hurts like hell

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating:</th>
<th>Teen And Up Audiences</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Archive Warning:</td>
<td>Major Character Death</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Category:</td>
<td>F/M, M/M</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fandom:</td>
<td>youtube - Fandom</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relationship:</td>
<td>Felix Kjellberg/Sean McLoughlin, Marzia Bisognin/Felix Kjellberg, Signe Hansen/Sean McLoughlin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character:</td>
<td>Felix Kjellberg, Sean McLoughlin, Marzia Bisognin, Signe Hansen, Mark Fischbach, Kenneth Charles Morrison</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additional Tags:</td>
<td>VERY VERY VERY slow burn, Crushes, basically felix pinning after jack, felix/jack - Freeform, YouTube, 10+1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stats:</td>
<td>Published: 2018-03-22 Updated: 2018-06-28 Chapters: 7/11 Words: 5187</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

hurts like hell

by legend126

Summary

ten thoughts Felix had about Jack while falling in love and the one thought Jack had that finally made him love the Swede back.

❝i don't want them to know the secrets
i don't want them to know the way i loved you
i don't think they'd understand it, no
i don't think they would accept me, no”

- Hurts like Hell, Fleurie

Notes

this is my first fanfic on here :) kudos and comments would make me very happy and i hope that you all will enjoy this (or suffer) but either is fine

p.s. the warning is put there on purpose
Felix’s Thought #1

AUGUST 31, 2013

Felix was surprised to hear that some guy on YouTube had a huge popularity boast because of him, well, it is what he's interpreting from the comments from Jacksepticeye's vlog about winning the shoutout. He didn't even know the guy that much. Just that he was loud, pretty funny, and his Youtuber and real name. How would one even pronounce his Youtuber name?

Why was Felix on the Irishman's channel anyway? It could be that Seán's content was good and that he could be a potential entertainer. He chose the guy because Felix saw that Seán genuinely cared about his fans and put a lot of effort into his videos. No, it wasn't weird that Felix searched for anything PewDiePie related. After all, he did care what people thought of him as.

Sighing, because it was nearly 12 am and he haven't had a good night sleep, he moved his mouse to click on the red X tab when Felix heard Seán starting explaining about how absolute giddy he was and how he was going to work his ass off for the next few videos. The Swede was completely jealous and baffled to how Jacksepticeye was always energetic and full of life in every video he made.

But he knew better to give the boy a cold shoulder for just because Seán was different (and better) than him. With one last look at the loud and excited Irish Youtuber, he clicked the X tab.

https://youtu.be/vhjYqLgJnUA
June 23, 2014

They were about to play their first game together. Cry, Ohmwrecker, Jacksepticeye, and PewDiePie had all planned well so that they could be able to play Plants VS Zombies Warfare. While the other YouTubers were trying to set up for their videos, Seán was unable to control his excitement.

"Thank you for inviting m'to play with y'guys!" his deep Irish voice rumbled through the headphones and Felix wearily smiled, then noticing that Seán would have been unable to see that so he spoke.

"It's really no problem," he replied in a way that should have sounded nice, Felix hoped. The last thing he wanted was for Seán's fans and his friends to think Felix couldn't get along with the rising new star. "I heard you were a cool guy."

Seán stammered over his words but regained his composure. "R-Really? Where d'ya hear that from?" he asked, clearly surprised.

"Uh," Felix started, mentally racking his brain for answers. "Some fans of yours."

"Oh," said Seán, sounding a bit disappointed.

He didn't want for Jacksepticeye to think Felix as some weird stalker guy that watched his videos all the time. Felix would've felt bad if it wasn't for Seán probably also pretending to be friendly towards him. It could be possible for them to become enemies later in the future.

Don't blame Felix. He's just being cautious.

Chapter End Notes

kudos and comments would be greatly appreciated!
Felix’s Thought #3

PAX Prime 2015 (Part 1)

He came into the room with the biggest smile Felix had ever seen, enough to make him cringe mentally. The Swede knows he's being a little harsh on a guy he had never met physically. Mark was the first person there to greet him and they hugged each other as if they were long lost best friends, laughing and giggling like small children. While Felix was having a normal conversation with Ken, Seán came up, smiling. Making a side note that the smile was only for Ken.

"Hiya! My name is Seán, but my friends call me Jack," he said, offering a hand and Ken takes it, smiling back in return.

"Ken, here!" he replied, as merrily as the Irish man greeted him.

Then the brown haired Youtuber faced Felix, the smile still on his face. "Pewdiepie! It's a pleasure to meet finally ya!" he said, his eyes shinning in adoration... is what Felix would've expected. Instead, Seán did the exact opposite greeting he behaved to Ken to Felix. With a normal expression on his face, he took out his hand.

"Hi," he said in such an expressionless tone that caught Felix off guard and made him perform at what seemed like a nervous act.

"Uh, hi." The Swede shook his hand in what seemed like two shakes before Jack quickly pulled his hand back away and proceeding to return back to Mark as if nothing happened. Felix stared at his back in bafflement. What in the fuck's name was that?

Then whistled one low note, stuffing his hands into his pockets and begun to laugh awkwardly at the strange encounter. "Well, that was new," he joked. Why was it that Seán saluting himself differently to each Youtuber that bothered Felix so much? "Jack's the first man I've seen not squealing over you like a guinea pig in person."

Felix just laughed, not wanting to reveal how much it bothered him on his face. "Yeah, weird," he replied as his eyes darted around the large lounge room and catching Mark and Seán, no, it was Jack now, happily communicating to one another.

"Starting in five!" yelled one of the crew members and Ken picked his head up.

"That's my cue. You should be putting on the red dress," he smirked as he winked. "Maybe Jack-a-boy'll notice ya in that."

Felix drily chuckled at that, punching his friend's shoulder harder than he anticipated. "Hey, break a leg... literally, please," he snickered to a giggly Ken, walking away, leaving Felix alone with his thoughts.
Felix couldn't stop himself from staring at Seán, and wasn't sure if whether the Irish man was noticing or not. (He wishes he doesn't) The panel was over and it was time for autographs and photographs. Mark and Seán still constantly talked to each other, made their fans laugh, and join along with them in whatever they were doing with the other YouTubers.

Ken knew something was bothering Felix from the look on his face so he lays a hand on his shoulder, shaking the Swede from his thoughts.

"You alright, man?" Ken asked and Felix nodded.

"Yeah," he replied, hoping that the American wouldn't notice his disappointment.

Ken looked unimpressed as the hand on Felix's shoulder tightened. "Hey, just because there's not a lot of Bros here— doesn't mean there's not any out there instead."

Oh. He thought Felix was upset from the loss of his fans in PAX Prime. If only Ken knew the real truth.
"Uh, yeah, you're right," Felix said, trying a smile.

Ken smiled right back and went back to talk to his fans. Meanwhile, Felix went right back to staring at Seán. His heart stopped when he realized Seán was staring right back at him. The Irish man looked away quickly and pretended to laugh at whatever Mark said. Felix knew that he staring at him. It was only reasonable that Seán turned his attention away from Felix’s direction.

"PewDiePie!" yelled somebody and Felix mentally shook himself from upon his thoughts and smiled at the smiling fan.
Felix’s Thought #5

He surprisingly found himself playing a game with Jacksepticeye. Seán invited Felix to play Riftmax Theater with him and to say he was shocked was an understatement, he thought that the Irishman had hated him. But now that he was joking and playing around with him, Felix wished he did put into a bit more effort in taking the barrier between them away. It felt a forced, but he still enjoyed it. However, at the end of the video, Seán didn’t even bother to say bye. He ended all of the communications between them two and left.

"OK?" Felix said to no one in particular. "Nice playing with you too, I guess…"

Still, it filled with him uneasiness to have been left one-sided and empty. With courage that apparently appeared out of nowhere, he called him right back.


“No,” Felix cleared his throat, now a loss for words when was hit with a question. “Uh, I-I, um, did I do something to you?” he asked and then mentally cringing at how desperate he sounded.

“Oi…I don’t understand.”

It was difficult to read Jack’s emotions when they were only communicating through headphones. Frustrated, Felix tried to wrack his head for possible approaches for this type of situation. The Swede knows without a doubt that Jack treats him differently from other Youtubers. When they were in front of an audience, Jack acted as if Felix was his bestest friend and Felix certainly played along (though he doesn’t know why.) But then like moments like these when they were alone, Jack completely shuts him off.

“Do you not like me? Or are you just using me to get attention?” Yup. It was finally out in the open. There was definitely no way of coming back from this now.

“No! I—It’s just that Mark told me that yer didn’t like it when people gave yer too much attention an’ so I just didn’t want to scare yer off since I talk so much an’ so focking loud and Oi really want to be yer friend an’,” he rambled on and Felix has never heard him speak this much to Felix alone. He doesn’t know why, but a smile started to slowly stretch across his face.

Before he could even stop it or even think, he begin to chuckle and Jack immediately stopped talking, only steady breathing could be heard.

“Did Oi say somethin’ funny…?” And he did genuinely sound confused. It was cute.

“No, no. You’re good,” Felix said and if it possible, Jack sounded even more confused.

“Yer-Yer not mad?” he asked.

How would Felix explain to the man that the reason why he laughed was because he found him cute when he was embarrassed? All Felix wanted to do was go dig a hole and go inside, and possibly have therapy because why out of a billion living people in the world, was it Jack that Felix had mixed feelings about?

“I would love to be your friend, Jack,” said Felix, more confidence in his voice, “and I’m sorry if I’ve ever made you feel otherwise. I’m not exactly perfect.”
If it was even possible, Felix could hear Jack’s jaw dropped and he wasn’t sure if it was because he called him Jack off camera or that Felix actually wanted to be his friend.

“‘onestly,” started Jack, “it’s kinda my fault we set aff de wrong feet… Was that the roi way to say it?”

“Yes, I think, but continue.”

“O-OK, I know I made things awkward an’ that I ‘aven’t been exactly de right or most nicest person to you. Jist know that I’m willin’ to make it up.”

Another smile stretched across Felix’s face with Jack’s promise now in his head.

“Let’s start over,” said Felix. “My name is Felix, aka, Pewdiepie. What’s yours?”

“My name is Seán, aka Jacksepticeye. But yer can call me Jack….friend.”

They proceeded to giggle like anime schoolgirls. “Let’s start that game over, shall we?” asked Felix, feeling comfortable for what seemed like a long time with Jack.
Felix’s Thought #6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

If somebody had told Felix from two years ago that he would be tied up and be repeatedly and mercilessly pie’d by a loud and attractive Irish youtuber, he would’ve bark out a laugh and tell them to piss off. In this case, however, he was very fucking wrong. Despite feeling like his entire face and eyes were bursting into flames because of the shaving cream, (like honestly whatthefuck was in that shit,) he honestly had fun with Jack. Felix wasn’t blind to see that they were closer than ever.

There was no longer awkward tensions in the air whenever there was nothing else to say or any need to say something just because the silence was too fucking much to bare. They could finally play around and flirt and fight without it really affecting anything. But holy shit the septiplier fans won’t stop exaggerating every goddamn thing Mark or Jack did. The ship was bound to be brought up in sometime in the panels.

It was like no matter where they went, septiplier just had to be brought up. (Felix is mostly to blame once again.)

Earlier that day when Jack asked him if he dyed his hair because he was jealous of him and Mark and in all honesty, all Felix heard was jealous and Mark put together. Uncomfortable, he had to turn away and nearly stammer an excuse to not knowing what to answer. So, when Jack repeated himself with more integrity, Pewdiepie fully comprehended the question and breathed out a very hesitant no.

“If jury says no, bro,” Jack said with a shit-eating grin and Felix fired back his protests that he was in fact indeed, not, jealous, of anyone or anything. Alright?

However, Felix couldn’t help but still be unconvinced and cringe when he noticed how he desperately tried to convince everyone in that room that he wasn’t jealous of Mark or Jack or the fact that they had to shower the fans with juicy content in every single interaction. It was clear that the ship made them uncomfortable and that was why fans were starting to call out the other fans about the strain in their friendship when it was, partially true. Jack had confronted him on how Felix felt personally when fans shipped him with Cry or Ken.

“It doesn’t really bother me.” He remembered telling Jack on the speaker phone as he was cleaning his desk area to prepare recording a video. It had to be about a year ago. How Felix remembered, he will never know. “As long as they don’t interfere in my relationship with Mariza, then it’s fine, I guess. How come?”

“I don’t know. It’s starting to really bum me out whenever I see these type of comments on my videos and most of them are even about Signe...”

Felix could remember telling him to finally talk to his fans about the toxicity in his channel. How septimeplier was beyond a force to be reckoned if Jack himself didn’t do anything about it. So Jack did. He posted a long thread on Tumblr (on Tumblr, holy shit) about his frustration. Needlessly to say, Felix was kind of proud of him and he felt like it had to be the fact that it bothered Jack that made the Swedish man so annoyed about septimeplier. Jack was a close friend after all...

… a friend who was introducing them to Signe himself, smiling broadly.
“Mariza. Felix. Meet my partner, Signe.”

It was last day in Pax and Pax decided to host a party for all youtubers and their dates. Obviously, Felix invited Mariza, although he didn’t expect to meet Signe for the first time there. Luckily Mariza, who was quick on her feet, gave them a smile of hers and introduced for the both of them as well. “My name is Mariza and this is Felix. It’s so nice to meet you! I love your outfit.”

“Ah, thanks! I love yours too! Seán tells me that you’re thinking of creating clothes?” Signe questioned.

They continued to exchange words, which Felix understood nothing about. Something with fabric and buttons. Jack clapped his hand onto his shoulder, shaking him out of whatever dumbshit trance he was in. Blue met blue and Jack grinned devilishly. “Ready to git fuckin’ wasted?” he challenged.

Felix grinned right back. “Prepare to lose so hard, Irish pussy.” With that bold declaration, he shoved Jack’s surprisingly warm hand off of him and ran to where the bar was.

“What the fuck! Felix!” growled loudly Jack behind him. “Git back here, you Swedish bastard!”

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“UUUUUGGGGGGHHHHHH,” slurred Felix, his vision slightly blurry and his head rolled backwards. He was pretty sure he was more wasted than expected to be at the party. Mariza made a sound sounding remotely close to hmph as she tried to carry the weight of Felix on her. “It’s too early to gooo,” he whined, nearly falling over a chair if it wasn’t for his lovely and beautiful girlfriend. “You’re sooooo pretty.”

Mariza rolled her eyes or made a face, Felix wasn’t sure, but he could see a blush on her cheeks. It was nice to know he still had that kind of impact on her. Mariza had one arm wrapped around Felix’s waist and the other one was attempting to open the bedroom door with all of Felix’s heavy weight over her while his right arm was over Mariza’s broad shoulders and his left arm just dangling there, like a rag doll, it was a surprise that she had enough strength to carry a 5’11 man.

“They do you have to be so fucking heavy?” huffed Marzia and Felix gasped loudly, nearly crashing into the door frame. Her voice was suddenly deep all of a sudden. Did she curse too?

“Noah. I’ve never heard you—” he trailed off and frowned when upon noticing that it was now Jack staring right up at him, replacing where Mariza was once standing and supporting him and before Felix could fully comprehend what was happening, Mariza was once again at his side as if it was an illusion all along. “What,” he could only muster as his head lolled backwards, nearly passing out from the intense pounding that was currently happening in his head. The fuck did he drink?

Marzia rolled his eyes again and jostled them forward again to the the direction where the one king sized bed was in the center of the bedroom. Felix huffed as he felt his back hit the bed, he stared right up at the ceiling. Giggles start to erupt from his throat and chest was rumbling with laughter.

A chicken on a horse.

That’s funny.

He was pretty sure he blacked out right there before suddenly waking up again. The room was
darker and colder.

“Felix, sleep,” Marzia’s soft voice echoed in his ringing ears. Her pitch was normal again, it held a tint of sadness although. “It’s late.” She said as she threw a blanket over his body.

“I want a kiss again,” whined Felix, getting up on his elbows, a pout on his lips. There was the door wide open right behind his girlfriend, blue light coming from the T.V. Why was his girlfriend up so late at 2 in the morning?

“No, Felix, you’re still drunk,” Mariza said, sounding closely hurt for some reason, like she was the one who’s kiss was rejected. Frustrated, he turned onto his side and pulled the blanket onto him even more.

Before he could pass out again, there was a distinct bitter taste left in his mouth.

Chapter End Notes

heyyy, sorry ik the updates suck rn but i just wanted to let everyone know that i DO respect and support Felix’s and Mariza’s relationship and as well Jack’s and Signe’s and that i DO want to remind everyone that this is a FANFICTION. i know that Felix and Jack are just friends and this fic is written all in good fun. please do not harass the two couples. they have said in the past that it does bother them. thank you!
Felix’s Thought #7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ever since Jack moved in from Ireland to Brighton, Felix had been feeling a little more at home. Although, it was also around the time shit started to go down. Felix has never been harshly lashed out on like this before. He had even more shit coming from people. It was difficult to be in the spotlight and be watched 24/7 for every choice and action he makes. He was fucking overcome with depression all of these months he’s been multitasking between checking his tons of emails, managing companies, and recording videos for his youtube channel.

Felix didn’t ask to be seen as this public figure.

He didn’t want to be compared to those actual fuckers that spread hatred and slurs. The video coming out and having all Hell fall onto his shoulders, it was the final straw. He was so unhappy and stressed out of his fucking mind. Whisky had been his support for the last couple of months. He didn’t feel like himself anymore. It was when he threw back his third sip from his (Fifth? Sixth?) glass of whiskey on one faithful day, he was reading recent comments from his twitter feed.

why is @pewdiepie still relevant? #pewdiepieisoverparty

I THOUGHT JACK KNEW BETTER THAN TO DEFEND A FUCKING RACIST
@Jack_Septic_Eye @pewdiepie #pewdiepieisoverparty #fake

Felix frowned upon the next comment he saw following that tweet.

Jack just uploaded a vid about @pewdiepie ! He’s totally disssing tf outta him!!!!1!!
#pewdiepieisoverparty

He slammed the cup back down harder than expected, the drink flying out everywhere. But the sheer shock is the comment that made him lead no mind. The speed of his mouse clicking to Jack’s channel and seeing the title and his heart nearly dropping in his chest.

Jack’s usual funny and goofy thumbnail was replaced with him serious and almost angry. The title Let’s Talk! didn’t make it any better. He checks his messages on Whatsapp to see if Jack was going to let him know about anything of his plan.

Felix exists out all of sites.

Mark: Are you OK?

The whiskey glass shatters to the ground.

PJ: what is happening????

His keyboard and mouse flies to the wall.

Ken: Im here if u need me man, alright?

Mariza comes in running, screaming at him.

Jack: I’m sorry.
I had to.

“Felix!” Mariza snapped him out of it, eyes staring hard at him, but he can’t quite meet her eyes just yet. He’s too busy staring down where the whiskey started to spread out more on the floor.

“What–?”

Felix blurted out, “He’s sorry.” He started to laugh. It sounded cold and hollow.

Mariza seems to know what he’s talking about, and she looks sad. Looking down where the glass shattered into pieces, she stands still as she finally spoke. “He needed to talk about it. You’re his friend, Felix. He just expressed what he thought about the matter. He didn’t speak of any ill about you.”

The feeds on Twitter contradict that statement. Anger roils again in his chest. He dislikes not being in control of most things. He fucking hates how bothered he feels when it’s his family or friends that are the ones talking shit about him.

“He’s still your friend, Felix,” said Mariza. Her voice so, so, so pitiful for him.

Felix slipped out from under her grip where she went to hold his wrist, and proceeded to walk past her out of his office.

“I’ll believe that when he calls me,” said Felix.

And later that night, he does. He quickly answered, and then quickly cringed at his greediness to hear the other man’s voice.

“Felix...” Jack hesitated. The blond Swede was laying on his bed when he called. It was nearly midnight and Mariza was fast asleep next to him. He couldn’t sleep when he knew almost everyone was against him.

It was pathetic. Longing for someone’s attention when they aren’t even theirs to begin with. Before Felix could actually fully sink in the realization of what he was thinking, Jack exhaled deeply through the phone.

Then just like that, it was quiet again. The only sound being Mariza breathing slowly and the pugs snoring on his feet. The two grown men were basically hearing each other breathe, how fucking pathetic.

“What the fuck–” began Felix, everything he held back recoiling.

“I’m sorry,” blurted Jack, Felix inwardly cringed at Jack’s loud declaration and jerked the phone away from his ear. “I’m sorry,” he added once again, “I had to speak up. I couldn’t just stand there and do nothing.”

Felix sighed, running his free hand through his hair in frustration. “Don’t you see how incredibly stupid you are?” hissed angrily Felix. “You just had to make it all about you, didn’t you?” From the moment Felix finished talking, he quickly got out of bed and out into the hallway, knowing damn well that Jack was not going to take that with a pinch of salt.

Clearly shocked and hurt based on how it nearly took a whole minute for him to reply, Jack snapped, “About me!? I’m sorry who was it again that decided to make a stupid focking joke about Jewish people— like, really Felix!? If ye’ve actually seen the video like everyone else who actually did listen to what I was saying, ye would’ve known that I am yer friend and what ye did was incredibly
stupid. So, no, I’m not making it about me. It’s always been about making it about ye, Felix. Why can’t you see that ye have people who are by yer side? Not everyone is against you.”

It being Felix’s turn to be shocked, he stayed quiet. It was true. He didn’t even give the video a chance. He did what everyone else did and read the comments and the reactions from other people to the video.

Felix made a mistake. Actually, a lot of mistakes.

“Fuck you,” breathed out Jack when Felix didn’t answer in what seemed like a long time, not really sounding like he meant it.

“You’re right, Jack.” The back of his head thumped against the wall. “I guess seeing the comments to that video was like, the last call.”

Jack was quiet. “...What do ye mean?”

Felix doesn’t know why it felt like a huge burden on his heart, his throat quickly dried up and sweat formed on his palms and forehead. He felt sick. He sees Mariza slightly moving in her sleep for a moment, and then proceeds to get comfortable and softly sighs. He doesn’t remember the last time he had slept like that before.

“I…” Felix trailed off, staring at Mariza in her peaceful slumber, clearly oblivious to the fact that her partner out of the bed and was currently talking to another person on the phone. “I’m just sorry, alright? That won’t happen again,” he promised.

“What–...” he stopped. Another pause, like he isn’t sure if whether to say something or not. “O.K.”

The man on the other side of the phone sounded like there was a pressing need to get something off his chest. What was he doing in that moment? Felix got himself wondering. Was he in his office? Was he in bed? Was there that little furrow in between his brows? Was Signe sleeping on her side of their bed? Did Jack hate him? Guilt choked him from air as the realizations dawned on him, and he slaps a hand over his mouth to avoid anything coming out like a pathetic sob.

Fuck.

It’s not such a shock to Felix that he have long liked men. From a young age, he followed his parents’ steps to get a girlfriend, get married, and give his parents grandchildren. Simple. Right? Even his own family had thought he was gay for a while. It really shouldn’t be such a shock. But the fact that it was Jack, had something in of him destroying at his insides and tearing everything apart.

He experimented in university of course, but there was no men that could really keep his attention for longer than a week, then he would get bored and move on to the next person. His sexuality didn’t really matter now that he was with Mariza. Mariza. Felix had loved her with all of his heart. She was incredibly beautiful, funny, charming, and creative. He would give up anything to always be with her. There’s no doubt the guilt poked at him whenever he was with her, seeing her so carefree and smiling made him hate himself so much.

Then there was Jack. There was always something about him that drew Felix want to be closer to him. All of the touches, lingering stares, and sexual innuendos didn’t help his case. Jack always had this magnetic energy around him. Everybody loved Jack. And Felix was one of these fools. He fell for his charm, humor, calming blue eyes, his laugh, his open yet mysterious aura. It was so stupid. Why would Felix fall for him when he already had someone else? When Felix had Mariza? He isn’t supposed to feel guilty whenever he looks at his girlfriend.
“Felix?” Mariza’s voice rang out.

The Swede looks up from the floor and blue and brown eyes meet each other. Mariza looks wide awake, a small frown upon her lips.

“Who are you talking to?” she asked.

Jack’s breathing quieted. Why?

“I’m just talking to Jack. He, uh, had an emergency,” he lamely said.

Mariza finally reacts, but it’s not the way he expected. Her eyes widened and she expresses fear.

“Is he okay?”

Felix nodded.

Mariza calms down, like she expected something else worse.

“Oh,” she said dumbly and remaining oblivious. “I’m going back to sleep.” She yawned cute then made her way back to their room.

The call ended.

Chapter End Notes

alright i want to apologize for the long delay, it was around the time where Signe and Jack broke up when i wanted to upload again, but once i heard the news i felt like it would be disrespectful. but in the end, they both seem happier and are off with their own lives. or maybe not i don’t know. i still want to say to please respect them all and to know this is only a FANFICTION. thank you.

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