Glad To Be Here

by Higgies230

Summary

Ian hearing about Monica’s death from the motel in Mexico where he and Mickey were staying- like they should have been- with Mickey being the cuddly boyfriend that makes it all better.

His phone was ringing again and Ian really didn’t know if he should pick it up or not, the person on the other end undoubtedly one of his siblings wondering where he was. He couldn’t exactly just tell them he was in a run down motel in Mexico with his fugitive ex but now not ex-boyfriend. It wasn’t that Ian was regretting it, he hadn’t realised just how painful the ache in his chest was at missing his boyfriend until Mickey was stood in front of him under the school bleachers. Until Mickey was touching him, he was touching Mickey. He couldn’t go back now; the thug was his drug and he was well and truly addicted and in love.

Eventually though, he decided he might as well get this over with. He couldn’t exactly just disappear, his family would search for him and he didn’t need that, they just needed to know and respect his latest choice. So he picked up the call without even looking at the caller ID, just bracing himself for the conversation.

“Ian, thank God,” it was Lip.

“Hey Lip, what’s up?” Ian asked, there was something panicky almost in his brother’s voice.

“Monica’s dead,” Lip stated and… that was not what Ian had expected.
“What, how?” Ian got out after a moment of stunned silence.

“Brain haemorrhage. Wasn’t even the drugs. Frank and her had like another wedding and we celebrated and in the morning we all woke up and she didn’t. She’d come back because she knew she was dying,” Lip explained.

Ian’s hand and the phone dropped to his lap as he stared at the wall opposite him. He had walked away from her when he had met up with her and Trevor. He hadn’t been able to stomach it, she had called after him and he had just walked away. The last time that he would ever see his mother. Shit.

“Ian?” he heard his brother’s muffled voice and raised the phone back to his ear, roughly rubbing away the tears that he hadn’t realised before were falling.

“Yeah?” he replied, trying and failing to make it seem like he was unaffected. His siblings were all probably pleased, none of them had had the same connection to their mom that Ian had had.

“We’re better off Ian, nobody but Frank is broken up about it for a reason,” Lip said, almost as if reading the redhead’s mind.

“Yeah of course,” Ian agreed, lied really, he wasn’t sure, this was their mother at the end of the day.

“So where are you man? You’ve been gone days,” Lip asked. That question. The one that Ian was dreading before the phone call, before his brother had told him Monica was dead.

“I’m not coming back Lip,” Ian told him, knowing just how small his voice must sound.

“This is Mickey isn’t it?” Lip asked, the genius knocking the nail straight on the head as ever when it came to Ian.

“Yeah,” Ian conceded, no point in lying.

“Where are you Ian?”

“I can’t tell you Lip.” Ian replied, wishing that he could but knowing that he couldn’t.

“Okay man. Okay. I um- I know there’s no point in trying to talk you out of this so I guess- fuck I’m gonna miss you little brother but have a good life okay,” Lip sighed, it sounded like it pained him and certainly his words pained Ian as well.

“Thank you man. Thank you for being my brother and for everything, I’ll miss you too,” Ian breathed.

“Love you man.”

“Love you too,” Ian said just before they hung up and that was it. Chapter closed.

The redhead dropped the phone on the edge of the bed and buried his face in his hands. He and the Gallaghers had all drifted apart over the last few years, he wasn’t so close to them anymore but at least they were still there. Monica wasn’t though, she would never turn up again.

He didn’t know why it upset him just so much but there he was crying, sobbing into his hands. Ian didn’t know what he was going to do or how to deal with it. Fiona probably wouldn’t want a funeral for her, she was a cold hearted bitch these days but especially when it came to their mother. Frank would be too drunk, probably so much so that he would disappear for months and no one else would bother. That thought just hurt even more.
“Ian?” it was Mickey.

He hadn’t heard the motel door open or close, too lost in his own thoughts. But he looked up at the sound of his boyfriend’s voice, trying and failing to brush away the tears as Mickey came over and fell to his knees in front of him. This was the affectionate Mickey that came into being after Ian came back from the army, the one that wanted to show Ian that he loved him and cared so Ian didn’t have any hesitation in pulling the man too him and burying his head in the man’s neck.

Mickey wrapped his arms straight back around him, seeming to relax at Ian’s own affection. Perhaps he had thought that Ian’s tears were of regret on this decision to come away with him. That thought had Ian holding him even tighter, if anything, in a moment like this he needed the only man he’d loved more right now.

“What’s wrong Ian?” Mickey asked after a moment, once Ian was no longer sobbing and the tears had mostly stopped.

“My mom died, Lip just called to tell me,” Ian murmured into Mickey’s neck.

“Fuck Ian, I’m sorry,” Mickey said, pulling back and holding the back of Ian’s neck so that they could look right at each other.

“I just, I don’t know how I should feel. I mean, I should be glad right? She hurt us so much over the years, ruined our lives, it’s her fucked up genetics that makes me a nutjob just like her. But she’s my mom. Fuck, she was my mom. And everyone else sounds like they just don’t care that’s she’s dead,” Ian choked out.

“Look Ian, she’s your mom, you’re allowed to be sad. Just remember the time that you came crying to me all those years ago because of her. You will be better off without her but that doesn’t mean that you can’t be sad,” Mickey replied.

“Fuck,” Ian breathed, leaning in again so that he was leaning his forehead against the other’s collar bone, “I’m just glad I’m here with you, you have been here for me all this time and I broke up with you and I didn’t wait. You were there the entire time putting up with all my crazy shit even when I wasn’t anything to you.”

“It doesn’t matter Ian, you’re here now aren’t you?” Mickey replied softly, breathing the words into Ian’s hair.

“Yeah, I don’t regret it either, one of the few things in the last few years that I don’t regret,” Ian replied, equally as softly.

“ Fucking good, better stay like that too,” Mickey chuckled lowly.

“It will, I promise,” Ian said, pulling back and looking him in the eye to show just how much he meant it.

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