Multiple Sclerosis

by Nobody_Music_19

Summary

Tyler Joseph is starting his senior year of high school. Star basketball player, beautiful girlfriend, and Multiple Sclerosis. Multiple Sclerosis is a nerve disorder in the spinal cord resulting in incontinence.

Whilst in the middle of a downword spiral, a boy with brown eyes and blue hair comes into the picture, and makes everything a little bit more manageable.

Notes

I'm not a doctor (if I was I defiantly wouldn't spend my time writing fanfiction) so this isn't completely accurate surrounding Multiple sclerosis, but I'm trying my best.
TRIGGERS: BASICALLY EVERYTHING. READ THE TAGS.

Read safe. Stay safe. And Stay alive, please.

See the end of the work for more notes.
The Blue Haired Boy

Tyler Joseph is 17 years old, starting his senior year of high school. Star basketball player, beautiful girlfriend, and Multiple Sclerosis. What is Multiple Sclerosis you may ask? Long story short, it's a nerve problem in the spinal cord resulting in incontinence.

Tyler despises being incontinent more than anything. He hates not being in control. When you add depression and anxiety into the equation, everything becomes even more unbearable. Whilst in the middle of a downword spiral, a boy with brown eyes and blue hair comes into the picture, and makes everything a little bit more manageable.

MONDAY
5:30 a.m.
BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

Tyler reached over blindly to his phone to turn off his alarm. 5:30 a.m. how unfortunate. He would like to find whoever decided school should start so early and slap them across the face. However, he is a "Good Christian, Child of God" so resorting to violence wasn't exactly on his to do list. Not because of his religion, soley off the fact that his parents would have killed him.

Tyler shared his room with his younger brother Zack, and they were really close so it didn't bother him. Even his youngest brother, Jay, wasn't a problem. Sure he was spoiled, but that's every youngest kid, that's nothing new. What did bother him currently was his little sister Maddy. She just so happened to start her period the week before, and quite frankly if he had to listen to her cry and be in a pissy mood one more day he might have locked her outside of their house.

Another thing that bothered Tyler was the fact that he had Multiple Sclerosis. Multiple Sclerosis is type of nerve disorder that causes the bladder the inability to send signals up the spinal cord to the brain, alerting a person that they need to go to the bathroom. Therefore, reducing him to incontinence.

His parents were not concerned at first as to why their three year old couldn't quite grasp the concept of 'potty training'. They weren't concerned when their five year old had accidents multiple time every day. They were however concerned when their seven year old still wasn't potty trained and there was no explanation as to why.

After many trips to the doctor, and many tests, Tyler was diagnosed with Multiple Sclerosis. He didn't quite understand what that meant at the time, but his parents did. After many hours of discussing possible solutions with the doctor, his parents decided it was best left untreated. After all, he was born with it, it wasn't causing any major health problems, and all surgical solutions had a risk of causing paralysis.

Tyler's parents were advised to simply buy protection, as the problem was never going to go away, and give emotional support to Tyler. They did a phenomenal job throughout the years offering emotional support, letting their 12 year old son cry on their shoulders screaming, "It's not fair!" "Why can't I be normal?!" and "I HATE this so much!" All the while whispering comforting words in his
ear, and rubbing his back. Nothing hurt them more than seeing their oldest son in pain with absolutely no power to make it go away.

Tyler's siblings asked questions innocently, as they were bound to. "Why does Tywer still weawr diapewrs, Mommy?" His three year old brother, Jay, asked. Though the question was innocent and not intended to cause harm, thirteen year old Tyler still went up to his room and cried because it simply wasn't fair. It still isn't fair, four years later. Tyler, now seventeen, is just as incontinent as he was as an infant. To sum things up, it isn't fair.

Tyler rolled over in his bed after turning off his alarm. That's when he felt it. The first day of school always sucked, but this year won the prize. A decent sized spot on Tyler's bed was covered in cold sticky urine. "Uuuggghhh," Tyler groaned as he covered his face with his hands. 'Only me' he thought as he breathed out of his nose. Only he would be unlucky enough for his diaper to leak the night before his first day of senior year.

Tyler sat up and pulled back his comforter to see the damage. A medium sized spot on his light gray bed sheets was a darker gray color, along with his sweatpants. He swung his legs off the side of the bed, and sat with his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands. He took a deep breath through his nose and removed his hands from his face to see Zack sitting up in his own bed with a look of concern and pity on his face.

"It's not your fault Ty, I'll clean it up. Go take a shower, it's okay I promise," Zack spoke calmly. Tyler breathed out again, about to protest, but Zack simply pointed at the door and Tyler got up and headed towards the bathroom.

He entered the bathroom and closed the door before staring at his blurry reflection through misty eyes.

"Stupid, can't even keep the sheets dry for one night!" He whisper yelled at his reflection. Tyler walked over to the shower and turned it on while a few single tears fell off his cheeks. He stripped off his wet sweatpants, and soaked diaper while the temperature of the water heated up.

He pulled back the shower curtain and stepped under the stream of water. Almost instantly his muscles relaxed and his mind was clear.

Showering was always one of Tyler's favorite things to do because it was quiet, and warm, and relaxing, and nobody was there to bother him or make him feel bad about himself. Most of all, if he had an accident it just went down the drain and required no clean up on his end, which was always appreciated.

He didn't realize how long he simply stood under the gentle stream of water before he heard a soft knock on the bathroom door. After a couple seconds the door slowly opened and he heard footsteps on the floor. "Hey Ty, I brought you some clothes, and Mom's washing your sheets, so you don't need to worry about it. I remade your bed and changed the mattress pad, so you don't have to do that later. Umm, it's 5:45 so you might want to hurry a little bit to be able to get ready on time." His younger brother spoke through the shower curtain. "Thanks Zack, I really appreciate it." Tyler really couldn't express the gratitude he felt toward his younger brother, he really didn't deserve him.

Tyler finished washing up and stepped out of the shower after turning the water off. He found a fluffy white towel sitting on the counter next to his clothes. He grabbed the towel and dried off
completely before setting it aside. Tyler just didn't understand how some people can get dressed before completing drying off.

He first picked up a LivDry from his pile of clothes, which fit like a pull-up, not having to mess with tabs. However, the LivDry's he had to wear to bed were more absorbant, therefore they did have tabs that could be stubborn at times.

Tyler then pulled on his jeans, and long black t-shirt before opening the bathroom door and heading towards his room. Most of his shirts were long because he was still conscious about the diaper being viable through his pants, seventeen years later.

As promised his bed was remade and any evidence of that mornings event was gone. He was definitely going to have to thank Zack again later.

Tyler brushed his hair and dryed it with his towel before making his way downstairs. He walked into the kitchen where his Mom, Kelly, was cooking scrambled eggs, his Dad, Chris, was sitting at the kitchen table drinking coffee, and his two brothers sat at the table, patiently waiting for their food. They all looked up as he entered the room and gave him the same sad smile. He quickly averted his eyes to the floor and set in his seat at the table.

The Joseph household had an unspoken rule to never say anything to Tyler about his incontinence after an accident. Although, Tyler swears they wait until he isn't in the room to gossip about him, because somehow every single one of them always knows.

Tyler's sister Maddy then made her way into the kitchen with her hair and makeup freshly done, and the same pitiful smile on her lips. Tyler couldn't help the breath of exasperation that left his lips, because Maddy wasn't even downstairs with the rest of the family and somehow she still knew.

They all sat together as a family and ate their breakfast before grabbing their bags and leaving the house.

Tyler had to drive all his siblings to school, which still didn't make sense to him because the only one who even went to the same school as him was Zack. He had to make two additional stops at the elementary school for Jay and the Middle school for Maddy. After dropping off his younger siblings at their schools, he headed toward the high school with Zack.

"I know you don't want to talk about this morning, but I just wanted to tell you not to let it ruin your day." Tyler looked over at his brother with a small smile before replying, "Thanks Zack, I don't think you understand how much I appreciate you. I love you, man." Zack smiled back, "Love you too, bro."

Tyler pulled into the parking lot behind the school before he and Zack got out of the car and headed toward the school.

They went their separate ways after entering the building, Zack headed toward Sophomore hallway, and Tyler heading toward Senior hallway. After Tyler found his locker and put his backpack inside, only carrying a folder and a pencil, he closed it and headed toward his first class. There were few things he hated more than the 'no backpack' rule, and unfortunately Calculus was one of them.

Tyler enjoyed English class the most out of all his classes, he considered himself particularly good at writing, and actually wrote many poems and songs outside of class. He started teaching himself how to play the piano a couple months prior to that first day of school.

He was going to therapy once a week to help with his anxiety and depression resulting from having
Multiple Sclerosis. He had been struggling for awhile, but it wasn't until his Dad walked in on him cutting himself, did they ship him off to therapy. His therapist, Jackson, suggested that it would be healthy to find an outlet for release. That night, Tyler found the keyboard in their basement that he received as a Christmas gift years before, and brought it up to his room, and replaced the batteries. His hasn't stopped playing it since.

He can tell that his parents are sometimes concerned by some of his lyrical content, but if they really are afraid for their son, they do a great job of not letting it show. Music is what makes Tyler okay to function on a daily basis, and if that is something that helps him, they definitely are not going to comment on that and chance him giving it up.

Tyler walked into his first class and made a beeline for his girlfriend, Jenna, in the front row. "Hey, Ty!" She said excitedly and he took a seat to her right. "Hey, why are we sitting in the front row?" He asked her confused. "The teacher has us sitting in alphabetical order by last name." That was when he then noticed the sticky notes on all the desks. "We're seniors and we still have assigned seats, how ridiculous," they laughed together before they were interrupted by a deep voice. "Excuse me, sorry but you're kinda in my seat," the guy said awkwardly. Tyler looked up and was met with a guy with crazy blue hair and a nose ring.

"Sorry, man. I should probably get to my seat too," Tyler said bye to Jenna as he made his way toward his designated seat. He looked up again at the mystery man with blue hair before looking away, as more people filled the room.

Tyler had been in a loving relationship with Jenna for two years, and she was amazing especially given his disorder. She gave him nothing but love, and he loved her for it. However, there was something innocent and special about the boy with blue hair that made butterflies in his stomach and put a smile on his face.

Tyler decided to consider himself bisexual the previous year, although he never actually told anyone. He was in a relationship with Jenna, it would do nothing but cause problems to tell people. But now the boy with blue hair was in his mind. Tyler was staring at the back of his head at the exact moment he decided to turn around. They made eye contact for a milisecond before the blue haired boy quickly turned around and casted his head downward with a small smile on his face.

Tyler didn't know it yet, but the blue haired boy was DEFINITELY going to give him a run for his money.

TBC
Mr. Lynch: The Tomato

Chapter Summary

School 'n stuff. Read it and find out XD

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everyone leaving kudos and comments, I really appreciate it. Don't forget to subscribe, so you won't miss out on update notifications.

TRIGGER WARNING: IMPLIED/REFERRED SELF HARM

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tuesday
5:30 a.m.
BEEP BEEP BEEP

Tyler reached over to turn off his alarm before burying his head back into his pillow. It was a new day, and he already knew it was going to be better than the day before. After getting up from his DRY bed, he made his way over to his side of his shared dresser before grabbing a clean LivDry, black jeans, and a long black t-shirt.

Some people claimed that Tyler needed to broaden his clothing horizons, and wear more variety of clothes. He considered himself wearing virtually the same outfit every day to be consistent, which was exactly how he liked it.

Tyler made his way into the bathroom and closed the door, then undressed and turned the shower on. One of his least favorite accommodations made for his disorder was showering in the morning instead of the night before. However, if he didn't shower in the morning old urine would sit on his skin all day resulting in a diaper rash. Tyler could confidently say that there is nothing he hated more than having a diaper rash, it is all around a miserable time.

Tyler stepped into the shower and stood under the warm stream. He moved his hand to rest on his stomach and he felt the raised skin under his fingertips. He opened his eyes and looked at the three thick lines on his stomach. Raised white self inflicted mutilation that would never go away. He had smaller white lines as well, but they were mostly faded. His gaze then moved to his thighs that were almost completely covered in scars. Some long, some short, some dark, some light, some raised, some flat, all ugly.

Ugly. One simple word that holds so much power. Tyler considered all of his scars ugly because that's what they are. He heard people talking before about how "cool" self harm scars look, and how powerful they are. They lied. Scars are not cool. Tyler would do anything to make his scars go away, yet he continuously finds himself adding more, overlapping them over all the skin he could easily cover up. Tyler took a deep breath and shook his head before reaching for the soap.

After washing his hair and body, he stepped out of the shower with his brain on autopilot drying
himself completely off and getting dressed.

He walked out of the bathroom and headed downstairs where his parents and brothers were in the kitchen. Tyler sat in his normal chair and poured a bowl of cereal from his options on the table. He scarfed down his bowl of cocoa pebbles before heading back upstairs to get his bag.

6:21 a.m. he was early. Tyler looked through his messages on his phone while sitting on his bed waiting for his siblings to finish getting ready.

JENNA: Morning Ty! <3

He opened the message before he responded and closed his lock screen. He made his way back downstairs to put his shoes on and grab his keys. After he had his black high top Chuck Taylor's on he grabbed his bag and his keys and headed outside.

After dropping off all his siblings at the correct schools he found himself walking into his not so dreaded (anymore) Calculus class. This was his class with the blue haired boy...and his girlfriend. But this was his class with the blue haired boy!

Tyler made it his goal to find out blue haired boys name so he could refer to him as something other than "blue haired boy". Reluctantly he made his way over to Jenna and purposely sat in blue haired boys seat again so they would have to speak to each other.

Jenna was saying something to him, but he didn't hear what she was saying, it kinda sounded far away and underwater because in that moment he remembered the name tags on the desks. He peered down at the post it note on the desk he was seated in.

Joshua Dun.

Now the blue haired boy had a name! Joshua Dun. Tyler wasn't sure I'd that name was fitting for the person he hadid in mind, it almost seemed too formal. "Ty, hello? Are you even listening to me?" He was pulled back into the real world by Jenna's voice. "Yeah, sorry. I just got kinda distracted," He said sheepishly.

"Ummm is this going to be an everyday thing, because it's fine it is. Although I kinda need to sit down, and then I'd have to ask you to move everyday, and-" Tyler cut him off with a small smile on his lips. "Its okay dude, I'll move don't worry," Tyler saw this as the perfect opportunity to introduce himself to the blue haired boy, more commonly known as Joshua Dun.

"I'm Tyler," he said sticking his hand out. "Josh," the blue haired boy spoke shaking his hand. Ah so he went by Josh. Tyler decided that was a much more fitting name for the person in front of him. Tyler gave a little smile as he stood up and made his way toward his seat, that Josh greatfully returned.

Tyler took his seat, then they did the pledge and the teacher, Mr. Lynch, made his way to the front of the room. To say it nicly, Tyler had never seen a teacher appear more flustered in front of a group of kids in his life. The man was a blubbering mess and he really hoped it wouldn't be like this everyday.

He couldn't help zoning off during the lesson as he stared at the back of the blue haired boy, Josh's, head. That's when he felt it. The unpleasant feeling of a diaper being filled with urine. Tyler let out a little beath of air as he raised his hand to get the attention of Mr. Lynch.

"May I be excused?" He asked his teacher. "Ummm yes, just go in, umm head in the hallway to umm, yes," Mr. Lynch said as his face turned beat red. Tyler stood up as his teacher made an even bigger fool of himself than during the lesson, and made his way down to the nurses office.
'May I be excused' was the phrase he and his parents decided on to use during school when he needed to change. All of his teachers were informed about his condition, much to his dissatisfaction, so they were instructed to always let him leave the classroom when he asked. He would go to the nurses office where he kept his supplies and changed in the office bathroom before heading back to class.

Tyler made his way down to the nurses office and walked in through the doorway. The nurse, who he was on a first name basis with (but I guess that's when happens when you see the person every day) lifted her head from the papers in front of her as he walked in. "Good morning Tyler, how are you today?" She spoke, little wrinkles appearing by her eyes. "Hi Mary, I'm good." She smiled at him as he walked past her into the bathroom.

Inside the bathroom there was a cart with different bins on it. He pulled out the bin labeled "TRJ" and grabbed a clean diaper and a package of wipes. He quickly undressed and cleaned himself up before slipping on a new diaper, followed by his pants and shoes. He disposed of the used diaper in the large garbage can, then washed his hands and made his way out of the bathroom.

Mary smiled at him as he walked out of the bathroom, "Have a good day Tyler!" the nurse said as he started walking out of her office, back into the hallway. "Thanks Mary," Tyler called over his shoulder.

He made his way through the long hallways until he reached his classroom, and stepped inside. Mr. Lynch was stumbling over his words just as much as when he left. Mr. Lynch turned his head toward Tyler when he heard him come in, and his face turned completely red again. 'Okay, that has to stop today' Tyler thought as he made his way to his seat. It wasn't that big of deal so the teacher had no reason to turn into a tomato every time he looked at Tyler.

Tyler noticed Josh had a strange expression on his face as he passed him. One of confusion and curiosity. Tyler sat in his seat and looked up at his blubbering teacher trying to explain something about X Y and Z. So, he averted his eyes to the clock located at the side of the room and watched the numbers change one minute at a time.

The clock finally reached 9:11 a.m. and Tyler jumped up from his seat and walked over to Jenna (...and Josh) as the bell rang.

"Hey babe!" Jenna said happily. "Hey," Tyler replied, watching Josh's facial expression drop. "Hey, I have to get to Spanish on time, I'll see you at lunch okay? Bye!" Jenna told Tyler as she walked out of the room. "Bye."

Tyler looked down at Josh who was putting his papers in his folder as the room began to clear out. "Hey, Josh right?" Tyler asked, even though he was well aware of the blue haired boy's name. "Yeah," Josh responded after glancing up. "So umm, are you new here?" Tyler asked as his face heated up.

Josh looked up at Tyler, "Ummm, no." Tyler scratched his head, then kept his hand where it was and began twisting his hair. "Um, Are you sure?" Josh looked up again and laughed, "Yes I'm sure," he stated amused.

"Look, I gotta get to my next class, I'll see you tomorrow, dude." And with that he walked toward the door leaving Tyler standing next to his desk. "Yeah, bye...dude." Josh laughed and shook his head a little as he walked out of the room. "Idiot!" Tyler said directed at himself, before looking up and making eye contact with Mr. Lynch. As expected the teachers face turned red again, and Tyler walked out of the room muttering 'unbelievable' under his breath.
After a painfully long Physics and Spanish class Tyler made his way into the cafeteria. He walked up to a table after spotting Jenna and sat down next to her. "Hey Ty," she said before kissing his cheek. Then Josh walked up with a slightly pink face that only grew redder as he asked, "Hey, can I sit with you guys, I haven't really talked to anyone else this year, and my friends don't really want to see me at the moment." Before Tyler could stop himself he yelled, "YES! I -I mean yeah, sure dude, take a seat...please." Jenna looked at him as if he had three heads, as well as all the other students who head him scream.

Josh simply sat down, and pulled out his notebook. He started doodling and Tyler watched his every move, not considering it staring until Jenna kicked him under the table, and give him as look that said, 'What's up with you today?"

Tyler then cleared his throat, "Josh, um, are you hungry?" he asked after realizing the blue haired boy hadn't eaten anything. "No man, I had a huge breakfast this morning. It was really delicious," he replied casually. Tyler looked down and stopped asking questions after that.

After lunch the rest of his day was extremely uneventful, and after he got home, he did his homework, ate his dinner, and went to bed, Falling asleep to thoughts of the blue haired boy.

TBC

Stay Alive, A

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to leave Kudos, Subscribe, and Comment. I'm always open to suggestions for the story.
Math Equations and Emergency Rooms

Chapter Summary

Summaries are dumb.
Stay Alive ||-//

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Friday

Tyler woke up feeling off. One simply three little word, that was the only way to accurately describe how he was feeling.

O-F-F

He went through his normal morning routine of showering, eating breakfast, and driving his siblings to school, but he just felt off like something wasn't quite right.

On his way to the high school, Zack picked up on Tyler's odd vibe. "Are you feeling okay, Ty?" Tyler sighed, "yeah, I just feel kinda weird today." Zack nodded as they pulled into the school parking lot.

They both made their way to their correct classes before the bell rang. Tyler made his way to Mr. Lynch's room reluctantly, not necessarily looking forward to seeing the teacher. He walked through the doorway and made his way over to Jenna, and Josh who was apparently early that day.

"Hey, Ty" Jenna said when she spotted him. "Hey," he replied unenergetically. "What's wrong?" She asked concerned, which received a sideways glance from Josh, who was listening to their conversation, not evesdropping, listening.

"Nothing, I just feel kinda off today," Tyler explained to her. Her eyes got wide and she lowered her voice, "You're not having bad thoughts again, right?" She asked, referring to when Tyler was really struggling with suicidal thoughts. "No, no, nothing like that, I promise. It's a physical off," he was quick to assure her.

Josh looked down at his desk with wide eyes, who seemingly picked up on what Jenna was talking about. He swallowed hard as the bell rang and Mr. Lynch made his way to the front of the classroom. After the pledge, he picked up a stack of papers, "Ummm, I'm, ugh, supposed to ask if there is anyone ummm who's interested in basketball tryouts. I have papers with information on them," he stuttered out.

Tyler raised his hand high and Mr. Lynch walked over to hand him a paper along with a couple other students. Tyler had been on the basketball team every year since middle school, and he planned to be again as a senior. He was actually one of the best player, not only in the school, but in the entire state of Ohio.

Of course his condition made playing somewhat difficult, he did everything in his power to play and
have fun. His mom even found him some diapers that looked and fit exactly like boxers, but were stuffed with padding and rewashable, for when he was playing basketball. He appreciated them very much.

His teammates never questioned why he always changed into his uniform in the bathroom stall, or why he was allowed to run to the locker room whenever he asked, and he really hoped they wouldn't start asking this year.

Mr. Lynch began his boring lesson about numbers, and Tyler wondered why they had to learn something so useless. After 12 years of taking math classes, there wasn't anything useful left to learn. Mr. Lynch had many equations on the front white board that he was having each student come up and solve to prove they were paying attention. Row by row, each student went up, most of them getting the wrong answer because the teacher was a blubbering idiot.

The person in front of Tyler sat back in their, but Tyler felt like he was floating, unable to communicate his brain to his muscles in the rest of his body. Mr. Lynch was saying something but it sounded very distant and foggy.

Josh turned around, and to his right and looked at Tyler with concern and confusion and the brown haired boy looked at their teacher blinking, but unresponsive. Josh heard as Mr. Lynch started to raise his very unsure voice at Tyler for not doing as he asked.

All of the sudden Tyler's body went stiff and he fell out of his chair into the isle. Jenna screamed as Tyler's body started convulsing on the floor of the calculus classroom. The entire room was frozen, as Tyler jerked around and started repeatedly hitting his head of the leg of a desk. Josh jumped up and went over to Tyler's convulsing body, and pulled his head into his hands to prevent a concussion.

Mr. Lynch must have finally caught up to what was happening as he ran into the hallway yelling for help. Josh watched as Tyler's arms and wrists bent in unnatural positions, and his face turned white with blue lips. He was drooling all over Josh, and strangled sounds were coming from his throat. Involuntarily tears were coming from his eyes that were rolled in the back of his head, and his breathing sounded labered.

The room was completely silent besides the unhuman noises escaping Tyler's throat and the sound of his body hitting against their surroundings.

Josh heard sirens in the distance and assumed someone had called 911. Tyler's body was starting to relax, only individual twitches every now and then. He was now turned on his side with his head on Josh's lap, completely unaware of everything around him. Jenna was softly crying, tears falling from her face.

Paramedics then came into the room with a gurney as they evaluated the situation. They lifted Tyler's limp, unresponsive body up onto the bed, before strapping him in and wheeling him out of the room. Jenna looked like a wreck, makeup all over her face, and the rest of the students looked shaken up, unsure what to do next.

Mr. Lynch then said, "Why don't we take the rest of class to have some time to ourselves, and calm down a little bit." He then went and sat at his desk without doing anything else.

Josh stood up to almost fall back over from the hug, or tackle, he was currently receiving from Jenna. "Thank you so much for helping him! I didn't know what to do!" She cried into his chest. "Yeah,
ummm no problem...let me know if he's okay." Jenna backed up before reaching for her phone, "Here, give me your phone. I'll give you his number and you can ask him yourself. Besides I know Tyler and I know he's going to want to thank you, but he's going to be stuck in the hospital for awhile, then his parents are going to have him on house arrest for monitoring."

Josh gave a small smile, and a thanks, but he was secretly extremely excited to be in the possession of Tyler's phone number, though he wished it were under better circumstances. However, that didn't change that fact that Josh had a little bit of a crush on Tyler.

Tyler woke up to the sound of even beeping and bright lights. "Ugh," he said as he tried to reach up to cover his eyes, only then noticing the IV in his arm, and the hospital gown he was wearing.

To say he was confused was an understatement. Just then Tyler's father, Chris, walked into the room. His eyes became wide as he saw a conscious Tyler in front of him. He turned back around calling for a nurse. Chris then walked back into the room, followed by an older nurse.

"Hey, Ty. How are you feeling?" He asked quietly. "Iw foel foonee ehhhh" Tyler tried to speak, the words just now forming on his tongue correctly, resulting in a frustrating whine at the end of the sentence. Chris looked up at the nurse alarmed.

"Don't worry, it is perfectly normal for temporarily impaired speech and muscle movement after seizures." She spoke calmly.

Relief spread over his face, while panic washed over Tyler's. "Aaeeehhhh" Tyler whined, too to voice his alarm and confusion. "Hey, calm down. You're alright." Tyler's dad spoke slowly.

A male doctor with silvery hair then walked in the room, carrying a folder. "Hello Tyler, I'm Dr. Maddox. You gave everyone quite the scare today. We ran some tests and took some MRI scans while you were out. Just like the lesion in your spinal cord, you have a lesion on the gray matter in your brain. That one small lesion in your brain is what triggered your seizure. A person like yourself with Multiple Sclerosis can be very prone to seizures, however we believe this is most likely not something you should be concerned about. There is a likelihood that the seizures may start occurring more frequently, but there is not a very high chance."

He smiled at Tyler then placed the folder on the counter top and stood up. "It may take a couple of hours before your speech and muscle movement is back to 100%, but there's no reason to keep you here for that. You can get changed back to your clothes you came in, and head home. Just make sure to come back if there are any more seizures, or seized activity."

The doctor then walked out of the room, followed by Chris muttering something about calling Tyler's mom. The nurse then turned to Tyler as the door closed, "Okay, I'll help you change back into your clothes." Tyler went to protest, but then he remembered he couldn't actually talk or sit up by himself. With a hump of disappointment, he half nodded and the nurse turned around to grab his clothes.

She pulled the IV out of his air, and turned off all the monitors. Then she pulled back the covers, from over his legs, and helped him sit up adjusting the angle of the hospital bed. The first to go was the hospital gown pulled over his head. Tyler let out a disapproving sound as he was sitting in an old man hospital diaper. Not only that, but it was wet. And of course, the nurse noticed.

"Eehhhhhhh," Tyler tried to protest, but the nurse quickly dismissed him, "I promise this isn't even the first diaper I've change today, there's no need to be embarrassed," but of course Tyler's face turned bright red. Tyler then thought of Mr. Lynch, his tomato faced teacher, and what he would do in this
situation. If Tyler wasn't so distressed himself, he would have laughed at the thought of his teachers face actually catching on fire.

There nureally then turned around with a clean diaper, and hospital sanitary wipes. She got to work cleaning Tyler up as his face continued to grow redder, then helped him into all of his clothes, and called for a wheelchair.

His dad wheeled him out to the car, and lifted him into the seat, and pulling his seat belt across his chest before closing the door, giving the nurse who followed them out the wheelchair, and walking around the car to get in the driversseat. Tyler didn't remember falling asleep in the car, or being carried inside by his dad, or being placed in his bed, but here he was lying in his bed hours later with his phone in his hands wondering only two things.

How embarrassed should he be that Josh held his head while he drooled all over him, and how the hell did Josh Dun get his phone number.

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Don't forgot to leave comments, kudos, and subscribe! You're support is really appreciated.

It may be awhile before the next update, I've got 10 days left of school and finals suck.

Stay Alive, A
Saturday

Tyler never answered Josh's text message the night before, too unsure of what to say. How would you respond if you got a text from an attractive guy saying "Hey Tyler, It's Josh from Calculus class. I really hope you're feeling better, and don't have any serious injuries." Followed by a text from your girlfriend that says, "Hey Ty, I hope you're okay and don't have a concussion. You hit your head on the leg of a desk quite a few times before that guy who sits next to me, with the blue hair, put your head on his lap, and held it still. I was so scared, because you were kinda choking on your saliva and it got all over you and that guy. Call me when you see this, love you. XX"

Tyler could have died from embarrassment right on the spot after reading those. Then Zack walked into their room, "Hey, Ty." Tyler smiled back, "Hi."

"There are some pretty crazy rumors about you that started going around the school yesterday by lunch time," Tyler sighed. "Like what?" He asked. "Well most of them are pretty childish and stupid, but my personal favorite was the one about how you were poisoned by an enemy of yours," they both laughed about that before declaring how stupid their peers were.

Tyler got out of bed, even though he was still exhausted, and grabbed a clean night time diaper figuring he was going to go back to sleep after he took a shower, and made his way into the bathroom. He took the fastest shower known to man before changing back into his pajamas and walking back into his room.

Zack was no longer in their room, so Tyler simply flopped face first back down on his bed and closed his eyes. He was later woken up by someone's hand on his shoulder, "hmmmmmm." He heard a light giggle. "Wake up, Ty," he rolled over all disoriented being faced with Jenna sitting on the edge of his bed.

"I missed you," she spoke softly, running a hand over his hair. Tyler, suddenly very uncomfortable
in his cotton pajama shorts that did little to nothing to camouflage his puffy night time diaper, sat up and pulled Jenna into a hug. He knew she didn't care, and wouldn't say anything about it, but he was still a little insecure nonetheless. When he shifted he was very relieved to find his diaper was still dry, so he wouldn't have to get up and change.

"I missed you too," he spoke into her ear. "I was so scared, Tyler. I didn't know what to do," he knew this was really bothering her, Jenna almost never called Tyler by his actual name. "You don't have to worry, I'm okay. I promise. It was caused by a lesion on my brain, and that's very common in people with Multiple Sclerosis. Nothing is wrong with my heart, and my body is functioning as normally as it usually does, so it's all going to be fine." He kissed her forehead and layed back down, pulling her with him.

They layed in each others arms in Tyler's bed until Tyler dosed off again, and Jenna stayed peacefully in his arms.

Jenna left before dinner because her mother wanted her home, and Tyler made his way downstairs in the same outfit he had on all day. He plopped down on a barstool by the countertop and watched his mom cook their dinner.

"Zack said people at school think I was poisoned," Tyler said as his dad walked into the kitchen. "That's just ridiculous," Kelly said, while Chris only laughed. "I don't want you to feel embarrassed to go back, Tyler. That wasn't your fault," Kelly told him directly. "Yeah I know."

After the entire Joseph family ate dinner together, Tyler made his way back upstairs and looked at his phone. He opened his message from Josh, and responded before he could change his mind.

"Hey, Josh. Yeah I'm feeling better, I don't have any major injury's, and it was most likely a one time thing. Jenna, the girl who sits next to you, told me you stopped me from hitting my head on a desk, so thank you for that, I really appreciate it."

The response came almost instantly.

"I'm glad you're feeling better, and that's good. No problem at all, I'm glad I could help."

Tyler replied with a simple "thanks," before closing his lock screen and tossing his phone onto his bed.

He wasn't feeling too great mentally because of everything that was happening. The past couple weeks felt very heavy, and not even Jenna was making Tyler genuinely happy. His parents didn't understand what it was like in his head because they didn't experience it themselves, and he hated that.

Tyler normally had a therapy session every Friday, but it was canceled that week because of the whole seizure incident. He needed a release. Bad.

Tyler then decided to pull his keyboard out from under his bed and write how he was feeling, instead of being self destructive. He started pressing the keys, creating chords he liked. He started to hum along with the chord progression he was playing.

"You will never know da da da da da So won't you say goodbye so I can say goodnight"

Tyler ran through a list in his head of what he could write that would fit, 'skull, eyes, brain, skin, hair, bones, veins, head'. He wanted it to focus around his physical self as a metaphor.
He started singing again, "you will never know what's inside my brain" he thought for a moment before moving onto something else. "You will never know what's behind my skull" he smiled and wrote it down, it wasn't as straightforward and he liked that.

The words slowly started to form together, and before he knew it he had a verse. He started a round of chords again on his keyboard.

"You will never know what's behind me skull
So won't you say goodnight so I can say goodbye

You will never know what's under my hair
So won't you say goodnight so I can say goodbye

You will never know what's under my skin
So won't you say goodnight so I can say goodbye

You will never know what is in my veins
So won't you say goodnight so I can say goodbye."

Tyler made sure he wrote out all the lines before closing his notebook, and simply playing songs he already knew how to play because he felt the inspiration to write leave him, and forced lyrics were always terrible.

Tyler's phone then buzzed on his nightstand. He stood up and walked over to his phone.

ONE NEW MESSAGE: "Hey Tyler, It's Josh again. I'm not doing anything and was wondering if you maybe wanted to hang out."

Tyler read over then message twice because 1) there were a million other things Josh could be doing other than hanging out with Tyler and 2) it was almost 9:00 at night, and most people wouldn't really consider that an ideal time to hang out. But he responded nonetheless.

"Well it's kinda late now, but I don't have anything to do tomorrow after Church if you're interested."

The reply message came almost a second after he hit send.

"Okay cool, I'll see you tomorrow. We could meet at the park??"

Tyler confirmed his plans with Josh, then plugged his phone into his charger and got into his bed. He was still extremely tired, so going to bed at 9:00 on a Saturday was very appealing to him.

He closed his eyes and drifted off into the dreamworld after his long and uneventful day.

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Comment, subscribe, kudos are cool.

Stay alive, A
Panic! At the Church

Chapter Summary

Nøpe, Nøt Tøday

Chapter Notes

It's finally Friday, hallelujah.
I have 5 days left of school.

TRIGGER WARNING:

DESCRIPTIVE PANIC ATTACK

SUNDAYS ARE HIS SUICIDE DAYS

This chapter talks about God, not sure if that's offensive at all. I'm not religious at all, so sorry if anything is inaccurate.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sunday

Tyler woke up early, like he did every Sunday to complete his morning routine of showering and getting ready. Then he was off to church.

Tyler was starting to have mixed feelings about going to church, because he was beginning to question if God cared about him, or if there even was a God at all. He felt as if there was a God, why did he let him feel depression? Why did he let him feel anxiety? Why did he let him have Medical Sclerosis? Why did he let him become incontinent? Why did he let innocent people die? Why did he let children die of illness? Why didn't he stop people from taking their lives? Why did he let war happen?

Tyler had so many questions without answers it made him question his faith. Not only that, but he went to church to hear their preacher talk about how homosexuality is a sin, and people who commit this sin will burn in hell.

It didn't leave a very positive affect on his mental health hearing how thinking of someone of the same gender in any sexual way is a sin and is wrong. Himself being bisexual, was always upset after hearing this no matter how many times he did.

That was one of the biggest questions Tyler had. If being anything other than heterosexual is a sin, why did God make him that way?

Tyler sat through church like he always did, feeling more miserable and bad about himself as the minutes went by. Counting the seconds until he got to leave. That Sunday in particular was worse then the weeks before. They were told a story about a man with the 'homosexual disease' who
committed many sins and was no longer welcomed by his family because of his 'choices'.

That was always one of Tyler's least favorite things to hear; that it is a 'choice'. It's not a choice, it never will be, and it can't be changed no matter what the circumstances are.

Tyler's thoughts slowly started to speed up and become darker. His anxiety telling him that his parents would disown him if they found out. His depression telling him that he shouldn't be alive because of the sins he has committed.

One thing led to another, and within five minutes Tyler was fighting back tears with all of his willpower. That was until the walls started to close in, and people were surrounding him. His head was spinning and he felt his heart rate start to quicken until he could hear it in his ears. His hands and feet started to tingle as they went numb. He couldn't breathe.

Tyler jumped up from his seat and quickly walked toward the door on unsteady legs that could collapse at any given moment. He finally made it to the door, and all he had to do was open it. But he couldn't open it. He had started to hyperventilate, and all his fingers smashed together with his right wrist bent at a ninety degree angle. Tyler hadn't even noticed because his hands were tingling so much. He couldn't pull apart his fingers no matter how hard he tried.

He had his head down, shoulders curled inward, involuntarily making himself appear as small as possible. He was gasping for breath, feeling extremely light headed when someone came up behind him, opened the door, and ushered him outside.

Tyler leaned against the side of the building still breathing heavily, unable to catch his breath. He still hadn't seen who the person was, who was now next to him, but they were telling him something. However, Tyler couldn't understand what they were saying, it sounded really fuzzy and far away and all he could focus on was the same two statements bouncing around his head. 'I can't breath,' and 'I'm going to die'.

He then felt a large hand on his back, and his brain started to register a voice. It was a familiar voice, but he couldn't remember who it belonged to. His vision was still blurry, it was only then he noticed the silent, involuntary tears falling from his eyes.

"Come on Ty, you're okay. You have to breathe. You're doing good, okay breathe with me, in through your nose, out through your mouth. You have to breathe through your nose Ty, you're still not breathing through your nose. Come on, through your nose Ty. Yeah just like that. Keep doing that, you're doing great. I'm not leaving okay? You're safe I promise. Nothing is going to hurt you. Just breathe."

Tyler's breathing was starting to slow down, but it wasn't anywhere near normal. "You're doing great Tyler, just like that. Slow down. Breathe." The person beside him was letting out exaggerated breathes as an example.

Tyler was almost back to breathing somewhat normal, but his hands were tingling terribly, and they hurt a lot. He couldn't feel his legs or feet at all as he was shaking. He started to see through his blurry eyes, and found he was now sitting on the ground cowering in on himself, but he couldn't remember when he slowly slid farther and farther down the wall until he was on the ground.

"Good job Tyler, you're doing great. What's your favorite color? Come on Ty, you need to talk to me, what's your favorite color?"

"B-b-blue," Tyler stuttered out still shaking with irregular breathing and increased heart rate. His brain was started to slow down as he processed his surroundings. "What color is the leaf I'm holding
up?" Tyler slowing looked up and found out it was his Dad with him, holding up a brown leaf. Tyler started to recognize this as the part when he's asked a ton of questions to stop the panic in his brain, and replace it with with safe thoughts from the questions asked. "Br-brown."

"Yeah you're right. What's your full name?" his dad asked. "T-Tyler Robert Jo-Joseph" Tyler responded. "Okay, good. Now spell it for me."

Tyler took a big breath, "T-Y-L-E-R R-O-B-E-R-T J-O-S-E-P-H," Tyler replied, barely stuttering at all.

"How many letters is that?" Tyler started counting in his head, having to really concentrate to figure out the answer. "Sixteen" he said.

Chris laughed a little, "Well actually there's seventeen, but you've never really been a math guy." Tyler smiled a little.

Tyler wiped his face on the sleeves of his shirt, because his face was completely covered in tears and snot, and he could change his shirt when he got home.

"Are you feeling any better?" Chris asked Tyler. "Yeah, thank you." Chris moved to sit parallel to Tyler, "Anytime Ty, you're well being is my number one priority, always. Now let me see your hands."

Tyler moved his hands over to his Dad who then pryed his shaking fingers apart and held them apart to stretch the tendons. He did the same with Tyler's other hand and wrist, prying his fingers apart, and stretching the tendons. Tyler's hands were really starting to have the after affect of shaking, along with the rest of his body.

He was slowly regaining feeling in his hands, legs, and feet, and he was becoming less dizzy as the seconds went by. Although he was starting to feel the after affect sickness to his stomach, and he as if he were going to throw up. With that also came the sweating. Tyler could already feel that he had sweat stains under his arms and on his back, along with an aching feeling consuming his entire body.

He sat outside with he dad in silence for a while longer, his hands still being stretched apart. "Do you want to talk about what triggered that?" Tyler looked up into his dad's eyes, being met with an older reflection of his own face.

He couldn't possible tell him it was because the preacher was talking about how homosexuality is a sin, he would be so mad at him. "Hey, Ty, it's okay. Just calm down and breathe. We don't have to talk about it right now, it's okay." Tyler never even noticed his breath started to pick up again. His dad pulled him into a side hug and they sat like that for awhile, Tyler soaking up the physical affection.

"Are you ready to head out?" Tyler nodded his head, and stood up. He had a terrible headache, and made it his priority to take some ibuprofen when he got home.

Chris texted his wife saying how he was taking Tyler home, and would pick them up when they were finished. Tyler got into the passengers seat of the car and frowned when he sat down and realized his diaper was wet. He had no idea when that happened, and was praying he wouldn't get a diaper rash.

It was a long car ride home, but they made it back realitively fast. Tyler made his way straight into the kitchen and to the medicine cabinet. He pulled out the bottle of ibuprofen, before unscrewing the lid and shaking out two pills.
He quickly got a glass of water and took the pills, then headed upstairs to take a much needed shower.

He went in his room and walked over to his dresser. He pulled out a clean diaper, a t-shirt, and a pair of baggy shorts, then made his way into the bathroom. Tyler took a long shower, and stood under the warm stream feeling all his aching muscles relax. He took his time washing his hair and body, soaking up all the comfort he received from the shower. He took special care of the irritated, red skin caused from sitting in a used diaper for too long, then got out of the shower.

Tyler dried off completely, then opened the bathroom closet door and pulled out a nearly empty bottle of diaper rash cream. He made a mental note to mention to his mom to buy more when she went to the store, given he would need to use it for the next couple days.

After applying the diaper rash cream to all the angry skin down there, he pulled on the clean diaper, followed by his shorts and t-shirt. Tyler dried his hair with his towel, brushed his teeth, put on some deodorant, and walked out of the bathroom into his room.

He placed his dirty clothes in his hamper, then went to sit on his bed, with his towel over his shoulder. He picked up his phone and unlocked the lock screen.

TWO NEW MESSAGES: "Hey Tyler, it's Josh. I just wanted to reconfirm our plans today. Are you still good to hangout today?"

"Hey Ty, I hope you're feeling better. Call me if you need anything." That one was from Zack.

Tyler responded to Zack first. "Okay, thanks Zack. And yeah I'm feeling a lot better."

He then opened Josh's message, "Yeah, sounds good. Does 1:00 p.m. work?" The reply came a couple seconds later. "Totally, I'll see you at 1:00p.m."

Tyler ran his towel over his head again before walking back into his bathroom and styling it with a little gel, hanging his towel on the door, and making his way downstairs. His dad was sitting on the couch watching t.v. "Hey, Tyler, how are you feeling?"

"I feel a lot better now," he replied with a small smile. Then the rest of the Joseph's walked through the front door, talking out how nice the Clancy family was for giving them a ride home. Tyler's mom hurried over to them looking worried, "Tyler are you feeling okay, Dad told me what happened."

Tyler let her hug him, but wanted to get out of the soon to be conversation he was sure would happen, "yeah, I'm feeling fine. I promise. I'm going to head upstairs though. I'm okay, I promise," and with that he dashed up the stairs and walked into his room.

He grabbed his small backpack that contained a couple clean diapers, a package of wipes, and a bottle of diaper rash cream. Tyler felt kind of annoyed that he had to carry around a diaper bag everywhere he went, but the way he was looking at it, at least it wasn't a diaper bag for a baby he accidentally became the father to at seventeen years old.

Tyler made his way back downstairs after grabbing his phone, and putting his shoes on. "Hey dad, I'm going to the park to meet up with a friend," his dad looked up with a mixed reaction on his face. "Are you sure that's a good idea today?" His dad asked.

"Yes, I'm fine. We're just going to hang out, I'll be okay. I promise I'll call if there's any problem." Tyler replied back.

"Okay, just make sure you call me if you need anything." And with that Tyler walked out the door,
to start his walk to the park that was only about one mile away.

He started his walk to Josh Dun.

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Kudos, comments, and subscribe please and thank you.

Again, not sure if all the church stuff is accurate, but I think I did a pretty good job writing the panic attack. I deal with panic attacks quite frequently and that's what I personally experience, so please don't tell me it's inaccurate, because I can 100% assure you that it's accurate.

Stay Alive, A
BANANA ALLERGIES I SWEAR!

Chapter Summary

It's not a date, but it kinda is, except for the fact that it's not. Enjoy!

Chapter Notes

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

Happy Saturday, and you should all be happy I'd rather write than study for my stupid Chemistry final! XD

Again, lyrics from "Anathema" by Tyler Joseph, but you probably already know that.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sunday...again

Tyler was walking on the sidewalk when a car pulled up next to him with the window rolled down. He looked over and was relieved to see Josh, and not some creepy old guy who wanted to kidnapp him (not to be stereotypical).

"Hey Tyler, jump on in," Tyler opened the door and plopped down on the passengers seat with his backpack on the floor by his feet. "Hey," Josh smiled at him before turning back to the road. Tyler replied with a small "hi," and looked down at his lap smiling.

"Are you ready for the best day of your life you've ever experienced!?" Josh practically screamed. Tyler couldn't help it when he started cracking up and wheezing. "Yeah, dude!"

Josh pulled up to a small park and parked his car, then turned it off and pulled his keys out of the ignition. Let's roll, this is going to be sick!" Josh yelled again. Tyler laughed then opened his door and got out of the car. He slung his backpack onto his back, then walked around the car to find Josh.

They finally made their way over to a bench and sat down. Tyler threw his backpack on the ground by his feet. He could feel Josh's eyes moving from him to his backpack, and back again. "Sorry, but I have to ask. What's with the backpack dude? You're not some crazy druggie are you?" Tyler's eyes popped out of his head and he blurted out the first thing he could think of.

"I'm deathly allergic to bananas! Yeah, it's pretty terrible. My whole face swells up and I can't breath even when I just smell them. So I have to carry around emergency medicine in case I have a reaction in public. It's not a pretty sight, and it's not something I would recommend looking up pictures or any information on because it's nasty. Just take my word for it, I'm doing your eyes a favor." Tyler said all without taking a breath.

Josh looked almost scared, "oh jeez dude, that sucks. I hate bananas so you never have to worry about it around me." Tyler had to stop himself from saying "me too!" because truth be told he wasn't
actually allergic to bananas, but he did really hate them so it was actually a somewhat believable excuse.

"Yeah, thank you," Tyler said before taking a big breath. "Sooooo, what do you like to do in your freetime?" Tyler asked, relieved when Josh didn't seem to notice at all how Tyler completely changed the subject before he could ask any more questions.

"Well, I'm pretty big into music. I play the drums actually, which is super fun. Although, my parents don't really like it. They made me sign a freaking contract before I was allowed to buy them," Josh yelled throwing his hands up.

Tyler laughed, "Dude, that's crazy! I mean, it's awesome that you play drums and like music, but what's up with your parents?"

Josh let out a long breath, "I love my parents, but they really are something else. Are you into music at all?" Josh asked looking up at Tyler. He smiled looking up, "Definitely! I can sorta play the piano, and I write a little bit. Nothing fancy, more just to get it out, you know?"

Josh was about to answer but Tyler's phone starting ringing in his pocket. He muttered a quick 'sorry' and pulled out his phone. It was his mom calling so he answered it, and put his phone up to his ear. "Hello?" He spoke into his phone, "where are you?" His mother practically yelled into the phone.

"Hello? I'm at the park with a friend. I told Dad I was leaving." Tyler's eyes got bigger, "ummmm I'm at the park with a friend. I told Dad I was leaving."

"I swear that man doesn't tell me anything," she told him. "Mom, I'm fine. I promise" his mom sighed on the other line of the call, "Are you sure you should be out by yourself after this morning." Tyler rubbed his face with his hands and looked up to see a very uncomfortable Josh trying to look anywhere other than at him. "I'm not by myself, I told you I'm with a friend. I promise I'm okay, I'll be home in a little bit. I'm seventeen years old and perfectly capable of taking care of myself."

"Okay, but you need to be home for dinner." Tyler bugged his eyes out, "okay, mom, but can we talk later? You're making my friend extremely uncomfortable." Josh looked up upon hearing his name. "Invite him for dinner," she told Tyler. "Okay, bye mom," and he hung up before she could respond.

He backed up at Josh who looked even more uncomfortable than before, if that was even possible. "Sorry about that, my mom just worries about me."

Josh smiled, "no its perfectly fine, I get it." Tyler nodded. "Hey its kinda hot out, do you want to go get ice cream or something?" Josh looked slightly unsure but nodded nonetheless. "Yeah, sure that sounds fun. I'll drive, where are we going?"

They started walking back to Josh's car, "ummm, there's a Dairy Queen not far from here." Josh nodded the drive there consisted of an uncomfortable silence aside from the quiet rock music playing from the radio. They pulled up in front of Dairy Queen and got out of Josh's car, and headed inside.

Tyler held the door open for Josh, who smiled at him and Tyler was glad the happy Josh from earlier was back. Once they were inside Tyler scanned the menu trying to decide what he wanted to order while Josh held his wallet in his hands. Tyler then stepped up to counter, "hi, can I get a medium chocolate brownie blizzard please." They lady at the counter smiled at him and put the order into the computer. "That will be $4.78 please." Tyler went to grab his wallet out of his pocket, but Josh had already given the lady a five dollar bill.

Tyler turned around with wide eyes, "hey!" Josh laughed, "hey yourself. Go find us a table I'll be over in a second."
Tyler thanked Josh, then went to find a table. A couple seconds later Josh walked up to the table Tyler was sitting at and sat down across from him. "Thank you for paying for my ice cream, but that was really unnecessary."

Josh only smiled, "hey I invited you, so it was too necessary". Then a lady came up to them with Tyler's blizzard. "I've got a chocolate brownie blizzard," she turned the ice cream upside down, looking very relieved when it didn't fall out, and placed it on the table.

Tyler looked at Josh, "did you not order anything?" Josh looked up at Tyler, "No, my mom made cookies earlier and I ate a ton of them before I left the house, and she'll get mad at me if I don't eat a ton more when I get home."

Tyler only laughed and nodded, "okay, I guess you're forgiven." Josh smiled back. "Hey, we never got to finish our conversation earlier." Tyler's face turned red, "yeah, sorry about that. My mom is just kinda overprotective."

"It's all cool dude, I promise. Mom's are like that." Josh thought for a minute before adding, "Is she worried that you're going to have a seizure? You don't have to answer that, it's a pretty personal question," he quickly added on the end.

Tyler looked up from his blizzard and locked eyes with Josh. "Ummm, yeah I think she's kinda worried about that." Not wanting to go into detail, he added "also, thank you for everything you did at school. I'd probably have a concussion if you didn't help me."

Josh's face lit up, "it's totally cool dude, I'm glad I could help...is that something that happens a lot to you?" Tyler was taken back by the question, "umm, no, no not particularly. I think that's why my mom is so freaked out." Josh nodded and fiddled with his hands.

Tyler had never been more relieved to find out it was a one person bathroom, knowing Josh wouldn't be able to walk in to find him changing his diaper in the handicap stall. He quickly shut the door, and locked it.

Tyler kicked his shoes off, and pulled his pants off followed by the wet diaper. He made quick work of pulling the package of wipes out of his backpack and cleaning himself up. Followed by applying diaper rash cream to his still red and painful skin. Then quickly pulling on a clean diaper, his pants, and his shoes.

He threw away the wet diaper in the large garbage can, then washed his hands in the sink, and grabbed his backpack and walked out of the bathroom. He walked back to the table he was sitting at to find Josh focused on his phone. He looked up when he saw Tyler approach the table, "hey are you ready to go?"

Tyler nodded, "yeah, I'm ready," Josh smiled and they walked back out to Josh's car after Tyler threw away his garbage.

Once they got in Josh's car he turned and faced Tyler, "do you want me to drive you back to your house?" Tyler nodded, slightly upset that he couldn't hang out with Josh any longer. "Yeah, I should probably get home."

Josh nodded and started the car. The drive to Tyler's house consisted of Tyler giving Josh directions
and the light music in the background. Both males upset about their departure.

Josh pulled in Tyler's driveway and parked his car. "Thanks for hanging out with me today, it was fun." Tyler smiled, "yeah, we should do that again sometime. You have my number so feel free to text me. Oh I almost forgot to tell you, my mom has invited you to stay for dinner.

Josh looked up with an unreadable expression, "oh, that's very kind of her. Please let her know I said thanks for the offer, but my dad wanted me home for dinner today." Tyler looked down somewhat disappointed.

"Okay, I'll let her know." Josh smiled, "Okay, bye dude, see you at school tomorrow," Tyler opened his door and waved, "bye Josh," Josh waved back, then pulled out of the Joseph's driveway and started driving toward his own house.

Tyler walked up the front steps and through the front door, then yelled "MOOOMMM I'M HOOOMMMEEEE!!" And walked up the stairs to his room.

Zack was sitting on his bed with his phone in his hands. He looked up when Tyler walked in, "where have you been?" Tyler rolled his eyes, "it's nice to see you too."

Zack laughed, "I'm sorry, how are you and where have you been?" Tyler threw his backpack onto his bed then flopped down. "I'm good, and I was at the park with a friend." Zack nodded, "oh, that's cool." Tyler stood up, "yeah just the coolest!" He said in a high voice.

Zack rolled his eyes at his older brother's immaturity. Then their mother walked into the room. "Is your friend not staying for dinner?" she asked after observing that only her two sons were in the room. "No he had to go home, but he asked me to tell you he said thanks for the offer."

Kelly nodded her head, then walked out of the room to go back downstairs. "Wait mom!" Tyler yelled when she walked out of the room. "What do you need?" she asked when she reentered their room. "When's the next time you're going to the store?"

Kelly leaned against the door frame, "I don't know, why?" Tyler shifted his gaze downward as he mumbled, "We're out of diaper rash cream." Tyler's mother then had a symptomatic look on her face as she said, "okay, I'll run to the store after dinner." And with that she left the room.

Tyler grabbed his phone so he wouldn't have to make eye contact with Zack. Even though Zack had voluntarily cleaned up Tyler's piss soaked sheets more times than he could remember, he was still embarrassed that Zack now knew he had a diaper rash.

The Joseph's all ate dinner together, and Jay got in trouble for trying to put his green beans in his pockets, which then led to the argument of why they needed to get a dog. Which was quickly ended when Chris stated it wasn't going to happen, and the conversation was over.

Tyler helped clean up dinner while his mom ran to the store, like she promised, to get him a new bottle of diaper rash cream. Then they all got ready for bed, and were asleep by 10:30...except for Tyler.

Tyler was never good at sleeping, and would sometimes refer to himself as a professional insomniac. He layed in his bed and stared at the ceiling while he listened to his younger brother snore. Tyler had a melody stuck in his head to a song he'd never heard before.

Words started forming in his head while he was thinking about why he couldn't sleep, so he got up out of bed and crossed the room to get his notebook and a pen. He wrote down the four lines that kept repeating in his head.
Won't you go to someone else's dreams
Won't you go to someone else's head
Haven't you taken enough from me
Won't you torture someone else's sleep

Tyler then looked at the page before and noticed the lyrics he was previously working on, and decided to add four more lines.

And you will never know, what I'm thinking of
So won't you say goodnight, so I can say goodbye
And you will never understand what I believe
So won't you say goodnight so I can say goodbye

Satisfied with his work, Tyler closed his notebook, then climbed back in bed with hopes of finally falling asleep. And he did fall asleep, he dreamed as well. That night Tyler dreamed of playing his song in front of thousands of people who knew every word and we're all singing along.

He slept with a smile on his face that night.

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Kudos, comments, and Subscribe please and thank you.

Stay Alive, A
The Truth!! Dun Dun Dun

Chapter Summary

Words 'n stuff

Chapter Notes

I totally spaced out the fact that Tyler was driving a car in previous chapters, so I fixed the last chapter and took out the brief conversation between Tyler and Josh. Continue reading...

Also Health, Orchestra, Ceramics, and English finals FINISHED!! Now I just have to take my finals for Chemistry, Geometry, and Spanish...my three worst subjects, go figure.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Monday

Tyler was sitting in his seat in Calculus, listening to Mr. Lynch talk...kind of. He was extremely tired after getting little to no sleep the night before. It was super hard to keep his eyes open and he kept catching himself doze off.

The drive to school was rough. Tyler almost hit two mailboxes on the way to school, while Zack watched with wide eyes. Zack even had to grab the steering wheel at one point, then repeatedly told Tyler he needed to go home. However, Tyler didn't listen, which is why he was currently asleep in class and drooling all over his desk.

Five minutes before the bell rang, Tyler was woken up by the person in front of him tapping his head, then handing him the homework worksheet.

He was practically laying on his desk, so he went to sit up further in his seat, but paused with wide eyes. On the back of his thighs he felt the familiar feeling of wet fabric, which means he fell asleep and pissed through his diaper. Great. Tyler didn't know what to do, in all his years of high school this had never happened before.

The first thing he did was look at the clock, then he sighed a breath of relief. There were only four minutes left of the class. The next thing he did was text Jenna. He quickly sent off a text and intently watched as she looked down at her phone.

One new message: Tyler Joseph: I NEED YOUR HELP!

She turned around and looked across the classroom to see Tyler with complete panic written across his face. She then turned back around and he watched her type a reply, then turn to look at him.

Tyler's phone buzzed on his desk, so he picked it up and looked at the screen.
ONE NEW MESSAGE: Jenna Black: What's wrong?

Tyler typed back a reply as fast as he could, then watched Jenna look back down at her phone.

Josh had now caught on that something was up due to the fact that Jenna kept turning around to look at Tyler, who looked like he just saw a ghost. Then typing something on her phone, looking at Tyler, then him typing something back. Josh sat in his seat confused, watching the pair, trying to figure out what the hell was going on. He turned his head to see Jenna, yet again, look down at her phone, then at Tyler.

Josh then glanced around the room to see the rest of his classmates, and teacher completely oblivious to whatever was happening between Jenna and Tyler. He looked over to see Jenna reading something on her phone, looking horrified.

ONE NEW MESSAGE: Tyler Joseph: I'm 160% sure the back of my pants are covered in piss.

Jenna looked up with sympathy and fear on her face, then looked at the clock before responding.

ONE NEW MESSAGE: Jenna Black: We only have one more minute of class, just wait until then and I'll go over to your desk and figure something out.

Tyler looked at the clock again and started tapping his foot in anticipation. The bell finally rang and the class started to filter out of the room, while Jenna and Tyler stayed in their seats. Mr. Lynch went to his desk and sat down, and Josh purposely took a very long time putting his papers away, and watching the pair.

Mr. Lynch then got up from his desk and walked into the hallway to talk to another teacher. Jenna got up from her seat and walked over to Tyler. She glanced up and noticed Josh was still in the room.

"Is everything alright?" Josh asked from the front of the room. Tyler nodded his head very fast, still tapping his foot. "Yeah, I just need to talk to Jenna for a second...privately." Josh then nodded his head, catching on that they weren't going to say anything in front of him, and left the classroom.

Tyler waited a couple seconds before jumping up and turning around, "How bad is it?!" Jenna looked down and winced, "It's pretty bad Ty, how much did you drink today?" Tyler only sighed. "What am I supposed to do Jenna?, I can't walk through the hallway like this!" he yelled desperately.

Both their heads shot up when someone entered the room. Jenna was relieved to see it was only Mr. Lynch, but Tyler looked mortified. He went to ask what they were still doing in the classroom, but he seemed to figure it out because his face slowly started turning red. "Ummmm, I don't have a second block class, sooo umm you two can umm, stay in here as long as you need." Mr. Lynch said before turning around and quickly walking right out of the classroom.

Jenna and Tyler then turned and looked at each other, and Tyler's face was bright red. "I can't believe that just happened," Tyler said still looking at Jenna.

She simply smiled at him. "Okay, here's what I'm thinking, we can wait a couple more minutes to make sure no one is in the hallway, and you can tie my sweatshirt around your waist, then I'll walk with you down to the nurse and she can call your dad to bring you new pants." Tyler just nodded at her, relieved that she had a plan of action.

Meanwhile, Josh was listening to his English teacher talk about something he deemed unimportant,
and the lights were giving him a headache. Once the teacher was done with her lecture, he went up to her desk.

She looked up at him when he didn't say anything immediately. "May I have a pass to go to the nurse?" His teacher looked down at her paper, then looked up at him again, before turning around to get a pass out of her desk.

After she wrote and signed the pass, she handed it to Josh and he headed toward the door. He walked through the door into the hallway, then turned right and started walking. Josh walked all throughout A hallway and B hallway before taking the B stairs and heading toward the nurses office.

Once he arrived at the nurses office, he walked in and handed his pass to the nurse. "Hi, ummm, I have a headache can I have some ibuprofen or Tylenol or something?" The nurse looked at his pass, and entered it into her computer before standing up. "Yeah, follow me over here please," Josh followed her into a back area by the cabinets and sink.

The nurse twisted the cap off of a bottle of ibuprofen, then poured out a couple pills, and handed two of them to Josh. "Water cups are on the dispenser on the wall," she said, the walked back to her desk.

Josh pulled a plastic water cup off the dispenser, then started filling it with water when he heard someone walk into the nurses office. He heard the nurse talking to them, not really paying attention until he heard the names "Tyler" and "Jenna" being used. His ears then perked up on the conversation, and he quickly swallowed his pills, then walked around the corner and stepped back into the main room of the nurse's office.

Josh didn't know what to make of the scene in front of him.

 Tyler and Jenna were walking down the hallway together to the nurses office. With each trophy case they passed, Tyler saw his reflection and decided he looked even more ridiculous every time he saw himself. A black shirt with black jeans, and a bright pink sweatshirt tied around his waist wasn't exactly a look he would like to repeat.

They finally made it to the nurses office, and thankfully they hadn't seen anyone on the way there, because Tyler would have been completely mortified.

They walked through the doorway and found Mary about to sit down at her desk. When she saw them a sympathetic look found its way to her face. "Hey, Mary. I've got a bit of a problem," Tyler said sheepishly, not really looking at her as he spoke.

"Oh Tyler, I'm sorry. Jenna, I'll write you a pass to go back to class, unless you'd like to stay." Mary said kindly. Jenna looked up at Tyler ready for his answer when someone stepped out from the back room.

Tyler swears his jaw hit the floor. There was absolutely no way to get out of this, and of course the person in front of them, was none other than Josh Dun. Tyler looked to Jenna with a look on his face that screamed, 'help me, I don't know what to do' and truth be told, even Jenna didn't have an answer for this one.

"Ummm, hey Tyler," Josh said, not so discretely looking at the pink sweatshirt tied around Tyler's waist. Tyler only stared at him, trying to figure out a way out of this. Jenna looked back and forth between Tyler and Josh before responding, "Hi Josh."
Mary looked between all three of them, then spoke up, "umm, I'll give you guys a second, and I'll call your dad on the other phone, Tyler."

All they could do was stare. Then Josh cleaned his throat, "so umm, I'm guessing this was what was going on during Calculus today." Tyler was still frozen, so Jenna spoke for him, "yeah, umm, not to be rude or anything, but what are you doing here?"

Josh snorted, "I had a headache, what are you doing here?" Jenna looked over at Tyler, who had a red face and looked like he was praying the ground would swallow him whole. "Walking with Tyler." Josh then looked back to Tyler.

"Tyler?" He asked. "I-I umm, I" Josh interrupted him, "you don't need to make anything up, I'm not judging you, you know."

Tyler still couldn't get coherent words to form so Jenna spoke, "Tyler has Multiple Sclerosis." Josh looked at Tyler, and nodded his head before saying, "yeah, I have no idea what that is." Tyler's face was firetruck red, "It, umm it's a disorder that causes problems sending signals from throughout my body to my spinal cord, then to my brain. It's umm, it's why I had that seizure, and umm yeah its why ummm it's why I'm incontinent." Tyler said the last part particularly fast, and quiet.

Josh just stood there for awhile connecting the dots before he spoke, "Okay, so I'm assuming you're not actually deathly allergic to bananas, are you?"

"He's what?!" Jenna asked ridiculously confused. Tyler actually kind of laughed, "I panicked and told Josh I was deathly allergic to bananas and have to carry around medicine, because he asked about my bag."

Jenna started laughing really loud, "I'm sorry Tyler, but that just sounds ridiculous, and made up." Tyler gave her a look that screamed 'now is not the time'.

Josh laughed a little too, "Well I have to get back to class. Tyler, this doesn't change anything, okay?" Tyler looked up at Josh and smiled, "okay." Josh started walking toward the door, "Wait Josh! I'll walk with you," Jenna exclaimed walking over to him.

They both waved goodbye to Tyler after making sure he would be fine, then left the room. They were slowly walking side by side in the hallway, "You're amazing, do you know that?" Josh looked up confused. "You didn't freak out, or judge him. You were completely cool and sympathetic, and that's amazing."

Josh smiled down at Jenna, "Tyler's my friend, I'd be a real ass if I said this degraded him. It's not his fault." Jenna only smiled, "I know. And that's why you're amazing."

"I don't understand why he freaked out so much, it was just me. I'm the last person who would go telling everyone in the school." Jenna completely stopped walking, "You're lucky you're cute, because you sure are an idiot, Josh Dun."

Josh turned around with his mouth open from offense, "Why am I an idiot?!" Jenna continued walking to class, "Tyler's bisexual." Josh stopped dead in his tracks. "What does that have to do with me? He's dating you."

Jenna had a small smile on her face, "We are best friends before anything. We knew each other three years before we started dating, and even then it has only just been innocent kisses. Just puppy love."

Josh had wide eyes as he repeated his initial questions, "But what does that have to do with me?" Jenna gave him another small smile, and whispered one simple sentence that changed everything,
then she walked into her classroom, leaving him alone in the hallway.

"He looks at you like you're the only person in the world."

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Kudos, comment, subscribe. Much appreciated.
Tuesday

The day before had been brutal for Tyler. Neither of his parents were able to make it to the school to bring him new clothes, so he sat in the nurses office the entire day wearing a pair of school issued gym shorts. He was however extremely grateful that Mary allowed him to stay in the office with her, and not make him go back to class dressed like a moron.

Tyler decided school was boring and he didn't need to pay attention. That was why he made it all the way to lunch and hadn't done a single assignment the entire school day.

He walked up to the usual table and sat down hesitately. Jenna hadn't arrived yet, and neither had Josh. Tyler had done his best to avoid Josh up until that point, after all Josh now knew that Tyler pisses himself everyday like an infant. He purposely showed up late to Calculus so they wouldn't have to talk, and asked to be excused the last two minutes of class so they couldn't talk them.

Of course Mr. Tomato face agreed, so Tyler grabbed all his belongings and made his way down the hallway. He never went to the nurses office, but his teacher didn't need to know that.

Thankfully Jenna came and sat down at the table before Josh. Tyler didn't know what he would do if he had to be alone with Josh already. "Hey Ty," Jenna greeted him happily as she removed the lid from her salad. Then Josh approached the table and took his usual spot by Tyler.

Tyler purposely avoided eye contact with Josh when he felt his eyes on him. "Hi Josh," Jenna
greeting him equally as enthusiastic. He gave her a wide smile, and over exaggerated wave that they both ended up laughing at.

Josh cleared his throat, "So, my parents are closing our pool for the year this Friday, and I was wondering if you guys wanted to come over after school to swim one last time this year. The rest of the week is supposed to be cold and rainy, so today is our only option. Gotta love Ohio weather, the only place where you can wear snowboots and flip flops in the same week." Tyler genuinely laughed at the last part because it was so true, but the whole 'going to a social event' part was making his stomach hurt.

Unfortunately, Jenna spoke for the both of them, "Of course! That sounds like fun! Tyler, I know you don't have any plans so you're going and you can drive me!" Tyler looked up at her not knowing whether to be more offended that she just got him into an event he didn't really want to do, but now can't get out of, or that fact that she just assumed he had no social life. I mean, he didn't have any social life, but that doesn't really she needed or bring it up!

Tyler looked up and was met with the hopeful look in Josh's eyes. Letting out a breath of defeat, Tyler nodded his head, "Okay yeah, it will be fun." Jenna clapped her hands together once, "I am so excited, I love swimming!" she exclaimed happily.

Don't get him wrong, Tyler did enjoy swimming, it was the accommodations he had to make that he didn't like. There was absolutely nothing cool about a person having to wear an adult waterproof swim diaper under their swimsuit just to go in a pool. He could always just not wear one, but nobody wants to be the guy who pisses in the pool. Especially not Josh Dun's pool, under no circumstances would that be happening. No way, end of discussion.

Which brings him back to the original problem. He doesn't want to be the guy who has to wear swim diapers either. However, Tyler knew there was no way out of it, and he just needed to grow a pair and accept it. He knew he had an almost full package of them sitting in his closet at home from when he somehow let Jenna talk him into driving to Michigan and spending the entire weekend on the beach.

After Tyler decided he was done arguing with himself in his head, he tuned back into the conversation between Jenna and Josh. Apparently at the wrong time, because the first thing he heard made him bust out into hysterical laughter.

"The best part of the salad is the crouton, because it's not the salad." Josh laughed along as well, seemingly enjoying what Jenna had said. Tyler then picked up his ham and dorito sandwich, and started eating it.

He looked down at the paper Josh was working on, "How did you possibly already finish you lunch?" Josh glanced up before settling his eyes back on the worksheet, "About an hour ago I was dying from starvation, so I ate my entire lunch in the middle of my history class. It was pretty awesome, the teacher didn't even notice."

Jenna then reached a hand up toward Josh, "High Five! That type of stealthiness deserves a medal." Josh laughed as he brought his hand up to give her a high five.

Tyler had his Honors English class as the last block of the day, and he was very happy about that. English was the one class that just clicked. They did a lot of writing, a lot of reading, and a lot of talking about reading and writing, all of which he would categorize himself to be above average in.
His class was starting out the year focusing on poetry and he couldn't be more excited.

Tyler walked into the classroom and if he was being honest, he was pretty pissed they had a substitute teacher. That was until he looked at the front board and his teachers neat handwriting wrote out the lesson plan for that class.

The only assignment that needed to be completed was a free verse poem that would be turned in at the end of class. Tyler smiled as he sat down in his assigned seat, and read over the requirements.

Free verse
Minimum of 100 words
No required rhyme pattern
No profanity/school appropriate

Tyler rolled his eyes at the last part of the list, knowing that there were still going to be people who didn't listen and chose to be delinquents just because they can. He opened his notebook and lifted his mechanical pencil into his hand.

Tyler's mind drifted back to the song he was currently writing and he decided he was going to write a rap for the bridge. He was feeling inspired and could complete his English assignment at the same time.

He sat with his pencil in his hand, writing his heart out the entire class. The minutes flew by and before he knew it the clock read 2:38 p.m. He only had seven minutes to finish his poem, so he quickly wrote down the last line, then wrote his name at the top. Stealthily, he pulled his phone out from the pocket of his jeans, and took a picture of his paper. He then walked to the front of the classroom and placed his paper in the bin.

It wasn't perfect (by his standards) and some of the lines were slightly changed to fit the more of the 'high school English class assignment' format, but he now had the skeleton of the bridge to his song, that he could easily tweak when he went home to his keyboard.

The bell rang and Tyler pulled his phone back out, and pulled up the picture of his poem. He read over the lines with a smile on his face.

"I start to part two halves of my heart in the dark and I
Don't know where I should go when the tears and the fears begin to multiply
Taking time in a simple place
In my bed where my head rests on a pillowcase
And it's said that a wars led but I forget
That I let another day go by
I want to be afraid but it seems that these days
I'm caught underwater and I'm falling farther
My hearts getting harder I'm calling my father
Am I screaming to an empty sky
Tyler walked out of the school building into the parking lot to find his car. Zack was already standing next to the passengers door, intently focused at something on his phone. He looked up when Tyler approached the car.

"Sorry, but you're getting kicked to the back seat today, Jenna's riding with us." Zack nodded his head still looking at his phone, and waited for Tyler to unlock the car. Tyler unlocked the car and got inside, then pulled out his own phone and sent a quick text message to Jenna.

ONE NEW MESSAGE: Tyler Joseph: My car is parked in the back parking lot

Just after he hit send the passengers side door opened and Jenna entered the car. "Hey ignore my last text message," he said as he put his keys in the ignition to start the car. Jenna nodded her head then asked, "Do you want me to ask Josh for his address?" Tyler nodded his head yes as he pulled out of the parking lot.

"Okay here's the plan, we're going to stop at my house to drop of Zack and grab my stuff, then swing by your place, then head over to Josh's house. Jenna gave him a thumbs up and a happy smile, then continued to text Josh asking for his address.

After a couple minutes passed, they pulled into the driveway of the Joseph household. All three teenagers got out of the car and made their way up the front steps and into the house. Zack made his way into the kitchen, while Tyler went up the stairs with Jenna following close behind.

"Do you think I should wear a swim shirt?" Jenna looked up at Tyler like he was stupid, "Umm no, the last time I checked you had some pretty awesome abs." Tyler rolled his eyes, "I'm talking about the scars on my stomach."

Jenna looked over at him, "Tyler, it's barely even noticeable and Josh wouldn't judge you if he did notice. Besides, I guarantee he is going to be shirtless too." Jenna knew close to everything about Tyler's personal life, that including his struggles with self harm.

Tyler somehow managed to convince himself not to bring a shirt, then grabbed his backpack and threw in a pair of swim trunks, a couple swim diapers, a couple regular diapers, wipes, diaper rash cream (since he was still fighting off the dreadful diaper rash) and a hairbrush. He ran through a checklist in his head trying to make sure he wasn't forgetting anything.

"I promise you have everything, now hurry up so we can go to my house then go swimming!" Tyler slung the backpack over his shoulder, and picked up his phone and keys, then let Jenna drag him down the hallway and the stairs. He yelled over his shoulder as they made their way out the door, "Zack, tell mom I'm at a friends house and will be home later!" He heard a distant, "Okay!" As the door closed and they made their way toward the car.

After stopping by Jenna's house they grabbed Jenna's swimsuit and two towels, since Tyler forgot to bring a towel with him. Then they were off to Josh's house, with Jenna reading Tyler directions from the passengers seat.

Tyler parked in the street behind what he remembered to be Josh's car, then they both got out of the car and made their way toward the front door. Jenna rang the doorbell, then took a step back.
The door opened to reveal a smiling Josh with a towel over his shoulders, "Hey guys, come on in.
They walked past Josh into the living room and stood awkwardly waiting for the next instructions.
"Umm there's a bathroom right down this hallway, and another one up the stairs second door on the
right. So you can go change and we can head out back."

Tyler made his way up the stairs thinking about how Josh was wearing a shirt and now he was going
to be the weirdo who's shirtless. He decided he shouldn't have listened to Jenna.

He made his way into the bathroom and turned on the light, then closed and locked the door. He
stripped down naked, then pulled out one of the stupid swim diapers, and pulled it up his legs. He
really hated wearing those, not only was it not comfortable at all, but it also noticeably puffed out and
made a lot of noise, so wasn't exactly the definition of discreet.

Tyler then pulled his neon orange swim trunks over the diaper and looked at his reflection in the
mirror. After deciding he had no other choice, he put all his clothes back into his backpack, and
made his way back down the stairs where he found Jenna and Josh sitting on the couch laughing
about something.

They both looked up upon Tyler entering the room, and Jenna didn't miss the expression that made
its way on Josh's face almost as fast as it left. Her lips tugged upward slightly as they stood up. "You
can just throw your bag next to Jenna's on the table." Tyler set his backpack on the table, then
followed Josh and Jenna out the backdoor.

He was met with a beautiful in ground pool, that if he was being honest, was a lot fancier than he
expected. "Okay so the first couple feet in font of us is only a couple feet deep, then it declines at an
angle, and the far end is around eighteen feet deep." Tyler and Jenna both nodded.

"Well the sun mysteriously disappeared, so I wouldn't bother with sunscreen, but it is still beautiful
out and the pool is going to feel very refreshing." Tyler laughed a little, and glanced up at the sky.

Josh took that as his chance to take in the view of Tyler's stomach. Tyler was very thin, with small
shoulders and slight abs. Josh's keen eye also picked up on the fine lines going horizontally across
Tyler's stomach. He frowned slightly at that, but wasn't very surprised after overhearing some of the
things Jenna had said before.

Josh also noticed the thin blue line sticking out the back of Tyler's swim trunks. That, as well, fell
into the category of things not to bring up, as Tyler would most likely be mortified. But that was kind
of on him, light blue and neon orange weren't exactly two of the closest colors on the color wheel.
Regardless of that, Josh kept his mouth shut.

Josh then walked over to the edge of the shallow end, and sat down before slowly sliding in.
"Ahhhh, not to alarm anyone, but the water is a little on the cold side," he said through clenched
teeth. Jenna and Tyler both laughed at him before walking over to the shallow end and slowly
lowering themselves into the water.

Tyler yelped a little as the cold water hit his stomach, then continued to be made fun of by Jenna for
being a wimp. They stayed like that for awhile, laughing and enjoying each others company, then
Josh's mom walked out with a tray of food.

"Hello to everyone, I made some sandwiches for you guys, so come eat up," she smiled at them then
sat in a chair and started flipping through a magazine. All three of them got out of the pool, and
dried off slightly, then made their way over to the sandwiches.

On the tray appeared to be different variations of turkey sandwiches cut in half. Jenna grabbed two
halves, she would have grabbed more, but she only had two hands. Tyler grabbed one half, then peeled the tomato slice off and set it on top of the sandwich in Jenna's hand that she wasn't currently eating.

Josh of course laughed at that until his mom started talking, "Josh, I made these for you, eat up." Josh looked at the plant next to her while he responded, "I'm not really hungry right now." Josh's mother looked at him again, "Just eat half."

Jenna watched carefully as he picked up half a sandwich, and slowly took a bite, then seemingly chewed it forever before he swallowed it. He continued this until half of his sandwich was gone. "I'll be right back, I need to go to the bathroom." Josh then placed the partially eaten sandwich on the table and went inside.

Jenna watched as Josh's mom sighed, then looked over at Tyler who was completely focused on eating his sandwich, then reaching for another half. Nobody said anything until Josh came back a couple minutes later.

Josh sat back down in his chair, then reached to pick up his sandwich. "Dude, your hand's bleeding," Tyler said when Josh held the sandwich out. Josh looked down and his middle knuckle on his right hand was indeed bleeding, "I must have knicked it on the door when I closed it," Josh brushed off.

Josh's mom then stood up, "Josh can you help me in the kitchen for a second?" He froze at first but then stood up and followed her inside.

Tyler then looked up at Jenna, "Do you think they'll yell at me for getting back in the pool before waiting twenty minutes?" Jenna laughed a little, "I seriously doubt it, Ty." Tyler then happily stood up and jumped back into the pool, only to resurface and complain about how cold the water was. Jenna of course made fun of him for it, he didn't have an older brother so she made it her priority to fill those shoes.

The back door then opened and Josh walked out with an unreadable expression on his face. Without saying a word he walked over to the pool and jumped in, which scared the daylight out of Tyler, leaving Josh in a fit of hysterical laughter. They all swam and had a good time until 5:00p.m. when Laura Dun came outside to announce they were having spaghetti and to ask Tyler and Jenna if they'd like to stay for dinner.

They both said yes, then decided to get out of the pool and dry off. After none of them had water dripping off them anymore, they made their way inside to change. Tyler and Jenna went to the bathrooms they changed in before, and Josh went to his room.

Tyler walked up to the bathroom that now smelled strongly of air freshener, and again locked the door after stepping inside. He pulled his swim trunks off, followed by the completely soaked swim diaper. Tyler dug around in his backpack before he realized he forgot to bring grocery bags to put the wet diapers in. He then decided to improve and put the wet diaper inside one of the dry ones. It wasn't exactly an ideal situation, but there was no way in hell he was going to throw it away in Josh Dun's garbage can, nor would he ever ask him for a grocery bag, so he made do with what he had and prayed his backpack wouldn't smell like piss.

He then pulled out the wipes, diaper rash cream, and a clean diaper before cleaning himself up, applying cream to the still angry pink skin, and pulling the diaper up his legs. He quickly threw his shirt over his head, pulled his pants on, and brushed his hair. Tyler put everything back in his backpack, except for the wet suit, and walked back down the stairs to find Josh and Jenna.

"I can take you swim suit outside and hang it on the fence to dry," Josh said when Tyler made it
downstairs. He handed his swim trunks over to Josh, and thanked him, then took a seat on the couch next to Jenna after he placed his backpack by the door.

A man, who Tyler presumed was Josh's dad, then walked through the front door, followed by two girls with red hair. The man stopped and looked at them, "I'm assuming you are Tyler and Jenna," he said smiling. They smiled back at him after confirming what he said was correct.

"Dinner's ready!" Laura then said coming around the corner. Josh's family all sat down in their seats, and Tyler and Jenna sat in the two seats pulled up to the table. Plates were already on the table filled with spaghetti. They all joined hands and said a prayer before they started eating their dinner.

Jenna devoured her entire plate, and she watched as Josh did a lot of twisting the noodles on his fork, without actually putting anything in his mouth.

After dinner Tyler's mom called saying said she needed him home, so he thanked Josh's family for letting him come over, and told Josh they definitely need to do that again sometime. Jenna did the same.

Tyler and Jenna then gathered their belongings and headed down the Dun's driveway to Tyler's car. One they got in Tyler's car he started the engine and started driving toward Jenna's house. "Josh is really awesome," Jenna stated bluntly. "Yeah, he is," Tyler agreed.

"He's really attractive too," Jenna spoke calmly. "Yeah," Tyler responded before he could stop himself. "I-I mean I," Jenna interrupted him. "Don't backtrack Ty, you mean what you said." Tyler only turned to look at her with wide eyes. "Would you be upset if we went back to just being best buds? I don't think that would be any different from how it is now," Jenna said nonchalantly.

Tyler stared at the road in front of him unable to come up with an answer. "I think it we would both benefit a lot from that. You would be able to look into other people, and I'd get to see you really happy with that person while we're still best friends," Tyler didn't know what to say.

"I'm not breaking up with you because I don't think we were really ever dating. I'm just reemphasizing the fact that we are the closest best friends in the history of best friends," Jenna said happily. "Are you upset?" Jenna asked. Tyler finally found his voice and responded, "No, because we're best friends." Jenna smiled at him.

Tyler took a deep breath, "And as your best friend you deserve to officially hear me tell you that...I'm bisexual." Jenna looked over and smiled at him, "And as you best friend you deserve to hear that I've known that for the past three years."

Tyler looked over at her and his eyes bugged out of his head, Jenna of course laughed at his reaction. Then they pulled up in front of Jenna's house, "We are best friends Tyler Joseph. Now find a partner you really want to be in a relationship with, maybe even one who's brown eyed and blue haired." She stepped out of the car and winked at him before making her way to the steps to her house.

Tyler sat there, in front of Jenna's house, completely dumbfounded, then put his car in drive and started driving toward his house trying to process what the hell just happened.

TBC
Kudos, comments, and subscribe!

Go check out my oneshot I recently wrote, and send some kudos!

And most importantly,
Stay Alive, A
The Wicked Witch Of The West

Chapter Summary

I got a car yesterday! Isn't that exciting?! XD

Chapter Notes

So I got a car...that's pretty awesome.

All the holes in my mouth from getting my wisdom teeth pulled are almost healed, so that's good.

I bought a shirt today that has an alien on it and says "I believe in Josh Dun" I thought that was pretty awesome and thought I'd share.

I have acid reflux that flares up pretty bad every couple weeks, and I spent a solid 40 minutes last night throwing up bubbles of stomach acid, that sucked.

I'M GOING TO A TWENTY ONE PILOTS CONCERT IN 20 DAYS IN COLUMBUS OHIO ON THE LAST DATE OF THE BANDITO TOUR AND I'M SO EXCITED!!!!

Welp, those are all the life updates I have at the moment.

Continue reading, I hope you like it. Don't forget to leave kudos, and comments. I always love to see what you guy have to say. :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Tuesday Night

Tyler was sitting on his bed in his room staring at the ceiling, while Zack was on his own bed trying to read a book. There were so many thoughts going through Tyler's head that he couldn't comprehend. Would he date Josh if he had the chance? What would his parents think if he was dating a guy? Would they still allow him to attend church?

Tyler could feel his heart rate start to increase, he needed to talk to someone about all of this. He discreetly looked up at Zack, who was staring at a page in his book. Tyler contemplated whether or not he should talk to Zack about Josh. His first choice would have been Jenna, but he didn't really want to talk to her at the moment, after all she's the one who put all of this in his head in the first place.

Tyler internally weighed the pros and cons of talking to Zack about Josh. After deciding there were more pros than cons, he looked up again to see his brother staring down at his book. He took a deep breath, "Zack?" Zack looked up from his book, and locked eyes with Tyler as if saying 'yes, go on'. Tyler swallowed nervously, "Umm, can I talk to you about something important?"
Zack nodded his head, "Sure, what's up?" Tyler didn't know where to start, so he just started talking before actually thinking it through, "Well, umm, Jenna broke up with me today." Zack's face immediately softed, "Oh, Ty, I'm sorry."

Tyler shook his head, "No, that's not the problem." Zack looked at Tyler as if he had two heads. "Okay? Then what did you want to talk about?" Tyler took another deep breath, as his heart hammered behind his rib cage, "Well, I'm not upset that Jenna and I broke up. She said we weren't really ever dating, and I guess looking back that's true. She told me she did it so I can look into other people and so she can see me truly happy." Zack looked beyond confused.

"Okay, so Jenna broke up with you and it's not a problem. She claims you were never dating, and that's apparently also not a problem. Yes, okay I'll pretend I understand why that makes sense. Also, I don't see a problem here...so, what is it you wanted to talk to me about?" Tyler sighed, "Jenna said she did it so I can look into other people...and there is someone I think I kinda like."

Zack threw his hands up, "Okay, we're finally getting somewhere. Who is she?" Tyler looked down at his hands that were shaking in his lap, "Umm, kind, smart, funny, attractive," Zack cut him off, "That's great, but I asked who she is, not what she's like."

Tyler started fiddling with the hem of his t-shirt as his anxiety told him every possible outcome of what could go wrong, "Oh, sorry. Do you promise you will still talk to me after this conversation? And you can't tell mom and dad, you can't tell anyone. I'm not ready for everyone to know yet. I'm telling you because I trust you, and I love you." Zack looked at Tyler nervously, "You're not dating one of your teachers, right?" Tyler looked up horrified, "Gosh, no!"

Tyler wasn't sure if dating a teacher would put him in a better situation than he was currently in. After all, it least she would be female, then all he would have to do would be to break the news to his parents that he was apart of an illegal relationship.

"And she's not a felon?" Tyler rolled his eyes, "No, they don't have a criminal record." Zack was clearly trying to fit the pieces together, but wasn't successful, "Okay, then what's the big deal?"

Tyler started twisting his hair between his fingers, starting to doubt his whole plan of telling his brother about Josh. If he acted fast he could still change his story and make something up. However, on a whim, he decided to tell Zack the truth, "Promise me you won't tell anyone, please." Zack nodded, "Yeah, of course. You're starting to scare me, Ty." Tyler felt as if he were going the throw up, and tears started to pool in his eyes. Zack must have picked up on the fact that Tyler was stuck on what to say, "Okay, let's start off easy. What's her name?"

Tyler hung his head down in shame and fear, and felt a single tear fall down his cheek. Hardly audible, he whispered one single name, "Josh." Zack looked over at Tyler, "Tyler, I can't hear you. You're going the have to talk louder than that." Tyler kept his head bowed down as he felt more tears fill his eyes, then repeated his first answer, "Josh."

The room was painfully silent for a couple seconds before Zack spoke up, "Josh, like as in a guy?" Tyler didn't move, he only let more tears make their way down his face. "Tyler?" All he could do was nod his head. The room was silent for a couple more seconds before Zack looked over, "Ty, th-oh gosh, are you crying?"

In that moment all Tyler could do was cry. He heard Zack climb off his bed, and assumed he left the room, but then he felt warm arms wrap around his shoulders. That's when he lost it, audibly crying into his brothers chest. "It's okay, Ty. I promise. I would never be mad at you about something like this. Never. I love you man."
Tyler felt as if a weight had been lifted off his shoulders. He wrapped his arms around Zack's waist and cried tears of relief. His brother accepted him, and that was one of his major concerns. He didn't know what he would have done if Zack wouldn't have accepted him.

He felt Zack pull him closer, "You're okay." Tyler wasn't sure how long they sat there, but it was something he truly needed, because after the fact he felt so much better, as if all the anxieties and frustrations had disappeared. He pulled away from Zack, and wiped his face with the backs of his hands.

"Are you ready to talk?" Tyler nodded his head. Zack sat down on Tyler bed next to him, then looked at Tyler. "Okay, so Josh?" Tyler nodded again, still unsure whether or not he could trust his voice. "Do you want to tell me about him?" Tyler nodded again.

He took a deep breath once he calmed down enough to hold a conversation, "He's awesome. He's so nice, and when you talk to him he actually listens and thinks about what you're saying. And he's so funny. My day always gets better after I talk to him, he really knows how to make me happy." Zack smiled.

"What does he look like?" Tyler grinned, "He's got this awesome blue hair, and brown eyes. Oh, and he likes to wear red gauges, which looks sick! He's probably about two inches shorter than me, I don't know, somewhere around there. And he's got a great smile, he has a really great smile." All Zack could do was smile warmly at his brother.

"He sounds really great. Is that where you were today?" Tyler nodded, "Yeah, Jenna and I went to Josh's house to go swimming." Zack looked as if he were trying to figure something out. "Tyler, I'm going to ask you something, and I want you to know it's completely okay to say yes...do you consider yourself to be gay?"

Tyler looked up surprised, "Oh, umm, no. No, I think I'd say I'm bisexual, but I'm not entirely sure yet." Zack just nodded, "Okay, and that's completely okay too."

Tyler looked up with tears in his eyes, "Thank you so much for being so understanding and supportive. I can't even explain how afraid I was that you would be mad, and stop talking to me." Zack wrapped his arm around Tyler's shoulders, "Tyler, you're my brother, there isn't anything you could ever say or do that would make me stop talking to you. I love you, man."

"I love you too, Zack. I don't think you'll ever understand how much I appreciate you. You do so much for me, and I want you to know how much I appreciate that. You're truly amazing, and I'm proud to call you my brother."

Zack looked as if he might cry, "Thanks, Ty. That means so much." Tyler smiled, then hugged his brother again.

Tyler had never felt more at ease and accepted than he did in that moment.

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Wednesday

Wednesday was the best day of the week in Tyler's opinion. Wednesday was the day when the school week was halfway over. Most of his peers would say Friday was the best day of the week, but Tyler disagrees. He has therapy on Fridays so that automatically makes them terrible. He doesn't like going to therapy at all, his parents force him to go.

Thursday was the day before Friday, so it was the day before he's forced to go talk about his
problems, so it's automatically ruled out. Saturday was the day after he's forced to go talk about his problems, so Saturday's also suck. Don't even get him started on Sundays. Sundays are always terrible, because well, it's Sunday.

After all those days are ruled out, it only leaves Monday and Tuesday. Monday's are the worst because they're the first day of the school week, and the day after the dreadful Sunday. Tuesday's are just Monday part two, so umm no thank you. Therefore, Wednesday was the only acceptable day of the week according to Tyler, and thankfully it was Wednesday.

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Tyler couldn't speak Spanish to save his life, so why he was required to take the damn class was beyond him. He did not live in a Spanish speaking country, nor was he ever planning to, so learning the language seemed pointless to him.

"Tyler," he looked up upon hearing his name, and found his teacher, Seniora Arizzi, staring at him along with a couple of his classmates. "Yes?" he asked, the pitch of his voice raising at the end. "I asked you to translate 'how old are you?' into Spanish."

Tyler looked down at his notebook, which did little to nothing to help him answer the question. "Ummm, Cuantos anos tiene?" he asked his teacher more than stating it. Seniora Arizzi laughed a little, obviously trying not to, "It's 'cuantos años tiene', you need to role the 'n' in 'años'." She slightly smirked before continuing, "Without rolling the 'n' 'cuantos anos tiene' means 'how many buttholes do you have?'"

A majority of the class starting laughing, all the while Tyler's face steadily turned red. After all, he did just ask his teacher how many buttholes she had. After the laughter died down, they did more group review and Tyler was extremely relieved that he wasn't called on again.

Not long after that the bell rang and Tyler was thankful to leave the class. He made his way down to the cafeteria, and sat at their normal table. He pulled a sandwich, a bag of potato chips, and a granola bar out of his backpack, and placed all of them on the table in front of him. Then Jenna sat down next to him and smiled, "Soooo, have you talked to Josh at all after our conversation yesterday?"

Tyler rolled his eyes, "Yeah, I proposed. The weddings tomorrow," he replied sarcastically. Jenna smacked his arm, "I'm being serious!" Then Josh walked up to the table and sat down, the previous conversation being dropped immediately. "Hey Josh," he gave a slight head nod. "How are your days going so far?" Jenna asked enthusiastically.

"Well I asked my Spanish teacher how many buttholes she has, so my day is going great. Josh?" Jenna and Josh were both laughing so hard, they nearly couldn't breathe. Once Josh calmed down he replied,"Umm, mine’s alright. Nothing special."

Jenna turned to pull something out of her backpack, "Well your days are about to get a lot better." She placed a container on the lunch table that had three chocolate cupcakes inside. Tyler, who was now very interested in the conversation gave Jenna side hug, "Thank you for blessing us with your food." She of course laughed and returned the hug.

She pulled the lid off the container and lifted a cupcake out, handing it to Tyler. She lifted out the second cupcake and went to give it to Josh, "Sorry, but I have to pass today. I had cinnamon toast crunch for breakfast, and I'm still shaking from all the sugar." Tyler interrupted him, "Josh, there is like an unspoken rule to never decline food made by Chef Jenna Black. She is by far the best cook
I've ever met."

Josh looked up to meet Jenna's eyes that had a pleading look in them, "I promise it's going to be good." Josh hesitantly took the cupcake from Jenna and slowly peeled the paper lining off. Meanwhile, Tyler had already devoured his cupcake, and was licking the frosting off his fingertips.

"What are you doing?!" Tyler exclaimed loudly, causing Jenna, and several of the people around them to jump. She looked over and saw Josh had scrapped all the frosting off his cupcake onto the paper liner. "Dude! That's the best part!" Tyler kept looking back and forth between Josh and the pile of frosting, clearly unable to comprehend what was happening, "You can have it if you want, frosting makes my teeth hurt."

Tyler gladly accepted the mountain of frosting, while Jenna was grossed out that he was going to sit and eat frosting with a spoon. She looked back up at Josh who was slowly eating the cupcake, then at Tyler who appeared as if he were going to choke on his sandwich if he ate it any faster. Jenna only sighed, and pulled out her lunchbox.

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After lunch Tyler had History, and boy did he suck at that class. He sat in his seat and waited while his teacher took attendance. A tall blonde guy walked into the room and the teacher, Mrs. Evans, looked up, "You're only four minutes late to class this time, James, that must be a personal best." He looked at her slightly annoyed, "Umm, I have a real excuse this time, thank you. Some guy was puking in the bathroom so I had to wait, and let me tell you, it smelled awful in there!"

Mrs. Evans pinched the bridge of her nose, "Go sit down, James." Tyler watched as he went and sat down in his seat, then pulled out his phone to play some game. The entire class learned early on that school was not James' forté. Tyler's pretty sure he could count, on one hand, the number of times James was on time to class.

After a long and boring history class, Tyler went to his health class. It wasn't that Tyler didn't enjoy learning about how the body worked, it was just that they were on the chapter that focused a lot about how signals were sent throughout the body through the spinal cord, so none of the information they were learning applied to him.

Tyler spent most of his health class daydreaming about nothing in particular, just nothing that applied him for his health test...or any test for that matter. Needless to say, he was overjoyed when the bell rang. Tyler thankfully had study hall 7th block, so he made his way down to the correct classroom and pulled out his phone.

With some sudden bravery, he wasn't sure from where, he pulled out his phone and texted Josh.

ONE NEW MESSAGE: Tyler Joseph: Hey Josh

The response came almost instantly. Tyler figured Josh was also sitting in study hall with nothing to do, bored out of his mind.

ONE NEW MESSAGE: Josh Dun: Hey what's up?

Tyler wasn't sure where he was going with the conversation, so he typed back the first think that came to mind.

ONE NEW MESSAGE: Tyler Joseph: I have nothing to do and I'm bored out of my mind.

ONE NEW MESSAGE: Josh Dun: Yeah me too. How were your last two classes?
Tyler smiled as he typed back his reply, because he knew Josh was genuinely asking how his classes were, and actually cared what he would say.

ONE NEW MESSAGE: Tyler Joseph: Nothing crazy happened, and they were both pretty boring. I didn't learn anything useful, so they were alright I guess.

ONE NEW MESSAGE: Josh Dun: Are you doing anything after school today?

Tyler immediately smiled when he read that message, because when knew where it was leading. However, he decided to play dumb like a lovesick teenage girl.

ONE NEW MESSAGE: Tyler Joseph: I don't think so, why?

ONE NEW MESSAGE: Would you maybe want to hang out at my place for a bit?"

To say Tyler was beaming would be an understatement. He was grinning at his phone like an idiot and he couldn't care less. The person sitting at the desk next to him was not so subtly judging him, and Tyler didn't care because he was going over to Josh's house after school. Of course he had to play it off as cool, like it were no big deal, so he sent Josh a reply after deleting then retyping the same thing several times.

ONE NEW MESSAGE: Tyler Joseph: Sure, sounds cool.

Tyler and Josh went back and forth the entire study hall, and Tyler was reluctant to end their conversation and make his way to his English classroom. He walked into his classroom and the first thing he noticed was that there was a substitute teacher...again!

And not only that, but it was Mrs. Conway! She was the meanest, crabbiest substitute ever! Tyler groaned in his head as he made his way over to his seat. The lesson plans were again, on the front board, but they pretty much sucked that class. They were now onto the path of completing worksheet upon worksheet of busy work until the teacher got back.

Mrs. Conway took attendance after a painfully long am out of time, before she started talking in her terrible nasily voice, "I want no funny business, you will all complete the worksheets individually. There will be absolutely no talking and no cell phones! And keep in mind that I do have the authority to write detention slips! Nobody is leaving this classroom, there will be no trips to the restroom, if you had to go you should have done it before you got here. When you're finished, turn your work in at the front table." She then went and sat at the teachers desk.

Everything was going smoothly up until about the last hour of class.. Not a single person had spoken a word or pulled out their phone, mostly because they were all afraid of getting a detention. There was a rumour going around that last year Mrs. Conway gave a out nineteen detentions in one class. Tyler wasn't sure if he believed that, but he sure as hell didn't want to find out.

It wasn't until 2:00 that Tyler's body decided it was a good time for a bathroom break. His eyes grew wide, because he had no idea what he was supposed to do. There was no way Mrs. Conway would let him leave the classroom, but if he waited until class was over to change, his diaper rash that was finally almost completely gone would undoubtedly make a reappearance.

Tyler slowly stood up and slowly made his way over to the teachers desk. She looked up upon his arrival, with a scowl on her face. Tyler spoke just above a whisper, "May I please go to the nurse?" Mrs. Conway looked at his face, "Why?"

Tyler didn't know what to say. There was absolutely no way he was going to tell her of all people why he needed to go to the nurse, especially in a dead silent classroom full of his classmates, who
love spreading rumors. Deciding that lying would be his best option Tyler spoke, "Umm, I have a headache."

The substitute looked at the watch on her wrist before rudely replying, "There's less than an hour left of class, you'll live go sit down." Tyler didn't even think before he told her, "Okay, listen, I'm doing you a favor. If you don't let me leave, my mom is going to come to this school and do something completely overly dramatic and blown out of proportion."

The old woman looked up at him, "Go sit back down, or I'm going to write you a detention." Quickly, Tyler added, "Just call the nurse, and she'll tell you I need to go down there." She simply pointed to his seat with her long boney finger, disregarding everything that came out of his mouth. Defeated, Tyler went back to his seat, where he stayed the remainder of the class trying to ignore the painful itchness he was starting to feel from sitting in a wet diaper.

After what felt like an eternity, the bell finally rang and Tyler quickly made his way down to the nurses office, disregarding the pain caused by the friction of walking. He walked into the nurses office and couldn't help the wince that escaped his lips. Mary looked up from her desk and noticed the discomfort written all over Tyler's face. "Tyler?" She asked confused.

"I'm just gonna go change," he said as he slightly waddled past her into the office bathroom. Once inside the bathroom, he quickly shut and locked the door, then kicked his shoes off and pulled his jeans down. He carefully stepped out of the used diaper, wincing when it rubbed against his skin, then threw it away in the large garbage can.

He looked at the damage, taking in the bright red, burning skin, then pulled out his bin off the shelf. He grabbed a clean diaper, a package of wipes, diaper rash cream, and baby powder that he rarely used, generally only in situations like this.

He stepped into the clean diaper, and pulled it halfway up his legs, then applied a generous amount of diaper rash cream, followed by equally as much baby powder, and pulled the diaper up the rest of the way. It was still very painful and itchy, but luckily the baby powder was preventing some of the friction, so it didn't hurt as bad as before.

He put away all the supplies back into his bin, them quickly pulled his jeans back up his legs, and stepped into his shoes. He then washed and dried his hands, before opening the bathroom door and stepping back into the nurses office. "How long?" was the first thing Mary asked when he came into her line of vision. It wasn't the first time something like that happened, so she easily figured out the problem based on his facial expressions and how he was walking.

"Umm, forty five minutes," Tyler said looking at his shoes. Mary's face softened, "Oh, Tyler, I'm sorry. What happened?" He looked up at her, "I had a sub, and she wouldn't let me leave." Mary looked slightly angry, "Why didn't you tell her to call me?"

"It was Mrs. Conway. I told her to just call you and you would explain, but she didn't want to hear it, and told me to sit back down." Mary sat down and started clicking something on her computer, "I'm emailing the principal, because that is completely unacceptable and I'd like to have a word with him about that woman." Tyler smiled, Mary was the best.

"I'm so sorry you had to deal with that Tyler. I will make sure she suffers the consequences for her actions, and I really hope you feel better soon, dear." Tyler smiled at her, he was pretty sure Mary saw him as one of her own kids. After all, he has seen her virtually multiple times every day for his entire high school career. "Thanks, Mary."

She smiled kindly at him, "You're very welcome, I hope you have a wonderful rest of your day." He
gave her another small smile and walked out of her office. He pulled out his phone as he made his way to the back parking lot, and noticed, not only that it was already 3:09, but also that he had several new text messages.

ONE NEW MESSAGE: Zack Joseph: Where are you?

ONE NEW MESSAGE: Zack Joseph: You're late.

ONE NEW MESSAGE: Zack Joseph: Tyyyllllleeeeeeerrrrrrrrr?!?!!??

ONE NEW MESSAGE: Zack Joseph: Oh my gosh! Where are you?!

ONE NEW MESSAGE: Zack Joseph: We could have been home by now.

ONE NEW MESSAGE: Zack Joseph: HURRY UP YOU'RE TAKING FOREVER!!!

ONE NEW MESSAGE: Zack Joseph: TYLER?!

ONE NEW MESSAGE: Josh Dun: Are you still good to hang out today?

Tyler clicked on the last message since it was the only one he cared about, and replied.

ONE NEW MESSAGE: Tyler Joseph: Yeah, I'll head over after I drop my brother off at our house.

Josh replied with a thumbs up emoji, just as Tyler made his way though the doors that lead to the back parking lot. Most of the parking lot was empty, leaving Zack to be the person pathetically standing next to a car with no way to unlock it. He threw his hands up when he saw Tyler heading towards him. "Where have you been?! I've been standing out here forever!"

Tyler chose to ignore him, unlocked the car, and made his way into the drivers seat. "It's 3:14, where have you been?" Tyler put the car in drive, and started to drive through the parking lot, "I had to take care of something." Zack let out an annoyed breath, "What is that supposed to mean?" All Tyler said was, "Today I encountered the Wicked Witch of the West." Zack then shut up as Tyler pulled away from the school.

Once they pulled into their neighborhood Tyler started talking, "I'm going over to Josh's house, tell Mom I'll be back before dinner." Zack looked over at his older brother, "Dude, I'm telling you this because I care about you. Go put on some cologne or something before you leave, you smell like the hygiene isle of Babies R Us."

Tyler's face turned firetruck red as he mumbled a quick, 'okay' and, 'thanks'. Once he parked his car, both him and Zack made their way into the house and up into their room. Tyler walked over to their closet and pulled out his drawstring bag filled with the essentials he needed to leave the house.

"Here, use this."

Tyler turned around to be met with Zack handing him a small bottle of cologne. "Thank you," Tyler mumbled, then Zack walked out of their room heading downstairs into the kitchen. Tyler practically bathed in the fragrance, spraying extra toward his lower region, then grabbed his bag and headed downstairs.

"I'll be home later!" he yelled to Zack. "Okay!" Zack yelled back. Tyler then opened the front door and walked down the driveway to his car. He got in his car, threw his bag onto the seat next to him, and started driving towards Josh's house.

TBC
Chapter End Notes

Today I noticed when I was transferring this chapter over to Google drive as backup if this ever magically gets deleted, that in print layout this story is at 50 pages...that's crazy! I need to remind myself that when I'm mad about having to write a two page essay at school lol.

Kudos, comments, subscribe!

Stay Alive, A.
Wednesday...Again

Tyler pulled up in front of Josh's house, parked his car, then made his way to the front door. He rang the doorbell, and slung his bag over his shoulder. Laura opened the door, "Hello, Tyler. Josh told me you'd be coming over today!" Tyler stepped into the house, and slipped his shoes off, "Josh is upstairs in his room if you want to head up. It's the room at the end of the hallway." Tyler thanked her, then made his way up the stairs.

He walked slowly down the hallway, pausing in the door frame of what he assumed was Josh's room, "Josh?" He heard movement in the room, then a smiling Josh walked out in front of him, "Hey, Tyler. Come on in." Tyler walked into Josh's room, and stood awkwardly, not really sure what to do.

"Oh, you can sit on my desk chair," Josh said, walking past Tyler to carry over a chair. Josh slightly smirked at the fact that Tyler reeked of cheap cologne. If someone would have said Tyler bathed in it, he would have believed them.

Tyler sat in the chair, and set his bag down by his feet. He turned his head when he heard Josh start talking, "So I didn't really think this far ahead, do you want to watch a movie, or something?"

Tyler couldn't help but laugh, "You said you play drums, right?" Josh nodded, "I'd love to see what you can do."

They made their way to do the basement of the Dun's house, where Josh's drumset stayed. Josh walked over to his kit and sat down, while Tyler looked around. His eyes lit up when he spotted the small keyboard across the room. "Is that yours?" Tyler asked pointing at the keyboard. "Nah, it's my sisters. She's not very good, you can play it if you want. Actually yes, I want to hear a song."
Tyler turned around to face Josh, "Okay, I'll play you something after you show me how awesome you are." Josh smiled, and picked up his drumsticks. He dove right into a song, and Tyler's jaw hit the ground, because damn! Josh Dun knew how to play the drums. Tyler couldn't help but go over his conversation with Zack in his head, while Josh was playing. Tyler finally admitted to himself that he found Josh attractive, and would like to date him if he had the chance.

Once he stopped Tyler started clapping, "Jeez, dude! I knew you were going to be good, but that was freaking outstanding!" Josh's face turned a light shade of pink from the compliment. "Thank you, now you have to play me a song. You can bring the keyboard over here if you want."

Tyler walked across the room and carried the keyboard back to where Josh was sitting, at his drumset. He set it on the floor, then pressed the power button. "This is a song I just recently finished writing, and I think I'm going to call it 'Anathema'".

Josh had a stupid grin on his face when Tyler started playing to introduction on the keyboard.

"You will never know, what's behind my skull." Josh was instantly mesmerized by Tyler's voice, as well as the lyrics. He watched carefully as Tyler really started getting into the song, then his fingers moved incredibly fast during the piano solo towards the end. It wasn't until Tyler started rapping that Josh caught himself staring, mouth wide up.

"I don't know where I should go, when the tears and the fears begin to multiply."

Not only could Tyler sing, but he could rap insanely well. Josh jumped up giving him a standing ovation when the song was over. "Tyler, that was insane! I don't even know where to start, you can sing, you can rap, you can play piano, you can write!" Josh threw his hands up again, "That was incredible."

That time, Tyler thanked Josh while his face grew red. "I can help you come up with a drum part for your song, if you want." Tyler was overjoyed, "Yeah! That would be awesome, thanks!"

That was what they did until Laura opened the basement door and yelled, "Dinner's ready!" Tyler looked over at Josh, "Well, I should probably head home." Josh looked up at him looking somewhere between sad and relieved, "You can stay for dinner, if you'd like."

Tyler shook his head, "Thank you for the offer, but my mom probably wants me home." Josh nodded, then they walked up the stairs. Laura was standing in the kitchen, "Tyler, will you be joining us for dinner tonight?" He smiled at her, "No, I need to get home, but thank you for letting me come over today."

She smiled at him, and waved her hand dismissively, "You're welcome here anytime, dear." Josh then walked Tyler to the door, where he put he shoes on, and started lacing them. Once his shoes were tied, he stood up and checked to make sure he had his phone and wallet, "Oh, ugh, I left my bag in your room."

"I'll go grab it, you already have your shoes on, give me five seconds." Tyler nodded, as Josh turned around and jogged up the stairs and into his room. He quickly grabbed the bag, however he grabbed the wrong end, because when he stood up all the contents of the bag fell out onto his carpet.

Josh froze for a second, not immediately sure what to do. Knowing Tyler was incontinent was one thing, but picking up his diapers and wipes off the floor was another. Josh felt his face turn bright red as he picked everything up off the floor, and put it back into the bag.

He made a quick stop in front of the bathroom mirror to make sure his face wasn't still bright red,
then made his way back downstairs. Tyler was standing by the front door, typing something on his phone when Josh made it back downstairs.

Josh handed over the bag, feeling he face turn a little pink, but Tyler only smiled, "Thanks, I'll see you later." Josh nodded, "Bye." He then closed the door behind Tyler and made his way into the kitchen where the rest of his family was seated at the dinner table.

He sat down, then they joined hands and prayed. Josh looked down at the food on his plate, and felt his stomach turn. They were having lasagna and breadsticks. "Josh, I only gave you half a serving. I need you to finish your entire plate, please."

He looked up at her shocked, "Mom, I-I can't. I'm not even hungry, and, and there's so much!" Laura sighed, "Please, Josh. It's half a serving, I know you can do it." His sisters were looking at him sadly, while his younger brother, Jordan, was completely oblivious to the situation.

"Dad?" Josh cried out desperately. His father only looked at him sadly, "You need to eat, Joshua. It's not very much, I promise it will be okay." Josh felt as if he were going to cry as he picked up his fork, and slowly scooped some food off of his plate.

He brought the fork up to his mouth at a painfully slow speed, then chewed it forever when it entered his mouth. He couldn't swallow it, it wouldn't go down. If he swallowed it, it would make him fat, and he wouldn't let that happen, he couldn't.

After a solid two minutes he forced the food down his throat, and felt sick as he brought another fork full up to his mouth. They ate dinner in silence, Bill and Laura more focused on watching Josh to make sure their son actually ate his dinner.

Josh was the last person to finish his dinner, and he ended up winning the fight with his mom over eating his breadstick. He stood up from the table, and could already feel himself getting fatter. He headed towards the stairs, itching to get to the bathroom to get the food out of his stomach.

"Joshua, you need to stay down here." He turned around to face his Dad with wide eyes. "I need to go to the bathroom." Bill sighed, "You and I both know that isn't true. I would be a terrible father if I let you go up there a throw up your dinner. Now come here, and take a seat."

Defeated, Josh walked over and took a seat on the couch. He could feel the food in his stomach, and already knew he gained weight. All of the progress he had made was ruined. He was no longer in control. He couldn't help it when the tears started falling from eyes. His father sat down on the couch next to him and pulled him into a hug, "I promise this is going to get better, Joshua. We are here to help you. We are always going to be here to help you. You're going to be okay."

All Josh could do was cry into his father's shoulder, and pray that he was right.

Tyler had texted Jenna while he was waiting for Josh to grab his bag, and asked if he could come over to talk. Of course, she said yes, and immediately followed up asking if something was wrong. After he reassured her that nothing was wrong, he drove to her house.

Tyler parked his car in the driveway, grabbed his bag, and made his way up to the front door. Jenna's mother opened the door, "Hello, Tyler! How are you doing?" He smiled at her and stepped into the house, "I'm good, thank you."

He then headed up to Jenna's room, after taking his shoes off. He stopped in front of her bedroom door and knocked lightly. The door immediately opened to reveal a freshly showered Jenna. "Hey,
Ty. Come in.”

He followed her into the room, and she closed the door. "Okay, what's up?" Tyler sighed as he sat down on her bed, "I'm here to talk about Josh." Her entire face lit up after that sentence left his mouth. "Oh, Ty! I'm so happy you're accepting yourself! What do you want to talk about specifically?"

Tyler smiled as he thought about what to say, "Well, Josh makes me happy. I'm finally comfortable enough to say that yeah, I think he's attractive...and I think I'd like to date him if I had the chance." All Jenna could do was smile, "I'm proud of you."

She sat down across from him on her bed, "I think you should ask Josh out on a date." Tyler looked at her with wide eyes, "I don't know, Jenna. What if he doesn't like me in that way. I would completely screw up our friendship. He could tell the entire school! He knows I'm incontinent, he could tell the entire school about that too! I can't let that happen!"

Jenna grabbed both his hands, "Ty, you need to breathe. Come on, breathe with me, you're okay." He hadn't even noticed that his breathing become irregular and fast. After a couple minutes Jenna started talking again, but continued to hold Tyler's hands, gently moving her thumbs back and forth in a comforting way.

"You and I both know he would never do that. It's Josh we're talking about, he's like the nicest person ever." Tyler smiled, "I'm just afraid to mess this up." Jenna looked up at him, "I know, and you won't. You can't see the way he looks at you, but I can. He'd be stupid to say 'no' to you, you're Tyler freaking Joseph!" Tyler smiled at her.

"Besides, if Josh did anything that upset you, something tells me that Zack would beat him up." Tyler laughed at that, "Yeah, you're probably right. Zack's got my back."

Jenna leaned forward and gave Tyler a hug, "Thank you for being my best friend." She smiled, "Always, Ty. Always."

Tyler was sitting on his bed talking to Jenna on his phone about Josh. “He’s so attractive, Jenna.” Tyler's mother walked into his room, "What did you just say Tyler Robert?!" Tyler looked up horrified, unable to make his mouth for coherent sounds.

“Homosexuality is a sin! It will not be tolerated in this household!” Tyler jumped up off of his bed, “Mom, there's nothing wrong with it, everyone should be entitled to be with who they love. It's not a choice!” she sneered back at him, “It most certainly is a choice, and no son of mine is going to choose that lifestyle!”

Zack then walked into the room, because he heard all the yelling, “Zack, please! Tell her it's not at choice, tell her it's okay!” Zack looked at Tyler with disgust on his face, “No brother of mine is gay. You're a freak!”

Tyler jumped back with tears filling his eyes, “Y-You told me you accepted me.” Zack walked up to Tyler, invading his personal space, and snarled, “I could never accept someone like you!”

Tyler bolted awake in his bed, he was breathing heavily, covered in sweat, shaking, and tears were
running down his face. He covered his face with his hands, and cried. After turning around and clicking the home button on his phone, he figured out that it was only 3:47 a.m.

After turning around, Tyler also figured out that he pissed through his diaper, and it leaked all over his mattress. Still crying, Tyler threw back his comforter and got off of his bed. He walked over to his dresser in the dark, and grabbed a clean diaper, shirt, and sweatpants. Without a second thought he pulled open his sock drawer, and pulled out the small container from the back. Inside the container, there were two blades, both of which Tyler pulled out of handheld pencil sharpeners.

He grabbed one, then closed the container, threw it back in his sock drawer, and made his way to the bathroom. Tyler was full on sobbing by the time he made it to the bathroom. He pulled his clothes off, and threw the wet diaper away in the garbage can, then stepped into the shower.

The water hadn't yet heated up, but he didn't care. Tyler stared at the small blade in his hand. He was eight months clean. The nightmare continued to replay over and over in his brain, and he needed the feeling. His skin itched to feel the sharp, pleasurable feeling on the blade cutting through his skin.

Without a second thought, Tyler dragged the blade across his stomach. The tears falling down his face lessened, as he did it again. He needed the feeling, he needed the control. The sick twisted way to be in control of his life. Tyler dragged the blade across his stomach again, leaving behind a trail of a blood.

The cuts got longer, and deeper, and he became more calm with each wound that opened. He couldn't stop, he needed the feeling, he needed to be in control. Each time he thought 'one more' five more appeared. It was a sick and addicting way to keep sane, and unfortunately Tyler was one of the prisoners of the dark.

He had completely stopped crying by the time thirty new wounds were littered on his stomach. They stung, and they itched, and he was back to zero on his amount of days clean, but he didn't care. Tyler felt like he could breathe again, his mind was calm, and he was in control.

After a couple more minutes of standing under the stream of water, Tyler started cleaning himself. He still had a terrible diaper rash because Evil Mrs. Conway didn't let him leave and change, so not cleaning the urine off his skin would not benefit his situation in the slightest bit.

Tyler finished washing himself, made sure all the cuts on his stomach had stopped bleeding, then got dressed. He made sure to use extra diaper rash cream and baby powder, then fastened the tabs, and pulled his pants up.

He looked in the mirror while he brushed his hair, and noticed that his eyes were bloodshot. Sighing, Tyler grabbed his wet clothes and his blade, then made his way back to his bedroom. When he rounded the corner he froze, because his bedroom light was on. Slowly, he entered his room and when he stepped inside he found a tired looking Zack stripping his bed.

Zack looked up upon Tyler entering his room, the first thing he noticed was how red Tyler's eyes were. Zack immediately stopped what he was doing, then walked over and pulled Tyler into a hug. Tyler bit his lip, and tried not to flinch when Zack pressed up against the fresh cuts on his stomach. "Are you okay?" All Tyler could do was nod.

"I'll change the mattress pad and put a new sheet on your bed, can you take your blankets and everything to put in the washing machine?" Tyler nodded again, picked up his comforter, wet clothes and sheets, then made his way to the laundry room. He put everything in the washing machine, and turned it on.
Tyler walked back to his room with his blade still in his hand, and quickly made his way over to his dresser, throwing it in a drawer while Zack was distracted with putting on the bedsheets. "Thanks, Zack" Tyler then said, helping him put the sheet on his bed.

"Don't worry about it. Umm is there anything you want to talk about?" Tyler shook his head 'no'. "Okay, well I'll go grab you some blankets out of the hall closet." Tyler waited until Zack was out of the room, then quickly opened his dresser drawer and put the blade back into its container, before closing the drawer.

Zack walked back into the room, and handed Tyler two blankets. "Thank you," Zack only smiled tiredly at him, then made his way over to his own bed. "Okay, well we have to get up for school in exactly one hour and forty six minutes, so get some sleep, Ty." Tyler turned the night off in their room, "Goodnight, Zack."

"Goodnight."

TBC

Don't forget to tell me what you think about the story in the comments!

Chapter End Notes

Kudos, comments, subscribe (not only to the story, but also to my profile.)

Stay Alive, A.
Thursday

Zack's alarm on his phone went off way to soon for Tyler's liking. After the incident the night before, they were both running on a couple hours of sleep. Zack groaned as he sat up, "Ugh, today is not a good day to be tired. I've got a geometry test today, and then basketball tryouts after school."

Tyler sat up with wide eyes, he completely forgot about basketball tryouts because of everything going on with Josh. He rubbed his face with his hands, then moved to sit with his legs off the side of his bed. He was extremely relieved to find that his diaper was still dry, so he wouldn't have to take another shower.

Zack and Tyler then made their way downstairs for breakfast. The moment Kelly spotted Tyler, was the moment everything went downhill. "Mary, your school nurse, called me last night. Why didn't you tell me? You know you're supposed to tell me when stuff like that happens."

Tyler was frozen, not knowing what to say. "Well?" Kelly asked again, while Zack was pouring a bowl of cereal, praying not to get involved in the conversation. "It's not that big of a deal, I took care of it."

"It most certainly is a big deal! I'm sure you're in a lot of pain right now, and I will not let that woman get away with what she did!" Zack was beyond confused by that point, silently watching the pair. "I set up a meeting to talk to your principal today."

Tyler groaned, "Come on, mom! It doesn't even matter, I'm fine." Kelly gave him the 'mom' look that said 'this is what's going to happen regardless of what you say'. "I'm talking to your principal today whether you like it or not. End of discussion."

Tyler threw his hands up, then left the room heading upstairs. Breakfast could wait, he had to get his clothes for basketball ready. Once he arrived in his room, he opened his shared closet and pulled out a box filled with the padding that went in his 'boxers' for basketball.

He grabbed three of them, and threw them in his gym bag. Tyler then walked over to his dresser and pulled out three of the boxers that had the pocket to put the padding in, and threw those in his gym bag. He grabbed a couple pairs of gym shorts, and t-shirts, throwing those in as well, followed by a package of wipes, and a bottle of diaper rash cream.
Once Tyler made it to school, he threw his gym bag in his locker and made his way to calculus class. He walked into the classroom and the first thing he noticed was that Jenna wasn't there. He then walked over to his seat and sat down. A couple minutes later, Josh strolled in and made his way over to Tyler smiling.

"Hey, Tyler," Josh said happily. "Hey," Tyler replied unenthusiastically. "What's wrong?" Tyler shook his head, "I'm tired. Last night was rough, and I got practically no sleep." Josh didn't say anything for awhile, "Do you want to hang out after school? I've got nothing to do, and I promise I'll cheer you up."

Tyler laughed, and Josh said, "See its working already!" Tyler sighed, "I would love to, but I have basketball tryouts after school." Josh thought for a moment, "Can I come watch?" Tyler looked up at him like he had two heads, "Josh, it's basketball tryouts...people don't stay and watch."

"But I have nothing to do, and I can stay for moral support...please?" Tyler only laughed, "Okay, sure. Yeah, you can come." Josh smiled at him. "Do you want to hang out tomorrow after school?"

Tyler rubbed his face with his hands, "Fridays are not a good day for me. What about Saturday? I'm free on Saturday." Josh was going to ask why Fridays didn't work, but Tyler's facial expression screamed 'I don't want to talk about it.' "Yeah Saturday's good. And I'll be cheering you on for basketball today." Tyler laughed again, "Thanks Josh."

As usual, class was about as much a mess as it always was, and nobody learned anything. It truly was a miracle Mr. Tomato face was able to keep his job. Tyler fell asleep during physics and the teacher called him out for it, then made him do twenty jumping jacks in front of the class, but hey I guess that's what happens when the gym teacher switches over to physics.

Tyler made it to Spanish class, and yet again made a fool out of himself. "Tyler, come write number three on the front board." He stood up and slowly made his way to the front of the room, but he had not even the slightest clue as to what the correct answer was. He picked up a dry erase marker and stared at the bored. His teacher was about to say something, but luckily the classroom door opened. A girl who was a couple inches shorter than him walked in and handed a pass to Señora Arizza. She looked dissatisfied as she handed the pass to Tyler.


He looked at his teacher, "Take your things, and you may leave." He was relieved to get out of class, but extremely worried about what was going on. He was a little worried his mom came in and did something drastic, and somehow got him suspended.

Tyler walked into the AP office, and handed the lady at the desk his pass. "You can head back to Mr. Sander's office." He was pretty nervous as he made his way to the office. Mr. Sanders, their principal, was a pretty cool guy, but he sure did know how to intimidate students when he needed to.

Tyler walked into the room because the door was opened, and the first thing he noticed was that his mother and Mary, the school nurse, were sitting in the room. Tyler froze, trying to think of a way out of the conversation he was sure was ahead of him, but he was too late. Mr. Sanders already saw him, "Ah, Tyler. Come in, take a seat."

He slowly walked into the room and sat in the chair next to his mother. Mr. Sanders rested his hands on his desk, "So, Tyler. I'm assuming you know why you're here." Tyler nodded his head, not trusting himself to speak. "Well, I have already spoken with your mother, and our wonderful nurse,
so I just need your side of the story. Now I know this is probably an uncomfortable conversation for you, and I totally understand that, but I want you to know that this is a safe place where no one is judging you. So, I promise we're going to keep this as short as possible, then you can head back to class.”

Tyler finally looked up, having been staring at the carpet. “Okay, Tyler. I need you to tell me exactly what happened.” Tyler swallowed, then started speaking, “Well umm, Mrs. Conway was the substitute teacher for my English class, and she made a rule at the beginning of the class that nobody was allowed to leave the classroom. We had to work silently on worksheets the entire class. Class was fine until the last hour, because I uhh,” Tyler coughed, embarrassed as his face turned red, “I needed to leave. So I went up to Mrs. Conway and asked if I could go to the nurse’s office. She wanted to know why so I uhh,” Tyler cleared his throat, extremely embarrassed for a second time, “I told her I had a headache. It was completely silent in the classroom, and I didn't want to say why I needed to leave because people would hear me, and spread it all over the school,” Tyler said quickly, desperately trying to justify himself. "She told me there was less than an hour left of class and that I would live, so I needed to sit back down. Then I tried to tell her to call the nurses office, and Mary would explain that I needed to leave, but she kept cutting me off and threatened to give me a detention if I didn't sit back down. So, I sat back at my desk until the bell rang, then I went to the nurses office.”

Mr. Sanders did not look happy, “Tyler, I am very sorry, and I can assure you that I will have a talk with Mrs. Conway about her actions. This is not the first time she has caused problems and if it were up to me, I would not allow her to sub in this school, but unfortunately that is not my decision. So, just for future reference for the remainder of the school year, if something like this ever happens again, I give you permission to leave the classroom. If the teacher has a problem with it, I will talk to them. I promise you will not be published for leaving.”

"Thank you, Mr. Sanders," Tyler said, relieved the conversation was over. "Well, lunch starts in three minutes, so you may head down to the cafeteria now if you'd like,” Mr. Sanders said to Tyler. "Okay, thank you."

Tyler was sitting at their normal lunch table, waiting for Josh to arrive since Jenna was absent. He pulled out his lunch box, and started eating his peanut butter and jelly sandwich. Josh made his way to the table a couple minutes later, then sat down.

“Hey, Tyler,” Josh said smiling. “Hi.” Josh stared at him for a couple seconds, and the silence became awkward. “So, ummm, are you nervous for basketball tryouts?” Tyler swallowed the bite of sandwich in his mouth, “I don't think so. If I'm being honest, I forgot tryouts were today, but I'm pretty confident in my ability to play.”

Josh nodded, then pulled out a worksheet from his folder. Tyler studied him for a second, “Aren't you going to eat lunch?” Josh’s hand froze in the middle of the sentence he was writing down, “Umm, no. I uhh felt sick last night, and my stomach is still bothering me a little bit.” He then continued to write the sentence he had started. Tyler continued to study Josh’s face, “You can have some of my lunch. Not eating anything will make your stomach hurt even more.”

Josh looked up hesitantly, “No, that’s okay. I'm not even hungry, I had a big breakfast and I'm still full from that.” Tyler locked eyes with Josh, “Why would you eat a big breakfast if your stomach hurt?” Josh’s eyes widened, as he realized what he said.
“I-I umm I-” Josh started, and was immensely relieved when Tyler’s brother, Zack, ran up to the table, interrupting them. “Tyler, we have a huge problem!” Josh took that as his chance to escape finishing his conversation with Tyler, “Tyler, I completely forgot I had to talk to one of my teachers, I'll see you later.”

Josh took off before Tyler could say anything, so he turned and faced Zack, “What? It's a Thursday, what could possibly be going on?” Zack took a deep breath, “Do you remember Henry Vogan, number eighteen, from Cincinnati last year in the state finals?” Tyler nodded, grimacing at the name. “Well, Jake Connors told me today that he transferred here this year, and is in his history class. He's a junior this year, so it makes sense that neither of us have seen him, but I can't believe he goes here now!”

Tyler felt as if he was going to throw up as the name ‘Henry Vogan’ bounced around in his head. Henry was the team captain for Cincinnati high school, and an all around asshole. He was an only child, who was given everything, never had to work a day of his life. He was adopted, and his parents supposedly had a tough time adopting, so they never used any form of discipline on Henry. He was their only child they would ever have, so they didn't want to ever upset him, which was why at sixteen years old, he was a complete asshole.

Henry Vogan was also the person who taunted Tyler so much during the state championship game, Tyler ended up having a panic attack. Therefore, Henry Vogan was at the very top of Tyler’s ‘least favorite people’ list. “Ty?” he looked up and saw Zack staring at him. “You're a better player than he is, and a much better person. Coach would be stupid not to put you as team captain, I just wanted to give you a heads up before tryouts.”

Tyler nodded his head, as his thoughts began to spin. “Hey, are you going to be okay?” he looked up and locked eyes with Zack, then nodded again. “Don't worry, Ty. If he messes with you, I've got your back.” Zack gave him a small smile, and a pat on the back, then left the cafeteria.

The rest of Tyler’s day went not so smoothly, because he was so anxious about basketball. However, he did manage to get out of a very uncomfortable health class conversation about sex, because he needed to go change in the nurses office. Thankfully, his English teacher had returned, claiming she had strep throat, so he didn't have to deal with anymore substitute teachers.

The bell rang at 2:45p.m. signaling that the school day was over, and basketball tryouts were about to begin. Tyler was suddenly extremely happy that Josh was going to be here, because Josh always managed to calm him down without even trying. Tyler went to be his locker, and grabbed his backpack and gym bag, then made his way down to the nurses office. He didn't want to risk changing in the same room as Henry Vogan on the day of tryouts, that sounded like an all around bad idea.

Tyler walked through the doorway of the nurses office, “Hi, Mary. I'm just going to go change, I promise it will only take a minute,” he said, not once stopping to look at her. Once he was inside the bathroom, he dropped both his bags onto the floor, and quickly pulled his shirt over his head. When he turned around, he caught sight of his stomach in the mirror, and winced. To say it simple, it looked gross. The cuts were still in the in between period of scabbing over, so so some of them looked puffed out and yellow. Shaking his head, he kicked his shoes off, trying to move as fast as he could, then quickly pulled his pants and diaper down. Tyler then opened his gym bag and pulled out a pair of his boxers, and the padding that went inside. After making sure he inserted the padding correctly, he applied some diaper rash cream and baby powder, then pulled the boxers up is legs. He then threw on some basketball shorts, a tank top, and his shoes.

He washed his hands as fast ads he could, cleaned up his mess, then opened the bathroom door. He
jogged past Mary again without looking at her, “Bye, Mary! I have to get to tryouts on time!” Tyler jogged through the hallways until he arrived in front of the gymnasium. He quickly jogged up to the locker room, and went inside to put his bags on a bench. Tyler then jogged to the door to head back out into the gym, but he ran into someone in the doorframe. “Sorry, man,” Tyler said, but then he looked up and was met with an older looking, taller Henry Vogan. Tyler’s mouth went dry as he looked into Henry’s eyes. All of the names he was called swimming around his mind. Tyler couldn't move, all he could do was stand there, in the middle of the locker room door frame, and stare.

Eventually, Henry walked around him, and Tyler stumbled out of the locker room. Once Tyler was back in the gym, he scanned the room, and made a beeline for Josh once he spotted him. Josh was sitting on the bleachers with his phone in his hands, then looked up as he heard footsteps approaching him. Josh stood up, making his way off the bleachers, "Hey, Tyler, wh-" Josh was cut off as Tyler rammed into him. Josh's arms made their way to Tyler's back, as they stood with their chests firmly pressed against each other. "Tyler, what's wrong?” Josh whispered, not breaking away from the hug.

Tyler pulled away and covered his face with his hands, "I'm sorry, I just, I-I really needed that." Josh locked eyes with him, "Hey, it's okay, don't apologize. You're going to do amazing, okay?" Josh then pulled him into another hug. "You're going to do great.” They pulled apart when they heard the high pitch screeching sound of the coaches whistle. Josh smiled reassuringly at Tyler, then Tyler jogged over to the coach.

The coach started, speaking at an unnecessarily loud volume, "Okay, I want two groups. Those of you who have played on this team before, and those of you who haven't." His eyes found Tyler in the crowd of people, "Returning players please stand by Tyler over there, the rest of you over here by me.” Tyler was one of the only people their coach called by the first name. It was mostly because there was a person with the first name 'Joseph' on the team, and it caused way too much confusion that could easily be avoided just by calling Tyler by his first name.

They did different warm ups and drills in the two groups for around forty-five minutes, then Henry jogged over to the group. Zack was the first person to speak up, "What are you doing over here?”

Henry had a shit eating grin on his face and he looked at Tyler, "Coach said I'm too good for that group, and need to be working over here. And that makes sense, I am a team captain."

Tyler didn't understand why Henry hated him so much, but as he watched his interaction with the other players, Tyler realized that was how he acted with everyone. The more Tyler watched, the more he realized that Henry wasn't acting like an asshole intentionally, he actually believed everything he was saying. Henry really did think there wasn't anyone better than him.

The coach then announced they would start two halfcourt games, and that he would be rotating between the two games giving pointers. Of course Tyler ended up having to guard Henry, and if he was being 100% truthful, he was scared of Henry. Although, Tyler made it through the first half of the game because every time he looked over at Josh, he got a reassuring smile, and a double thumbs up.

A ten minute break was announced and Tyler jogged over to Josh. "See, I told you you had nothing to worry about, you're doing amazing. I would give you a hug, but you're kinda really sweaty." Tyler laughed, and gave Josh a high five instead. "Do you happen to have a water bottle? That was the one thing I forgot to bring." Josh nodded, then turned around to look inside his backpack. He turned back around and handed a water bottle to Tyler that was completely covered in aliens. Tyler of course laughed, then proceeded to chug half the bottle.

The coach blew his whistle again, signaling that the break was over, so Tyler handed Josh the water
bottle, then ran back over to the court he was playing at. Tyler's team was winning, mostly because of him, so his teammate yet again threw him the ball. He was about to make the shot, but Henry jumped in front of him and quickly said, "Don't miss, your boyfriend's watching." Tyler's brain did a factory reset upon hearing that, and he tripped over his own feet, before falling onto the floor, hard.

The sound of Tyler hitting the floor caught the attention of the coach, "Is everyone alright?" he shouted across the gym. Tyler looked up and saw Henry with the same stupid smirk on his face. Tyler groaned, and sat up, then grabbed Zack's outstretched hand that pulled him back to his feet. The coach was still looking at Tyler, so he gave him a thumbs up, then turned back to the game.

They played for another hour, then the coach walked out to the middle of the gym carrying a clipboard. He announced the varsity and junior variety teams, because 1) not that many people showed up and 2) it was mostly all the same players from previous years. Tyler and Zack both made varsity, but so did Henry, and Tyler was pretty pissed about that.

Once the coach dismissed everyone to leave, Tyler made his way over to Josh, "Congratulations! You were worried for nothing! On a more important note, are you okay? That fall looked like it really hurt." Tyler smiled at him, "Yeah, I'm fine. Thank you for coming." Josh handed him the water bottle, "Anytime, Tyler." Tyler drank the rest of the water from the water bottle, than made his way to the locker room, once Josh left.

Tyler was relieved to find that most of the players had already left, and the locker room was mostly empty. He grabbed his bag and made his way to the handicapped stall. He undressed, throwing his clothes back into his bag, then wrapped a towel around his waist making a last minute decision to shower. He threw his gym bag back on the bench, then made his way to the showers. After taking the quickest shower known to man, Tyler grabbed his bag and made his way back into the handicapped stall. He dried off completely, then applied diaper rash cream, and baby powder, followed by the diaper he pulled up his legs. He threw on a pair of jeans, a t-shirt, and his shoes, then made his way out of the stall.

After he somewhat dried his hair with his towel, Tyler grabbed his gym bag and his backpack, then made his way out to the parking lot. Zack was standing next to his car, and didn't look up when Tyler approached him. They both threw their bags into the back seat, once Tyler unlocked the car and they got inside. "Are you feeling alright?" Tyler looked over at Zack confused, then remember when he fell, "Oh, yeah I'm fine."

Zack kept his eyes on Tyler, "What happened? I don't think I've ever seen you lose your concentration like that." Tyler let out a breath, "Henry was being stupid, and caught me off guard." Zack didn't even look surprised, "What did he say to you?" Tyler kept his eyes on the road, choosing to ignore his brother.

"Ty? What did he say?" Tyler let out an irritated sound, "Nothing, it doesn't matter!" Zack was quick to fire back, "Apparently it does, or you wouldn't be so worked up over it!"

"Don't miss, your boyfriend's watching! Okay?! That's what he said!" That was quick to shut Zack up, while he tried to think of something to say. After a couple minutes, Zack said, "He's just trying to get under your skin." Tyler huffed, "Yeah, and apparently it's working!"

The rest of the car ride was silent, and once they made it home, Tyler walked up to their room without talking to anyone, then layed face first on his bed, blaring "War" by Sick Puppies, through his earbuds on repeat.

TBC
Chapter End Notes

Kudos, comments, subscribe!

Stay Alive, A.
Friday

It wasn't that Tyler hated the day Friday, it was just that he hated what he had to do on Fridays. One word: Therapy.

Tyler wasn't exactly someone who liked to talk about their feelings, so his parents forcing him to go to therapy every Friday caused some problems. Some sessions were fine, only if he skated around talking about anything important, of course. Most sessions ended in him crying, and feeling even worse than when he arrived. Overall, therapy sessions were not his thing.

The school day was fine, Jenna came back claiming she had a twenty four hour stomach bug, and Josh was his normal happy self. Although, Josh claimed his stomach was still bothering him, so he didn't eat anything for lunch.

Tyler was starting to pick up on the fact that Josh never ate lunch in the cafeteria, and when he thought back on past events, he couldn't remember a single time he saw Josh actually eat anything.

Tyler was sitting in the waiting room before his therapy session started, along with his father due to the stupid 'A parent or guardian must be present for all persons under the age of 18' rule.

Tyler looked up when he heard a door click open, and his therapist, Jackson, walked into the room, smiling. Tyler stood up and followed Jackson down the hallway that lead to the room their session
was held in. Tyler walked over to the chair he sat in every week, and watched Jackson close the door, then make his way over to Tyler.

He was somewhere in his mid-thirties, with short black hair, and dark brown eyes. He was a couple inches taller than Tyler, and had a deep voice. He was in great shape, so Tyler assumed that he worked out a lot.

Jackson sat down and pulled his leg up to rest on his knee, "Are you feeling better? No injuries?" Tyler was confused for a second, then remembered he hadn't seen Jackson since before he had the seizure. "Yeah, I'm fine. I don't think it's going to happen again."

"How did this week go?" Tyler slumped down in his chair, "A lot has happened this week. My friend Josh found out about my disorder, and he took it really well thankfully. I somehow managed to become enemies with a substitute teacher. I made the basketball team. Stupid Henry Vogan apparently goes to my school now. Oh and Umm yeah, Jenna and I broke up."

Jackson looked like he was gathering his thoughts before he started speaking, "Okay, yeah, you're right about a lot happening. Let's start with your friend finding out about your disorder. How did that happen?" Tyler laughed awkwardly, "Okay, umm, let's skip all the details and just say I was in the nurse's office because I needed new pants. Well, Josh was also in the office because he had a headache, but he was around the corner so I didn't see him when we walked in. So, he walked around the corner and there was absolutely no way to cover it up. I had Jenna's bright pink sweatshirt tied around my waist, so it didn't really take a genius to figure out what happened.

I actually wasn't even the one who told him, I completely froze because I didn't know what to do. Then, Jenna just flat out said 'Tyler has Multiple Sclerosis'. He didn't know what it was, so then I had to explain it to him, and he was totally cool about everything. He told me that it didn't change anything between us, and I went swimming at his house the next day with Jenna, he came to my basketball tryouts yesterday, and I'm going over to his house tomorrow."

Jackson was smiling, "That's awesome, Tyler! And I'm sure you felt very relieved after he found out and didn't make a big deal out of it." Tyler smiled back, "Yeah, Josh is awesome."

"Do you want to tell me about the substitute teacher?" Tyler winced, "Not really, it's an embarrassing story, and my mom took care of it." Jackson nodded, "We don't have to talk about anything you don't want to. What about basketball? Tell me about that."

Tyler nodded, "Basketball tryouts were yesterday after school and Josh wanted to hang out, which is why he ended up going to watch. I made varsity, and Zack did, but so did Henry Vogan. He's the one that made me have a panic attack during the championship game last year. And now he goes to my school, and is my teammate, and he's still a jerk."

Jackson sighed, "You're going to have people you have to work with that you don't like, that's just how it works. Don't let him get under your skin, and maybe use some of the breathing exercises we've worked on. Just try to be nice to him, no matter how hard that may be, and it will come back in your favor."

Tyler didn't look convinced, but Jackson continued talking, "Okay, tell me what happened with Jenna." Tyler rubbed his face with his hands, "We were driving to Jenna's house after swimming at Josh's, and she started talking about how we've never really been dating, that we were just acting like best friends, and she thought we should get rid of the boyfriend/girlfriend labels, so we could open up our options. Then she said that we weren't breaking up because we weren't actually dating, and that we're still best friends."
Jackson studied Tyler's face, "Were you sad after that?" Tyler only shook his head, then stared at the carpet, "Can I tell you a secret?"

"Tyler, you can tell me whatever you want. There is never going to be anything you could ever say to make me judge you." Tyler felt like his heart was going to pop out of his chest, "Promise me you won't tell my parents. I don't want them to know." Jackson sighed again, "Tyler you know I can't make promises like that. If this is something that may put you at risk, I have to get your parents involved."

Tyler shook his head. "Tyler, come on. I want you to tell me. I'll promise you this, if it's not something about you hurting yourself, or thinking about hurting yourself, then I'll keep this between us." It was in that moment that Tyler decided he wasn't going to tell Jackson about when he relapsed, in his mind it was a one time thing, and I would do no good for his parents to find out and worry about him.

Tyler felt like he was going to throw up, and he couldn't help the tears that were welling up in his eyes, "I think I like Josh in more than a friendly way." Tyler refused to look up at Jackson after those words left his mouth, "Tyler? Can you look at me please." Tyler lifted his head, and a single tear fell from his eye. "Hey, it's okay, you don't need to cry. I think that's great! Josh would be very lucky to have you."

Tyler shook his head, and more tears made their way down his face, "No, it's not! My mom's going to be so mad at me!" Jackson reached behind him for the box of tissues, then handed it to Tyler, "Hey, shhh, you're okay, just breathe. Your mom isn't going to be mad at you."

Tyler blew his nose, then choked out, "Yes she is! And my dad, they're both going to be so angry!" Jackson tried to make eye contact, "Tyler, why do you think they're going to be angry?" Tyler breathed in shakily, "God says it's wrong, so they think it's wrong. It's not normal, and it's not supposed to happen!"

"Does Josh make you happy?" Tyler avoided the question, going on to say something else about his parents, "Tyler? Does Josh make you happy?" Hesitantly Tyler nodded his head, "All your parents want is for you to be happy. They don't care about your sexual orientation, all they care about is your well being, and whether or not you are happy."

Tyler wiped his nose again, "I'm just so scared. I keep having nightmares about my parents reacting badly." Jackson thought for a moment, "Have you told anybody?" Tyler nodded, "Yeah, I told Zack. Jenna knows, but she figured it out herself."

Jackson paused again to think, "If you could had the chance to date Josh, and your family was completely okay with it, would you?" Tyler didn't even hesitate before he said, "Yes." Jackson smiled at him, "I think you should tell Josh, take a chance." Tyler immediately started shaking his head 'no'.

Jackson spoke again, "Do you know if Josh is attracted to men?" Tyler sighed, "I don't know, maybe." Jackson smiled at him again, "Take a chance Tyler. Tell him how you feel. If you never tell him, you'll never know what could be. Something tells me that even if he doesn't feel the same way, he won't let it get in the way of your friendship."

Tyler thought for a moment, then smiled, "Yeah, you're right. Josh is pretty amazing like that."
Tyler pulled up in front of Josh's house, grabbed his bag, and made his way to the front door. He knocked twice, then took a step back. Laura opened the door and smiled when she saw Tyler, then stepped aside to let him in."Hello, Tyler. Josh is in his room, so you can head on up." She walked into the kitchen while Tyler finished taking his shoes off, then walked up the stairs. He made his way to Josh's room and knocked because the door was closed.

The door opened to reveal a smiling Josh, "Hey, Tyler!" They walked into the room, and the first thing Tyler noticed was that the desk chair was already in the same spot it was moved to last time. So, he made his way over to the chair and sat down, while Josh flopped down on his bed. "Believe it or not, but I didn't think this far ahead...again. So, if you had any ideas that would be great!"

Tyler of course laughed, "I don't know...Do you have Mario Kart?" Josh smirked, "We have the super old Mario Kart from like ten years ago on the wii." Tyler jumped up, "Lead me to it!"

Josh laughed as they made their way down to the family room. Tyler was looking through a basket of DVD's for the game case, while Josh was trying to figure out which wires plugged into where, to connect the wii to the TV screen. Tyler stood up with the Mario Kart case in his hand, "I found it!" Josh looked over his shoulder, "Okay cool, now do you want to help me figure this out? I don't know why they make this so difficult, I'm not a brain surgeon!"

Tyler laughed and walked toward Josh, he stopped walking when he was halfway there, and swayed for a minute, "Are you okay?" Tyler nodded, "Yeah, I just got a little dizzy for a second." He then made his way over to Josh, and together they figured out how to correctly set up the wii.

They were sitting side by side on the couch, after having been playing for over an hour, in the middle of a very intense race on Moo Moo Medows, when Tyler dropped his remote, and gripped the edge of the couch to steady himself. Josh immediately looked up, "Are you alright?" Tyler nodded, Yeah I just felt kinda dizzy."

Josh stood up and made his way into the kitchen, "I'll go get you some water." He then made his way into the kitchen and grabbed a glass from the cabinet, then filled it with water from the fridge. He walked back into the family room and handed the glass to Tyler. "The game is probably making you motion sick. Do you want to do something else?"

Tyler nodded, "Yeah, there was actually something I wanted to talk to you about. Can we go back up to your room?" Josh nodded, "Yeah, of course! You can bring your water with you."

Tyler followed Josh up the stairs to his room, then walked over to the desk chair and sat down. He was collecting his thoughts, then looked up and noticed Josh was patiently waiting for him to speak. Tyler chickened out and ended up saying, "I really appreciate that you came to my basketball tryouts. It really helped that you were there."

Josh had a bright smile on his face, "Of course, anytime Ty." Tyler immediately picked up on the nickname, but Josh must not have realized he said it. Tyler smirked because only his family and Jenna call him 'Ty', but he certainly wasn't going to tell Josh that he couldn't. Actually, Tyler decided that he liked when Josh called him 'Ty' the most out of everyone else.

Tyler felt like he was going to throw up as he thought about how to word what he was going to say other than 'Hey, Josh, I think I like you, let's get married'. So, he took a deep breath, "Actually, there was something else too, I think I-I," Josh looked up because Tyler stopped talking in the middle of his sentence. "Tyler?" Josh asked because Tyler was staring straight in front of himself.

Josh stood up and made his way over to him, "Tyler? Can you hear me?" Tyler's body then became stiff, and he fell face first off of the chair. Luckily Josh caught him, and carefully layed his
convulsing body on the carpet. It was like de já vu as Josh watched in horror, before screaming, "MOM!" towards his door.

Josh was holding onto Tyler's head to prevent it from repeatedly hitting the floor. After a few moments, Josh's mom still hadn't appeared in the doorframe so he screamed again, "MOM!!" Josh looked down as strangled sounds started escaping Tyler's throat, and drool was pooling out of his mouth. "You're going to be okay, Tyler. I promise, you're going to be okay."

Josh looked up when he heard a gasp, and his mother walked into the room, before turning around and screaming, "BILL!!!" down the hallway. Laura then made her way over to Tyler, and held onto his legs to prevent him from hurting himself any further.

Josh's father then walked into the room, and took a moment to process the scene. Tyler had started making choking sounds, and tears were involuntarily falling down his face. "You need to turn him on his side, so he doesn't choke on his tongue or saliva," Bill said, stepping into action, helping roll Tyler on his side.

"How long has he been seizing?" Laura asked, directed at Josh. However, Josh was a flustered mess, because he responded, "I-I don't know! Three m-minutes, two, six, I don't know!" Bill then looked up at Josh, "Joshua, you need to calm down, take some deep breaths. Has this happened before?" Josh nodded his head, "He had a seizure at school last week."

Bill nodded, "Okay, do you know if he has epilepsy?" Josh shook his head 'no', "No, he has Multiple Sclerosis. He said that's what causes his seizures." They all looked down when a long strangled whine left Tyler's throat.

After another four minutes, Tyler's body stopped convulsing. Laura spoke first, "Do we need to call an ambulance?" Bill shook his head, "Let's call his parents, they'll know what they're supposed to do at this point." Both adults looked at Josh, who then pulled Tyler's phone out of his pocket, and pressed the home button against Tyler's thumb, so the phone would unlock. Josh clicked on the phone app, then scrolled through the contacts until he landed on 'Mom'.

He clicked on the name, then handed the phone to his father. They were all watching Tyler who was still laying on the floor, twitching every now and again. "What's his mother's name?" Bill asked Josh, while the dial tone was still ringing. "Umm, Kelly Joseph." Bill nodded, the looked up as he heard a voice in the phone.

"Hello, is this Kelly Joseph?" He paused for a second, waiting for an answer. "Hi Kelly, this is Bill Dun, Josh's father. Tyler is at our house, and he just had a seizure. He's alright, he's not awake yet, but he stopped convulsing."

There was another pause, "No, we didn't call an ambulance. Josh said that this has happened before. Yes, I'll send you our address. Okay, see you soon." Bill then sent Kelly their address from Tyler's phone, then looked down as more sounds came from Tyler.

Tyler's eyes slowly started to open, so Laura crouched down in front of him, "Tyler? Do you know where you are." He stared straight ahead unresponsive. "Tyler? Can you hear me?" They still didn't receive a response from him, as he stared straight ahead.

The doorbell rang, so Bill quickly exited the room to answer the door. A couple moments later Tyler's mom quickly entered the room, and made her way over to Tyler. She crouched down, and brushed the hair off of his forehead, "Hey, baby, you're okay." Tyler didn't give any sign that he heard or understood what was said.
"Okay, well his doctor said to just wait it out, then bring him to the hospital, afterwards. The ambulance wasn't necessary, so thank you for not calling one. Ummm, if you could help me carry him to the car, that would be really helpful." Bill nodded, "Of course." Laura moved out of the way, and Bill walked over to Tyler, "I'll pick up under his shoulders, Josh pick up his legs, and Kelly, if you could hold onto his head, so he doesn't hurt his neck, that should work.

Laura left the room first, moving things out of the way, and opening doors. Everyone else slowly walked as their dysfunctional team carried Tyler, who was completely oblivious to what was happening, to the car. The stairs were a challenge, but they eventually made their way to the car, and got Tyler in the backseat. Laura offered to ride with them to the hospital, to keep Tyler sitting upright in his seat.

Once they pulled out of the driveway, Josh turned to face his dad, "Can we please go to the hospital?" Bill sighed, "Go get in the car, I have to tell your siblings that we're leaving." Josh quickly jogged over to the car, and got into the passengers seat, not trusting himself to drive in that moment. After a few dreadfully long, painful minutes, Bill exited the house and made his way over to the car.

They pulled out of the driveway, and made their way towards the hospital. The entire car ride Josh felt like he was going to throw up, praying that Tyler was going to be okay.

TBC

READ THE END NOTE: IT HAS IMPORTANT INFORMATION!!!

Chapter End Notes

jährliches●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●

Just a heads up, I'm going to be on vacation from July 7th to July 30th, and I'm not going to be able to update during that time. The story is NOT being discontinued, I will just be unable to write until I get back.

Kudos, comments, subscribe.

Stay Alive, A.
Eyes Falling Out Of Sockets

Chapter Summary

Hey, I posted a NEW story today that is going to be request driven, so go check that out please and thank you. It's sort of an AGE PLAY thing, so I'm assuming everyone who reads this would be into that.

Chapter Notes

HAPPY 4th OF JULY EVERYBODY!! This is by far my least favorite day of the year. I do not like fireworks at all, they are so loud! Thankfully, I'm not forced to go to anymore firework shows because two years ago I cried a majority of the time, still while wearing headphones :/

I saw the new Spiderman today 10/10 would recommend, it was insane!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Saturday...again

Josh was sitting in the waiting room of the hospital next to his parents. On the car ride to the hospital, Tyler supposedly fell asleep, and Laura and Kelly were unable to wake him up. Which was why in that moment he was off having MRI scans, and Josh felt like he was going to throw up from nerves.

Chris Joseph arrived at the hospital about an hour after everyone else, calming he was able to get off work early due to a 'family emergency'. He of course was granted access to head back to the MRI scan hallway and wait with his wife, while Josh was sentenced to staying in the waiting room completely powerless to the situation.

Tyler opened his eyes and was blinded by white light. It took him a moment for his eyes to adjust to the brightness, then as he looked around he noticed he was in a hospital room. He tried to sit up, but was unsuccessful, feeling as if all of his limbs were asleep. “Ehhhhhhhh,” he whined out, still unable to get his tongue to correctly form words.

He was able to slightly move his head when he heard the door open, then a nurse appeared in front of him. “Hello, Tyler. I'm glad to see you're awake. I'm going to get your doctor, and I'll be back in a couple of minutes.” Tyler didn't understand why doctors called children by their first names, but felt the need to call adults by their last names. It could have just been the temporary impairment of thinking, but that seemed like a big issue to him in that moment.

He was able to slightly move his head when he heard the door open for a second time. That time, his doctor came in as well. “Tyler, you're making me look like I can't do my job,” Dr. Maddox said laughing. He knew it was supposed to be a joke, but at the time he wasn't in a laughing mood. “Well, you had another grand mal seizure, so we ran some more tests, took a couple more scans, and they
all came up the same as last time. You do have a lesion on your brain, but you also have Multiple Sclerosis, and those two go hand in hand. It has only been eight days since your last seizure, so if these seizures continue I think it might be a good idea if you start taking some anticonvulsants, just to be safe.”

Tyler was not happy upon hearing that. The last thing he needed was some weird medicine that caused crazy side effects. He ended up tuning out the rest of the conversation with Dr. Maddox. It wasn't until his dad came into the room, did he tune back into the real world. “Hey, Ty. How are you feeling?” He tried to reply with 'sluggish', but it came out more as, “sllmmmmsss.”

Chris just gave him a sad look of pity, then sat down in the chair in the corner of the room. “Can you remember what happened?” Tyler was determined, so he tried speaking again, getting a better result than the previous time, “Nnnuuu.” His father nodded his head, “Your mother said you were at Josh's house, and fell out of a chair, then started convulsing on the floor.” Tyler felt guilty when he heard that, because it meant that Josh had to deal with him.

They both looked over when the door opened, and Tyler's mom walked in. “Tyler, you scared me so much!” were the first words out of her mouth. “When I arrived at the Dun’s house, you were practically catatonic!” He gave her a look that screamed ‘do you think I wanted that to happen?’ She walked over to the side of his bed, and brushed the hair off of his forehead. “We're going to get this figured out.”

His parents stayed in the room talking to him, and Tyler's speech got better as the minutes went by. After around twenty minutes, Chris left to go find Josh, because Tyler wouldn't stop asking for him. His mother looked at him lovingly, “You're going to be okay.” Tyler smiled at her, “I knoo mmom.”

The door opened to reveal Chris and Josh. Josh stepped into the room, and Kelly took that as her queue to leave, closing the door behind her. Josh walked up to Tyler's bed, and laughed awkwardly, “You really need to stop doing that.” Tyler laughed along, but Josh looked and sounded as if he might cry. “I care about you, Tyler, and I don't want you to get hurt.” Tyler felt his face heat up, but Josh's words made him feel like he might cry, too.

Josh rubbed his face with his hands, “I can't even explain to you how scared I was. We were talking, and then you just stopped, and fell off of the chair just like at school. You sounded like you were in so much pain, like you were dying, and there was nothing I could do to help you.” Josh started tearing up as the scene replayed itself over and over in his mind. “I'mm akay,” Tyler said as a pitiful attempt to cheer Josh up.

Josh of course laughed, but it sounded forced, “I'm really glad you're okay.” Tyler smiled, but could tell how worked up Josh was over the whole situation. “Ummm, it's kinda been bugging me; you never finished saying what you wanted to tell me before everything went all crazy.”

Tyler sighed, and moved his hand to rub his face, happy that he had functional arms again. “It's noo immetann.” Josh locked eyes with Tyler, “Are you sure? It seemed pretty important at the time.” Tyler just nodded his head, then looked down at his lap.

The room was silent for a couple more seconds, then Josh stood up, “I'm sorry, man, but I just really need a hug. Today has been a terrible day.” Tyler smiled as Josh made his way over to him, with his arms out. Josh leaned down and threw his arms around him, and Tyler wrapped his somewhat functional arms around Josh's back. They stayed like that for awhile, “I'm just really glad you're okay,” Josh said again, still hugging him.

Tyler felt Josh start to pull away, but wasn't at all expecting when Josh quickly pecked his lips before standing up. Tyler stared at Josh with wide eyes, as the door opened, revealing Josh's dad. “Joshua,
we need to head home now.” Josh nodded, then kept his eyes on Tyler the entire time it took him to exit the room. Tyler sat on the bed completely and utterly dumbfounded as that one second replayed itself over, and over, and over again, in his mind.

A couple minutes later, Chris walked into the room, and didn't know what to make of the look on Tyler's face, “Is everything okay, Ty?” Tyler looked up, and swallowed hard, then nodded after putting on his most convincing smile.

Tyler was later released from the hospital, and made it back home before dinner. He still felt pretty lousy, and didn't do much other than lay around the house.

It was going on 8:00p.m. and Tyler was sitting in his room with Zack. After contemplating with himself for a very long time, he finally built up enough courage to speak. “Zack?” he called across the room. His younger brother immediately looked up, figuring something was wrong. “Can I talk to you about something?” Zack gave him a suspicious look, “If this is going to go anything like last time, I'm not sure.”

Tyler rolled his eyes, “It's important, and I need to tell you.” Zack held up his hands in defeat, “Okay, talk away.” Tyler took a deep breath, “Okay, I'm telling you this because I trust you, and you can't tell anyone.” Zack nodded his head, as if saying to go on, but Tyler still had an uneasy feeling in his stomach.

Tyler, yet again, took a deep breath, then let it out slowly before he spoke, “So, today at the hospital, Josh came in and talked to me. He was really worked up about everything, and all distressed. After a couple minutes he said he needed a hug, so I gave him a hug, but before he stood back up, he ummm, he kissed me.”

Tyler swore if it were possible, Zack’s eyes would have fallen right out of the sockets. “You and Josh kissed?!?” Tyler immediately started shaking his head back and forth, because Zack was yelling. “No, shhhhhhh. It was super fast, and shocked me so much that I didn't even have time to react.” Zack looked like he was trying to put the pieces together, “So, what did he say afterwards?” Tyler groaned annoyed, “He didn't say anything! His dad opened the door, then he just left.”

Zack scratched his head, “Jeez, Ty. Yeah, I don't know what I'm supposed to say.” Tyler layed back down on his bed, “I just want to know if it was an ‘in the moment’ thing, or if he actually meant it.”

Zack let out a breath, “I'm sorry, but don't worry, Ty. You'll figure it out.” Tyler closed his eyes, hoping that, that was true.

TBC
Chapter Summary

I GOT MY DRIVERS LICENSE TODAY!!!!! (Which has nothing to do with the title, that is purely coincidence)

Chapter Notes

Kudos

check out my other stories

Tell me what you think about this one

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sunday

Tyler woke up and did his normal morning routine of taking a shower and getting dressed. He then made his way downstairs to eat breakfast. His mother was the only person downstairs and she looked up when she heard him walking. "Tyler, can I talk to you for a second?"

He made his way over to her, preparing himself for yet another 'we're going to get these seizures under control' speech. He sat down on the couch across from her, but wasn't at all expecting what she said.

"Tyler, while you were at the hospital the nurses noticed some things that are concerning. They noticed some self inflicted wounds on your stomach, and brought it up to your father and me." The blood drained from his face. "They were going to bring in a psychologist yesterday, but you were completely exhausted and we assured them that you are having therapy sessions once a week."

Kelly looked as if she were about to cry. "Baby, why didn't you tell us you were feeling like that. You know you can always come to us. The nurses said they were more than a day old. Are you lying to Jackson?"

Tyler's mouth was dry, and he had no idea what he was supposed to say. "Well? Did you lie to Jackson?" Weakly, Tyler nodded his head. Kelly sighed, "Going to therapy isn't going to help you if you aren't completely honest. You know that Tyler." By that point, Tyler was pretty close to crying himself, and he whispered a forced, "I'm sorry."

Kelly stood up and walked over to her son. She sat down on the couch next to him, and pulled him into her arms. "If you ever feel like you need to hurt yourself again, you come get me. I don't care if it's four in the morning, you come wake me up, okay?" Tyler nodded his head, as he soaked up the physical affection.

"I love you, Tyler."
Monday

Tyler was really dreading school, because that meant he would have to see Josh. He hadn't seen or spoken to Josh since he kissed Tyler at the hospital. He didn't know if he was supposed to bring it up, or pretend it never happened.

He walked into Calculus and made a beeline for his desk, ignoring both Josh and Jenna. He swore it was the longest class ever. He also ended up using the handy dandy 'I need to go change the last five minutes of class' trick to avoid talking to Josh. Tyler couldn't stay focused during any of his other classes that day, because he was too worried about lunch. He actually considered asking Mary if he could just sit in the nurses office during lunch, but quickly dismissed the thought, and yelled at himself for being such a baby.

Eventually, lunch rolled around and Tyler made his way to the cafeteria. Jenna and Josh were already seated at their everyday table when he walked in. Slowly, he made his way over to them, and sat down. Jenna turned and threw her arms around him, "Josh told me that you had another seizure this weekend. How are you feeling?"

He weakly wrapped his arms around her, "I'm fine, Jenna. Really, I'm okay." She nodded and released her arms from around his back. She went back to eating her turkey sandwich, while Tyler pulled out his lunchbox. Josh had a Spanish workbook in front of him, and he was filling out one of the pages. "You need to eat lunch." Josh looked up and locked eyes with Tyler. "I'm not hungry." Tyler sighed and dug around in his lunchbox, then pulled out a chewy chocolate chip granola bar. He placed it in front of Josh, "It's not healthy to skip meals."

Jenna nodded slowly, then continued to eat her lunch. The rest of the lunch period was awkwardly silent, and Tyler was very relieved when it was over.

Tyler walked into the gym, already wearing his basketball clothes. He made his way over to the other guys on his team, and his coach. "Alright, everyone. Our first game of the season is next week, so you need to work your ass' off today at practice. There are no excuses as to why any of you can't give 110% today. Let's start with some drills, then play two half court games."

They were split up into groups for the drills, and of course Tyler's luck put him on the same team as stupid Henry Vogan. They worked on layups and three point shots for a majority of the time. Henry slipping out little insults to everyone in his group, every chance he had. In his mind there could only be one winner, and it was always him.

Tyler was announced as team captain and Henry didn't like that at all. He whispered in Tyler's ear as he went to make a three point shot, "You're only team captain because you suck up to the coach." Tyler missed. The second time Henry caused problems, Tyler was warming up for a layup, "Ass
kisser." Tyler missed.

Everyone in Henry's group was very relieved when the coach announced they were going to start the half court games. Tyler of course had to guard Henry, and it sucked. The games started and stupid Henry wouldn't shut his stupid mouth, "So, what do you have to do to make coach allow you to do whatever you want?" Henry was making it very hard to focus, and it didn't help that Josh wasn't there. When Josh was at practice, Tyler felt more relaxed and determined.

The person to his left passed Tyler the ball. "Suck up," Henry said when Tyler went to make the shot. He missed. Tyler was becoming very stressed out and overwhelmed. The coach then moved to watch their game, after helping his teammates in the other game. They were about to continue their game, when Tyler felt that he wet himself. He jogged over to his coach, and quietly asked, "Uh, can I go to the locker room?" The coach nodded, then told his teammates to start the game.

Tyler jogged over to the locker room, happy to have a minute to breathe, and went to get his bag. He grabbed everything he needed to change, then walked into the handicapped stall. He quickly untied his basketball shoes, and kicked them off, followed by his shorts and wet diaper. He quickly changed, then put his shoes back on, and cleaned everything up. He stepped out of the stall, washed his hands, then walked out of the locker room.

He jogged back over to the game he was playing in, and ran up behind Henry, so he could guard him. "Told you, you were a suck up." Henry was really stressing him out, and putting him on edge. Tyler shook his head and tried to block out the sound of Henry's voice. "Your boyfriend isn't here today." Tyler inhaled a sharp intake of breath and nearly tripped. Josh wasn't his boyfriend, but that didn't stop the thoughts from entering his mind.

Was Josh mad at him? Were they still going to be able to be friends? What would people say if they found out? Tyler's heart rate started to increase as each thought entered his mind. Henry then decided to purposely ram into Tyler's shoulder and say, "Ass kisser."

That was what completely sent him over the edge.

His teammates ran to the other side of the court, but Tyler stayed where he was as he bent over and put his hands on his knees. His breathing had picked up, and he was starting to lose feeling in his hands. "Tyler, keep moving!" the coach called from across the gym. He tried to stand up straight, but it was becoming harder and harder for him to catch his breath.

The coach jogged over to him when he hadn't made an attempt to move, "Hey, are you okay?" Tyler shook his head back and forth as he struggled more and more to breathe. Zack then ran up to him, "Hey, Tyler. You're okay, breathe, you're okay."

"Is this an asthma attack?" Zack shook his head 'no' at his coach, "Panic attack."

Zack brought his attention back to his brother, "Tyler, you're safe. Nothing's going to hurt you, I promise. You need to breathe, okay, just breathe." By that point they held the attention of everyone in the gym. Tyler's legs were shaking badly, and Zack jumped forward when he started to fall. He started to lower him onto the gym floor, and the coach jumped forward as well, grabbing hold of Tyler's arm to help.

Once Tyler was on the floor, Zack sat down in front of him and held up two fingers. "How many fingers am I holding up?" He slowly glanced up then chocked out, "T-two." Zack then held up four more fingers with his other hand. "Now how many, Ty?" Again, he glanced up, then forced out, "Six."
That sat on the floor like that, while everyone stared, until Tyler calmed down. The coach told everyone to continue the games while he talked to Zack and Tyler. "You two can head out for the day. Tyler, I hope you feel better." Tyler gave him a small smile, then walked with Zack to the locker room to get their bags.

They walked out to the parking lot, and once they made it to Tyler's car, Zack held out his hand for the keys. "I'm driving. You are in no state mentally stable enough to drive a car."

"You don't even have your license." Zack huffed, "I have my permit and it's practically the same thing." Sighing, Tyler handed over his keys and got into the passengers side of the car. They pulled away from the school parking lot and Zack started asking questions, "What set that off back there?" Tyler looked down at his lap and fidgeted with his hands, "Henry was just saying some stupid stuff."

Zack briefly glanced over at his brother, "What kind of stupid stuff." Tyler looked out his window while they sat at a stop light, "Stuff about Josh." The car ride was silent until they got home. When they got home Tyler went up to their room and flopped down on his bed. He wanted to sleep and forget about everything. He was supposed to be mad at Josh, and not care about when they talked.

But the problem was, Tyler had never wanted to talk to him more.

TBC
Monday...again

Tyler was lying on his bed, staring at his phone. He was having an internal fight with himself about whether or not to call Josh. They still hadn't talked or even acknowledged the kiss, and Tyler didn't know what he was supposed to say. He continued to stare at his phone and jumped when it started ringing. He continued to stare at the screen as it rang, not able to decide if he should answer or not.

The screen read ‘JOSH DUN’

After the fourth ring, Tyler picked up the phone, accepted the call, and held it up to his ear. “Hello?” “Hey, Tyler. Umm, are you busy?” Tyler sat up in his bed, and threw his legs over the side, “Umm, no...why?” Josh cleared his throat, “Well umm, I really want to see that new action movie in the theaters, but I don't have anyone to see it with, and was sort of wondering if you'd maybe want to go with me?”

Tyler was stunned for a moment then replied, “Umm, it's a, it's a Monday?” Josh was audibly flustered through the phone, “Yeah, I-I know, it's fine if you don't want to-” Tyler cut him off, “What time?” Tyler swore he heard Josh sigh a breath of relief before he responded, “I umm, I can pick you up in like ten minutes, o-or you can meet me there, whatever you want.” Tyler lightly chuckled, “You can pick me up.” “Okay, then I'll see you soon.”

“Bye Josh.” Tyler hung up the phone, then got out of his bed. He ran down the hallway to the bathroom, and stepped inside. He practically ripped his clothes off, and jumped in the shower, not even waiting for the water to warm up. After the fastest shower he had ever taken before in his life, he turned the water off and stepped out from behind the curtain. He grabbed a towel out of the bathroom closet, wrapped it around his waist, then ran back to his room.

Tyler was standing in front of his dresser, trying to find clothes to wear, when he felt it trickle down his leg. “Ahhhhgggg,” he quickly pulled the towel off of his waist, putting it in front of him. “Dammit, dammit, dammit!” he yelled out desperately. Once it stopped, he cleaned off his leg, then started getting dressed. After all of his clothes were on, he ran back to the bathroom, and threw the urine soaked towel in the bathtub. In record time he managed to style his hair, brush his teeth, and put deodorant on.
He ran back in his room, and picked up his phone.

ONE NEW MESSAGE: Josh Dun: I'm here

Tyler shoved his phone in his pocket, grabbed his bag, then ran downstairs. Zack was sitting on the couch watching tv, “Zack, I'm so sorry, but I sorta peed on the carpet in front of the dresser and I need to leave right now!” Zack looked over at him astonished, “No! You clean it up! I hate cleaning the carpet!” Tyler was doing an awkward dance because he needed to go outside, but also needed to finish the conversation at the same time. “Please, Zack! I didn’t do it on purpose, and Josh is here and we're going to the movies, and I don't want to cancel because it will make him sad, and I really need to do this.”

Zack threw his head back and groaned, “Ahhgggg, fine! Go, but you owe me!” Zack was pointing a finger at him, and he just nodded his head relieved that he could leave. Tyler ran towards the door, yelling over his shoulder, “Thanks, Zack! You're the best!” Zack rolled his eyes as the front door slammed shut, then stood up making his way upstairs.

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Tyler walked down the driveway, and opened the passenger door of Josh’s car. He got in, and threw his bag on the floor by his feet. Josh waited until Tyler put his seatbelt on, then pulled out of the driveway. The car was silent side from the light music playing on the radio. Tyler cleared his throat, then started speaking, “So, ugh, what movie are we seeing?” Josh glanced over at him momentarily, then looked back at the road. “It's an action movie, I think there's cars in it. I can't remember the name of it.” Tyler looked at him questioningly, “I thought you really wanted to see the movie.”

Josh’s eyes bugged out, “Yeah, I-I just, I am terrible with titles. It looks like a really good movie though.” Tyler looked down and smiled, because Josh Dun is a horrible liar.

The ride to the movie theater was only about fifteen minutes. They pulled into the parking lot, and parked, then walked inside. Believe it or not, there weren't a ton of people at the movie theater on a Monday afternoon. They were able to step right up to the counter to buy their tickets. Tyler reached for his wallet in his pocket, but found nothing there, “Crap!” Josh looked over at him, “What's wrong?” Tyler threw his hands up, “I forgot my wallet at my house.” Josh only shook his head, then brought both tickets.

“Josh!” He looked over at Tyler alarmed, “What?” “You don't have to pay for my ticket.” Josh rolled his eyes playfully, “One, you don't have your wallet, and two, I was planning on buying your ticket regardless. Now, do you want anything from the concessions.” Tyler lightly smacked Josh’s arm, then shook his head ‘no’.

The walked across the theater, up to the usher standing in front of the individual rooms enterance. He appeared to be in his early twenty’s, and he had a very bored expression on his face. Josh handed him both tickets, and waited for him to tear the bottom half off and hand them back. “You're in theater fourteen, please enjoy your show.” They were about to walk past him, when he stopped them, “Excuse me, I'm sorry but bags are not allowed.” He pointed at the drawstring bag on Tyler’s back, and Tyler immediately replied, “I need the stuff in here, I promise I'm not trying sneak anything in, or out.”

The usher shook his head, “I'm really sorry, but it's the theater policy.” Josh stepped up closer to them, “Listen man, can't you make an exception?” He shook his head again, “It's against the theater rules to bring in any type of backpack, and a drawstring fits under that category.” Tyler held his hands up, “We’re not trying to get you in any trouble, but you have to understand. Here, I'll let you look through it, so please, make an exception just for today.” Tyler pulled the bag off of his back,
and placed it in front of the man on the small ticket podium.

The usher pulled open the top of the bag, and looked inside. Josh watched as his face steadily grew from pink to red. He awkwardly coughed, then handed the bag back to Tyler, “Uhh, theater fourteen on your right, enjoy the show.” Tyler took his back from the man, “Thank you.” He only nodded his head, then intensely focused on the people walking up to him.

Tyler and Josh walked into theater room fourteen and immediately started laughing, “Oh my gosh, that was awful!” Tyler nodded, as they walked up the stairs to find a seat. “I don't understand what the big deal is.” Josh shrugged his shoulders, then they sat down in the middle of a row. They watched all the previews for new movies, and watched all of the people entering the theater. Eventually the lights dimmed, and the movie started.

To put it simple, the movie was bad. Not even bad, it was terrible. Tyler had a hard time following the plot because there were like fifty different plots, and the acting wasn't all the great, either. Basically, it wasn't going to make it in his ‘top ten movies of all time list’.

Tyler didn't even end up needing anything out of his bag, so they fought the usher over it for nothing. Josh drove straight to Tyler's house after the movie, and the car was silent. They pulled up in to Tyler’s driveway, and Josh put his hehe car in park. He turned to face Tyler, “Well, thanks for going with me to see the movie. We'll have to do that again sometime.” Tyler didn't miss the hopeful look in Josh’s eyes, so he nodded his head. “Thanks for choosing me to go with you.” Josh smiled, then looked down at his lap. He looked back up when Tyler started talking, “Well, I'm going to head inside. My mom probably wants to know that I'm not missing.” Josh laughed quietly, “Okay, bye Tyler,”

Tyler opened the door, and got out, “Bye.” He waited until Josh pulled put of the driveway, then walked up the front porch and opened the door. He kicked his shoes off, then jogged up the stairs to his room. Zack was laying on his bed scrolling through his phone. He looked up when Tyler entered, “You're welcome.”

There was a spot on the carpet that had bubbles on cleaner soaking in it, and Tyler was greatful for that. “Thank you.”

Zack put his phone next to him on his bed, “So, how was your date?” Tyler looked over at him shocked, “It wasn't a date.” Zack rolled his eyes, then replied in a mocking tone, “Sure it wasn't.” Tyler sat down on his own bed, “It wasn't a date!” Zack nodded his head, “Yeah, okay. Last time I checked it fit all the criteria of a date.” Tyler was getting angry, “Zack, I wasn't a date!” He held his hands up in surrender, “Fine! It wasn't a date! Jeez.”

It was silent for couple moments after that, then Zack started talking again, “I wouldn't care if it was a date...you know that, right?” Tyler mumbled from his bed, “It wasn't a date.” Zack sighed, then repeated, “It wasn't a date.”

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Kudos, comments, subscribe.

Stay Alive, A.
I'm Sorry I Didn't Notice

Chapter Summary

I AM SOOOO SORRY THIS UPDATE TOOK SO LONG!

I have been super busy with work and the end of the grading period at school. Thankfully I managed to finish with a 4.19000 gpa. Updates should go back to normal after this.

If you ever need to talk or have questions about the story, feel free to DM me on Twitter @Nobody_Music_19

Chapter Notes

Sorry this one is kinda confusing with all the different scenes, but this was the only way to get everything to line up time wise :/!

Leave me comments, I always appreciate them :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Friday

Tyler was sitting in his English class, staring at the digital clock on the wall. His entire week had been unbelievably long and boring, and he was just ready to go home. Unfortunately, it was Friday, so he had to go to his therapy session at 3:00 p.m.

The clock finally turned 2:45 pm, and he jumped up with the rest of his class, heading towards the door. He stopped and turned around when he heard his name. His teacher was sitting at her desk waving him over to her. He walked over slowly, unsure if he was in trouble for something. “Hello, Tyler. I just wanted to have a quick word with you. So, I was grading your class’ poems, and yours really stuck out to me.” Tyler felt a wave of accomplishment take over his body. “You are a really great writer, Tyler. However, some of the content was a little concerning to me.” Tyler just stood there for a moment, not entirely sure what to say. He cleared his throat, “I uh- I am actually going to my therapy session directly from here,” he said as his face tinted pink.

The older teacher actually looked relieved, “Oh, well then I won’t keep you waiting. And my offer still stands if you ever need to talk. Have a wonderful weekend, Tyler.” He smiled uncomfortably as he slowly backed up from her desk, towards the doors, “Thank you. You too.”

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After he parked his car, Tyler walked up to the building, and through the doors. He walked down the familiar hallway into the small waiting room where his dad was sitting. Chris looked up as his son approached him and took the seat to his left. “Jackson said you could head on back when you got here.” Tyler nodded, then stood up before walking down another hallway to the even smaller room. The door was open, so he just walked in. Jackson looked up from his desk when Tyler walked through the door frame. “Hey, Tyler. Take a seat.”

Jackson then stood up, to close the door, then sat back down in his chair. He waited until Tyler got situated to start talking. “So, how did this week go?”

“Well, it was pretty boring actually. I hung out with Josh. I had basketball practice. And uh I had another seizure.” Jackson nodded his head, “Yeah, that's what your mom said. She also said that you relapsed...before our last session.” Tyler looked very guilty in his seat so Jackson continued. “Are we going to have to go back to weekly checks, again? I know how much you hated those, but if you're not being honest with me then you don't really have a say in this.” Tyler grimaced when the weekly checks were brought up. One thing he most definitely did not enjoy was when he had to practically strip for his therapist to prove he wasn't hurting himself just because he ‘wasn't truthful’.

“Well?” Jackson said, raising an eyebrow. Tyler hadn't answered, so he shook his head ‘no’ and continued to stare at his lap.

“You're not going to get anything out of this if you don't trust me, Tyler. And part of that trust is letting me know if you relapse. I can't help you if I don't know about the problem.” Tyler nodded again, but still didn't look up. “I’m not trying to make you feel bad Tyler, that is never going to be my intention. We just need to work a little more on communication, okay?” That time, Tyler looked up and met eyes with Jackson, “Yeah.”

Jackson nodded his head, “Okay, good. Let's start now. You said you hung out with Josh, what exactly did that entail?” Tyler adjusted how he was sitting in the chair, “We just went to the movies, nothing fancy.” “Was it a date?” Tyler looked up alarmed, shaking his head 'no'. Jackson sighed, “Remember when we talked about truthful communication? That goes for everything we talk about.” Tyler looked irritated, “It wasn't a date.”

“It is completely okay if it was a date. This is a safe zone, and I am never going to judge you over something you tell me.” Tyler shook his head ‘no,’ clearly frustrated, “No, it wasn’t a date. We just went to the movies because we're friends and friends are allowed to go to the movies together.”

Jackson nodded his head, deciding not to push the matter further. “Do you enjoy when you get to spend time with Josh alone?” Tyler rolled his eyes slightly before he answered, “Yes, Josh is my friend. I like spending time with all of my friends individually.” Jackson sighed, “Tyler, we have already established in past sessions that you admire Josh in a more than friendly manner, so I really think you would benefit if you stopped trying to prove yourself to me. I am aware that you are attracted to Josh, and that is perfectly acceptable, so you don't need to pretend that you're not.” Tyler looked back down at his lap, and didn't say anything so Jackson spoke again. “I think you should meet up with Josh after our session and really talk to him about how you feel. It is not healthy to bottle up all of these emotions you are feeling, and hey, you might even surprise yourself.” Tyler didn't look convinced, so he continued, “This is a perfect example of when we spoke about purpose awhile ago in previous sessions. This is the difference between living and existing. I believe right now you are teetering on the edge between the two, and that's why this all seems like so much. Talk to Josh, and live your life how you want to.”

Tyler finally looked up, “Thanks, Jackson.”
Tyler pulled up in front of Josh’s house and parked his car. He grabbed his bag off of the passenger's seat, then got out of the car. He walked the short distance up to the Dun’s front door, and knocked three times. After around fifteen seconds, the door opened to reveal a teenage girl with red hair. She gave Tyler a once over with a knowing look, “You’re Josh’s friend, right?”

Tyler nodded his head, “Yeah, is he home? I didn't ask before I came here,” he added as an afterthought. The girl nodded her head yes, then stepped aside to let Tyler inside. “He's in his room,” was all she said before she walked across the room, disappearing down a hallway. Tyler kicked his shoes off and placed them neatly against the wall, then headed towards the stairs. He quickly made his way up the stairs and down the familiar hallway to Josh’s room. He knocked once on the bedroom door, then took a step back. “Go away, Ashley! I told you that I'm busy!” Slight panic coursed through Tyler's veins as he hesitantly reached his hand up to knock again. He heard angry footsteps approaching the door, and he jumped when it flew open. “WHAT DO Y-”

Josh immediately stopped yelling when he saw it was Tyler. His face immediately turned into an apologetic expression, then was quickly replaced by fear. Tyler took in the slight.

Josh was standing in front of him, shirtless, and had pink rimmed eyes than undeniably revealed he had been crying. “Oh, ugh, sorry. I didn't I-I didn't know it was you,” Josh said, uncomfortably crossing his arms over his prominent rib cage. He cleared his throat, then stepped back to let Tyler into the room.

Josh tried to be quick, but Tyler still saw him dart over to pick up the tape measure off of his bed, and throw it in his closet. He pulled a shirt over his head, then turned around to face Tyler. “Soo, umm, what's up? I didn't know you were coming over today.”

Tyler was awkwardly standing by Josh’s desk, “Yeah, sorry. I was going to call, but I was already here, and-” Josh cut him off, “No, it's okay. I'm glad that you're here.”

Chris pulled up into the driveway of his house, having just gotten home from Tyler’s therapy session. He walked up the driveway and into the house. He made his way up the familiar stairs into his bedroom where his wife was sitting on their bed, reading a novel. She looked up as he entered, “Hey, do you think Ty would feel up to going out for dinner?”

Chris sat down on the bed next to her, “Tyler is at Josh’s house,” he said giving her a knowing look. Kelly looked at him slightly alarmed, “You didn't say anything to him, did you?” “No.” She looked him in the eyes again, with a look that stated she didn't believe him. He held his arms out in front of him, “I swear I didn't say anything.”
Kelly pointed her index finger at him, “You better not. He will tell us when he's ready, and he gets to decide when that is.” She looked back down at her book, while Chris huffed. “I don't understand what the big deal is. I'd be willing to bet my arm that Zack already knows!” She only sighed, “Zack probably does know, but that is only because Tyler felt comfortable enough to tell him. Someday he is going to feel comfortable enough to tell us, and until that day comes you better not ask him about it.” She paused for a moment before adding as an afterthought, “And don't go asking Zack about it either! Knowing Zack, he wouldn't know how to respond and would end up telling you. That would only cause Tyler not to trust him, and Ty would be upset with all of us on top of that.”

Chris rubbed his face with his hands, “How are you so sure that would even happen? What if when I confront him about it, it takes the weight off of his shoulders and everyone is happy and on the same page.” Kelly closed her book, and set it on her nightstand, “I have looked into this and talked to enough people to know how to handle the situation. Tyler needs to be the one in control who gets to decide if and when he comes out. That is his decision to make. If you pressure him into telling you,
he might panic and deny everything because he's scared. He is most definitely afraid of how we're going to react, so you need to make it your priority when he comes out to make sure he knows how much you love him. You shouldn't even be thinking about confronting him over anything.”

Chris looked over at her and nodded. He gently took her hand into his own, “I just want him to know that it doesn't matter. I want to ask him about it so he doesn't have to be afraid anymore. But I promise I'm not going to say anything. I trust that you know what you're doing, and that it is the best plan of action.”

Kelly smiled, then leaned over and lightly kissed his lips, “Thank you. I love you.”

“I love you too.”

》》》

Tyler and Josh were sitting on the family room couch downstairs while Harry Potter The Deathly Hallows Part Two played on the tv. Josh hated the movie. Actually, he hated all of the Harry Potter movie, but when Tyler found it on the movie shelf, he became so excited that Josh couldn't say no.

Tyler was completely enthralled in the movie, but Josh spent most of his time glancing back and forth from the floor to Tyler’s face. The rest of the Dun’s arrived at the house about halfway through the movie. Josh ended up having to move closer to Tyler to make room for his sisters on the couch, not that he was complaining. He decided in that moment that if all of the Harry Potter movies made Tyler as happy as the last one did, he would gladly have a marathon with Tyler...as long as they sat next to each other on the couch.

When the movie was over, Tyler wanted to talk about how epic the ending was, and how insane the battle was, so Josh just nodded his head and agreed. He shot his sister a death glare when she gave him a knowing look due to the fact that she knew he despised all of the Harry Potter Movies. Regardless, she kept her mouth shut.

Tyler stood up from the couch, “Well, I should probably get going. Thanks for letting me come over today.” Josh stood up too, walking Tyler over to the door, “Yeah, of course. You're welcome here anytime.” Tyler said goodbye and thanked the rest of Josh’s family, then walked through the door and down the short driveway to his car.

Josh turned around after he closed the front door, and made his way into the kitchen with the rest of his family. His sisters were arguing over something. “Josh, we're going out for dinner. Is there anywhere specific you'd like to go?” He looked up at his mom, “Oh uhh, I'm just going to hang out here.”

“Joshua, we’re going out to dinner as a family, and that includes you.” He couldn't settle the uneasy feeling in his stomach, “Dad, I really don't want to go. Can I please just stay home?” His mother sighed from across the room, “Bill, I'll stay home with him. You guys can go out tonight.” Josh huffed and rolled his eyes, “Mom, I don't need a babysitter! I'm eighteen years old!” “Either you're going out for dinner with us, or your mother is staying home with you.”

Josh walked out of the room, frustrated, and made his way upstairs. He flopped down on his bed face first, and tried to ignore the feeling in his chest.

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Tyler walked into his house after parking his car. His family was sitting at the kitchen table eating takeout pizza. “Tyler, you're just in time for dinner, come take a seat.” He walked into the kitchen
and sat down in his normal chair. He grabbed two pieces of pepperoni pizza out of the box and
dropped them onto the plate on his placemat.

He looked up when his mom cleared her throat, “Dad said you were at Josh’s house.” Tyler nodded.
“What were you guys doing?” He swallowed the last bite of pizza in his mouth before he started
talking, “We hung out and watched Harry Potter.” “I thought you didn't like to see anyone on
therapy days?” Tyler looked down at the second slice of pizza on his plate, “I don't. Jackson wanted
me to. I did have fun though, Josh is cool.” Chris and Kelly shared a glance across the table.

After dinner, they were cleaning up and Tyler was looking around the kitchen, “Has anyone seen my
phone?” Chris walked around the table, “Can't say that I have. Where was the last place that you had
it?” Tyler glanced around the room, then groaned into his hands, “I think I left it at Josh’s house.”
Chris laughed at him, “Drive safe.” Tyler glared at him, then grabbed his keys off the counter top
and walked out of the house.

After about half an hour there was a knock on his bedroom door. “Josh, dinners ready.” He sat up
and threw his legs off the side of the bed, “I'm not hungry.” The door opened to reveal his mom on
the other side, “And I wasn't asking, come on.” He groaned as he stood up and followed her down
the stairs. The table was set with two plates full of grilled chicken and steamed vegetables. He sat
down in front of one of the plates, and waited for his mom to sit down in front of the other. He
picked up his fork and started moving the vegetables around his plate. “Josh, please. It is vegetables
and chicken. Chicken is lean, it is hardly any calories.”
Begrudgingly, he stabbed one of the carrot slices with his fork, and put it in his mouth. He chewed it
for an unnecessarily long amount of time, then washed it down with a lot of water. He looked up to
see his mother lightly smiling at him. “Mom, I'm really not hungry.” She signed, “Joshua, I am only
trying to help you. You have an eating disorder, it is no longer your decision to decide when you
need to eat. So, please just try to finish your meal. I only gave you half a serving.”

The rest of their dinner went like that. He ended up finishing all of his vegetables, and half of his
chicken. When Laura finally decided he could be done, after his repetitive asking, he jumped up
from the table. “Josh, stay down here please.” He froze in his tracks, “I just want to go to my room.”
Laura covered her face with her hands, “Josh, please.” Her voice cracked, and that was enough to
get him to take a seat on the couch. He looked up when the doorbell rang, and his mom went to
answer it.

He took his chance at being unseen, and quickly but quietly jogged up the stairs into the bathroom.
Laura opened the front door, “Oh, hello Tyler. I wasn't expecting you.” Tyler laughed awkwardly,
“Yeah, sorry. I left my phone here earlier.” Laura stepped aside to let him in, “Oh, it's no problem.”
She looked around the room before continuing, “Well, it appears that Josh went upstairs. We're the
only two home right now, so feel free to head upstairs.” He thanked her, took his shoes off, then
walked up the stairs after she made her way back into the kitchen.

Tyler walked down the hallway, but stopped in front of the bathroom door that was cracked open.
He heard retching and gagging, so he pushed open the door, afraid something was wrong.
Something was definitely wrong, but it wasn't what he had in mind.

Josh was kneeling in front of the toilet with his fingers down his throat. Tyler stood frozen as he
watched his friend throw up. Josh then turned his head, having heard the door open. He immediately
jumped up, away from the toilet, “Tyler! You scared me, I uh, I ate this bad chicken for dinner that
made me sick, and I-” Tyler cut him off as he walked directly into Josh, pulling him into a tight hug.
“I'm sorry, I didn't know it was this bad.” Josh didn't know what to say.
Josh’s throat started to have the familiar burning sensation, as well as the tightness in his chest. He only made it a couple of minutes before tears inevitably started leaking from his eyes. They stayed like that for awhile, holding each other in the bathroom while Josh cried. After awhile, Tyler slightly pulled away, “Do you want to go in your room?” Josh was alarmed when he saw few tears on Tyler’s face. He reached up to brush them away, then choked out, “I'm sorry I made you cry.” Tyler shook his head, “You didn't make me cry. I'm sorry I didn't notice.”

They walked into Josh’s room, and he flopped down onto his bed, wanting it to swallow him whole. He rolled over to face where Tyler was standing in the room, “Please don't go.” Tyler immediately nodded, “Whatever you need I'm here.” He sat down on the bed next to Josh, and fixed the blankets. “Thank you, Tyler.” “Always.”

° ° °

Laura finished cleaning the kitchen, then walked into the family room. She sat down on the couch, then paused for a moment, realizing how quiet it was. She slowly walked up the stairs and down the hallway. She paused when she made it to the doorway of Josh’s room.

Tyler and Josh were both asleep and under the covers in Josh’s bed. She quietly closed the door, then walked back down the stairs. She picked up her phone off of the coffee table, then clicked on the contact labeled ‘Kelly Joseph’. They exchanged contact information after Tyler had a seizure at the Dun’s house, just in case it should ever happen again. Laura pressed call, then held the phone up to her ear.

“Hello?” “Hi, Kelly. It's Laura. I'm just calling to let you know that Tyler is here, and he and Josh actually fell asleep a little bit ago.”
Kelly laughed from the other line, “Thank you for letting me know. He apparently can't be trusted in doing simple tasks. You can wake him up if you don't want him staying over.” Laura was quick to reassure her, “No, it is totally fine. I just wanted to make sure you know where Tyler is.” “Okay, well I appreciate you calling. Have a good night.”

“You, too. Goodbye.”

Chapter End Notes

Comment, subscribe, kudos, share!

Stay Alive, A.
Chapter Summary

Comments are much appreciated. They give me motivation to keep writing because I know people are actually reading. That's part of the reason why updates have been slower lately :/

Thank you to those of you who have stayed interested in this story this long :)

Chapter Notes

If you haven't checked out my other stories yet, I'd really appreciate if you did :)  

Today I have an E-Learning day, so I'm home from school, and plan to write as much as I can.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Saturday

Josh woke up first. He was a little disoriented, and momentarily forgot about what had happened the previous night, until he noticed Tyler lying next to him. He grinned, then shifted slightly, trying to get comfortable.

Josh froze. He carefully lifted up the blanket, trying not to disturb Tyler, and was at a loss for what to do when his suspicions were proven true. His gray sheets, more specifically his gray sheets around Tyler were a darker tone than it was supposed to be. Josh carefully draped the blanket back over Tylers shoulders, while he ran through a list of possible plans of action to take. He didn't even care about his bed in that moment, because he was too busy thinking about how badly Tyler was going to react when he woke up.

He sighed after he realized there was absolutely no good way out of the situation, then lightly shook Tyler’s shoulders. He knew he needed to choose his wording carefully, so Tyler wouldn't freak out any more than what was inevitably bound to happen. Josh waited until Tyler’s eyes opened, and he was somewhat aware of his surroundings before he started speaking, “Hey, Ty, good morning. We need to get up. You uh, we-I, uh there's a little situation.” Tyler only groaned, clearly still half asleep, and Josh was only getting more nervous. “Come on, Tyler, sit up, we need to get up.” All he got as a response was a mumbled ‘m tired’.

Josh sighed, “Tyler, we need to get up. You had a little accident, and that's okay, but we need to get up so-” Hearing the word ‘accident’ was all it took to put Tyler on high alert. He flailed his arms trying to get up and ended up falling off of the bed, hitting the floor with a loud thud. Afterall, it was a small bed, especially for two full grown males. “Oh my gosh! Are you okay?”

Although, Tyler didn't respond. He just laid there on the floor, frozen with only one thought coursing through his mind: ‘I peed in Josh Dun’s bed’.
Josh got off the bed, careful not to step on Tyler, then extended out a hand. Tyler just numbly laid on the ground staring at the hand. “Tyler, I promise it's not a big deal. Come on, take my hand.” After a couple more seconds he took Josh’s hand, and was pulled to his feet. “Josh, I-I'm sorry.” Josh shook his head ‘no’, “I don't care about the bed. It doesn't matter, I know you didn't do it on purpose. So, let's just clean up and forget about it, okay?” Tyler nodded his head ‘yes’, but his throat was burning and he felt as if he was going to cry.

“No, you uh, do you want to take a shower?” Tyler nodded his head, not trusting himself to speak. Josh then walked towards his closet doors, “Okay, I'll get you some clothes to borrow.” He pulled a yellow t-shirt with a blue skull on the front on it, off of a hanger, as well as blue sweatpants. “My jeans are going to be too big on you and these are the only other pants I own. Sorry if you're not a fan of blue and yellow.” Tyler only shook his head, as he willed himself not to cry, “It's okay.”

“Did you uh, did you bring your bag?” Josh asked slightly embarrassed. Tyler’s face tinted pink as he answered, “It's in my car.” Josh nodded his head, “Okay, you go get in the shower, and I'll go get your bag and bring it up.” Tyler didn't respond as he stared at his feet, then followed Josh to the upstairs bathroom.

Tyler set the clothes down on the counter top then closed the bathroom door. He covered his face with his hands, then let out a shaky breath. He walked over to the shower and turned the water on, so it would warm up. Then, he took a step back and slowly pulled his t-shirt over his head, careful to avoid the hem at the bottom that was slightly damp. Next, his jeans made their way down his legs, followed by the soaked diaper. Tyler froze. He didn't know how he was supposed to dispose of it without completely mortifying himself. He couldn't hold on any longer as a choked sob escaped his throat. He balled the diaper up as much as he could before placing it in the small bathroom garbage can. Tyler could have died from embarrassment right then and there. He picked up the small white wash cloth off of the counter top, then pulled back the shower curtain and stepped inside. The hot water soothed his muscles, but didn't help to calm his emotional state. Every movement he made was a reminder of what he did, and it physically hurt him to think about. Tyler washed himself, and silently cried, unable to cope any other way.

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Josh found Tyler’s car keys on his dresser, then made his way down the stairs to the front door. “Josh?” His facial expression turned into a straight line as he walked in the opposite direction he needed to be going to get outside. “Yeah, mom?” She looked at the keys in his hand, “Where are you going?” He sighed, “I'm just getting something out of Tyler's car.” She pointed a finger at him, “Speaking of which, we need to have a conversation about that.” Josh practically threw his hands in the air, “Mom, please. Now is not a good time.”

She studied his face for a moment, “What's going on?” Josh huffed, “Nothing! I just can't talk right now.” He started walking back towards the front door, but froze dead in his tracks when he heard his mother's voice, “Joshua William, you will not walk away from me while I'm talking to you! Now you are either going to tell me what's going on, or you are going to give me your phone. You decide.” Josh’s face turned bright red, never having liked being reprimanded.

“I'm sorry, mom. There's just a little situation, but I'm taking care of it I promise.” She gave him a 'mom' look, “Joshua,” she said in a stern tone of voice He audibly groaned, “Okay, fine! Tyler peed in my bed, okay?! I'm taking care of it, and I need to get his bag out of his car, so please, I'll talk to you later.” He then quickly walked down the hallway and out of the house before she had the chance to respond. He unlocked Tyler's car, then grabbed his bag off of the front seat. After relocking the car, he jogged back inside the house and into the kitchen. He opened up the pantry doors, then pulled
out a grocery bag. Then, he jogged up the stairs to the bathroom. He knocked on the door twice, then slowly cracked it open. He walked into the room, and placed the bag on the counter, then he walked towards the small garbage can, and emptied it into the grocery bag. He knew how upset Tyler already was, and decided he didn't need anymore reminders. He carefully picked up Tyler's clothes, and wrapped the shirt around the pants. After that, he walked back into the hallway and closed the bathroom door.

Josh then walked back down the stairs and tied the top of the grocery bag into a knot. He opened the garage door, and threw it away in the large garbage can. He closed the door, then made his way, yet again, back up the stairs.

Josh walked back into his room, jumped and managed to drop Tyler's clothes, due to the unexpected presence of his mother. He placed a hand over his chest as he caught his breath, “What are you doing in here?” Laura rolled her eyes at her son, “I'm helping you clean up.” Josh walked closer to her, “I said I was taking care of it.” She swatted the air with her hand, signaling him to go away, “And I'm your mother, this is part of the job requirement.” Josh couldn't help when he chuckled, “Thanks, mom.” She smiled at him over her shoulder as she continued to strip the bed. She threw the comforter and sheets in a pile on the floor, “Did Tyler know this was going to happen?” Josh was taken aback by the question, not necessarily feeling comfortable with having that particular conversation with his mom. He also didn't miss the actual question within her words.

“I told you that he has Multiple Sclerosis when he had the seizure here. He's incontinent. He was wearing protection, and it leaked.”

Laura nodded her head, sensing that her son didn't want to go into any more detail. “We still need to talk about him purging over.” Josh covered his face with his hands so she continued to talk, “You aren't exactly being very discreet about the fact that you're attracted to Tyler, so yes, we need to talk about this.” Josh’s eyes practically popped out of his head, “Oh my gosh mom! He's literally on the other side of that wall!” Josh whisper shouted. Laura only rolled her eyes, “I'm pretty certain your father and I made it very clear last year when you came out, that just because you're gay doesn't change the fact that we still need to have the sex talk.” Josh's face turned firetruck red, “I-I no I'm ugh, I'm going to the laundry room.” He stepped forward to pick up the dirty bedding. “No, we're not finished talking yet.” Josh actually whined out, “Mooooomm.”

Laura shook her head, “We are having this discussion whether you like it or not. Why were you and Tyler both even in your bed in the first place?” Josh looked down at the floor, “Because I was upset and he was being a good friend.” Laura gave him the ‘mom’ look again. Josh sighed, then unintelligibly mumbled. “He found me purging.” “Joshua.”

He audibly let out a loud breath, “Because Tyler walked in on me purging, okay?!” Laura’s face immediately softened, “Josh-” “No. It doesn't matter. I just want to clean this up and forget about it.” He picked up the sheets, Tyler’s clothes, and comforter, then left his bedroom, heading towards the laundry room.

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Tyler turned off the water coming from the showerhead, then stepped out of the shower. He grabbed the fluffy white towel off of the counter top, then started drying himself off. After he was dry, he grabbed his bag and pulled the top apart. He reached in and grabbed a clean diaper, pulling it up his legs. Then, he pulled on the blue sweatpants, followed by the bright yellow shirt. Josh’s clothes were undeniably too big for Tyler, but they did a good job of disguising the fact that he was indeed wearing a diaper, so he wasn't going to complain. He ran the towel over his hair, then took a deep breath and opened the bathroom door. He slowly walked into Josh’s room to find Josh sitting on his
completely remain bed with an alien comforter.

Josh looked up and grinned when he noticed Tyler, “Hey, you're not allowed to laugh. This is my old comforter, and aliens are definitely still cool.” Tyler looked down as he set his bag down on the carpet. He then looked up uncomfortably, “Would it be okay if I went home? I just kinda need some along time for a little bit.” Josh looked down at his lap, but nodded his head ‘yes’. They walked downstairs, Josh and stared sadly out the window as Tyler pulled out of the driveway.

Tyler pulled up in his driveway and parked his car. He got out, then walked up the steps to the front door and let himself into the house. He immediately headed up the stairs, not even bothering to see if any of his family members were downstairs. He walked into his room, where Zack was sitting on his bed. Tyler walked over to his own bed, and set his bag down. “Hey, where were you last night?” Zack looked up and his question instantly changed, “What are you wearing?” Tyler rolled his eyes, “Josh’s house.” Zack was still stuck on the topic of his attire, “I don't think I've ever seen you wear color before.” Tyler resisted the urge to flip him off.

Zack’s brain must have caught up with his brothers answer, because he then replied, “Oh, so those are Josh’s clothes,” he said wiggling his eyebrows. Tyler then did flip him off. “Hey!” Tyler only smiled in response.

It was silent for a few moments after that. “So...Josh’s house.” Tyler looked up from where he was sitting on his bed. “What about it?” “Is there a reason why you're wearing Josh’s clothes, or is that just another thing you guys do in your relationship that you claim isn't actually a relationship?” Tyler sent Zack what most people would refer to as a ‘death glare’. “Hey, I was just asking.”

Tyler rubbed his face with his hand, “I peed in Josh’s bed.” Zack immediately had a pitiful expression on his face, “Oh, jeez. What did Josh say?” Tyler sighed, “He didn't care. He wasn't mad or grossed out at all.”

Zack smiled, “You've got yourself a keeper.” Tyler glared at him, “We're not dating.” Zack only smirked at his brother, “Okay, well one day you're going to realize how ridiculous you sound when you say that, and I'm going to be the one who gets to say I told you so.” “You know, I really hate you sometimes.”

Zack only laughed, “Love you, too.”

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Kudos, comments, subscribe, share.

Stay Alive, A.
Baby Steps

Chapter Summary

I like this chapter, enjoy :)

Chapter Notes

I had an E-Learning day today so I wrote this chapter, made my friend a sick birthday card, and got none of my school work done...I don't even care. Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Saturday Night

Tyler was lying on his bed, scrolling through his phone when Jay ran into the room. “Tyler! Mom said the apple orchard closes tomorrow! Can we go get donuts pleeeaaassseee?” Zack’s ears perked up from across the room at the mention of donuts.

Tyler sighed, “I really do not want to drive all the way to the apple orchard just for donuts.” Jay threw his hands up in desperation, “You can get apples too!” Tyler glared at Zack from across the room when he laughed at their younger brothers logic. Tyler set his phone down and rubbed his face, “Jay, I just want to come home and hang out after Church tomorrow, maybe some other time.” That was apparently not the answer the seven year old was looking for, “But they aren't going to make more donuts until next year!” Tyler closed his eyes, “I'm not going to buy you donuts tomorrow. Go ask Mom.” Jay practically stomped his foot, “I already did! She said no and told me to ask you!” Tyler was done with the conversation at that point, “Well I'm telling you no, too. Maybe Dad will buy you donuts from the store tomorrow.”

Jay whined out, “That's not the same. You're mean!” he then stomped out of the room, presumably to tattle on Tyler to their mother. Zack was full on laughing from his bed, and Tyler couldn't help but laugh a little too. “I think you should go buy donuts tomorrow at the apple orchard, too.” Tyler glared at him, “Not happening.” Zack then held his hands up in surrender.

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Sunday

Tyler woke up at 6:30 a.m. He reached over and picked his cell phone up off of his nightstand. He squinted as his eyes adjusted to the screen.

ONE NEW MESSAGE: Josh Dun: Hey are you busy today?

Tyler opened the message and quickly replied,

Tyler Joseph: I'm free after church

He then put his phone back on his nightstand, and sat up to get out of bed. He walked across the
room over to the dresser, and pulled out his clothes for church and a clean diaper. Then, he walked out of the bedroom, and down the hallway to the bathroom. Once he was inside he closed the door and set his clothes on top of the countertop. Then, he walked over to the shower and turned the water on to heat up.

Tyler then stripped his clothes off, and got into the shower still half asleep. He was engulfed by the gentle warm water that relaxed his muscles, and he felt at peace. He took his time washing his hair and his body, savoring how relaxing the water was. After around twenty minutes he got out of the shower and dried off. He quickly got dressed, then brushed his hair and teeth and left the bathroom. He dropped off his dirty pajamas in the laundry room, then headed downstairs towards the kitchen. He made his way into the kitchen and found his mother by the stove, and his dad and two brothers sitting at the kitchen table. His mother turned around when she heard him pull out a chair, “Good morning, Tyler.” He sat down in the chair, then scooted it towards the table, “Good morning.”

Jay was sitting across from Tyler with a scowl on his face as he stared at the table. Clearly, he was still mad at Tyler for not agreeing to go to the apple orchard later that day.

They all ate breakfast together once Maddy came downstairs, then they headed out for Church. Tyler felt guilty because that particular Sunday, and many Sunday’s prior, he did not want to go to church. He knew his parents would be beyond angry with him if they ever found out, so that was something he planned on taking to his grave.

Tyler was half paying attention to what their priest was saying until he heard him say, “God made all of his children exactly how they were meant to be. He never made any mistakes, and made all of you who you are for a reason.” That really struck a chord with Tyler, because in that moment he realized that God chose to make him bisexual, and he chose to do it for a reason. Tyler felt a small weight lifted off him, and in that moment he was happy he went to church that day.

On the ride home Tyler received a text from Josh.

ONE NEW MESSAGE: Josh Dun: I'm going to the apple orchard today because they're closing for the season and my family insisted on donuts. Anyway, if you don't have anything going on I was wondering if you wanted to go with me.

Tyler responded that he was indeed interested just as they pulled into the driveway of their house.

ONE NEW MESSAGE: Josh Dun: Okay cool. I'll pick you up in 10ish minutes.

Tyler followed his family into their house, then walked into the living room where his mother and Jay were sitting. “Hey, mom, I'm going to the apple orchard in a couple of minutes to get donuts.” She looked up at her oldest son, while Jay jumped up and down cheering. “Tyler, you don't have to go if you don't want to.” Tyler swayed side to side and rubbed the back of his neck, “Well, uh, actually Josh invited me to go with him, so I said I would go.” Kelly smiled down at her lap, and Jay was still jumping up and down, “I wanna go!” She looked up at Tyler again, “Oh, well I hope you have fun. Be back for dinner.”

Tyler nodded then watched out the window as Josh’s car pulled up. “Bye, Mom,” Tyler said as he walked out of the house. Jay was still yelling out, “I wanna go too!” Kelly turned to face him, “Just Tyler gets to go today.” He was clearly not happy with those arrangements, “But I want to go too!” he whined out. “Not today, sweetie.” He pouted as he sat down on the floor, “Why can't I go too?” Kelly smiled down at her youngest son who was blissfully oblivious to the situation, “Because Tyler and his friend are having a special day. I promise you can go next time.”
Tyler walked outside and down the driveway to Josh’s car. He opened the passenger door and got in, throwing his bag by his feet. “Ready for an adventure?” Tyler nodded his head smiling. “We should totally go on one of those apple picking tours on the tractors. I haven't done one of those since I was a kid.” Tyler nodded his head again, “I'm up for whatever you want to do.”

The drive was about thirty minutes and they talked about nothing in particular the entire way there. “Oh, geez, I didn’t think there would be so many people here today,” Josh said as he slowly drove through the large field looking for a parking space. Tyler watched out the window as they passed hundreds of cars. “Yeah, that’s a lot of cars.” They drove through two more rows before Josh spotted a parking space, “Oh, I found one.” Josh parked the car, then he and Tyler got out and he locked the car. “Oh, wow,” Tyler said looking towards the large building, while he put his bag on his back. They were at least a ten minute walk from the main building. “Well, let's start walking,” Josh said laughing.

“It's kind of cold today.” Josh nodded his head, “It could be worse. It was only like 30°F at this time last year.” Tyler stuck his hands in his coat pockets as they walked. They finally made it to the main building, and Tyler turned his head when he heard Josh call his name. “Hey, that tractor is about to leave to go pick apples, I bet we can make it if we hurry.” They ended up running after the tractor, almost missing it, while laughing like crazy people the entire time. They got on the tractor and sat down in the only available place on the hay. They had to sit so close together that they were practically sitting on top of each other, not that either of them were complaining, however.

The ride was short and bumpy, and they didn’t listen to any of the instructions given by the worker before they got off of the tractor. All of the people split up, going in different places to pick apples. Tyler and Josh both grabbed a bag from the worker in their group, then started walking towards the apple trees. “That was a pretty tense tractor ride,” Tyler said as they walked. “Yeah, it was. Hey, let's just walk around by ourselves and forget about the rest of the group. I bet it will be a lot more fun than sitting through the rest of the tour.” Tyler lightly laughed, “Okay, but you better not get us lost.” Josh held his hands up, “I have an excellent sense of direction, I'll have you know.” Tyler turned his head to look at Josh as he spoke, “I hope you're not making that up, because I have absolutely no sense of direction at all whatever.”

They stopped to pick some apples, which ended up being a lot harder than either of them remembered, then they continued walking and exploring the area.

“We can't forget to get donuts before we leave, I'm pretty sure my little brother will kill me if I come home without them,” Tyler said as they walked side by side. “I promise I won't let you forget.” Tyler was about to respond but instead they both quickly turned around when they heard a deep voice. “Hey, you two aren't supposed to be over here without a group!” Josh didn't even think before he grabbed Tyler’s hand and started running in the opposite direction of the man. “Come on!” he yelled at Tyler while laughing. Tyler nearly tripped multiple times as he tried to keep up with Josh. They ran through rows of trees, creating their own path and course. They continued running, hand in hand, until the man was no longer in their line of sight. Josh hurriedly pulled Tyler into a tall cornfield maze when he spotted one, not at all slowing down. They ran left and right, making turns, tripping over holes and their own feet until Josh hit a dead end and stopped abruptly causing Tyler to crash into him. They were laughing like crazy while they tried to catch their breath from running so long. “I think we lost him,” Josh said panting, still laughing. Tyler continued to laugh while he nodded his head, “Yeah, I think we did.”

They then both looked up at each other, and suddenly it wasn’t funny anymore. Their faces were merely inches apart, and Tyler could feel the heat against his face from Josh’s breathing. Neither of them moved a muscle or spoke a word as they looked into each other's eyes. It was as if time had stopped and the world was frozen in place. Josh couldn't help when his gaze traveled down to
Tyler’s lips, before making its way back to his eyes. But then Tyler turned his head and took a step back, awkwardly coughing. He let go of Josh’s hand, only then realizing it was still securely holding his own. Josh looked down at his feet as he felt the cold air hit his hand that was no longer is Tyler’s warm embrace.

“We should- uhh, we should probably start heading back,” Tyler said, not once looking at Josh. Josh sadly nodded his head, “Yeah, we should.”

It took awhile for them to find their way out of the maze, but once they did they slowly walked back to the main building without speaking a word to each other. They made it inside and walked over to the table with boxed apple cinnamon donuts. Josh grabbed a box containing one dozen donuts for his family, and Tyler grabbed two dozen donuts because he lived in a house full of piranhas. After they both paid for their donuts, they walked back to Josh’s car and got inside. It took awhile before Josh was able to pull out of his parking space, but once he did, he headed towards Tyler’s house.

After about five minutes, Tyler finally broke the silence, “I’m sorry, these just smell so good and I need to eat one right now.” Josh quickly glanced over at Tyler opening the box of donuts on his lap before bringing his focus back to the road. Tyler bit into his donut and practically moaned because it was so good. Josh slightly jumped when Tyler unexpectedly moved his donut in front of Josh’s face, “Try this, it's so good.”

Josh moved his head back, away from Tyler’s hand, “No thanks, I'm driving.” Tyler moved the donut away from Josh’s only to tear a piece off and hold that out instead. “Tyler, I’m good right now. I had lunch right before I left to pick you up.” Although Tyler didn't move the donut piece away from him, “Please, it's really good.” Josh shook his head ‘no’, “I swear, I'm fine right now.” Tyler moved the donut piece even closer to him, “Please,” Josh sighed and took the small piece of the donut from Tyler and put it in his mouth. Tyler smiled at him, then waited for him to swallow it. “Do you want another piece?” Josh shook his head ‘no’ and Tyler respected that, proud of him for eating it at all, then he finished the rest of the donut himself. Baby steps are still progress.

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Kelly walked into her bedroom where her husband was sitting on their bed with a MacBook on his lap. She got on the bed, and moved so she was sitting next to him. He was typing an email, but she took one of his hands to intertwine their fingers. She didn't say anything at first, and rested her head on Chris’s shoulder. “Tyler is on a date with Josh.” Chris looked over at her with a very surprised facial expression, “He told you?” She shook her head ‘no’, “He told me that he was going to the apple orchard, which didn't make very much sense because he was so against the idea yesterday, and when I asked him about it his face turned pink and he said that Josh invited him to go there with him.”

Chris was silent for a moment, then closed his laptop with his available hand, “I really need to start planning what I'm going to say to him when he comes out.” Kelly just huffed and lightly shoved him while smiling.

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Tyler and Josh pulled into the driveway of the Joseph’s house. Josh put the car in park, then turned to face Tyler, “Thanks for going with me today. I had a lot more fun than I would have had if I went by myself.” Tyler lightly laughed, “Thank you for inviting me. I am going to get along with my younger brother a lot smoother now than if I didn't go buy him donuts.” Josh smiled back, then unlocked the car door so Tyler could get out.

Tyler got out of the car, slung his bag over his shoulder, then picked up the boxes of donuts. “Bye,
I'll see you tomorrow at school,” Tyler said. “Bye.” Tyler then balanced the boxes in one hand, and closed the car door.

Josh watched as Tyler started walking towards the front door of his house, then with a sudden boost of confidence he acted before he realized what he was doing. He rolled down the passenger window, “Tyler, wait!” he called out the window. Tyler stopped walking and turned around to face Josh. Reality caught up with Josh, and he ended up stuttering out, “Uh, s-see you tomorrow.” Tyler looked at him slightly confused, then waved and walked inside his house. Josh sat in the driveway with his head in his hands, “I am such an idiot.”

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Later that night Tyler was messing around with his keyboard on his bed. He was playing random notes, and paused after he accidentally played a C chord arpeggio. He did it again, slowly that time, a melody already making its way into his head. Eventually he figured out a chord progression he liked, and slowly came up with the words. Meanwhile, Zack was laying on his own bed silently listening to his older brother create a song. He interrupted Tyler as he quietly sang to himself, “I really like this one.” Tyler glanced over and smiled, “Thanks.” “What's it called?” Zack asked sitting up. “I think I want to call it ‘Truce’.” Zack nodded, “What's it about?” Tyler’s face and ears steadily grew red.

“I-uh, I wrote it for Josh.”

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Still isn't a date.

Kudos, comments, subscribe, share.

Stay Alive, A.

End Notes

Please leave kudos and comments. This is my first story, and reviews are highly appreciated. I'm going to assume this is original given the fact I couldn't find anything like it anywhere (which is why I'm writing it in the first place), but if this idea belongs to someone else please let me know.

Stay alive, A.

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