Not so straight

by JuliaMilkovich

Summary

Mickey Milkovich is just a normal person. He has a good life, good job and a beautiful fiancée. Everything looks fine, until he meets a redheaded guy.
"Come on, shithead! Outta the bed! You have work today!" Svetlana said as she tried to wake up her fiancé.
"Eeh, just one more minute!"
"You gonna be late Mickey.
Mickey slowly opens his eyes and let them adjust to the light. Today is his first day at his new job, he's going to work at a bar/nightclub.
"Don't wait for me, I'm gonna spend the night with the girls." Svetlana said.
"Okay. Then I'll just have to pick up your drunk ass when Nika calls me?" he smiled. Svetlana was his best friend and he loved her so much. Although he was asexual, he really liked living with the girl.
"Bye asshole." Lana bent down and kissed Mickey's cheek.
"Bye bitch."

"So that's all you need to know. This is your schedule, if you have problems that... I don't give a shit. So you can start like right now." his boss said at the end of the tour around the bar.
"Okay. Thank you again for hiring me."
Thd guy nodded and walked away. Mickey stepped behind the bar and was about to wait until someone comes.
"Hey. First day?" a redheaded man asked as he sat down on a barstool.
"Yeah. Want something?"
"A gin tonic, a scotch, a beer and a cosmo politan"
"All for yourself?" Mickey jokes.
"Nah, man, I work here. I'm a waiter." he pointed at his apron and Mickey suddenly felt very embarrassed. He gave all the drinks to the redhead and tried to avoid eye contact.
"I'm Ian."
"Mickey."
"Wanna hang out later Mickey? I work til 6 today."
"Me too. But I have to go home. If my fiancée drinks too much I have to pick her up. Maybe some other time?"
"Fiancée? Erm... That's good. Yeah, then maybe tomorrow." Ian said and walked away with the drinks.

Mickey couldn't take his eyes off of the redheaded guy all day. Somehow everytime he tried to look away, he appeared at the bar for some drinks, smiling at him. Mickey for sure wasn't gay, Ian just somehow always caught his attention. And the worst is that the redhead always had a stupid smile on his face and it always made Mickey smile back. Maybe it's his super power. Because he saw different girls and guys eyeballing him. Not like Mickey was jealous, it just... felt weird. Why are they staring at him?
When his shift was over, he waved to Ian and left the bar. Ian offered him that he gladly walk him home, but he just wanted to stay away from him for today and figure out things.
"Okay. Then see you tomorrow?"
"I work til 6 again."
"Me too. Bye then Mick."
Did he just gave him a nickname? And why doesn't it bother him? He turned back to see him again, but the redhead already went back into the bar.

Next day there are only 5 people in the bar, so Ian sat down on a barstool and talked all night.
Turned out they have many things in common.
"So you're from South side too? That's hilarious! I've heard about Terry a lot. And Mandy was my best friend. But I never thought you're a Milkovich too."
"Why?"
"Because you have a legal job. It's new." he laughed.
"Neither have I ever thought that a Gallagher could be a good company." Mickey smiled.
For some reason he really liked Ian. He never had a proper friend, he had a good relationship with their cousins and with his fiancée and her friends. But Ian... he really wants to be friends with him, and not because to help him deal drugs and not because his best friend will be married to him.
"So... I'm free tonight. Wanna hang out?" Mickey asked.
"Uh, sorry man, I have a date."
"Date? Wow. Where did you get her?" he joked.
"First, she's a he and he flirted with me all day yesterday. Not my type I just... dunno. I wanna get laid finally."
So Ian is gay? But he doesn't look gay. Is that even a thing? Looking gay? Why is he thinking about this now?!
"Nice. Erm... I'm on night tomorrow. If you're free, you should step by. It's my first time at night and it's a little... scary in a way."
"I work til six, but I'm free after it. If you're unsure about something, I'll be here, ask me." Ian smiled.
"Waiter!" a girl call on the other side of the bar.
"Coming ma'am!"

Next day Mickey stepped inside the night club, which was quite dark, the music very loud. He went behind the bar and his eyes were searching the redhead. But minutes after him, Ian walked into the club and sat down on a barstool.
"Hey Mick!"
"Hey Red. Want a drink?"
"Yeah, give me a Danniels."

They talked a lot, drank a lot and at the end of his shift he couldn't even speak properly.
"Okay Mick, you can't go home like this. What about I walk you home? Where do you live?"
"Uuh dunno man.... but chu know wha? I loooove you!"
"Yeah, yeah I love you too Mick. I think I'll just take you to my place then."
"You wanna take ma pants off, Gaagher?"
"Okay, come on tough guy, let's get you in bed."
Twenty minutes later they were in Ian's apartment, sitting on the couch.
"I'll get you some water, okay?" the redhead asked.
"Noooo! Don leeave me here 'lone!"
"I just get you some water. Wait here."
"Ouh, but first lemme make a video!"
"What? Why?"
"To make sure ma girl doesn't freak out." he pulls out his phone and starts the recording. "Hi Lana! Immat Ian's house, we are having fuuuuun! Hes so good to me. So cute..." Mickey leaned closer and kissed Ian's cheek. "So handsome...." Ian turned his head towards Mickey and as soon as their eyes met, Mickey lost the game...
Chapter 2

Mickey woke up with a pounding head in a stranger's bed. He reached for his phone to check the time. 10:23am. He tried to sit up, but he yelped and turned on his side instead. His ass hurt like a motherfucker, but he didn't know why. He didn't know why he isn't in his bed and why is he naked. He looked around the room and found the shirt which Ian was wearing yesterday when he came into the club. Memories popped up in his mind. Drinking, sitting in a taxi, Ian's hand around his waist and... the video! He recorded a video!
He unlocked his phone and opened the gallery. There was an almost an hour long video. He clicked on it and started playing.
"Hi Lana! Immat Ian's house, weare having fuuun! Hes so good to me. So cute..." a kiss on Ian's cheek. "So handsome...." the redhead turns his head and they kiss. Soon Mickey dropped the phone and all he could see on the phone is the ceiling. Mickey scrolled to the end of the video where he only could hear moans.
"Oh god, Ian, right there! Ian, oh, Ian. Ian! Gonna cum, gonna cum! Fuck me Ian!"
What. The. Fuck.
He stopped it and pulled on his clothes from yesterday. Then he stormed out to the kitchen where Ian was cooking.
"Ian fucking Gallagher! What the fuck did you do to me last night?!"
"Mickey..."
"I'm not gay Ian! I have a fiancée! I'm gonna marry her soon and you made me cheat on her!"
"I made you cheat on her?! You were the one who started it! You kissed me, you took my clothes off, you asked me to fuck you! You wanted all of these, so don't blame me! You're just as guilty as me."
He was right... he started it... but this is it. This is the end of this thing. He's gonna walk out on that door and pretend this never happened. He's gonna marry Svetlana, and he can't change this fact.
"Let's pretend this never happened, okay?" Mickey asked quietly.
"But-"
"No, Gallagher. Do this for me please."
"Where are you going?" Ian asked as Mickey pulled on his shoes.
"Home."
"But I made us breakfast..."
Mickey probably didn't hear the end of the sentence because he nearly ran out of the door, loudly shutting it behind himself. Ian tilted his head backwards and stared to the ceiling for a couple minutes. How could he fuck up this whole thing so fast? He didn't want to scare Mickey away. Having sex with him was truly not his intention yesterday. He just wanted to take him to a safe place, but he seemed to want this, since he initiated it. But maybe he's right. Ian shouldn't do this when Mickey was unconsciously drunk.
Ian would probably stay like that for a little longer, but suddenly he smelled something burning.
"FUCK! The eggs!"
"Mickey Milkovich! Where were you? I worried sick!" Lana ran to him as he stepped through the door. "You smell like booze. You were at some chick's place, right?"
"What? Lana, no, I drank a little too much yesterday and Ian took me to his place because I couldn't tell him our address. I'm totally fine, and sorry for not calling you. I really wanted to, but I just... fell asleep." he lied. Of fucking course he lied, he won't tell his fiancée that he had cheated on her with a fucking guy!
"Okay... I believe you Milkovich. But anyway, I have to work today. I will be home around four, food in the fridge. Be good." Svetlana leaned forward and kissed Mickey's cheek, then left.
Painkillers. He needed some painkillers, before he puked out all the alcohol he drank yesterday. He took in some aspirins and went to bed with a bottled water and fell asleep instantly.

"Mickey... fuck, Mickey feels so good. I love you. I love you. Love how you feel around me. Fuuuck..."

"I...Ian? The fuck are you doing?"

"What do you ..shit.. think I'm doing?"

The redhead above him was incredibly sexy. Lips parted, gasping for air, pleasured expression on his face, little beads of sweat rolling down from his hairline. The most beautiful moans Mickey has ever heard pouring out of his mouth. Mickey can feel it. Ian's hard cock moving inside him and it feels so good. He had sex with women before, but that never felt this good. Even with an hour of foreplay he was only half hard and he was happy if it was over soon. But now Ian doesn't even touches his dick, but it's rock hard and throbbing between his legs and doesn't want this feeling to end. With each one of his trusts Ian touches a spot inside him that feels so fucking good, like he's in heaven. Even though he doesn't want to finish yet he feels his orgasm approaching him. His body acts on it's own, his legs wraps around Ian's waist to pull him even closer. His hands grabs Ian's biceps for god knows why and just enjoy the feeling of this whole new level of pleasure.

Mickey woke up in the exact same position he fell asleep, sweating, his cock hard. This can't be real. Is he really gay?

He opened the bottled water and took a few sips. What should he do now?

Next time when he went work Ian was there. A smile on his face when he talked with the regulars, but when he turned his head towards Mickey, the smile faded and an 'I'm sorry' face took it's place. About fifteen minutes later he walked to the bar and looked directly in Mickey's eyes.

"We need to talk."

"We have work."

"Let's go to my apartment after work."

"Ian no! I'm not doing this all over again. I'm going to go home and we will never talk about this."

Mickey was unsure about everything. About his relationship with Svetlana, about his friendship with Ian, about his own sexuality and he didn't want to question these more from talking with the redhead.

"Mickey please!"

"No is no, Gallagher."

After his shift Mickey was about to walk home. He didn't live far from the bar and he liked it. He was thinking about what should he do after going home because Lana will be out with the girls tonight again. He could watch something or... go out and have fun at some club... Okay, he was lonely. But no one gave a shit about it. ...Maybe he would like to have a friend. Someone like Ian. Ian is a good friend. Funny, kind, caring... and he has a beautiful smile. And his eyes too. Mickey could stare at them all day. Just like at his muscular body...

THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH HIM? Why can't he just stop thinking about him?

Mickey finally arrived to the building. He walked upstairs and opened the door of their small apartment. He wanted to turn around and close the door, but he almost screamed when he saw that somebody followed him.

"Ssh, it's just me. I said we need to talk and I don't care if you want to or not, we will." Ian said as he closed the door behind himself.

"I can call the cops Ian. This is my house, you can't do this."

"Mickey just let me talk a little, okay?"

Mickey looked in those gorgeous emerald green eyes and he felt himself nodding slightly.

"Okay. Mickey I know you are scared. I know, this is new, but maybe you aren't even gay. Maybe it was the alcohol. Or maybe you're bisex, or pansex. We need to figure it out and if you know it for
sure, you will be able to deal with it. ...What do you say?"
"Wait, do you really want me to have sex with you again, because it will 'help me'?"
"Exactly. Well... not having sex, just a kiss maybe. Don't want to force on you anything."
Well... maybe this isn't that stupid. Learning by doing, right? Just a kiss and maybe it turns out he
doesn't even gay.
"Just a kiss?"
"Just a kiss."
"I can do that..."
Ian smiled and leaned forward. When their lips touched, Mickey felt like it pressed a button inside
him, what made him never wanting to let go of Ian. Let go of his lips. Those lips... fuck, he would
kill for those lips. They were so soft, so warm, so sweet. He darted his tongue out and licked them,
which made Ian open his mouth instantly. But as their tongue touched, Mickey knew there was no
turning back. He cupped Ian's face with both of his hands and pulled him closer. Ian's hands gripped
his hips firmly and started pushing him backwards until Mickey's back hit the wall.
"Bedroom?" Ian breathed into his mouth.
"Come." Mickey pushed him away and took his hands to lead him into the bedroom.
Once they were laying on the bed, Mickey crawled onto Ian's lap and started unbuckling his belts.
Ian immediately reached for the buttons of his shirt and started unbuttoning them as fast ad he could.
"Mickey! I'm home!" Svetlana shouted from the front door.
With a quiet 'fuck' Mickey hopped down from Ian's lap and buttoned back up his shirt. Ian fumbled
with his belt for a few moments, but he managed to buckle it back. Just in time, because Svetlana
stepped in a second later.
"Hey Lana! Thought you're going to be out with your friends!"
"Yes, I was about to, but Nika got sick. Who is he?" she pointed at Ian.
"Well... he's Ian..."
"Mickey told me that you will be out today and I thought I'm just gonna step by, so he won't be
alone. But I was just about to leave."
"No, don't go! We can watch the match together. Cowboys and Eagles. What do you say, carrot
top?"
Ian chuckled at the nickname but he nodded. He just wanted to spend more time together with
Mickey.
"Okay, let's go."
Lana headed out of the room, leaving them alone together. Mickey stepped close to Ian and
whispered in his ear "We will continue from this." then he walked out too. Mickey was still scared
about being gay. It was a whole new thing to him, but if that meant that he can have some more sex
with Ian and having him by his side, than he would gladly try it.

They sat on the couch. Mickey in the middle, Lana from the left, Ian from the right. Ian's hand was
resting high up on his thigh as they watched the match. There was only minutes left.
"You wanna come over tomorrow?" Ian whispered into his ear.
"Yeah, sure, why not. If we can finish what we started." Mickey smiled devilishly.
"Though words from a man who an hour ago refused to talk to me about all these gay things."
"You showed me what I have missed..."
"What are you two whispering there about, girls? You know what? Don't care. Just let me watch the
last minute in silence."
They both smiled at each other.

When the match ended, Mickey lead Ian out of the house.
"Tomorrow?" Ian asked.
"Tomorrow." Mickey answered, a smile spreading on his face. When Ian was about to walk away he
catched the hem of his t shirt. "Wait!" the redhead turned back, a hint of confuseness in his eyes.
Mickey put his other hand on the back of his neck and pulled him down into a kiss. "Goodnight
Ian."
"Goodnight Mickey."
Ian and Mickey started spending more time together. Mickey often slept over at Ian's place and they mostly spent the nights with getting to know each other more, watching Netflix or just having mind blowing sex. They loved this whole thing, but the fact that Mickey was still engaged made things very complicated.

"Do you ever plan on breaking up?" Ian asked as he pulled the man in his arms closer to his chest. "With you or with Lana?" Mickey grinned.

"You know it damn right. ...Do you really wanna marry her?"

"Fuck no. I just... need time, you know. I don't wanna hurt her. She was my first real friend."

"I don't want to make you hurry. Just wanted to know if you wanna end things before the wedding or after the wedding." Ian joked.

"Fuck you!"

"Hmmm what if I fuck you?" Ian asked, kissing the back of Mickey's neck. His hand slipped from the brunette's waist to his naked thighs.

"I can be down with that..." Mickey breathed out.

Ian's hands wandered from his thigh to his chest and pinched his nipples.

"Oh fuck Ian..."

"Ssh, let me take care of you babe."

Ian turned Mickey around to face him, then he crawled up above him and kissed him deeply. He started kissing his way down on Mickey's body. His jawline, his exposed neck, where he stooped a little to suck on it a little.

"Don't! Ian don't leave any marks!" Mickey warned.

"Sorry baby..." he purred and continued what he started. He kissed Mickey's collarbone and slightly bit it, then his chest, paying attention to his nipples to kiss, suck and play with each one a little. He went lower, grazing his tongue around the brunette's navel, kissing a line from the left hipbone to the right and back. He lifted both of Mickey's thighs and placed them on his shoulders. He looked up and saw beautiful lust blown blue eyes staring right back at him. Mickey already seemed wrecked, his chest heaving, quiet pants leaving his parted lips. Ian loved that sight. He kissed both of Mickey's thighs close to his crotch, then grabbed his already hard cock and started slowly stroking it. He lowered himself and licked Mickey's balls. The brunette gasped and threwed his head backwards when Ian sucked his balls into his mouth. Mickey let out moan after moan, not caring about who heard it. Ian let his balls out of his mouth and he licked a thick stripe from the base of Mickey's cock to the tip. He circled his tongue around the slit for a moment, then he sucked two of his own fingers into his mouth to make it slick. Seconds later those fingers were inside Mickey's hole.

"Ouh fuck. I... please Ian. I need..." Mickey panted.

"What? What do you need Mick? Tell me. All you have to do is ask and I will do it."


Ian smiled at how needy Mickey was. He loved it though.

He pulled his finger out of him and reached for the nightstand rawer to take out the lube and a condom. He tore open the condom, rolled it on his dick and made it slick with lube. He lined up with Mickey's hole and pushed inside just the head of it.

"Aah yeah, please Ian go on please!" he groaned.

Ian slowly pushed in until he finally bottomed out. He gave some time to both of them to adjust to this overwhelming feeling, then he started moving. His trust were slow, but hard and it felt so good. Ian's cock stretched him in the best way possible, and this combined with that Ian perfectly aimed his prostate with almost every trust. The pleasure was almost too much for him, but at the same time not enough. He wanted everything. Wanted every part of Ian, everything the redhead could give. He circled his arms around Ian's neck to pull him down into a kiss and hugged him tightly, never wanting to let go. Yes, he was cheating on his fiancée. Yes, so many christians would say this is a
sin. Yes, so many homophobes would say this is disgusting. But for Mickey it felt so right. Like he should do this forever. He didn't care about anything or anyone and he hoped Ian felt the same way.
"Mickey... you look yo good like this. So hot, I can't believe you're real. I'm so close, are you close?"
"So close Ian. Touch me! Please!"
Ian instantly wrapped his hand around Mickey's cock. Mickey whined and squeezed Ian tighter.
"Ian... fuck, just like that. Feels so good." Mickey gasped.
"Come on baby, cum for me." Ian moaned and that's all Mickey needed to finish. He came into Ian's hand and onto his own stomach. A few more trust later, when Mickey almost wanted to scream from oversensitivity, Ian came too, releasing into the condom.
They stayed like that for a while to come down from their highs. After what seemed like hours for them Ian smiled and lowered himself to kiss the brunette.
"Come on Red. Get off of me." he chuckled. Ian pulled out and collapsed next to him on the bed.
"I don't think I will ever be over how good is this." Ian panted and lifted Mickey's hand to kiss his tattooed knuckles. Mickey smiled and turned on his side. He rested his head on Ian's shoulder and started drawing patterns on the redhead's chest as they find a normal pace of breathing.
"I wanna stay here." Mickey whispered.
"Why don't you do it then?"
"Svetlana..."
Ian nodded and hugged him tighter.
"I think I will call in sick today and just go home. I'm exhausted." Mickey said, looking up in emerald green eyes.
"Fine with me. But I need to work so I think I will start to dress up." Ian climbed out of the bed and headed to his closet, still naked.
"You don't have to hurry." Mickey said, propping up on his elbows. He definitely enjoyed the sight of the naked redhead in front of him.

After Ian left to work, Mickey went home. It was already a little late, so when he arrived to his apartment, it was dark outside. He thought Svetlana was asleep because he didn't hear any noises. So he opened the door as quietly as possible and went to their bedroom.
As Mickey opened his bedroom door, he thought he was in some stupid movie. This was not possible...
He saw Svetlana sitting on their bed, with his best friend, Nika in her lap, passionately kissing.
"Svetlana! What the fuck is going on?!" he yelled.
"Erm... I can explain this..."
"Erm... I can explain this..."
"Really? Then please, explain me what are you two doing right now?"
Nika stood up from Lana's lap and ran out of the room.
"Look, Mickey I'm sorry. I really sorry, but... we had sex only twice. And like three years ago. And
Nika was really my best friend, but he's also lesbian and I... I don't know. Things happened and once
I just found myself in her bed."
Mickey looked straight at Lana. He saw in her eyes that she really felt guilty. He walked over to the
bed and sat down next to her.
"I'm sorry for yelling at you. You know... I'm not better than you either."
"What?"
"Like a week ago I realized that I'm gay. I started liking Ian. This is why we didn't have sex so
long." Mickey sadly looked up into Lana's eyes. She wasn't mad, or sad because of it. She was just
surprised.
"I think it will be better if we don't marry each other." Svetlana smiled.
"Yeah. That would be better."
Svetlana put his hand on Mickey's and leaned her head on his shoulder.
"Svetlana?"
"Yeah?"
"Thank you. You are my best friend."
"You don't need to thank me anything. You are my best friend too."

About five minutes later Svetlana ran after Nika to explain things to her, so Mickey had some time to
call Ian and tell him the news.
At least he tried, but he didn't pick it up.
"Hey, this is Ian. I'm busy, leave a message."
"Hey Red. This is Mickey. Erm... call me back if you have time."

"Hey, this is Ian. I'm busy, leave a message."
"Hi, this is Mickey again. Your shift's over for like half an hour and you still didn't call me back. Just
wanted to know if you're okay."

"Hey, this is Ian. I'm busy, leave a message."
"Hey, it's me again. Should I come over to check on you? I'm worried about you."

"Hey, this is Ian. I'm busy, leave a message."
"Ian call me back for fuck's sake! It's four in the morning, where are you?"

"Hey, this is Ian. I'm busy, leave a message."
"For the love of god Ian! What happened to you? Call me the fuck back!"

It was 7 o'clock and Mickey didn't sleep a second. He was too worried about Ian, who still didn't call
him back. So he clicked on his name again, for the last time, and started the call.
It rang once...
Breathe in.
Twice...
Breathe out.
Three times... 
Please please please pick it up.

Four times...
"Hello?" Mickey heard a stranger man's voice. Ian slept with somebody else?
"Where is he?" Mickey asked.
"Who are you?"
"I can ask you the same question, but I don't. Tell me where's Ian."
"Hey, chill dude, we're at my place."
"Tell me the address."
The man gave it to him. Mickey hung up and ran out of the house. He knew where is this place.

He stood in front of the door, where the guy supposed to live. His fist was in the air, ready to knock, but he was afraid. Afraid of what will happen if he does. Maybe Ian will open the door and he will tell him that this week didn't mean anything to him. That their sex didn't mean anything to him. That he never liked Mickey just wanted to have fun.
Mickey felt his eyes water. And he didn't want anybody to see him cry, so he took a deep breath and knocked on the door. Seconds later Ian opened it.
"Hey Mickey."
"I called you at least ten times! You didn't pick up any of them. And then I have to talk with your boyfriend to at least know that you're okay?!"
"Wowowowow! What the fuck are you talking about? Boyfriend?"
"Yeah. I talked with a guy who told me that you're here with him."
"Mickey that was Lip!" Ian laughed.
"Who?"
"Come in, I'll introduce you to him." he grabbed Mickey's hand and pulled him inside the house.
"I don't wanna meet your boyfriend Gallagher!"
Ian just smiled at how stubborn Mickey was and kept pulling him inside the livingroom where a guy sat on the couch, watching tv. But as soon as he saw the boys, he stood up in, looking right at Mickey.
"Lip, this is Mickey. You talked with him today on my phone. Mickey, this is my brother Lip."
Wait, what? Brother?
"Hi Mickey. I've heard a lot about you. Ian can't stop talking about you." Lip held out his hand to him.
"I wish I could say the same." he took the guy's hand and shook it.
"Lip came to the club yesterday and I drank too much so he took me here. I didn't call you back because I was too wasted and fell asleep. Sorry." Ian said, cupping Mickey's face.
"No problem. I just... worried about you."
"I should go home. Wanna join me?" Ian asked.
"Yeah, why not. Wanted to tell you something anyway." They walked out of the building and lit a cigarette.
"So what did you wanted to tell me?" Ian asked taking a drag, then passing the cigarette to Mickey.
"Well... when I went home yesterday I found... Svetlana and his bestie, Nika in our bed, making out." 
"What the fuck?! She's into chicks?"
"She says she's bisexual. So I used this awkward moment to tell her that I'm gay. She wasn't mad, or anything."
"So you broke up?"
"We broke up." Mickey smiled.
Ian was so happy, he grinned from ear to ear and leaned forward to kiss Mickey. But Mickey immediately took a step back. Ian looked at him confused. Mickey looked around the street, people giving them a look as they walked past them and it annoyed Mickey so much.
"Give... give me some time." Mickey mumbled.
"Oh... okay."
So they just kept walking. No shoulder touching, no hand holding. Just walking next to each other like two friends...

Chapter End Notes

This chapter is not a long one, but I hope you enjoyed it.

Comments and kudos are appreciated❤
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After an hour of begging, Mickey finally said yes to Ian, who wanted to go out and eat dinner somewhere. Ian knew, Mickey wasn't a big fan of pda like kissing, hand holding or going out. Of course when there was only the two of them, Mickey was so much more open. But he didn't like that everybody who walked past them, gave them a weird look. So when they were outside, they were acting like friends.

But now finally they will go on a real date. They dressed up in some not too fancy shit, took a taxi and headed to the nearest diner.

"This is so weird, I don't belong to places like this. It's too much for me. Why don't we just go to yours or mine and eat there?" Mickey asked as they sat at their table.

"Because I want to show everybody that how happy I am to be with you." Ian smiled and took his menu into his hands.

Their waiter arrived to the table too. "What would you like to eat?" he asked.

"The steak with chips and salad sounds good. I'll try that." Mickey said.

"You're right. Then two steak with chips and salad." Ian said and the waiter quickly wrote it into his little note.

"Excuse me. Bathroom." Mickey stood up and walked towards the toilets. Ian noticed that as his boyfriend walked away the waiter stared at his ass.

"Ay, man! Are you staring at the guy's ass?"

"What? No, of course I'm not!" he waited a little and tried to avoid eye contact with Ian, then added. "Even if I do, it's none of your business."

Ian laughed out loud. "None of my business?! What do you think, what are we? Brothers? Friends? Co-workers? He's my fucking boyfriend and only I get to stare at that ass, got it, you little fucker?!"

At the end of his speech Ian was yelling.

"Who did you call little fucker, you possessive son of a bitch?!"

By the time Mickey got back from the bathroom and looked confused at the two men. "What is going on?" he asked.

"This asshole was staring at your ass and he doesn't get what is so wrong with that. You know what? I'll show you."

Ian was about to punch the guy right in the face but Mickey catched his wrist.

"Ian stop this! It's not worth it."

"You can't stare at my boyfriend's ass, you got that? This ass is mine and mine only! If you stare at it again, I'm gonna rip your head off!"

"Ian look at me. Eyes on me!" Mickey cupped his head in both hands and looked at him straight in the eyes. "You need to calm down. Let's go back home, okay? This fucker is not worth it. Come, let's go." Mickey started pulling him out of the diner.

"Yeah, that's it. Thought you will be a pussy to actually hit somebody!" the guy called after them.

And with that Ian turned back and punched him with all his strength.

"Ooh fuck, this felt good." he mumbled and headed back to his boyfriend.

When they arrived to Ian's apartment, Mickey instantly took Ian's hand and checked his knuckles.

"Mick I'm fine. Nothing is broken, not even cracked. Well maybe the waiter's nose." he joked.

"This is not funny you possessive asshole. You really could have hurt yourself."

"I'm sorry Mickey. I know you don't like it when I call you my boyfriend in front of people, but this guy was annoying me so much."

"You don't have to apologize. To be honest it turned me on. Seeing how possessive you can get if it's about me." Mickey smiled.
"Oh, I can get even more possessive if you are so turned on by that." Ian pressed Mickey against a wall and kissed him passionately. They threwed away each other's jackets and kicked off their shoes. Ian took off his tie and when Mickey wanted to do the same, he stopped him.

"No, leave that on. I want to hold onto something when I pound you good and hard from behind." he crooned into the brunette's ear, what made him shiver. 

"Jesus Gallagher. You say things like this so easily..."

Ian grinned and tarted unbuckling Mickey's belt.

A little while later they were both naked, Mickey's legs wrapped around Ian's hips as Ian pressed him back to the wall.

"You don't wanna move to the bed?" Mickey asked between heated kisses.

"We probably should..." Ian nodded and stepped away from the wall. He walked into the bedroom with Mickey still wrapped around him and sat on the bed.

"You're so sexy Mickey. So sexy, I don't want anybody else to look at you. I want them to know that you're taken. That you're mine." Ian turned them around and pinned Mickey to the mattress. 

"Tell me. Tell me that you're mine Mickey."

"Ian..."

Ian took Mickey's cock into his hand and started slowly stroking it. He lowered his head and sucked one of his nipples into his mouth. Mickey gasped and put his hands around his mouth not to let out any moans.

"You have lube and condom?" Ian asked.

"D-drawer." Mickey panted.

He whimpered when the heat of Ian's body disappeared from above him. Mickey closed his eyes and let himself calm down a bit, because since they stepped through the door of his apartment, his heartbeating is so fast, like he ran a whole marathon.

"You're so hot like this Mick and you don't even know." Ian crawled back where he was and whispered into Mickey's ear. "Let me show you!"

With a swift movement Ian turned him around on his stomach. "On your hands and knees." Ian ordered. Mickey did what he told. And as soon as he was positioned like Ian wanted it, he felt the head of his boyfriend's dick lining up with his hole.

"You're not gonna prep me?"

"No." Ian answered and pushed all the way in.

It hurt. He felt like his ass was on fire but he didn't care. Ian felt so good inside him.

The redhead grabbed the brunette's tie and started jackhammering into his boyfriend. Mickey tried to keep his noises as quiet as possible while Ian hit his sweet spot with every trust.

"I hate when somebody looks at you. I don't want anybody else's hands on you. That guy... He will never get to touch you. Make you feel like I do. Make you cum like I do. You got that Mickey?"

Oh god, Mickey couldn't say a word. When he opened his mouth only moans came out.

"Answer me Mickey!"

"Yeah! Only yours!" He cried out loudly and he was sure he woke up every neighbour. But in that moment he didn't care. He focused on the fire spreading through his whole body, making him quiver as Ian relentlessly pounded him.

"Who do you belong to?" Ian asked once again.

"You!"

"Say my name!"

"Ian. Ian, fuck!"

Ian leaned forward, letting go of Mickey's tie and kissed the back of his neck. He reached around and started stroking the brunette.

And that's all Mickey needed. He came so hard his elbows gave in and he fell on the bed. Just a few more trusts and Ian came too, collapsing next to the brunette.

"Mickey?"

"Yeah Gallagher?"

"....Nothing. Go to sleep." Ian kissed him one more time, then wrapped his arms around him and let
himself drift to sleep.

"You know you still owe me a date." Ian said.
"Yeah? Why?"
"Because last time it wasn't really a date. Just me fucking up the whole night."
"Then where do you wanna go?"
"Really? Erm... fuck, I don't know. Maybe we can just... have an ice cream? It feels like ages since I last ate an ice cream."
"Then we're getting ice creams." Mickey smiled.
"Okay, can we go then?"
"You mean now?!"
"Yes! It's gonna be fun, come on!"

They dressed up and walked over to the nearest place where they could get ice creams. They ordered two scoops and went for a walk.

For Ian's biggest surprise Mickey grabbed his hand and interlaced their fingers.
"What are you doing?" Ian asked.
"When I said give me some time I didn't mean forever Gallagher." Mickey chuckled, then stopped in front of Ian. There were so many people around them. And almost every one looked at them in that way. But there was one difference, Mickey didn't care about them anymore. He leaned in and kissed his boyfriend. Right there, in front of everybody. And he could feel Ian smiling into the kiss. As he pulled away Ian wrapped his arms around his waist to keep him there for a little longer and rested his forehead against Mickey's.
"Thank you Mick." he whispered.

Chapter End Notes

Hii!
Thank you for reading, I hope you enjoyed this chapter as well.
And thanks for all the kudos and comments I already got, it means so much to me❤️❤️
Chapter 6

They were together for almost two months now, but for then it seemed like forever. They knew the other one like they knew themself and they were so happy together. And Ian was even thinking about introducing Mickey to his family. He knew about Mickey's family a lot and he thought that maybe his boyfriend will not want to introduce him to Terry or anybody else. And he was totally fine with it, because Terry was a big homophobic asshole. But his family was nice and mostly understanding, so he thought they would like Mickey.

It was a regular Friday night. They were done working, so they often went to Mickey's or Ian's apartment and just sat on the couch and watch some movie after eating. "I'm so glad I found a guy that can cook." Mickey grinned as Ian put the plates on the coffee table. "I would be fucked without you."
"Yeah you would." Ian smiled slightly and put his fork into his mouth. "So... Mickey. I've been wondering-"
"No."
"What?"
"Dunno what you wanna ask but the answer's probably no."
"You're such a dick. I was gonna ask if you wanna... y'know..."
"Spit it out firecrotch!"
"If you wanna meet with my family."

Mickey furrowed his eyebrows in question. "We're together for a while now and they are my family. I want them to know how amazing is my boyfriend." Ian said smiling.

Wow....

Yes, they have been together for two months but the only one Mickey meet from Ian's family was Lip. And he was nervous as fuck. Like... who knows, maybe the Gallaghers won't like him. Nobody liked Milkoviches at the South side. Everybody knew them though, but they hated Terry, hated all of Mickey's brothers, his sister, and to be honest, they hated Mickey too. Plus everybody thought that he was straight and now he wanted to go back there and tell them he's in a relationship with a guy? What if his dad finds out about it?

"Mickey?" Ian's voice brought him back from his thoughts. "If you don't wanna, then you don't need to." he stroked Mickey's upper arm comfortingly.
"It's not like I don't wanna meet with them, just..." Mickey stopped a little, then shook his head. "Nevermind."
"What?"
"It's nothing."
"No, if this is why you don't wanna meet them, then please tell me. I wanna know."
"I'm just... scared. What if they won't like me? Or what if... my dad finds out about it and kill me?"
"Mickey" Ian put his plate back on the coffee table and kneeled in between his boyfriend's legs. "I would never let anyone hurt you. If somebody's gonna try to lay a fucking finger on you I'm gonna break all of the fucker's bones."
Mickey smiled, though he saw that Ian was serious about what he just said.
"Okay, then maybe I'll meet with them..."
"Thank you Mick." Ian moved up and kissed Mickey. Then he sat back next to him on the couch and continued eating.

"It's gonna be okay Mickey. They'll love you! I swear!" Ian said, gently rubbing his hand up and down on the brunette's thigh as the taxi pulled down in front of the Gallagher's house. They paid and
got out of the car. Mickey still wasn't the fan of pda, but sometimes he let Ian kiss him or hold his hand out in public. But this was different. As they stepped up on the porch, Mickey grabbed Ian's hand and squeezed it tightly.

"Don't be so nervous." he stroked the head of his hand with his thumb. Ian knocked, but didn't wait for an answer, just walked in. "Hey guys! We're here!"

"IAN!!" everybody in the house screamed and ran to them to hug and kiss Ian. "I missed you too guys. Hey, this is my boyfriend, Mickey Milkovich." he wrapped his arm around Mickey's waist, who silently waved at the Gallaghers.

"Oh wow. So... Milkovich?" Fiona said.

"Isn't that guy married to a chick?" Carl asked.

"Well... no. This is a very long story, but we came to dinner. We should eat and ask after." Ian said. They sat down to eat and they really had a good time. They asked a lot about them, but mostly talked about Ian, telling childhood stories, which Mickey enjoyed a lot. He actually wanted to know even more about his boyfriend than he already knew.

When they were about to go home, Fi stopped Ian at the door, letting Mickey go out and take a taxi alone.

"Ian, I really like Mickey. But are you sure, he's the right choose? You know him and his family. They always make troubles, and I don't want you to get involved in his shit."

Ian's jaw clenched. How can she say anything like this about this perfect man?! "Yes. He's the right choose. He's not like his family, not like his father, he is absolutely different and you know nothing about him. So please let me go Fiona."

"Ian! You comin' or what?" Mickey shouted from the taxi.

"We arrived. Mickey said as the engine stopped. "But this is not my place. And not yours either. This is..." the Milkovich house, Ian thought. This is where Mickey've been raised, where his father and his sister still lived. "What do you wanna do here?"

"It's time to come out to him."

"What?!! How many beer you had?"

"I dunno. Maybe five o' six, but Ian... your family liked me. And is jus feels right. I h've to do it once, why not now if we're 'lready got our asses down to Souside? Come, I wan you to be there if 'e tries to kill me."

They got out of the car and walked towards the house. When Mickey knocked, Mandy opened the door and let them come in.

"Where's dad?"

"He's in there." he pioned to Terry's bedroom. Mickey marched to the door and kicked it in.

"Wake up Terry, I b've somethin important to tell ya!"

"What the fuck?!" Terry immediately got up and looked at his son, Ian and Mandy right behind him. "I jus want ya to kno', I'm fuckin' gay!" Mickey looked right in his eyes with a serious expression. "Yea, a fuckin faggot and he's my fuckin' boyfriend!" he pointed at Ian who grabbed his hand and interlaced their fingers, whispering "I'm here with you" into his ear. For a moment Terry looked at the two boys, standing in front of him hand in hand. Then they could see the anger in his eyes as he got up and punched Mickey right in the face. "Call the cops!" Ian shouted at Mandy, then pulled Terry away from Mickey. They were fighting until they heard the sirens. A bunch of policemen ran into the room and pinned all of them to the ground.

"Not even a surprise that we have to come to the Milkovich house. What happened?" an officer asked.

"My boyfriend... he came out to him and Terry just punched him." Ian explained the situation.
"So you hit first Terry? Never learn from your mistakes? Finally going back to the can, huh?" they cuffed him and pushed him out of the house, into the police car and drove away.
"You two, guys..." he gestured between Ian and Mickey. "It's your lucky day. Get the hell away before I change my mind."
They got up from the floor and Ian instantly went to hug Mickey. They were both covered in blood and everything hurt, but it was worth it. Although his ribs were probably cracked, his nose broken and he could barely stand on his own legs he finally felt safe. Safe in Ian's arms.
"Wanna walk home?" Ian mumbled.
"Yeah."

They said goodbye to Mandy and walked out of the house hand in hand. It seemed like everything was perfect. Mickey was so happy and he felt like nothing can make him feel sad. He had a good job, a perfect boyfriend, who's family actually liked him and now his dad was in prison. There's nothing holding him back anymore.

They went to Ian's apartment and cleaned up themselves. They changed into their pajamas (aka boxers) and sat down on the couch. Just as a regular Friday night. They turned on the TV and watched some random show what was playing on the HBO. Mickey loved it.
Loved how Ian's arms felt wrapped around his body and the way Ian kept kissing the sensitive spot right behind his ear.
"Mick?" he whispered between soft kisses.
"Hmm?"
"I love you."

Oh fuck...
Hey guys! This chapter is a little longer, and a lot if things happen in it.
It was very exciting to write it and I hope it'll be just as exciting to read.

A week.
It's been a week since Ian said 'I love you' and Mickey didn't say anything back.
Though Ian wasn't complaining about it, he was like he didn't say anything that important. But he
still said it at least one time every day. And Mickey never say anything back.

Once when he was talking with Svetlana on the phone he told her what happened.
"So he didn't say anything?"
"Nope. He acts like it's all normal."
"You lucky. Nika would rip my head off if it would happen."
"But I don't know what to do! I'm not ready to say this! And I'm... I'm... What if he'll break up with
me because I can't say it?"
"Mickey it's gonna be fine. He love you. He will not break up. And you will be anle to say it. You
just have to wait."

"Mickey! I'm home!" Ian shouted from the front door. Mickey quickly said goodbye to Svet and
hung up the phone.
"Hi Red... How was work?"
"Shitty as always. It's getting so fucking cold, I hate November. It's not winter, it's not fall, it's just...
November." he started undressing as he stepped into the bedroom where Mickey was laying in Ian's
bed.
Mickey smiled. He loved this dork side of Ian just as much as every other side of him. It made him
incredibly cute.
"Let me get under this shit, I'm freezing." Ian crawled under the duvet and his ice cold hands slipped
under Mickey's t-shirt.
"What the fuck Gallagher?!" Mickey yelped.
"You're so warm... let me stay like this for a little please. It's nice."
Mickey wanted to protest, but he just couldn't say no to this perfect man. So he wrapped his arms
around Ian's cold body and pulled him closer to his own. It felt like hugging an ice cube, but it was
worth it.
"I love you so much Mickey." he mumbled.
And Mickey stayed silent.
But Ian could hear it. He could hear Mickey's heartbeating getting faster as he said it and it was
enough. He knew that this meant he loved him back.

"I should get going now. My shift starts in fifteen minutes," Mickey said as he pushed Ian off.
"But who's gonna warm me up then?" Ian smiled but as he saw Mickey's scared expression his smile
fade away. "Mick... what is it? What's wrong? Tell me please." he placed his hand on the brunette's
shoulder.
"It's nothing. I'll be back in a couple hours. Bye..."

Mickey was so weird since that day. Ian wanted to help him, but he just didn't want to tell him what's
the matter. And Ian felt useless...

"Baaabe! I'm hoooomeee!" Mickey shouted as he steped into the apartment. 
"F**k, Mickey! I'm tryna sleep!" Ian groaned. 
"Uh... sorry baby..." Mickey dropped down next to him on the couch. 
"Baby? You never call me baby. Are you drunk?"
"Maybe... whachu gonna do about it tough guy?" Mickey sat in Ian's lap and started kissing and nibbling on his jawline. 
"Mickey I will not fuck you until you get sober." Ian said, trying to fight the urge to squeeze Mickey's ass. 
Mickey didn't fight back. He circled his arms around Ian's neck, stopped kissing and laid his head on Ian's shoulder. A little later Ian could feel the warm drops of tear landing on his bare chest. 
"Are you crying Mickey?"
"No..." he sobbed. 
"Oh come on. Look at me." he turned Mickey's face to look straight in his watery, red eyes. "Why are you crying babe?"
Ian never call Mickey pet names, but it seemed to calm him down a little. 
"You love me." 
"Yeah Mickey. I love you." 
"And I don't deserve you." 
"Wha- Mick! How can you say such a thing?"
"Because I can't say it back. And I can't take care of you as you do. And I can't do what you can do. You are perfect Ian. And I don't deserve you." 
"Mickey I know you love me. You don't have to say it out for me to know that you do. And you take very good care of me! You were there with me when I ate something spoiled and puked all night. You could go to sleep and let me do everything on my own, but you sat there, next to me, telling me it's gonna be okay. You even made me breakfast once!"
"That was shitty... the eggs were too salty, the bacon was raw and I overbaked the toasts... It was awful and you make so much better meals..."
"Yes, but... f**k Mick, you are perfect for me! I love you!"
"I love you too! I just can't say it out yet!" he cried.

"Mickey..." 
"What?"
"You just said it..." Ian chuckled. 
"I... did?" Micey sobbed as he wiped the tears from his eyes. 
"Yes, you did." he hugged Mickey and started pressing soft kisses on his neck to soothe him to sleep. "I'm proud of you Mick. I love you." 
"I love you too." 
"I know. Let's sleep a little, okay?"

A while later Mickey fell asleep in Ian's lap, so Ian lifted him up and carried him to the bed. 
"Mmmh... Ian?"
"Sssh, go back to sleep baby." he mumbled as he put his boyfriend down on the bed.

Mickey woke up, his head aching, still in his working clothes. Although he was drunk he still can remember their conversation yesterday. 
He looked on the nightstand and saw some pills, a glass of water and a piece of paper on it.

'Good morning sleeping beauty!
I went to the grocery, I'll be back in half an hour. Take the painkillers, there's breakfast in the fridge.

Ps: wash your teeth before I arrive home, you smell like booze.

Love you
Ian'

Mickey smiled. Ian's always so kind and caring.
He took the pills and went into the kitchen to find pancakes in the fridge.
"I love you..." he whispered.
How can somebody be as perfect as Ian Gallagher?

"Ian? Ian Gallagher?"
Ian was already fishing the key of the apartment building out of his backpocket when he heard his name. He turned around and-
Oh fuck.
"Man, is that really you?" the guy walked closer to him. "I can't believe this! How long it's been?"
"Uh like three years."
"Right... I missed you." he hugged Ian.
"I missed you too Trevor."
"So... do you have a boyfriend now?"
"Actually I do. He's upstairs, probably awake now."
"Good."
"And you?"
"Nah, I... it's hard, y'know. Getting over you. But let's not talk about my ridiculously horrible love life. You have job now? You still live alone?"
"Yes, I have a job, I'm working as a waiter in a bar/nighclub. It's a lot of fun. And... I practically live alone, but Mick is always here. I wanted to ask him to move in with me..."
"How long are you together?"
"A little more than two months. But it feels like forever. It just feels right."
"Yeah, I know that feeling." Trevor sadly smiled.
"But what are you doing in Chicago? When you left you told me you got a job in New York."
"I quit."
"Oh... Why?"
"I just didn't feel that it's what I should do. So I came home."
"That's awesome. I think. You know what to do now?"
"I've been looking for a cheap apartment to live. For now I just moved back to my mom and his new boyfriend."
"That sucks... I would ask you if you wanna move here til you get a job and an own place but Mickey's here now and we... don't have much space."
"I would probably say no." Trevor laughed. "You know... sharing the bathroom, sleeping in the same room... Sexual tension... It would be hard."
"Okay, Mickey is probably looking for me now, by Trev." he said, quickly opening and closing the door. Trev? Seriously?
The name he called him when the were toggether. Maybe it's the power of habit.

"Hey Mick." Ian said when he found his boyfriend in the kitchen, stuffing his face with the pancakes Ian made for him.
"Sorry I can't hear you, I'm in heaven."
Ian laughed and leaned down to place a kiss on Mickey's head.
He wanted to tell him about Trevor. Because they never actually talked about his earlier relationship
and Mickey should know about it. But honestly Ian didn't like talking about himself. And he didn't want to fuck up this almost perfect morning.

"Do you... uh... remember anything from yesterday?" Ian asked.

"After the drinking part? Not so much. Why?" Mickey said standing up and stepping behind Ian, who was putting the things he bought into the fridge.

"Not so much? What do you remember then?"

"Erm... arriving home, you saying no to sex, which is maybe didn't happen because you'd never turn down a good fuck-"

"I would if you'd be drunk." Ian turned around to face his boyfriend.

"And that when I said I love you." Mickey finished.

Ian smiled widely and tugged Mickey closer by his hips. "I love you too." he whispered and leaned down to kiss the shorter man. It was slow and tender at the start, but it quickly became very heated and passionate. Ian pressed Mickey against a counter and let his hands wander all over the blue eyed man's beautiful body. He was about to unbuckle his belt when they heard a loud banging from the direction of the front door.

"I'll open it." Ian said.

He went to open the door and saw a young woman standing there with a little boy in her arms who was like one or two year old.

"где он?" the woman asked.

"Sorry?"

"MICKEY!" she screamed and stormed into the house. Ian ran after them and found her in the kitchen, yelling to Mickey.

"ты, сукин сын! Я ненавижу тебя, я ненавижу твоего ребенка, поэтому иди, позаботься об этом по-своему, глупый идиот! Оставь меня трахаться один!" she shouted and put the boy in Mickey's arms, then stormed out of the apartment.

"What was that? You understand what she said?" Ian asked.

"Well this is a very long story..."

"Well I have plenty of time. Hi little man." he smiled to the boy when he reached out to grab Ian's shirt.

"I think... I don't know it for sure but maybe he's my uh... son or something."

"What the-"

"Don't be mad!"

"I'm not mad Mick, but... how? And who was this chick? And what did she say?"

"She's one of Svetlana's friends. Once I got drunk more than I should and she was there... it was like a year ago and she said she's mine."

"What did she say now?"

"He said she hates me and him and I should take care of him." Mickey looked down on the little guy in his hands. How can anybody hate him, he's so cute.

"For how long?"

"I dunno. That's all she said."

"...You know his name?"

"N-no..."

"We should name him. For as long as he's with us"

"That's an idea. What did you think about?"

"Ian?" he laughed.

"No way! What about Steven?"


"Jeremy?"

"You don't like it?"

"It's fine. Jeremy... Doesn't sound like he's my son though."

Ian looked into Jeremy's beautiful blue eyes. He has dark hair, just like his father. He was so cute
with his big smile. He sees Mickey as he look at him.
"I'll call Svet and try figure out how long he'll be here." Mickey said.
Ian sat down on the couch and turned the TV on to watch some cartoons with Jeremy.

"She won't come back."
"What?"
"The boy is ours. We have to take care of him from now on... Shit Ian I'm so sorry. If you want me to leave now I absolutely... understand you." Mickey was pacing around in the livingroom, he sounded nervous, like he didn't know what to do. Ian hated seeing him like this.
He put Jeremy down from his lap on the floor and walked towards Mickey.
"Mick, baby, look at me." he grabbed his shoulders and turned him to face him. "I am totally fine. I'm not upset and you don't have to be sorry for anything. Just look at him, he's so cute. We'll figure a way to take care of him. Together." Mickey nodded and fist his hands in Ian's shirt. "For first we'll have to call the bar to switch our schedules, so when one of us have to work, the other can look after Jeremy."
"Okay. That's a good idea. And... we should buy something where he can sleep."
"See? This is gonna be easy. Just breath with me."
Mickey took a deep breath and closed his eyes. He can do it.
They can do it.
Together.
Mickey felt the warm body wrapped around him. Chest pressing against his back, an arm around his body, fingers interlaced, and the other arm under his head, a little uncomfortable, but still nice. Ian's warm breath on the back of his neck, causing goosebumps spreading all over his shoulders and back. He could smell him. A little hint of soap and Ian's natural scent. So sweet and comforting. Smells like home.

Ian moved his hand a little and started stroking Mickey's palm with his thumb. This made him open his eyes and just stare at long, pale fingers around his own tattooed ones. He let out a soft sound, so Ian figured he's awake.

"Good morning." he whispered and kissed that sensitive spot behind his ear.

"Mornings never good." Mickey murmured.

"Every morning is good if I can wake up next to you."

That's true though. Mickey's days start much better if he can wake up to those long ass limbs wrapped around him.

"Maybe... would start even better if I could wake up to a blowjob." Mickey turned around to face his boyfriend and kissed him.

"Yeah? You want that?"

With a swift movement Ian pinned Mickey down to the bed and moved down, towards his crotch. And then they heard a loud cry from the livingroom.

"Oh fuck... I've almost forgot him." Ian sat up and was about to go and check on Jeremy, but Mickey pulled him back.

"Stay! He will stop crying in a minute, just... Please."

"Mickey we can't do this, and you know that. Come, get your lazy ass out of the bed before your shift."

This was their second day with the baby. The first day went pretty good. They bought him some stuffs, diapers, ribcage, clothes, food and some plastic plates and a plastic cup, so he won't break the porcelain ones. But today... they were both exhausted and all they wanted to do is rest. But they also ran out of money, so they had to work as much as they could. So today Mickey goes on morning and Ian goes on night shift.

Fuck, it was only one day but Mickey already wanted this little shit to go away.

"Hey Jeremy, how's it going?" Ian asked the baby as he picked him up from the ribcage.

"Daaa!" Jeremy babbled and stretched his little arms towards Mickey.

"Daaa? You tryna say dad?" Ian smiled.

"Where did he learn this?" Mickey asked.

"I called you dad in front of him yesterday. Several times. Because he's your son, so he should learn this. Now come on big guy, we'll change diaper while dad habing breakfast."

Ian stepped to the bathroom with Jeremy on his hips when his phone rang.

"Hallo?"

"Hey Ian, it's Trevor. Your... number is still the same. And I just wanted to ask if I can step by today sometime to... talk and stuff."

Oh fuck...

Ian wanted to say no because what about Mickey. But him and Trevor remained friends after
breaking up and Trevor might need a friend now. After the moving and having to move back to his mother. But what about Jeremy?
"Ian?" Trevor's voice made him jump out of his thoughts. "If you're busy then-
"I'm not busy just... would a baby distract you so much?"
"Wha- Ian! We... we broke up! Listen if you want us back again then-
"Trevor please don't sinish this sentence. No, I'm not talking about our baby, I'm talking about Mickey's. My boyfriend's."
"He has a baby?"
"Long story. So... if you wanna come over then come between 7:00 and 2:00. But I have to look after for a baby at the same time. If it bothers you then don't come over." Suddenly the door opened and Mickey stepped inside the bathroom.
"Ian have you seen my black shirt?"
"Erm... We'll talk later then. Bye." Ian hung up and turned to face Mickey. "Uh... no. Sorry."
"Who were you talking with?"
"Fiona. My sister." he lied. He didn't know why, but he lied. And he knew, Mickey will find out once and he'll be mad. But he just didn't want him to be jealous for no reasons. Because of course he had no reasons. Ian loved Mickey with all of his heart and he would never leave him or cheat on him, especially not for Trevor. He was nowhere near Mickey.
"Okay. Once I find my shirt I'll leave so take care." Mickey stepped closer and pulled Ian down into a kiss. "I love you."
"I love you too. Be good."

"So... he's your boyfriend's son?" Trevor asked with Jeremy in his arms.
"Yes. He's Jeremy, we got him the same day we met again. His mother gave him to us and left, god knows where." Ian sat next to Trevor on the couch and handed him a cup of coffee.
"So Mickey's bisexual?"
"No. This is a very long story Trevor and I don't think you came here just to talk about my boyfriend."
"I came here to talk about you. About your life. Job, family, friends, Mickey... us."
"There will never be 'us' again. Just Trevor and Ian, good friends. No 'us'."
"But Ian..." Trevor put Jeremy on the floor and the little boy began wander around the livingroom.
"We were together for two wonderful years! And I truly loved you. I even love you now! Do you love him the way you loved me? Can he make you feel like I did? Make you moan like I did?"
At this point Trevor put a hand on Ian's inner thigh and started rubbing it dangerously close to his crotch. Ian instantly pushed it away.
"Are you fucking crazy?! I said no!"
Trevor throwed a leg over him and sat in his lap. He was about to kiss Ian and Ian's body was acting on it's own. So without any kind of warning Ian punched him in the face. Trevor literally flew off of him.
"Ouch! What the fuck?! You fucking broke my nose! Are you crazy?!"
"I told you Trevor. No is no. So go now before I kick your-"
A door was closed shut behind Mickey who stepped inside the house.
"Ian! I forgot my wallet! Can you help me? Looks like I forget everything today.... Who the fuck is this?"
"Ooh fuck...." Ian mumbled.
"You must be Mickey. I'm Trevor, Ian's ex, he asked me to come over and have some fun." Trevor grinned still laying on the couch.
"Yeah, that's why's your nose bleeding?"
"Look Mickey I'll explain this. This is really my ex boyfriend, Trevor. He asked me to come over and I thought he won't try anything since Jeremy's here and he didn't seem like he wanted to try
anything so I said yes. But as soon as he made a move I punched him. I swear I didn't do anything!"

Mickey looked deeply in Ian's eyes. He was so scared. He didn't want to loose Ian but he didn't want to seem like a little bitch who couldn't live without his boyfriend. (Though Mickey knew it was true, he wouldn't be able to live without Ian.) He clenched his jaw and looked at the guy who was still smiling at the same spot.

"Get the hell out of our house. NOW YOU STUPID FUCKING BITCH BEFORE I SHOVE YOUR DICK DOWN YOUR THROAT!" he yelled. The smile faded from Trevor's face. He stood up and went towards the front door. As he walked past Mickey, he whispered. "He'll come back to me anyway."

"Gallagher what the fuck?!!"
"Look, Mickey I did not cheat on you. I did not make a move, I did not let him kiss me and as soon as I could I hit him. I really was about to kick him out when you arrived. Please believe me!"
"You didn't do anything. Now. But what about tomorrow or the day after tomorrow or a week later or..."
"Mickey look at me." Ian's gentle hand moved his head, so Mickey was looking right into those perfect emerald green eyes he loved. "Do you really think I would ever cheat on you? Do you think I would be such an asshole that needs to get a new partner every once in a while?"
"N-no..." he sobbed. Great. Now he cries.
"Then?"
"Just... let's drop this okay?"
"No, we won't. I love you Mickey and I need you to explain me why are you crying and why do you think I need Trevor rather than you."
Mickey wiggled himself out of Ian's hands and headed into their bedroom to get his wallet and finally leave for work. Ian was about to go after him, but Jeremy tugged at the edge of his jeans and babbled something. Ian picked him up and put him on the couch to watch cartoons. When he turned around to go in the bedroom, he heard the front door closing shut. Mickey left.

After Mickey came back from work they didn't talk much. Ian left for his night shift and told Mickey where the diapers and Jeremy's food was. But before he left he leaned down and kissed Mickey.
"When I get home, we will talk. I want to know what's the problem and I want to help. So be prepared. I love you."
God, he loved this man... Really, with all of his heart he loved Ian. Yeah, it was still a little bit hard to say it, and he blamed his father for it. Everything would be so much easier if his father would already die. He wouldn't have to be scared anymore, he would say out loud what he wanted without having to deal with him.
"Daaa!" Jeremy babbled, smiling at Mickey.
"Yeah buddy, I'm here." he sat down on the armchair and put his son on his knees. "I don't really like kids. So behave, or I'm gonna give you back to your mother."
Of course the little boy didn't understand a word so he kept smiling at him. It was so cute and pure, Mickey couldn't do anything, but smile back at him. Jeremy reached out his tiny hands towards Mickey. "Dad!"

When Jeremy said out the word, Mickey's smile faded and his eyes widened. "Did you really just say out your first word?"
"Dad! Daaad! Daaad!" Jeremy yelled while jumping in Mickey's lap.
"I can't fucking believe you!"

And in that moment something happened. Mickey's heart melted and let the little boy get inside it. He almost cried when he pulled Jeremy close and hugged him. "If I'll ever be like my father please just kill me Jeremy... Sorry for not being there with you when you born, buddy. But I love you
anyway..." he lifted him above his head and smiled up at him. "I hope you know I joked... when I said I would send you back. Ian would probably kill me if I would. He likes you more than he likes me."

His phone rang. He immediately reached for it and picked it up.
"Ian?"
"No shithead, it's me."
"The fuck you want Iggy?"
"Calm the fuck down bro, I got good news."
"What?"
"Dad's dead."

Chapter End Notes

This was a very weird chapter.
I'm gonna edit the tags soon, so yeah. New things coming.
Get ready for new weird things happening!

I love you guys, thank you for reading and hope you enjoyed! Peace out❤❤
Chapter 9

"Wh-what? How?"
"Before he got out last time he got in a business with a guy in there. He didn't do what he promised, the guy got mad, he killed Terry. But who cares why or how, the fucker is finally dead Mickey! Let's get champagne!"
Mickey couldn't say a word. He hung up the phone and put Jeremy down on the floor. He started pacing around the whole house. For first at the living room, then he went in the kitchen for a beer and continued there. Then he went for some tissues into the bedroom and forty minutes after unstopping walking around he sat down on the bed and started crying. Like real tears and he was whining like a baby and he just couldn't stop. He was laying against the headboard, curled up with a lot of used tissues around him. In the living room Jeremy was crying but he just couldn't give a shit. His father was dead. Dead...
Dead...
Dead...
This word was echoing through his mind and his head was already aching.

"Mickey! I'm home!" he heard Ian's yelling. "Hey, how's it going?"
"Jeremy said his first words."
"Really? What?" Ian asked excitedly as he stepped behind Mickey who stood next to the sleeping boy in the ribcage.
"Dad..."
"Aww, that's so cute." Ian wrapped his arms around Mickey's waist and kissed his neck. "Now it's time to talk about the things earlier."
With a swift movement he turned Mickey around to face him. "What? Mickey why are you crying?"
"I... Iggy called me. My father... He's dead." he sobbed.
"Oh my god Mickey I'm so sorry..." he pulled Mickey into his embrace and stroked his back up and down to soothe him. "But I thought you hate your dad."
"I do! I don't really know why I'm crying!"
"Hey, what about you go and shower first. I'll be out here and cook some dinner for you. After we eat we can watch whatever you want and then I'll put you in bed. We will figure this thing out tomorrow. That sounds good?"
"Nooo, don't leave me! I don't wanna shower alone, come with me and let's get in bed together."
"We'll do what you wanna do."

As they got undressed and got in the shower Mickey practically attacked Ian, kissing him hardly. "Fuck me." he whispered in heated kisses.
"Mickey... you sure?"
"Yeah, I want you to fuck all my frustration out."
"Fine for me."
Ian turned Mickey around and sank on his knees. He spread the dark haired boy's cheeks with his hands and licked a fat stripe over his hole.
"Ahh fuck Ian. That feels so good."
Ian circled his tongue around Mickey's hole, then slowly pushed just the tip in. Mickey gasped and laid his forehead against the cool tile wall. Ian started trusting with his tongue in and out in a quick pace, what made him writhing.
"Fuck, fuck, fuck, Ian! he whimpered.
The redhead reached forward and started stroking his hard cock.
"Stop, I'm gonna cum! Stop, please!"
Ian suddenly stopped everything and stood back on his legs. "Lube?" Ian asked. "Just get in me already!"

That was all the permission Ian needed, he pushed inside Mickey. "Aaah fuck yeah, just like that. Fuck me hard."

Ian instantly starts fucking into him in an earth shattering pace, hitting Mickey's prostate almost every one of his trusts. His hands wandered through the smaller one's body, nails scratching his back, fingers pinching his nipples, strong palms gripping his hips. He leaned closer and started nibbling on his earlobes.

"That's my good boy Mick. Let me hear you!"

"Fuck I'm so close! Touch me Ian!"

The taller man grabbed his cock and started stroking it, pace matching with his trusts. "Yeah, just like that! Oh fuck, I'm gonna cum! Fuck Daddy!"

The name took Ian by surprise. But the real surprise was that it insanely turned him on and came seconds after his boyfriend, coating his inner walls with his release.

"God baby... this was so hot." Ian said, laying his forehead on Mickey's shoulder.

"Shit!"

Mickey pushed himself away from the wall and turned around to face Ian. They both looked confused, but Mickey was sad. He was about to cry again and he didn't understand this whole thing. He turned around and ran out of the bathroom.

"Come on Mick, open the door!"

"No! I'm a freak. You don't love me anymore. You gonna leave me for this once I open it." he sobbed.

"No I fucking won't! Mickey I love you. And my feelings doesn't change just because you have a kink. It's okay, you really had some serious daddy issues, I understand. And it's really hot. You calling me Daddy. I liked it. So please don't be ashamed of liking what you like! It's normal!"

"Did you... really like it?"

"Yes, I did. And I love you and I will always love you. You can't change this fact by whatever you say."

The door unlocked, Ian stepped inside and hugged Mickey tight. "It's okay. And you know what? We had a plan. We'll just go to sleep together and then we can figure things out tomorrow."

They got in the bed and Mickey buried his face in Ian's chest. They usually slept cuddled up, but like in that big spoon-little spoon way because Mickey always said Ian will suffocate him if they sleep like this.

"Wanna talk about it?"

Silence.

"...This whole thing is weird. I've always hated my dad. He was a nightmare and I always wanted him to die. Why am I like this?"

"Maybe it was just sudden and you weren't ready for it. Maybe if you get used to it, the feeling will get away. As long as it'll be like this, I will be right here, next to you. I will love you with all of my heart and I will try to help you in anything you want. Okay?"

"Okay..."

Mickey pulled Ian closer and felt himself getting very sleepy in a very short time...
Mickey was always a softie. Even if he tried to act like a tough guy who didn't give a shit about the world, he was very cute and loving with Ian if there was just the two of them. But this whole new level of softness was new to Ian. Mickey took every opportunity to cuddle up with Ian or hug him, kiss him or hold his hand. Ian didn't know where this is coming from, but he really loved it.

It's been three days since Terry died. Three days since they know about Mickey's daddy kink. And three days spent without talking about the Trevor incident...

"Mick, I'm home!"
"Finally! You know, how much I hate putting this little shit in bed?"
"Why? He's such an angel."
"Yeah, but he slept too much with the nanny and just doesn't wanna go to bed. Look."
Mickey picked the little toddler up and tried to put him into his ribcage.
"No! No! No, fuck!"
"Ooh fucking great. Now he learned another curse word." Ian laughed and took Jeremy from Mickey. "Look Jeremy. You have to go to the bed now. When you wake up, we will watch some cartoons and eat pancakes and play, what do you say?"
"Cataoo!"
"Yes, we will watch cartoons after you sleep, okay," Jeremy nodded and let Ian put him to his ribcage.
"You're fucking magic Ian!"
"No, I'm just good with kids." he shrugged.
Mickey raised on his tiptoes to lean closer to Ian's ears and whisper. "Will you be good with bad boys too, Daddy?"

Ian's eyes widened. What the fuck, now dirty talking too? He liked it tho. A lot actually. His cock went rock hard in a minute and grabbed Mickey's wrist to pull him towards the bedroom. "Night buddy!" he said to Jeremy.

"Take your fucking clothes off!" Mickey demanded as he threwed away his tank top.
"Fuck Mickey. You look so hot now." Ian whimpered.
"Yeah, I know, now get in me."
"No, Mickey we should talk."
"Talk? You can talk during fucking if this is what you mean." Mickey stood up to push his boxers down to his ankles, then dropped back on the bed, kicking the fabric away.
"No, Mickey, look. I wanna talk with you about that thing three days ago. About the Trevor thing." Mickey furrowed his brows and clenched his jaw. "You didn't fucking cheat on me with that stupid Ken doll, did you?!"
"What? No! No Mickey, of course not." he sat down next to Mickey, taking his hand in his own. "I love you. I would never do anything so stupid. I just wanna talk about what you said- well, what you didn't say when we were talking about him."
Mickey finally nodded, so he probably remembered what was Ian talking about. "Great. So Mickey. Do you really think I would ever cheat on you?"
"No? Yes? Maybe? I don't fucking know, okay?! I just... This is so stupid!"
"What?"
"That I-I'm scared." Mickey whispered.
"Why are you scared babe?"
"I'm scared about losing you..."
Ian's eyes watered as he heard Mickey saying this so painfully, like if he would lose Ian, he wouldn't have anything or anybody else. He pulled Mickey into his lap and kissed him deeply. "Mickey. My sweet baby, you won't lose me. I swear. I will be always with you."
Tears ran down Mickey's flushed cheeks as he smiled down at his boyfriend.
"I love you so much Ian."
They kissed again. It started very tender and slow and emotional, but it slowly became more and more heated. Mickey pulled Ian's shirt over his head and ran his hands down the redhead's upper body. Ian moaned as the smaller man reached for his belt to unbuckle it. When his pants got off, he turned them around and laid Mickey down on his back to reach for the nightstand and get some lube. He slicked up two of his fingers and without warning he pushed them inside Mickey, who groaned at the slight burn and the pleasure of it.

"That's it baby, let it all out. I love hearing you."

He started thrusting them at a slow pace, then he quickened it for a few minutes, and went back to slow.

"Christ, you gonna kill me with your teasing!" Mickey gasped.
Ian smiled and pulled his fingers out.
"Your turn." Mickey grinned devilishly and turned them around. He tugged Ian's boxers down and wrapped his hands around his shaft.
"Mickey... fuck, baby."
Mickey locked his gaze with Ian as he leaned closer and closer to his cock. He sticked his tongue out and licked the sensitive slit. Ian grabbed Mickey's hair and threwed his head back in pure pleasure as he wrapped his lips around Ian's big cock and started bobbing his head up and down. He let out a deep groan as Mickey went down, the tip of his cock touched the back of the brunette's throat. "Oh yes, just like that babe."

Ian couldn't control his hand, which gripped tighter the black hair, keeping Mickey's head where he was. He was choking with tears in his eyes when he let them come up.
"Shit, I'm so sorry! You okay?"
"Yeah, I'm good. I liked it." Mickey smiled.
"You are weird." Ian laughed. "But I love it. Come up here so I can kiss you."
Mickey crawled up and leaned in to kiss Ian's soft lips. "I love you." he whispered into the redhead's mouth.
"How do you wanna do it?" Ian asked.
"Fuck me Daddy. Please." Mickey moaned.
Ian turned them around again, he was on top of his boyfriend. He poured some more of the lube on his hand and stroked himself with it a few times before grabbed Mickey's hips and pushed inside him slowly. It made his heart race and it increased his desire even more. He had to restrain himself from pushing in right up to the hilt. But god, he wanted to be buried inside that heat so badly. Mickey was so tight, Ian couldn't stop moaning and panting.
"Iaaaann, fuck, feels so good!" Mickey groaned, pushing his ass back against Ian's soft trusting.
"Fuck me hard Daddy!"
The name made Ian's hips jerk. As the penetration's gentleness disappeared he started slamming his hips in a brutal pace. After some minutes Mickey was a moaning mess under him. His hands gripping the sheets underneath him so hard, his knuckles got white. Lips parted, noise after noise pouring out, encouraging Ian to make Mickey feel good.
Ian shifted a little and that made Mickey scream on his next thrust. He found his prostate.
"Quiet baby. You will wake up Jeremy." he whispered.
But right then and there Mickey couldn't give a shit about it. Ian felt so fucking good. He wrapped his legs around the redhead and turned them around. He started jumping up and down on his dick as he stared into his boyfriend's beautiful green eyes. Suddenly Ian wrapped a hand around Mickey's cock.
"Spank me Daddy, please!" he threwed his head back.
"It's okay, I got you. Bounce that nice ass on my cock babe. Make me feel so good" Ian said, while his free hand started rubbing Mickey's ass, before hitting it hard. Then again and again, a little harder every time.
"Daddy! Fuck, Daddy that's so good, don't stop! Please!"
Ian teased the slit of his cock with his thumb as his other hand kept spanking him. That made the brunette scream out as he came hard, painting his and Ian's chest. A few more trusts needed for Ian to
bury his face in the crook of Mickey's neck to muffle a cry as he came deep inside him.

They stayed like that for a couple minutes, wrapped in each other. Mickey was the first who moved. He stood up, let Ian's cock slide out of him, then he pushed Ian down on his back and laid on top of him.

"Thank you, Daddy." he mumbled an kissed Ian's neck. The redhead pulled the duvet above them and wrapped his arms around Mickey's waist.

"Thank you, my sweet baby boy."
Chapter 10

When Ian woke up, Mickey wasn't there. His shift started and he left without waking his boyfriend. Ian crawled out of the bed and went straight to the kitchen to have his morning orange juice. As he walked past the ribcage, he saw, Jeremy was awake, playing with the only toy he had, a teddy bear. "Hey Jeremy. How long have you been awake?" Ian asked, though he knew the little two year old boy won't be able to answer. "Teddy!" he smiled, reaching the toy towards him. "Yeah, I know. You wanna have some breakfast?" "Yeeah!"

Ian laughed and leaned down to pick the small boy from his ribcage and carried him into the kitchen. He had some eggs and he gave Jeremy some baby food. After breakfast he let the boy wander through the house as he checked their mails. He found the check of the rent and his eyes went wide. They've spent some money on things for Jeremy and since there's the three of them living there, they don't have enough money to pay this. Somebody had to find a new job...

"Hey babe, how's work?" Ian asked. "Same old, same old." Mickey answered on the other end of the phone. "So I guess you two woke up." "Yeah, and I just wanted to know... have you seen our rent?" "Erm... no. Is there any problem with it?" "You know the baby stuff was expensive... and now we're all living here... and it's a little bit over our limit." "What?! How?"

"I dunno! But I have an idea." "Oh yeah? And what is it, if I may ask." "I should find another job. Something that pays better." "You have something in mind?"

"Not really. But I'll ask for Mandy's help to find something. And for now I'll just ask for some money from my family." "Ian you really shouldn't-"

"Mickey. They are my family. I've always asked them if I needed something. And after this I'll just try and get as many tips from the bar as I can until we find a job." "Okay..."

"I'll call Mandy now to help me. See you later. I love you."

"I love you too."

"I don't know Ian." Mandy sighed. "This is so hard. If it wouldn't have to be in Chicago..."

"No, we'll find something in Chicago. We won't move from here."

"But there's nothing you wanna do and pays good! What the fuck EMT means anyway?"

"EMT? Where did you find that?"

"It's here." Mandy turns her phone to Ian. "EMT training in Chicago."

"It's a paid training Mandy!"

"Right, but I still don't know what EMT means!"

"Emergency medical technician." Ian answered as he read the page. "Oh. So like in the ambulances? You like that shit?"
"Yes. I've always wanted to save lives. Wanted to be a firefighter when I was a kid."
Mandy chuckled at Ian's excited face.
"Two months of paid training. It's not even far away. Mandy, we hit the jackpot!" Ian threwed the
phone next to him on the couch and moved forward to hug his best friend.

When Ian got home after his shift it was 10 pm. He didn't get to tell Mickey the good news that he
already signed up for the training which started on Monday.
He walked into the living room to check Jeremy, who was sound asleep in his ribcage. God, he loved
that little boy.
Suddenly the light was turned on.
"Ian?" his voice was low and raspy.
"Hey. You still awake?"
"Hmm, wanted to wait for you." he walked close to the redhead and circled his arms around his neck
to pull him into a kiss. "Did you find any job?"
"Actually I did!"
"Oh wow, that didn't take long." Mickey giggled. "And what is it?"
"I'm gonna be an EMT. Already signed up for the two weeks training. It pays really good. And not
just the job, even the training is. Isn't it awesome?!"
"So you really wanna do this?"
"Of course I am! It's the best job ever! I'll be saving lives!"
"You look like a kid on Christmas day." Mickey looked straight in Ian's eyes and pushed a lock of
red hair out of his freckled face. "God, you're so sweet."
And they kiss again, but this time more fiercely. When Ian's hands found their way under Mickey's
shirt, the smaller man softly pushed him away.
"I'm tired."
"Oh... okay. Go and get in the bed then. I wanna take a shower to wash down the smell of booze,
but I'll join you soon."
Mickey nodded smilingly, then turned around and walked back into their bedroom.

Three months later

"Daddy!" Jeremy yelled as Ian stepped through the front door of their apartment.
"Hey buddy! Where's dad?" Ian asked, smiling widely at his sort of son.
"Miss me already, Gallagher?" Mickey leaned against the frame of their kitchen door. "Hi Daddy."
Yup, since Mickey called Ian Daddy, Jeremy learned that and now he calls Ian daddy too.
The only problem is that now Mickey calls him Daddy even in front of Jeremy. And you shouldn't
get a boner when you're around your kid...
"Hey Mick. Any dinner?"
"Ordered some pizza."
"PIZZAAAAA!" Jeremy yelled yet again.
"Yeah, you'll get pizza too, big guy. they walked into the kitchen together and Ian took a seat at the
table as Mickey put the pizza on it. "How was work?"
"It was fucking incredible Mick! I love it! There was this car accident, a girl became unconscious.
And she was close to die. But I saved her, Mick! Her family was so thankful, they called me a hero
and I'm- I'm so happy."
Mickey reached through the table and grabbed Ian's hand. "You're my hero."

After dinner, they put Jeremy to bed and went to shower together.
"You know... I was thinking about something lately." Ian said as he pulled his t-shirt over his head.
"Yeah? And what is it?"
"Well, since we're three people, living in a one-bedroom apartment, we should move to somewhere. So Jeremy wouldn't be sleeping in the livingroom anymore."
"Hmm... well that's a good idea. But maybe we should wait for a little to have more money. Don't you think?"
"Yeah... Then next month." Ian pressed his lips against his boyfriend's and dragged him under the water spray.
"Shower sex's gonna be a habit of ours, huh?" Mickey laughed, then turned around.
"Yes, but just because I can't wait until we get to the bedroom."

Chapter End Notes

Okay guys, I know I'm late, I know it's short and I'm really really sorry for this, but there's so many things happening with me. And maybe the next one will be a little late too, but longer.

Anyway, I hope you enjoyed it❤❤
"Hi Ian, it's me. I'm so happy this is your voicemail, cause you'd probably hang up. But I want to talk about something important. I am truly, truly sorry for that thing in your apartment. I know, it's been almost five months, but I feel guilty. And I know, I should feel guilty because now you're in a good relationship and everything and I shouldn't do that. And I'm really sorry. If you would ever forgive me, then please go out with me, let's have a beer together. Somewhere in public, so you don't have to be scared about me attacking you. You can even bring your boyfriend if you want. I just wanna catch up with you a little. Talk like in the good old days. Think about it. Bye."

Oh fuck...

"Dad?"
"Yes buddy?"
"I'm sleepy. Where's Daddy?"
"Daddy's working. But he will be home soon, don't worry. What about waiting for him in your bed?"
"Okay..."
Jeremy was already half asleep, but he always waited for Ian to get home from work. This time though... Ian was a little late. And even Mickey was a little worried, because Ian didn't call him all day. But he was sure, he'll be at home soon.
"Want Dad to read you to sleep?" Mickey asked, looking the little blue eyed boy, laying in his ribcage.
"Mnnh."
Jeremy closed his eyes and almost immediately drifted to sleep. He was so adorable, like a little angel. Mickey just sat there, next to him on the couch, looking at his son. And soon he fell asleep too.

Ian opened the front door as quietly as he could. When he stepped in and saw both his boyfriend and son passed out, he smiled. He went for a quick shower to wash the smell of meds off him. When he went back to the livingroom, Mickey was still asleep. Ian managed to lift him up and carry him to bed without waking him up.
Though when he was about to lay down next to Mickey on their bed, the brunette stirred awake.
"Ian?" he whispered.
"Go back to sleep baby."
"Where am I?"
"In our bed. Don't worry."
"I had a bad dream..."
Ian turned to his boyfriend and wrapped his arm around his waist. Lately Mickey had a lot of nightmares, mostly about his father. But he never wanted to talk about them, though Ian tried every time to ask him if he wants to.
"Ohh baby, I'm so sorry." he kissed Mickey's forehead. "Wanna talk about it?" suprisingly Mickey nodded. "Alright, tell me what happened."
"It was him again... It's about him every time."
"Your dad?" Mickey nodded again. "What did he do?"
"He was hitting me. Like when I came out to him. And you were there too and you were just watching me. You didn't do anything. Just watch him, beating the shit outta me..."
"Jesus, I'm so sorry baby. But you know I would never do anything like this." Ian pulled Mickey closer into his embrace, kissing his temple a few times to soothe him. "I'm here with you. I will never let anybody hurt you. Nobody can hurt my sweet baby."
Mickey buried his face into Ian's chest, holding into the back of his t-shirt for dear life.
"Ian... I want you." he whispered.
"Only if you're sure."
"I am. I need you now, Daddy."

Ian pulled Mickey's t-shirt over his head and threw it away. He kissed him slowly and deeply, than started hissing his way down. When he reached his nipples, he started playing with them, hands fumbling with the hem of the smaller boy's sweatpants. When he managed to take it off, he lowered himself, so he was eye level with Mickey's crotch. He looked up and saw the brunette looking down at him with slightly parted lips and beautiful, lust filled eyes.
"Look at you Mick. You're so beautiful. A goddamn masterpiece. I love you so much. Love the way you smell, the way you taste. I love your voice, your sexy noises when I pound you good. Jesus Mickey I love everything about you."
He lifted up and placed both of Mickey's legs on his shoulders and licked his left inner thigh.
"Ian...."
"You changed your mind?" Ian looked up at him instantly with concern in his eyes.
"No, it's just feels good. Please go on."
Ian smiled and went back to work. He kissed a line from Mickey's knee up to his crotch, then without a warning he took him into his mouth.
"Oh fuck Ian!" Mickey gasped.
Ian closed his eyes and only focused on doing what he knew Mickey liked, like circling his tongue around the slit, or licking the underside of his shaft.
Soon the smaller man under him was only a moaning mess.
"Ian. Ian oh fuck please fuck me! Daddy please fuck me!" Mickey whimpered.
Ian smirked at how needy his boyfriend is and moved back up to kiss him. "I love you Mickey."
"Yeah, yeah I love you too Gallagher but I need you to fuck me now!"
"Don't worry baby, I'll fuck you soon. But let me appreciate your beautiful body a little more." he whispered hotly into Mickey's ear.
"Fuck you Gallagher! Giving me blue balls."
"That truly wasn't my intention. Just making my gorgeous boyfriend feel good." Ian grinned.
He caressed Mickey's cheeks with his hand, then placed his fore and middle finger to the brunette's mouth. "Suck." he demanded, and Mickey immediately obeyed. He opened his mouth and let Ian slip his fingers in. Mickey exactly knew what was Ian planning to do, so he covered them with his saliva.
"Good boy." Ian said, pulling them out.
Seconds later Mickey found himself laying in his stomach, Ian's one wandering through his back, the other one was spreading his ass cheeks, two fengers massaging his hole.
"Fuck Mickey, always so tight, can't wait to be inside you."
"Then fucking don't! I want you to fuck me as hard as you can."
"I can't do that while a two and a half year old kid is sleeping outside."
"I don't care. Just please Ian- Daddy, fuck me!"
Ian couldn't take it anymore. The way Mickey said his name. The desire in his eyes. It was too much. It almost sent him over the edge.
He quickly slicked up his cock with the mix of his and his boyfriend's saliva and pushed inside him.
"Oh god, this feels so fucking good." Ian moaned as he bottomed out.
He set a slow pace, going with deep, hard strokes. The sound of skin slapping skin and moaning each other's names was echoing through the room. It felt good, but it wasn't enough. It didn't take
long for Ian to go faster and harder, just as Mickey asked for it.
"Yes Daddy, just like that! That feels so fucking good! Harder! Harder!"
Ian couldn't believe his ears. Mickey was already squirming and crying from the pleasurable pain and he wanted Ian to do it even harder?
"Baby, I don't want to hurt you." he panted in Mickey's ear.
"All I need is to get these dreams out of my head. So please Daddy, do it harder!"
Ian was still concerned about this, but damn, he can't say no to this perfect angel who looks at him like that and begs him to fuck him. So he did what he was told and started fucking his boyfriend with so much force, the headboard began pounding against the wall.
"We gonna wake up our neighbours..." he laughed.
"Fuck them! This feels so fucking good, Daddy, just like that! Right there, right there, right there!" Mickey cried.
They both didn't need much time after that. Like two minutes later they came, moaning each other's name.
Ian pulled out and collapsed on top of Mickey, kissing him deeply.
"Dad? What are you doing?" they heard a small voice coming from the door. Fuck, it was Jeremy!
"Uhh, hey buddy, what's up?" Ian asked, wrapping a sheet over his naked lower half.
"I woke up to dad crying. Are you okay, dad?"
"Yes, Jeremy, I'm okay. You should go back to bed." Mickey said.
"Can I get a hug?"
"Ugh... of course you can get a hug big boy." Mickey said then turned to Ian and whispered.
"Where are my boxers?!"
"I dunno! Uh, wait, it's here."
They managed to put their boxers on under covers, but of course, Jeremy noticed it.
"Why are you naked Daddy?"
"It's ugh... It's adult stuff Jeremy. We will talk about it when you're older."
Then they both crawled out of bed and hugged the little boy, who went back into his bed after it.
"Since when he can climb out of his ribcage?!" Ian asked.
"Since he's too big for a ribcage! Damn, Ian, we really should move now."
"Yeah. We should... Hey, I got the day off tomorrow, I can look for some apartment. You're in?"
"Ugh... yeah, why not. Let's do this."
"Shit, Mickey, we really gonna move into our first house together?" Ian smiled.
"I think so, big guy." Mickey laughed and pulled Ian down for a passionate kiss. It was long and heated and Ian's dick started twitching in his boxers.
"Okay, let's sleep before you start something because I'm sure I won't make it through another round."
Mickey laughed and dragged his boyfriend into bed.

It took three hours but Ian finally found an apartment. Two bedroom, one bathroom and well... a little bit far from their work places. He immediately called Mickey to tell him the news.
"What is it Ian, I'm working."
"I know, but I found an apartment. It's a little far, but it looks cool. There's two bedroom and one bathroom. It's quite big."
"You want me to go with you and take a look, don't you?"
"Yes I do. Jeremy can come with us too, so he can see his new room."
There was a knocking on the door. Who the fuck is coming over at 1 pm, Ian thought.
"Sorry, I have to go. But think about it Mick. It looks really good! Bye."
"Yea, yeah. Bye Freckles."

Ian opened the door and-
"What the fuck are you doing here?"
"You... didn't answer my message. I thought I would just... come over and see if everything's okay."
"Everything is okay. Now go Trevor." he was about to close the door, but Trevor put up his hand to keep it open.
"So will you? Come and join me for a drink?"
"Trevor..."
"One beer. Let me explain that thing."
Ian hesitantly nodded. "Okay, one fucking beer. But not now. I have to look after my son."
"Your son?" Trevor laughed.
Then Jeremy showed up next to Ian. "Daddy who is this?"
"Nobody, go back and finish your lunch buddy. I'm coming after you." Ian smiled and Jeremy did what he was told.
"So... five months and now he's your kid too?" Trevor teased.
"He's been with us for seven months and I love him like he's my own son. So yes, he's my son. Now go Trevor. You have no right to be here."
That's all Ian said before he slammed the door close.

Chapter End Notes

Guys, my life is a disaster and I was so uninspired these days.
I tried my best tho

I hope you enjoyed it, comments and kudos are always appreciated!
Chapter 12

When Mickey arrived home, Ian was pacing the livingroom up and down while Jeremy sat on the couch, watching cartoons.
"Hey Freckles. Everything's okay?" he asked.
"Erm... Not sure."
"Why? Something's wrong with the house you found?"
"What? Uh no, just... you remember like five months ago when Trevor came over?"
"That joker's fucking with you again?" Mickey asked angrily.
"He asked me out for a beer to explain things. And I said yes... But I swear if he'll try to touch me, I will break his wrist."
Mickey's hand clenched into a fist as he thought about that Ken doll touching his man. He wanted to punch Ian for saying yes without his permission. He wanted him to stay. To not go anywhere and stay with him inside that stupid pink cloud what surrounded Mickey everytime he saw Ian.
"I know you're mad. And I deserve it. But you know I would never cheat on you. Never." Ian pulled Mickey closer by the waist and lifted up his chin to look in his eyes.
"When?" Mickey asked.
"On Friday."
"I work on morning shift. I can take care of Jeremy during your date."
"Ayy, it's not a date! -"
"Yeah, yeah, whatever you say firecrotch." he stood on tiptoes to reach Ian's lips and press a quick kiss on them before pulling away and walking into the kitchen. "So when do you plan on taking a look of our future home?"
"Well... we both work in afternoon shifts tomorrow so we can go and check it out in the morning. What do you say?"
"Hmm... sounds cool. If by 'in the morning' you don't mean at 7 o'clock. I know ya Gallagher, don't you ever try and get me out of the bed earlier than 9 o'clock!"
"Okay, I'll wake you up att nine o'cock." Ian grinned.
"Have I ever told you how much I hate your puns?"
"No, you don't. You secretly love them and I know it."

"So... this is it, huh?" Mickey asked as he looked around the furnished livingroom. "Bigger than the other. Looks good."
"Daddy! Daddy! My bedroom is soooo cool!"
"Yeah, you like it?" Jeremy nodded. "Come, show me."
The two boys left and Mickey walked over into the kitchen. It wasn't that big, but furnished and it looked quite nice. Much better than that one-bedroomed small shit where they lived.
He laid against the door frame and imagined his boyfriend cooking there. Their son, drawing something at the dining table. And him standing next to Ian and tasting what the fuck ever he was making.
This is the life he wanted to live. Being a part of a nice family. Not that 'partners in crime' type of family he already had, but a 'happily ever after' family. And Mickey knew it sounded really sappy, but he was happy with Ian. He was happier during that almost a year spent with Ian than during his whole life.
"What are you thinking about?" Ian whispered into his ear as he wrapped his arms around his waist.
"About how good I gonna fuck you in our new bed." Micksy answered.
Of course, he won't tell Ian how sappy he is actually. He'll figure it out sooner or later anyway.
"So you like the house?"
"Yes. It's perfect."
"Good. Because I've already signed the papers, it's ours."
"What the fuck Gallagher?!" Mickey turned around in Ian's arms. "What would you do if I said I don't like it?"
"I knew it you will love it." Ian laughed and kissed his forehead.

It was Friday and Ian already left to a bar with Trevor. Mickey was really nervous because he knew that Trevor will try again. Trevor will make a move on him again. And Mickey wouldn't blame Ian so much if he would go back to that dickhead. Since Mickey was in Ian's life he only fucked his life up more than anybody could. Ian had to deal with him being Mickey's dirty little secret for two weeks. Than he had to take care of Mickey son. And he had to get used to Mickey's weird daddy kink too. Now he had to look for a new job and get a bigger house because of Mickey. Ian's life would be so much easier without him....

"Hey buddy, I have an idea." Mickey said, sitting next to Jeremy.
"Yea?"
"Yes! Do you wanna go to Aunt Mandy's?"
"Aunt Mandy!!!" Jeremy shouted and raised his tiny hands. "I wanna go to Aunt Mandy's! You come with me?"
"I'll just take you there. But Dad has some other things to do. You gonna have fun together with Aunt Mandy, okay?"
"Okay!"

Yes, this was a really pathetic idea, but he had to see what was happening. He dropped Jeremy at Mandy's, then headed to the bar where Ian said they'll meet with Trevor.

And as he stepped through the door he saw them. Trevor smiling up to Ian, who was standing with his back towards Mickey. And as Mickey went closer, Ian leaned in and kissed Trevor.

What the hell.

Mickey freezed to the spot where he was and just looked at them. As their lips parted he heard Trevor speaking.
"You are the best thing that ever happened with me. I love you."
"I love you too." Ian said back and they kissed again.

No way this was happening.
Mickey couldn't believe his eyes.

So all this time... was a lie? All this time Ian only wanted to get Trevor back and he never loved Mickey?

Tears were streaming down his face as he turned around and left the two kissing boys alone. He ran until he reached Mandy's apartment. He didn't knock, just slammed the door in and looked for Mandy.
"Jesus, would you stop storming around my-" Mandy didn't finish the sentence, because as he saw Mickey's red, puffy eyes and wet cheeks, her words got stuck in hid throat. "What...?"
"Ian. He's... He's ch-ch-cheating on-me." he barely could say the words. He was still crying like a baby and he just couldn't stop.
"Oh god..." a tear ran down Mandy's cheek too as he approached her brother and hugged him. "It's gonna be okay Mickey. It's gonna be okay."

Mickey wanted to believe those words. God, he really wanted to. But he knew, his life will never be the same without Ian. He found the love of his life. His soulmate. His other part.
And Ian chose someone else.
Ian stepped through the door of the bar where him and Trevor were supposed to meet. 
"Ian, here!" the brunette waved his hand and Ian walked towards him. "Hi Ian. Mickey isn't here?"
"No. I didn't want him to kill you if you would try anything." Ian answered.
"Don't worry, I won't make a move on you. And the main reason for that is why you're here now. I
wanted to introuduce you to my new boyfriend, his name is Rowan, Rowan, this is Ian."
The guy who was sitting next to Trevor finally stood up and held out his hand for Ian, who shook it.
"Hi. I've heard a lot about you." Rowan said.
The guy was probably around his height, but he was slimmer and had red hair.
"So... you got a thing for redheads, don't you, Trevor?" Ian joked as they sat down to a table and
ordered some beer. They started talking.
Trevor apologized for being an asshole and promised he'll never do it again. They told Ian how
they'd met after Trevor came back from New York, it was a quite cute story. They talked about him
and Mickey too. Ian told them that they are gonna move into a bigger apartment and Trevor got a
little too excited and almost convinced Rowan about moving together.
After two beers Ian remembered that Jeremy always waited for him to arrive home before he went to
bed.
"Guys I think I'll go home now." he said and pulled the cost of the beers out of his wallet.
"Yeah, I think we should go too. Rowan has a car, we can drive you home if you want."
"That would be great, guys, but let me use the bathroom first. I'll be quick."

When he got back from the bathroom, Trevor and Rowan were in the middle of the bar, making out.
Wow, Ian thought, these guys love when people watch them.
After like two minutes they noticed Ian's back so they went out and drove him home.
But when Ian opened the door, there was nobody around. He looked through the whole apartment
and he didn't find anybody.
Mickey left.

"Can I sleep here tonight?" Mickey sobbed as he hugged tighter his sister.
"Of course you can. But would you tell me what the fuck is going on?"
"Ugh... yeah. Just let me sit down and have a beer."
"Yeah. Let me get you a beer."

"So what happened?" Mandy asked as he handed Mickey the beer bottle and sat next to him on the
couch.
"Ian went out for a drink with Trevor. And when I went after him to see what was happening he...
stood in the middle of the bar, kissing that fucking Ken doll and he said 'I love you' to him..."
Just thinking back made Mickey cry again. He took a sip of the beer and pulled his legs up to rest his
chin on his knees.
"Are you sure it was him?"
"Well... his back was turned towards me but his hair was red and just as tall as him and his voice was
like Ian's. Who would it be anyway if they went out TOGETHER?! Only the two of them! And
nobody!"
Mickey was practically shouting the words.
"Hey hey hey, it's okay, calm down. Your son is sleeping in my bedroom."
"Ugh right... He always... waited until Ian came home. He didn't want to go to sleep unless Ian came
home. And when he was late, Jeremy always asked 'Dad, where's Daddy?' 'When's he gonna be back?' 'I miss Daddy, where is he?' He... he doesn't deserve this. He loves Ian so much."
Mickey put the beer bottle (which was already half empty) on the coffee table in front of him and covered his face with his hands.
"Everything went so good. I thought... It's gonna be like in those stupid Disney movies. Happily ever after. Me, my husband and our son, y'know? And we were so close to that. He bought us a new apartment. He wanted us to officially move together. And I was so happy, and I was ready. Ready to just do what the fuck ever I wanted to do. I wanted to live the life what I always wanted. And it's... it's gone now."

Suddenly Mandy's phone began ringing.
"It's Ian... should I pick it up?"
Mickey nodded. "Don't tell him that I'm here."

"Mandy! Mickey and Jeremy are there with you?" Ian asked as soon as she picked it up.
"No. Why?"
"I-I can't find them. I called Mickey like two hundred times but I can't reach him. I'm so worried Mandy! What happened to them?!"
Mandy turned the volume up so Mickey could hear Ian too.
"They aren't in the house?"
"No! When I left they were here, but when I arrived everything was dark and quiet and I dunno where they are!"
"Wait, where did you left?"
"I went out for a beer with Trevor and his new boyfriend."

What the fuck, Mickey thought, new boyfriend?!
"Boyfriend?!!" he mouthed the word to his sister, who instantly understood.
"Boyfriend? He has somebody new?"
"Yes, some guy named Rowan, he looks a little like me, but why are we talking about some guy's new boyfriend when the love of my life and my son is gone?!"
Ian sounded very upset and worried and it made that stupid fluttering feeling in Mickey's inside. Why is he being so fucking nice?!
"Uhh, Ian, I'm sorry I gotta go. Bye."
"What? But- Wait, Mandy!"
Mandy hung up and threw her phone away.
"It wasn't him Mickey! It wasn't him, it was a random guy! Please go back to him or call him back. He's worried sick."
"But-"
"No. You call your boyfriend back right the fuck now or I'm gonna kick your ass outta my house. Am I clear?"
Mickey snored and walked into the bathroom to have some privacy during the phone call. He turned his on his phone and saw '53 missed calls, 70 messages and 23 voicemails' written on the screen. It was all from Ian.
He pressed the 'Call' button right next to Ian's name.

He didn't know what he wanted to say or what he wanted to do. He didn't know what to believe anymore. He just wanted to hear Ian's voice again.
"Mickey, for the love of god where the fuck are you?! I'm so worried about you I really was about to call the fucking police! Are you okay? Where are you? Mickey?"
"Ian...." he whispered, then immediately started crying again.
"Mickey, what's wrong? Where are you? Somebody's hurting you?"
"N-no I'm.... at Mandy's."
"But I called Mandy and she said she doesn't know where are you."
"I asked her to say that... because I don't want you to come here." Mickey sobbed.
"What? But Mickey.... What did I do?"
"I dunno! At least I'm not sure." he took a deep breath to calm himself down a little, then continued.
"Today I went after you. To that bar. And I saw Trevor... kissing you. Or who the fuck ever you said it was, he looked like you."
"Oh god Mickey. It was Trevor's new boyfriend! His name is Rowan Piers. So stop this shit and come home already!"
"But... Ian...."
"No Mickey. If you don't believe me, I'll invite Trevor and Rowan over tomorrow. But now please just come home. I miss you and you know I can't sleep without you."
Mickey wanted to protest. Just this once he wanted to be the stronger one. But he knew, without Ian he can't sleep either.
"Jeremy's already asleep."
"Ask Mandy to take care of him until tomorrow. Come home, please."
"You think she can deal with a two year old on her own?"
"She have to get used to being a mom, right? She'll be okay babe."
Mickey laid against the wall and squeezed his eyes shut. Maybe he really should go home and figure things out with Ian....
"Mickey please."
"Okay, fuck, meet you at home in 10."

As Mickey stepped through the door of their apartment, Ian was already there, hugging the smaller man.
"Fuck Mickey, you can't imagine how much I've worried about you!"
"I-I'm sorry." Mickey said as he buried his face in the crook of Ian's neck and inhaled his scent.
"Don't do this ever again baby!" Ian lifted up his head po press a soft kiss on Mickey's temple. "Sorry." Mickey mumbled.

After some time of just hugging each other, Ian lifted Mickey up and carried him into their bedroom, where he but his boyfriend on their bed and stood next to him.
"Mickey I love you. I love you more than anybody else and I will never stop loving you. Ugh....
Listen, I wanted to do this after we move into our house but I can see that now you need some proof now that I won't leave you. So..." Ian fumbled with his backpocket for some moments, then got down on one knee. He pulled out a little black box from his pocket.
"Mikhailo Aleksandr Milkovich" he opened the box and Mickey saw a silver ring inside it. "will you marry me?"

Chapter End Notes

So here we go.
Yes, I said "in a few days" but as I see the comments on chapter 12 this whole thing gone wrong.

Some things you should know: I hate Trevor too. And all Ian and Mickey deserves is happiness. Don't hate me because of this please and thank you.
Is this a joke? Did he fall asleep on Mandy's couch and now he's dreaming this whole thing? Or is Ian Gallagher really asking him if he wanna marry him right now?
"Mickey?"
"Fuck..."
"This is your answer? Fuck?"
"No!"
"No?"
"What? No! No, fuck, okay, back to the beggining." Mickey took a deep breath and smiled down at the man kneeling in front of him. "Yes, Ian, of course I'll marry you."
Ian smiled from ear to ear and slammed their lips together with so much force, Mickey fell back against the bed. They continued making out until their jaw started aching. Then Ian sat back and grabbed Mickey's hand.
"The fuck are you doing Gallagher?"
"Making sure everybody will know that you're mine." Ian answered then put the ring on Mickey's finger. "Fits perfectly."
"You not gonna cry, will you, firecrotch?"
"No..."
"Okay, because I will." Mickey said as he wiped off a tear from his cheek.
"Aww, Mick, such a softie. I love it."
"Fuck you, I'm not soft! I..." I want to be strong. I want to be as strong as you. You save lives every day while I pour alcohol to strangers. You take care of me and Jeremy every day and I can't do that... you're so much stronger than me.
"What is it Mick?" Ian asked as the smile faded from his face.
"I wanna be strong..." he said, almost inaudibly.
"What?"
"I WANNA BE STRONG!" he said loudly and began crying again.
"Are you serous now? Jesus Mick." Ian pulled him close and hugged him tightly. "Mickey you are the strongest person I've ever met. You could deal with the worst father ever for twenty years. You could take care of yourself on your own. You got a legal job. You had the courage to come out to your dad. You take such a good care of you son. You're a great dad, a wonderful and loving boyfriend. The sweetest and strongest person alive. I wish I could be as strong as you. So don't you ever again say that you're weak." he slightly pushed away his fiancé so he could kiss him. "I love you."
Mickey nodded and buried his face into the taller man's neck.
"You want a shower?" Ian asked.
"No." Mickey whispered.
"I'll come with you if you want."
"No. Can we just... stay here a little?"
"Of course babe."

He could hear them hear them as they say all those things. He can hear Trevor as he said "He'll choose me anyway."
His dad when he proposed Svetlana. "I'm proud of you, my son."
Or when he came out to him. "You fucking faggot!"
He could hear Ian's voice. "I love you."
Jeremy too. "Dad? Where's Daddy?"
Mandy.... "I'm so sorry Mickey."
Svetlana.... “You're my best friend.”
And Ian again. “Will you marry me?”
He was kneeling in front of him. And Mickey was about to say yes when his dad appeared behind Ian.
“Ian! WATCH OUT!” he shouted, but it was too late. Terry began punching him until he didn’t move anymore.
“Ian!! No, no, dad stop, you gonna kill him!” Mickey screamed.
“You! You little faggot! You're not my son! I hate you!”
“Dad please stop!”
“No, I'm gonna fucking kill you now!”
Terry pulled out a gun and pointed at Mickey.
“You gonna burn in hell, you cocksucker!” he said, then pulled the trigger.

Mickey sat up in their bed, breathing heavily. He looked to the side, it was already morning and Ian wasn’t in bed. The first thing on his mind was to run out and hug him, so he did exactly this. Well, he was about to. But halfway towards the smiling redhead, who was sitting in their armchair, he noticed, they have guests.

"Hey Mick. Is everything okay?" Ian asked.
"N-no..." he mumbled. Ian walked towards the smaller boy to comfort him in his arms.
"What's wrong?"
"Just... another nightmare.... Who are these people?"
"I asked them over. It's Trevor and his boyfriend, Rowan."
"Hi Mickey. I've heard a lot about you. Ian couldn't stop talking about you yesterday." Rowan said.
"Erm... hi."
"You didn't want to believe me and I said I'll invite them over so you could meet him." Ian explained.
"So... you're Rowan?"
"Yes. Uh... Are you okay, man? You look upset a little."
A little upset? A LITTLE UPSET? Is this guy fucking serious right now? He made Mickey doubt Ian's feelings towards him and made him think that Ian - the most perfect human being on the planet - is cheating on him. Of fucking course he's a 'little upset'.
"Oh no reason, just y'know we were arguing with Ian all night because of your stupid boyfriend's stupid ideas and your stupid face. By the way, have you ever thought about that maybe Trevor is only dating with you because you look like his ex?"
"Mickey-" Ian tried to stop him, but Mickey didn't care.
"No Ian. I'm not doing this shit again. I don't wanna see them, I don't wanna see anybody, the only thing I wanted was my fucking fiancé back in the bed with me."
"Whoa, fiancé? Seriously Ian? You wanna marry a guy who's always ready for a fight and treats people like shit?" Trevor asked.
"Shut the fuck up, Ken. This is none of your business." Mickey said back.
"WOULD JUST EVERYBODY SHUT THE FUCK UP?!” Ian yelled and there was quiet in the room. "Good. Trevor, Rowan, please go. And don't ever try to call or text me again. I've had enough. Mickey please go back to the bed, I'll be there in a couple minutes."
Trevor and Rowan hesitantly nodded. He gave a last killer look to Trevor and his boyfriend, then walked back inside.
"And you." Ian walked towards Trevor and grabbed the collar of his shirt. "If you talk about my fiancé like this ever again, I'm gonna shove your silicone dick down your throat."
Ian knew he sounded transphobic. But if somebody hurt Mickey, then Ian will hurt them.
Trevor and Rowan walked out their door and Ian locked it behind them.

"Hey babe." the redhead said quietly, laying against the door frame of their bedroom. "I'm sorry. For
what happened. I should have ask you before I invite them over."
"You don't have to ask for every little move you do, Ian. It doesn't matter, can you just come over
here and kiss me already?"
Ian grinned from ear to ear and practically ran to their bed, where Mickey was sitting and attacked
his lips, kissing him with passion.
"Mickey...." Ian whined between kisses.
"Get on me." Mickey whispered back.
And Ian instantly did what he was told. He tugged down Mickey's boxers while the brunette was
unbuckling his belt. Soon they were both naked.
"Lube." Ian mumbled into the other one's mouth.
Mickey let him go for a minute, so Ian could grab the bottle of lube from their nightstand.
"Hurry up." Mickey said.
"Such an impatient boy Mick. I gotta prep you first."
"No! No prepping! Don't waste the time, just get in me!"
Ian slicked up his cock with lube and grabbed Mickey's hips and slowly pushed in.
"Aah fuck..." Mickey groaned.
"Told you, I should've prep you."
"Stop talking and fuck me already!"
Ian grabbed a fistful of Mickey's dark hair and pulled it, making the smaller boy looking in his eyes.
"Is that the way you talk to me, little boy?"
"Nn-no...." Mickey whimpered.
"No what?"
"No Daddy, I'm sorry!"
"That's it, my good little boy. Now please moan for Daddy. I love it when you make all those sexy
sounds."
Even if he would try, Mickey wouldn't be able to keep his voice down after Ian started thrusting into
him. It felt so good, having Ian inside him again after a whole day of just arguing about every little
shit.
"I love you Mickey. I don't know how many times you want me to say it to really start believeing in
it, but I will. I will say it every day until we die." Ian purred into his ear.
"I love you too. Love you so much Daddy. Aaaah fuck!" Mickey screamed as Ian hit the right spot.
The redhead kept up the earth shattering pace and fucked him into the mattress, perfectly aiming his
prostate. Mickey's hands were running up and down Ian's back, leaving long, red stripes with his
nails.
After some minutes, Ian's thrusts slowed down and he rested his forehead on Mickey's. "God, this is
a little exhausting." he laughed.
"Lay down Daddy." Mickey said softly. As Ian did so, he straddled his hips and seated himself on
the redhead's cock.
"Fuuuuuck Mickey." Ian moaned as he bottomed out. "Your ass is amazing. Love it when you ride
me."
"Just be still and enjoy Daddy." Mickey winked and started bouncing up and down Ian's cock, both
boys moaning at the sensation.
When Ian felt his orgasm approaching him, he reached forward and started stroking Mickey's
member. That caused Mickey to lose his rythm as he climaxed hard, coming into Ian's hand and on
his stomach while screaming out Ian's name. And that was all the redhead needed, his orgasm hit him
and came deep inside his boyfriend.
Mickey collapsed on top of him, make both of them sticky with his own cum.
"Great. Now we both have to take a shower." Ian smiled and kissed Mickey's temple.
"If you think I'm gonna move after this, then you're wrong. I'm so fucking done."
"If you think you're done now, than you have never tried bdsm...." Ian mumbled.
"What the fuck?! You tried bdsm?"
"Yeah, but only once. There was this guy before Trevor. I don't remember his name but he was
really into that shit and he wanted me to dominate him. It was only a one-time thing, but it made all of my muscles disappear."
"You wanna try that?"
"Erm... Mickey you're probably still high. Think about this, okay?"
"I have thought about that before. And I'm not really into that all dominant/submissive shit, but we could try some restraints. Like bondages or handcuffs... you would look sexy in them."
"You would look sexy in them too."
"Then that's definitely a yes."
"Jesus, what are you doing to me?!
"Making sure we won't have boring sex life, not even in thirty years." Mickey smiled up at his boyfriend and pressed their lips together for some moments. "I'll be in the shower. Come after me if you're recovered."
The redhead nodded and let go of Mickey. He laid there for a few minutes, before someone knocked on their door.
What the fuck?
He went to open it in a pair of boxers because that was the only thing he found in their room.
"Can I help you?" Ian asked the old woman who was standing in front of the door.
"I'm gonna talk to the landlord and make him kick you the fuck out, faggots! It's 10 in the morning and you have to fuck right now too?! This is disgusting!"
Ian smiled widely. "Don't worry ma'am, we're about to move into another apartment soon. But please, only because you don't have sex with your husband, you don't have to ruin our love life by coming over and complaining. But if you wanna keep going, we can go for another round so you can come over again to chat. Or you can come in and watch it if you want, I don't really care."
Ian continued his speech, but the woman wasn't listening. At least she pretendet she didn't hear it.
"Pervert faggot fuckers!"
"Have a nice day!" Ian shouted after him before she shut the door.
Ian walked into the shower still laughing.
"Who was at the door?" Mickey asked.
"A neighbour. But that doesn't matter now. What do you say about we start moving out a little earlier?"
"Earlier? Like... when?"
"Next weekend?"
"Okay, why not." Mickey shrugged.
"Perfect. Then... are you ready to go again?"
"You gonna be the death to me, Gallagher!" the brunette laughed.
"Of course I will! We will both die from having too much sex." Ian joked.
"I love you." Mickey said and pulled his boyfriend into a deep, loving kiss.
No, not his boyfriend.
His fucking fiancé.
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Time went pretty fast. They were almost done with the moving less than two weeks after their engagement. Jeremy really loved living in that neighbourhood, he already had a friend there. The kid was also very happy when they told him, they'll get married. He didn't really know what that meant, but he said he's happy until his dad and daddy is happy.

In other words things went pretty good. They were already thinking about the wedding and also argued a lot about it...

"No. Fucking. Way. If you invite Svetlana, then it's like me inviting Trevor!" Ian said angrily. "No, it's nothing like that! She's so much nicer and she never tried to jump on me or try it again. Plus her new partner doesn't look like my fucking twin brother. Since it's a girl. And they are going to get married too."

"But Mickey..."
"Ian she's my best friend. We talk every week on the phone. She's like... a sister for me."
"Ok, but then I'll invite Randy."
"Your co-worker? Sure, invite him. It's not like inviting Trevor."
"But I said Rowan would come too! Rowan, his boyfriend, and they are in a happy relationship. He wouldn't try anything!"
"Ian you really want to invite a guy who said I'm crazy and I treat people like shit?"
"No, of course not but... I don't want Svetlana either." Ian put down a box of kid clothes and started unboxing it. "I don't say she will try anything, since it's our wedding, but I just think exes shouldn't be on weddings."
"Oh come on, it's not a big deal. She's just gonna watch the ceremony, then everybody will go the fuck away so we can enjoy our pre-honeymoon." Mickey smirked flirtatiously.

"Nu-uh. Remember, we made a deal." Ian reminded him to the promise that they won't have sex until their actual honeymoon.
"Fuck, man, you really meant that shit?"
"Yes I did. Just imagine what a night we will have then!"
"You gonna regret this Gallagher. I'll make you regret this." Ian smiled slyly and hurried out into their bedroom.
"Daaad!! Can I go over to Ryan?" Jeremy asked as him and his friend, Ryan stepped out of his room.
"Sure kid. Be home at 2."
"Thank you dad!" the dark haired boy said and they hurried out of the livingroom, though Mickey could hear a little bit of their conversation.
"Your dads are so awesome! I have only one. And a mom."
"You have a mom?"
"Yes. Why, you don't?"
"No. But I'm fine like this."

Mickey could never dream about such a perfect life. He had everything. A good job, a cute and smart kid and a perfect man. Before he knew he was gay, he didn't see any kind of future. Not with Svetlana, or any other girls. But after Ian he wanted this. He wanted to have a family with him. And now it's getting real. They're gonna live together forever, raising their son. Mickey smiled widely, a tear of joy running down his cheek.
"You okay babe?" Ian asked as he came back from the bedroom.
"Yes." Mickey answered. "More than okay."

Mickey had his day off. Plus Mandy took Jeremy away for the week so the house was quiet and boring. Without Ian he didn't know what to do.

Mickey 2:34pm: You still workin?
Ian 2:40pm: What tf do you think I'm doin at 2:40 in a 9 to 5 shift?
Mickey 2:41pm: A yes would be a much easier answer
Ian 2:45pm: What is it Mick? Why do you texting me now?
Mickey 2:47pm: I'm bored ;)
Ian 2:50pm: Go jerk off
Mickey 2:52pm: It's not fun w/out you
Ian 2:54pm: I swear to god Mick don't you dare start sexting with me!
Mickey 2:55pm: Calm tf down, I'm not gonna do anything
Ian 3:00pm: You better not

He really wasn't about to do anything while Ian was at work, but it gave him an idea. It was weeks since they talked about the bdsm thing. And after that they never really did anything about it. So Mickey grabbed Ian's laptop and opened a shopping site. He's going to surprise his man real soon.

One day when Ian was working and Mickey watched some cartoons with Jeremy and Ryan, their doorbell rang. "I'll go open it, you guys just stay here." Mickey said and got up from the couch. "Mickey Milkovich?" the guy asked as Mickey opened the door. "Yes, I am." The delivery man handed him a box and after he signed some things, Mickey headed into their bedroom to take a look what he bought. He closed the door behind himself, in case if one of the little kids try to come in, and tore the box open. There were two handcuffs with their keys, some wine red ties, a blindfold, a ball gag (to try to keep their voice as low as possible around all these kids) and a remote contrroll buttplug in it. He didn't even know why he bought that buttplug, but it looked so good and Mickey couldn't wait to try them out when Ian was at work and he was horny. But now he couldn't wait for his fiancé to come home and try those things together. The good thing was that Jeremy slept at Ryan that weekend, so they don't have to worry about him.

A little after Ian came home, Jeremy headed over to his friend's to spend the weekend with tiring somebody else's parents. Mickey became really excited about those two days alone with the love of his life. They ate their dinner and sat down to watch some random movie they found. But soon Mickey had enough and moved to straddle his boyfriend's lap. "I got a surprise for you." he whispered into the redhead's ear and caught his earlobe between his teeth. "Yeah?" Ian let out a moan-like sound. "And what is it?"
"Give me three minutes and come into the bedroom." Mickey pushed his ass down against Ian's half hard dick, which made Ian throw his head back against the back of the couch. Mickey smirked at the reaction and stood up from his boyfriend's lap. He went into the bedroom and closed the door behind himself. For a good minute he tried to calm
himself down by taking deep breaths and pacing around the room. After that he opened the closet and took out the box, putting it on the bed. He took off his clothes, leaving himself only in his boxers. Right in that minute when he kicked away his sweatpants, Ian opened the door.

"Was that three minutes?" he asked teasingly.

"Two and a half. I was too impatient."

Mickey grinned and walked towards the redhead, attacking his lips with his own. He began undressing the taller man, undoing his belt and the buttons of his shirt and Ian gladly threwed away almost every piece of clothing, staying only in boxers too.

"You still curious about my surprise?" Mickey mumbled as he kissed over Ian's jawline.

"Yes." came the breathy answer.

"Then go and open the box."

Ian did what he was told and opened the little box on their bed, revealing the toys Mickey bought. He became incredibly horny just imagining all the things he could do to his fiancé with them. "Holy shit Mick. Do you really wanna do this?"

"I want you Daddy. I want you to have me in a way you have never did before. Wanna give you all the control this time. And next time we can do the other way around."

"Mickey..." he whined.

"Please Daddy, do this for me."

Suddenly Mickey's whole world spun around. Ian threw him on the bed with a swift move and was already on top of him, pinning his wrists to the mattress. "I'm going to make you feel so good tonight." he purred.

Ian took his hands and handcuffed each one to the bedposts. He began kissing his way down on the brunette's beautiful body, making him shiver from head to toe. He sucked dark hickeys while playing with his nipples. Mickey kept arching off the bed, pushing against Ian's warm body above him.

"Sssh, no squirming baby. Lay still." he whispered as he crawled down the bed, getting in eye level with Mickey's crotch and kissed his abdomen right above his underwear. Mickey whimpered at the feeling, aching to be touched by the redhead. Ian moved a little lower, giving gentle kitten licks to Mickey's clothed dick. Mickey tugged at the restraints, trying to reach down and grab Ian's hair.

Ian pulled the brunette's boxers down to his knees and instantly wrapped a hand around the bottom of the shaft. Mickey squeezed his eyes shut and threwed his head back at the pleasure.

Ian started moving his hand slowly, kissing the inside of his boyfriend's thigh. He ran his thumb over the head, circling around the sensitive slit and moved it down, along the thick vein on the underside of it. He guided Mickey's legs onto his shoulders and continued jerking him with one hand, while he sucked two of his fingers into his mouth, coating it with his slick saliva. Then he moved his wet fingers from the top of the crack of Mickey's ass, towards his entrance and pushed them in. Mickey arched off the bed, enjoying the burn and pain transforming into pleasure.

"Oh god, Daddy that feels so good."

"Yeah? It's gonna feel even better soon. You gonna be a good boy and take me raw? Gonna let Daddy fuck your whole energy outta you?"

"Yes! Fuck, I want it. Please fuck me! Now Daddy, please!" he whined loudly.

"But I have to get you-"

"I'm fine! Just do it already!" he said in a demanding voice.

Ian grinned and propped up on his knees, pulling down his boxers to his thighs. Mickey grabbed the bottle of lube on their nightstand and throwed it to Ian who quickly slicked his cock with it. And then without any kind of warning he pushed inside Mickey with a swift movement, bottoming out right away. Both moaned loudly at tge sensation. Ian placed his palms flat on the mattress on both sides of Mickey and leaned down to kiss him. As they made out Ian slowly started moving. As their lips parted Ian could hear Mickey whining, moaning and panting even from this little amount of moving.

"I should prep you more. I told you it's gonna hurt." he said and stopped with his movements.

"It'll stop. Just.... please Ian, Daddy, Fuck me hard."

Mickey looked so sinful like that. Pink puffy lips parted, face flushed and those beautiful baby blue
eyes looking right at him, begging for more. He was already so fucked out, though Ian didn't even do anything yet.

But he couldn't say no to this man. He started moving his hips, with long, deep and hard strokes, making sure he didn't hurt Mickey that much. Ian began pressing soft kisses on every inch of skin he could reach. This made Mickey relax and soon the pain subsided and was replaced with pure pleasure.

Then Ian picked up the pace and started fucking Mickey without a second thought. He grabbed Mickey's legs, which were wrapped around his waist and placed them back up on his shoulders. This change of the position caused Ian to instantly hit the brunette's prostate who cried out and tugged hard on the restraints.

"You feel that Mick? Feel those handcuffs around your wrists? That means you're mine. Nobody else's but mine. You can only be touched by me and nobody else. Because I own you, just as much as you own me."

And that was it. That made Mickey cum. Harder than he have ever had in his whole life.

After like three minutes of being passed out, Mickey woke up to Ian laying on top of him. He could feel the redhead's cum inside of him and feel the restraints still on his wrists.

"Mickey... you alright?" Ian whispered

"I feel fantastic. But what the hell happened?" Mickey asked, still smiling from his phenomenal orgasm.

"You screamed my name. And came untouched, which was so fucking hot, it made me cum too. But you just passed out after that. Maybe it was too much for you."

"Maybe. But it was the best orgasm ever. Thank you Daddy."

The name caused Ian's dick to twitch again but he knew he won't survive another round so he just groaned and rolled off of Mickey.

"Would you please undo these shits?" Mickey asked as he tugged on his restraints again. Ian laughed and grabbed the key from the nightstand to open them.

"Damn Mickey, does it hurt? It left some brutal marks."

"It hurts a little, but it was awesome. The marks gonna fade anyway so..." Micey shrugged.

Of course Ian didn't care what Mickey said and put some lotion on the marks so it won't hurt that much. And then he laid back on the bed, next to his fiancé.

"Ian?"

"Hmm?"

"Please don't be mad. I wanna invite Svetlana because I always felt like he's my sister and she really acted like one and she was the first one I told I'm gay and she was really understanding and-"

Ian reached down and grabbed Mickey's hand. "I'm not mad Mickey. I realized what an idiot I was for trying to compare Trevor to Svetlana. She was really sweet with you and I liked her a lot too. Plus she never tried to do anything like Trevor."

"So... Can I invite her?"

"Yes, you can."

"And you won't invite Trevor?"

"No, I won't."

Mickey smiled and turned to face Ian. "Have I already told you how much I love you?"

"Yes, but that doesn't mean I don't like to hear it." Ian grinned as Mickey pressed their lips together. After some minutes of just kissing each other, Mickey pulled away and placed his head on Ian's chest. "Let's sleep." Ian nodded and turned the lamp off.

*Mickey heard his dad and mom shouting with each other. Iggy, Mandy and him were sitting on the couch next to them.*

*Suddenly his dad slapped his mom.*
This wasn't just a nightmare. This happened once.

"You little bitch! Don't you dare talk with me like that again or I'll fucking kill you with my bare hands!"
"Terry stop this! You need to stop drinking! I can't take care of the kids alone!"
"Don't tell me what to do you whore!" he punched her in the face, and she fell on the floor. Terry started kicking her and continued calling him names.
Mandy hugged Mickey. "I'm so scared!" she cried.
Mickey didn't know what to do. He wanted Terry to stop kicking her. He wanted his mom to stop suffering. He wanted Mandy to stop crying.
"STOP!" he screamed suddenly. And Terry turned towards him.
"What do you think, who you are you little fucker!?" he lifet Mickey up by his neck and squeezed it hard.
"No, Terry, don't hurt him!" their mother begged.
"You can't tell me what to do. NO ONE can tell me what to do. Got that, you little shit?"
Terry threwed him it the floor and kicked him in the stomach. Then he stormed out of the house.
"Mickey...." he heard his mom calling his name. "My poor baby. Are you okay?"
Tears streamed down his face. He wasn't okay. But he didn't care. The only thing he cared about was his dad to disappear. To die. To suffer just as much as he caused others to suffer. He deserved to die.

He woke up in the middle of the night, crying like a baby. He sat up on the bed and tried to calm himself down a little.
"Mickey?" he heard Ian's voice. "What is it sweetheart? Another nightmare?" Mickey nodded and suddenly he was pulled into an embrace. "My poor baby." Ian whispered. "Are you okay?"
No, Mickey wasn't okay. But knowing that Ian was right next to him made things better.
"We gonna take you to a psychiatrist. This is not normal that you have a nightmare every single time you close your eyes."

Mickey didn't care about anything else now. He concentrated on Ian's heartbeating next to his ear. It calmed him down and made him feel safe. He closed his eyes and clung onto Ian's body as he felt himself calm down more and more with every passing second.

Chapter End Notes

Phew, that took really long to write it. Sorry, but school always comes first :(
#Sorrynotsorry I love sub Mickey so probably more of it coming :))))
I hope you liked this chapter, next one coming as soon as I can have some free time from school
Mickey was so fucking nervous. He had never been to a psychiatrist before and he really didn't want to go in. He was surrounded by weird looking people and some of us were literally staring at him, trying to figure out what the fuck he was doing here.

He squeezed Ian's hand tighter and moved in his chair a little bit closer to him.

"Everything's okay?" Ian asked.

"Yeah just... nervous."

"I'm gonna go in with you. You don't have to be nervous about anything." he smiled at his boyfriend, stroking his hand with his thumb.

"What's going to happen exactly?" Mickey asked, but Ian had no time to respond because they heard the secretary saying "Mickey Milkovich." which meant they had to go in now.

"Don't be nervous darling. Come, it's gonna be okay."

They walked into the room together and sat down on the small brown couch in front of a woman.

"Hi guys, my name is Dr. String. And you are...?"

"Erm... my name is Ian Gallagher, he's my (little hesitation, looking at Mickey who nods, giving him the permission to say it) fiancé, Mickey Milkovich."

"Yes, and why are you here now?"

"I'm having nightmares. Since... well like six months."

"Yeah, and what happened before you started having these bad dreams."

"My father died."

"That can be a problem. Losing someone we loved very much-" Mickey didn't let her finish, he started laughing.

"Love? My father?! No way. He was an evil psychotic asshole. He always hurt one of us."

"U-huh, so... your father, who you weren't in a good relationship with to say the least, died six months ago and you started having nightmares. About what?"

"Erm... usually about him literally beating the living shit out of Ian then killing me, but lately they are... memories. From the past. When my mom was alive."

"Tell me about your mom."

"Well she was the kindest woman on the earth. I loved her very much. My father always abused her but she only wanted to make my dad stop drinking and to protect us."

"How did she die?"

"My father punched her too hard, she fell against some furniture what caused a big damage on his head. My father didn't let us call an ambulance. She died after so many hour of suffer..."

Mickey started crying quietly after bringing back all these memories. He found himself in Ian's arms after some minutes, the redhead trying to calm him down with soft, soothing kisses in his head.

"Mickey have you ever seen this kind of memories while you were awake? Not dreaming, but clearly seeing them. Like it was happening right before your eyes."

Mickey nodded. There were a few times when he was home alone or just with Jeremy, he saw these kind of things. It was so fucking scary, he didn't even let Ian know about them.

"Mickey I'm sorry to have to say this I assume you have PTSD."

"What?" they both asked.
"Post traumatic stress disorder. It happens when you go through a hard time, what mostly happens in childhood. These memories will keep coming back, but I'll try to help you. I'll give you some meds what you should take every day. They will keep these nightmares at bay and in case if you'll have a panic attack or something like that, I'll give you sedation pills." she turned to Ian. "Do you live together?"
"Yes."
"If he has attacks, give him the pills and let him calm down."
"Calm down? How do you mean let him calm down?" Ian asked confused.
"It helps if you're there with him. Tell him he's safe and he doesn't have to worry about it. But I don't think that any kind of attacks will happen." she gave them a piece of paper. "The list of the meds you need. Go to the pharmacy, right opposite the clinic, and take them out. You can start taking them today."
Mickey nodded again. He was still crying a little, but having Ian next to him helped a lot.
"Come back in every month for a therapy Mickey. You can bring Ian too." she smiled.

They walked out of the room and went to take out the meds from the pharmacy. Then they took a taxi and drove home.

"I'm so freaking tired." Mickey said and plopped down on the couch.
"Me too baby."
"Then come, let's sleep together."
"Mickey... do you wanna talk about this? The PTSD?"
Mickey shook his head. "I just wanna lay with my fiancé a little." he smiled.

Ian loved how Mickey never gave up on fighting. Even after he was diagnosed with this horrible thing, he still smiles. And Ian is happy until he can see that. Because Mickey's smile is the most beautiful thing in the world.
"Speaking of fiancé..." he sat down next to Mickey, who crawled up a little and put his head in Ian's lap, looking up into those pretty green eyes. "We know when to do the wedding and who we want to invite. It's time to send the invitations out so Mandy can start that seating shit."
"Mandy will do it? Are you sure?"
"Don't play the big bad brother, I know you have no problem with her doing this."
"Whatever but if anything gets fucked up, I'll blame her."
Ian giggled and ran a hand through Mickey's dark hair.
"I'm so lucky." he whispered.
"Why?"
"I'll be the one who can marry Mickey Milkovich. The most perfect guy on the earth."
"You don't know anything about luck until you get to marry yourself, Gallagher."

Weeks later, when the seating and the menu was ready, the Gallagher-Milkovich house gone crazy. The whole familia was in Mickey and Ian's small apartment, arguing about shit. Everybody wanted something or just gave some "advice" about the marriage. Though the boys didn't give a shit about what anybody else said, they kept quiet and pretended to think about what they said.
"Ian! You still have three more weeks until the wedding! Are you sure you wanna-" Fiona still tried to change his mind about Mickey and the wedding. And Ian really had enough if that shit.
"Yes, Fiona I want that. I love Mickey, I want to marry him, and we'll be happy together. And maybe you think you're just "trying to help me" but no. You know what are you doing? Judging. You have no right to do that about the most perfect man ever. And you're no better than anybody else here. So now listen to me carefully big sis. I Don't Give A Shit About Your Bitch Problems."

Ian had to say it already. Fiona's babbling about Mickey was so meaningless. She didn't know him. Didn't know how precious and caring he is. And Fiona and her relationships were nowhere close to
what Ian and Mickey got.

He turned around and left his sister in the middle of their kitchen where they were arguing and went back to his boyfriend and brothers to watch TV together.

After everybody else left, Mickey and Ian put Jeremy to bed and laid down together in their bedroom.
"You're so fucking perfect Mickey." Ian whispered as he played with the brunette's fingers.
"Nah Gallagher, I'm not even close to perfect."
"Gallagher, huh? You like that name?"
"It's yours. I like everything what's yours."
"You wanna be a Gallagher too?"
"I... don't know."
"You know what? This is stupid. This shit about taking the other's name up became a "girly thing". You know what? Let's say I'll take up yours and you'll take up mine."
"Like... Ian Milkovich and Mickey Gallagher? We'll still have different last names."
"No, I mean Mickey and Ian Milkovich-Gallagher."
"I like that." Mickey smiled.
"Then one more thing we have done until the wedding."
"How many more we got?"
"Well... clothes, cake, music... and I think that's all."
"Do we really need live music or something like that? Let's just play songs on a phone through an amplifier or what-the-fuck-ever it's name."
"Ok, then one more thing we don't have to worry about."
"Geez, it's gonna be a cheap ass Southside wedding."
"Nothing matters until you'll be the one standing at the altar with me." Ian pressed a kiss on Mickey's hand.
"Then I think I'll put on jeans and my old Good Charlotte t-shirt."
"Don't you fucking dare ruin this moment!"

Yeah, Mickey was going through hell. But when you have your soulmate by your side hell becomes heaven in a snap.

It was a sunday afternoon when Mickey and Jeremy went over to Mandy's. Mickey promised Ian he will finish his wedding vows which he didn't even start yet. Every time he sat down to write, he just didn't know what to. He loved Ian so much but he didn't put it into words.
"You doing okay?" Mandy asked as she sat down next to him.
"Yeah? No... I can't write anything."
"Wedding vows?"
"Yes. But I dunno what. I suck at this shit." Mickey laid back in his chair and rubbed a hand over his face.
"Oh come on Mick. It's not that hard. Just think about what do you feel when you look at Ian."
"I don't know!"
"Yes you do! Try to focus. Tell me what do you feel when you look at him."
"Well... it's good when he smiles at me. He has a cute smile, it makes me smile too."
"Good. See, it's not that hard. Try to think about what he makes you feel, what future do you want with him. Write what you will try to do to make your life better."
"And what if I get stuck at a point?"
"Don't think about that. Just write what's on your mind."
Mickey nodded and Mandy stood up smilingly to leave him work alone.
Mickey closed his eyes and remembered back to what happened when he first saw his redhead.

"Hey. First day?" a redheaded man asked as he sat down on a barstool.
"Yeah. Want something?"
"A gin tonic, a scotch, a beer and a cosmo politan"
"All for yourself?" Mickey jokes.
"Nah, man, I work here. I'm a waiter." he pointed at his apron and Mickey suddenly felt very embarrassed. He gave all the drinks to the redhead and tried to avoid eye contact.
"I'm Ian."
"Mickey."

"Hi Lana! Immat Ian's house, weare having fun! Hes so good to me. So cute..." Mickey leaned closer and kissed Ian's cheek. "So handsome...."

"Just a kiss?"
"Just a kiss."
"I can do that..."
Ian smiled and leaned forward. When their lips touched, Mickey felt like it pressed a button inside him, what made him never wanting to let go of Ian. Let go of his lips. Those lips... fuck, he would kill for those lips. They were so soft, so warm, so sweet. He darted his tongue out and licked them, which made Ian open his mouth instantly. But as their tongue touched, Mickey knew there was no turning back. He cupped Ian's face with both of his hands and pulled him closer. Ian's hands gripped his hips firmly and started pushing him backwards until Mickey's back hit the wall.
"Bedroom?" Ian breathed into his mouth.
"Come." Mickey pushed him away and took his hands to lead him into the bedroom.

He leaned in and kissed his boyfriend. Right there, in front of everybody. And he could feel Ian smiling into the kiss. As he pulled away Ian wrapped his arms around his waist to keep him there for a little longer and rested his forehead against Mickey's.
"Thank you Mick." he whispered.

"Mick?"
"Hmm?"
"I love you."

"Are you crying Mickey?"
"No..." he sobbed.
"Oh come on. Look at me. " he turned Mickey's face to look straight in his watery, red eyes. "Why are you crying babe?"
"You love me."
"Yeah Mickey. I love you."
"And I don't deserve you."
"Wha- Mick! How can you say such a thing?"
"Because I can't say it back. And I can't take care of you as you do. And I can't do what you can do. You are perfect Ian. And I don't deserve you."
"Mickey I know you love me. You don't have to say it out for me to know that you do. And you take very good care of me! You were there with me when I ate something spoiled and puked all night. You could go to sleep and let me do everything on my own, but you sat there, next to me, tellig me it's gonna be okay. You even made me breakfast once!"
"That was shitty... the eggs were too salty, the bacon was raw and I overbaked the toasts... It was awful and you make so much better meals..."
"Yes, but... fuck Mick, you are perfect for me! I love you!"
"I love you too! I just can't say it out yet!" he cried.
"Mickey..."
"What?"
"You just said it..." Ian chuckled.
"I... did?" Micey sobbed as he wiped the tears from his eyes.
"Yes, you did." he hugged Mickey and started pressing soft kisses on his neck to soothe him to sleep.
"I'm proud of you Mick. I love you."
"I love you too."

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Ian lifted Mickey up and carried him into their bedroom, where he but his boyfriend on their bed and stood next to him.
"Mickey I love you. I love you more than anybody else and I will never stop loving you. Ugh.... Listen, I wanted to do this after we move into our house but I can see that now you need some proof now that I won't leave you. So..." Ian fumbled with his backpocket for some moments, then got down on one knee. He pulled out a little black box from his pocket.
"Mikhailo Aleksandr Milkovich" he opened the box and Mickey saw a silver ring inside it. "will you marry me?"

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God, Ian was so fucking perfect. He still couldn't believe his luck.
It all started in that bar. That's where they met and where he fell in love with the guy for the first sight and now he's gonna marry that guy.
Mickey opened his eyes and got to work back to work on his vows.

Chapter End Notes

So in a few days I hurt someone who's really important to me. And I really hope she will read this because I have something to say.
I am a huge asshole I know. And I'm really sorry, but you have to understand it was hard for me... I love you and I hope you will find happiness without me.

Sorry guys, I had to say it. Anyway I hope you enjoyed this chapter and Idk when can I bring the next one, but probably not so soon. :( I hate school.
Chapter Notes

Finally the last chapter is finished too. Sorry for being so late, I just wasn't inspired :(  

AND GUYS!! I'M SO HAPPY!!!  

*SASON 9 SPOILER*  
I can't believe they are officially endgame. I literally cried when I watched the scene. I'm so fucking happy I can't describe it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Mickey?" Mandy said as she opened the door of Mickey's room. "You okay? Everybody's waiting for you."  
"No, no Mandy I- I'm gonna fuck it up. I don't want this."  
"Mickey calm down. Ian is out there, waiting for you. Come on, let's get out of here. It's gonna be the easiest thing."  
"No Mandy, I'm gonna fuck up my vows and everybody's gonna laugh and Ian.... I don't wanna do this. Weddings are stupid anyway."  
"Mickey..." Mandy closed the door behind herself and stormed towards his brother. "Look at me. You wanna marry Ian, don't you?"  
"Yes I do, but can we do that without this shitshow? Without people around us, without vows... just us?"  
"No. This is the proper way of getting married and you gonna do this. Not every Milkovich can tell that they're legally married, be happy that you can. Now get your ass out there and make him happy."  
Mickey suddenly reached forward and pulled his sister into a hug. "I'm so scared Mands..."  
"I know and it's normal. A lot of people is. But you can fight it Mickey. You're the strongest person I know, you can do this."  
They pulled back and Mickey nodded. "Okay... let's do this."  
Mandy smiled at him and guided him out of the hotel room.

"Do you, Mikhailo Aleksandr Milkovich, take Ian Clayton Gallagher to be your husband?"  
Mickey squeezed Ian's hand and smiled slightly. "I do."  
"And do you, Ian Clayton Gallagher, take Mikhailo Aleksandr Milkovich to be your husband?"  
Some tear appeared in the corner of Ian's eyes as he said "I do."  
"Mikhailo Aleksandr Milkovich and Ian Clayton Gallagher I now pronounce you husband and husband, together for the rest of your lives. You may kiss now."  
They move forward at the same time and they reach for anything on the other boy to hold onto as their lips touch and they share a deep, loving kiss. Everybody in the room cheers and they both smile into the kiss. They pull apart and turn to the people around them, smiling brightly.  
"Mr. and Mr. Gallagher-Milkovich, everyone!"

Mickey has never been this happy in his life before. Sure, he was happy when he first met with Ian. Or when Ian said he loves him for the first time. Or when they got Jeremy. It was all really good and
Mickey couldn't believe he was so lucky.

But now... Now he can call the love of his life his husband. Nothing's gonna come between them anymore, and he was excited to spent the rest of his life with Ian.

He was sitting at their table, pretending he was listening to Mandy's babbling while he actually was lost in the redhead who was in front of him, chatting with some of the guests. He was beautiful. Even just the was he was talking or the bright smile on his face which he could never stop since he saw Mickey at the altar. It made him smile too. He was so scared he'll wake up from the most realistic and best dream ever, right in the middle of his shitty apartment, with Lana on the other side of the bed.

Ian caught Mickey staring at him and it made Mickey blush and tear his eyes away from Ian.

"Mickey, you're not even listening to me, are you?!” Mandy laughed.

"Sorry, I just..."

"You were staring at your husband, I know. It's pretty obvious."

"I wasn't staring! That's creepy." Mickey protested.

"You were staring but in a cute way, not a creepy way.” he heard Ian from right behind his seat. He turned his head towards his husband, who reached his hand out to him. "Wanna dance?"

"Shut up, I don't dance."

"Oh come on Mick, we both know this is not true."

"Okay, then I don't dance in front of other people."

"Which is also not true because you dance at parties."

"Yeah, but most of the people is drunk there. And nobody knows me."

"Mick... please... just for me?” Ian leaned close to his ear and whispered "I'll make it up to you in our bedroom later."

This made Mickey immediately jump out of his seat and pull the laughing Ian to the dancefloor.

The redhead wrapped his arms around Mickey's waist, who put his hands around Ian's neck as Pink + White by Frank Ocean started playing.

"I love this song." Ian said.

"I love you."

"I love you too."

Mickey stood on his tiptoes to catch Ian's lips and press a gentle kiss on them. This is it. This is what Mickey wanted the most. He could finally be in peace with his husband and their son, happily and in love.

............................

"So... about that promise." Mickey said as he dropped his tuxedo on the floor and started unbuttoning the shirt which was under it.

"Aren't you a little drunk, baby?"

"Oh why, it's not the point? To get tipsy on your wedding day?” he loosened on his tie and threwed it on the floor along with the shirt.

"The point, huh? Get undressed and lay on the bed. I'll be back in a minute. And don't touch yourself, I know if you do."

Mickey nodded and kicked off his shoes.

By the time Ian was back Mickey was laying in his stomach on the bed.

"You ready?" Ian asked.

"Been ready for an hour now. Where the fuck were you?"

"Brought something that will make it more interesting."

Mickey lifted his head up to see Ian with a little black thing in his hand. "What's that?"

"A prostate massager. Gonna put it in you while I suck you off. Sounds good?"

Mickey whimpered and buried his face into the pillow. He felt the bed dip under him as Ian kneeled between his parted legs with the bottle of lube and the toy. After a few seconds he felt cold, lubed up fingers at his hole, stretching him out just enough to take the massager.
"Come on Gallagher, we ain't got all night."
"Actually we do. And that's not what you call me Mickey." and then he felt it. The hard but somewhat smooth toy penetrating him as Ian pent down and pressed feather-light kisses on his back.
"Tell me baby. Tell me how do you call me."
Mickey was all red from embarassment, luckily Ian couldn't see that. He's not gonna say it, not like this.
"What, cat's got your tongue?" he didn't respond. "I'm gonna make you speak anyway. You know I can."
Suddenly the thing started vibrating, making Mickey whine in surprise.
"If you won't say it, at least you gonna cry it out."
"Ian..." he sighed.
"It's still not what I wanna hear, young man. I know you can say it..." Ian grabbed his hips and turned Mickey around so he was laying on his back. "You've said it so many times before."
The redhead took him into his mouth without a warning and started sucking him with fervor.
Mickey almost lost it when he felt the warm, wet mouth around his cock. His back arched off the bed and it took a lot of self-control not to start fucking into Ian's mouth. When he felt Ian pressing a higher setting on the massager he cried out.
"I'm gonna cum."
Suddenly Ian's mouth disappeared and Mickey groaned at the loss. "No. You can't cum until I tell you to. You got it?"
"No, Ian, please don't."
Another setting pressed. So much higher. The vibration of the toy was going all through his body as it abused the life out if his prostate.
"Ian please let me..."
"You can't cum until I'm inside you."
"Then turn this shit off please!!" he literally screamed.
"Tell me how you call me and I will."
"Daddy! Daddy, fuck, turn it off please, turn it off Daddy!"
"That's my good boy." Ian pulled out and throwed the still vibrating toy on the bed beside them.
Mickey was panting from the intense pleasure and watched eagerly as Ian lubed up his cock and positioned himself in between Mickey's legs, hands flat on each side of the brunette's head on the mattress. "I love you." Ian whispered and lowered his face to kiss his husband.
"I love you too." Mickey said back as their lips parted. Slowly Ian started pushing in.
"Feels so good..." the redhead sighed.
After a few seconds he started rocking into Mickey, going in a much slower pace than he usually did. It wasn't like the usual. It was so much more intense, more gentle, more... everything. It would look average to everybody else, but to them it was the best sex they ever had. They didn't know why either, but they knew it was the best.

After they both came down from their high Ian laid on top of Mickey, burying his face into the crook of his neck. "If this is what married sex like then I can't wait for more."
"Yeah... I know. But give me and my ass a five minute rest before you start anything please."
Mickey laughed.
"So you say we can go again in five?"
"Only if you won't be a little fucking tease."
"No promises..."

That second round didn't happen. They fell asleep just like that, with Ian laying on top of Mickey, who's arms were wrapped tight around the redhead's waist.
TWO YEARS LATER

The couple woke up to Jeremy jumping on their bed right next to them. The little guy often did this, which Ian liked, but Mickey wasn't really a fan of it.
"Hey buddy, would you stop?" the brunette asked as he opened his tired eyes.
"Come on Mick, don't be a grump." Ian said as he leaned over to press a kiss on his husband's temple.
"Daddy! It's Pancake Sunday!" Jeremy remembered him and started pulling his hand. "Come on, let's make pancakes!"
Ian just laughed and told his son to go to the kitchen and wait for him so he can grab some clothes.
"Geez, how does he have so much energy?" Mickey murmured as he also started dressing up.
"Must have gotten it from you."
"You know it's kinda cute that you're saying this but he's your son, not mine."
"He's our son."
"Not genetically though. Come, help us make breakfast." Ian pulled on a white t-shirt and grabbed Mickey's hand to lead him to the kitchen.

Mickey sat down to the dining table and watched his two favorite boys making breakfast. He was so thankful for this. He had never imagined his life ending up here. Happily.
"You gonna just sit there and watch like a creep?"
"Yes. That's the plan."
"Help us or you're not getting any of it."
"Oh you gonna forbid me to eat pancakes, Gallagher?" Mickey gave him a challenging look.
"Don't forget that you're a Gallagher too."

He would never forget that...

Chapter End Notes

I couldn't write anything else about the wedding. Every time I tried I ended up crying for like 10 minutes so I stopped trying. I'm not good with vows and these things anyways so I saved all of you from something awful :D

Thanks for everybody who was here from the beginning and thanks for every comment&kudo I got. You guys are awesome! ❤❤❤

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