists and scowled. The party stepped back. Then Steve broke off laughing.

"You guys are insane!" Steve said, almost choking on laughter.

"You should be thanking us." Dustin said, striking a ninja pose. "I think you dodged a bullet there."

"Fine." Steven said. "In my defense it was a blind date. I guess she was kind of a bitch."

Dustin nodded. Max waved her rake around in triumph. Lucas fished his spoon out of the bowl of soup.

"How did you even get here?" Steve asked. I thought that Nancy locked the window..." His eyes widened.

"Oh no." Dustin said. "We locked Jonathan in the bathroom to keep them busy. I totally forgot!"
Steve face palmed. "We'd better get back before she explodes."

One angry yelling fit later, the party and Steve were sitting in the living room, slightly deaf.

"Alright then gang. To the basement, read a book. You can't do anything else until I get a full summary of what you read."

"Genius." Nancy said as the party ran downstairs.

"Not really. Dustin gave me the summary of hey diddle diddle once."

"Sorry about you're date." Nancy said.

"Eh, no big deal." Steve said. "They were just looking out for me. And I got some handsome rocks out of it."

"Really?"

"Yeah. Like fifty of them. "I have no idea what I'm going to do with them all..."

Chapter End Notes

I like this chapter of
"I SAW THAT!" Steve yelled as El and Mike ran across the street. "STREET SAFETY IS NO LAUGHING MATTER!"

"Ignore him." Mike said, taking El's hand. Soon it would just be the two of them.

Mike had been planning this for a long time. Finally he and El could be alone without Dustin and his amphibian fixation, or Lucas with his fixation on winning.

Finally it was just the two of them.

Mike led El to his favorite spot in the woods. The sun was in the perfect spot, making the leaves shimmer with emerald light. The creek rushed softly in the background and there were plenty of stumps in the distance.

And best of all they were alone.

Mike led El over to the biggest stump and sat down. An awkward silence followed.

Mike swallowed harshly. He had heard Steve's how to talk to girls speeches. Why was this so hard? It was easier to talk to El in a group. Didn't he want to be alone? Mike was freaking out, he was freaking out...

"Mike?" El asked. She placed a hand on his arm.

"D-do you like it here?" Mike asked.

"Yes." El said happily. "I like it here."

Mike nodded. "That's good. Is there anything you want to do?"

El nodded, and then shook her head. Mike waited for her to make up her mind.

"I want to talk to you."

Well that was just great. Mike could feel sweat running down his neck. He hasn't felt this nervous
since he had to lie to Steve about breaking a window. (Steve had seen right through him.)

"W-what do you want to talk about?" Mike asked.

El scooted a little closer. "You."

"Me?" Mike asked, voice cracking. "Well I'm not that interesting. I don't have any funny stories like Dustin. I don't know what you want to hear."

"Tell me about you."

Mike could have torn his hair out in frustration. Then it hit him. Was she trying to get to know him? She probably was! Well now that Mike knew what she wanted he could give it to her.

"Well my favorite game is D&D and my favorite movie is Ghost Busters..."

As Mike kept talking it became easier. El seemed absorbed in everything he said. She laughed at the right times and seemed to agree with his opinions on the color yellow. (Way too bright and cheerful all the time.)

Little by little Mike started to relax. What had he been so scared of? This was easy. It wasn't like he was facing a demo gorgon or Nancy in the morning. It was just El, his friend. (And hopefully a little more then a friend in time.)

Mike wondered how his friends would react. Dustin would probably be jealous. Lucas would try and get closer to Max just to win the get-a-girlfriend contest that was apparently going on.

Steve would be proud of him, that much Mike knew. Steve offered him romance tips whenever he could. He knew Steve was rooting for him.

Nancy and Jonathan were too. Not that Nancy was too involved in his life (and Mike liked it that way.) but she told him a lot of things girls liked and so far they had worked. (El had gone over the moon for the box of chocolates)

His parents would probably never notice Mike was in a relationship. Hopper was another thing to worry about. Mike had a nightmare where Hopper had arrested him for life for asking out El. Mike was definitely not thinking about Hopper right now.

Max would probably be a little protective of El at first. The two had become close friends but she had once said that Mike and El made a cute couple.

Will would probably be very happy for Mike. Will was one of his closest friends and they had shared a lot of triumphs together. If Mike was going to get a girl dried he wanted Mike right there with him. He had wanted to find Will a girlfriend for a while now. Will deserved love. He was so sweet, even if he was the only member of the group who would rather meet Luke Skywalker over Princess Leia...

A startling thought pierced Mike's mind. He could imagine the outcome of him and El dating so clearly. Did this mean they were meant to end up together? Was this a sign?

Mike's thoughts were racing so fast he didn't feel El tugging at his sleeve.

"Do you need something?"
"You said you would teach me to skip rocks." El said. "I warn to learn."

El had long envied Steve's ability to skip rocks.

"Sure. I'm not as good as Steve but I'll teach you." Mike said.

The two had gone down to the creek and spent about two hours skipping rocks. (It was more like flinging rocks in every direction but Mike wasn't complaining.)

El had eventually given up on throwing the rocks herself and was psychically sending the rocks skipping across the lake.

Mike applauded after a rock skipped sixteen times. He wished that this afternoon could go on forever.

Sadly that did not happen and soon Mike was walking El back to Hopper's.

The walk back was mostly silent as both of them were worn out, but halfway through the walk El weaved her hand through Mike's.

He felt his heart jolt, but took her hand and held it tightly.

Eventually the two reached Hopper's house. There was no car in the driveway meaning that Hopper wasn't home. It was probably better that way. Mike could get in a more sincere goodbye without Hopper hovering over his shoulder.

"Well, we're here." Mike said, squeezing El's shoulder. She leaned into his touch. "Did you have a good time?"

"Yes." El said, gazing into his eyes. They stood like that for several minutes before Mike broke the silence.

"Well I should head back." Mike said. He hugged El then turned to leave.

"Mike." El said. Mike turned around and let out a squeak of surprise.

El ran over and kissed him. Mike stood there trying his best not to make it weird. He didn't know if he should close his eyes or what. He wasn't exactly a kissing master.

Eventually they broke apart and Mike was on his way, El watching his departure form afar.

Mike felt a million feet tall as he walked back through the forest. Wait till he told Steve! The brunette would be thrilled!

Mike was so happy he didn't hear the footsteps behind him until it was too late. Before he knew it his feet had been kicked out from under him and he was laying on the floor.

"Well well well." A snide voice said. "If if isn't frog face."

Troy was leaning over Mike grinning wickedly. "Guess your girlfriend isn't around to protect you."

Mike tried to get up but was kicked back to the ground. "Just let me go home!" He yelled.
Troy snickered and proceeded to kick Mike to the ground. "I kinda wanted to kick toothless around but you're gonna have to work."

Mike yelled as loud as he could, hoping someone would hear him. He knew he was closer to his house then Hopper's and the chances of anyone hearing him was slim.

Troy hit and kicked Mike for what felt like hours. It was one of the most painful times of Mike's life. When Troy finally left Mike laid there on the ground, unable to move.

Finally Mike slowly rolled over onto his back. He hurt all over. There were funny white spots in front of his eyes and the world was spinning.

Mike groaned and closed his eyes. He felt sick. He just wanted to sleep, or better yet, die. His head was pounding.

Why did these things happen to him?" It seemed that whenever something good happened to Mike, something crappy happened to him every time. Couldn't the universe throw him a bone? Was his life destined to suck forever?

This was just like the day he had aced a test for the first time ever. He had come home happy, proud of himself.

And then Nancy had hooked up with Steve the same day. She became reclusive and every conversation they had was a summary of Steve's actions that day.

It happens again and again. He met the girl of his dreams to only have her disappear. His best friend was returned, but only to return broken. And just when Mike had regained his leadership of the party, along came Steve, who wowed the party and had won them over.

Alright, Mike was a little jealous of Steve. Steve's life had fallen apart but Steve had carried on as if nothing had happened. Steve was able to go with the flow despite the everyday craziness that followed the party.

Steve was the one everyone looked up to. And Mike was the one looking up at the sky after being beaten to the ground.

Steve was sitting in the front room looking out the window. Surely it didn't take too long to go to Hopper's and back. It didn't take this long did it?

Well Mike and El probably had stopped to hang out in the woods. That would take a little more time right? But El's curfew was an hour ago. Hopper would have gotten involved if they had missed it. So El was probably home. What had happened to Mike?

Steve forced himself to sit in the chair. He didn't want to jump the gun and become the clingy parent.

Two more minutes passed. He was going to be the clingy parent.

Steve dialed Hopper's number and almost dropped the phone.
"Hello?" The police man asked gruffly.

"Hi, this is Steve.-"

"Steve who?"

"STEVE HARRINGTON DAMMIT...sir. Is Mike there?"

"He left an hour ago." Hopper said. "Is he not back?"

"No." Steve said. I don't know where he is."

"I'll send some squad cars out." Hopper said. "You said the last time you saw him was a little before noon?"

"Yes, and he and El went into the woods..." Steve looked down at his hands. He was wringing them. He really was turning into a worried mother.

Steve quickly rattled off the rest of the information he knew before hanging up. He grabbed his coat and ran out the door, still putting it on.

A squad car might not find Mike. He was going to look for Mike himself.

Mike wasn't sure how long he had been laying there, but it was starting to get dark and it was starting to get cold.

He tried to roll to his feet but sank back to the ground, head throbbing.

Suddenly he heard footsteps pounding towards him. (At least he thought he did. He wasn't sure.)

"MIKE!" A voice yelled. A moment later a tall figure knelt down next to him.

"Who is it?" Mike asked numbly.

"Mike! Mike, shit what happened?"

Mike groaned and started to close his eyes.

"No! Stay awake. Look at me, look at me!"

Mike looked up. "Steve?"

"Yeah. Yeah it's me." Steve said. "Good, you remember who I am. Now who was the first US president?"

"Will Byers."

Steve's eyes widened.

"I'm kidding. Washington." Mike said.

Steve asked Mike more questions until he was satisfied. "Ok buddy. Let's get you home." Steve said, picking Mike up. "I think you have a concussion. A mild one, but it's still a concussion.

"Is Troy still there?" Mike asked sleepily.

"Troy? You mean that little prick who keeps harassing you all? Did he do this?"

Mike tried to nod, but it was too painful. "Yeah he did."

"I may have to ask you to try to prevent a homicide one of these days." Steve growled.

When Steve returned to the Wheelers he sat Mike down on the couch and returned with a flashlight.

"What are you doing?"

"Haven't you ever had a concussion before?" Steve asked flipping on the flashlight.

"No. What are you doing?"

"It's kinda hard to explain." Steve said, moving the flashlight around in front of Mike's face.

"Yeah you have a concussion." Steve said. "I don't think it's too serious though. You stay here. I'm gonna call Hopper and tell him I found you."

"Ok." Mike said as Steve left the room. Mike then laid back and looked up at the ceiling.

It had been a pretty crazy day. Mike was willing to bet money that Steve had started acting like a worried mother when he didn't arrive home on time. This was certainly a different Steve Harrington then the one Nancy had dated.

Mike had hated that Steve. Even though he and the present day Steve had bonded a little he couldn't believe that he was depending on Steve now for a lot of things. Did he really need Steve to take care of him? No. No he did not.

Mike stood up and tried to make his way to the door. His legs failed him and Mike felt himself falling to the ground.

He heard a chuckle and looked up to see Steve looking down at him. Mike scowled. Stupid.

"Let's try this again, shall we?" Steve asked, picking Mike up and laying him back on the couch. "You have a concussion. Brain damage kid. I wouldn't go walking around now."

"Duly noted." Mike sighed. Steve pushed him back onto a layer of pillows and yanked a blanket over him.

"Ok then." Steve said. "Let's hear what this little shit Troy did."

Mike took a deep breath and started storytelling.

As Mike told his story Steve paid close attention to the way Mike was talking. Aside from showing a few minor symptoms Mike seemed alright and was pretty lucky.
"I should try to get that kid arrested. I'm pretty sure Hopper would be on my side." Steve said firmly.

"No, don't." Mike said.

"I thought you would love to see that little shit in jail."

"I would, but tattling would prove that we're scared of him. And I'm not scared." Mike said firmly.

Steve nodded. "Wise words Wheeler. I'm proud of you for sticking your ground."

"Thanks." Mike said. He had made Steve proud! Ha! Wait a minute... Since when did Mike care about Steve's praise? (The correct answer was never.)

"So." Steve said. "Aside from getting your ass kicked how was your day?"

Normally Mike would never share a single detail with Steve about anything, but the events of the morning were too exciting and amazing not to share.

"Well we got to know each other a little bit, and then we skipped rocks..."

As Mike told about the day's events he got more and more animated. Steve almost started laughing. Mike honestly reminded him a little bit of him. Steve had gotten this excited over girls when he was Mike's age, but Mike seemed to know what he wanted and how to get it.

Suddenly Mike stopped in the middle if a sentence.

"You ok?" Steve asked.

"Do you think that me and El could actually get together?" Mike asked. "And have like an actual relationship?"

"If that's what you both want." Steve said knowingly. "Now remember that relationships only work out if both people want one-

"Stop it. You're sounding more and more like a teacher." Mike snorted.

"Is that because I'm so smart?"

"More like you're really boring to listen to."

Steve lightly pinched him. "So then. What do you think would happen if you claimed your girl little Romeo?"

"If you ever call me that again I will kill you in your sleep." Mike said.

"Jeez! Sorry!" Steve said. "I'm sorry I said it."

"Good. Well I'd want to go on group dates I guess. Max and Lucas could go, and I'd find girlfriends for Will and Dustin, but Will first because I like him more."

Steve snorted.

"Oh come on! I can play favorites! You play favorites! You're favorite is Dustin, it's so obvious!"
You live with him!

"Exactly. I live with him. He could kill me in my sleep if he wanted to."

"Yeah, that's your best reason." Mike snorted. Steve nodded seriously.

"Do you think you'll ever get another girlfriend?" Mike asked.

"Depends if I can pick a good one out of all the girls crawling on me."

"Ew." Mike said. "You're disgusting. Not funny."

Steve laughed. "You sound just like Nancy."

Mike made a face. "That's also gross."

"Well to answer your question for real, I'll probably get a girlfriend, I just haven't met the right girl yet."

Mike nodded. "That's fair."

"Look at us, having a heart to heart talk like men." Steve said. "The world is turning upside down. Eight year olds are trying to date, and we're having an actual conversation."

"What eight year olds are dating?" Mike asked, brow furrowing. "WAIT ARE YOU CALLING ME AN EIGHT YEAR OLD?"

"I never said that." Steve said innocently.

"YOU'RE A JERK STEVE!"

"Hey now, don't go ruining the moment."

Mike glared across the room at Steve, who just laughed.

So much for heart to heart like men.

A few days later Mike was sitting with El again. (This time in the living room so Steve could keep an eye on them.)

Mike had recovered for the most part, aside from being traumatized and a little paranoid about going into the woods. El seemed to want to go back to the woods but had let that go after hearing the story of what had happened to Mike.

"I'm glad you're ok." El said, moving closer to Mike. "I wish I was there."

"It's ok." Mike said. "Steve was there and everything was ok."

"I'll get Troy back for you."

"No, El, I said it's ok. I'd feel really bad if you got in trouble. Besides, Steve already got revenge for me."

Steve had let his reckless side lose when he broke into Troy's house and poured ketchup over his sheets. (Now you're gonna get arrested!" Mike had yelled. "I don't think so. Hopper accidently lost
the case file. Actually it was him who gave me the idea." Steve had said.

"So our babysitter's insane," Mike said.

El giggled. "I know"

"Hey I heard that." Steve said defensively.

"Whatever." Mike said.

"We still love you." El said cheerfully.

"That's what I like to hear." Steve said. "I'm gonna go make some snacks. Don't get too intimate."

"STEVE!" Mike yelled throwing a pillow at Steve. Steve laughed and retreated into the kitchen.

El laughed and took Mike's hand. Mike felt electricity course through his body. Was this love?

"I will give Troy more ketchup." El said seriously.

"El no! I said don't get in trouble!"

"Then what can I do?" El asked.

"You can keep being my friend and hanging out with me." Mike said.

"Friends." El agreed. "I can do that."

The two sat in silence, enjoying each other's company. Suddenly El leaned over and kissed Mike.

Mike kissed her back. Everything was right in the world...

Applause jolted him back to the present. Steve was standing behind them, clapping.

"STEVE I WILL KILL YOU!" Mike yelled.

"Aw, what? Don't stop! It was getting good!"

Mike flung a pillow at Steve. Apparently there was one variable Mike hadn't counted. Steve's love of being annoying.

It didn't matter though. The only person who mattered was El, and Mike was going to keep it that way.

Chapter End Notes

Ok, so here's how I finally got them off. I was typing up a new chapter and I accidently copy and pasted something and I was like, hey could that work...AND IT DID

I'm so happy. I think these chapters came out well.

I hope you enjoyed this posting spree, leave a comment or kudos if you choose, AND HAVE A AWESPLENDERIFIC DAY
Chapter Summary

Steve gives some bully advice

Chapter Notes

HEY GUYS!!!!!!!!!!! This is SomeRandomDudeNamedLeon's request and I'm gonna copy and paste this one because it is fabulous

Oh my frickin god.

I fucking love this fanfic. I mean, we all know that Mom-Steve is the best Steve, and ya represent him so fucking good. (Do I cuss to much? ....nah.)
This whole thing is like a cinnamon-roll and everytime I finished reading a chapter I want more. A lot more. Weey.
And this brah-mom-bro-thingy-relationship between Steve and Dustin is pure love. Mah boys deserve to be happy.

I know ya have a looooot of requests, but... may I add one too? *jumps under table*
I kinda want a chapter where the party hangs out in Mike's house after school, Steve-Babysitter cooks dramatically mac 'n cheese in the background while waiting for Dustin to come home after detention (maybe he got detention cuz' he threw a snail in the coffee of a teacher?) When he finally shows all beaten up by Troy, he and Momma Steve sit down and talk about how to get revenge while Steve patches him up. (And mayyyyybe Dustin could stand sobbing in the doorway, dropping his bag, stretch out his hands and wait for a hug from Steve when he comes in?)

*threws a bag of heart-shaped cookies on da floor*
-signed, Leon °O°

Ok so I'm so so so so sorry I've been gone, but I had some personal things going on, but now they're fixed and I'm out of school so we're going back to normal updates!!!!!!!
HERE WE GO

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dustin hated this teacher. She was a substitute who was filling in for Mr. Clark. She made science depressing! How was that possible! They were dissecting snails! This was supposed to be fun!

The sub walked around the room keeping her eyes on the class like one of them might commit a felony at any second.

And little did she know they would.
Dustin picked up Daryl the snail corpse. (Yes, he named his dead snail) Even though Daryl's soul was in a better place now, Daryl's body was meant for so much more.

"I need a distraction" Dustin whispered to Will.

"She's only mean because she's heard about you." Will said, shaking his head.

Dustin nodded. He understood that. He wasn't known as the sub crusher for nothing. "I still need a distraction."

Will sighed and pushed his pile of snail guts off the table onto the sub's feet.

While she freaked out, Dustin sneakily snuck up to the front of the room (tripping over Mike's backpack in the process)

After triple checking that she wasn't watching, Dustin carefully placed Daryl the snail corpse in the coffee mug that was sitting on the teacher's desk.

"It's done" Dustin said, sliding back into his chair.

"What did you do?" Will asked.

"You'll see" Dustin snickered.

The sub raised the mug to her lips. A few seconds passed. Suddenly her eyes widened and she made a choking sound. Suddenly the ground was sprayed with coffee and Daryl the snail corpse.

"YEAH!" Dustin cheered, standing up on his desk. He stood up on his desk and struck a victory pose as the class dissolved into laughter.

The sub glared at him, murder in her eyes. "DETENTION!"

Steve swayed to the music as he poured the noodles into the pot to make mac n' cheese.

"PARA BAILAR LA BAMBA!" Steve yowled as he danced around the kitchen, shaking his hips. He poured the milk in over his shoulder. Time for some tricks.

Steve bounced the bag of cheese powder from foot to foot like a hacky sack.

Steve did a dramatic twirl as he placed the pot back on the stove after stirring it. This was his element. Steve's secret passion was dancing some days he thought about starting his own cooking TV show. Of course this would never happen, he was way too self conscious.

La Bamba hit the key change. Time for the grand finale.

Steve launched into a series of tango moves he knew from late night spanish TV. (He had been bored)

Suddenly the front door banged open and Dustin came charging in.

Steve stopped mid twirl and put the mac n'cheese back on the stove. "Uh, hey. Where have you been?"
Dustin ran to Steve and threw his arms around him.

"What? This is a dramatic response to Mac n'cheese?" Steve grabbed Dustin's shoulder and forced him to look at him. Dustin's face was streaked with tears. "Woah, what happened?" Steve asked.

"Troy." Dustin muttered.

Within seconds Steve had whisked Dustin over to the couch and placed him down on it, briefly got up, then returned with a box of tissues and some cookies. "Why don't you tell me about it." Steve said.

*Earlier*

Dustin sat back in the wooden chair. All the detention chairs were pretty uncomfortable. He guessed that was kind of the point. If the chairs were comfortable everyone would want detention. But was putting his butt to sleep a suitable punishment, Dustin thought as he shifted in his seat. He thought this should be put under the cruel and unusual punishment category.

"Sit still." The detention teacher snapped. Dustin sighed. This sucked.

Dustin was the only one in the detention room for about thirty minutes. Then the door swung open and Troy stepped in.

Dustin resisted the urge to groan. This whole ordeal had just gotten much worse.

Troy started out with the usual annoyance tactics. He flicked Dustin's shoulder and sent little balls of paper flying in his direction. Dustin's patience was wearing thin. Why did these things always happen to him? Well then again, he was probably the only party member who would get detention. But why was Troy here of all places???

A piece of paper smacked Dustin on the nose. He unfolded it to see a drawing of a stick figure with no teeth. Toothless was written underneath it.

"Just tell yourself that he's jealous of your pearls" Steve had said. "But whatever you do, don't do the purr. The world is not ready for the purr."

This time however, it had just gone a little too far. Dustin jumped out of his seat, unable to control himself.

Needless to say the following fight hadn't gone well for him.

*Normal time*

Steve carefully placed bandages on Dustin's various scrapes. "I can't believe that you got into a fight in the detention room."

"What are they gonna do? Give me more detention? I was already there." Dustin said bitterly.

"I think they'd give you more detention no matter where you are for fighting." Steve said. "This is gonna sting."
Dustin hissed as Steve applied the disinfectant. "Why do you think Troy still picks on us?"

"Because he can't wrap his head around the fact that some people are different, and what makes them different makes them special." Steve said wisely. "Or he's just incredibly messed up. That's a realistic option too."

Dustin nodded at this logic.

"People like that are always gonna be out there." Steve said. "It's up to us to pick how we're going to handle them. You can lay down like a doormat and have them walk over you, or you can put up a fight and not stand for it."

"Fight." Dustin said, cracking his knuckles then wincing.

"Hang on, I didn't just give you permission to get in a fight." Steve said. "There's more then one way to fight then with just your fists."

"Kick em!" Dustin said.

"No." Steve said, holding back a laugh.

"Hurt them with your words." Dustin said fiercely.

"No!" Steve said, chuckling. "You can ignore them."

"It's not that easy!" Dustin wailed.

"It was your choice to get in that fight." Steve shrugged.

Dustin kicked at him. "Lesson learned. Next time I'll bring a hammer."

"I know you don't want to hear this." Steve said. "But your reckless choices get you into these situations." he started to put the bandages back in the first aid kit.

"I know." Dustin grumbled. "Sometimes I just want to get in a fight. I just wish I was better at fighting."

"I suck at fighting too." Steve shrugged. "Must run in the family."

Dustin grinned.

"Just promise me you'll give ignoring them a try." Steve said.

Dustin nodded. "And if it doesn't work?"

"Then we get the bat."

"THIS IS AMAZING!" Dustin yelled, waving a spoon around in the air. "What's the secret? How do you do this?"

"Music." Steve said seriously.

"Music? Isn't that supposed to make plants grow? Mom said they like country."

Steve made a face. "The plants and I have very different tastes in music."
Dustin laughed. "No kidding. La Bamba? Really?"

"Oh, you heard that?" Steve asked.

"Heard and saw! That was hilarious!" Dustin yelled. "We need to get you your own TV show! Dancing with the Cookie Jars, with Steve Harrington!"

Steve laughed. "I don't know about that."

"Yes, it is going to happen." Dustin said. "I will be the special guest star."

"But there's nothing special about you." Steve said placidly.

"HEY! YES THERE IS!" Dustin said, standing up. He did the thing with his arms.

"Ok, that's special." Steve said. "We can have you make a brief cameo appearance. Do the arm thing, then walk off. I don't want my viewers to lose their appetites, even though my delicious dance moves should cover that."

"That is not the word I'd use." Dustin said. "Why didn't you tell me you could dance, like cool dance, not ballroom dancing."

"Ballroom dancing is cool, what are you talking about?" Steve asked as he wiped off the counter. "And where's the fun in you knowing all about me? I gotta have some secrets right?"

"No, no you don't."

Steve snorted. "I think you're a little too nosy sometimes Dustin Henderson."

"I could work for the FBI" Dustin said thoughtfully.

"If that ever happens we're completely and totally screwed." Steve said. "Now eat the Mac n'cheese. That took a lot of time, effort, and radio batteries."

"You have to dance for us sometime." Dustin said as he shoveled Mac n'cheese into his mouth.

"Yeah no thanks." Steve said.

"Pleeeeeeesease!!" Dustin whined.

"Maybe." Steve said. "If you ask nicely."

"DANCE TO THE STARWARS THEME" Dustin yelled.

"HEY WAIT I DIDN'T AGREE TO ANYTHING YET!" Steve yelled back.

Dustin was feeling much better then when he first walked in the door. Even though he would give anything to go back and kick some bully ass, Steve had a point. He would follow his advice and give ignoring a try. And if that failed, well there was always the bat.

Chapter End Notes

AND THERE WE GO! Woo! It feels good to be back! Hope you enjoyed and thanks
for reading! Leave a comment, kudos or another request if you choose, and have a fanflippingtastic day!!!!!! :)
The High Lord of Hair

Chapter Summary

Steve creates a work of art

Chapter Notes

What's up!!!!! Ok so this is Stormyskies' request so I hope you like it!
Not gonna say too much right now, let's get to the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I HAVE AN ISSUE!" Dustin yelled, throwing the car door open.

"Hey watch it!" Steve said, cringing for his car. "And which one are you referring to?"

"Not in the mood Steve." Dustin said as he slid into the car followed by Lucas.

"Fine, sorry for trying to be cheerful" Steve said. "Wait are you wearing three hats?"

Underneath Dustin's regular red and blue one, there was a black ski cap and what appeared to be a swim cap.

"It's a statement." Dustin said, crossing his arms.

"Ok." Steve said slowly. He pulled the car out of the parking lot and drove away.

The only thing Steve could focus on was the flowery flashes of swim cap he saw in the rear view mirror. "Is that a girl's swim cap?"

"That's not important." Dustin said.

"If this is you transitioning into a valley girl, well, let's just say I thought it would be different then this." Steve said.

"You think about me turning into a valley girl?" Dustin asked. Lucas snorted.

"I think about a lot of things. I mean it's you. The other day I had a dream about you being like Tarzan. Like sort of a "Dustin of the Jungle" deal."

If Lucas hadn't been seatbelted into the car, he would have been rolling around on the car floor laughing his head off.

"I hope you break your neck." Dustin grumbled, self consciously pulling his swim cap down.
Lucas continues laughing.

"Ok, are you on drugs or did something happen today?" Steve asked. "I refuse to drive druggies home."

"We're not on drugs Steve! Jeez!" Dustin yells, kicking the car seat.

"Watch the car!" Steve yells. "So what are you on?"

"NOTHING!" Dustin yells, holding onto his hats as the car swerves.

"Jeez I was kidding." Steve laughs. "So, anything interesting happen today except a new fetish."

Lucas is officially dead. He is a ghost now. A laughing ghost. Dustin kicks him in the shin. Apparently not a ghost.

"I hate you." Dustin grumbled. It was unclear if he was speaking to Lucas or Steve.

"So nothing good happened today?" Steve asked, trying to contain his laughter.

"Damn straight." Dustin grumbled. He pulled his hats down again.

"Ok seriously, what's with the hats?" Steve asked. Dustin gave him a death glare. "Ok, don't tell me." Steve sighed.

A few minutes passed in silence. "How was your day Lucas?" Steve asked.

"It was wonderful." Lucas said, leaning back in his seat and eyeing Dustin.

"Was that sarcasm?" Steve asked. "It's hard to tell with you."

"Yes it was." Lucas said. "Dustin had something very interesting happen to him today..."

"Shut up." Dustin grumbled.

"Ok, I'm gonna pull this car over right now if someone doesn't tell me what's going on." Steve said. Yes, he was talking to middle schoolers but he still hated being left out. "You said you had an issue Dustin. What's going on?"

"I don't wanna talk about it." Dustin mumbled. Suddenly Lucas reached up and yanked the hats off.

The car swerved as Steve caught a glance at Dustin in the rear view mirror. "Oh my god..."

"Shut up." Dustin said again, reaching for his hats. His usual curly mess of hair looked like it had been run over with a lawnmower then had an unfortunate encounter with a weed whacker.

"What the hell happened?" Steve asked in shock, regaining control of the car.

"Told you he'd freak." Dustin said to Lucas. ("I hardly call that freaking!" Steve protested) "And it was Troy."

"I'm about ready to commit a homicide." Steve said. "Why can't that little asshat leave you alone?"

"Because he doesn't want to."

Steve arrived at the Sinclair's driveway and parked the car. "Before anyone gets out of the car I want a full account of what happened."
Mike lead the party out to their normal recess spot under a tree. It was shady and relaxing and out of earshot in case they talked about the upside down.

"And here we have slime for lunch." Lucas said, looking in disgust at the slimy cafeteria food.

"Ew, just eat it." Will said.

"Yech." Lucas said, flinging some of the meat slime.

"EEK!" Dustin and El both squeaked, squirming to get away from the meat.

"Lucas just eat it." Max said. Lucas nodded, stuffed the meat in his mouth and spit it out.

"EW!" The rest of the party yelled.

"BLAH!" Lucas yelled. "GROSS GROSS GROSS!" he started spitting into the grass.

"Stop turning this place into a toxic waste dump!" Dustin yelled.

"Sorry." Lucas said, rolling his eyes.

"If a hot girl comes over here I for one am not going to be 'toxic waste dump boy'" Dustin grumbled.

"Only you would think of that name Dustin." Will giggled.

The rest of lunch passed uneventfully, that is, until Troy and a group of equally nasty looking people walked over.

"Shit." El said softly. The party stared at her. No one knew when she started swearing like that.

"What do you want Troy?" Mike asked, trying to be tough.

"Shut up frog face." Troy commanded, sending his foot flying into Mike's chest. El jumped up ready to defend Mike.

"El no!" Mike yelled. He didn't need this getting any messier.

"Chill frogface." Troy sneered. "We just want to pick on one of you. We're in the mood for playing barbershop." He lifted a pair of menacing looking scissors. He reached towards Max.

"I'll do it!" Dustin said. "I'll play barbershop."

"Then by all means, step into the chair." Troy said, pointing to a rock.

The rest of the party watched in horror as Dustin sat on the rock, submitting to the bullies.

Troy raised his scissors and Dustin flinched. In a few quick snips his hair had been reduced to nothingness.

"You did it, now get out of here." Dustin growled. True to his word for once, Troy and his squad backed off.
To pay Dustin back for his sacrifice Max found a baseball hat, a ski cap and a shower cap in the lost and found.

"This cannot be sanitary." Dustin said, as he pulled the hats on.

"Stop being a princess and wear them." Max commanded. Dustin grunted and stood up wearing all three hats.

"Good. You look fine." Max said.

"Bullshit."

Max turned to leave but looked back. "Thanks Dustin."

Dustin suddenly felt ten feet tall in his hat. "You're welcome!"

*Regular time*

"And then I went the rest of the day in these hats and here I am." Dustin said, finishing his explanation.

"Wow." Steve said, looking at the damaged hair.

"It's ok. I'll just wear the hats until I have enough money for a wig, and you're not allowed to tell mom, she'll freak out even more then you!"

"Wouldn't dream of it, and it's not that bad." Steve said, examining it.

"Bullshit."

"Trust me kid, I know hair and I say it's not bad."

"So this means?" Dustin asked.

"This means I can fix it." Steve said confidently.

"Welcome to the barbershop!" Steve cheered.

"Please don't call it that." Dustin said.

"Ok, ok fine." Steve said. When they arrived home Steve had found a swivel chair, a pair of scissors and lots and lots of styling gel. He had set it all up in the living room.

"Is this gonna work?" Dustin asked skeptically.

"Won't know until we try!" Steve said.

"That's reassuring." Dustin grumbled, climbing into the chair.

Steve examined Dustin's slashed hair. "I was right, this isn't bad at all."
"Well then wave your magic wand and fix it." Dustin said. He was pretty much done at this point.

"You got it." Steve said, dumping a bowl of water over his head.

"GAAAAAH!"

Steve carefully cut the uneven ends then dried Dustin's hair until it was damp.

"And now the real magic happens!" Steve said.

"I can't wait." Dustin said, wiping water out of his eyes.

Fifteen minutes later Steve had finished spraying and the room smelled like hair gel.

"Mom's gonna kill you." Dustin said.

"Just look in the mirror." Steve said.

Dustin got up and dragged himself through the hazy room towards the mirror. "It looks like we had a drug party in here.

Steve gestured to the mirror.

Dustin sighed and looked at his appearance. His eyes widened. "Holy-"

"-Shit!" Lucas finished. "You can't even tell they did anything!" It seriously looks even better!"

"Damn straight." Dustin said proudly, looking for girls to show off to.

"There's Troy." Will said nervously.

"Hey bitches." Dustin said, striking a pose.

"Steve was right, you are a valley girl." Lucas said. Dustin ignored him.

Troy and his gang started towards the party.

"OH NO YOU DON'T!" Dustin yelled, pulling a pair of sharp silver scissors out of his bag. Troy decided that it wasn't worth the trouble and backed off.

"Dustin what the hell?" Mike asked.

"I asked Steve if I could borrow his scissors. I don't think he knew what I was going to do with them." Dustin said.

"I think he did." El said calmly.

Chapter End Notes

AND THERE WE GO! Told you I would start updating on a regular schedule again.
Anyways, thanks for reading, hope you enjoyed, and add a kudos, a comment or another request if you choose.

Have a sparkletastic day!!!!!! :)

Hey guys!

So this story started out as a series of oneshots, but it's kinda been turning into a bigger story as some of my chapters were being connected.

I guess I'm just writing this to ask if you guys want me to tie up some lose ends and if so, which ones.

I know some of the Will ones are pretty big.

Anyways, that's about it. Dang this is short XD Sorry if this was a waste of time!

I just thought it would be easier-ish to do this in an author's note. Comment on what you think! Thanks!
Steve hoisted the Piñata over the tree. He had volunteered to help out at Erica's birthday party for a little extra cash. He didn't know however, he would be placed on Piñata duty where sixteen sadistic little girls would be coming at him with a bat.

The Piñata twirled on its string sadly, a depressed look in its eye.

"I feel ya buddy." Steve sighed.

"STEVE!" Lucas yelled, running over. Lucas had been nominated chief party planner by Erica, who was hoping for a he-man action figure for a present in return. "The guests will be here in fifteen minutes. The rest of the gang is coming over to help out too. Dustin's bringing fire crackers."

"Hey!" Steve said. "Those are mine!"

"You're honestly the child of the group sometimes." Lucas said, eyeing the Piñata. "Couldn't you have gotten a happier looking one?"

"I felt bad for the cute ones. I couldn't expose them to this slaughter. I still feel bad for this one! I also feel bad for my future children because I'm going to get hit in the crotch with a bat and who knows what that will do to the important stuff!" Steve yelled.

"You volunteered." Lucas shrugged.

"Not for this!" Steve said. "You know what, me and the Piñata are going to hang out over there by the cake."
"Fine." Lucas sighed. "We can get a garbage bag and fill that with candy. It'll keep them busy longer."

The Piñata seemed slightly happier now. It was going to live another day.

"You know, the Piñata industry is a menace." Steve said. "All the poor little Piñatas are raised for slaughter, and beating them promotes violence."

"Sure Steve. Sure." Lucas said.

Steve was impressed about how mature Lucas had been. Normally he was as immature and chaotic as Dustin, but he had really cracked down for this party.

"Wow." Steve said, looking at the extravagant decorations. "You could do this for a living."

"Really?" Lucas asked excitedly.

"Sure. You went all out."

"Lucas Sinclair, professional party planner. Yeah I like that!" Lucas said.

A little while later the rest of the party arrived, a few minutes before the guests to add a few final touches.

"Don't even think about eating that cake!" Lucas yelled at Dustin and Steve who were milling around the cake table."

"We weren't!" They yelled together.

"We have a pet Piñata now." Steve said.

"Man that thing looks depressed." Dustin said.

"I think living in our house will be good therapy."

Lucas shook his head and went to check on something else. Max was hanging more balloons over a sparkly sign that read, Happy Birthday Erica.

"You have a good eye for color." Lucas said.

"Thanks." Max said. "It's really cool how you're doing this."

"Thanks." Lucas blushed. He could see Dustin giving him a dirty look from the cake table. That settled it. It was time for act.

It wasn't like Max didn't like Dustin, it was just that she liked Lucas more. Lucas had always been a little afraid that Dustin would somehow steal Max. He had Steve on his side so it could very well happen. He had worked so hard on this party so that it would be the perfect place to ask the big question.
He wanted Max to be his girlfriend.

Lucas had no way of telling how this would go. There were so many opportunities to go wrong. Steve and Dustin could ruin it by moving. This was the most stressful thing Lucas had ever done in his life.

"You ok?" Will asked as Lucas straightened his shirt for the thirty seventh time.

"I'm great." Lucas said. He wasn't really.

Like clockwork the guests trickled in and started the party activities. Lucas directed them through each one like the party's MC. Steve hid the Piñata safely away and manned the cake. (After he had eaten a few pieces.)

"This is pretty cool." Dustin said.

"Do you know what my favorite part is?" Steve asked.

"The cake." Dustin said. "Do you know what mine is?"

"The cake." Steve said. They both looked around. "I'll hand you some under the table and you hide it." Steve said.

"What are you doing?" Lucas asked when he ran into Dustin.

"Totally not committing grand theft cake." Dustin said.

"What?"


Lucas took this as a good thing. Dustin was otherwise occupied. This meant Lucas had a clear shot.

"Hey Max!" Lucas called. Max, who was trying to fix some streamers, looked over towards him.

"Can I talk to you for a second?"

"This isn't working." Mike grunted as he and Will struggled to pull a garbage bag full of candy into the air.

"Just..a little more!" Will wheezed, yanking on the string.

"Ok. I can try this." Mike said. He wrapped his arms around Will's waist and yanked him back as hard as he could. Suddenly the rope snapped and both boys tumbled backwards, Will landing on top of Mike. Mike looked over to see El glaring at the rope, wiping her nose.

"Ow." Will groaned, rubbing at his rope burned palms.

"Sorry, did I hurt you?" Mike asked, picking up Will's hand and examining it.

"N-no. It's ok." Will said softly. Mike noticed he was blushing. Before Mike could make sure Will
was ok, the other boy was already halfway to the Sinclair's house. Mike turned his attention back to El, who was trying her hardest to look innocent.

"Hey!" Mike yelled.

El quickly turned and walked off in the opposite direction.

"Hey!" Mike yelled again, running after her. "What was that?" Mike demanded. "Why'd you break the string?"

El refused to answer him and tried to walk off once more.

"Hey!" Mike said. "Don't do that again ok? Will's my friend. He's both our friends. Don't hurt him ok?"

El scowled. "You like him too much."

"I do not!" Mike said. "Are you jealous?"

El refused to meet his eyes and started running away.

"WHY IS EVERYONE RUNNING TODAY!?!" Mike yelled as he chased after her.

It had happened. It couldn't of gone more perfectly. Lucas and Max were sitting together, holding hands. The conversation had gone even better then Lucas could ever hope. It was insane how amazing this had gone.

"So, are we a thing now?" Max asked.

Lucas looked up in surprise. "Maybe, well, I think so. I don't really know."

"I guess we'll get there." Max said, leaning her head on Lucas's shoulder.

It took all of Lucas's willpower to not jump up and start screaming hysterically with joy.

"Hey, so Erica got mad there's no candy ready yet and she threatened to kill me with the bat if I..." Dustin trailed off. "What the hell is going on?"

Lucas jumped up, but it wasn't out of happiness. "Erica has a bat? That's not goo-"

"Dude, what the hell is this?" Dustin asked, pointing to Max. "You knew I saw her first!"

"Guess you were too slow." Lucas said angrily.

"Are you a thing?" Dustin demanded. "ARE YOU A THING!!"

"Yes." Lucas said.

Steve was attracted by the sounds of screaming. He expected to see Erica slaughtering the party with a bat. What he didn't expect to see was Dustin attacking Lucas.

"Woah! What the hell!!" Steve yelled, pulling Dustin off Lucas.
"HE KNEW I LIKED HER!" Dustin screamed. "MAN-WHORE!"

"What the-what were you two doing?" Steve asked.

"Nothing!" Lucas said. "Just holding hands!"

"Well don't do that." Steve said as he tried to restrain the hysterical Dustin.

Lucas was about to yell at Steve but Max beat him to it.

"Oh so now you get to control everything we do?" Max asked. "Who made you the high lord of romance?"

"Well seeing as I am the only one here without my virginity-"

"Cut the bullshit! I'm sick of it!" Max yelled.

"Hey! Watch it! I'm just trying to figure out what's best-"

"YOU DON'T GET TO DECIDE WHAT'S BEST!" Max screamed. She turned and ran off into the street.

"MAX! GET YOUR ASS BACK HERE!" Steve yelled. He took off running after her.

"Steve, El is...and everyone's still running." Mike sighed. He sat down in the grass to wait.

Max was fast, but Steve was faster. He managed to catch up to her and swing her up into the air so she couldn't run.

"LET ME GO!" she yelled, kicking her legs.

"NOT UNTIL WE TALK!" Steve yelled. Steve didn't talk again until Max had calmed down. "Ok, what the hell is up with all of you? All of a sudden everyone's fighting over who gets to date who, I mean are you serious? Are you fucking serious? You're the same asshole who convinced me you were a family. I mean are you actually serious? This is crazy. You shouldn't be dating each other. This is crazy. YOU'RE MIDDLE SCHOOLERS!"

"Are you serious?" Max asked softly. "Why are you choosing for us? I think you don't want us to grow up."

"Yes and no." Steve said, running his fingers through his hair. "No freaking way do I want you all to grow up, but I don't want to see you all divided either. Dating pulls people apart. Especially when there's a situation like Lucas and Dustin."

"Well..." Max trailed off.

"I have no issue with you growing up. Well...a small issue. Because if one of you shithheads becomes taller then me, especially Dustin, I'm whacking you over the head with the bat until you shrink." Steve ran his fingers through his hair again.

At that moment Max didn't see Steve. She saw an overexcited parent freaking out over his children's growth. Steve really did want the best for him.

"Sorry." Max said. "I wasn't thinking. I've never gotten to do anything like that, dating and stuff. I
just wanted to try something out."

"I know. It's totally fine." Steve said. "But think about how Dustin feels ok? Look the kid's great, I
couldn't ask for a better partner in cake theft, don't ask, but he's just not what girls want these days.
He's been after you for a while. You cannot tell him I told you this. If you're going to do anything,
well...don't let him see."

"You always take his side." Max said.

"I live with him. I've seen literally everything. Of course I take his side." Steve said. "You're also
not allowed to mention the cake thing." 

Max laughed. "Ok ok. Sorry. I mean it."

Steve pulled her into a one armed hug. "All is forgiven, now help me fix all this or we're facing
world war three, except it's not a game."

Chapter End Notes

ANNNNND SCENE!

Romantic stuff thickens! Woo! I hope you enjoyed, thanks for reading and leave a
comment or kudos if you choose! Add another request if you wish, and have an
awesometastic day!!!!!!!
Out of the closet and into the fire

Chapter Summary

Will comes out to the rest of the party members

Chapter Notes

Here we are my lovely readers, at the long awaited...FULL COMING OUT CHAPTER!!! Imma tie up some loose ends here, might not get to all of them but it's a start! This is Shinyzomi's request, and here...we...go!!!!!

(Edit) Ok I decided to make this a two part chapter! This part's gonna be set up for now! Fluffy stuff is coming in the next half!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"This is a good idea." Dustin said cheerfully.

"This is a bad idea." Mike said.

"What are you talking about?" Dustin asked. "This is a wonderful awesome idea." he finished brushing dust off the box. "Who's ready to play with the lying board!"

"This seems like the ouija board's wussier cousin." Lucas said skeptically.

"Not really! We all put our hands on the dial and we say something and the board will tell us if it's a lie or not."

"No way shitheads. This falls under the satanic category." Steve said, shaking his head.

"Does not!" Dustin said. "You just don't want me to ask it when the last time you pissed the bed was."

"KINDERGARTEN!" Steve yelled, tossing Dustin's hat across the room.

"LIES!" Dustin yelled, retrieving it.

Nancy gave the rest of the party a "Boys will be boys" look. "I have about two hours before I'm going to see the movie. Are we doing this or not?"

"Why are you endorsing this?" Steve said, taking Dustin's hat and putting it on his own head.

"I really want to know the real last time you pissed the bed."

"The world is conspiring against me." Steve sighed, sprawling out on the couch.

"Get over here!" Will said teasingly. "We need to know."
"Wait, maybe Steve's hair is a wig." Lucas said.

"This is not 'Question Steve time'" Steve grumbled.

"Yes it is." Dustin said, yanking Steve over to the rest of the group.

The lying board was a rusty, oujia style board, but where all the letters were supposed to be was just "Yes" and "No" in fancy writing. The party placed their hands on the dial. Steve sighed and followed suit.

"No one push it on purpose." Mike said. The rest of the group nodded. They were sitting around a short circular table.

"Someone turn the lights off. I have candles." Dustin said.

"Fire Hazard." Steve said, taking them.

"Fun Hazard." Nancy said, taking the matches and candles from him.

"Ooooooh!" The party cheered.

"You did not just call me a fun hazard!" Steve said. "I'm the most fun guy, like, ever!"

"Not right now you're not." Nancy said, placing her hands back on the dial. "Who wants to ask the first question."

A second passed.

"Is Steve wearing underwear?" Dustin asked.

"WHAT!" Steve yelled.

"It's working!" Lucas yelled as the dial slid over to yes.

"I don't like this game." Steve said.

"I do." Dustin said. "Is Steve's hair fake?"

The dial slid over to no.

"After everything I taught you." Steve grumbled. "Am I a fun hazard?"

The dial slid to the halfway point.

"I think that means sometimes." Dustin said. Steve sighed again.

"Is Steve likely to get a date in the near future?" Nancy asked.

"Hey!" Steve protested. The dial stayed stubbornly in the middle.

"Was the last time Steve pised the bed kindergarten?" Max asked.

"I'm leaving." Steve grumbled. The dial swung to no.

"OHHHHH!" the party yelled.
"Fine. First grade." Steve said. The dial stayed on no.

"Liar liar" Dustin sang.

"Fine." Steve said. "......seventh grade."

"DAMN SON!" Dustin yelled, whacking Steve on the back.

"I have an explanation but none of you would understand!" Steve yelled over the hollers. Will patted Steve's shoulder.

"Is Steve lame?" Lucas asked. The dial jumped towards yes.

"SOMEONE MOVED THAT I FELT IT!" Steve yelled. He tossed a handful of popcorn at Lucas. Nancy was crying due to laughter.

"How big is Steve's-OW" Dustin yelled as Steve kicked him under the table.

"You're not even lying! You're just torturing me." Steve grumbled, pouting like a child.

"Ok, I think Steve's had enough. Let's see if this thing really works." Nancy said. "I had three goldfish when I was eight."

The dial swung over to no.

"Mr. Bubbles died when you were seven." Mike said in surprise.

"Steve's spirit animal is a dung beetle." Dustin said.

"I'm going to kill you." Steve said.

"Come on guys!" Max said.

"Stupid." El nodded.

Steve and Dustin sat back down.

"We lived on the 4th floor of the building in California." Max said. The dial swooshed to yes.

"None of us knew that. Wow." Dustin said. "Lucas once licked yellow snow!"

The dial remained on yes.

Lucas tossed a handful of chips at Dustin.

"Stop!" Nancy yelled as Dustin retaliated. "You're going to get chips in my hair!" A full blown food fight broke out, and the lying board was forgotten.

Steve had fallen asleep on the couch. Dustin knew that Steve had been up all night studying since he had been cleaning up a paint disaster that afternoon. Dustin knew he should let Steve sleep but...

"STEVE!" Dustin yelled, jumping on him.

Steve let out a high pitched scream and rolled onto the floor.
"RISE AND SHINE!" Dustin cheered.

"Never do that again." Steve said, laying back on the floor. "What do you want?"

"We're trying to get to the lying board. You know, the one we played with a few weeks ago. It's up on the creepy shelf and if there's a rat up there, we want it to jump on you."

"How considerate." Steve sighed.

He dragged himself up from the floor and went down into the Wheeler's basement. He reached up onto the creepy shelf...

Something furry clamped onto his arm.

"GAAAAAH!" Steve yelled, jumping back, whacking his head on the shelf behind him. A fur scarf floated off the shelf and into El's hands. Steve hated psychic pranks.

"You ok man?" Mike said, looking up at Steve.

"No, not really." Steve said, pinching the bridge of his nose. An ice pack hit him in the face. "Ok, now I'm ok."

"Alrighty ladies and germs, who's ready to play with...THE LYING BOARD!" Dustin cheered, holding it above his head.

"You didn't need any help." Steve sighed. Will guided him to the floor. The party smiled innocently at him. Steve sighed. Of course they were angels now.

"How's your head?" Will asked.

"Irritated like the rest of me." Steve sighed. "You'd better ask some damn good entertaining questions."

"We've risen him from hibernation!" Dustin cheered.

"Yeah yeah. Whatever."

"Does Steve still like Nancy?" Lucas asked.

"Not again." Steve groaned as the dial slid over to yes.

"Awwwwww." The party said. They sounded sincere. Dustin patted him on the shoulder and Will snuggled closer to him.

"Ask a question about someone else." Steve said, looking at the ceiling so no one could see how red he was.

"Fine." Dustin sighed. "Well, anyone have any requests?"

"You guys do whatever. I'm going to go sleep." Steve said. He dragged himself over to the basement couch and layed down on it.

"Alright." Dustin said. "Who has an idea?"

"Is Dustin's mom eating all of his halloween candy?" Lucas asked. The dial moved to yes.
"I knew it!" Dustin said. "Steve did you hear that?"

"Mm." Steve said from the couch.

"Could Joyce and Hopper end up together?" Max asked. The dial moved to maybe, the back to yes.

"Yay." El said in a monotone.

"I love this thing." Dustin said. "Mike and El name their first child after me!"

"Hey!" Mike said. The dial flew at Dustin's head. He ducked and it flew over his head.

"OW!" Steve yelled from the couch. He threw the dial back at them.

"Ok ok sorry." Dustin said. "Hey here's an idea, relationship questions!"

"Oh god." Steve grumbled, putting a pillow over his head.

"Ok." Dustin said. "We're starting with Will."

"Woah, what?" Will asked.

"Will likes Emma!" Dustin said. The dial moved to no.

"Ooh." Lucas said. "Will likes Tessa."

The dial stayed on no.

"Will likes Nancy." El said.

"Will likes Max." Mike said.

"Hey Steve, come here!" Dustin said.

Steve gracefully rolled off the couch. "What?"

"Name some girls."

"Uh...Joyce."

"EW!" the party yelled.

"We're trying to think of Will's crush Steve!" Dustin yelled.

"I didn't know that!" Steve said, putting his hands on the dial. "Cut me some slack!"

With every girl that was named Will got a little bit paler.

"Jeez." Dustin said. "I think we named every girl in the school."

"Holly." Lucas said.

"Dude, she's a toddler." Mike said.

"God, hm..that one hot sub?" Dustin asked.

The dial remained on no.
"Are you even into girls?" Max asked.

"How about....STEVE!" Dustin yelled. The brunette was reaching for his hat. "STOP IT!"

The dial swung to yes then back.

"Woah." Mike said. He was the only one to notice it.

"Steve is a prick." Dustin said. Lucas pulled the dial over to yes.

"Stop that." Steve said. He pulled the dial to the middle.

"Wait." Mike said. "Will likes girls."

The dial moved to no. Will felt like someone dumped a bucket of cold water on him.

"Will likes guys." Lucas said slowly.

The dial moved to yes.

"Holy shit...." Dustin said.

El seemed confused. "He loves....boys?"

Will wanted his life to end. Right there. Just let it end. Have lightning crash into the room, let the mindflayer take over again, have some demodogs run in and rip him apart so he wouldn't have to have this humiliation. His friends probably hated him now. El must think he was some kind of freak. He couldn't even look at Mike.

Mike slowly reached over and put his hand on Will's shoulder. Will shrugged it off.

For the first time in a long time, the party was completely silent. Everyone was still. Steve took that moment to snatch Dustin's hat.

Dramatic moment or not, Dustin refused to stand for that. He tacked Steve trying to get it back.

In the chaos that ensued, Will managed to disappear. By the time that everyone settled down again, he was gone.

Will locked himself in the bathroom. He was never coming out. Ever. He looked towards the window. He couldn't go too far, but he could hide for a little while.

That seemed like the best plan.

Chapter End Notes

Woo! Chapter done! Well, half done. I'll try and get the next half up quickly. I plan to make fluff rain from the skies!

That sounds weird.
Anyways, thanks for reading, hope you enjoyed, leave a comment or kudos if you choose-eth, add another request, and I'll see you hopefully tomorrow!!!

Have a funtastic day and don't yell at me too much if I post late!!!!!!! :}
The party was crowded in the bathroom doorway looking at the open window.

"Well." Lucas said.

"Told you he didn't drown himself in the toilet." Dustin said.

Steve was trying to place the door back on it's hinges. "I'm never kicking a door in again."

"It took you like, three tries." Max said.

"My foot hurts." Steve sighed.

"We have to find him!" Mike said. The party nodded in agreement.

"Anyone know how to fix the door?" Steve asked. The party stared at him. "Ok, ok. Will first, door second. Anyone have a plan."

"I'll think of a plan." Mike said. "The rest of you...I don't know! Just let me think."

The rest of the party backed off. Steve dragged the door away praying that the damage wasn't too bad.

Mike sighed, slumping against the bathroom wall. How could he have been so stupid? He should have seen this coming. Why had he been such a jerk? All the time he had spent trying to hook Will up with a girl...He hadn't been thinking about his feelings at all.

Mike's world had started revolving around a girl. One girl. Ever since El had come into his life it
seemed to have gotten so much better. He wanted Will to have that kind of happiness. El understood him like no one else. He wanted Will to have that kind of connection with someone.

Unless.

Unless Mike could be that person. Maybe he'd always been that person. He'd always felt closer to Will then any other party member. He also knew Will better then any of them.

Then it hit him.

"Ok, I have a plan." Mike said, entering the kitchen.

"And I have twelve splinters." Steve said.

"Well cry me a river Steve. Do you want to help Will or not!?!" Mike yelled.

"Yes sir." Dustin said.

"Ok, so there are three places I can think to check." Mike said. "Castle Byers, that one tree in the woods Dustin got stuck in, and the arcade. I say we split up. Dustin, Steve, you take the castle. Lucas, you and Max take the arcade. El -"

"With you?" El asked hopefully.

"No. I'm going to try the walkie talkie line. I'll contact you if I get anything."

El turned around with obvious disappointment on her face, but she went willingly.

Sending the party off in different directions had been a diversion. Mike knew where Will had really gone. As much as it stung to push El away, he knew he needed to talk to Will alone.

Will was good at hiding. Mike knew he'd never go to Castle Byers. Too obvious. The tree was too random, and Will would never go to the arcade. Will might be good at hiding, but Mike knew all his best places.

"HELLO!" Dustin yelled. Silence greeted him.

"Like he's gonna answer you." Steve said, shaking his head.

"Well it doesn't hurt to try!" Dustin said, kicking at a stick. "Why did he run off anyways?"

"Well what would you do if this happened to you?"

Dustin thought for a moment. "Move to the upside down."

"Excellent coping methods." Steve said, rolling his eyes.

"It's not like we're going to burn him at the stake." Dustin said. "WILL! WE AREN'T GOING TO BURN YOU AT THE STAKE!" A thought suddenly occurred to Dustin. "Wait, you don't seem that freaked out over this."

Steve pretended to be looking in the woods.
"Wait a minute...YOU KNEW!" Dustin yelled.

"I don't know what you're talking about." Steve said.

"Well you're not freaked out about the fact that he...Oh god he could have been checking us out! I've shared a room with him!"

"Dustin he's not a rapist, Jesus." Steve said. "He's still Will. Nothing's changed."

"So you say." Dustin said.

Steve grabbed Dustin by the shoulders.

"Ow! Are you a rapist now?"

"I want you to listen to me very very carefully. Being gay does not make Will a rapist. It's not like this is a sudden thing. He's always been gay. I mean we don't hate you because of your weird purr. It's the same thing."

"The purr is part of me." Dustin said defensively. "And...I guess that was your point. Ok fine. I'm stupid."

"I get it. I used to be the same way." Steve said. "I mean, it's still Will. And who in their right mind would check you out?"

"No need to be mean! Jeez!" Dustin said, kicking at Steve. "Point made. HEY WILL WE ALL STILL LOVE YOU! COME OUT!"

Silence.

"I'm guessing he's not here." Dustin said.

"Yeah I was picking up on that."

"I must resist." Max said, turning her back on DigDug. "Man this is hard."

"I feel you." Lucas said. "You know, everything makes sense now."

"How so?"

"I get why Will didn't think Leia was hot."

"That's what you think about?" Max asked.

"That and the fact that Will's gay. Like for real, not joking gay."

"There's jokes about that stuff?" Max asked.

"Yeah, you know, ur mom gay and what not."

Max sighed. "And you wonder why he didn't tell us."

"What, are you saying that he thought we'd make fun of him?"

"Well clearly. I get why he stayed in the closet so long. I mean gay is about the worst insult anyone
"You don't seem freaked out by this," Lucas said.

"It's because I feel bad for making him feel like he couldn't trust us." Max said. "And you should feel bad too."

"Wait so if Mike and El are a thing, and me and you are a thing, does that mean that Dustin and Will are gonna hook up?"

"God! He's not gay for shipping purposes." Max said.

"What?" Lucas asked. Max turned and walked away. "WHAT?"

Will stared at the wall of Mr. Clark's classroom. He never imagined it going down like this. He had always thought that...well it didn't matter now.

"You know it's a weekend right?" A voice said. Will turned to see Mike standing behind him.

"Leave me alone." Will said, turning back to the wall.

"Safety in numbers." Mike said. "You don't really want to stay here all alone do you?"

"I'm ok with staying here forever." Will said softly.

"Well I'm not ok with that." Mike said, sitting down next to him. "I'll bring you back to my house. I sent everyone else to different places. They won't be back for a while. We'll have time to talk."

"What's there to talk about?" Will asked. "I'm even more of a freak then any of you."

"No you're not!" Mike yelled. "You're not a freak. You've never been a freak. You're my best friend. That's what you are."

"How can you say that?" Will asked, his eyes filled slowly with tears.

"Hey, c'mere." Mike said, pulling the other boy closer. "Don't cry."

Being close to Mike had Will feeling better then he had in a long time. He rested his head against Mike's chest as Mike gently stroked his hair. Will's arms slid around Mike's waist. For a time it was just the two of them.

And it was perfect.

El hadn't gone where Mike had told her to. She knew Mike had been trying to get rid of her. El didn't like this situation at all. If Will loved boys, did that mean that he could love Mike?

El hadn't had to worry about this before. Yes, she had shared Mike, but she had always known that he was hers. El knew he cared about Will, but she had always written it off as friendship.

But now...now El had no idea what she was going to do. She couldn't hurt Will. She liked Will. He was her friend. But if Mike had to choose, would he pick her or Will?
El had time. She was watching Mike go into the school. She had time to win Mike over. Honestly
she doubted that Mike would ever view Will romantically. She rounded the corner and-

El's stomach filled with ice. Mike was with Will. They were close to each other, cuddling even.
Mike's hand was on Will's head. How long had they been like this? Had they kissed?

All the rage that El had been expecting had dissipated. Instead a single tear fell down her face. El
turned to leave. She waved her hand as she did, and the classroom door slammed.

Both boys jumped and broke apart as the door slammed. They looked at each other, a slight blush
on Will's face.

Mike didn't seem to notice. "We should get out of here." Mike said. Will nodded wordlessly. Mike
reached up and gently brushed the last stray tears off Will's face.

The two left the building, shoulders touching, unaware that they were being watched.

Upon arriving back at Mike's house, the two saw that El had already arrived.

"You found him." El said. Her voice was flat, and a little cold.

"Yeah I did." Mike said. Will gazed worriedly at El's cold stare. Finally her face softened slightly.

"I'm glad you're ok."

Will's eyes geared up again.

"If you're going to cry that much, why don't you go outside and water the grass." Mikes said. "That
was a joke." He added quickly.

Will smiled, then towards the door. "What am I going to tell everyone else. They probably hate
me."

Mike reached over and squeezed Will's hand. "I'll help you think of something."

Will nodded thankfully. "Thank you so much, you don't know how much this means-"

"Grass." Mike said.

"Right, sorry." Will said, wiping away the fresh tears. He was smiling now. Mike smiled back.

El tried her best to swallow the lamp in her throat and smile too, but it probably looked more like a
grimace. If the boys noticed they didn't care. She didn't know what she was feeling. Her chest hurt
and she felt like crying.

Maybe she was sick. This was making her sick. It hurt. It hurt badly. El just wanted to leave. No
one was watching.

So she did.
When the rest of the party arrived back at the house, they were met by Mike and Will, hand in hand.

Wordlessly Steve directed everyone into the living room and they sat down, waiting for Will to speak.

Chapter End Notes

Ok, I decided I'm gonna add part three!! Sorry XD, more waiting but I feel like I have to give this part a lot of attention and I'm going to tie up more loose ends.

I'm going to focus on Steve more after this. Anyways, stay tuned for part 3!! Thanks for reading, I hope you enjoyed, add a comment or kudos if you choose, requests are always open, AND HAVE A WONDAICAL DAY!!!! :))))

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