Summary

Uggg why am I writing this for? This is what happens when I think too much about 5x12 ending, I feel I need to write this, need to get it out cause I don’t see anyone else talking about it, or maybe they are and I’m missing it like trains passing in the night. Okay this starts off SO Sad and depressing but bare with me it ends with a happy ending, post 5x12 getting back together a lot of self hate and blame on both ends.

Im going through and adding pictures , so thats fun

(( AM tAKING LONGER TO POST NEXT CHAPTER, JUST THINGS WITH S6 MAKES ME DEPRESSED WITH OUR BELOVED ARMY, BUT I KNOW WHO SHAMELESS HAS MADE ISN'T IAN, IAN LOVES MICKEY ))

Notes

Medication, when dealing with a mental disorder can be stressful cause you have to have pills that work or else your whole chemistry off, but when your tight on cash you can’t always
afford to keep trying pills until one works! And Ian doesn’t have 40 years to test every pill out there that may or may not to the job its suppose to do. For people with disorders like BP or depression and for whatever the reason can’t afford it, medication is agonizing and a painful topic, you’re told to take pills to help you “feel better” but they are not working as fast as they should be, but you keep paying for them, even though they may or may not work. Do you sacrifice the water bills just so you can function? For many YES! But someone like Ian and the Gallaghers (and lets face it the Milkovichs) if it aint doing the job you can’t afford to have it……….Two hours later my sad sad sad sad MIND made this up

See the end of the work for more notes.
I was going to make this between a week from the last season but I decided they both needed more time and made it a month and a half, give or take!

As someone who has depression and has been suicidal I can’t help but feel Ian’s side never got to explain itself, the show writers just made him seem like an asshole, which is selfish and unfair. But it made it easier to write from his point of view. Warning, Albeism just from everyone in general racist language from drunken Mickey also on a druggie bender Also I let Mickey become an asshole, I think he sorta needs to just let go and become really awful, as bad as that sounds I think he sorta needs it. but it gets better I swear!! Also, Suicide is NEVER NEVER EVER the answer, I know medical bills pile up and sometimes shit seems too much but killing yourself is never the answer, call someone you can trust, keep a list of names you can call, dont do something you cant take back.

~~~~~~~~

Mickey POV

SAIL-Awolnation [lyrics]

It was a month and two weeks after the break up and Mickey was lying in bed.

That bitch Sammy Slott chased him down the street with a fucking gun

Luckily the Police had seen a woman matching her description, walking down the street all the way from Cook County police station (why they took so fucking long he didn’t know) luckily this do goody cop Fiona knew was there, Tony Markovich and he arrested Sammy and Mickey was let go Mickey was let go all right.

Ian.....
Ian,
His Ian,
Redhead,
Bat shit crazy
After everything…after All he did
Jesus Christ….Everything Mickey did it wasn’t…..enough.
It wasn’t enough to make him stay
Cause nothing he did was ever enough
In the end people always left
His mom
Mandy
His fuckin wife and kid
Now even the boy he fucked his ENTIRE LIFE UP FOR
Mickey was done he was done he was FUCKING DONE
He drank every night, snorted coke, or huffed Ketamine.
Sometimes he fucked every dude with red hair he could find afterwords he left them dirty and used at whatever dark alley he was at, even though he wasn’t able to actually orgasm.
That made him angrier, that he could pound his dick into some twinks ass for hours and still barely get it up and end up walking away never cumming.
He couldn’t even cum cause Ian took that too...
People tend to forget that in breakups....
When you’ve been with someone who was your first real fuck, the fuck that mattered... cause it did matter, even when he said it didn’t...
That’s all your body knows...
And you take that away It’s like relearning how to yank your cock without the help of that fucking redheaded Irish God, sucking your dick and breaking your skin with his fucking sickness

Mickey took a big swig from his bottle of Jack, feling a wave of guilt, guilt for blaming Ian on his illness, or blaming the illness on Ian.
It didn’t matter cause both were true, but then he got angry
Why should he feel SORRY FOR? He fucking said I LOVE YOU and for what?
There it was again, sadness, loniless, hate.

There it goes that wave of guilt for no reason, drink, drink drink

Ian POV

Ian heard it all, heard the words Mickey said

“I love you….Sickness, health, all that shit”

He knew he would say them before he even got back

Because Mickey was perfect

Mickey was everything anyone would ever want in a Boyfriend/Partner/Lover

Mickey wasn't just a fuck buddy, he was he's best friend, besides Lip

Mickey was prepared to love Ian even when he lost his mind, he would stay with him, he would lock them both in their room and go crazy with him because Mickey was fucking loyal and stubborn and wouldn’t leave Ian even if the whole house was burning down. This boy would have stayed with him and, he’d have to watch as Ian slowly broke, slowly became someone he didn’t remember.

So he knew what he had to do...He had to break his heart, because if he didn’t... if he didn’t physically chase him away. He would stay with him and never have a real life that wasn't centered around his damn illness.

He knew he was getting worse, this fucking thing that held him in her clutches wouldn’t let go no matter how much he begged and pleaded.

He knew he should take his pills but.....The pills would only work........If they worked

The pills would only work........If he kept taking them even when Ian felt like shit "they make me feel like lifes not worth living, Debs"

His doctor told him 30 40 years like it was nothing

Like he had all the money to spend, like trying on shoes, if that didn’t fit maybe the Adidas will?

No, maybe just some flip flops, Yeah those are nice .

Pills cost money, money the Gallaghers didn’t have. How much was in the Squirrel fund? not enough. and Lord knows Frank wouldn't even dream of helping Ian with money

Or Clayton..

They would need to donate blood and a few organs and maybe work at a coke processing plant for a year, just to pay for hospital visits, therapy, trail testing what pills worked,

shit That stuff kept Ian up all night.
“Oh yeah Fiona its okay we don’t need food, all that matters is that I’m not like Monica”

“Liam doesn’t need to go to the doctors to make sure all that Coke he ate isn’t doing shit to his tiny brain, cause I need pills in order to make sure I don’t run off with him and Yevgeny; I might actually be able to get us all into Disney land on a discount”

"Debbie doesnt need to go to the doctors tto get check ups for her unborn child"

Also to be honest he was tired...so fucking tired

Bills for this, bills for that, Fiona never home, or when she is she can't look at him.

Lip , well, he tries anyway, tries so fucking hard to treat him like he isnt some ticking time bomb.

but he is tired.

Of not being able to do the one thing he should have been good at, cause even if he took the pills he wouldn’t be able to fuck Mickey, and Mickey didn’t deserve to spend his entire young life with someone who didn’t worship his body, who laid lifeless on the bed and wasted away and didn’t even kiss him anymore, didn’t kiss his thighs and hands and laugh at his jokes and watch Vann Dam videos

So when Mickey said those words

Those fucking glittery words that tasted like ice water

Words that he would have killed for, years ago

He lied turned around and walked inside.
too much! too much is wrong with me, and you can't fix it

Chapter Summary

Ian, why don't you just take your pills? we're find the right kind just don't push people away!! ;_;~;~;

Chapter Notes

I honestly think the Gallaghers Albeism steams from not knowing how to handle someone with BP, they know how to deal with it, the way you deal with a cut but not knowing to put cleaners on it to prevent infection. All they knew was Monica and that isn't a fair bases of judgement. but I have faith in time they will learn how, fingers crossed

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Still Ian POV
Ian's sorta like when he couldn't get out of bed, sleeping is all he can do, or sometimes he likes sitting by himself in the van outback. just by himself, sleeping on the mattress.

The days that followed were like a slow downhill bleakness, days seemed to go on forever and without Mickey there Ian didn’t try anymore, he just let himself cave into himself

it started with silence, he sorta stopped answering when people said his name

“Ian, do you want some---“

“Ian, are you hungry?—“

“Ian, ware’s Mick---“

Ian sat all day out in the van, it was quite

He liked quite, he sometimes he cut his wrists, not deep just enough to break the skin
Something was wrong with him but he didn’t want to fix it, because it was too late.

A week went by and Mickey didn’t call, and some days he was able to forget, his mania let him,
He was starting to be able to crawl out of bed

he would get up early and run, run until he got to the closest thing they had to the ocean and run up the beach until his legs burned.

Fiona tried to smile at him and act normal but she couldn’t leave the house fast enough.

Night, when he was able to finally hit the pillows was when he remembered Mickey wasn’t there to hog the space.

He was alone.

It had been a few weeks since then (maybe more? He lost track) and he doesn’t remember what happen or how it started
But he was in the kitchen having a screaming match with Lip and Fiona

Debbie was pregnant, or was going to be.

He tried asking her why she wanted a baby now, she was still so young. He was trying to sound concerned and caring.

But his older brotherly concern turned into her telling him she could handle herself.
He’s pretty sure she muttered “you can’t even get your ass out of bed or take your pills”

Fiona stepped in but she was defending Debbie’s right to have the baby

Ian said she wasn’t old enough to be making those kinds of decisions
And that’s when Fiona said it, what she had been thinking

“I let you make all your decisions”

and that got onto Ian going off his pills

Running away

Dancing

hooking for money (when he was with Monica)

“YEAH LIKE YOU EVEN LOOKED FOR ME” Ian yelled back at her, because had she really? had she tried?

were was the Fiona who fought with clinched fists to rescue Liam.

Where was she now?

Lip by that time jumped in , standing beside Fiona

“FUCK YOU IAN!! I WENT DOWN TO THAT SLEEZY JISSHOLE, ME AND DEBBIE! I TRIED TALKING TO YOU”

and then preceded to tell Ian he didn’t ever talk about his feelings, he didn’t talk to anyone, when he was able to get out of bed he was gone all day, running until it was fucking 11 at night

Ian was in between screaming and crying. How was he suppose to talk about feelings when Gallaghers didn’t talk about their feelings ever? How many times would Frank slap them over the heads when they were little?

“No crying under my roof you little ingrates, you have a bed, what do you have to cry about?” he usually said that when they were staying at a motel or a relative’s house.

Or homeless sleeping in the car.

Ian said Fiona acted like she didn’t eve love him anymore which led to her screaming at him, Lip might have punched him, he wasn’t sure.

He left slamming the door
Nobody even heard Liam was in his bed crying, woken up by his broken home

Mickey POV

Mickey never left his house, never left his room, drank & sniffed coke, stayed up and shot beer cans with his ruger that he pictured as Ian

Ians stupid fucking grin

Ians sleeping face

Ian kissing him

Ian...tears stinging his eyes but fuck it if he admits it
He rubbed angrily with one hand rubbing turning to sobbing

Then just more shooting

That was what song was playing

~bang bang

~I shot him, bang bang

Coke ran out but he didn’t wanna move so he drank more, he grabbed the bottle of ketamine and poured some into a clothe and huffed it.

Chapter End Notes

I might have cried while writing I can't be sure

I know I reference Ketamine alot, just assume Iggy got it for him, Iggy seems like he would know how to get hard stuff like that. Im pretty sure you shouldn't be huffing at let not like Mickey is doing but just go with it. Mickey does what e wants. Don't ever do it, its not good Mickey why you doing drugs for? why you do the drugs!

the song thats referenced: Bang Bang -My Baby Shot Me Down- Nancy Sinatra 1966

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xSHYlSxQyJM
Hotels are good for writing good bye letters

Chapter Summary

The song Ian listens to "Skinny Love" (originally by Bon Iver) Sung by Birdy
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aNzCDt2eidg

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

ian & mickey || skinny love

Ian hadn’t been home since Friday, it was Wednesday he had been out sucking dick for cash 200

Good enough, he wanted to leave some money behind for his siblings

He figured they needed it after wasting all of it on his medication that didn’t even work.

They might as well have just set a bunch of dollar bills on fire.

He slept at dirty hotels with Johns

He knew that he deserved their dirty hands and not Mickey’s.

Their filthy promise to save him even when the night was over and they buckled up, tossing some cash at him as they made it back to their wives.

He wasn’t worthy of soft loving hands, he didn’t deserve hands with tattoos on them

Im sorry Mickey, Im so so so..

It was 12o’clocok and he had a paper and pen on him
He wrote all night, the song on the radio was low and humming but he knew the words

***Come on skinny love just last the year,
Pour a little salt we were never here,
My my my, my my my, my-my my-my...
Staring at the sink of blood and crushed veneer. ****

he wrote his letter starting dear Mickey

***Tell my love to wreck it all,
Cut out all the ropes and let me fall,
My my my, my my my, my-my my-my...
Right in the moment this order's tall.

He wasn’t sure who sang the song but he liked it, it was soothing and sad. He wiped a tear away.

Perfect for goodbyes.

And I told you to be patient,
And I told you to be fine,
And I told you to be balanced,
And I told you to be kind,
And in the morning I'll be with you

But it will be a different kind,
'Cause I'll be holding all the tickets,
And you'll be owning all the fines.

Chapter End Notes

I say underaged cause Ian's still 17, but he isn't telling the men he sleeps with he isn't 18. This is Ian making bad life choices.
Ian is in a way also punishing himself, cause why not? if his own siblings are making him feel like its his fault, it must be. Even if they probably didn't mean it that way. Thats how HE is taking it
*sigh*
No, Ian, stop

Chapter Summary

I can see the show taking a similar turn like this for Ian, Mick won't be there to save Ian, and Ian didn't have anyone on his suicide list
Mickey was the only one, and shameless seems to like comparing him to Monica

Chapter Notes

OH no, it's happening, warning trigger suicide attempt

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Ian waiting until Saturday night and he made sure the house was quite
He had gotten calls from Fiona and Lip, some from Debbie, more like one text
-Where are you?
-Come home
-Ian, where are you man?
He ignored all the messages
All the voice mails, Life was meaningless,
He knew what he was doing; if he had talked to them he would have lost his nerve
They would have talked him down and then he would be back at square 1
He knew killing himself seemed like the cowards way out
He could tough it out
Without Mickey….
Keep forcing his family to pay for pills that didn’t work
Without Mickey to help him get out of bed
He could run into Mickey a month from now or year, see that raven haired boy talking to some
other boy, laughing, holding hands

Hands he held

Kissing lips he had kissed

Ian stopped in front of the house

Looked up at the house with empty black windows, light were off
And dammed if they didn’t look like a face

Big sad face with big black empty eyes

The porch were he broke Mickey

His Mickey

Mick....
Mikhail

He was the only one who ever said his real name

His Ukraine name

in the soft breaths between coupling in the darken room
On their bed, even when Mickey teased him saying that he didnt like it, he would still kiss his forehead.

Someday some other boy might share his bed

And Ian couldn’t bare it

It fucking ate at him until he felt like screaming

He walked up the steps

Too many memories of Mickey here

He opened the door and as quite as possible left the money he earned on the coffee table. Just there, out in the open, he was somehow sure Fiona would see it before Frank did, if he was there, good chance he wasn’t

The coffee table they ate breakfast at, Mickey only offering to refill Ian's cup, even when Lip frown and muttered "dick"

"what? I aint your maid"

the kitchen Mickey and Ian kissed in and fought in and laughed in

He had his note, Folded four times in a neat little square, he wrote Mick, Someone will make sure he got it.

He walked outside to the back yard, it was dark out, and he contemplated saying goodbye

Kissing Liam and Debbie on the forehead but he knew he would lose the nerve

but
He might Climb into bed and sleep it off
That empty bed without Mickey

Nope
Not this time
He looked at his cell phone, rang Mickey one last time, it rang once
Twice
Three times
Click
It hung up, he didn’t expect Mick to answer, he didn’t owe Ian anything
Ian smiled sadly, looking at his screen saver of Mickey, he pocketed his phone
The van
His safe place as of the past few weeks (was it almost a month? fuck, days seemed to blend together lately, time was fuzzy)
There was a mattress; he could lie there, peacefully he could pretend...He was home
No, not the Gallaghers
Home…the Milkovich house
He smiled, god he was tired
so fucking tired
He lied down on his back
He could hear words,
Fiona saying take his pills
But they weren’t working, they barely got him up out of bed but he felt like a zombie
Like he was only half living
Was he still the same person if he took pills or did he become someone else?
like a before and after photo shot
And if he kept taking them?
30 years of feeling that every day?
Who was the real Ian? Was there a real Ian?? He didn’t remember
He closed his eyes and for a moment he pretended he was waiting for Mick to finish his piss, hearing the toilet flush and the soft padding of his feet to the bed, feeling the bed dip “move over, make room ass wipe”
Ian felt hot stinging water trickle down his cheek he pulled out the little straight razor out of his pocket, he breathed in and put it to his wrist, pushing down hard, with a sharp intake of breath he felt the skin tear and blood pour out like a flood, he did the other
He felt the blood trickle out of him like a water balloon

he remembered a poem he told Mickey once, or maybe he thought of it and just never got around to telling him,

“I could recognize him by touch alone, by smell;
I would know him blind,
by the way his breaths came and his feet struck the earth.
I would know him in death, at the end of the world.”
(* — Madeline Miller, The Song of Achilles)

He closed his eyes, maybe he would wake up and Mickey would be curled up next to him. He sighed, he let that be his happy memory…

Im sorry babe..

Chapter End Notes

OH NO!! what happened next? is Ian okay? Is Mickey Okay? WHO THE HECK IS WATCHING LIAM??
In the end it was Lip who found him

Chapter Summary

Oh Mickey, my sweet banana and blueberry pancake
team protect ian and mickey forever
i dunno im shitty at summaries
but Mickey is terrible and well...
Trigger warning blood and sadness

In the end it was Lip who found him

He had thought he heard commotion downstairs and figured it was frank ruffling around for money for drugs, but the kitchen was empty, he saw something on the kitchen table some money with Ian’s handwriting on a paper “for food and bills”

Money?

Ian was home? His eye caught that fucking folded square note with the words Mick scrawled on it like some fucking love letter you passed in class.

His heart sank; he didn’t need to be a rocket scientist to figure it out.
nononononononoo…. The back door stood ajar

He ran outside, his feet carried him to the van “Ian? Ian you in there?!”” IAN NO NONONONO!!!!” he had swung the van door back his heart in his throat Ian had slashed his wrists

Just like monica,

" NOno No hey hey hey stay with me kiddo stay- no GAWD DAMMIT! SHIt"

he was ripping his wife beater off to rip it and tie the pieces around his wrists

Maybe he had time

He was screaming Fionas name so loud eventually she was by his side asking what happens. Did he find Ian?

“NO NOO NOo OH GOD!!” Fiona’s face crinkled up and she started crying , grabbing her hair

“CALL 911, FI !!! Dammit! FIONA!?”

She was hysterical but she was dialing

Lip kept the letter to Mick in his hand, some of Ian’s blood smearing onto the white paper
The rest after that was a blur the ambulance was late

Maybe it only felt like that because Ian’s life was on the line and every moment was a moment too late

The police came and damn it they asked so many damn questions, Debbie went with Ian, she had awoken with Fiona , in the background, sobbing just like the rest, Liam clutching her hand

Fiona would meet her later with Liam and Lip

Everyone was at the hospital

Kev and V

even Svetlana

Except…….

~~the Alibi : The next morning, Sunday

Mickey was unusually early, did he let himself him?

Drinking at the bar, he was seemed …meaner… Mickey still didn’t know but..he didn’t want to address the angry man, he had a bottle of Jack near him, protective like.

He actually scared Keven; when he asked him a question he got these bloodshot eyes daring him to fucking speak

"Uh, Hey Mick. you're here early..."

"......" Mickey didnt answer but he looked at him until Kevens blood ran cold

Keven was at the hospital last night, had been around when everyone debated calling Mickey
Who was going to play Russian roulette with the Milkovich?

He at some point called but it went to voice mail

Keven looked at Mickey now, sitting on the bar stool. Drinking like a fish. He looked like shit

He reeked like drugs and beer

He knew that look

He was that guy, for a time.

down, that Ian and Mickey had been through too much shit to call it quits now

But sometimes one of the people had to grow a pair of balls and say I fucked up

I need help, Im sorry

Keven sighed, because sometimes they both were too hardheaded and needed a third person to speak, one a Gallagher, one a Milkovich, and both didn't like talking about their feelings.

“Hey Mick” Keven said his voice started to wobble near the end

“Shut the fuck up” Mick didn’t even look at him as he tipped back the bottle of booze, drinking it from the bottle

Keven breathed in “Mickey listen I got to tell you -” he was forcibly yanked by his shirt and face to face with Mickey, his face the most terrifying he ever saw it

He was pretty sure he heard Mickey pulling metal out of the back of his pants

Yep, yes he did, he felt warm metal that was warmed against Mickey’s flesh

Pressing against his temple

Mickey pressed it harder

“If you keep asking me fucking questions I will break your knees, and bash that fucking skull in with my Rugar and leave you for your fucking nigger wife to find, you hear me?”

his hot breath reeked

This was not Mickey, Holy fuck, his voice was ice cold, like he had no fucking soul

And when was he ever racist towards Veronica?

Mickey was a jerk yeah but he never talked that way before

This was Mickey at his worst, this was rock fucking bottom
Man something was broken in him
this was…not the boy who came out that he was gay in his bar to his entire family
Or laughed when he and keven joked about their respective wives, Mickey’s “wife” just happened to have a nine inch dick and was a dude
Mickey who loved carrots tops
Mickey who was short tempered but would give Ian his right arm without blinking
Something was broken in him and keven could see it, Mick needed Ian
But right now Keven wanted to not be murdered
He nodded, now wasn’t the time, Mickey was drunk and coming off a coke bender and whatever drugs he was doing
Later, later was better; he lowered his eyes and nodded
“Good” he was let go as Mickey got up off his stole, pocketing back his gun
Keven almost pissed himself, he actually was genuinely afraid
he had seen badness like that before when he was younger, they were older mob men whose souls were dead and gone, leaving them able to do anything. Say anything, be the most cruelest man alive.
“Nechto trakhal zdes' *somethings fucked up here* ” he could hear Svetlanas voice from behind him muttering in Russian
he mumbled a yeah, rubbing his face with a shakely hand, she had seen it all from the stairs, but she knew better then to be seen eavesdropping on a Milkovich so, when she heard loud noises from up stairs she pressed herself against the wall, she wasn’t stupid.
“you no tell him orange boy try to off himself, no?”
“Im sorry did you not here him threaten me?”
“So? You bigger then tiny angry Ukraine, you cannot fight back? You Americans are pussys” she said while lighting a cigarette while Yevgeny cooed, strapped to her chest
"Look I will tell him when he isn’t drunk off his ass and tweaking like a coke whore alright, shit” he mumbled angry but he knew Svetlana was right
If he had just blurted out “Ian is in the hospital don’t hit me!”
Mickey might have sobered up right then, But he might have not
So Keven breathed in, rubbed his face “Fucking Gallaghers” he also meant the adopted ones
Dear Mickey

Chapter Summary

“It’s like screaming, and no one can hear. You almost feel ashamed, that someone could be that important, that without them you feel like nothing. No one will ever understand how much it hurts. You feel hopeless, like nothing can save you. And when it’s over and it’s gone, you almost wish that you could have all that bad stuff back. So that you could have the good.”
-Rihanna ft. Calvin Harris, We Found Love.

youtube song

When Mickey left the Alibi he had looked for some redhead in boys town and tried to fuck him, but he couldn’t get it up and when the boy asked if he wanted to switch Mickey decked his jaw so hard the boy fell, Mickey walked away and didn’t turn back.

He returned home after scoring some coke
Ian had called his phone last night, his name lite up his dark room and he flinched

He wanted to answer it

So bad, but he didn’t, he told himself no

Not again

Mickey had turned his phone off, just shut it off, didn’t wanna see Fionas name flashing up or Debbie

Or Keven

Or even

…Nope

Nope

He was also drunk and out of coke

Coke was good when you’re angry

And beer and vodka

Someone knocked on his door and Iggys voice rang through

His door was locked

He didn’t get up

Iggy banged again

But Mickey just shot some more beer cans off his dresser

Colin banged at the door, calling his name

He reloaded his gun, turned his aim, & shot the door once, a bullet went through it

He’s confident they dodged it

They were Milkovich’s after all, it was in their blood

The banging stopped for a while

But he could still here his brothers whispering so he was sure they were fine

“You’re fucking lucky you missed dickbreath!”

Iggy shouted

Mick got up when a folded slip of paper was shoved under the door, he picked it up, ready to open his door and scream at whoever for tossing trash in his room but it had his name on it, in very familiar handwriting that made his chest fucking ache, shaking like a bitch, he opened it up and read it

Panic was hitting him as he started to feel his eyes burn, he swallowed thickly, he could feel the lump
in his throat starting to come up, breathing quickened

Dear Mick,
I know you’re not going to understand all this, and honestly, neither do I
But I think this, whatever I’m fucking doing is the best thing I could have ever done.
Bye the time you get this, hopefully if I plan this right, I’ll be dead
I’m just trying to fix shit, Mick
Fix all the crap I ruined just by being alive

This thing I got is forever. And the pills aren’t cheep
I thought if I ran away that I wouldn’t be bothering anyone, I thought they would be grateful
But it just ended up hurting the one person I love most
I fucking love you Mickey

You were there from the fucking beginning and you never left my side when anyone else would have left screaming
That’s why I did what I did, because I didn’t want you to wake up 30 years and realizes you could have had someone better

So even though it hurts, even though I regretted it the fucking moment I said it
I had to let you go cause if you knew what I was planning you’d never let me go

The thought of you being with someone else one day is eating me up
Im never going to be that guy you fell in love with and its killing me inside

You would have been cursed to live with this fucking zombie until you started to resent me, just like Fiona and Lip and Debbie
I can see it the way they look at me, like they wish I would just die already, like I would just stop burdening them

I love you, and Im so happy for the days I got to be with you
You deserved better than I ever gave you

Ian

Mickey started panicing
what the fuck was this? When was this written? How long ago?! ~

This wasn’t real, it was some sick twisted joke?
Ian isn’t dead, Ian isn’t dead

He cant be…. he cant just be fucking gone?
Is he okay?

Chapter Summary

more to come!
I love Uncle Ronnie he should be in more of Milkovichs fanfic

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

This wasn’t real, it was some sick twisted joke?

Ian isn’t dead, Ian isn’t dead

He cant be…. he cant just be fucking gone?

He flung the door open

“Hey! What the fuck is this! “He said loudly to the people in the room

Iggy and Colin were sitting at the long living room table
and his uncle Ronnie was even there, drinking a beer slowly

Watching him, Colin was the first to talk, “its from Ian, Lip came by yesterday but you wouldn’t
wake up, everyones been fucking calling your phone but you wont answer--”

“IS he fucking….Jesus is he..?!?” interrupting Colin , he couldn’t say the word

he rubbed his face with his hand, pressing hard on his eyelids

Is he dead? His mind wouldn’t allow him to even think it

“No he’s not dead, but he’s in the hospital, you should call his brother, ask him the details.”

His Uncle said, in his calm ass voice that wasn’t making Mickey feel better, it was actually making
him anxious. Why the fuck was he so damn calm for?

He pulled his phone out of his pocket, he looked at his call log and saw every name in the entire neighborhood.

People had been trying to call for weeks now but he just kept pressing the “End Call” button.

Up until recently since Ian broke up with him he was off the grid. Not even answering if his brothers called him.

He pressed Lips number and it answered on point.

“Hey” it was Lip. He sounded out of breath, like he had been staring at his fucking phone waiting for Mickey to call him back, sucking in his breath and counting to ten.

“were is he” not even wanting to chit chat, just cutting through the bullshit.

“he’s .he’s here at the hospital, the doctors have him in ICU, he … “ Lip sounded like he was swallowing tears.

“jesus fuck, what happen” Mickey gritted through his teeth.

“he cut his wrists, like deep, I dunno how long he was lying there but he was barely alive I found him outside in the van, the doctors sowed him up but they’re not sure if he’ll make it, they have him on IV’s or some shit, he lost a lot of blood” it sounded like he was pacing back and forth, he could hear the squeak of shoes on the linoleum.

he was rambling at this point.

Mickey rubbing his face, trying to make his mind focus cause all he wanted to do was go back to bed and drink, drink until all this fucked up shit was just a hallucination.

“How long ?”

“yesterday, he got worse after the..the whole, thing with you breaking up and stuff, he stopped talking and he wouldn’t eat, wouldn’t sleep, it was like he wasn’t him anymore, like he had already given up, yeah know? He sorta kept to himself and wouldn't talk, and then we got into an argument and I hit him and he left And..and I keep telling myself I shoulda fucking stayed home, cause then I woulda been there but I have classes and I’ve been staying after school for studying, and Fiona’s never around..I shoulda…” Lip was rambling now or crying, or both.

Like a broken tape recorder and Mick needed to get him to focus because he was really getting annoyed.

he needed to know if anyone was fucking there at the hospital besides him.

“Is she there, is Fiona with you?” he heard Lip breath in.

“Um, Um no, no she was here the first few hours, yeah but she hasn’t been back, she keeps making excuses to be here but I think she just isn’t ready to accept what’s happening.”

Jesus Fiona, Ian literally tried to kill himself and you still can’t make an effort?

“where you at?” he heard himself say.

“CanaryVille hospital” the one everyone on the Southside went to, it was relatively cheap plus, the
doctors knew what the fuck they were doing.

“Alright I’ll be there” he hung up

He had his Uncle Ronnie drive them in Colin’s Lincoln, his brothers and he to the hospital even though it was 10 at night and Colin could drive, his Uncle didn’t seem to mind.

Mickey secretly felt like he needed an adult to help anchor him and his uncle was the type who could handle stressful situations alarmingly well.

They got there, Mickey got out as soon as they were close enough, and ignoring his uncle to wait until the car stopped moving.

His brothers and uncle were behind him as he rushed inside, Lip was waiting.

He stood up as soon as he caught sight of them.

He didn’t remember if he said anything, it was all a fucked up blur but he thinks he asked where he was.

They got in the elevator, they didn’t speak, the doors pinged and Mickey rushed out, trying to hurry Lip up, Ignoring his brothers and uncles words to calm down.

They got to a glass window; Ian was lying on a bed, tubes shoved down his throat and IV’s in his arms.

Gauze wrapped around his wrists…

~No No No No fucking wake upWake upWake up Wake up~

Mickey banged the glass, he thinks a nurse walked by and said he needed to settle down, Lip tried to shush him but he pushed him off, grabbing his own hair, he turned around and walked away some.

He punched a wall and screamed.

He left the hospital without waiting for anyone; he didn’t go home until late that morning, he was at the abandon buildings, throwing rocks and broken bricks at the walls. Screaming to God the Devil or anyone that will listen, a few times to Ian.

To just fucking come back

Come back

If anyone asked if he cried until his throat burned he’d punch their teeth down their throat.

Chapter End Notes

more to come, man rough stuff
its not over yet! someones making a guest appearence!!
omanzapine, Lithium, carbamazepine etc.

Chapter Summary

OMG I love all you who have been sending me love, you guys rock, this year is gonna be hard for all of us who are still rooting for our favorite thug and his mighty joe young or rather, clifford the big red dummy. We're gonna make it, were gonna curl up. wrap up in some blankies and read fanfic of them being happy untill S6!

Ian woke up to a blurry white-ish room, he could hear faint noises

"Ian..Ian, you awake?" it sounded like he was hearing voices through a tunnel

everything was fuzzy, his eyes were starting to adjust.

"Ian can you hear me, My names Dr. Johnson, I'll be your doctor, they tell me you had an accident."

~accident...

"am..I ...dead?" his voice sounded sleepy
"not today, mr. Gallagher, your family tells me your Bipolar type 1 with pychotic features, and you've chosen to stop taking your Lithium and Olanzapine, is that correct? thats not good.."

Ians focused his vision, there was a Woman, african american, she looked familiar?

maybe she treated his dad or mom once?? she was reading his chart

her hair was in a bun and that made her seem serious to Ian somehow

"ian, Ian did you hear me?"

he shook his head no

"disorientation is normal, your coming off some sedatives, you cut yourself pretty bad there but luckily you didnt do too much damage.... "

Ia heard words like " didnt cut a major artory "

he heard a second voice " Um Hi, Doctor, I'm his brother just tell me"

"hi your Phillip Gallagher, right?"

"Uh, yeah, you can call me Lip, but yeah Im his brother, our parents aren't really in the picture"

"Uh yes, Gallagher, that name, are you by any chance Frank and Monica's kids?"

~thats right ~

"Um..yes, Ma'am we are"

"yes, I know Frank, I treated him once he came in for Alchohol poisoning, your sister Fiona, was it? she was with him, You mother Monica, She was a patiонт of mine once, but she didn't like taking her medication and I never heard from her again"

Ian could hear Lip and the doctor talking back and forth, finally she announced she would be leaving but she would be back to check up on him.

"hey bud, how you doin?"

it was Lip, he was pulling up a chair next to his bed
Ian blinked a few times, and tried to sit up but he put pressure on his wrists and pain shot through him

"hey hey its okay just rest" Lip stood up and pushed him gently back on to the bed fixing his pillows

"why aren't I dead?" that was the first words that popped out of his mouth, they sounded dry

"because I found you, you selfish dick, you know you scared us all half to death, everybody was here, we thought..jesus fucking hell ian" 

Lip was angry but his voice started to break

"I thought you were fucking dead"

"that was the plan" Ian said, fuck he didn't mean to sound so cold

even dying wasn't something in his control now, that one small thing, something he could decide, was taken

"How the fuck can you say that. Ian? how the fuck can you say that? I fucking had to watch my little fucking brother getting put into an ambulance, you selfish prick?!" Lip made a fist, sniffing back tears

but Ian just layed there, what was he suppose to say? Sorry? I know this was kind of an inconvenience or some shit.

"Mickey came by yesterday"

Ian's head turned "what?"

he sniffed, reaching for a tissue "yeah, he- he came with his brothers the goonies and some mafia looking mother fucker, I think it was an uncle or some shit, but they came by and Mickey saw you in ICU and went fucking ape shit, he fucking punched a hole in the wall and the nurses had to ask him to leave, I swear I never saw him so mad, jesus christ, he stormed out of here before his brothers and uncle could follow him"

Ian took in all of his brothers words, Mickey came? to see him?

"I gave him that note you left, I think he read it"

Ian became more alert now, he remembered, he wrote a note, he didn't actually plan that he was going to live, he had a feeling he was going to have to deal with alot of shit now.

"I fucked up, Lip" was all he could murmer

"yeah you did, bud, but for the record so did I, I coulda been a better big brother to you and well, I wasn't but Im here now and were gonna get you some help, were gonna find you some better meds okay?"

"I fucked it up with Mickey, whats the point" he threw his arm over his eyes, whimpering

"dont worry about that right now bud, okay, lets just focus on getting you better okay?"

Lip rubbed his legs threw the blanket, Ian sniffed "wheres Fi?"

"Um shes not here bud, shes at home with the little ones but she'll be here soon okay, just get some
he nodded he was still tired so he layed back and a nurse came in and pressed the morphene drip. Ian fell asleep

Mickey was leaning against the door

Not in direct sight of Ian, at least he's awake, he's okay, he's alive
he sighed, rubbing his face

"its gonna be okay Mickey, he's okay, you can talk to him when he's more stable okay?"

Mickey nodded, chewing his bottom lip, he had come by just to check up on Ian

He wasn't ready to talk but knowing he was alive and with doctors who knew what the fuck they were doing put him at ease for now.

It was monday mid afternoon, Ian tried killing himself saterday

Mickey came to see him sunday night, he was still on a drip, getting him back to normal after all the blood he lost. Mick got a txt from Lip that morning saying Ian was showing signs of waking up, his vitals were good

Mickey had struggled and had finally decided just go see

just to point your mind at ease, go see him

he walked down to the food cort, his brothers were eating sandwhices, Colins was ingrossed with the news on TV, His uncle was sipping his coffee as he approuched

"how is he?" Colin said, turning around on his chair

"I dunno man, he's fine, look can we go please?" pinching his nose

"now hold on we're still eating you can wait" his uncle said, waving his hand, Iggy didn't say anything, he looked at his uncle and back at Mickey

what was he doing?

Mickey looked like he was thinking of chocking his uncle, he groaned loudly

the last thing he wanted was to be here when one of the Gallaghers showed up

"Im going to fucking smoke, seeing as you jokers are my fucking ride and its too damn long to walk back" he turned on his heels

"okay bye take your time" his uncle said to his retreating back

Iggy chewed his cheese and ham

"so Uncle Ronnie, what do you think?"

"of?he was reading the newspaper someone left behind and he didnt look up

"do you think Ian and Mick will get back together?"

"I think.. ' flicking the paper, turning the page
'it might rain today 

Colins and Iggy eyes each other 

"the fucks that mean?"

```

Mickey was smoking outside, pacing back and forth

why was he here

Mickey pretended he didnt just wanna lay next to Ian in bed, yank all those stupid tubes out of his arm and take him home

but Ian needed help, Ian had tried to kill himself and he had called Mickeys phone

mickey had hung up

Jesus if he had just picked up the fucking phone..

he kicked the wall

he kicked it again

"fuck it I'll walk"
The russian knows best

Chapter Summary

So to be as accurate as I could I looked up how long you would stay in the hospital for after hurting yourself (https://answers.yahoo.com/question/index?qid=20130423164734AAyHPOc) and someone said two weeks, which seems reasonable plus it give Mickey and Ian time to still see each other but it keeps them apart, letting both sides deal with personal feelings and issues

I know the Gallaghers and maybe even Mick might show signs of what not to do during a suicide attempt (blaming the person, asking how could you) but bare with me even though Monica did the same thing they didn't really handle hers well either, as fare as I know they didn't try seeing if she was okay, but it gets better cause Gallaghers stick together!

Chapter Notes

If your loved one is in immediate danger, call 911 without delay. Suicide prevention lifelines are available 24/7 – so make use of them if your loved one needs to talk with someone urgently. Call 1-800-SUICIDE (1-800-784-2433) or the National Suicide Prevention Lifeline at 1-800-273-TALK (1-800-273-8255) or in Spanish, 1-888-628-9454.
http://www.griefspeaks.com/id121.html

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Lip POV

"The Doctor that Ian had said they wanted to keep him here in this place for two weeks, they figure that's enough time for his stitches to heal and to get him on some meds, also we wanna convince him to go see a therapist"

"yeah, you think he'll be down for that?"

"I'm not giving him a choice, he's not 18 yet, I could get Fiona to help us find a good clinic to get him checked into. . . shit, have you talked to Mandy yet? told her what happened?"

"no, not yet, still haven't even called her since she ran off with Hakuna matata to bums fuck whatever Ville"
it was Monday night, Lip was at the hospital with Ian, Debbie was there for a while but she went home to be with Liam, Fiona was AWOL, he left message, even called her Hubby once but he said he didn't even know about Ian, then offered to come by and see him but Lip assured him everything was fine.

Mickey POV

Mickey was at the Alibi drinking, he hadn't sleep a wink, just sat up in bed drinking, throwing knives at the wall of his room.

"I'll call her..." he rubbed his face. hanging up.

He and Keven hadn't talked since...that one time.

Mickey felt some type of shame, he's sure Keven didn't deserve any of Mickey's anger, and Veronica..well, she always treated him with nothing but respect.

but right now Mickey couldn't even think of feeling regret and all that bullshit

He was too busy beating himself up, he got up and walked up the stairs, checking on his woman. They were at the moment taking a break from fucking and were selling milk extra for some guys who got off on the "mommy breastfeeding" kink, which Mickey didn't get but ... 

Svetlana was preggo again with some infernal yuppie kid, Yev was asleep in a baby basket, his eyes skimed over his son momentarily

"you see orange boy yet?"

"what? the fuck you mumbling about?" Mickey said, taking out a cigarette

"Ian, he in hospital, yes? why you here?"

" Cause I got fucking work to do? also why the fuck do you even give a shit? isn't this like, a fucking wet dream for you?"

" Mmm maybe, but he never treated Yevgeny like you did, always bitching about caring for son, on khoroshiy chelovek prosto nemnogo oblazhalsya, Da?*"

Mickey took an inhale of smoke

it pissed him off cause he knew Svetlana knew he could understand her he just pretended to ignor her and smoked the rest of his cigarette

" Orange boy and you, vy, kak rodstvennyye dushi , nikto ne mozhet funktsionirovat' bez druga, da** ?"

"Soul mates? the fuck you actually believe in that crap?"

Svetlana just shrugged

"maybe, but I know you do, otherwise you wouldn't be worrying about him"
He is a good man just a little fucked up, yes

you're like soul mates, one can not function without each other

Chapter End Notes

ings Not to Do:

Let the person, especially adolescents, be in control of their medication upon release from the hospital. Dispense the medication(s) yourself.
Ignore it and hope things just get better.
Tell everyone this is a family business and keep it a shameful secret
Things Not to Do after a suicide attempt:

Focus all your attention on the suicidal child to the exclusion of the other children.
Hover and monitor every action of the loved one, never allowing him or her a minute to themselves.
Blame, the family member who made the attempt.
Blame yourself.
Think it will never happen again.
Try not to make statements such as "How could you do this to me?" or "What on earth were you thinking?" or "Whatever made you do it?"

THINGS TO DO:

Remove all guns from the house and restrict access to lethal means as much as possible
Suggest a session with the therapist for them and for the family/caretakers before leaving the hospital.
Get individual and family therapy
Create scales for 3-5 emotions or thoughts such as loneliness, depression, or suicidal thoughts that can help gauge how he or she is doing and whether or not he or she needs your help.
Family members need to be supported to deal with their own feelings/reactions. Reach out to trusted friends for help and encourage the rest of the family to do the same.
Ask your mental health professional for information on suicide and mental illness.
Be gentle with yourself and remember to take care of yourself also.
Try to make statements such as, "I'm sorry you felt that way and I wish I could have helped you," or "I'm sorry I didn't realize you were in such pain," or" I can't imagine how bad you must have felt," or finally, "I want to help you, tell me what I can do to help you now."
white hospital rooms

Chapter Summary

OMG sorry so late for updating, but I get emotionally drained when writing, it actually hurts ;;~;; Ian my love Mickey misses you. Hold on.
I have been looking up what are good combinations of medication for people with BP type 1 and carbamazepine is said to bond real good with Lithium

Chapter Notes

Tried to edit it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ian was laying in the hospital room of his, curtain drawn, he was grateful he didn't have another person sharing the room. he didn't welcome another persons company at the moment.
He had been in he hospital for 4 days and already he hated it. the doctors yesterday had tried asking him why he tried killing himself but he shut them down, his female doctor and another, male, Chinese, looked young but older then Lip, maybe Fiona's age. They said they wanted him to try taking Lithium and carbamazepine with olanzapine, they said that there was evidence that this combination worked really well. Ian just sat there but Lip had spoke up, saying he would try it.
"well, it's really Ian's choice, Mr. Gallagher" The Chinese Doctor said addressing Lip.
"Yeah, and I get that doc. I do but, you see, my little brother just tried to commit fucking suicide, cause he decided to stop taking his meds, yeah? see that was his choice, to go off his meds, so I'M making the choice to make him take whatever pills you docs think well work, okay?"

Lip rubbing his mouth before running his hands through his wavy dirty blond hair, "he's 17, so I say he tries the carbamazepine, okay?"

so Ian was laying in bed, zonked out, Lip had said he was going to step out for a smoke real quick, Ian just nodded, not that he was listening but it seemed polite.
He looked at his wrists, a nurse had come by that morning to check and clean them, re wrapping them in clean gauze. So Ian figured this was it, take pills, see what they do, then what? then what next? cause Ian didn't know. all he knew was Mickey wasn't there. he slumped into the pillows. Of course he missed Mickey, but he had walked inside as Sammie fucking shot at him, Ian didn't fucking deserve to be alive, by all rights it had to be against some cosmic law that betraying your soulmate was punishable by death, right? ....

Mickey was in his room, looking at his phone. He hadn't called Mands yet, he didn't know how to start, "oh hey Mands, guess what Ian tried to off himself, how are you by the way?"
"christ..."Mickey mumbled to himself tossing the phone to his side on the bed, inside lighting a
cigarette from his ash tray. His was thinking over Svetlana's words on him and Ian being soul mates and shit what did that even mean?

Ian had been the first person to keep his secret. He had given him a job so he didn't lose a fucking limb at the meat packing plant.

He had made him feel safe when they fucked, and that for Mickey was bigger then I love you, you make me feel safe.

Ian was Mickey's safe place. When Mickey wanted to explore his sexuality in a place where heterosexuals had the luxury of parading their straight asses around fucking in the goddamn sunshine but not queers Ian didn't laugh when Mick had said, in the hushed darkness of their room he wanted his ass eaten Ian didn't say ew, gross he had simply said for Mickey to get on all fours, and had lovingly spread his cheeks, kissing them like a present. but it wasn't sex. Sex was a perk. It was someone who saw all the dirty gritty parts of you and still wanted to stay.

He touched his body when it was dirty and poor he smiled at him when everyone else grimaced he went to see him at jail when not even Mandy or his own brothers did...

He loved his son like he was his own, he was there when that happen Mickey would never have to explain himself to Ian, Ian knew shit about Mickey no other human would ever ever know.

When they slept it was on one pillow, when they ate they sat side by side, they even picked off each others plates like fucking old married couples do.

When Mickey awoke it wasn't in fear of his father but to Ian peppering his back and shoulders with his kisses. And yes, Ian had pushed him to come out, and at the time Mickey resented it, he wasn't fuckin ready, but he later was honest with himself he probably would never have been but When he looked at Ian, looked at those fucking green eyes "It's okay Mickey, whatever you do, what ever decision you make I'll back your play, so don't sweat what happens next"

Ian was his partner in every sense of the word. If Mickey was sent to war with only Ian he sure as hell would survive it. with only mild complaining. fuck it, some people may not think that qualified as love but to Mickey that was as good as?

How many guys did he know whose girlfriends would never help then bury a body? hell, there was shit they didn't even tell them. and yeah, Ian wasn't perfect but neither was he. shit he had been on a drug bender every time the wind changed direction and his mood was sour. but somehow Ian and Him, they always got each other, there was this understanding that he and him had.... and he knew that he would never find someone like that ever even if he looked around the entire world.

Micky knew people will say he didn't need Ian, that he had lived and eaten and showered before he knew of Ian Gallagher, but he cant recall those memories, and to be honest he didn't wanna... He wanted Ian, dammit to hell, thick and thin, good times bad, sickness health all that shit But first Ian needed help, so right now Love was helping Lip help Ian get on track, then they could figure out all the other shit later...

Mickey picked up his cell phone "hey Mandy...It's me, call me back when you can its about Ian"

-----

Mandy was sitting in a hotel room. She and Kenyatta had gotten into a fight and she had left. as of late she had been wondering why was she here? Because where else was she gonna go? Lip didn't want her, not really to him all she was was Karen's shadow a something that wasn't as good as the
real thing like a blow up doll.

To be honest Ian was her first love, but he didn't belong to her, there was a quote she thought of, she saw it once spray painted on the walls of some alley "though you were not mine, you were my first love"

Ian was Mickeys, she dint know how to explain their love without sounded like an idiot

cause explaining it didnt do it justice, you had to see them, the way they protected one another and had each others backs.

Mandy wondered how they were? last she knew Ian was Manic depressive and Mick didnt want Ian going to the doctors.

she looked at her phone on the dresser, thinking it was Kenyatta, Mickeys name lite up

Chapter End Notes

I have been looking up what are good combinations of medication for people with BP type 1 and carbamazepine is said to bond real good with Lithium

I found some links on mixing Carbamazepine with Olanzapine, http://bjp.rcpsych.org/content/192/2/135

its sad that not one pill fits all, one pill works for some while some do not mix well.
*sigh* my poor little giant
Fiona was in Sheboygan Illinois, somehow that seemed like a good place when she last ran off. She was in some hotel, trying to figure out how her life turn to shit.

She was married to a guy she wasn't in love with but he was kind and good so that should have been enough right?

But she didn't get the butterflies like when she was with Jimmy or Steve or Bobby or whatever his real fucking name was.

And no man had yet to fill that empty yearning void.

And her family was paying the price...

She had called her mom in drunken rage a few days ago and sobbed it was somehow her fault. Cause it was, some how, she was sure of it.

Dammit, she held her face and cried, Ian...if she had just been a better sister, had tried to get him on his meds.

But honestly at the time she was too caught up in her own world, and Ian was always the one she had counted on to keep it together.

Seeing that now, that was probably unfair of her.

And Debs, her baby sister was pregnant and she sure as hell wasn't gonna give it up or have an abortion but she also wasn't telling Derek.

So what was she thinking? What was the plan?

She thought if she just left, maybe they were better without her...

But she wasn't she missed them, she really did.

It was Friday, she had been gone four days but it felt longer.

She looked at her phone she called Lip "hey...yeah Im okay, look Im in Sheboygan, Im coming"
A woman with messy wavy blonde hair in a hoodie with faux fur lining and a pink track suit was walking up to the front desk of Canery Ville hospital.

she had a kind face, if not a little tired, her eyes were green but more blue-ish

"Hi, Im Monica Gallagher, I'm here to see my son, Ian Gallagher"

it was friday, all thursday Mickey had wanted to see Ian but he kept putting it off, he layed in bed, ignoring his brothers cell phone calls

Iggy had gone up state for a run with his other brothers colin and Tony, Jaime had a girl and she didnt like him selling coke

Jaime and Tony were cool brothers, they had his back when Mick first thought Ian had raped Mandy, back when he didnt know the real story.

they were quite and a bit slow but they weren't stupid and were good muscle to have. Lately they hadn't spoken as much as they had when they all shared one room.

Mickey had called Mandy and told her everything, start to finish, up until the break up and the letter...and what happened

"I just.. I just dont get why, Mands, its like, fuckin, i didnt everything for him and he still left me"

"Mick, you know Ian, Ian fucking loves you, that doesn't sound like our Ian, the one we know, he's sick, but ... he's in the hospital now right?"

"Yeah, Im going to see him right now"

"okay well punch him in the arm for me, tell him to get his shit together, I believe in you guys, you two are too tough to let life beat you"

"yeah, okay," he sniffed, said bye and hung up

"bye"

he breathed him, he got up to get dressed, he and Ian were going to have a long talk, he was going to say everything he was feeling and then see where that left them..

all he knew was he was going to still fight, cause he wasn't fucking done
what the fck you doing here?

Chapter Summary

I dont even know man, its just so confusing but I think Monica's gonna clear up alot of questions for Mickey

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ian was lying in bed, heavily sedated with new pills, he wasn't sure if they were working or not, but he promised Lip he would try to let them do their job, let the medication work, give it some time, yada yada...

he didnt agree so much as nod, Lip patted his leg saying "thats my bro, your see, your gonna be fine, you can do this, and get this Fi called me, while I was down stairs getting coffee, she'll be here early this morning, so just hang in there, okay Ian"

yep..cause everyone always expect him to be the tough one, maybe thats why it felt sorta good to give up, it meant letting go.

but the only thing he didnt wanna let go of was the one thing he lost, he was sure he fucked up, Mickey couldnt love him still. Not after everything.

Ian yawned and his eyes started getting heavy, Lip announced he would let him sleep and check back in an hour or so.
he was walking down the hallway when he saw her and his heart fucking stopped.

~~~

Mickey was wearing dark jeans and a dark blue dress shirt, dress shirt for Mickey translated to "I didn't cut the sleeves off it"

why did he dress up for? its a damn fucking hospital not Sizzlers.

Ouch, that hurt, nevermind he didn't have time for sappy feelings and crap right now.

He was walking to Ian's room, last time he was here Ian was asleep and Lip was yelling at his doctors about getting him on new meds and making an appointment to get him admitted to a clinic or some shit. Mickey had leaned against the door frame, listening to the female doctor yapping how she knew Monica the unseen Gallagher mother that refused to take her meds. Hmm, things were starting to make sense.

He was nearing the room of Ian's when he stopped dead, he knew who she was before Lip introduced her, before he heard the yelling, the shouting

something about her, finally a face to the fucking stories

something in the way she held herself or her fucking aura, if Mick believed in that hoodoo BS

It was their mother...

~~~

Lip saw her coming towards him and his heart dropped "Monica? what the fuck you doing here?!" his mom didn't even act shocked at his outburst.

"hey. baby. I was coming to check up on Ian, Fiona called and told me what happen, I-i rushed as soon as I--" she fumbled over her words in that sweet mommy tone of hers but Lip cut her off before she got her claws into him

He knew Monica's tricks, all that sympathy for the devil crap, when it came right down to it she was manipulative just like Frank she just hid it better.

"Why the FUCK are you here MONICA? huh? this, all this is your fucking fault? huh" waving his arm and hands around in a gester meaning "all this bullcrap" trying to convey his point across as best he could while trying to push the rage monster down

"I just.." but she turned around when she heard footsteps behind her.

a boy... she instantly knew who he was... his shock of black hair brushed back like Danny Zuko, and blue eyes like jewels

"hey, I know you. Your Mickey"

Lip groaned "fuck..Mick...this is"

"your Ma, yeah I figured"

Monica instantly yanked him into her arms, as if he was one of her kids, and suddenly Mick knew why Ian was so affectionate, who he got it from,
she smelled good, like mother-ly..

but he stiffened when he remembered that Ian had dumped him as soon as he came back from being with her..cause whatever she told him made Ian think he didnt deserve help

she let go and stood back, looking at his face "wow, I can see why Ian loves you so much, you are..so fucking beautiful" and there was that fucking grin

Ians grin, and that made him uneasy.

Lip broke them apart "Monica, You have to go, I dont give a fuck were you go but You do not get to come here and play Mommy after all the shit you've put us through!"

Monica sniffled, she tried to reach out to pet Lips face, to cup his cheeck

Lip moved her hand away "Dont! DOnt ..YOU ..DARE" he growled

He didnt know why but he found himself intervining "Its okay man, I got this, why dont you go for a walk huh?" he said to Lip

Lip ran a hand over his face "Do whatever the fuck you want, but make her ass leave, she does not get to see Ian, or I get hospital staff to toss her ass out!" Lip stomped off in the direct of Ians room

Mickey turned to Monica...

Crap, he didnt really think that through, he just didnt want her to leave before he had the chance to speak to her, understand who she was, how she thought, maybe get some idea on what it was Ian was dealing with...

She smiled and it was like she had known him all her life.

Like Ian had introduced them , like she was the kinda mom who would have invited Mick to dinner and asked him questions like "do you love my son" or "do you have a job?"

"Lets go get some coffee, huh?" she said taking his arm in hers

"yeah okay, sounds good" he replied, walking in the direction of the cafeteria

Chapter End Notes

Mickey and Monica meet!

next chapter coming! Mickey and Monica sit down in the cafeteria as Monica tells about herself and Mick learns who this women is he always hears about
I met a woman She had a mouth like yours, she knew your life She knew your devils and your deeds

Mickey found himself thinking over those lines from Joni Mitchells song as he sat down for coffee with Monica (He paid, seeing as he offered)

This woman indeed knew all of Ians demons, like two people with the same faust deal and the demons name was Bipolar, Manic Depressive.

and she did have his mouth, he way she smiled and the edges crinkled like Ians did, the way she held her cup of black coffee with two milks, it was like he was seeing were it all steamed from.

"You must have heard a ton of terrible thing about me, from my kids” Monica started first.

Mickey had just been sitting there, dumbfounded like a jack ass, he fumbled to answer her, for some reason he felt nervous around her, which was uncommon seeing as he had Fuck U-Up tatted on him for a reason.

"n-no not really" he took a sip of his coffee, damn he really wanted a cigarette

"I guess they have every right to be , I wasnt the best mother, I tried I really did, but being married to Frank wasn’t easy” she paused "you’ve met Frank right?”

"Oh yeah, big time" he nodded, did he know Frank, phhssf

"I love my kids, all of them but being well, what I am, it was hard, but Frank...he didnt try to make me into something I wasn't"

"You mean take your pills"

it came out more harsher then he had planned, he was trying to be smooth about this, he wanted her to tell him as much shit as possible and she couldnt if she was offended by him and walked off.

but she just smiled "Ian said you have a temper, but thats what he likes most about you"
he was taken back by her calm. She took a hand of his that had FUCK and tenderly touched it, rubbing his hand

"I can see alot of love in you, Michael" He flinched at her very brash using of his name, his name, that she didn't have a right to call him, only one other person said his name...

"What did you say to Ian while he was with you, he was fine when he left but when he got back suddenly he didn't wanna be on medication"

"you're very brave baby for staying with him as long as you did, but what we have doesn't go away, no matter what drug we take isn't going to fix us"

"You think I don't fucking know that? but at lest on med he wont wanna jump off the fucking house cause he thinks he's a damn bird"

She sighed and nodded "Lip tell you?"

"Carl"

her eyes lit up "OHH My baby, how is he?"

"in fucking Prison for smuggling Horse across state lines, not as if the kid as the best role models"

"I- Frank and me, we trie--"

"The fuck all you tried, and Franks a piss poor excuse for a dad and you know that"

he had long since yanked his hand away, took a long chug of coffee

"did they tell you, I tried what Ian did once" he looked at her confused

"Eliberate"

she yanked back her jacket and track runner sleeve, showing the thick scar running across her wrists

he sucked in his breath

"Its hard, you know, trying to find someone who'll love you for you, who can accept you for who you are"

"I DO fucking Accept Ian, fucking christ I was there when he found out he had the fucking disease, I want Ian to get better so this kinda shit doesn't happen again!" he stood up, what was she implying

"Michael--"

"shut the fuck up--just--you dont fucking know me, you dont know what me and your son got"

"Actually I do, sweetie, we talk, alot, I know all you guys have been through, your baby-" Mickey flinched

"But he didnt want to feel like he was letting you down, like he wast good enough"

"the fuck says he isnt? Ians more then enough, so back the fuck off"

he wasn't sure how it got to him cursing at Ians mother, maybe he was overthinking things but it almost sounded like she was trying to convince him of?
what? Leaving Ian, packing up and giving up on him, fuck that?

"you want him to be medicated? even if he hates how they make him feel?"

"I want him to get better. I want him to not feel like fucking shit all the time, the pills are suppose to help"

she said, stay with him if you can, but be prepared to bleed

"Ian may have told you stuff about me, about us, but you dont know shit, we can fucking make it, and shit lifes never been easy on us anyway"

~~~

heres the song

I made a Shameless edit mash-up of the song lyrics and pictures , you can see it here
Chapter Summary

next chapter is gonna be Ian checking into a clinic! poor baby he doesn't like admitting he is sick but hopefully he can get some serious help!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ian lay in his bed at the hospital, the meds he was on made him sleepy, Lip was sitting by his bed in a chair, Ian blinked his eyes trying to sit up "hey Buddy, how you doing?"

Ian shrugged, yawning, his tray of food untouched, he wasn't feeling hungry as of late.

"you doing alright, kid? " Lip sat up in his chair, patting Ian's leg in a soothing big brotherly way.

Ian sniffled, he kept his eyes down cast. What was the point of all this?

they both turned their heads up as foot steps hurried into the room, red faced and breathing hard as if he ran up a flight of stairs

"Mickey?" Ian said, breathless

~~~

Mickey had had enough, Mickey wasn't stupid by far, but he wasn't sure at what Monica was trying to hint at him when she and him spoke, like she was trying to tell Mickey

just give up, Mickey

Just give up on Ian cause he's a little broken doll

"I know me and him aint fucking perfect, but I rather be with him then anyone else" he stormed off, leaving her ass behind.

fuck that, no one told Mickey Milkovich what to do. He knew Ian was scared, scared of being depedent on pills for the remainder of his life

shit, he had read up on the side affects, kidney damage, bloating, possible relapes if he suddenly stopped taking them

and Yeah, getting him better wasn't gonna be cheap, but hell to it all if Ian thought he could just give up.

he ran up the stairs to Ians room cause the elevater was full and he didnt have the patience to wait.
he got closer to the room, breathing hard, crap his legs burnt!

"Hey, we need to talk, PhiLLip, out" he motioned with his thumb at the door, Lip frowned at his name being used, but he sighed

"I'll be out side in the hall, yeah" he looked over to Ian, who nodded, eyes blown wide and sad

Mickey waited for him to leave, shutting the door, ignoring Lips "hey" with a fuck off!

He turned to Ian, he was pale and sickly looking, his cheek ones were sharp, it almost broke his heart, he didn't like seeing Ian all hooked up to IV's and shit

"how you feeling?' he said, feeling helpless 'Lip, says that they got you on some meds"

Ian nodded, running a hand threw his untamed curls, "yep, thats what their telling me"

"they help?" he asked, walking closer to sit down on Lips previous seat.

Ian shrugged, unconsciously scratching the banages, it was healing slowly if the itching was any sign. "Lip says to give it time, they wanna send me to a clinic , after I get out of hear, like last time"

"you gonna go?" Mickey noticed Ian scratching the gauze on his wrists, Ians eyes were still down cast

Ian didn't answer, he just sniffled, "my mother told me something when I was with her...."

Mickeys eyebrow twitched "ah, yeah?"

"she, she said that..no one was ever gonna love me..how I am...that being Bipolar...thats why everyone is treating me differently"

Mickey set his jaw "is that true, are you serious?" he ran a hand over his mouth

"Is that why you tried to fucking kill yourself?" Ian shut his eyes tight, biting his lip

he didn't notice until he felt the weight shift Mickey had gotten closer and sat on the bed, grabbing his face in his hands tenderly

"Ian, look at me" he said softly

Ian did, opening his eyes, Mickeys blue eyes were wet and red around the rim, Ian cried a few tears running down his cheek

"Im so-so-sorry Mickey " Ian shuttered, crying, shoulders bent, Mickey pulled him into a embrace

"hey, I fucking love you, Ian, we been through too much bullcrap to give up now"

"but..but I--I "he chocked, silently sobbing

"how can you still fucking love me? "

"cause you the only one who been to hell and back with me, Gallagher, we had each others backs since we were bangin' in towel heads freezer, you fucking looked out for me and I looked out for you, that shit aint changin' now"

"but..you dont have to Mickey, you can be with someone else?" even though that very thought made
"No, I can't I fucking tried, dipe shit and I can't get you outta my fucking head, no matter fucking what, Jesus christ Ian, you know what we got aint some fucking school yard crush? you gonna tell me you can forget what we got that easily? you gonna fall in love with some other dude?"

Ian shook his head, "no.. but..Mick, even if..I cant fuck you? not with these meds, you dont deserve to be tied down to me forever?"

"Jesus Fuck- Will you stop fucking telling me what I want? I want you, Asshole! jesus, you know I was such a shitty person before I started banging you? I fucking stole shit and I let me old man beat the snot outa me, but then I met you and god dammit Ian, I forgot what hating myself felt like"

Mickey's voice got louder as he spoke, Ian swore he saw tears welling up in those blue eyes

"I dont wanna force you to take your meds, but jesus I dont want you being like this either? I want you to take them cause YOU wanna get better"

Ian nodded, "I do too.. but..all this, like we got money to afford it Mickey"

"I know I read that fucking note you left me"

"I'm sorry Mickey, about everything, I never wanted to hurt you, I just..I dont deserve you... " Ian breathed in a wet sob

"hey, dont fucking talk like that, your fucking amazing, you ....jesus christ I -- I cant loose you again, I cant fucking loose you, do you fucking know what I thought? what would I have done if you died huh? how was I suppose to fucking move the fuck on huh?"

he screamed the last part, nostrils flairing "we are gonna get through this shit, Ian" he pulled the boy close, kissing his lips, tasting the salt, he nuzzled Ians cheek and neck "I fucking missed you"

"I did too Mickey, I didnt wanna--"

"I know.."

"I need help Mick.."

"I know, man , its okay" he rubbed his back

Lip came in "everything okay, I heard shouting?"

Mickey sniffled "the fuck you talking about?"

Ian looked at Mickey , he breathed in, he knew he couldnt keep hurting Mickey any more, that if they were gonna fix this shit that he needed to fix himself first

"I think I need to see a doctor , Lip"

Lip, took a sigh "yeah? yeah okay bud, we will, when you get out I'll get you an appointment okay?"

Lip and Mickey exchanged looks

right then Fiona burst through the door with Debbie and Liam in toe "SWEETFACE! OH Ian" she ran up to him , Mickey stood up and steped back
she started crying as well, kissing him "Im so so so sorry I left Im such a shitty big sister, but Im
trying baby face, Im gonna try to be a better sister to you, i should fucking --" Ian just hugged her
hard
"its okay Fi, were all a little fucked up" he said, not wanting to make this a big sob fest
"Liams here, come up here buddy"
Liam crawled up and threw himself onto ian, who cradled him, kissing his little fro
"im sorry kiddo"
"you ouchie?"
"yeah, I am bud. but Im gonna get some help"
Fionas face lite up "yeah , you sure?! shut up?!" she said excitedly turning to Lip and Mickey, then
grabbed her two brothers on the bed and cried
"Yeah..I.. Im sorry" Ian cried and Debbie cried hip checking Fiona out of the way to get some hugs
of her own. Mick sat against the wall next to Lip, nodding at each other, they were make it through
this shit storm.
just then
~~~~
Ian and Mickey had decided to take things slow, like slow slow, Ian was gonna check himself into a
clinic when he got out of the hospital in another week, Fiona and Gus were taking marriage
counseling, and Fiona was doing drugs and Alchohols Annonomoys classes.
Debs and Derek were well.. thats for another story
Lip was talking with his older teacher lady who he was banging about help finding a good therapist
for Ian on their income
Frank came in suddenly "Hey!! check it out! I shimmed the lock on the medicane cabinet the got
down the hallway, look at all these pills!!" Frank had a hand of orange bottle, four in total. Frank had
somehow found his way to the hospital, claiming he was there to his poor son Ian then wandered off
till he found the supply of drugs the hospital had.
He ran off, Nurses and staff yelling "STOP THAT MAN STOLE ----" and the rowr of staff ran by
chasing the Greasy matted haired man
Fiona sucked in her breath.. "Crap."

Chapter End Notes
I know it seemed rushed and Ian and Mickey will have more talks later but I wanted them to hurry and get at least on speaking grounds again!
Ian gets some help

Chapter Summary

So the clinic Ian goes to is based off an actual place in Chicago, that also cater to many non-cis young adults. I myself have never been to a recovery center but if they can help you get better, then go. Ian hopefully will learn some tips for dealing with his personal issues and how to talk more about his emotions instead of keeping them bottled up

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JeJHZvovuwg

Mickey was laying on Ians hospital bed with him, the two side by side watching whatever show Mickey had chosen, he was using the remote to flip through the channels the hospital had and had settled on some Family Guy.

Ian only had one more week to go before he left the hospital, he had decided as soon as he was released Lip and Mickey, along with Fiona would take him to a clinic, to check into to help him with his suicidal thoughts and dealing with his Bipolar disorder.

Mickey wanted him to wait a few days but then had finally agreed that if Ian waited he might back out, so until then he tried to be with Ian every day that week, even if he came at night and slept till morning in the reclining chair in the room.

The new medication Ian was on that his doctor had prescribed made him groumpy and unable to stomach anything too heavy. he usually ate some Jello cubes and sipped his tea that was given, Mickey would chew the simple cheese and ham, spam, sandwich.

"it tastes better then the shit they gave us in Juvi" Mickey said around a mouth full of Ians food, which made him crack a smile.

~~~

Fiona hadn't come by, but she called often, she had talked Gus into helping pay for Ians Hospital bills, surgery and medication treatmeant and two weeks stay.

She was also trying with the help of Lip , to find Ian a good therapist who specilized in young adults who were Bipolar, someone who came highly recommended and was trustworthy.

Fiona was also looking into AA meetings for herself, which was hard to admit, she hated admiting she might possibly be like Frank in the sense she liked Drugs and drinking way more then she should, considering she had to care for three, four, three ?? (Carl still being in juvi) the well being of Debbie, Liam and Ian were hers, and she couldnt keep putting them on the back burner. and she really wanted her and Gus to work

Yea, he was never going to be Jim, or Jimmy, Or steve, or whatever his name was, he probaby wouldnt make her feel like he did, or know all her history, or the little inside jokes ,

but he was safe, and he had money that wasnt dirty. He sang songs and sat at home and drank coffee and did crossword. He would never lie to her.
Lip was still banging his teacher, and on occasion Amanda, but Fiona didn't have time for all his drama.

Carl, Oh oh oh, were did she go wrong?? Carl who cooked meth in the family basement once? maybe someday they're see him again not behind the prison walls

~

The two weeks were up, Ian didn't have anything when he came in besides shoes, just an extra pair of clothes Lip brought from home, Jeans and his grey t-shirt

They drove, it was half an hour from the Gallagher household.

New Hope Recovery Center had green grass outside what looked like a one floor hospital, there were people sitting outside in the courtyard in what all white flannel pants and tops

"Hey this places looks nice, yeah? what do you think Ian" Fiona sounded hopeful, rubbing Ian's arm as they walked through the glass doors. inside had big potted plants and all white polished floors and white painted walls.

Mickey thought it looked like some place were rich yuppies came for Yoga

there was a reception desk were Ian was signing himself in, Abouve the desk was a painting of a big Pink Lotus, Lip was talking to the young lady at the desk about Ian's situation and his identification, medical records, what medication the doctors have him on.

Mickey bite his lip, he had been here before and it didn't help, Ian came back worse.

But Fiona assured him, along with Lip, that this place was suppose to help people who had the same shit or similar to Ian by meditation, dealing with your anxiety, chronic relapses, accepting being on medication, self harming.

Mickey understood the basic idea of it. It sounded like alot of big words but he liked the energy of this place so he figured, why not try?
Ian signed up for 30 days as a short term resident. The lady told him it looked good that Ian wasn't being forced, that he was checking himself in of his own free will. It showed he was admitting to needing help.

Ian hugged everyone, First Lip, who hugged him tight and whispered he was going to be okay, that was going to be great and he was going to be great.

Fiona cried and kissed his face and held him close to her, saying they would come visit the first week, to check in on him and to stay strong and call her if he needed anything.

Then came Mickey, they looked each other up and down. Like that time, Ians eyes watered and his lower lip quivered, he choked "'M sorry, Mick, I keep doing this to you..."

"hey, hey, come here" Mickey grabbed him and held him close, like back then, he cradled the back of his head, curly and unbrushed, he breathed in deep Ians smell. he kissed his cheek.

"your going to be okay? those people are going to help you, and were all going to be here when you get out okay?"

Ian nodded, tears wet Mickeys neck, "and this isnt your fault, its okay to need help Ian, okay? we still love you, man, I still love you and Imma be here when you get out"

Ian sobbed muffled against Mickeys Neck , he whispered something into his ear "Mick..if you..meet someone else.. its okay.."

Mickey's heart froze, ice water washed over him.
"hey, shut up, there's no fucking way I am going to find someone else, you're it Ian, You, Me, thats it"

he pulled back and they looked each other in the eyes, both wet.

Ian sniffed, he pet Mickey's hair back "I know...I love you Mickey, I--" Mickey knew he didn't have to say it

Ian was scared, what if this didn't work?? what if Ian never got better?? how could these doctors help Ian with whatever was going on in his head?

"Mr. Gallagher, you ready, I can show you to your room?" The young lady was waiting for him to follow her down the halls.

she told them they couldn't follow him, just like before but Mickey had braced himself for it.

Ian and Mickey shared one last smile. Ian turned and went with her.

Mickey hoped when Ian got out, in 30 days, that he would be better, that whatever these doctors can do to help Ian ... Mickey stood with the Gallagher siblings, watching Ian leave them. hopefully for the better.

"Were be here when you get out, sweetie!!" Fiona called to him.
authors note

Chapter Summary

will post new chapters soon but first....

While we know Ian as a character is fiction what he is going through is real and so I want to try to handle it like it is.

anyone who knowlage of being in a clinic for 30 days or have known someone, what exactly goes on, can comment and so I can have a better idea of how they are helping Ian accept his BP, probably abandonment issues, self harming as means of not talking about your feelings

I want him to actually bet some help and last time we witnessed him not getting help, even though he was in a clinic they seemed like they didn't do much except babysit

Ian is a beloved person to us all who have been in his shoes, both him and Mickey, and we want Ian to get help, and know being "broken" isn't as bad as he makes it out to be

we are all broken, it just leaves room for being better

also what was with Ians sudden internalised Homophobia? "you gonna marry me we gonna get dressed in tuxes like a couple queens"
If I go, can you promise me that you’ll never forget me?

Chapter Summary

Ian is in self check in Clinic, be he starts worrying if while he is away, will Mickey finally meet someone better?

Mickey and Lip have a heart to heart at the Gallaghers

"If I go away"

If I go away,

can you promise me
that you’ll never forget me?
And all those days in the summer
we spent laughing so hard that our stomachs hurt?
Promise me, you’ll never forget
all those things we said to each other
in silence, with our eyes.
Can you promise not to forget
how sweetly it was to breathe next to each other
wanting so much…?
You won’t forget all those mornings and coffees? Right?
Can you promise me
You won’t do all that
with someone new
who’ll maybe come and take this place?
Can you promise me
not to forget me

if I go away?

~~

Ian had volunteered to check himself into a clinic, with hope of someone telling him what the fuck
was wrong with him, did people like him ever get better? did they ever get to have normal lives?
did the pills change you? change the person you once where, or did you become someone else, so
one day you might wake up and fear the truth, you cant remember who you once were without the
pills, did you laugh the same way? did you make love the same? did you have the same feelings for
those you loved
Ian was afraid of not being able to feel love for Mickey, or laugh , or remember who he was suppose
to be. and these doc where "here to help"

he snorted, laying on his single cot bed in his room with one other boy who wrapped himself up in
his blue cotton blanket like a cocoon

the doctors thought that by painting the walls white and playing gentle church hymns and nature
sounds through the speakers it was gonna suddenly cure him

"thank Im all better that music realllly helped"

he just prayed to god he would recognize himself when this was all over

just ride the high out, this was all temperory
A knock on the door and black man in a doctors suit (think Terk from Scrubs) "Hey Ian Gallagher your new here?" he smiled at Ian

"yep" Ian just nodded

"well after lunch I want us to meet together, just to talk about your stay here, okay?" he sounded friendly, like he was everyones older brother, or at least a young dad type

"um yea"

"cool, great, Im Matt, by the way, lunch in 5" he seemed lost, like he was trying to get Ian excited but was failing
"kay, Matt" Ian ran a hand through his hair, curly from not being straightened

he layed back, already wishing he could be home

Mickey had forgiven him, had taken him back and Ian felt selfish, for being happy, cause lord knows what he would have done if he had to walk this path alone, walk the rest of his life without his soul mate, might as well commit suicide

Ian wiped his eyes and sniffled back tears

~~~

Mickey was not sure how he ended up at the Gallaghers, oh yeah Lip

Lip had txt him, asking if he could please come over

Mickey hadnt spoken to Lip since he dropped Ian off Yesterday at the Clinic, it tore him open like a fresh wound, but some small part said, at least you know where he is

hes safe, he's getting help, he isn't in the arms of another man, he isn't coked out in the alley of some boys town bar

he's trying to fix what ever wrong, what ever broke us, Mickey tells himself

maybe it was they were both too damn proud to speak their feelings aloud, shit they never said cause they thought they didn't need too

Mickey's determined this time they do everything by the books, talk about your feelings no matter how faggy it made Mick feel

he wasn't fucking Mandy, he didn't need a shoulder to sob on, but Ian did and that was his down fall

Ian needed Mickey to let Ian cry, its not that he hadn't, fuck Mickey had become his caretaker, but talking about nightmares, and worst fears was never something they talked about

Mickey found himself knocking on the Gallagher door, then said fuck it, he had lived here enough to have gained allowance to barge in, Lip was sitting on the couch

"Yo, did you hear me?" shrugging off his heavy jacket

"uh, yep, I did I just..." he sniffed

"are you.. were you fucking crying, jesus did you call me here so you could cry on my damn shoulder, fucking hell Phillip, Im gay im not Queer"

"fuck you..." he sniffled, wiping his eyes

Mickey muttered a fuck, he figured he needed to test out his own theory, testing his boundaries on how comfortable he was on emotions

"What, what's wrong" he sat down a good two feet between them

Lip was silent, gathering his own thoughts "you weren't there, when I found him, in the van, coveed in his own fucking blood, he fucking cut his wrists so fuckin deep, and when-when I touched his face it was so fuckin cold... I thought I was going to have to tell you he was dead"
Mickey chewed his lip, the feeling of guilt returned like a bitch "its my fault, I..he fucking called my cell and I hung up.. " Mickey pressed the palms of his hands to his eyes

"jesus..Mickey, its not your fault man"

"The fuck it isnt! he was trying to talk him self off the fucking ledge and I just let him jump!"

he inhaled a breath and it stung, his eyes already red and swollen

"you didnt know Mickey, you have nothing to feel sorry about"

Mickey just shook his head, how could Lip understand ? he had a new Bitch every day of the week, how could he understand the profound connection between lovers? partners, soulmates, cause fuck it if that wasnt what they were

they clawed and bled and faught to get to where they were, and maybe Mickey blames himself, he didnt want ian to get help, at first, "HE STAYS HERE, HE"S STAYING WITH ME"

if they had taken him sooner, had taken him to get help, things might have been different

but maybe Ian felt ashamed because he saw reflected in Mickeys eyes how much he wished it wasnt true

please dont let Ian be sick, not now, not after all this

"If I fucking lost him I dont know what I would fucking do" he muttered to himself, but Liip nodded

"I know, you guys have something I never saw before, maybe I dont know what love is, hell Frank use to hit Monica alot when we were kids but he always bitched about how our mother was the love of his life"

"Im not Frank, I wouldnt just fucking use Ian like that" Mickey knew the stories, Frank use to steal from Monica, sell her pills to fund his crack and Meth and whatever drug he needed

'I know, your nothing like him, I swear I never thought two dudes could love each other so much, I didnt even love Karen as much as you love Ian, I dont think I loved anyone as much as you two love each other"

Mickey looked at Lip, surprised

"Look, Ian, he's trying to figure out all this shit" pointing to his head

"but he needs you waiting on the other side telling him he isnt fucking nuts"

"I will be, even if he doent want it"

"he does, he's just...scared, he's gonna end up like Monica, maybe we just didnt have a good version of what this shit looks like, maybe he can make it work"

Mickey was thinking he wanted to get up and leave, he needed some fucking air

"hey, you want a beer?" Lip motioned standing up

Mickey licked his lips "only if you got some harder shit"

"like Vodka? yeah I think we got a bottle"
that night Mick and Lip sat at the Gallagher table drinking and smoking and talking about all the guy shit he didn't talk about with Iggy or Colins or the twins Jamie and Tony who were too old to understand him, having girls they lived with, and lives of their own

Lip worried Carl was going to murder someone in Juvi and end up permanently living their

that Liam would never remember what Carl looked like, He worried for Ian, he worried about not having money for his doctors bills and he worried if Fiona loved them or if it was obligation on her part

she was in AA right now, but he only believed what he saw and until he saw her getting her shit together he wouldn't listen to reason

Lip crashed out on the couch and Mick, feet dragged him up the steps, to the bed they shared as a married couple

paper or none, they were fucking married, every night they shared that fucking pillow as husband and husband

till death

Mickey sniffled back tears and he huffed in the scent of him

"just come home" he cried himself to sleep
Hummingbirds outside the windows

Chapter Summary

based off the song title Hummingbird by Miss E. Lyrics
even though I heard it while watching OITNB : S3

Ian's in the clinic, contemplation about what led him here sets in, his Therapist wants him to open up in group but Gallaghers dont open up, they drink and repress their feelings

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ian has been in the self checked in clinic, or psychiatric center or whatever you wanna call it for two days, the first night they let him sit alone in his room, getting comfortable with his room and roommate that didnt talk or get out of bed.

second day they encouraged him to get out and walk around, he guessed it was okay their was painting, drawing, and you got points for joining activities.

Ian saw people with scars across their face from cutting or with crazy hair they tried yanking off, painting their feelings, some looked terrifying, but if he painted what he thought was inside his head, it might look like Hell

he ate breakfast, warm eggs and oatmeal with two bacon strips, more like tiny little meat slivers but Ian ate it, it would help wash the pills down, they got him up early to stand in line, handing him his perscribed medication, a few feet back was a guy who thought he was jesus

maybe he was, fuck he might find religioun in here
People don’t sing about days that didn’t happen and...
People don’t cry for tears that weren't shed
Time doesn't stop when you close your eyes, and our...
Big ol’ clock will keep on ticking till it dies

Can you hear the hum of the hummingbird?
Can you smell the breeze carrying leaves that it lured?
Can you cry for your mother and your father too?
Can you breathe until there's no air left in you?

Ian decided to paint, cause fuck it why not, he was told after a week his family was allowed to visit, first they needed to get him use to the program.

First Ian needed to show he was trying.

in group he listened to girls cry that their brothers or uncles or fathers touched them and thats why they did meth, or horse

he listened to some guy say he was Jesus, and he was gonna save everyone

Ian laughed to himself, wondering if he knew who Gabriels demons were?
did they get together on sunday and play poker?

he painted butterflies with their wings torn off

What if there were no wings on a butterfly?
And...What if we walked a thousand days?
How long would it take if we all held hands?
And...How many miles could we go before our heads lay down?

a Staff member, a older lady who claimed she use to teach Yoga but quit, claimed she wanted to help people in here.
came over and said what a beautiful butterfly it was, with blue wings, why were the wings ripped off
"is the butterfly you?"

he wanted to say no, it was too perfect to be him too beautiful
even with its wings ripped off, it was too sublime in its perfection
"um, yeah I guess"
she didnt need to know who it was, who it was suppose to be

Mickey was his blue sapphire butterfly, who trusted him enough to perch in his pale freckled palms, mistaking them for a pale tiger lily, only to have his wings ripped apart
and the thing is he knew why he did it, cause how could he be worthy it it? love?

when Frank beat him, when his siblings turned a blind eye, cause at lest Frank wasnt hitting them, Right??

a mother who Loved Ian the most, so it was his fault

they hated him because he was his mothers golden boy, her perfect star

was that his fault? maybe he understood her the most, he actually fucking listened to her

he didnt realize he had painted a picture, with hues of black and browns and reds, a boy screaming holding his face in his hands, the background humming with dark energy

No one's going home tonight without a heartache and a moon light

Keep on moving on until there's nothing else to move on to and we're gone.

~~~
Fiona Gallagher, along with Lip and Mickey sat in an office, it was fairly nice looked with a picture of an ocean with one of those metaphorical bullshit zingers

Mickey always hated them, like Gee, I was a complete fuck up and wont ever amount to shit, but your saying "just keep your head up??" and I'll be alright??

well fuck me, thats sounds AMAZING, that solves all my god fucking problems huh?

"Ians progress is slow, but its only been two days, so just give him some time, he isnt talking in group but he painted yesterday"

Fiona sat up in her chair, hopeful

"Oh yeah!"

"thats good right? subconiciously trying to reach out and all that?" Lip tried to talk collage, like all that bullshit Ivy Tower talk meant he understood what was wrong with Ian

"Uh, yes, to a degree, but mind you some of his paintings are.. hard to look at"

he pulled some paintings out of his drawer

they were paintings of a boy screaming standing behind a dark red wall, his red hair blazing against the dark

"thats suppose to be ...Ian?" Mickey said, fingering the picture

"it could mean he feels trapped, unable to express what he is exsperiencing"

Mickey sw one, Lip handed him, of a Blue butterfly with wings ripped off
it was actually really good, he could see the edges of the wings were shaky, maybe his hand shook when he painted the outline in black paint.

he felt like it was meant for him?

what did it mean, did he think he broke Mickey?

"he says that was suppose to be him" Mickey nodded

he knew who it was, he didn't need to say it, somehow, when his siblings looked at him, with a knowing look in their eyes

seeing his blue eyes, and Ians green ones

they knew who Ian was missing the most

"when can we see him" Mickey cleared his throat"

"next week, this week we want him to get settled, maybe try participating in group, we also are going to be doing one on one in the coming week, for those like Ian who don't feel comfortable talking in large groups"

'Ian might not open up, right away, Gallaghers tend not to like opening up about their emotions"

Fiona spoke up, but Mickey could see she put her foot in her mouth, cause the man just raised an eyebrow

"and maybe thats the problem"

"what are you saying?" Fiona sat up a bit in her chair, Lip pat her arm

"he has a point Fi, i mean come on, we're not exactly bradly bunch here, its not like Frank and Monica made us Lasanga and asked us how fucking school was?"

"yeah but are you saying we dont love our brother?"

"no, I am not, your here aren't you? you obviously care about Ians well being? but Ians mental health is top priority, and that means helping him. Talking about his feelings and getting him to open up Miss Galllagher, is how we are going to help Ian, and make sure .."

he pulled out Ians file from a metal desk beside him " he tried to commit suicide yes, on top of that he refused to be on his medication, type 1 Bipolar with psychotic features"

Fiona looked ashamed, "yes" she nodded

"Look, we just want Ian to be able to accept that being on his meds, isn't a bad thing or to be associated with anything negative."

Mickey actually liked where this was going, he sat up and looked at the guy, he sounded like he fucking knew what the fuck was up

the rest of the day was just talking about Ians well being, then they stood up shake hands and promised to come back and see Ian.

mickey felt...oddly comforted
The Gallaghers thought they knew how to help Ian but they just made a shit show
but being here...might be for the best
Chapter End Notes

the painting of the guy wasn't what Ian painted but the coloring is what I was going for, the painting is by George Pratt I think and is called Withdrawn man
The sins of Frank Gallagher

Chapter Summary

wow, 19 chapters! but it aint over yet! told ya its a slow burn
Ian and Mickey need time to sort through all there personal shit first, but its gonna taste
so good though.

Chapter Notes

I have no clue how selling guns actually work, but thats how i would do it, just pick the
ones I wanted and sell the rest.

the first half was Ians adajsting, and Mickey having sorta a boys day with his brothers
and uncle Ron, Mickeys sorta blowing off steam cause he misses Ian but He cant be
with him at the moment. its a Milkovich version of a Spa day

I might add Ronnie in more later chapters, I like his presence, he's the type you want in
a stake out or when you have to do some wet work or basically anything non-legal

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ian drempt of himself as a child, he was Liams age when he smelt the reek of burning chemicals
called METH coming from his fathers room

The contact high for someone that age, was something you cant take back,

He was 10 when Frank smacked him so hard in the mouth his lip split open and blood came out,
tasting it mixed with his spit as he cried, Fiona and Lip rushing to his side, all cause he asked were
was Mommy?

"shes gone you little runt" He was sitting on the couch, drinking a beer "piss off"

she would leave for months at a time then show up again, stay long enough to get knocked up with
another baby, the nine months in between were heaven, filled with Frank a doting husband and food
in the fridge, talks of how they were gonna be a family again

then when Debbie came, Debrara Monica Gallagher, she stuck around long enough for Debs to be
weened off her breasts, then left one day

she would show up once or twice a year, then slowly stopped

Ian woke up, blinking his tears away, then sighed, took a deep breath and it was over. He could walk
it off, pretend he didnt feel shit

A staff member knocked and announced that they needed to get up for their medication. his bed mate
never got up
It had been one week

Ian had one on ones, he didn't like to talk, he figured they wouldn't understand what a gay south side guy with an abusive dad was going through

it was one thing to hear all the awful shit first hand like "my dad killed the family pet"

but it's different when it's happening to you

when YOU are the one waking up to the pungent scent of Dank Weed and your five and the house reeks and you have no food and you're hungry and your big sister is your mother and your brother who isn't even older then you are is your father

Ian didn't even register he had said all that until he looked up from his clinched fists, sitting in his chair in his counselor was looking at him with an intense look

"fuck, I'm sorry" he muttered

"no it's fine get it out, Ian that's why you're here, I want you to feel comfortable, this is a safe place"

he fidgeted with his hands

"can I go now?" he asked and fuck it he sounded so small

"yes you may, why don't you go eat Ian, I think they have some waffles" the guy who sorta looked like Terk but sorta reminded him of Keven, maybe the facial hair? no, that fucking "I wanna be your big brother and give you advice and stuff" vibe

James liked early morning sessions, while his brain was still ripe from all his dreams, he could just say whatever he was feeling

he stood in line, and got his damn waffle, more like a toaster Eggo, Ian scoffed inwardly he made better waffles

they were big and fat and filled with bananas...just like Mickey liked

he shook his head, cause he was not going to cry now

~~~
Mickey and his brothers Iggy and Colin were in Colins oldmobile, an old rusty bronze-y gold colored, he called it his sex on wheels.

(click here)

"why the fuck an I here with you guys, again?"

their Uncle Ronnie was driving, Colins was in the passenger side with the window down smoking a blunt and Iggy was in the back with Mickey

"because. you need t get out of the house, Mikhail, Vy povynni podykhatty svizhym povitryam"

((you need some fresh air))

his uncle muttered the rest in his stoic Ukraine accent, who the fuck did he think he was Eastern Promises?

Mickey rolled his eyes at his uncles mention of his name "whatever"

they were going to the warehouse that was unofficially owned by them, his pops may have backed up Aryan Brotherhood (if the tattoo on his arm meant anything or the NAzi eagle on his back) but his Uncle Ronnie was all old school, mother Ukraine mafia-type bullshit, they were sanding off the numbers off guns and then taking them to this place up in Waukesha, WI,

it was only 1 h 54 min drive, Uncle Ronnie also had a cabin out there in the woods for if anything got sour they could camp out there, out of the jurisdiction of Chicago anyways.

but today was just serial numbers, and counting money that Iggy and Colins stole from some bank, oddly enough they didnt get fucking caught but they had to lay low for a while

they would be taking the guns up to Waukesha and staying at the Cabin for a while till they got a phone call saying shits cooled off.

"man dog, I'll be bunked up with Colins farty ass all month, be getting no Ill Na Na for a while"

"dude, Iggy man, stop being a biznatch geez, think of it as a little vacation, just us bros, camping out, smoking weed"

"No weed, I dont need you two burning down that cabin" Uncle Ronnie interjected
"but Uncle Ron-

"Look you two think this is some kinda summer get away? your in hiding? you wanna give away your position when someone smells your fucking pot coming from the woods, your get caught and then what?"

"its in the middle of fucking nowhere though, noones gonna be out there!" Iggy whined

Mickey rolled his eyes "dude, there could be campers going off the trail, douche bag"

"So? you think they give two fucks if some teens are smoking it up like a 50 cent concert? FUCK no"

"It could also be a park ranger, dumbass" Mickey grumbled, lighting a cigarette

"Your brothers right, Viggo, no smoking, no parties, you stay under the fucking radar,

Vy rozumiyete? " ((do you understand))

"I understand..." both Colins and Iggy sighed

Iggy hated when his uncle used his given name, like some old mafia dude who had to say your full name when he was angry
they pulled up into a dirt lot with a big empty looking warehouse, but the big rollaway door slide back and they drove into the dark gapping hole of a mouth

it slowly flickered, someone was switching on lights

it sorta reminded Mickey of coke plants with tables lined in a row but instead of coke it was guns, piled on tables, his uncle would look through them and the good ones he kept for himself, the rest the filed and sold off

there was a machine they sorta rigged up that helped the process, like a conveyor belt in a factory, you put the guns in and wa, la, clean and smooth

Mickey didn't get how it worked, machanics was his thing to an extent like is the car engine flooded or check the coolant but, he wasn't Lip Gallagher he couldn't make you a damn robot or a entire machine.

"ey, Um, uncle Ronnie, you think I could pick out a gun? " rubbing his lower lip with his thumb

Mickey liked when they got a case of random guns and oout of the haystack he would find an ancient looking mother fucker, it was like giving a depressed chubby girl cake on her period

just was good shit

"yeah, fine but just one" his uncle sighed, it was like a sympathy gift for all the shit with Ian and stuff.

"cool!" Mickey rubbed his hands together excitedly
"the two of you come with me, in the back you can help me sort out the bags of cash"

"I dont see why Tony or Jaime couldnt do this" Colins grumbled following the older man

"cause your brothers are busy with their own lives, Colins, and they have expressed a need to separate themselves from the family business"

Mickey rolled his eyes at the retreating party of 3

his older siblings Tony and Jaime didnt want to be caught and sent to prison, but they still did shit like sell dope. but they acted like laundering money was too much. Or they would miss out on fucking chicks.

he saw one, a Ak with a nice leather strap, it was like getting his dick wet

"hello baby" he whispered

he spent the day shooting old beer cans and glass bottles out back near this broken brick wall

his uncle even let him slide on helping file numbers off and let Mickey shoot off some steam

he figured it was better then drinking, snorting chalk dust or fucking dirty boys

For Mickey, the little space when he was shooting a gun was a room, outside of it nothing existed, and all that was in front of him mattered

Chapter End Notes
so I am basing my version of who Uncle Ronnie is off of my own personal experiences, coming from a biracial background, Native American/Italian/Mexican/Polish, I have uncles and aunts who speak just in Spanish to you, I had my mom’s mom speak Polish, to them that is their tongue and fuck it you better learn how to speak it as well. Uncle Ronnie comes from deep in Ukraine, maybe Terry didn’t speak it but Ronnie does, when he’s being serious, Mickey understands him, he just PREFERENCES to speak in English.

P.s. Chalk dust is usually if not always slang for finely ground meth you can sniff rather than smoke, like chalk dust powder, but it can also be Cocaine, but in this case I mean meth.
cant quit you

Chapter Summary

(We are young)
(We are young)
We are young
(Heartache to heartache)
Heartache to heartache
(We stand)
We stand
(No promises)
(No promises)
No promises
(No demands)
No demands
(Love is a battlefield)
Love is a battlefield
Whoooo-oh-oh....

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Mickey was laying in bed, the last two days he had been with his unce Ronnie, Uncle Joe (his dads other brother) and cousin Davey, He had given Kev heads up he wouldnt be in to check up on the Alibi and he assured him his russain wife was actualy good at telling people to fuck off, so it was all good.

He had gone with his uncles to drive his brothers up to Waukesha, up to the forest were they had a hidden cabin for staying below the grid, seeing as Colins and Iggy stole some money from a bank (and might have shot a guy he wasnt sure on the details)

it was a fun road trip, he guessed, but at night while they slept in the car, Mickey missed Ian.

Ian was still in the clinic, it had been a week and two days, which meant he was now allowed visters, Mickey chewed his lower lip, fuck he really just wanted to sort all this bullshit out

it was the third day and they got back to chicago early, seeing it was only an hour drive anyway it just took them longer because they had stopped at bars along the way and stayed at hotels or slept on the side of the road.

Mickey was dropped off in front of his house, his feet felt heavy as he walked up the stairs, and swung the door open

Mandy was sitting at the table, dressed in dark jeans and a black long sleeve, her hair was black again

he paused
"No fuckin way..."
"hey Mick"

he rushed forward and grabbed his baby sister in his arms, he picked her off her feet for a second and kissed her cheek, hard, hugging her around her waist

"Okay Mickey jesus Im going to choke to death"
"fuck you..when did you get back?"
"last night, were have you been?"
"I just got back with Uncle Joe,Ronne, and Davey from Waekesha"
"the cabin? whoes hiding out?"
"who do you think, dumb and dumber"

Mandy's eyebrows scrunched up "Jamie and Tony?"

"No dumb ass the other two"
"what did they do?!"
"what they always do, getting into shit, Iggy and Colins knocked over a bank, made a good couple G's but the cops are sorta looking for them, need to lie low for a while"
"Is Uncle Joe and Ronnie still selling guns at that abandon shack filing off numbers?"
"yep, and Daveys working with them"

"No shit...hows.." Mandy chewed her lip

Mickey sighed, letting her go, walking to the kitchen and grabbed a beer

"He's in a clinic right now, some new hope center or whatever its called..." Mickey trailed off, sipping his beer

Mandy followed him to his room, watching him kick off his shoes and change his shirt he had been in for three days and put on a muscle shirt and tugged off his jeans and just wearing his boxers, flopped onto the bed

"have you spoken to him?" she sat on the edge, patting his back

he shook his head

Mandy saw the paper, crumpled on Mickeys bed side table, picking it up and opening it

"Mickey what the hell..." Mickey turned his head

"jesus Mands.." he tried to grab it but she stood up, reading the few lines and cried

"no, no no, oh god.." Mickey was sitting now on the bed, his eyebrows in a tight knot

Mickey didn't let himself cry when he first read it, but watching Mandy reading the words aloud, he could feel his eyes burn, he sniffed back a tear, he bent his head in his hands, scrubbing his eyes
she inhaled a sob "Mickey whats this, what the fuck is this?"

"thats the letter, the one Ian wrote when he tried to...to...kill himself" he said the last word softer then he planned

"and this is why he left you? right, cause he what? he was gonna off himself and didnt want you to be there?"

Mickey got up and took the note from her, shoving it in the desk drower

"I dunno what he was thinking Mandy, I dont fucking know, and the worst of it is, he fucking called me, like the night he was gonna off himself he called my cell and I didnt even pick up, the next thing I know is Im getting that fucking note, Iggy telling me that Lip fucking came by, and .." he was sniffling, he voiced crack

"I was so high on fuckin coke that it didnt feel real to me, Mands. but its been hitting me, I coulda fuckin lost him, I coulda fuckin lost Ian...and we woulda never have gotten to fix shit"

and before he knew it he was crying, he could feel his shoulders shaking, Mandy was hugging him, he buryed his head in her shoulder

he tried to inhale a deep breath and slow his breathing "I think Im going fucking insane, I cant fucking sleep, cant eat, cant ..do anything"

Mandy was pushing him down "Okay Mick, come on you need to sleep, you look like Iggy after he takes a dump for three hours"

"ew gross" he groaned, he let his sister pull the covers over him, he felt his body drift off

just rest, he heard he say, just..rest...

Mickey drifted off into blackness, at first his dream was soft, nothing, but without remembering how he got there he was in the Gallagher house, it was empty he slowly walked up the steps and each sound was loud

"Ian..." he said aloud

he got to the bathroom and pushed the door open, suddenly bathed in blinding white

the bathroom was huge, bigger then his entire house and in the middle of the room was a clawed tub, Mickeys heart sank in his chest

he edgeed forward, it felt like forever, he finally got to the tub and saw a body, floating, the red hair looked soft

"IAN!" he screamed he plunged his arms into the water, yanking him out

"No No NOnonono Ian wake up wake the fuck up " Ians naked body and him were soaked. suddenly it was just them and no tub

Mickey looked down and Ian was suddenly bleeding from his wrists, Mickey was cradling him while also trying to hold the wound in his other, crying, tears running down his face

"No No please dont die Ian"

Mickey sat up with a jolt, it was midnight he had been sleeping
he felt his face was soaked, and his body felt like he had been sobbing for hours, he breathed in just a dream, it wasn’t real..

he layed back down, then remembered where Ian was and he buried his face in his pillow, their pillow.

he wept..

~~~

he knew he had to go see Ian, he had to see he was living, breathing, he had to make sure he wasn’t going insane, if Mandy told him he was going crazy and Ian was really six feet under in some grave he was going to blow his brains out

Mandy wanted to go with him and part of him wanted to say yes but he needed this, he needed to talk with Ian and he couldn’t have her around

"I promise you, next time you can fuckin come alright?"

"okay fine, tell him hi for me yeah? tell him to hurry up and get his big dumb ass out of there"

he said he would, as he walked out the door, dressed in his grey button shirt with his sleeves rolled up to his elbows, jeans dark blue. his hair was getting longer and he gelled it back

he smoked his entire pack before he got to the place

he walked in, said who he was coming to see, got a pat down for any sharp or metal objects, showed his ID and was given the visitor’s name tag

the waiting room was nicer then last time, and the weirdos seem less intense, some sat around playing checkers by themselves or rocked themselves silently in a chair in a corner at least noone was sitting practically in his lap, gazing at him like some nut job

Ian walked into the break room, dressed in a white t-shirt, white pants, sweats maybe some cheap slippers

Mickey and Ians eyes met, even though they had made up before, Ian had been on his meds the center had him on and he was starting to feel the repercussions of his actions

Mickey saw his shoulders fall

"Mickey..your here"

Ian crept closer, his green eyes searching his, his skin pale. Mickey grabbed Ian, tugging him close and inhaling his smell

he felt Ians arms slowly encircle him.."mickey...Im.."he felt Ian stifle a intake of breath as if he was going to start crying

"ey, its okay, its alright" he ran fingers through his red hair

he kissed his neck, like before, pressing his lips to his vein while he huged him, he felt Ian sniffle they sat down on the couch, knees touching side by side , Ians wrists were wrapped and Mickey
found himself gently touching them, taking Ians hands in his own
"does it hurt?"

Ian just shook his head no, "just itches some, the nurse cleaned them this morning"

Mickey nodded , he inhaled a breath "jesus christ, Ian...why "

"Mickey...I..." he bite his lip, tear running down his cheek

Mickey tries to cup his cheek but Ian moves his head

"I fucked other guys when we were together.."

and its like ice cold water dumped on him, he knew, fuck somewhere he knew, he wasnt stupid, but
Ian saying it aloud made it real

he's silent for a while "why...did you, like, get tired of me or something?" cause thats the only explanation

Ian shakes his head, Mickey watches him hang his head and his shoulders shake , he's voice is wet and watery "No...its cause I hate myself"

"wha-what?" Mickeys throat feels thick and his chest is heavy

"I was afraid, Mickey, I was scared you were going to wake up one day and relies you could have any guy you wanted...jesus Mickey you could have anyone, any one would kill to be with you.." he hiccuped

"the fuck you talking about? the hells that even mean"

"how can you not see? your so fucking beautiful Mickey, what if one day you woke up and decided you didnt..love me the way you use to.." he hiccuped, his shoulder shook a sob

"it fucking ate me up inside, thinking how Im not good enough for you, how you deserved someone who wasnt sick..so I made myself .. become some fucking monster, I needed to hate myself...Im so fucking sorry, I know that doesnt make sense, and.. " he cried into his hands, Mickey could hear the wet sounds of tears in Ians mouth

Mickey just grabed Ian and held him, cause fuck, if that wasnt the reason Mickey fucked Angie, and any other girl at first

he thought he didnt deserve Ian, he was trying to leave before he got hurt

"Im sorry...Im so so sorry, if you hate me forever.." he kept crying, "I just love you so much, I was so fucking scared" he wept and Mickey ignored his own tears threatening to run down his face

"I know, its okay Ian, I get it..Jesus christ, Im in too deep, Ian, I cant leave you even if I tried, fuck, I did , it just drove me fucking homicidal"

Mickey had once thought that if he had fucked another dude besides Ian, after Ian broke up with him, red head after red head some even blondes, it made him feel dirty and cheap

like it didnt feel right, it felt wrong.

"I fucked another dude too, when you ran away with your mom, I went to boys town after dark...I
tried calling your phone, and when you didn't answer, this dude, some twink"

"was he good?" Ian hurt somewhere inside thinking another guy caught Mickeys eye

"it wasnt even like that, I was..jesus! you left a'ight? I fucking love you Ian, I fucking missed you you jerk off, I fucking went insane" he held Ians face so he could look at him, he held him in a tight grap but not too hard

"I dont fucking care, I dont fucking care about any of those fucks you sucked off or you jerked off with cause I fucking love you, you hear me? what we got means more to me then holding a fucking grudge, cause if I walk away from this, from us, I'll fucking kill myself Ian"

Ian sobbed, cause he had tried to do the same

"dont ever fucking cheat on me again, you hear me?" Mickeys voice was deep and harsh

"I promise, im sorry Mickey I love you" his voice bubbled with tears

"jesus christ, I got it bad for you , Gallagher, I dont know what to do, jesus just tell me what you wanna do?" he was crying now, his eyes stung and he tasted salt on his lips

"lets just, go back to the begining, Mick, lets take it slow? we just went right to fucking , we never did shit like talking or dating...maybe."

Mickey sniffed , "so, you wanna go steady? like high schoolers?" he laughed ' wanna go on fucking dates and shit?"

he nodded "start off with a clean slate"

"okay, but we gotta make some rules"

"anything?" he would have done anything Mick asked

"we gotta tell each other shit, we gotta tell each other what were feelin', cause I cant help you if I dont know whats wrong"

"what if I cant explain it, Mickey?" sometimes it was a feeling he couldnt explain in words, like with his Bipolar

"we're figure it out, were find a way"

"and..maybe we should hold off on sex..untill my medication evens out"

"thats fine, I can wait"

"yeah but Mick... thats how Kev and V broke up, cause Keven wasnt having sex with her like they use to, what if...you get tired of waiting?"

"Ian..Fucking hell man, I dont wanna fuck anyone else that aint you, you hear me? I dont give a shit, you think thats all I care about? "

Ian said no

"and ...you gotta let me help you Ian, dont push me away” he whispered

"I just didnt want..to make you feel like you had to...you didnt sign up for this"
"I signed up for the whole package, Gallagher, sickness, health, good times bad, all that shit, remember?"

"what if you suddenly dont love me anymore? what if you regret it all, me being like this?" he looked into blue reddish eyes

"nope, sorry not happening your stuck with me" he smiled, their noses and forheads touched

"your the most wonderful person I know, Mick, you know that?"

"who you think made me this way huh? you, its always been you, Ian" he leaned in, their lips brushed

Ian cried, their lips crushed and when their tongue drank each other it was like big mouth fulls of salty water. Mickey had to remember were he was and pulled back, moaning softly

"shit..."he breathed, his chest hummed

just being able to kiss him again was giving him back energy, he could make it. he could last till the end of the month when Ian got out

"I should go...or else I might just fuckin sleep here on this fuckin sofa” and he would, Mickey would force the staff to let him be here with Ian

so he didnt have to be in here alone

"I'll come back" Mickey whimpered into Ians mouth

Ian nodded "kay..thank you Mickey, thank you god, jesus Mick..” thank you for giving me another try

Mickey just pressed another kiss to Ians lips, it was like fire, he didnt know how to stop, he yanked himself away and it hurt. he stood up, and so did Ian, his eyes were red from crying and his skin was pale, every speckle of brown shown clearly

his red hair was curly and puffed up, unable to straighten it.

what would he have down if he didnt ever see him again? what the fuck was he suppose to do?

Ian looked at Mickeys face, his hair ruffled, his eyes were so fucking blue against his pale skin, his lips were plump and red from kissing him

what would Ian have done if he never saw him again, he was glad he didnt have to know

they touched , both putting their hands on the back of their necks

"see you tomorrow, kay?"

Ian nodded, he smiled, feeling of hope in his chest

Chapter End Notes

more to come! how was this? who cried I cried I wont lie, next chapter im gonna try and
squeeze the rest of the month into it so it'll be a long chapter! More on Mandy!, what should have happen with Kenyatta? ideas? which ever one sounds good I'll use or do a mash up for the next chapter
Ians getting out

Chapter Summary

So Ian is forcing himself to open up more for his theropist, the Milkovichs and the Gallaghers visit Ian, but word is Monica has been seen hanging out with Frank??

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ian sat in the office of his counselor, Ian hated that he was deciding to open up about his issues

"how does talking help my disorder, not like it'll make it go away?"

"no, your right, but when your feeling manic, Ian, and you go to your dark place, you tend to dwell on all the negative stuff that happen to you, right?"

"...yeah.."

"this well hopefully help you better get a handle on your emotions, any thing your repressing?"

He recalled Fiona pressing kisses to his face when their parents fought, "shush its alright sweetface, its okay" Lip even then tried to act tough even though Ian was 5 and Lip was 8, not too much space between but Lip was his big brother

Monica was in her High faze but that also meant doing drugs

and her and Frank fought, they screamed, she would go and he would angry drink

he recalled when Debbie was born and he held her, her small red face screaming for a mother who wasnt their, she was fed powdered milk. He learnt about holding and protecting something so small, and then came Carl and somehow he knew that Carl wasn't right

there was always gonna be something off with him, but he was his baby brother and so he loved him even more to make up for the shitty genes
he didn't know what love was but he always hoped, prayed, someone would fall in love with him

he chewed his lip, he stopped

"so do you feel unloved Ian, do you think your family doesn't show you love, or that you didn't get enough affection as a child"

"well I'm sure the fact that my dad was a fuck up and my mother was a no show didn't help"

his counselor wrote down notes, Ian wondered if he was even listening

like really listening

"Ian do you have a person you trust? someone you can call when things get bad?"

Ian thought, there was only one name, one name that came up in bold letters

before Mickey it had been Lip, but now...

"yeah, there's one"

"just one?"

he nodded

"who is it?"

"my..." did he have a right to say boyfriend?, even though Mickey forgave him, fucking took his ass back, kissed him, as if he wasn't completely filthy, like some disgusting mutant

"my boyfriend...but...I don't think I deserve him...I did some bad things and...he took me back but..." he wiped his eyes

"we all do stuff Ian, things we wish we could take back, words we have said in anger or fear, but your only human Ian...and if he forgave you, maybe you need to start forgiving yourself, otherwise you end up here again"

he sniffled "how"

"repeat after me: I am not perfect, I'm only human, I make mistakes"

Ian inhaled, that line seemed cheep, he was south side bread, there was no "I fucked up I'm sorry" in the south side, if you told your gang leader you fucked up a deal you didn't get a pat on the back and a "it's okay dude, accidents happen"

some dude put a hit out on you and your crew that's what happened, he knew how close minded that sounded but it was what he knew,

But Ian knew he wasn't bad, he didn't do what he did out of spite or jealously,

he was a genuinely good person who was sick, who didn't have a way of getting good health care so everyone around him paid a price for it

"can I go?" he didn't wait for an answer he stood up and walked out

~~~~
Mandy wore a long sleeved red shirt and tight black pants, black boots and black kohl eye liner

Mickey had promised his sister they could go see Ian and he thought that it might help, the only other person who Ian trusted, besides himself, was Mandy

Mickey had thought about what happen yesterday, he didn't tell his sister

It hurt Mickey like a infected wound that Ian was punishing himself for his mothers genes

they had sobbed and forgave and Mickey just wanted Ian to get better, but he knew Ian still felt regret, and it wasn't just going to go away, this was a slow progress, and yea it hurt but Mickey understood

he was the only one who could

he knew what it felt like to fuck other people to hurt yourself

he fucked other people and married Lana cause he told himself it was better then the alternative? coming out, and being rejected?

Ian told him he feared what if Mickey deciding that in 30 years he had enough that ,

that was Ians fear and so he pushed Mickey away cause, fuck it. why not?

Mickey got it, cause they understood each other the way no other person would

he walked in with his sister and they signed up, showed ID, etc. YADA YADA...

"how did he seem?" Mandy proaded

"thin, tired" Mickey was chilling at the couch, some lady across from them was looking at them

Mandy was oddly better at handling crazies then he was. Fuck, she knew what Bipolar was first, before him, Mandy wasn't dumb, she was highly smart for someone who teachers thought would end up knocked up

she grabbed his tattooed knuckles, "it'll be okay, mick"

Ian Came in through the doors

Mandy stood up and ran to him, his long arms wrapped around her

they both said they missed each other, Mandy then hit his arm

"you shit head! you had me worried!"

Mickey thought he saw his eyes gloss over with tears but Ian's mouth was tight, he sighed looking down words "Im sorry Mands, I..Im trying..I missed you too"

Mandy just yanked him into a hug, it hurt her seeing this side of him, she knew Ian and she knew this shit Ian had made him this way.

he looked up, Mickey was smiling at him, did he dream it?

Mickey pulled him into a hug, and kissed his neck, making it seem like he was breathing in his scent as he held him "whats ups?"
Mickey held him tightly before letting go, Ian exhaled, at least he didn't dream it all. He let his forehead rest against his shoulder, briefly inhaling him.

Mickey suggested they sat down and Mandy asked how he was, he said one of the guys told him he was Jesus.

Mandy started giggling, "No way?"

"There's someone who claims he's Charles Manson, but he might be a pathological liar."

"But like, what if he is Charles Manson, wouldn't that be sick?" they joked about any one famous being here.

"They made us draw our feelings yesterday, some girl Sara drew a big hairy red Vag and the lady who was teaching our group almost died, she screamed that it was indecent, but Sara claimed she felt repressed by social media that feels a need to sexualize female anatomy or something."

Mandy said she liked that idea and laughed, tossing her head back.

Mickey made a comment if Ian had drawn penis's yet, Ian inhaled a laugh, shaking and rolled his eyes.

"Oh yeah? you didn't see the one I did? they hung it up in the lobby as you're coming in" Ian replied in all serious tone, before smirking.

Ian joked, his smile cracked, giggling, but then his face went smooth and Ian looked down at his hands, he was picking at the gauze, Mickey wondered if the wounds were nearly healed.

"They uh...want me to start opening up...like talking about my family and shit."

Mickey looked at Ian's hands, his nails were bitten down raw.

Mandy and Mickey both took a hand each.

"Hey, you tell them whatever you want, okay?" Mandy was the first to say.

"Fuck, just let go, go ape shit man, fuck if I had had someone let me bitch about my old man, fuck." Mandy said in what she was trying to sound encouraging, Ian nodded mutely.

"But I feel like I'm complaining, not like I'm the only southsider with family issues, right?" he laughed, rubbing his face and sighed. It sounded tired.

Mandy rolled her eyes "Ian don't be dense your not." she stopped and tried to say it from a more sensitive point of view.

"Don't look at it like that, your here to get better Ian...maybe it'll help to let it all out" Ian looked into her face, fuck he missed her, Mandy was like Mickey but more...gentle? she had a motherly quality to her.

Her blue eyes smudged black, looked into his green.

"We're here Ian, Me and Mick" Mickey looked at Ian, nodding, squeezing his hand,
"do..do you trust him? your counsler guy I mean"

Mikey asked, hoping this guy wasn't dissing him or belittling his feelings. He knew teachers who made students feel like their home like wasn't the reason they were failing in class.

"No , yeah.. he's... good, but everything I say doesn't even faze him, its like I cant even tell if he heard me or not"

"Ian, Im sure he's heard worse" Mickey said, rubbing his hand

just then they looked up Fiona and Debbie walked up, Mandy got up and ran to the younger Gallagher, they hugged and said the "I miss you" to each other

Fiona rushed over to Ian, who stood up, Mickey stepped back to give them room

"Hey baby, how are you, I missed you so much" she hugged him tightly, Ian hugged her back, Debbie came over and hugged him too

"Liams with Lip, he's got a flue so we didn't wanna bring him with us" Debbie said

Ian looked at his sister, Debbies stomach was slightly fuller

he didn't say anything about it, "is he okay?"

"no, yeah he's fine I think he got it from the twins, Kev and V offered to baby sit the other day and Gema had the sniffles"

they all sat down together, Mandy brought up that Debbie looked different "so Debs, you seem..."

"pregnant?"

"kinda yeah"

Fiona looked at Ian nervously, Mickey caught the look

"yea my boyfriend and I are gonna have a baby, Im hoping it looks like him with my hair"

she pulled out her phone and showed her photos, Mandy joked "so the Babys a mexican irish?"
Debbie smiled nodding "yeah! Im really excited"

Debbie and Mandy continued rambling, Ian just listened, Mickey thought it was dumb she was having a kid when she still had Liam to look after but kept shut

Fiona sighed "Um Ian I gotta tell you something, kiddo"

Debbie looked at Fiona "I thought we werent gonna tell him"

"tell me what?" Ian questioned worriedly, Mickey frowned

"whats wrong? Frank die or some shit?"

Fiona nibbled her lower lip "Frank and Monica are back together and... she knows were yo are?"

Ians eyes got bigger and he felt his chest tighten "h-how?"

Debbie stepped in "a few days ago she showed up , her and Frank sorta reunited or something but they're staying at this hotel, Frank must have told Monica cause she called the home phone asked where you were"

Mickey felt heat in his chest, last time he saw Monica she basically told him that Ian was a lost cause and to cut his chances cause Bipolar people are destined to be alone, then Ian told he had told him the same thing..

"she aint coming here" Mickey felt himself saying

"and she wont, I told her she cant come see you and I told the staff but just in case she tries contacting you, Ian" Fiona stroked his face with her hand

"everythings gonna be fine sweetface"

~~~~~~~~~~

Mickey was sitting at the bar , it had been a few weeks since he saw Ian but they talked on the phone a few days ago, Ian was doing better, and he had texted Fiona and she said he was opening up in group.

Debbie was going to the docters for her pregnancy and Fiona was trying to work her fucked up marriage with Gus out, she wanted to see if she could have a regular marrige, even one that wasn't exciting or made her feel alive

Mickey had had some work with his uncles that had been out of town

Mickey was downing the last of his beer when Frank walked in, and so did Monica

"no fuckin' way" he muttered under his breath

"hey Frank havent seen you in a while" Kev said wiping down the tables

"Keven my good sir two of your best beers!"

Frank turned and saw Mickey, so did Monica , she froze "Michael"

Mickey cursed under his breath "Jesus christ"
Mickey’s jaw set, Monica walked towards Mickey who was getting off his seat, putting up on hand in front of him.

Monica stopped "You still talk to Ian?" she asked him.

"Yes, fuck you very much, me and him got something and that shits wortfighting for, so dont worry about Ian, in fact dont fucking try to contact him period"

Frank wobbled, probaby was drunk before they got there "ey! You better show my wife some respect"

"shut the fuck up Frank , I know you fucking told her were ians at, I fucking swear if you two try to go see him whiles he's tryin to get his shit together Imma get my brothers on you and shove a fucking ruger in thar drunk fucking mouth "

"your all talk, my boy"

"oh yea wanna bet, ass hole" Mickey was about to get in Franks face but Monica stepped in between

"okay, okay, I promise , I wont , just..tell me he's okay, that he's with people with accept him for who he is..." her voice was soft, it almost made Mickey feel guilty for yelling at her

" if you and Ian talk so fuckin much you should already know that, I aint fucking going anywhere, but if you try contacting him or telling him that he's better off being fuckin alone, I dont give a shit if your his mother.." Mickey got close and grit his teeth at her

"I'll make you you dissapear, you hear me?" Monica didn't look scared by his threats like she should but her eyes teared up and she nodded

"I-I understand..."she whimpered wetly with tears, sniffling.

Kev who was watching the whole thing, ready to jump in and break up the fight if fists fly

"okay you guys settle down"

"I was just leaving" he spat grabbing his coat he walked out

~~~~~

Mickey was with Ian, Ian was sitting in the art room of the clinic
which was just one of the rooms there that was empty and had eisles set up and the big open windows let in warm sunlight

Ians curls were puffy, they didn't have any brushes or straighteners and Ians hair (that Ian normally would flatten and gel down was naturally curly and puffy)

Ian grumbled as soon as he got out in a few more weeks he was gonna finally fix his hair "I look like a hot mess"

"or just hot" Mickey caught Ians eye, who looked down bashfully but laughed "dumbass"

Mickey was surprised they let him hang out like this, he was sure it was against the rules but he was glad they let him

Ian was doing better, maybe he just needed some fucking fresh air and someone who listened to his problems without judging him, and being able to paint out his feelings, but Ian seem more like himself, he admitted he still couldn't get hard though but Mick said it might be its was cause he was surrounded by 50 other crazies in here and getting your jerks off in bed while your bunk buddy screams in his sleep can be a boner killer

"I miss you, sometimes I wake up thinking Im back home with you"

"you will, soon..." they would look at one another "I ..cant sleep either"

~~~

Ian had done a lot of paintings, some were just shapes, colors but some felt like they held a hidden message, like painting of a jetty that led out onto an ocean

some Mickey would see and his chest hurt
like of a blonde curly haired infant in the arms of a thug with slicked back black hair

"fuck Ian, its fucking sick" Mickey said in awe.

"thats how I think of you, when Im in here, I picture you with him...how..how is he"

Mickey knew Ian loved Yevgeny and would never have hurt him under normal circumstances, hell, Ian was baby crazy, he loved holding them and cooing at them, he loved babies so much Ian had once joked once while they were finished love making...but now Mickey wonders if he was being serious

"if I was a girl Mickey I would already be pregnant with your baby" he paused "or you could be pregnant with mine"

Ian would have given anything to be able to carry Mickeys child, their child, if scince let them so for now, the closet thing had been Yevgeny, who had Mickeys DNA

"he's good, your see him real soon I promise" Mickey left out that he hadn't gone to see Yev in a while, it just hurt too much without Ian but he knew from Kev that he was fine, so that much was enough

"doubt SVetlana would even let me get close" he would go silent, sometimes it fucking broke Mickeys heart, he knew Ian felt like shit as it was, without trying to explain to his russia hand whore wife what the fuck Bipolar was, how it worked, how it affected your descisions.

"it'll be okay, I promise" and he would rub the back of his neck and Ian would almost wish it was true

god he hoped it was

~~~

"I wanna go to the ocean someday, just me you, Yevgenny, and Svetlana of course" he didn't speak of them often, he tried to stay clear of the subject for fear of maybe it being a sensitive subject
Ian was painting the jetty again, this time a sunset

Ian also painted a lot of sunrises, and starry nights, these things Ian connected to a time he was happy, with Mickey, or things he wanted to do with Mickey. They both agreed they would go look up at the stars when Ian got out.

Ian’s stuff was hung on the wall along with other pictures of “is that a fucking PUSSY?”

Mickey cringed at the painting of a very anatomically correct Vagina, flushed and well...shiny looking.

“yep, Sara drew that this morning” Ian answered not looking up.

Mickey was walking around looking at the art, while Ian painted a tree.

“I think I just got more gay, if that’s possible” yep, deff. Mickey preferred the penis over Vagina.

Ian laughed, his laugh bounced off the walls and he held his ribs. Mickey laughed as well.

Mickey’s eye caught a picture and walked closer: the Milkovich house, bathed in light from the sun, painted in pastels and in his picture there was green grass in the yard.

Mickey had to smile back his tears, Ian painted it so...lovingly, he felt Ian’s arm suddenly around his middle.

They were silent, just staring at Ian’s painting of their home “it’s our home mick..it’s the only place I ever felt safe..not even the Gallagher place felt like home, not really”

Mickey turned, cupping Ian’s cheek, he looked into his green eyes and he saw sadness.

“Mickey ... when..I tried to kill myself that time, you wanna know what the last thing I thought of ?”

“no. what” Mickey’s voice was thick, he didn’t wanna hear it, it hurt too much thinking of that image, but he didn’t speak.

“us, in that house, I was pretending I was back at home, in our bed, and you were holding me... and we were...” Ian’s tears ran down his cheek, some caught in his red eyelashes.

“we were happy Mickey, god I. I wanna make it up to you, I wanna be the guy you deserve Mickey, cause I cant, I cant do better then you, your it, no one elses gonna give a fuck about me like you have” he was clutching Mickey who was holding him just as tightly.

“I missed you so fucking much Ian, If I lost your ass I dont know how the fuck I would’ve managed,
so your ass better not try that shit again, you hear me?" he growled, his fist clinched into his red hair

"its gonna be okay Ian, we can still be happy, okay ey, look at me Ian, ' he held his face looking him in the eyes ignoring the stray tear he felt fall

"were gonna get through this, you hear me? were gonna get out of this fucking HOOD SOMEDAY and were gonna go down to the fucking court house and get married for real, thats what I what, Jesus Ian, thats all... I dont care how long I gotta wait, as long as its with you"

Ian was silent for a moment "you really wanna marry me, mick?" green eyes probing

"yeah, someday, of course I do, shit we might as well be, right? might as well make it official" Mick always hated the idea of being with one person forever, but the thought of being with Ian forever wasnt bad, it was an Idea he always wanted but didnt voice.

If he had to be married he wanted it to be Ian

"me too Mick, I ..." he squeezed his eyes closed as a few tears came out and Mickey just yanked him closer for a hug

they didnt need to talk about it, for now Mick was content knowing ian wanted it too

Ian and Mickey hugged , just standing there holding each other.

~~~~

**one Month later**

Ian was geting out, Mickey and Ian had talked about how Ian should stay for a while at the Gallaghers, just till he gets himself situated, and they got his medication which they planned on having sent to a CVS and not a clinic.

"oKay everyone! hurry up!" Fiona yelled, Mickey and Fiona were getting Liam and Debbie out the door, Debbie was one month along and it showed, her and Derek were working it out he guessed, but he didnt like Derek. he seemd like he wasnt ready to be a dad

Mickey had been trying to work up the nerve to stop by and see Yevgeny, not that he didnt miss him just..without Ian there it felt weird, Ian was better with babies then him

they all got in the car Lip was at school but he was gonna come by later and they were gonna try to have dinner together, Fiona wasnt sure how Ian would feel being crowed at once after so soon getting out

they went to get Ian and Mickey was the first to grab him and hold him "see, your gettin out" he muttered against his neck, Ian nodded back "yea, god I missed you" he wiped a tear away

the other siblings hugged him and cried, being damn loud

Mickey annouced if they could hurry this shit show out before they changed their mind

~~~

The Gallaghers had ordered pizza, they let Ian go upstairs and shower, having some moments to himself, Mickey sat on the toliet seat, Ian saying if he could just sit there and be near him

Mickey was comforted with the sounds of Ian in the shower, he was home, with him, not locled
away, not fifty miles across town from him but right between the shower curtain

he suddenly stood up, undressing, he pushed the shower curtain back, Ian didnt say a word just helped him into the bath tub

they held each other the water running over them, they let there forheads rest against each others

"missed ya" Mickey muttered

"me too"

the rest of the shower was spent lazily kissing, and holding one another, nothing sexual, just the need to feel the other and reassure them it was real

they got out and dried off, Ian finally got to fix his hair, sighing in relief as he looked at his reflection

flat red locks, he put some gell in and combed it back

Ian had on a red shirt and blue jeans, mickey had on his elephant shirt

they went down and everyone immediently ran over, hugging Ian and yelling YOUR BACK and YAY!

Mandy was even there along with Svetlana, and in her arms was Yevgeny, Kev and V had convinced her to come

she walked closet, eyeing him "here, you hold?" he nodded, he inhaled a dep breath Mickey knew was a sob

he cradled Yevgeny who giggled and fisted his t-shirt, Ian smiled, kissing his baby head

the rest of the night was good, it felt like shit was getting back to normal

Mandy and Ian were sitting out back, Mickey was sitting in between Ians legs smokin

"so me and Sully.." Mandy brought up suddenly

"No! Sully! REALLY!" Ian said way too loud,

"yes, jesus "Ian tugged her close and hugged her

"gods Im so happy mands"

"mickey thinks he's okay" Mickey took a swig of beer

"he aint Lip so, thats all I really give a shit about"

Ian didnt argue, he listened to Mandy talk, about Sully, he was good a lil goofy like IGGy but he cared, he didnt look down on her cause of her name

"A gallagher looking down on me, i dont think so" he once told Lip

Sully didnt look at her and think Skankavich, he was good so Ian was happy

Ian and Mickey once the music died down crawled into bed in Ians room, asleep finally
still more, I really wanted to get Ian out of the clinic, I didn't wanna force Ian to spend all month by individual chap. he has suffered enough, so forgive me for just fast-forwarding it but trust me I'll maybe write how he feels

next will be more on Ian getting on a sheduale, getting his pills, seeing a doctor regualry, aslo, Mickey and Ian need a date

all credit to: the picture of Mickey and yev is by

http://ian-ginger.tumblr.com/post/122236967841
Chapter Summary

Ians back home from New hope mental clinic, his siblings hope he’s okay but Ian just wants to get back to normal and tries be the best boyfriend ever, even if it leaves him tired from his medication
Mickey stays with him at the Gallagher house, Ian baby sits the triplets , also Mickey sudjests a date,

Chapter Notes

Holy coow I have taken so long updating, honestly, just depression and shit, but I vow to make it!
so I packed a lot in , super long!!
Ian woke up with a heavy weight across his middle, Mickey was snoring beside him.

Ian lay there for a while, fuck, he thought he was never gonna see this sight again.

Mickey's face was calm when he slept, his eyebrows so usually in a scowl were soften by sleep and his pale skin looked the color of yellow peach flesh awashed in light of the morning that fell from the window.

"you gonna keep staring at me, Firecrotch?" he heard Mickey mumble.

"shit..how'd you know I was , your eyes are closed?" Ian felt embarrassed for getting caught but Mickey was beautiful and waking up with that next to him , it was hard not to.

"your breathing changed, and plus I can fucking feel your heart beating, what are you a fucking jack
hammer or some shit?" Mickeys eyes slowly opened into a frown, deep jewel blue eyes offended by the sunlight

Ians heart was thumping loudly, he could feel the blood rushing in his ear and it was deafing like a tidal wave of blood

"I've just....missed waking up to you, Mick, thats all, kind nice not waking up to white hospital walls and shit" Ian said in hushed tone. Liam was still asleep.

Mickey was quite, his face took on something like fondness, "I fuckin' missed you too, Gallagher"

Ian smiled at his nick name, he felt Micks hands go up and stroke his cheek, smooth from last nights shave. As soon as he got home he had shaved his red peach fuzz and ran a hot straightener through red tight ringlets untill they were flatten.

he felt Mickey touch the crimson hair, letting them run over his knuckles

"fuck I missed touching your fuckin' hair" Mickey said aloud as Ian breathed out a sigh of contentmeant, the touches making him feel calm. they leaned in and kissed. Ian sighed contently into Mickeys mouth

"I should get up and take my shit" Ian said after what felt like hours, leaning up against the headboard, Mickey turned on his side, looking up at him.

"kay, can you, uh, hand me a fag?" Ian said motioning to Ian the pack of cigarettes on the nightstand and blue Bic lighter

"but Mick Im right here?" Ian said, mock shock. His voice cracking into giggles

"Hi-larious, tough guy" rolling his eyes at Ian lame attempted joke

"here"

taking out a single one from the carten and lighting it before handing it to Mickey, taking a huff, he let out a cloud from his mouth and Mickey found himself thinking that Ian looked fucking beautiful. The smoke falling out of those lips like black clouds

Mickey admired Ians side profile, his cheeks were thin and sharp, pale freckled skin streched over bones, that mouth that made up his uneven chin that Mickey loved nipping when he kissed, grazing teeth over in a frenzy. His red hair straighten and lightly tossed from sleep, a few fell across his face, green eyes looked ahead at his brother asleep in his own bed. Ian looked deep in thought, like he had something weighing heavy on his mind. Red eyelashes casted shadows over his cheeks.

Fuck, he was letheal.

He handed the cigarette to Mickey after he took one more toke off it.

Mick accepted the cigarette and sat up as Ian stood, feet trudging to the bathroom, as Mickey smoked he heard Ian piss.

Mickey found himself growing hard at the sound, not that he got off on some weird fucked up piss fetish but the imagery of Ian pulling out his half hard cock , thick with last nights liquid

He heard Ian sigh in relief as the sound of piss hit the toilet
Mickey chewed his lower lip, feeling guilty, he knew him and Ian had agreed to stave off sex untill the pills had time to work,

Cause forcing Ian to do sexual favors while he had a limp bisket between his legs ,it felt wrong and tasted sour in his mouth.

He heard the sink turn on and the sound of pills in a bottle being disturbed

"okay, I took em!" he heard Ian confirming.

Ian wanted to try and be better, he knew at first he treated Mickeys helpfull gestures at first like a weakness, How DARE he treat Ian like a sickly fucking baby

or worst, Mickey had signed up for more then he bargin for, Mickey never signed up to be permenent caretaker, Mickey deserved to be drinking, laughing and having a good time.

he felt guilty now, Mickey had just tried to be the boyfriend Ian wanted, the type that cared and did shit like look after him, also Ian had come to learn this Was Mickey

Mickey was a caring selfless person and when you had gain entry into the inner circle of his world he was nothing short of attentive. but at first Ian was too stupid to see it, not anymore he vowed he would be more open, he would fall to bended knees and thank to God that Mickey actually gave a shit.

"good" Mick answered back

He heard the bed squeek and the heavy foot steps coming closer, Ian was about to step out of the bathroom door when Mickeys chest bumped him back, Ians foot stumbled but he caught himself as strong hands caught him by the upper arms

"hey there, wanna take a show before the rest of the house gets up?" he asked, hopeful

"yeah sure" Mickey replied, nonchalantly

Ian's felt himself smiling. last night they had showered and Ian thought it was the best feeling in the world, they had simply releashed in each others company, just holding each other till the water ran cold was enough for Ian.

"okay good, now move I gotta take a mean piss" Mickey playfully hip checked him aside as he yanked down his jeans, sighing as his bladder relieaved itself. flushing and washing his hands.

Ian closed the door and turned on the water, taking off his clothes.

Mickey turned to watch Ian strip, last night Ians skin was flushed red by the warmth of the water so Mickey wasn't really able to check Ians body untill now.

what he saw made him want to punch a wall, there was scars he didnt remember. He thought he knew Ians body better then his own.

the scars on his lower arms, the mass array of lines Ian had added to his collection

"shit...Jesus christ Ian" Mickey gasped, inhaling a breath as he walked closer, turning Ian to face him

"Mick, its fine, " Ian tried brushing it off, but Mickey wouldnt let him pull away

"shut the fuck up and stay fuckin still, jesus" he looked over his lower arms all the way to his wrists
had little nicks, some were long slashes just barely healed, some looked older, white scars now faded, but up close you could see the detail of it all.

"how fucking long have you been doing this shit, Ian?" Mickey closed his eyes, trying to center himself cause otherwise he was gonna scream at this fucking redhead until his lungs burst

Cause seeing it made a heavy weight in his chest and at the same time he also felt a heat anger, the very thought of Ian hurting himself angered him cause he knew it was because of his sickness and need to feel something.

Ians sickness wasn't a person he could fight with his fists, thus it wasn't something he could protect Ian from.

"I use to when I was younger, just small cuts when Frank would hit me or shit was getting to hard but I always did it places no one could see, but Um, I started to do it more when..I was in a bad place Mick...I miss you Mick and .."

Ians throat felt tight, he hated that the pills made him more emotional he never use to just burst into tears but he felt them now... on the inner walls of his eyes, rolling out and stinging them with saltly water, Ian cursed and turned his head.

" hey, its alright you dont gotta say it, I got you, okay, just fuckin tell me,"

Ian closed his eyes shut but Mick grasped firmly with both hands on his face, facing him

" tell me havn't.. that you wont fuckin do this shit ever again" Mickey begged

Mickey voice was low and angry, his eyes glared at Ians with blue fire, Ian saw Mickeys eyes gloss over and a tear run from blue eyes down his cheek and running down bare chest.

Ian nodded, his own throat was burning from the sob he wouldnt let out, he blinked and a few tears fell, he shuddered a breath and sniffed

"come on lets fucking get in before Debbie or Fiona wake up"

Mickey sniffed, motioning for them to get into the shower.

stepping in, they were silent, not saying a word as Ian felt himself being yanked down into an embrace, the water falling over them, he nuzzled his head into the nook of Mickeys shoulder, he felt his shoulders shake but he wouldnt let the tears that wanted to rip out of him fall

he felt a hand snake its way up his neck and cup the red wet hair, he heard Mickeys voice in his ear "dont you ever fuckin hurt yourself again, Ian, I fuckin mean it"

he swallowed, he nodded against his neck "I promise, I swear " he heard his voice breaking,

"jesus I was suppose to be there for you, man" Mickey would always blame himself for not being there, cause Mickey was selfless.

~No no no~ Ian thought, ~dont blame yourself for my fuck ups, Mickey, cause you dont deserve to.~

"please Mickey, dont , I was my fault, all of it-" he felt his resolve crumble, cause fuck it, Ian
Gallagher was a broken man and he hated that he had to accept it, but Ian was taught in group broken doesn’t mean bad, it means you have room to fix all that shit you broke. Ian vowed he was gonna be Bob the Builder of fixing his mistakes.

he pulled back, his vision blurred as Mickey cupped and pulled Ians cheek down towards him, their lips met in a clash of teeth and lips, he felt Mickey lick his way hotly into his mouth that tasted like tabacco, but fuck it tasted like the sweetest thing Ian had tasted

Kissing, touch, to them it meant more then sex it was how they communicated.

but he couldn’t stop the small moan that leaked out as he flushed their bodys close, his heart beat skipped. but as soon as it got to his groin it went cold. Nothing. not that he didn't want Mickey.

cause he really wanted it. fucking pills.

he ran a hand in between them and tugged on the heavy weight between Mickey legs

Mickey felt himself groan "fuccccccccck " it felt like heaven, he had missed Ians hand touching him there. but instantly his brain started flashing red lights

"Ian, wait... your fuckin meds, man" he was trying to see clearly beyond the haze of pleasure just his hands was causing, jesus he was thirsty

"its alright, Mick, I wanna do this” he was breathing, giving the meat in his hand a few tugs, thumbing the leakin slit and rubbing it around the tip, Mickey bite his lower lip, sucking on the flesh

"you sure, man? fuck, I dont wanna force you to-- fuckkkk- to " he sucked in air

he saw Ian sink down on his knees, Ian had made up his mind he wasn't going to deny Mickey this, this small thing Ian could give him. For so long he hadn't fucked Mickey and Mickey never fosed him, even now he was willing to stop but Ian felt like this was such a small thing to keep from his lover, how could Ian not do this? even just to give Mickey some pleasure, because he knew he couldn't fuck him like he wanted.

"its okay, I want to" he locked eyes, waiting for the signal,

"okay, as long as your cool, just, fuckin tell me and we can stop , I wont get mad" he struggled to keep his voice even as Ian breathed hotly on his groin

he fisted wet hair as he was swallowed whole, his head fell back.

Ian would say it with his mouth all the shit he couldn't convey in words alone, he would be Mickeys warm mouth to thrust into, he would be his slut, his punching bag if need be; this time he would let Mickey take the first hit, if that was what it would take Ian was more then willing.

Mickey sighed...fuck he missed this, not some twink but Ian, Ians mouth, licking and bobbing his head and swirling his tongue exactly the way he knew Mickey liked.

He cupped the firm fat pale cheeks and ran slick fingers inside, hearing a loud moan of relief from the ex-con above.

nothing else existed beyond the shower curtain as he felt himself shudder, hot cum ran down Ians throat as Mickey panted and sobbed, his knees buckled and Ian stood up wrapping his arm around his middle and letting his raven haired lover rest against him, panting and riding out his high
"shit, wasn't even 3 seconds" Ian kissed the top of his head, teasingly.

"yeah well, its been a while, shit head" a month and 2 weeks since Ian got home from the hospital and Mickey hadn't fucked anyone since.

Ian held him closer, feeling guilty, knowing the fault was his. But Mick would punch him if Ian said it, refusing to let Ian take that blame so instead he just held him, rubbing circles against his lower back

Ian then offered to wash Mickey's hair and asked him to turn around

Mickey did, bracing himself against the wall with his forearms he heard the click of the AXE shampoo bottle and the long nimble fingers messaging and rubbing against his scalp, tugging gently every once in a while, the balls of his thumbs rubbing the lower part of his neck, sending delicious shivers down his back, causing Mickey to moan

"damn, that feels good" Mickey heard himself saying under his breath. Ian heard it, continuing pressing a little harder, rubbing circles against his temple as he also washed the soap out of his hair

"tip your head back, please" Ian ran his fingers thru and washed the suds out, until clean he kissed his forehead. Ian wrapped his arms around Mickey's middle and rested his head on his shoulder

"want me to do you now?" Mickey's voice was light and airy, dreamy

"nah, I'm good, just wanna stay like this a while?"

Mickey heard Ian sigh contently, Mickey nodded an okay.

he turned around so he could rest his head onto the white freckled chest, listening to the thump of a heart beat under it

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

They went down the stairs, no one was up, Ian offered to make breakfast even though Mickey had insisted he would, Ian's medication made him dizzy but fuck a duck if Ian was gonna let that shit stop him, he brushed him off,

"I'll make you coffee"

After he had brewed it, Mickey waitied for Ian to pour two cups, one for him and one for himself, but when Ian had poured just one "really?" he raised an eyebrow

"yeah well, caffeine sorta give me the shakes on my meds, my hands look like I have Parkinson's disease." he tried lighten the air with a joke

He looked at Mickey who was mid sip of his coffee

"what?"

"I'm sorry Mickey, for being a dick with you" his green eyes looked like dirty lake water and his mouth was in a sad frown

**those times Mickey had said he shouldn't drink coffee on his meds and Ian had ignored him.**

"stop, enough of that shit Ian" Mickey didn't want Ian constantly blaming himself, Mickey hated past shit constantly being brought up. not now..
Ian looked like he had more to say, he would have pulled out a list of every thing he had ever done and beg for forgiveness...

but instead Ian starting pulling out pans, he began making oatmeal.

the same time he was making scrambled eggs with butter.

He heard the small patter of feet and looked up to see Liam coming down the stairs

"hey, buddy, sleep well?" Ian asked as he stired the slowly solidifying yellow mush of eggs.

"hungry"Liam whined

"okay bud, you wanna go sit down I'll bring you some food?"

Ian looked down, as Liam walked closer to him, he rubbed his eyes sleepily with his fist, and wrapped his arms around his leg, Ian let out a surprised chuckle , he loved that his little brother still saw him as a protecter, not a sickness.

Ian scratched affectionatly at his small brother's hair, Liam let go and walked over to the table

Mickey just watched silently , amazed at how loving Ian was towards small children

He could see the daddy in him, this need to care for a small human being was great

when Yevgeny was born he never feared Ian might do something like drown the baby or lash out in some way, being the child of a woman who had fucked (lets say it, raped) his lover, but Ian had thrown himself into loving him like his own.

He watched Ian check the oatmeal, annouced it was done he started pulling out bowls, he had reheated some bacon he found in the frig, he put some eggs and oatmeal in to one and mixed it around

"this ones Liams, he sorta likes it this way, dont you buddy"

Liam nodded, his black hair bouncing, he handed it to Mickey to pass to Liam who said thank you in a small voice, picking up his spoon tucked into his food

he handed Mickey a plate of eggs and bacon and toast, then a small bowl of oats, Mickey ate, watching Ian drink his Tea he had made seperatly from the coffee for everyone else

"you gonna eat?"

"in a mintue, my stomach hurts to much" Ian mumbled, the food smelled nauseating to him, one of the pills many side affects

Mickey looked at Ian concered, not eating while on his meds wasn't any better, "at lest eat this man"

picking up his toast he handed it to Ian, who made a face, but Mickey raised his eyebrow at him, eventually taking it and taking a bite of the edge, he chewed it and groaned

"suck it up bitch" Mickey said, taking a bite of eggs
Fiona came down the stairs, in what looked like a pencil skirt, white shirt and a work jacket on
"going somewhere?" Ian asked, seeing his sister, her hair in a bun and she had on some lipstick,
black heels in one hand

Bending to kiss Liam's head she whispered lovingly to him "hey Peanut"

pulling on her black heels she answered Ian

"yeah, me and Gus are signed up for this couples counseling, gotta meet him there now, oh you
made coffee, smells great" Ian silently without being asked pulled out a cup and made his sister a
one.

"what about Debs?" Ian inquired as Fiona slurped down her cup, whiping her mouth gently

"she's gonna take Liam to school then shes got a docters appointment to go to with Derek"
she turned to Mickey

"hey you still here"

He knew she didn't mean anything by it but it made him angry, he didn't reply just nodded, and
chewed his food, she turned to leave.

Ian caught his eye "you alright?"

"uh, yep" Mickey swallowed his food and the rest of his coffee, "Imma go outside for a smoke"

Ian looked at him, concerned "alAlright, Im gonna take Laim up stairs to get dressed"

~~~

Mickey stepped out back and lite up, he inhaled angrily , who the fuck did the Gallaghers think they
were? questioning if He WAS still there!?

FUCK, he was the only one, still fighting to keep Ian sane and whole, where the fuck was Lip, or
Frank, or Debbie, getting herself knocked up when they still had Laim that needed someone to care
for him

Debbie couldnt wait to run away and rope some poor kid into a relationship when he didn't even
know the real her.

and Poor Ian was stuck in the middle of it all, he would wring his hands together and pray he had a
family at the end of the day

He puffed an angry smoke cloud, grinding his back teeth.

Mickey re-thought over what he had told Ian , the month back when Ian was at New Hope, how he
wanted to marry him some day and move out of this shitty neighborhood, he didn't want Yev to be
afraid of walking home, or being mugged like Mickey had.

He remembered his own times, being 12 and seeing crack heads in kids parks, he never wanted that
shit for Yevgeny.

he dwelled on it and the more he thought the nicer it sounded, yeah, getting out of here, maybe someplace that was quite, just tossing shit into a moving van and Him, Ian, and their son, driving out to no mans land

he doubted the Gallaghers would miss Ian, they flip flopped between claiming undying devotion to not giving two steaming craps

fickler ass Irish basterds.

he stomped out his cigarette, he would re-vist the idea later, he wasn't finished. nope...

~~~~

Ian was getting Liam dressed, his skin newly cleaned, "you almost ready kiddo?" Laim nodded his head. Luckily Ian could trust Liam to shower and dress himself but he also sometimes was defiant and would throw tantrums, so Ian had to keep an eye and make sure he wasn't just sitting shirtless in on his bed while Ian was waiting.

Debs was still in her room, the door closed, he had knocked on it, but he heard only a loud groan "Um, you want me to take Liam to school?"

"yessssssssssssssssssssssssssss" Debbie loudly answered

Debbie, now that the life inside her was being more evident, her hormones were making her scream or growl at any little question asked at her. Fuck, Ian wasn't ready for his sister to be pregnant.

Ian sighed but didn't reply, looking down at Liam,"guess its me and you today bud"

Liam nodded, chewing his thumb

Ian went to get dressed, finding a black shirt with long sleeves and a pair of dark jeans, Mickey was coming up the stairs "were you going?"

"taking Liam to school, Debs cant"

Mickey pinched his brim of his nose "Ian.."

he didn't want Ian exerting himself, he knew the pills sometimes made Ian dizzy but Ian brushed it off "its just up the block, no big deal, Im more then capable of doing this, Mick"

"...fine...." he just snorted a sigh, lighting up instead

Ian stood "come on, little man" motion for Liam to follow.

"I'll be back"

"ey I got some shit to do at the alibi, I'll be back in a couple hours, alright?"

he pulled Ian close and kissed him, Ian kissed him back,
sighing in defeat. "kay"

Ian, turning with Liam, left

~~~

Leaving the house he and Liam walked the few blocks to Liams kindergarten

Ian knew Mickey didn't like that Ian was just newly released from the Center he was at, and already he was exerting himself instead of taking it easy and giving the medication time to do its job, given the side effects, but Ian hated staying still even more, he might as well be wrapped up like Yevgeny or Liam and sit quietly in a play pen while Mickey spoon fed him

EH that very thought made his skin crawl, he was a fucking man, not a child, regardless of what was going on inside his head, the world and its problems didn't go away because of his Bipolar disorder, shit still needed to get done.

as they neared the building of Liams school Ian had to promise himself that he wasn't going to snap at Mickey ever again if his lover tried to help him, he knew it wasn't cause Mickey thought of him as infentile. Ian just was afraid of fading away as his lover and becoming the burden.

"okay Liam, Sheila's gonna come get you later okay?" he stooped low and looked his brother in the eye, who nodded.

"kay!" Ian grinning and kissed his forehead and waved goodbye

as Ian turned and left he yanked out his cell and called up his step mother and asked if she could pick up Liam after school and possibly babysit until five then ian would walk over to get him

"Oh I could just take him to school tomorrow it'll be no biggie, I have some of his clothes here from when I baby sat him before! OH and we can make cookies and watch some old disney movies of Karens, OH this will be fun!" Sheila was a mother in the purest sense of the word, she was the living embodiment of what Ian never had and he felt something in his chest die a little but he brushed it off shamefully.

He smiled and laughed at her excited plea

"yea, sure, if its not too much trouble, thanks Sheila, really"

"Oh NO problem, Honey!"

he hung up. He sighed, what to do? Mickey was at the Alibi, he could go swing by?

Nah, he was at work, he didn't need Ian waltzing in, sitting around while he checked his girls, was he still pimping them? he thought V mentioned that he was selling breast milk to guys with mommie fetishes now??

he thought, fistng his pocket he had some bills, he looked around and spotting something ...

CHICAGO ART SUPPLIES

~~~

A few moments later, probably 20-30 mins. give or take, Ian had a canvas bag filled with some
paints, brushes and some medium sized wood framed canvas's for painting. until Ian could find a therapist that was cheep or cheep enough (he had no health insurence) he needed a way of releaving his stress (cause he sure wasnt able to do it the way he NORMALLY WOULD, thank you flacid boner)

Ian worried how he was going to afford his medication, he made a stop at his old job, Patsys Pies, "Moneys money, a jobs a job" Ian sighed, walking inside and hoping he got it back

luckily he was given it back at once, his boss Sean just smiled, slapped his arm in what Ian inturpted as macho kindness, saying he understood Ian having to go to rehab as he put it.

"you can start tomorrow, the jobs yours"

"thank you, so much" Ian left feeling better, that was a check he could expect now.

walking back home, he sighed, feeling the warm sun hit his face

"what should I make for dinner?"

~~~

Mickey went to the Alibi, first thing he went up the stairs, ignoring Kevens " hello's"

Svetlana was flat stomached once again, probably already handed over the baby who was renting out her womb to whoever parents wanted it

"See you kicked out the brat " motioning to her tummy as he lite up a cigarette

Svetlana was sitting shirtless on one of the cots, milking her boobs with a machine "2000 to start 3000 to deliver safely, good money"

she had three bags full of breast milk filled beside her, a few of the other girls were doing the same, Mickey looked around, wondering if he always wanted to be a pimp, or if this was just to pay bills, maybe someday he would quit.

He was making better money by having the girls pump breast milk to sell to creepy guys with a breast milk fetish then by hand jobs.

"hows the kid" Mickey asked off handedly

"good, alive, but what do you care" Svetlana said icily, Mickey rolled his eyes, flicking the ashes

"dont. but Ian does, figured I better tell him how the baby meats doing"

"he is with the V women, she with babies at home"

"so what the fuck is going on with you guys, you bang Veronica too?" he had heard from Keven how Svetlana was upholding her "wifely duties"

"not just me, Nika is very good tongue" she looked over at her blonde lover, who was sitting beside her, reading a magazine, she looked up and smirked, making a V sign with her fingures and licking the inner webbing

Mickey shuddered, making a 'Ew gross' face.
"whatever jesus christ, just bring the baby meat over later will ya?" Mickey turned to leave

"no, I do not trust the orange boy"

Mickey stopped, his shoulders tense, he took a deep breath before turning around to face the russian
"I thought you were fine with Ian, what the fuck? you flip a switch or some shit??"

"he crazy, he cut himself to ribbons like crazy person, how can I know he dont do the same thing to baby??"

Svetlana had limited knowlage of what Ian was going through, in her eyes you sucked it up and got over whatever shit was going on in your head, a prostitute couldn't afford to say she was depressed, depression didnt pay the bills. Depression didnt change babies shitty diaper

Mickey set his jaw

"You need to shut the fuck up, about shit you dont fuckin know, okay? He aint gonna do shit to the kid alright?"

"he better not or I stab him in chest with screwdriver, I watch him bleed untill he dies"

Mickey was actually surprised by his sheer willpower, he almost lunged at her & snapped her neck at the threat of hurting Ian after all the shit he just went through. he took a huff off his cigarette.

"just bring the fuckin kid by tonight, and if you say anything to Ian, I will break that fucking russian neck, you got me??" Mickey got close, and grit his teeth, he tasted the venom in his mouth and it stung as he blow smoke out of his nostrals

Nika tried to step up and spew some russian cuss words at him but Mickey just eyed her

"you, shut the fuck up, this aint about you, okay? so back the fuck off"

pointing a finger at her before, he turned and left, stomping down the stairs

God damn it, he always felt angry after talking with his Ex

granted she was a worried mother, but she didnt know Ian like he did, all she saw was a crazy guy who stole her kid, she didnt even try to fucking see past it

Mickey knew Ian, she wasnt around Ian before , before all this shit started happening,

She didnt know Ian brought over Onesies for Yevgeny when her ass brought his premature ass in a old ratty onsie, no blanket to the Gallaghers in the snow. How he worried that a newly mothered 20 year old hand whore who smoked in utero was going to care for the baby of his lover, this baby that had his DNA.

She didnt know Ian cooking breakfeast for Liam and made him sandwishes for lunch and washed his clothes and worried for his stupid sister who got herself knocked up.

she never saw how he fuckin was around kids and he was great. He was the reason Mickey gave a shit at all, that he was trying, he didnt deserve to be seperated from Yevgeny because of something he couldnt control. He knew Ian felt like shit enough as it was.

"hey, Mickey, you alright with the misses, heard you guys arguing"

"fine, just pour me a fuckin shot” he slapped the table as he pulled up a stool
Keven poured a shot of Jack for Mickey, the bar was relatively full for a morning

"seen Frank or Monica?" Mickey asked first, tossing back the harsh drink

Kev shook his head No "nah, not sense." that time you guys fought in here, he silently added

"ah.." he was kinda itching for a fight today, he was hoping to punch the drunks face in.

with Fiona's smart ass comment about "your still here?" and Svetlanas rude comments about how Ian was gonna cut up his son into little pieces cause he cut himself what the fuck was stopping him from going straight postle on everyone else, he was feeling a bit ansty and full of pent up aggression

Kev didnt bring up Ian, to Mickeys relief, he could feel it in the air, an unspoken question

He got up, walking out, saying "see ya" behind him

~~~

Ian was walking back home

He spotted a girl with black hair and bangs, in a black mesh shirt and short tight jeans

"Mandy?"

she walked towards him, hugging him, he tossed his arms around her and hugged her back

"hey, Ian, how are you?"

"good just dropping Liam off at day care, you?" he hadnt seen his best friend since yesterday at his Welcome back party, which just consisted of him drinking soda while everyone else partied, Mandy had sat out back and told him of how she was dating Sully, one of the guys Iggy and Mick hung out with

"good, Sully wants to take me out later, the train tracks to look at stars and shit" Mandy walked and talked, he slung an arm around her

"thats good, Im real happy for you Mands, you deserve to be happy." and he meant it, she deserved to be treated with respect and love

as they walked closer to the Gallagher house Mandy asked if Mickey was home "No, I dont think so, said he was going to the Alibi"

"figures, oh well, call you after my date?"

"yeah, tell me how it went" he waved bye at the front step

this fucking step,

it has seen him grow up,

has seen police and kids and teens running up and down these steps,

has had Fiona cry on them at 14,

had Debbie sob when her bf dumped her

had Ian lose his mind and throw away the only good person who gave a fuck,
these steps,
this house has seen it all and held his secrets
he must have sat down at some point cause he didn't notice Mickey walking up to him, saying his name "Ian, Ian"
Ian looked up, the boy standing there was beautiful and tired and pale, his hair was black like ink and combed back with a single thread out of place, he was that same light beige sweater
"hey, Mandy came by"
"oh yeah?"
"shes going on a date with Sully tonight"
Mickey nodded, taking out a cigarette to light, taking a long drag
even now, Mickey Milkovich ended up back on his porch,
Ian suddenly stood up and walked near Mick, he reached out a hand and cupped his cheek, it was cool beneath his fingers, suddenly feeling self-conscious, was he allowed to touch Mickey like this?
Ian was suddenly afraid if he had permission to hug him, for fear at any moment Mickey could change his mind and decide he made a mistake.
But Mickey reached for him and pulled Ian close and brought his lips together, he leaned in and kissed Mickeys lips, they tasted like tabacco,
"how was the Alibi?" Mickey shrugged, "boring as fuck"
they walked inside, Mickey took off his sweater, leaving his long sleeved with shirt he grabbed a beer from the frig
"Debbie still sleepin?" Mickey took the bottle cap off and drank some
"I didnt check" Ian ran up the steps, walking to Debbies room, it was empty
he came back down "I guess she left" he flipped his phone on and dialed her number
It rang a while before she answered, he asked her where she was, if she was alright
she replied, in a rather annoyed voice that she was with Derek and was staying over
Ian sighed and hung up "I guess shes sleeping over at her boyfriends tonight"
"good, shes been moody lately anyway, fuckin annoying as fuck" he sat down on the couch, Ian grabbed a water bottle and followed him
"Svetlanas coming by later with the baby meat" Mickey said, snapping Ian out of a deep thought but he looked up at Mickey, eyes bright green
"really, your serious" Ian couldn't contain his excitement, he jumped on Mickeys lap and hugged him, kissing his face, laughing
"yeah yeah calm the fuck down" but he kept his hands on Ian, who was half on his lap, kissing his
neck and face

the door knocked a few hours later, Ian groaned but he stood up when Mickey pointed out it was probably Svetlana

"Hey! Oh.." it was Svetlana alright, and V

"Hey love birds sorry to break up the lovers fest but"

Veronica groaned carrying two babys in her arms and practically thrusted them into Iams

"you gotta take them or Im gonna end up on CNN, BLack woman drowns her two babys in tub then takes a nap" Veroica stretches

"Whoa whoa whoa back the fuck up Thelma and Louise, you mean we gotta watch all these kids?"

Svetlana was bouncing Yevgeny on one hip and Kevs baby from Veronicas mother, Dmitri

"Four f*ckin kids, jesus christ Svetlana? what the f*ck?!!"

"Ey! You want watch baby yes! well you watch babies"

"Its okay Lana, V, dont worry I can handle it, I promise"

Ian handed Yevgeny to his father who grunted, but held the baby to his chest as Ian helped set up the pen for all four babies

after moving the couch back and the coffee table aside, Ian set up the baby cage, as Mickey called it.

V turned to Svetlana and said they out to be going

Ian hugged them both and walked them out

"did they seem a little chummy to you?" Mickey said after the 2 woman left

Ian shrugged, walking over to the babies in their pen, he cooed at them "I think V and Svetlana are sorta..you know"

"Im sure Keven must be thrilled, every straight guys wet dream, Nika can film it all"

Ian walke over to Mickey, pulling him down on a couch

"thanks Mick, your the best"

"yea yeah" Mickey burrowed his face into Ians neck, they just sat like that, breathing contently as the babies cooed at one another, then softened into gentle sleeping sounds

Ian was still not able to get hard on but he still wanted to kiss and cuddle Mickey. he kissed his head, brushing back black hairs and messaging his temples, Mickey groaned happily

"f*ckk that feels good" he flopped against Ians side, allowing Ian to continue, Ian laughed, chest rumbled against his back.

Ians laugh felt so good, something Mickey missed hearing.

"oh yeah " he moved his hands to his shoulders and runned through the fabric, he kissed his neck softly
"man, we need a fucking date" Mickey said out of no where, between greatful moans

"I thought watching babies qualified as a date Mick?"

"fuckkk no, I didnt think we would be watching the entire red soxs team"

"well, you know what they say, it takes a village"

"yea yea"

Ian wrapped arms around Mickeys middle and he pulled them against the arm, so they were front to back, Mickeys back against Ians chest

It felt good, just this, the closeness Mickey missed and so did Ian.

eventually one of the babies would cry and Ian would get up, picking up one gently as it wailed like a dying cat, cooing to the small thing he checked the diaper for shit or piss then would change it, putting blankets over the couch he knelt over it, laying the baby at that time down

"you serious? what if it pees "

"well, she is a baby Mickey" Amy? or Gema?

"I use to change Debs when she was born, if Lip was too tired or Fiona was asleep. "

Mickey tried to envision a little mop headed Ian changing a little baby Debbie, screaming loudly.

the rest of the night was quite, Ian made them mac and cheese, he would take one baby out at a time and feed them or rock them. One even had the nerve to vomit all over Ians front but Ian just laughed, handing the baby to Mickey who held it at arms length, saying he was going to go change.

Mickey was already irritated and he wasnt even the one watching them, tecniqually

Good thing Ian was.

~~~~

Ian thought over how Mickey was right they needed a date night, Mickey was owed a date after pretty much sense the moment Ian ruin his entire life

Ian was making Coffee and serving it to a customer as he thought it over, where to take Mickey? it had been two week, Ian would go up and go to work, Mickey went home a few days ago to take care of some shit for his uncle Ronnie and change his clothes but he said he would come by

Sean was great, even when Fiona quit , he didnt treat Ian different. Fiona was on her own personal journey of fucking up.

That wans't fair, Ian was just moody cause of his pills, his anti-phychotic meds were taking slower to work and it made his testy

Where do you take someone for a realy nice date, maybe just dinner for now?

he was cleaning off the counter as the bell dinged and in walked the most beautiful thug Ian had ever seen, since three days ago

Ian had to restrain himself from bounding over and taking him in his arms right then and there
He watched Mickey smile at him in silent awe

"hey Mickey"

"hey, so your working here now huh?"

"yep, buts its alright, Seans a cool boss"

"Sean, that your boss"

"yeah, Um, you wann have a seat? I can get you some coffee?"

"yea sounds good?"

He sat down on of the front stools and Ian fixed him a cup

"hey do they got any pie here?" Mickey had seen some people in here eating something that vaguely resembled pie and it looked good, plus this joint was called Patsy's Pies so

"yea hold on" he turned to go in the back

another waitress walked by refilling his cup

Mickey asked her "so what you know about the red head working here?"

"Oh Ian? Great kid, everyone loves him, real heart breaker. all the girls on staff have tried asking him out after our shift but he just turns them down flat, saying he's got somebody but he never says who, but God, someone as gorgeous as that creature, and the hair! so red, I wouldnt doubt he's got some beautiful girl waiting for him or something back at his place"

"why you assume he's got a girl?" he asked trying to fiend disinterest

"I mean, I guess he could be gay, but I just dont get that vibe off him ya know? he just..all Man" she sighed, looking at the man in question as he walked over

"Hey Ian" she said in a high voice, full of flirt that Mickey snarled into his cup of joe

"hey Leslie" he said before turning his attention away to smile blindingly at Mickey

"its Blue berry" he handed the plate of pie to him, momentarily rubbing his thumb with his own

"Mm, good" he flicked his eye up at Ian who was grinning, and Leslie was looking at Ian like he made her wet dreams on a nightly basis

she walked off, saying she had a table to wait while clearly hoping Ian would turn and say something back

he didnt

"so I hear your the real shit around here"

Mickey tooka mouth full of pie, chewing it, it tasted good

"what? who told you that?" Ian laughed, confused

Mickey jabbed a thumb backwards towards the woman who was Fiona's age and slightly heavy
"Oh? Leslie. yea shes alright, kinda motherly all the girls here are really nice"

Mickey almost spit his drink, if Leslie knew she didnt even register on Ians possible radar, boy it would probably kill her

"anyone ever try and give you their number?" forking a piece of pie and swallowing it

"Um, yea some but I didnt- why?" Ian was wondering why Mickey was asking about other woman, did he not trust him?

"Mickey, I swear I didnt -"

"ey, calm down cinderella, I know, Leslie other there already pretty much spilled it about how your breaking everyones hearts around here, seems like every one who asked you out you turned down"

Ian looked at Mickey who was smirking, Ian breathed out "you jerk "

"yea yea , more coffee, god this place has shitty service, huh? good thing the bus boys pretty hot though" Mickey winked, laughing as Ian rolled his eyes, turning around to grab the coffee pot

"more coffee, coming up"

~~~~~

Ian had texted Mickey Friday, saying to come over in something nice, that was all

Mickey had texted back asking what for and Ian didnt answer

He had a plan, he was going to take Mickey out for dinner, just some place simple, there was a sizzlers near by and Ian really wanted to take Mickey out on a date

~~~~~

Mickey was standing nervously in his mirror

"what the fuck.." he was shirtless in dark jeans, trying to decide what shirt to put on

he wanted to look nice for Ian, he had two he was holding up on hangers that still had sleeves

he was trying to decide on a white one over a dark gray

"gray, safest bet"

he put on the the gray shirt, it was gentler then black and still made his skin look pale, Mickey gelled his hair back and admired his reflection

yep, he looked good

he breathed in, still jittery, he walked out of the house with a cigarette

he arrived at Ians on time, 4 o clock

Ian came down the stars in a dark green long sleeve, his hair was slicked back

he had on dark pants, he wiped his sweaty pals on "Mickey, you look great” he smiled broadly

"yeah? uh, so do you" he coughed, suddenly feeling out of place
Ian reached out, and Mickey filled the gap, the two hugged the other, inhaling the scent of each other like it had been years

"you smeell so good" Ian sighed, his body sagged, resting his head against Mickeys shoulder he felt his body loosen with relief at the familiar scent of his lover

"oh yeah? you dont smell so bad yourself there, Firecrotch"

he turned his head to look at Mickey, and caught his mouth in a kiss, he held his face and just drank him in like a man in a desert, opening his mouth and running his tongue inside, he tasted tabacco and hummed, missing the taste. He missed Mickey.

they pulled away, arms wrapped around each other.

They looked into one anothers eyes, Ian felt a rush of emotion run through him, Mickey looked so handsome, the gray shirt looked nice on his lover and it make his blue eyes and pale complexion stand out even more

I cupped Mickeys face gently, just taking in the sight of him, eyes scanning over every inche of his face, the way his nose curved down slightly,he ran his thumb over his full lips,

it was all his.

His attention was broken when Mickey smiled, "hey, so you gonna stand here all night stairing at me or you gonna tell me where we're going?"

"oh , Im taking us to dinner"

"Oh yeah"

"yeah"

they walked outside, Ian had the keys to Fiona's car, he had asked her to burrow, a blue sedan

"get in" he motioned to Mickey

they got in and buckled up , Ian fixed the mirror and checked everything before taking off.

As they drove Mickey told him about new stuff happening with his brothers, Iggy and Colins were staying with Jaime to help out with something

They arrived at Sizzlers a few moments after

Ian and Mickey both got out, Ian clicked the locking mechinisam on the key

"lets go inside" they walked in and Ian told the girl inside NAme under Gallagher

Ian asked for a table near the back , both wanting privacy

"wow, nice Firecrotch, your really pulling out all the stops"

"I just figured it would be better if I called ahead, Im not sure how packed this place gets"

they both sat across from each other but within hand holding proximity. Mickey ordered a coke and Ian ordered a tea.
The waitress was looking at Ian way to long for Mickeys taste but he didnt say anything
Ian was admiring how good Mickey looked when the girl came back to take their order
Mickey ordered a steak, rare, and Ian ordered a burger with fries
they talked about how Ian bought paint and painting canvas's the other day, he wanted to start painting again, maybe he wanted to make this a real job someday
Mickey said he should, maybe that was something he could look into.
Ian asked about him, about work, Mickeys Uncle wanted him to join the mafia, Mickey wasnt sure if he should but Ian assured him he would support whatever discion he made
they ate for a while, Ian smirked when Mickey mooed, Ian laughed
Mickey looked up at Ian, happy, Ian said suddenly " If you work for your uncle, would he make sure you were safe?"
"well, yea, they would make sure that the cops were paid off, its basically the Ukraine mafia, they would keep my ass out of prison for one"
"I didnt know the mafia let gays join"
"yea they dont but my Uncle Ronnies a big deal, they sorta would do whatever he said"
taking a fench fry and chewing it Ian said thoughtfull "is he a Don or something?"
"I dont know, he dont talk about it, he just says its the family bsiness or some shit, my old man didnt really do the whole mafia shit, he was more KKK white power "
"well, Mickey, just be safe, as long as its not something that can get you tracked "
"I aint that stupid, people only get caught if they get sloppy, Im a fucking pro"
Ian didnt argue, all he knew of the gang life was his grandma "I dont really know enough to arugue, Franks mom use to cook Meth thats as much of the Irish mafia that I know of, and I dont think she was apart of it, so much as she sol what she made to them"
"nah shit like thats more my brothers thing, Iggy and Colins deal with pushin dope, my uncles are more about selling blank guns and crapmaybe a lil Pot farm but thats it"
Okay so maybe Uncle ronnie killed a few guys and Mickey knew how to chop someone up with a saw but he was gonna leave that out
they finished their food, and talked quietly about other stuff, Ian was smiling so that was enough for Mickey, just them, talking about illigel jobs over a rare delicious steak and fries
after word they went back to the gallaghers house and watched a movie, the place quite, Fiona was at her husbands, Ian said he thought she was seeing Sean being his back, though, just a feeling he got
"Debbies been saying shes been coming back later "
they were snuggled on the couch, pressed together, arm over arm
they sat quietly, dropping the Fiona fiasco for now. Ian kissed Mickeys head, "was this okay?
tonoght I mean?"

"yea, it was real nice, you didnt have to"

"yea I did, you kinda were owed a date Mickey.."

Mickey could feel ians guilt, Mickey grabbed ian and kissed him, trying to kiss away that fucking memory, she was locked up somewhere, she wasnt here anymore.

Ian vowed he would take Mickey on more dates, soon. Cause Just being there with Mickey watching him eat his bloody steak actually made Ian happy.
Yevgeny goes for his check ups and Mickey is bored

Chapter Summary

this chapter is short but cute, Daddy! Mickey and Yevgeny moment

Uh oh, Yevgeny needs to go to the doctors and get his shots cause Ian reminds Mickey that Yev is still a baby, Mickey has to sit in the waiting room full of screaming babies and toddlers

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ian was at Work at Patsys Pies while Mickey sat in the waiting room of Yevgeny's pediatrician.

Svetlana had gotten a call from Ian out of the blue telling her a baby flue was going around, the Ball triplets had gotten sniffles and even Liam was under a slight fever, Yevgeny should probably get seen. That was enough for Svetlana to set up an appointment (with Veronica's help, of course, she was a nurse for a while before being let go)

Mickey had voiced Svetlana doing it but she insisted Mickey needed to start being apart of their child's life, that meant doing fatherly things like taking his own damn child to the doctors for shots, what if she wasn't able to in the future?

He needed the practice

"Practice my ass, damn russian hand whore, cant speak two words of literate english to save her ass from being deported" he muttered under his breath, walking towards the doors of the hospital/pediatrician center were Debbie got her "pills" for when she was on Birth control, WAS..
he swung the fucking blue baby bag over one shoulder while hoisting his baby on his other, using his hip he pushed the door open.

He felt self conscious, he looked the young single father, alone with a baby in his arms and a shit loud of baby crap. Jesus, Ian should be here.

He walked over to the desk were a young Lady about Fionas age with blong curly hair in a beehive and horned glasses and long fucking red nails typed behind a computer screen

she looked up and her whole persona changed, she smiled Perkily "Well, Hello, welcome, is he yours?" she thought there was nothing sexier then Hot single daddy

Mickey had to fight the urge to vomit at her flirtation, duh Yev was his, why would he be holding some ones elses fucking kid for?

Ian told Mickey to be polite, so he smiled his best

"Uh Yea, Yevgeny Milkovich here to see Doctor Pamela Black?"

"and Who are you in relation to Yev-"

"Yev-Geny, Im his father" sounding out his poor kids already botched name

he pulled his ID out of his pocket with some difficulty, he had forgotten the damn baby carrier in the damn car

She did some more typing and checking, then smiled saying that he could wait over at the empty chairs and his doctor should be out shortly

he sat down putting the bag of crap in the empty chair next to him and held his son in one arm while he texted Ian with his other hand

Hey

Hey? is everything alright?

Yeah jst waitin 4 the bitch ass doctor to show up

were are you?

the fuckin waiting room

Your be fine Mick, just remember to be polite but dont be afraid to ask questions

ah hm

Theres a few other brats here, they keep screaming

be nice

one of thems fuckin looking at me

oh god..

now the fucking Mother is looking at me, the fucks her prob.
Some kid had the fucking gull to stand right in front of him and stair him down like he knew what was up, Mickey just raise his left eyebrow and blue steeled him so bad the small boy's lip quivered and he turned around, crying

"Can I help you?"

The mothers of the child, two lesbian moms a butchy looking type like that one bitch from Orange is the new black, Bo or bue or what ever the fucks her name (Mickey secretly watched it cause of the gay prison theme) and the other was some Boho blonde dreads and sunflower dress hippie mom type, Ugghh

The butchy mom just eyed him and they had this alpha stair down before his name was called

"Yev-yee" Oh God this was so painful

"Yevgeny Milkovich, jesus lets get this shit show over with" he stood up, if Ian was here he would have slapped Mickeys arm

the Butch gave him a raised eye brow like what was his attitude, like he didnt catch her stank eye

he fought the urge to flip her the bird as he followed behind Yev's shooke doctor to the room

first she weighed him, then saying he was a little chubby but seeing as he was a Preemie at birth it was okay he gained some weight, then she asked about the mother and were was she

"Uh shes working, its just me" Mickey didnt know why the fuck that was any of her damn business

"so you want Yevgeny to get his shots? there is a nasty flue for infants and toddlers going around"

"so I've heard"

"also has Yevgeny had any vaccines that you know of?"

"No he has not" knowing Svetlana she probably had never gotten Yevgeny seen at a doctor other then when she was first pushing him out of her fur burger

She gave Yev a Booster shot and also a MMR (measles-mumps-rubella) and a few others he didnt understand, he asked her if giving him so many shots at once was a fucking overload

"he's not fuckin dying, he just needs a shot so he doesnt get the damn flue, christ, not the black death"

ignoring his explotive language she answred his question that

"no evidence suggests that the recommended childhood vaccines can “overload” the immune system. In contrast, from the moment babies are born, they are exposed to numerous bacteria and viruses on a daily basis. Eating food introduces new bacteria into the body; numerous bacteria live in the mouth and nose; and an infant places his or her hands or other objects in his or her mouth hundreds of times every hour, exposing the immune system to still more antigens. When a child has a cold they are exposed to at least 4 to 10 antigens and exposure to “strep throat” is about 25 to 50 antigens."
too many big fucking words and he had to fight the words that wanted to come out `the fucks that even mean?`

when he finished, Yevgeny had wailed and cried as each soft pudgy arm and leg was shot with a hard cold needle, Mickey felt guilt inside of him he only knew when he saw Ian in pain

his own child was in tears and it was his doing, granted he didnt fucking shoot him with the fucking needle but he might as well have, his son looked at him with bleary eyes of shame and Mickey ran a hand over his face in frustration

"is it over. are we done?"

"yes, Mr. Milkovich, we are done"

he ignored her ditainful voice, he didnt give a fuck if she thought, he just needed to get his poor son away from her before she decided she needed a blood transfusion or bone marrow sample

as they left after paying the woman at the desk, he kissed Yevgenys cheek, "I'm sorry buddy, I'll never let anyone hurt you again, okay?" his son hiccuped a cry against his chest, his voice wobbled a moan of hurt, Mickeys chest fucking ached

He actually wiped a tear away as he strapped his son into his baby seat of the back of his car.

Chapter End Notes

Ian tries to..please Mickey.. next chapter
that's is all
**Im not Chaos, Im a Gallagher**

**Chapter Summary**

The first half was basically Fiona, I think she wants what Ian and Mickey have. They have great sexual chemistry based on a real foundation of love, friendship, trust, and Fiona wants that, she thought she had it with Jimmy/Steave whatever his name is.

Ian is struggling to keep it together.

**Chapter Notes**

This chapter was literally hard to write, so this ones gonna be LONNNG. Shameless has really torn me up inside but I refuse to let them kill my love of Gallavich. I refuse to let that word get used as something dirty *rakes hand through hair* we need all our fanfic writers to write happy post 5x12 of them making up, cause honestly, that's how we all make it out alive...

**Fiona POV**

It was 3 am, Fiona Gallagher was sleeping in the bed of her boss, Sean. She had been seeing him since that time since she ran away to Sheboygan when Ian cut his wrists and she skipped town.

When she called Lip saying she was coming back, she didn't go straight home like she should have.... she ran to him before going to the hospital....

She ran to Sean... she ran to his apartment to see him and before either one had known what was happening they were pressed flush against one another, Fiona was already pushing her skirt and...
panties down as Sean shoved her against the floor of his house, right in his door way, had barely closed the door as he fell down into her, shoving himself inside with a grunted "fuck"

After it was done, she still could feel his spunk drizzling out of her as she drove home to get her brother Liam and Debbie to go see Ian.

Her inner thighs wet.

******

she felt guilty, guilty that she could walk back home to her husband and feel a rush as she would kiss his cheek (she couldn't explain it but Gus knew what she was doing )

Sean would give her this speech about how she should just get a divorce if she wants to fuck around but Fiona couldn't explain it. She loved the rush

She loved the rush of a man who walked her path, knew her demons, Gus was nice but the hardest shit he shot into his veins was the insulin he took for his type 1 diabetes

She was chaos, pure, unbridled...Choas

She was a Gallagher.

and he wasn't. he was calmness, soothing guitar music during a rainstorm

and fuck, that should have been enough, but it wasn't...

when she was with her Husband she didn't feel that spark, that rush of electricity that you'r suppose to feel when you'r married, and she felt cheated of that feeling.

when was she allowed to feel happy?

when??

****

Mickey flits between work at the alibi and Ian, whose been trying to find a doctor on the Gallagher budget, and get counseling, its been a few weeks and Ians tired eyes look at Mickey over the laptop his clicking away at, searching names and address's

Mickey tells him they will find someone.

They, as in him and Ian, together.
Fiona saw how Mickey and Ian acted, like even just being in the same room as each other you could feel how they yern to be near one another, how Mickey would rake his hand through Ian's hair whenever he thought no one was looking.

You could tell that Mickey's touch set Ian's skin on fire, the way her brother's face looked as he stared at Mickey longingly, almost like it pained him that he couldn't even have sex with the brunette.

(she knew the drawbacks of the medication, Ian wasn't able to have erections)

She never felt that with Gus, but with Sean...he was like Kerosene and she was fire.

Maybe she just liked the thought of being with a guy who knew her addictions, she wouldn't ever have to explain herself to him, explain the rush, the raw want of being high.

She tried explaining it to Gus once, after a night of slow sex, their sex was always slow and at first it was nice, fuck it was romantic as he gently held her as he thrusted into her but she didn't want to settle for nice.

Fiona needed him to just toss her around like a piece of meat, just use her, fuck her like a whore he found at a bar and just ram her cunt like no tomorrow or regard.

she wanted the kind of sex that hurt in the morning, where the walls of her vagina bruised and ached

Fiona felt entitled to hard, rough sex and why the fuck not? didn't she deserve it?

just this once ... didn't she??

------

it was 9:00 am

Fiona was walking home from Sean's, she opened the door to the Gallagher's.

Gus had called her phone asking if she was coming home, she didn't answer it.

Ian and Mickey are sitting at the table, eating and drinking, from afar they looked like an old married couple.
A couple who could tell their entire life story to Yevgeny one day and it seem like some story they made up.

Southside soul mates

"Well, Yevgeny, it all started when your Father came into my room with a crow bar, demanding his gun back.."

Fiona felt guilty for being jealous, she knew Ian didn't have it easy by far, but she did feel jealous.
She wanted someone to look at her the way Mickey looked at her brother.
The way she saw him smile at him when he wasn't looking.
The way he reached up and smoothed the red hair back.
She wanted someone to coddle her, to ask if she was okay?
Jesus, just someone who loved her that much.
He had broken up with Mickey, they were broken up for months, Ian ALMOST killed himself... and they were back together, fit into each others lives like they belonged at one another's side.
and shit, she guessed they did, Mickey seemed to know a version of Ian she didn't.
to her Ian was her kid brother who played russian (irish?) ruelette with Monica's genes
But Mickey saw something else.
Mickey could handle the Chaos in Ian, and quite it with just one look...

that's all she wanted, someone who understood her...

"Im home" Fiona said aloud.
Ian looked up at her from his seat, Ian had been at his job One whole month, he still hadn't found a doctor or therapist yet, or one who would consider him (he had no health insurance, he was trying to sign himself up for it but he was still legally hers and yada yada not enough money, same old same old)
He was dressed in Patsy's Pie uniform, long sleeved shirt, grey with the name and a little pie on the left breast
He leaned over and kissed Mickey, who kissed him back.
they stood up.
"we're going Fi fi, Debs is at Derek's, Sheila has Liam so she'll be taking him to school, okay, we're going to work, Uh I made you eggs and coffee" he paused to kiss her cheek as he passed her
Mickey just slowed, eyed her & sorta waved bye as he walked after his tall lover.
Fiona sighed
She was alone again in a big house
"fuck.."

~~~~~~~~~~

Lou Deckner, Franks Lawer, Ian found out also was a therapist and one who was willing to settle for what Ian could afford.

She was also a doctor. she had gotten her degree online but Ian would take what he could get. her words, when he had asked her why she was a lawyer, a doctor (apparently) & therapist. "hey I got two dogs to feed and a shitty rent, gotta pay the bills some how am I right?"

but thats for later.

.....

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

......

.

Debbie had miscarried the baby.

It was Friday and Ian was sitting at the kitchen table with Liam, getting his bag ready to go stay with Sheila, who was taking him more and more now adays, which was actually okay.

Fiona was going through her own shit and was never home, and Debbie, well...

Derek had been avoiding her calls lately and mix that with her hormones from being a pregnant.

Mickey was suppose to be coming over, so they could hang out, Ian was gonna cook him dinner.

They were good, they were so fucking good.

Ian had come back from the clinic and he got a job, and was on meds for more than one month and, yea that meant his boner had been on sabbatical but Mickey never pushed him, he didn't act like he was entitled to a hand job or blow job (even though Ian thought, he was, for putting up with Ian, fuck yea he was)

He heard a scream from up stairs, Debbie?

"Debs? you okay? is it cramps?"

sometimes she would wake the house with cries of cramps and being an amazing brother he would get up to make her whatever she wanted, hot cocoa.

"Debbie Oh My- Jesus chri- Debbie hold on!!"

Debbie was laying in her bed, her white night gown soaked in blood from the crotch down...she was miscarrying.
Debbie was sobbing "the baby oh god Ian IAN!!"
and she was 5 again, sobbing for her big brother.

Ian was fumbling with the cell phone calling V, V would know what to do, she was a nurse for a long time she would know..

"V, V Debs, shes bleeding, please, Oh god V PLEASE CALL ME" his call went to voice mail

Ian swears it was two minutes, the front door swung open like a thunder clap through the house.

"I GOT YOUR MESSAGE IM HERE OH CRAP, OH Jesus Ian go get a shit ton of towels so she doesn't bleed out I need to drive her to the hospital NOW!"

Ian was white as a sheet, but Veronica's voice was like ice water, he instantly was on it.

He ran back with as many towels as he could hold and Veronica told him *handing him her car keys*

"go and put them all over the back seat, Im coming down with her"

He got down stumbling and in shock, when he remembered Liam.

"fuck, Okay Liam I need you to follow me can you do that buddy?"

"Debby?" he asked in his way of saying Debbie.

"yea Debbies okay shes fine Bud I need you to open the front door can you do that buddy?"

he nodded, he thought this was some game they were playing.

Ian got to the car, with Liam sitting on the front steps, Ian dressed the back seat and as Veronica was helping Debbie coming down the steps he ran to help her.

"I need to take Liam to Sheila's then I'll meet you guys at the hospital, I'll call Lip and Fiona okay?"

Veronica was already in the car, with Debbie in the back already bleeding and soggy

She was on point, her medical history kicking in like muscle memory. she nodded, kicking into gear the car sped up and they were gone..

Ian wanted to just lay down, all that blood was too much, but his instinct to protect Liam, who was now standing beside him wondering and pointing to the blood trail left by Debbie, like some murder scene.

"come on Laim, lets go to Mama Sheila's okay?"

he nodded, he had started calling Sheila mom recently

Ian must have power walked all the way or tossed his brother over his shoulders and huffed it cause he was at Sheilas, explaining everything, and she was tear streaked

"its okay Ian I can watch him for a few weeks, you just worry about your sister okay, sweetie?"

and he was grateful, he wouldn't be able to handle Liam while worrying about Debbie right now he turned to walk home
Mickey was at the front of the Gallagher house, fear in his stomach

there was a trail of blood coming from the house first thing he thought was

"Ian! Ian were the fuck are you man, if this is some sick joke I will fucking knock your teeth in jesus-fucking! IAN !! NO NO NO NONO"

the trail of blood was still wet and it smelt, no reeked, the smell permeated through out the house as Mickey ran up the steps his entire body filling with dread at finding Ian dead

" No no no no I was only gone a day no no no "

he went to Debbies bedroom, Jesus was there a fucking Murder?

the bed and blankets were soaked so was the carpet, full of foot prints..

Mickey backed away raking his fingers through his hair, his chest tightened, confused

"Mickey?" Ian's voice was behind him

"IAN! WHAT THE- THE FUCK IS THIS!?" he wanted to punch him but he ended up yanking him down into a kiss, a kiss that proved Ian wasn't dead, he hadn't lost him twice, he breathed in his sweaty smell from running, running?

"were the fuck were you?" he said while hugging Ian tightly

"I had to take Liam to Sheilas' his body was trembling 'Debbie...she ...I think she lost the baby"

oh fuck "were is she?"

"V took her to the hospital now, I came up to check on her when, when I found her"

"jesus"

he hugged him harder

" I need to call Lip and Fiona, and Derek, I dont think they know yet"

Mickey nodded.

Ian pulled away, mourning the baby that wasn't his, the fucking ball of human cells that didn't even form yet, but Ian was mourning all the same, and Mick knew it.

he was leaning against the wall outside Debbies room while Mickey sat on her floor, not covered in blood, and lite a cigarette, he listened to Ian make phone calls all without he voice breaking.

"I couldn't get in touch with Derek"

he let Mickey lead him to bed, theirs.

he let himself be pushed back.

he let Mickey crawl over him, after discarding his shoes and jacket

"sleep, Debbie aint going anywhere"
Ian wanted to fight, he didn't have time to sleep but suddenly, sleep sounded good
he fell right against Mickeys chest and was out

Mickey pet Ian hair with out hand while he dialed some numbers with the other
one was Veronica and Keven, who were at the hospital with Debbie and said it was Okay for Ian to
sleep, he didn't need to be there, they had lost the baby, it was quick the baby wasn't, well, just
wasn't.

Fiona just got there Veronica texted him, they were filling out papers
Good.

He went through Ian's contacts till he found Derek's number from Ian's cell, dialed it from his own
phone.

Derek didn't know Mickeys number so he wouldn't be avoiding it.

it picked up almost on point.

figures.

"hello?"

"hey listen Your girls in the hospital she lost your kid"

"whos this, who are you?" the pause was pregnant, he could almost hear him sweating.

"Im Mickey, Mickey Milkovich, you might of heard of me ? yeah if you dont go see her and play
pretend with her, Imma find you and Imma break your kneecaps"

he clicked off

he leaned back, for the moment the only thing he cared about was the red headed boy asleep on his
chest.

***********

The days that followed was like the calm of a tornado.

Derek did as he was told, he played nice, he held Debbies hand at the hospital, but Debbie was so
happy he was there she never questioned him about why he was absent for so long?

he made some bullshit excuse "I was just having cold feet, about the baby"

Fiona asked Sheila to move in, Liam was too much of a hand full right now, and Debbie needed her,
and Fiona honestly wasn't sure how she was suppose to do this?

she had a failed marriage, a affair with her boss, and a sister who lost a baby and a kid brother who
still only said five words IF she was lucky.

But mostly she didn't like being home, she didn't know why...
Mickey liked Sheila living with them, she slept in Frank and Monica's old room. She would make breakfast in the morning and make a shopping list.

Mostly, she was there with Ian when he was at work or at the Milkovich house getting clean clothes or checking in with Mandy about his kid.

Ian was sitting down stairs , he looked tired, it was a weekend and he yawned.

"ey, what you doing up? why aren't you sleeping?"

"I just took my pills, too jittery to sleep, plus I can't, too much stuff going on in my head to sleep"

Mickey frowned, concerned, he rubbed Ian's neck in his trade mark affectionate way of comforting Ian.

Mickey had awoken to an empty bed, Ian had still not moved back to the Milkovich house yet, much to his annoyance but Ian claimed he needed to sort his shit out. So Mickey would sleep over at the Gallagher's, then go home for a pair of clean clothes.

He had a therapist who also was a doctor, but he still needed a another job, "why you need two fucking jobs Ian? your already workin' at the Waffle house or some shit, right?"

Mickey grumbled, once while Ian was taking a shower in the Gallagher bathroom and Mickey was sitting on the toilet, smoking a cigarette.

"Cause My medical bills are through the rouf, I still need to pay off my bills from New Hope, and my pills... this was what I was afraid of Mick"

He was afraid of everything costing too much, it all led back to not enough Money for all this shit he needed to feel normal.

Ian was staring into his cup of tea and plate of eggs Sheila made him, she was making bacon as well, Little Liam was sitting in his high chair, eating eggs mashed with Oatmeal like some weird concoction.

"Oh Mickey your up, sweetie! what can I get you? I made eggs, oatmeal, bacon, Oh and I have juice?" Sheila loved cooking, it helped she also did the shopping, lord knows Fiona kept forgetting to buy food.

"Uh, eggs are fine thanks with Tabasco?"

"Okay coming right up"

it was nice, she was a good pseudo mom for the house..

"here you go, I wonder, I have not seen Frank around, I wonder were he is?"

Sheila asked while setting Mickeys plate and coffee cup down .

"Im not sure Sheila, he hasn't been here in...ages" Ian said tiredly, He hadn't been able to sleep.
Okay! more to come! I know its so bad but just grit and bare with me it gets better, also I know some things might be dramaticized for effects *shiny lights* Drama!

I couldn’t decide on what song spawned this, love songs in the key of Gallagher always seemed like it should have a song, right? I was in between "Case of you" and "Skinny love" and those two songs made this thought child

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