Observations

Summary

“Oh yeah? What else you got to observe?” he asked tauntingly. Ian’s mouth opened wide, making a sound somewhere between a yawn and a laugh, which only made Mickey laugh more. Ian pushed his boyfriend’s arm, trying to keep his face serious.

“I observe that you’re a dick!”

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Yev, as per usual, crawled all over Ian playfully.

By the time the girls got home, Ian had already gotten a phone call from Fiona reminding him that it was Gallagher family dinner night. With nothing much else to do, the boys decided to leave early, using their daily stroll beneath the L as a pathway to the Gallagher house. It was well before dinner time, but at least they were both out of the house.

The house was completely empty. The boys stood in the living room, jaws slack, eyes wide, taking in the hollow silence. Mickey turned his head towards Ian.

“Whoa,” he said quietly. Ian chuckled and they headed for the couch, flopping down on top of it. They stared out into the distance for a while, quiet except for their breathing. Ian put his hand on Mickey’s knee, and Mickey responded by slipping his fingers in between Ian’s. He gave Ian’s hand a squeeze, smiling. Ian watched their hands, turning them over several times.

“Your hands are smaller than mine,” he muttered. Mickey laughed, nodding.

“Yeah, so?”

Ian chuckled and shrugged, a smile beginning on his face.

“Just an observation.”

Mickey raised his eyebrows, smiling back at Ian.

“Oh yeah? What else you got to observe?” he asked tauntingly. Ian’s mouth opened wide, making a sound somewhere between a yawn and a laugh, which only made Mickey laugh more. Ian pushed his boyfriend’s arm, trying to keep his face serious.

“I observe that you’re a dick!” Ian said, crossing his arms and staring ahead of him again. Mickey sat, boring holes into Ian’s head. He prodded Ian’s side with his finger, causing Ian to jump and let out a yelp. He span around, punching Mickey’s stomach a few times.

“Fuck, Mickey!” he yelled, and Mickey grabbed his wrists in defense.

“Fuck Mickey, that sounds like a good idea!” the brunet responded, pulling Ian down so he was straddling him. Ian pouted, leaning back and jutting his chin out. Mickey smirked up at him.

“You gonna stop punching me, tough guy?” he asked. Ian sighed and rolled his eyes.

“Fine.”

Mickey let go of Ian’s wrists, placing his hands on his boyfriend’s waist instead. He smiled and massaged Ian’s hipbones gently. Ian was still pouting, staring down at Mickey.

“Know what else I observe?” Ian asked. He lifted his hands again, running his fingers through Mickey’s hair. Mickey looked up at him, trying to shift away.

“Hey! Hey, what are you doin’? You’re screwin’ up my gel, man! I worked hard on that!” he complained. “Fuckin’… what are you doing, Gallagher?” Ian pulled his hands back, grinning.

“Here… I observe that you look good with a mohawk,” Ian said, beaming proudly at his handiwork. Mickey looked up at Ian blankly.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” he deadpanned. Ian shook his head, still grinning.
“Nope.” Ian cocked his head to one side, brow furrowed. “You know what? If we put a couple piercings in your face and put a leather jacket on you, you could be that chick from The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo.”

Mickey’s jaw dropped, and after a short moment of staring at each other, they both broke out into hysterical laughter. Ian fell over, taking Mickey with him. They tumbled off the couch and onto the floor, which just caused them to laugh harder. Ian had hit his head on the corner of the coffee table, and he rubbed the sore spot while Mickey pushed at his arm.

“Girl with the… fuck you… fuckin’ dick!” he sputtered between bursts of seemingly unstoppable laughter. Ian kept trying to fix Mickey’s now-screwed up mohawk, ruffling his hair, with Mickey attempting to push him off.

Neither of them noticed Veronica and Fiona walking into the house, arms filled with grocery bags. The two women stopped, standing behind the couch and watching the two men roll around on the floor with laughter. Fiona rolled her eyes and muttered, “Young love,” to V, who responded with a nod as they made their way into the kitchen, leaving the men to it.

End Notes

Thanks anon!

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