Every now and then I feel the end of us

by BurnInFlames

Summary

Ian and Mickey have been best friends for as long as they can remember. Ian is in love with his best friend and while Mickey knows about Ian's feelings he told Ian he doesn't feel the same way but they are still best friends because neither one wants to be without the other person. When Ian is the target of a homophobic bashing one night outside a gay bar Mickey blames himself when Ian is hospitalized and nearly dies. As Ian recovers from his PTSD and his beating Mickey realizes he cares for Ian a lot more than he thought he did and finally admits to his friend that he loves him too.

Notes

I don't know how this story will be received because its a little too close to reality but I hope people will like it. Its just an idea I really want to explore in a story. Also in this story Terry has been in jail since Mickey was 14 so he was never around much to have such an effect on Mickey. Basically in this story Mandy and Mickey were raised by Iggy like Fiona raised the Gallagher's. The age I have for Ian in this is 23 and Mickey is 24.
Chapter 1

Ian got roughly shoved out the door of the gay bar they were in for the night with Mickey crashing into the back of him while grabbing on to Ian's waist to remain upright as they were loudly told they were barred from the club for good. Ian wasn't having it as he stood in the street after regaining his balance before turning around to shout at the door man "fuck you asshole, hate this shithole anyway" loudly.

They both ignored the confused and some amused looks from people passing them on the street as Mickey silently looked at his best friend wondering where were they going to go now since they were barred from the bar. Mickey just watched as Ian argued with the guy on the door of the bar and deciding he wanted to move on somewhere else for the night so he grabbed Ian's arms and stood in front of him to look at him as he told him "okay tough guy, Shaft over there gets the point, lets get out of here before he calls the cops" firmly.

Ian snapped his attention to his friend replying "he had no reason to throw us out or fucking bar us" angrily. Mickey slightly shook his head "I agree but lets just go somewhere else and come back in a few months, he'll probably forget all about us by then" softly, Ian looked at his friend and felt the anger he felt deflate so he sighed in defeat mumbling "fine" softly.

They quietly walked down the street away from the bar when Mickey laughed and pushed Ian away from him scoffing "I cant believe you got us kicked out you fucking asshole" humouredly. Ian regained his balance as he rubbed his head with his hand letting out a tired groan replying "I know" before laughing at why they got kicked out. They fell into an easy silence as Ian just leaned his back against the wall of a building blurtling out "the fucking asshole deserved it, tried to fucking short change you on the drugs you were selling, thought fellatio would make up the difference" angrily.

Mickey scoffed before laughing while he leaned his shoulder against the wall as he stood right up beside Ian as he lightly hit him the stomach "how the fuck do you know what fellatio is" lightly. Ian rolled his eyes as he swatted Mickey's hand away while he shifted his feet on the ground replying "my know it all asshole older brother told me years ago it was Latin for oral sex" softly.

Mickey didn't want to talk about that asshole so he lightly hit Ian on the shoulder asking "anyway how do you know I wasn't going to accept it as payment, he wasn't bad looking and I've got needs, liking what I like don't make me a bitch" lightly. Ian softly laughed as he stared at the ground and shoved his hands into the pockets of his hoodie replying "you told me years ago you demand full price and nothing less and you've always stuck by that rule" firmly.

Mickey rolled his eyes as he looked at his idiot friend replying "I've been doing this for years, I would have gotten more money out the rich asshole and I nearly did along with some fellatio and probably more too until you stuck your nose in and nearly beat the crap out of him and got us kicked out" but there was no anger in his voice. Ian softly laughed as he stared at the ground and shoved his hands into the pockets of his hoodie replying "you told me years ago you demand full price and nothing less and you've always stuck by that rule" firmly.

Mickey knew he couldn't deny that so he lightly grabbed Ian's upper arm with his hand replying "I know but we just got the refill yesterday so we're good for a month" softly. Ian shook his head while moving closer to his friend sadly replying "I know, I just worry that we wont have enough for next month you know, my stability comes first, I'm just scared of going off the rails again and pushing you and Mandy away for good" in a whisper not adding I need you so much it scares me a lot.
Mickey pulled Ian right up against him so Ian was pressed against his chest as he looked at Ian telling him "I won't let that happen and you know it, its just me and you for life alright" firmly. Ian looked up to see just how much Mickey meant that so he softly smiled "yeah I know" not adding he just needed to hear it sometimes. Ian silently stared across the street as he thought its us for life until you find someone and leave me for good and I'll be all alone.

He didn't know he said it out loud until Mickey smacked him across the back of his head "fuck off with that shit, I fucking meant it you asshole" angrily. Ian flinched as he groaned in pain while rubbing the back of his head with his hand as he looked at Mickey while he almost whined "that hurt" softly. Mickey looked back at him while he scoffed "good that's what you get" humouredly.

Ian lightly pushed Mickey away with his hand before grabbing his tshirt to pull him back beside him as he softly laughed at their interaction while they fell back into a comfortable silence. Ian was broken from his thoughts when Mickey told him "but it doesn't mean we can't have some fun every now and then right" curiously. Ian softly laughed and turned sideways replying "yeah suppose so" lightly.

Mickey humouredly scoffed "until you fucking ruined it" before laughing at what went down at the bar. Ian couldn't help but laugh at the situation replying "fuck you but I had fun tonight" lightly. Mickey looked at Ian letting out a sigh replying "yeah so did I' knowing it wasn't a lie because he loved being around Ian all the time ever since they became friends a long time ago.

They fell into an easy silence as Mickey looked further down the street at another bar asking "so you want to go to that bar over there" as he pointed in the direction of the bar on other side of the street. Ian just felt tired now as he shook his head replying "no not really in the mood now" softly. Mickey rubbed his face with his hand before looking at Ian "okay, so you want to come back home with me to my apartment or are you going to yours" curiously.

Ian pushed himself off the wall before looking at his friend "going to back to my apartment" softly. Mickey silently looked at Ian noticing how quickly his mood changed so he rested his hand on Ian's shoulder lightly squeezing it as he told his friend "you know I'm not mad at you" knowing that Ian was probably blaming himself for how the night ended. Ian shook his head replying "yeah I know" softly.

Another silence fell before Ian pointed in the direction over his shoulder adding "just tired, come see me at work tomorrow" lightly. Mickey nodded "in that fucking bookstore you work in that nobody goes too" humouredly. Ian softly laughed "that's why I like it, its quiet and gives me routine" softly. Mickey stepped forward as he rested his hand on the back of Ian's neck and pulled Ian right up against him looking at him replying "I know but yeah I'll come see you" not adding I always do.

When he felt Ian move a little closer to him and rest his hands on his hips Mickey softly kissed Ian on the lips. Ian pushed Mickey back against the wall and pressed himself right up against Mickey from head to toe while he kissed him back and when he felt Mickey pull him closer he let out a soft groan which only meant the kiss grew more intense. They kissed in the dark with the dimly lit streetlights surrounding them until they were out of breath before he rested his forehead against Mickey to look at him "see you tomorrow" lightly before he turned around and walked down the street with his hands in his pockets.

If he looked behind he would have seen Mickey leaning against the wall watching him walk away as he smoked a cigarette on the street and a big grin on his face to go with it too. As Ian walked down the street he realized he really didn't know what he would do without his best friend for the last twenty three years of his life. He just knew he was lucky to have Mickey and he owed a lot to him too as it was his best friend who helped him come to terms with being bipolar when he got his
A year before that when he was seventeen they both came out to each other one night when they were high on weed and drunk on beer at the dugouts in the baseball field. They fucked for the first time that night and after a few months Ian told Mickey he really liked him as more than a friend and was in love with him too. But Mickey let him down gently and told him he just thought of Ian as his best friend and they both agreed they would remain best friends because they didn't want to be without the other person at all.

Mickey stayed true to his word but Ian's feelings never went away and over the years his feelings just grew stronger especially after his diagnosis. When Ian was un-medicated he knew it was Mickey who took care of him until he was ready to admit he was bipolar. Ian thought back to that night in one of his depressed phases where he lay in bed crying and feeling nothing but despair.

He admitted to his best friend he wanted to die and had already worked out how he was going kill himself just as soon as he got the energy to move but it was seeing the look of hurt on Mickey's face that made him admit there was something wrong. Ian really hated that he hurt his best friend like that so the next day they both went to the clinic and Ian promised himself he would never let himself get that bad again if he could help it.

Seeing the way Mickey cared for him and helped him through his disorder for the last five years just knew he loved his best friend a lot. And even though they still kissed each other a lot and had sex it was always purely out of friendship and Ian hated that it was like that but he would take it over nothing at all. Sometimes Ian wished he could go back to that night at the baseball field and stay there forever in that moment because not long after that night that was when everything went wrong.

As much as they were best friends with benefits Ian just hated that it made him fall in love with his best friend but at the same time he didn't care at all. Even though Mandy encouraged him to start seeing some guys Ian didn't tell her he didn't want to because he was in love with his best friend who was also her brother. But he was starting to see her point and even though he didn't want to he knew he would have to someday because Mickey would find someone and forget all about him and Ian would be all alone.

Even though Mickey told him to fuck off with that shit it didn't stop those fears from raising their ugly head in Ian's mind. But Ian knew that only person he could rely on was his best friend. It was Mickey who got him to a hospital, got him the money for his meds, fought his family who wanted to lock Ian up in a mental hospital because they didn't want to deal with another Monica. After that Mickey helped Ian get stable, get a job and an apartment to live in on the northside far away from his toxic family.

It was only a few months later when Mickey got his own apartment not far from Ian's since Mickey had no reason to stay in the south side anymore since Ian was no longer living there anymore. Ian couldn't deny he was lot happier since he moved up here and he knew Mickey was too since they moved into the gayest neighbourhood in Chicago which was a world away from the homophobic south side.

As Ian let himself smile at how much he enjoyed the night with Mickey he decided he would deal with the fact he was in love with Mickey but nothing would ever happen between them at all. He would rather have his best friend in his life then be all alone with no one. He heard shouting and footsteps behind him and thinking it was Mickey he turned around to see it wasn't his best friend much to his own disappointment.

He just saw two strangers that he never seen before call him some gay slurs and start throwing punches as they attacked him in the middle off the street. Ian fought back as much as he could
until one of the men punched his jaw so hard he fell to the ground before he felt them kick him hard in the stomach and heavy punches to where ever they could reach on his body. Ian didn't even get to react as he felt a sharp pain in his abdomen and when he looked down he just saw a knife and then lots of blood.

Ian rested his hand on his abdomen as he felt the blood run out of him and he curled up in a ball hating that he didn't go home with Mickey. As he felt the hard punches and kicks coming from the two men who had decided to beat the shit out of him in the middle of the street he just felt his world turn to black as he passed out in the street.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

There is a flash back in this chapter and its marked out too. I didn't put it in Italics because for me its hard to read so I left it as I did to make it easier to read.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Mickey stood in the small room of the hospital silently looking at Ian who lay unconscious in the bed with the machines beeping the only sound in the room. Mickey looked at a badly beaten Ian who was lying in the hospital bed holding on for his life. He then looked down at his own hands that had been washed as they were covered with Ian's blood but Mickey could still see the blood and feel it on his hands.

Even though it had been hours as he had been here all night and Ian was just out of surgery Mickey was still shaking and in shock too. He also hated himself for letting Ian walk off alone knowing that the street they were on was the street where the homophobes liked to show up for some nightly fag bashings to prove they were men. Mickey had heard the stories from other people in the bars but never really believed it and he never thought it would happen to Ian because to him Ian was the last person on the planet that deserved a bashing.

Mickey dug his fingers into his eyes to hold back the tears before he sniffed and rubbed his nose with his hand and he didn't know how long he had been here but it must have been hours since daylight was coming in through the window of the room. Mickey cleared his throat deciding he needed to sit down so he grabbed the chair at the side of the room and pulled right up beside the bed and sat down.

He leaned his elbows on the side of the bed as he silently watched Ian wishing he would wake up soon and he hadn't gotten any answers since they came here hours ago. Mickey took Ian's hand in his own as he used his other hand to rest on the top of Ian's head wishing he killed the two bastards who did this to Ian. While his memory was blurry he vaguely remembered seeing Ian being jumped by two men and running down the street and fighting them off. When they ran away all Mickey saw was Ian bleeding to death in the middle of the street and as he tried to stop the bleeding with his hands he called an ambulance and now they were here in the hospital. Mickey fought with the doctor and nurse until he got answers and then told them he wasn't leaving the room because Ian needed him since he had no family.

Mickey wished he never asked when he was told Ian had severe trauma to his abdomen due to being stabbed along with broken ribs and a punctured lung before the doctors whisked Ian off for surgery. But it got worse as he was told because Ian suffered blood loss and punctured lung it meant his was in critical condition for the next few days. After that he just wished he never asked at all and he just hoped Ian would wake up soon. Mickey felt really tired and folded his arms on the bed and rested his head down on his arms silently looking at Ian before falling asleep.

A week had passed and Mickey had just finished work at the bar and went straight to see Ian at the hospital. Ian still hadn't woken up and to quit with the self blame Mickey just picked up as
much shifts at the bar he worked in before spending the night with Ian at the hospital.

Mickey really hated himself and couldn’t stop blaming himself for that night so he replayed what happened differently over and over in his head wishing he could change the outcome. It didn’t help that the people he worked with at the gay bar found out and told him that it wasn’t his fault, that there was nothing he could have done. Mickey ignored them because they weren’t there so had no right to tell him how to feel about it and he didn’t want to start a fight at work.

After he finished work Mickey walked into the hospital room to see Mandy sitting in the window as he shut the door behind him asking "he still not wake up" lightly. Mandy looked over at him shaking her head "no but the doctors are keeping a close eye on him since they took him off the meds for his bipolar disorder" softly. Mickey grunted "the fuck they do that for, he needs them" angrily.

Mandy shrugged her shoulders "they took him off them because they didn’t want them to interfere with the meds he’s on for his injuries and that they were monitoring the situation and when he wakes up he’ll go back on the meds" softly. Mickey scoffed as he sat down on the other side of the bed and rested his elbows on the side of the bed while tiredly rubbing his face with his hand as he silently thought if he ever wakes up but he pushed that thought away.

Mandy noticed how tired her brother looked blurt out with concern in her voice "you can’t keep doing this you know, you’ll burn yourself out by sleeping here" lightly. Mickey scoffed as he lightly gripped Ian's upper arm with his hand and didn’t look away from Ian almost whispering "not leaving him" not even caring he sounded hurt and broken at the same time. Mandy huffed in disbelief as she moved towards the bed to look at her brother asking "how long are you going to blame yourself for this" angrily.

She leaned forward resting her hands on the other side of the bed as she looked down at her brother adding "Ian wouldn’t blame you if you went home for a while" firmly. Mickey lightly nodded knowing that was true but it didn’t make him feel any better as Mandy scoffed "going to kill those fucking assholes" icily. Mickey lightly smirked but it was an angry one as he muttered "me too" softly as they fell into a silence.

Mandy slightly tensed up a little as she warily watched her brother before telling him "also the nurse told me the cops want to talk to Ian when he wakes up" lightly. Mickey didn’t look away from Ian almost hissing "like fuck they are, the second they find out we're southside they wont give a shit" icily. Mandy nodded in agreement "I told the nurse that but she said they showed up here wanting to talk to you and Ian when he wakes up" nochalently.

Mickey just felt pissed off as angry as he told her "never fucking called them anyway, I just fucking called an ambulance" angrily. Mandy looked at Ian as she told them "I think they show up anyway and since Ian was attacked, I dont really know" not hiding the doubt in her voice. Mickey thought of another thing that let him know he could never escape his asshole father as he scoffed "you really think the second they hear the name Milkovich they wont fucking try to blame us for something we didn’t do" angrily.

Mandy frowned as she looked at him "that's Terry's shit and they know it, they know we have a clean record" lightly. Mickey bit his lip feeling really anxious now as he looked at her telling her in a low voice "what about the scams we've been running, all three of us including Ian" angrily. Mickey shook his head really regretting his decision lowly whispering "should never have come here" icily.

Mandy leaned over the bed and hit him across the head as she glared at him telling him "and then Ian would be dead you asshole" angrily. Mickey flinched but he also saw her point looking at her "I just dont want to end up in jail beside Terry" firmly. Mandy smirked figuring she was getting
through to her brother "I know but we won't, just keep your story on what happened and you'll be fine, they'll get their answers and fuck off" firmly.

Mickey laughed but it was a bitter one as he looked at his sister replying "you really think those assholes will give a shit about people like us, we all know they fucking won't do shit so they're wasting their time" angrily. Mandy didn't know what to say but she understood the anger Mickey felt because the only time the cops gave a shit about people from the south side was to arrest them for something.

As Mandy silently watched her brother stare at Ian she really felt powerless but she also knew when to quit and when things were out of her control. She cleared her throat before looking at Ian who was still unconscious blurting out "I want him to wake up too but he'll wake up when he's ready" lightly. Mickey scoffed angrily hissing "think I fucking don't know that" icily.

Mandy rolled her eyes at her brother replying "what I mean is stop torturing yourself over it, it wasn't your fault even Iggy told you that the other day and you won't listen" firmly. Mickey disagreed with her but he didn't tell her why he blamed himself for that night a week ago. He didn't tell her that normally when they went out they always went back to one of their apartments together.

He didn't tell her that Ian told him he wanted to be alone and that Mickey let Ian walk off on his own and that he blamed himself because by the time he noticed what was happening nearly halfway down the street it was too late. Mandy took his silence as that she would get no more out of her brother telling him "I'll come back tomorrow okay" firmly.

Mickey looked up at her telling her "I'm not working tomorrow so I'll be here all day" lightly before he looked back down at Ian. Mandy decided to say no more so sadly shook her head in defeat before quietly leaving the room and closing the door behind her leaving both her brother and her friend for the night. As Mickey silently looked at Ian who looked a bit better as the cuts, swelling and bruises on his face were starting to heal and fade but the bandage on his head still remained as the cuts on his head needed stitches.

He couldn't help but think back over their friendship and when they started hooking up with each other after that night in the baseball field during the summer six years ago. He also couldn't stop thinking about the night Ian told him he loved him as more than just a friend and how lucky he was to still have Ian despite not feeling the same way. Mickey knew he loved Ian but it was just as friends but it just made them even closer and Mickey he hated that he nearly lost Ian that night.

Six years ago

It was once of those hot sweaty humid summer nights where the air felt heavy and the heat from the day seemed to linger as it seeped out from the ground underneath their feet. They were in their spot in the dugouts of the baseball field and had just finished having a round of sex when they were leaning against the fence sharing the last bit of the weed and drinking some beer.

The air felt electric and Ian never felt so alive and he felt high but he just put it down too much weed and beer. It also didn't help that when he was with Mickey he felt like he was jumping out of his skin and it showed too as Mickey asked "the fucks up with you anyway not that I'm complaining" lightly. Mickey really wasn't not after the way Ian just fucked him the way he liked but he felt the restless energy rolling off Ian in waves and he couldn't help be swept along with it
and he didn't care at all.

Ian softly laughed as he took the joint off Mickey and smirked at him "I'm happy, we're wild and free and no one knows about us or our secret" lightly. Mickey lightly hit Ian's stomach with his hand smirking at him "no more weed and beer for you, I'm cutting you off" humouredly. Ian inhaled some of the joint as he scoffed "fuck off" lightly. Mickey slowly looked over Ian as he stood beside him and he thought Ian was right because he felt the same way but he wasn't going to admit it out loud at all.

But with the way Ian was looking at him with want and need mixed with lust and something else he had a feeling that Ian knew exactly how he felt too. Mickey noticed the way Ian was staring at him as if he were looking right through him and right down into the very depths of his mind. Mickey felt like he was staring into the sun whenever he looked at Ian.

As he stood there looking at Ian burn holes into him Mickey didn't care if he would go blind because if Ian was the last thing he ever saw he would die happy. He was broken from his thoughts when Ian softly laughed asking "the fuck you looking at me like that for" lightly. Mickey scoffed as he drank some of his beer before putting it down on the ground. He placed his hand on Ian's chest and roughly pushed him against the fence and stood between Ian's legs as he leaned against him before he took joint from Ian.

He stared at Ian intensely as he inhaled the last bit of the weed and dropped the stub on the ground as he felt the weed rush through his veins or it could have been the way Ian was staring at him but either way he didn't care all. He needed Ian so much right now so rested his hand on the back of Ian's neck before he kissed Ian intensely as they shotgunned the last of the weed.

Mickey felt Ian pull him right up against him while lightly letting his hands roam over his body to which he softly groaned into Ian's mouth which just made Ian pull them even closer together so they were pressed together from head to toe. When they stopped to breathe Mickey looked at Ian while smirking "you ready to go again" hoping Ian would yes and hating himself for being so lame at wanting Ian all the time.

Ian grinned at him with a smirk at his own and an intense stare quipping "the fuck do you think" lightly. Mickey scoffed as he slid his hands under Ian's tshirt and lightly let his hands roam along Ian's ribs feeling pleasure at Ian's soft warm skin under his hand scoffing "well get to it then" humouredly. Ian didn't even get a chance to respond to that as Mickey kissed him intensely as things became a lot more intimate in the darkness of the night in their own private spot.

A while later when Ian was sitting on the bench staring at Mickey who was now leaning back against the fence drinking some beer and staring back at Ian with a smirk on his face when Ian decided he needed to be honest. He couldn't hide how he felt anymore and he needed to let Mickey know just how he felt about him too and he also wondered if his best friend felt the same way too.

Ian moved to stand in front of his friend not even caring that Mickey was staring at him intensely but with a smirk on his face but Ian didn't let that stop him from he needed to say. Ian looked downwards as he pressed his forehead against Mickey's as they stood there in silence with their bodies crushed up against each other both of them lost in their own thoughts.

Ian decided he couldn't hold back on his feelings for his best friend anymore. Ian rested his hand on the wall Mickey was leaning against and used his other hand to rest on Mickey's hip as he looked at his friend forcing out "I love you, I really fucking do, I know we're just best friends and shit but I can't lie to myself anymore, I want us to be more than this" softly while hating that just blurted out his feelings so easily.
Ian really hated that Mickey was looking at him with an unreadable expression and he was surprised when Mickey rested his hands on his ribs and pulled him right up against him so Ian was standing between his legs. Ian didn't even dare move knowing that this confession would probably ruin everything but he knew how to read his friend and right now he knew Mickey was on edge.

Ian could see it in the way Mickey was chewing his lip anxiously and he really wished he kept his stupid mouth shut right now. As Mickey silently looked at Ian he lightly gripped the back of Ian's neck with his hand and left his other hand on Ian's hip knowing he needed to be honest right now. He did love Ian a lot, they were inseparable but he knew he only loved Ian as a friend and he also didn't really want to be tied down in a relationship because he didn't do relationships.

He knew Ian did but right now Mickey knew he couldn't be what Ian wanted him to be or to give Ian the love that he deserved and Mickey didn't want to lose Ian at all so they were better off as friends. Mickey softly smiled trying to hide the sadness from his face as he swallowed the dryness in his mouth looking at Ian hesitantly speaking "I'm going to be honest, I love you too but not in that way, just that you're my best friend and I need you a lot and I'm happy with what we have" not hiding the sadness from his voice.

Mickey hated himself for causing the fallen expression on Ian's face but Ian tried to hide it as he looked off to the side trying to ignore the sting of rejection but Mickey noticed it and also knew how to read his friend and he could see that Ian was trying to hide how sad and rejected he really felt. Mickey stammered as he tried to explain himself better pulling his friend to closer to him adding "I'm too fucked up Ian, I'm scared of it ending badly between us, I don't want to lose you for good, I know that I need to work on me for a while, need to get used to this being gay thing, you know I just feel so fucked up because of my homophobic father and I need to work on that before I drag someone else into my shit" sadly.

Ian totally got that as he looked down at the ground because he heard the stories but he still couldn't look at his friend because he knew Mickey would see how torn up he was about the rejection even though Ian understood it too. He rested his hand on the back of Mickey's neck and lightly rubbed it with his fingers trying not to feel so rejected because he also got Mickey's point too.

But he just felt so scared that now everything would change all because he had to blurt out how he felt to his best friend. Ian didn't even get the chance to go down that negative road of thinking as he felt Mickey kiss him and pull them closer together by tightly wrapping his arms around his back and Ian knew Mickey wasn't letting him go anywhere right now. Ian kissed Mickey back and when they stopped Ian rubbed his lip with his thumb which was a habit he picked up from his friend before he looked at him shyly asking "this doesn't change anything does it" softly.

Mickey softly smiled as he looked at his friend replying "no, I like what we have too much to give that up, I care about you too much as well, you're stuck with me for life, never getting rid of me" firmly. Ian softly laughed as he looked at Mickey muttering "good and same for me about you" as he thought at least he doesn't completely hate me now. Mickey hated things turned out that way and trying to lighten the mood he shoved against Ian with his body slightly and when Ian looked at him he scoffed "anyway you're too good of a fuck to give up" humouredly.

Ian softly laughed but he thought nothing of it as it was Mickey's way of dealing with being too emotionally exposed replying "same with you" lightly as they both softly laughed and felt glad things would stay as it had been for years. Ian was glad of the conversation change and that Mickey tried to lighten the mood but he just felt too rejected and wanted to be alone.

He tightly hugged Mickey and tried not to cry when he felt Mickey hug him tightly and mumble "I'm sorry Ian" into his neck. Ian leaned back and nodded his head and weakly smiled before looking at Mickey mumbling "I'm going to go home, I'm tired" softly. Mickey hated himself right
now and he didn't want to let Ian go home but he knew Ian needed space even though he looked like he was about to cry.

Mickey weakly smiled as he rubbed his hands alongs Ian's ribs lightly pressing his fingers into Ian's ribs asking "okay, we're still on for that thing tomorrow right" curiously. Ian nodded "yeah" before he turned and walked out of the dugouts. Mickey watched Ian leave and felt like the biggest asshole in the world for hurting Ian but he knew he needed to be honest with Ian. When Ian disappeared out of sight Mickey sat down on the bench hating that he felt like he lost Ian for good.

He hated that the night was ruined and decided to walk home but he also knew he couldn't lie to Ian. He couldn't pretend to feel something he didn't and he hoped Ian would understand that when he got over the rejection. After that night Mickey hadn't seen Ian in a few days but when Ian came over to house one night it was almost like that night never happened at all and they were back to how they usually interacted with each other.

Present day

Mickey shook himself out the memory and he felt a sense of dread wash over him as he stared at Ian realizing there was a chance the only person who gave a shit about him could die right here right now and he hated that thought so much. He couldn't imagine life without Ian as he reached forward and lightly gripped Ian's arm with his hand hoping and wishing that Ian would wake up.

But Ian wasn't waking up and he hated that he just felt powerless to do anything right now as he silently watched Ian lay unconscious in the bed. As the days passed he overheard the doctors in the hallway who were starting to consider that Ian may never wake up but he never thought about it all. Right now he just wished he could go back to that night all those years ago at the dugouts and just stay there forever if it meant being with Ian again because it was one of the best nights ever in his life because he was with Ian.

Chapter End Notes

I don't know anything about trauma injuries, just from what I've seen on medical TV shows. I am also not sure if the police show up along with the ambulance or just show up in the hospital. I'm not from America so I don't know what way things work there.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

I'm hoping to update once a week or twice if possible. Also another flashback in this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mickey really hated Mandy sometimes especially right now as she stood on the other side of Ian's bed glaring at her brother asking "you don't think we should tell his family" curiously. Mickey was sitting in the chair and glanced at Ian while biting his nails scoffing "his family don't give a shit, they washed their hands off him years ago when he got his diagnosis of bipolar, you fucking know that so why the fuck would we call them" icily.

Mandy bit her lip knowing he made a valid point hesitantly replying "I know, guess I thought they would give a shit now" shyly. Mickey glanced at her letting out a scoff "no chance, fuckers only give a shit about themselves, Ian's practically dead to them" softly. Mandy frowned muttering "yeah maybe you're right" softly as she sat in the chair on the other side of the room.

There was a silence before he looked at her deciding to be honest "they threw him out, told him they didn't want another Monica around and that he wasn't their problem, its why he was staying with us until he got his own place, he wouldn't want them here either" lightly. Mandy looked angry almost hissing "why the fuck didn't you tell me" angrily. Mickey shrugged his shoulders muttering "he didn't want me to tell you" lightly deciding it was none of her business why Ian didn't want her to know so he left it at that.

Mandy angrily shook her head as she looked out the window before asking "what did the doctors say about notifying his family" curiously. Mickey bit his lip glancing at Ian again before looking at Mandy "told them he didn't have any family, that he had us and that was it" lightly. Mandy raised her eyebrows not hiding how shocked she was glancing nervously at the door before replying "you could go to jail if they find out the truth" softly.

Mickey almost growled "what those assholes out there don't know wont hurt them" lightly. Mandy lightly groaned "fucking hell" knowing that she probably would have done the same thing herself too. They were interrupted when the door opened and Mickey didn't know why he felt the need to explain further but he did adding "anyway he's an adult so legally they cant do anything" lightly.

Mandy angrily shook her head as she scoffed "you don't have to explain, I get it, probably would have done it too" firmly. Mickey slightly nodded not wanting to say anymore but he also didn't know what else to say about the day that Ian showed up on his doorstep with a bag full of clothes and telling him he had nowhere else to go because his family threw him out and told him they never wanted to see him ever again.

Since Ian was just out of his three month stay at hospital getting stable Mickey took Ian in and looked after him until Ian felt like he was able to be independent and live on his own in an apartment on the northside. Mickey helped him find somewhere to live and get a job too and not long after that he moved up to the northside into his own apartment figuring since Ian was no longer in the southside then there was no reason for him to stay in the place he hated so much. Mickey couldn't help but remember that day Ian moved into his new one bedroom apartment.
Four years ago

It had been a long day as Ian had just moved into his new one bedroom apartment that he got on the northside of Chicago that was just around the corner from where he worked in a small book shop. He just finished putting the last of his stuff away in the bedroom before he left the room and walked over to his best friend who was standing at the sink drinking a bottle of beer.

Ian grabbed a glass from the press and filled it with water when Mickey nudged him with his shoulder and looked at him hesitantly asking "so uh can I come here any time I want" hating that he looked so shy and that it showed too. Ian softly laughed as he drank some water before leaning sideways against the sink looking at his friend replying "yeah and you don't even have to ask" as he reached into his pocket and pulled out a spare key.

He noticed Mickey's confused expression and handed him the key adding "its for you, you really think I wouldn't want you here" lightly. Mickey scoffed as he grabbed the key from Ian's hand "fuck you" lightly but he didn't add that he thought Ian would want his own space. Ian softly laughed replying "I know I moved here as part of me being stable and to get some independence and also to get away from my family but I want you here, this place is yours too" firmly.

There was a silence before Ian whispered "and if something happens like my meds crash again, I want you around when that happens again" shyly. Ian didn't add I always want you around but he knew Mickey already knew that too. Before Ian moved in his meds stopped working so he voluntarily stayed in a psychiatric hospital for a month to adjust to the new medications. Mickey looked at his friend not hesitating "I'm always going to be here, you don't have to worry about that" not hiding just how much he meant it.

Ian moved closer to Mickey not looking away from him feeling like he needed to say this "thanks for getting this place for me, I wasn't expecting you to say that you got me an apartment when you came to get me from the hospital" softly. Ian didn't know what he would do without his friend as he had been there for him all his life especially in helping come to terms with being bipolar over the last year.

Mickey turned sideways to face Ian and looked at him replying "I did it for you, it killed me seeing you in the hospital and how sad you were about your family not giving a shit but I do and you're better off here away from them assholes who only give a shit about themselves and you're not just another Monica" firmly. Ian softly laughed and slightly nodded in agreement as he looked at floor before softly blurting out "my boss doesn't give a shit about my disorder, neither do you and Mandy" lightly.

But it still didn’t stop the hurt he felt as he added "just wish my family felt the same way" not hiding the hurt in his voice. Mickey scoffed in anger at the way that ever since Ian's disorder made its appearance his family completely washed Ian off their hands and told him that he wasn't their problem. Mickey stepped closer to Ian resting his hand on the back of Ian's neck looking at him replying "well they're a bunch of selfish assholes and you're better off without them, you don't need them because you've got me alright" firmly.

Ian saw how much Mickey meant it and softly smiled replying "yeah I know" softly knowing it was the truth but he still couldn't hide the sadness from his expression. When Mickey engulfed him in a tight hug Ian just hugged his friend back and buried his face in Mickey's neck as he tightened his arms around his friend. When he felt Mickey tighten his arms around him Ian let out a sigh of relief as he thought he might be okay now that the new meds were starting to work and
Ian leaned back asking "you want to stay tonight" knowing already what the answer would be. Mickey softly laughed "yeah wasn't really planning on leaving" lightly finding that he couldn't look away from Ian. Ian softly laughed before he leaned his forehead against Mickey and softly kissed him and Mickey kissed him back which turned more intense before he looked at Ian blurring out "we got movies to watch" lightly. Ian softly laughed as they both grabbed some water and food before sitting on the sofa to watch some movies.

Present day

Mickey was broken from his thoughts when he heard Mandy shouting at him and rubbed his eyes with his fingers before seeing that Ian had woken up and was asking Mandy for water. Mickey felt a wave of relief wash over him that Ian was awake and jumped up out of his seat and stood over Ian who just looked confused as to why he was in hospital. Mickey silently stared at Ian trying to hold back just how much relief he felt at Ian being awake as he vaguely heard Mandy leave the room for a doctor.

Ian looked at Mickey hoarsely asking "what happened" softly. Mickey almost sighed at Ian not being able to remember as he swallowed the saliva that built up in his mouth before asking "you don't remember" curiously. Ian shook his head whispering "no" softly. Mickey glanced at the door before looking back at Ian "you were beaten up by homophobic assholes when we left the bar that night, they stabbed you and you've got broken ribs and a punctured lung" softly.

Ian silently looked at his friend taking in the news realizing why he felt so sore all over shyly asking "how long ago was that" softly. Mickey sat on the edge of the bed with his body facing Ian replying "a week ago" failing to hide the sadness in his voice. Ian looked at the ceiling hating that it happened as the tears ran down the side of his face before looking at his friend blurring out "I feel depressed, sore all over too" sadly.

Mickey slightly nodded deciding to be honest replying "they had to take you off your meds so the ones they put you on would work, said they would put you back on your meds when you wake up, its why you feel so shit" firmly. Ian was about to ask a question when Mandy burst into the room with a doctor and Mickey didn't have the energy to fight when he got pushed aside as the doctor and the nurse checked over Ian.

Mickey stared at the doctors working with his arms across his chest before he told them "what about his meds" firmly. Mandy stood beside him and she was glad someone said it because she knew Ian didn't want another setback because of his disorder. Mickey thought he wasn't going to get an answer when a nurse walked over to him and Mandy and explained the situation but he wasn't really listening to the words.

It was only when the nurse walked away from them that Mandy told him "they're only keeping him in for observation until the meds start working, should only take a few days when they start to work and then he can go home" softly. Mickey silently looked at her before looking back at Ian and he felt glad that the nurse and doctor left the room so he could talk to Ian. Mickey walked over to Ian who seemed to notice the tension rolling off his friend as he looked at him "its okay, I'm getting out in a few days" lightly.

Mickey looked at Ian as he scoffed "too fucking long" as he silently thought why cant you come home with me right now and he didn't know where that thought came from either but he didn't push it away. Mickey sat on the chair and pulled it right up against the bed as Ian muttered "cant
believe I've been here a month” softly. Mandy was sat on the edge of the bed hating that she blurted out "nearly lost you a few times, fuck you for doing that” lightly but there sadness in her voice.

Mickey scoffed at his sister "shut the fuck up" angrily as he looked at Ian with a sad expression. Ian lightly tapped Mickey on the arm almost smiling "its okay" not even looking away from Mickey. Mandy rolled her eyes at her brother before looking at Ian "I'm glad you're okay” softly. Ian softly smiled at her not really knowing what to say but he didn't want to say he was afraid the meds wouldn't work now since he was off them for a week.

He was glad the conversation moved to catching up on life as they talked for another few hours before Mandy left the room as she had to work and Mickey just felt glad to be alone with Ian. Mickey wiped his face with his hand willing himself not to cry as he felt the tension from the last month find a way out as he realized Ian was alive. Ian slightly moved over as he winced in pain before patting the space beside him as he looked at his friend.

Mickey lay down beside Ian resting his hand over his stomach as he looked at Ian whispering "I'm glad your okay, I was so scared you wouldn't wake up" not hiding the fear in his voice. Ian rested his hand on Mickey's arm looking at him replying "I'm sorry I scared you" sadly. Mickey didn't look away "not your fault" softly. There was a silence before Ian asked "what happened" curiously.

Mickey really didn't want to remember it but he knew Ian needed to know replying "you wanted to be alone that night, we were talking outside the bar when you left and I saw two guys jump out of the alley halfway down the street, you tried to fight them off but they kicked the shit out of you, when I realized what was happening I ran but I got there too late" not hiding the sadness in his voice as he rubbed his eyes with his fingers.

Ian let out a tense sigh wishing he could remember whispering "I don't really remember" softly. Mickey softly grimaced replying "doctors said you had concussion, broken ribs and a punctured lung but the short term memory loss should go away now that you're awake" softly. Ian still stared at the ceiling as he scoffed "explains why I feel like shit and I don't mean being off the meds" sadly. Mickey lightly rubbed the side of Ian's face with his hand replying "you'll be okay" softly.

Ian let out a quiet sob "no I wont" sadly hating that he felt so weak and powerless and violated. Mickey didn't know what to say so he remained silent as he wiped the tears away from Ian's face with his hand. Ian lightly gripped Mickey's arm with his hand sadly whispering "I was fag bashed, didn't think it would ever happen to me and those assholes are still walking around" angrily. Mickey was angry too and it showed as he retorted "I know I was there, when I find those fuckers I'll kill them" angrily.

Ian silently looked at his friend not know what to say almost whispering "you serious" lightly. Mickey softly laughed "yeah I am, they nearly killed you, I nearly lost you because of them, fuckers need to pay" angrily as he realized he didn't care about his honesty. Mickey looked at Ian biting his lip before forcing out "Mandy told me the cops want to talk to you, I didn't know they show up when you call the ambulance" shyly.

Ian slightly shook his head "no not talking to them, don't want my family finding out" sadly. Mickey didn't hesitate "they wont, Mandy said your legally an adult so they don't have to tell your family” firmly before he looked across the room hesitating "I already told them what happened” in a whisper. Ian frowned as he looked over at his best friend laughed "you talked to them" before wincing in pain as he grabbed his abdomen and ribs with his hand.

Mickey softly laughed replying "they wanted witness statements and they wont go away until they get what they need" firmly. Ian rolled his eyes muttering "like fuck they'll do anything" icily.
Mickey scoffed as he looked at Ian muttering “well we all know that but at least they’ll go away” softly. Ian softly laughed as he moved closer into his friend as he felt Mickey tighten his arm around him and pull them closer together.

As they lay there in silence Ian just felt scared about seeing those assholes in the street someday. It was enough for him to blurt out “okay I'll think about it, talking to the cops” softly. Mickey took it as answer and lightly kissed the side of his head Ian decided that right now he just wanted to get better and move on with his life and forget about that awful incident but he had a feeling it wouldn't be so easy.

Ian decided he didn't care as he was just glad to be here in this small hospital room with his best friend who was glued to his side. Ian could tell Mickey was scared and he could see it in Mickey’s face ever since he woke up earlier in the day. It was confirmed from him when Mickey left the room and Mandy told him that Mickey never left his side only when he had to work at the bar.

Ian wasn't surprised at that because Mickey was always there by his side whenever he needed him and during his med changes for his disorder. Ian just really hated that he put his best friend and Mandy through all of this even though he knew it wasn't his fault. Ian knew Mickey was scared of losing him from the way Mickey was clinging onto him and it just made him relax into his best friend's embrace.

Ian just wished he never went home alone that night, he wished he could go back in time and go home with his best friend because if he did then the beating never would have happened. Ian just hated that he couldn't change a thing and he was struggling with the guilt and shame so much as he got lost in his own thoughts as they both lay there in silence before falling asleep.

Chapter End Notes

I am not sure if they take patients of their bipolar meds if they suffer a trauma like Ian’s and need to go on other meds for their injuries. From what I could see on the internet it depends on the case. Also I know Mickey and Ian are unlikely to talk to the cops but I'm not following canon.
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

I'm not completely happy with this chapter even though I rewrote it a few times. There is a few time jumps in it too to move things along.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ian let out a sigh of relief as the nurse left the room after removing the stitches from his stab wound and had started back on his meds for his disorder. He knew the next few days were going to be the worst but he hoped that he could readjust quickly and be done with it so he could go home. He had already been here for a week and he had enough of the place but he still wasn't allowed to go home yet.

He even doubted his decision to give his account of what happened that night to the cops since he hadn't heard anything from them at all which to him just proved they didn't give a shit about some guy that got gay bashed. Ian really wasn't surprised at that since when it came to the southside they were always ignored by law enforcement when they like Ian were the innocent ones.

Ian still couldn't stop thinking about that night and he even though he pretended he was okay he didn't tell Mickey or Mandy about the nightmares. He didn't want to say anything because he just felt nothing but shame and he didn't want Mickey to know he felt that way. He didn't want to tell his best friend that before it happened all he had been thinking was that he wished Mickey loved him back.

He didn't want to say that he heard footsteps behind him and thinking it was his best friend he turned around to be met with vicious slurs and thumps and an almost fatal stab wound to go with it too. He really hated that over the last week Mickey never left his side and the only time he did was when he had to work or Ian forced him to go home and get some proper sleep in a comfortable bed.

In reality some nights Ian just wanted to be alone so he could think about things and cry himself to sleep over everything that happened to him over the last two weeks. He didn't know how to deal with the fact he nearly died a few times and even more than that he just wanted to find the assholes who did this to him and kill them slowly. Ian was broken from his thoughts when he heard someone ask "you okay" curiously. Ian was sitting up in the bed and rubbed his eyes his hands tiredly mumbling "yeah" softly as he looked up to see Mickey was standing beside the bed.

Mickey sat on the edge of the bed to face Ian asking "you getting out yet" lightly. Ian nodded replying "just got my stitches out today and started back on my meds" lightly. Mickey rolled his eyes grumbling "don't know why they took you off them anyway" angrily. Ian softly laughed "they had to, they would have interfered with the meds I was put on for my injuries" lightly. A silence fell before Ian narrowed his eyes adding "how did they even know what I was on" not hiding the confusion in his voice.

Mickey softly laughed "I told them" and when he saw Ian looked surprised he teased "you thought I didn't know which ones you were on, I help fucking pay for them asshole" lightly. Ian softly laughed as he looked downwards muttering "yeah I know" softly. Another comfortable silence fell before Ian forced out "I'm dreading the bills, its why I want out of here" lightly. Mickey lightly hit Ian on his hip with his hand replying "Mandy's looking after it" lightly. Ian
looked at his friend "I don't even have health insurance, its going to cost thousands" softly.

They were interrupted when Mandy walked into the room asking "what will cost thousands" curiously. Ian looked over to see Mandy had come to see him along with Iggy as he told them "my hospital bills" lightly. Mandy sat in one of the seats on the other side of the bed looking at Ian replying "I told you I'm dealing with it, just needs forms and shit but it will be fine, I'll fill them out for you and you can sign them" firmly.

Iggy sat in the other seat beside Mandy telling Ian "and if it comes to it I'll get you the money so don't worry about it" firmly. Ian rubbed his face with hand muttering "no illegal shit, the cops are sniffing around me already over this" angrily. Mickey softly laughed "you afraid we'll end up in jail" humouredly. Iggy interjected while he grinned at Ian smugly "not going to happen because no way in hell am I ending up in cell with Terry" humouredly but he didn't tell them it was something he was afraid would happen eventually.

Mickey lightly tapped Ian on the arm and when Ian looked at him he didn't hide how much he meant it "you're family to us, we'll look after you so don't worry about it" firmly. Mandy slightly smiled at Ian adding "fucking right you are" firmly. Ian groaned knowing the three siblings would never give up as he looked at Mickey while he muttered "fine just don't get fucking caught" firmly.

Ian just leaned his head back against the pillow and closed his eyes realizing he just felt tired and he didn't really have the energy to argue with them anymore. He knew Mickey, Mandy and Iggy would pull any sort of scam to get him money if he needed it and while he hated it sometimes he just learned to accept it because they wouldn't take no as an answer. Ian just listened to the three of them talk for a while before Iggy nudged his leg with his foot asking "heard you talked to the cops, what did they say" curiously.

Ian groaned as he opened his eyes telling them "they asked stupid stuff like if I remember what they look like but I told them I didn't really remember what happened, just that I turned around and two guys beat the shit of me and stabbed me" softly. Ian picked at the sheets that were pulled right up to his waist and he looked down at his hands adding "they showed me a picture of two men, they looked a little familiar and so I said I think it was them but I couldn't be sure, they told me the two men who did it were already on the police records for other crimes too along with homophobic bashing but could never get enough evidence to make the charges stick to them especially for a hate crime" softly.

Iggy scoffed "maybe I should just shoot the fuckers" angrily. Mandy whacked her brother on the arm as Mickey added "might join you on that one" angrily. They fell into a silence before Ian glanced at the three of them trying not to sound so sad blurtling out "they're going to get away with it aren't they" in a whisper. Mickey moved to sit beside Ian on the bed and when Ian moved slowly moved over to make room Mandy looked at Ian telling him "if they don't get caught this time then they will eventually, some one will see way more and actually press charges" but there was a lot of doubt in her voice too.

Mickey nudged Ian with his shoulder and when Ian looked at him he told him "and if they get away with it" before he grimaced and looked at Ian adding "well then we'll just have to do it ourselves" lightly. Ian slightly nodded and he didn't want to talk about it any more blurtling out "I don't want to talk about it anymore so tell me what's going outside of this shit hole" curiously.

Mandy laughed before she glanced at her brother and then at Ian humouredly telling him "Mickey misses you, he never shuts up about you and when you'll be able to come home" lightly. Mickey rubbed his face with his hand to hide the blush he felt was creeping across his face as he groaned "fuck off Mandy" tiredly while also hating that she was right too. Ian softly laughed as he looked at Mickey and when Mickey looked at him he muttered "I miss you too" so low that only Mickey
heard him say it.

Mickey softly smirked but rolled his eyes as he discreetly moved closer to Ian on the bed feeling happy that Ian felt the same way too. Even though Mickey knew that Ian was in love with him he wasn’t really surprised at what Ian just admitted to him but he was surprised at just how much he really missed Ian and he realized he cared for him a lot more than just a friend too.

Mickey really hated that it took him this long realize it and he hated himself for it too even though he wondered if his growing feelings for Ian meant a lot more than just friendship. Eventually Mandy and Iggy left the room as they had things to do but Mickey stayed behind and was still lying on the bed beside Ian who was resting his head on his shoulder as they both sat there in silence lost in their own thoughts and enjoying each others company.

Mickey felt Ian hold his hand and lightly squeeze it so Mickey lightly shoved against Ian with his shoulder asking "you okay" curiously. Ian nodded and was still staring down at their hands as he tiredly replied "yeah the meds are just making me tired" softly. Mickey looked at Ian asking "you want me to go" curiously. Ian shook his head "no just stay with me" lightly. Mickey rested his head against Ian's replying "okay" softly noticing he felt really happy that Ian didn't want him to go.

Mickey thought Ian wouldn't say anything else knowing that when Ian was on a med adjustment he was always tired and quiet. It was why he was surprised when Ian sadly admitted "I cant stop thinking about that night, cant sleep because of the nightmares" in a whisper. Mickey sort of got it because before Terry landed in jail he used to have nightmares too about Terry finding out he was different and the violence he inflicted on him too.

Mickey lightly squeezed Ian's hand asking "fuck why didnt you tell me, I would have stayed" softly but the anger was there in his voice too. Ian sadly smiled knowing that was true as he sadly admitted "because I saw how tired you looked, didnt need to add to it or have you worry about me" in a whisper. Mickey lightly kissed Ian's head not admitting that he always worried about him because he knew it wasnt what Ian wanted to hear right now. Instead he told him "well I'll stay here tonight" softly.

Ian felt a little happy at that even though at the same time he wanted to push Mickey away replying "the nurse is coming with my meds tonight, she'll kick you out then" softly. Mickey scoffed "then I'll sneak back in when she's gone" lightly. Ian laughed and it surprised him as he blurted out "oh yeah, you going hide under my bed or something" humorously. Mickey shoved Ian with his shoulder as he laughed "maybe, you know me, I'm capable of anything" softly but there was humor in his voice too.

Ian laughed as he silently thought that Mickey really would do anything for him even risk going to jail to get money for him if Mandy couldn't sort out his hospital bills. Ian really hated that the next thought he had was that he wished Mickey loved him back but he didn't want to think about that because he knew it would never happen at all so he pushed it out of his mind. He didn't want to think about it at all because it just made him sad and depressed and like he would always be alone. It didn't matter that Mickey was right beside him because he was tired of just being friends. He just wanted Mickey to love him back and as he lay there beside his best friend he wondered if maybe Mandy was right in that he should try meeting other guys. But he knew that would also be a lie because he would still be in love with his best friend and it was why he knew he never be able to move on from Mickey. Ian just didn't know what to do anymore and even though he was tired of just being friends he knew that Mickey was the person he needed right now because he couldn't get better alone.
It would be another two weeks before Ian got the good news that he was able to go home as the doctors felt he had recovered enough from his injuries. He was just glad that evening when the doctor examined him and told him he was good to home and then took back the signed discharge papers and then handed him his prescription for his meds before leaving the room. As Ian got quickly dressed he saw Mickey in the corner looking at him with a smirk on his face so Ian asked "what" as he pulled on his jeans.

Mickey softly laughed as he sat in his seat with his arms crossed replying "for someone who was told to take it easy, you aint fucking taking it easy" humorously. Ian softly laughed as he pulled on a tshirt and a hoodie on top of it he told Mickey "just fucking want out of here and have proper food and sleep in my own bed” lightly. Mickey grunted in agreement "yeah fair point" lightly before they both left the hospital.

When they got back to Ian apartment they stood in the hallway and before Ian opened the door with his key Mickey rested his hand on Ian's arm and looked at him telling him "Mandy doesn't want me to tell you but I know you don't like surprises so I thought you should know that she along with Iggy are in your apartment right now with a load of food and probably some weed too" softly.

Ian faltered and slightly groaned so Mickey added "I told her you didn't want it, that you just wanted to go home and that was it but you know what she's like, she just missed you and is glad you're home safe and alive" softly. Ian felt guilty now and slightly nodded "yeah fair enough" softly. Mickey gripped both of Ian's arms with his hands and pulled Ian closer to him not looking away replying "whenever you want her to leave just say your tired and you're going to bed and I'll get them both to leave" firmly.

Ian softly laughed as he looked at Mickey replying "its okay, I'll be fine" softly. When they walked into the apartment and shut the door behind them Mandy walked over to Ian hugged him tightly telling "I'm glad you're home" softly. Ian nodded as he hugged her back "thanks" softly before he went and sat on the sofa. Iggy was sitting on one of the chairs as he told Ian "good to see you out" firmly. Ian nodded and he hated he felt tense and hoped no one noticed as he replied "yeah thanks" softly.

Ian felt Mickey sit beside him as Mandy sat on the other side of him telling them "got some weed and food to celebrate" lightly as she picked up a joint that was on the table and lit it. They weren't long eating all the food and were now sharing some weed as they caught up on everything and fell into easy conversation. Ian really wasnt in the mood for talking and he found himself spacing out every now and again as he vaguely listened to the others talk and the TV playing in the background.

All he could think of was how was he supposed to get back to normal because he sure as fuck didn't feel normal at least not anymore. He didn't feel like the person he was before the attack, he just felt like something was broken and he couldn't explain it to himself nevermind anyone else. He didn't know how to tell his best friend that he wasn't the same person anymore. As he watched Mickey, Mandy and Iggy talk and laugh about things in their lives Ian wasn't sure he could ever laugh about anything ever again.

He did laugh at things when they all talked in the hospital but Ian just felt like he was forced to laugh even though he didn't really want to at all. He just felt like he was pretending to be something he wasn't and he didn't know who he was anymore. He felt like even though he survived the attack a part of him died that night and all he felt was sadness and that he was weak and broken too.
Ian didn't know how much time had passed but he felt claustrophobic and just wanted to be alone so he sat up in his seat forcing out "thanks for coming over but I'm really tired so I'm going to sleep for a while, you guys can stay if you want" softly before he got up and went into his bedroom and closed the door. As they watched him leave Mickey let out a tense sigh knowing this would happen as he muttered "told you he didn't want it Mandy" tiredly but not sounding as angry as he would have liked at all.

Mandy slightly shook her head replying "thought it would have cheered him up a bit, let him see we give a shit" sadly. Iggy slightly laughed as he looked at his sister "what did you expect Mandy, the guy needs time" lightly. They fell into a silence as they watched the TV for a while before Mandy and Iggy left the apartment.

Mickey cleaned up the mess a bit before he sat back down and then decided to go see Ian. He went into Ian's room to see him lying in bed staring at the wall and walked over to him and sat on the bed when Ian asked "they leave yet" softly. Mickey rested his hand on Ian's leg replying "yeah they left a while ago, I just wanted to give you some space so its why I didn't come in sooner" softly.

Ian wiped his nose with his hand as he turned over to face Mickey and looked at him shyly asking "can you stay with me tonight" softly. Mickey slightly grinned at Ian "yeah" firmly before he got undressed and got into the bed with Ian. He pulled covers up over them when Ian just wrapped his arms around him and pulled them right up against each other. Mickey hugged him back as they both lay there in silence with very short conversations in between those silences before they fell asleep for the night.

Chapter End Notes

I know in my country you get forms to help pay for medical assistance, I don't know if there something like this in America, if there isn't there should be because its disgraceful if there isn't. But I don't know for sure so I just used what I know is available in my own country.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

There is a time jump of a month in this chapter and the story will be picking up from this chapter onwards, I know it was slow to start but I needed the build up to get to the chapters ahead.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Ian felt like he was struggling ever since he got released from the hospital four weeks ago. The only good thing to happen was his medical bills were all paid off. He just hated that Mickey and Mandy had to get the money for him by running more scams and doing illegal stuff that meant jail time if they got caught. Even though they didn't get caught Ian just felt so guilty because he felt like it was his own fault and that he should have done it on his own or got a loan.

But Mickey wasn't having it and now that the bills were all paid off Ian just felt glad he didn't have to deal with it anymore. He hadn't heard anymore about his attackers so he just took it as there was no arrests made but then he wasn't surprised at all. It just made him think that because he was gay the cops didn't give a shit or care at all so he decided not to think about it anymore. He just wanted to move on and live his life but he was finding it too hard.

But now that he was home he really wished he was still there because right now he hated being in his apartment all alone by himself with no distractions from his thoughts and his nightmares. Every time he looked at the healed over wound on his abdomen that was starting to scar he hated that it was just another reminder of that night. He also didn't dare close his eyes if he could help it but the stupid bipolar meds made him tired and fall asleep until the nightmares started and woke him up in a cold sweat afraid to go back to sleep.

He was just glad he lived close to where he worked so he didn't have to go too far to get to work. He didn't want to bother Mickey or Mandy because he knew how worried they both were about him so he pretended he was getting better by the day. He hadn't been to see his doctor or therapist as he didn't want to talk to anyone at all right now and he knew he didn't need them anyway. He just hated lying to Mandy and Mickey when he told them he was fine when they came around to his apartment when they weren't working.

Ian was also glad Mickey never pushed the issue of going out or meeting him at the bar when he was finished work. Ian also knew that Mickey blamed himself even though he told his friend that it wasn't his fault because he wanted to be alone that night. But as Ian sat on the sofa in his apartment eating some food as the TV played in the background he really missed his best friends. Ian felt like it was his own fault because he was too afraid to leave the safety of his apartment in case he had a panic attack.

He also hated that it was always Mickey coming over to his apartment and Ian just felt like he was becoming more isolated as time passed by especially as Mickey always told him what happened at work. Ian really missed going down to the bar when Mickey was working but he was afraid of a panic attack and he didn't want to walk past the place where the attack happened months ago.

He knew it didn't help since he had gotten out of hospital he had been avoiding both Mandy and Mickey but he was struggling so much with everything and it wasn't just the meds. Ever since he told them to back off and give him space that first week Ian felt relieved that they backed off but
told them to back off and give him space that first week. Ian felt relieved that they backed off but now he just found any excuse to avoid seeing his friends at all.

At the same time Ian just felt like he was missing out on life and it made him feel as if he was letting the people who bashed him win every time he bottled out of walking out the front door. He just wished he could stop being so scared and as he stared at his meds sitting in the bottles on the small table in front of him he wondered if he should just stop taking them because he felt like they weren't working at all.

He let out a sigh as he realized he didn't feel any different at all since he started taking them weeks ago. He just felt tired all the time and depressed all the time and he couldn't ignore that whisper in his mind that told him to flush the meds down the drain where they belonged. He just wished he could feel normal again like he did before that awful night happened because right now he just felt alone and miserable.

He even hated lying to Mickey saying that he was fine when he wasn't because he didn't want his best friend to worry about him at all even though he knew Mickey probably was worried. He just felt so alone, miserable and scared that he thought how he felt right now would never end. He didn't see a reason to keep taking them since they weren't making him feel any better and he was tired of having no control over his own moods.

Ever since that night he just felt out of control and he was tired of it and all he wanted right now was control. As he now glared at the meds he realized he just wanted to feel happy again as he remembered just how happy he felt when he was manic before he got his disorder under control. If he didn't take them now then in a few days he would feel different and he knew it could go either way but he just wanted to feel happy again.

He knew he could end up feeling manic or depressed but it was a risk he was willing to take because how he felt right now was just completely numb and he was sick of it too. When he finished eating his food he stood up and put the plate down on the table before grabbing the med bottles and went into the bathroom and stood over the toilet as he wondered was he really going to do this as he unscrewed the bottles in this hand.

Ian rubbed his hand over his face as he let out a deep sigh while slightly hesitating before deciding fuck it and poured the tablets into the toilet and flushed them down the drain. As he watched the water in the toilet make the tablets disappear he threw the empty bottles into the bin before switching off the light in the bathroom deciding he was going to bed. He did notice he felt a little freer and more relieved that they were gone as he felt that sense of control wash over him knowing that now all he had to do was wait a few days.

Mickey was working a shift at the bar and he couldn't stop thinking about Ian. He couldn't help wonder if Ian was avoiding him as he only ever saw Ian when he went over to his apartment. Even though Ian told him he was fine and that it was just the meds Mickey knew Ian was lying and pretending to be okay. And he also knew Ian was just as stubborn as he was so he didn't push the issue with Ian because he didn't want to fight with his best friend.

Mickey was clearing empty glasses off the bar top when Mandy sat on one of the seats on the other side of the bar asking "you seen Ian" curiously. Mickey put the glasses on the tray to be washed and threw the empty bottles into the bin under the bar as he told his sister "seen him earlier today" lightly. Mickey grabbed a bottle of beer and opened it before handing it to his sister as he looked at her asking "why" hoping that Ian was okay.

Mandy picked at the label on the bottle as she bit her lip hesitantly replying "I dont think he leaves
the apartment anymore if he's not working" lightly. Mickey stopped what he was doing and crossed his arms over his chest glaring at her asking "the fuck do you mean" firmly. Mandy shrugged her shoulder before replying "I haven't seen him around here lately and we go over there all the time, I just think it's getting to him and that he isn't as okay as he's saying he is" lightly.

Mickey anxiously bit his lip as he glanced around the room before replying "he just got out of hospital, maybe it's the meds" hoping the denial he felt wasn't showing his voice. Mickey had noticed that Ian was never at the bar anymore, he noticed that Ian never really left the apartment anymore but he just thought Ian was still adjusting to the new meds. Mickey rubbed his face with his hand adding "maybe it's the meds, you know they make him tired and take weeks to adjust" softly.

Mandy didn't look convinced as she glared at her brother "that's bullshit since he told us both he adjusted to them just fine and even then in the past he was never this bad and it never took this long to adjust" firmly while hating that her brother didn't seem that worried at all. Mickey was kind of getting pissed off but he also saw her point but he didn't tell her that anytime he asked Ian over for drinks Ian always had some excuse to stay at home.

Mickey hated it because Ian was the most outgoing person he knew and he hated that Ian let some assholes get to him this way but he didn't see what else he could do about the situation. Mandy didn't look away as she also added "you know we were meant to go out the other night and an hour before he cancelled, when has Ian ever cancelled on us, you know how much he loves coming down here" firmly.

She also added "I've tried talking to him and he just says he's fine until a loud noise startles him and then he closes off and won't talk about it" firmly. Mandy drank some of her beer deciding to tell her brother the rest adding "you know his therapist called me the other day and asked me why he missed three appointments" not hiding the desperation in her voice. Mickey let out a sigh and frowned knowing she was right asking "he really didn't show up" not hiding the confusion from his voice.

Mickey didn't even tell her that Ian's therapist had called him too but a part of him wondered was he just lying to himself and trying to convince himself that Ian was okay. Mandy nodded "he didn't and he's been out of hospital a month so something is wrong" firmly. Mickey silently looked at his sister but he still wasn't convinced. Mandy noticed it as she slightly shifted in her seat before clearing her throat as she looked at her brother adding "he didn't want me to tell you this but the other day when he was at work I went to see him, a group of guys came in and he was okay until they started getting loud and he just left and went upstairs to the stock room, he didn't come back down until they left, I locked the door and went upstairs and he was having a panic attack" lightly.

Mickey bit his lip before anxiously muttering "fuck" knowing he could no longer pretend that Ian was fine. Mandy noticed her brother looked uncomfortable but she wasn't leaving until he woke up and quit lying to himself adding "you know the doctor said he had post traumatic stress but he isn't dealing with it, its like he's trying to avoid what happened to him" firmly.

Mickey really didn't see what he could do glaring at her almost shouting "the fuck am I supposed to do, you know Ian doesn't talk about shit" angrily. Mandy ignored him glaring back at him as she calmly told him "I talked to his therapist, asked if Ian has post traumatic stress what do we do, he told me a way for him to move on is to talk about it and go back to where it happened and try and work through it" lightly.

Mickey scoffed "like that will fucking happen" angrily knowing that there was no way he was bringing Ian back to where it happened on that horrible night. Mandy almost rolled her eyes "told me that Ian needs to go back the place it happened, talk about it and try to remember what happened and work through it, it desensitizes the situation and there's more to it but we have to try
for Ian” lightly.

Mickey sighed knowing she was right but he didn't see what else he could do and he knew if Ian wouldn't fight for himself then he would do it for his best friend. Mickey heard someone calling him and shook himself out of his thoughts before replying "look I've got to work but I'll talk to him tomorrow" firmly. Mandy slightly nodded taking it as answer replying "good, maybe he'll talk to you because he sure as fuck won't talk to me" and she didn't sound the least bit hurt by it at all knowing that Ian was always a lot closer to Mickey.

Mickey was about to walk away before asking "you staying for a while" lightly. Mandy finished off her beer before replying "no going home" lightly before she stood up and walked away. Mickey got back to work hating he still had a few hours left but all he could think about was Ian. Mickey didn't want to admit something was wrong because he thought Ian was fine and was busy with work but he didn't know that Ian had been lying to Mandy.

He also couldn't deny to himself anymore that Ian was avoiding leaving the apartment if he could and when Mickey thought about it Ian had also been avoiding meeting him anywhere else but his own apartment. Mickey thought that Mandy didn't get it and she could never understand what it was like to be targeted in a violent way for being gay. She could try and understand but she would never get it even though she tried to understand.

Mickey understood what Ian may have been feeling right now, he understood that fear of being bashed by homophobes since he grew up with it when Terry was still roaming the streets of the Southside. When Mickey got home that night and went to bed he decided that tomorrow he was going to talk to Ian because he wasn't letting those assholes win and for Ian to live in fear.

There was one other thing that Mickey noticed over the last few weeks and it was just how much he cared about Ian and he was starting to wonder if he loved Ian as more than just friends. Ever since Ian came home all he wanted was to protect Ian and he hated that it took Ian nearly dying to realize that he cared for his best friend a lot more than he thought he did in the past.

In the first week he was a little too over protective of Ian until he told him to back off and give him some space but Mickey didn't tell Ian that he was scared ever since that night when Ian nearly died. He didn't tell Ian that he just wanted to be around him all the time. Mickey just hated that ever since Ian was released from hospital he felt a distance growing between them and every now and then he had a fleeting thought that Ian was drifting away from him as the days passed.

But he always pushed that thought away and he hated that Mandy admitted to him that Ian was avoiding her too because it meant that Mickey could no longer be in denial about Ian avoiding him too. His worst fear was losing Ian for good and he really hated that Ian was slowly drifting away from him ever since he got out of hospital. He also really hated those assholes that bashed Ian because he felt like they took his best friend away from him too because Ian wasn't the same since that night.

The other thing he was also afraid of was if he took Ian back to where the bashing happened he was afraid it would undo Ian's stability since he got out of hospital a month ago. But he didn't see what else he could do except talk to Ian and let Ian figure it out himself because Mickey didn't want to push Ian over the edge if he couldn't deal with what happened to him just yet.

He decided that tomorrow he would talk to Ian and let Ian decide what to do. Mickey didn't care what Mandy said needed to be done because he knew he wasn't pushing Ian into anything he wasn't ready for yet. He had never pushed Ian into doing anything he didn't want to do and he wasn't about to start now just because of Mandy's words.
Chapter End Notes

Just to explain Ian not taking the meds. I knew someone through a friend of a friend who is bipolar who admitted to going off the meds when they felt like shit just so they could be manic and feel good again. So that's where I am coming from with Ian in this chapter. I don't want it to come across as something made up because I am using a real experience from a person with the disorder.
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Ian's a bit of a book nerd in this chapter which is why its a weird chapter but weird is good.

Mickey walked into the small book shop where Ian worked and shut the door behind him to see Ian behind the desk at the back of the shop. Ian hadn't noticed him yet as he looked like he was in the middle of reading something and it just made Mickey wonder if he should walk back out the door. Even though he knew Mandy was right he didn't want to force Ian into talking since he obviously didn't want to talk but Mickey was tired of Ian avoiding him all the time too.

Before he could change his mind he walked over to Ian who looked up at him and Mickey couldn't help blurt out "you avoiding us now" lightly. Ian looked down and tensed his shoulders mumbling "been busy with work, I'm lucky I didn't lose my job or apartment and that my boss is understanding too about what happened" lightly. Mickey walked behind the desk and sat on it as he looked at Ian replying "wasn't having a go at you, just curious" lightly.

Ian nodded as he blankly looked at the page before replying "Mandy talk to you" knowing that she probably did because she wasn't stupid. Mickey quietly laughed as he lightly kicked Ian's leg with his foot replying "you know she did" lightly. Ian looked off to the side away from Mickey not able to hide the shame from his face because that was all he seemed to feel lately.

When Ian didn't say anything Mickey added "told me you havent been to therapy, cancelled plans and shit" lightly but didn't add and I know you've been avoiding me too. Ian rubbed his face with his hand as he glanced at Mickey replying "meds make me tired" hating that he didn't sound convinced. Mickey didn't buy it but didn't comment instead replying "so you want to come by the bar tonight" curiously knowing that Ian always did for a few hours when he had to work.

Ian let out a tense sigh "cant, working late" hating that the lie in his voice was obvious. Mickey scoffed knowing the lastest Ian was finished was around eight at night "quit fucking lying alright, just say you don't want to come down to the bar" angrily. Ian snapped his head to look at him hating that he couldn't find the words to say knowing that it would be a lie and that Mickey could always see right through him all the time.

Ian glanced at the door of the shop before looking back down at what he was reading while hesitating "just not ready yet" lightly. Mickey wondered when will you ever be ready but didn't say it as he felt like he pushed Ian enough and he could tell he did since Ian was all tense and not looking at him anymore. Mickey looked at what Ian was reading so asked "what are you reading anyway" curiously.

Ian didn't look up replying "some comic book from the comic section" lightly. Mickey knew Ian would read anything as he lightly teased "you'd fucking read anything" lightly. When Ian just ignored him he asked "never asked you before but what do you read these things for, I mean what do you get out of them" curiously. Ian leaned back in his seat thinking about his answer and he still didn't look at his friend before replying "they know what its like to be different, always hiding their secret identity because if people find out they will react badly" lightly.
Mickey read a little of the page as he took in Ian's answer before he mocked "any gay ones, thought they were all straight" lightly. Ian softly laughed as he lightly punched his friend on the thigh replying "not all of them are straight" humorously. Mickey looked at Ian and almost grinned at the way Ian looked happy again as he asked "like who, they all look like straight douchebags always saving some ungrateful asshole that doesn't deserve it" icily.

Ian softly laughed as replied "theres loads of them, you just got to look closer" lightly. They fell into a comfortable silence when Mickey bit his lip and looked at Ian deciding to just say it asking "Ian we need to talk about what happened" softly. Ian looked back at him slightly nodding knowing it was the truth blurtling out "I know and I'm sorry for avoiding you" not adding its just hard for me the last few weeks.

Mickey almost sighed in relief as Ian looked back down at the page when he shyly asked "you ever feel like youre hiding who you are, that maybe its better off to be hiding, that being who you really are just causes trouble" lightly not adding because I feel like it does cause trouble. Mickey bit his lip thinking he might finally be getting somewhere with Ian even if they were talking about comics but he felt like Ian was talking about himself judging from what Ian had just admitted.

Mickey didn't really know what to say as he told Ian "I did back when we lived in southside but not anymore, not since we moved up here" firmly. When Ian looked at him Mickey added "think hiding who you are just causes more trouble, you're always looking over your shoulder, watching every word you say so you dont give something away about who you really are" lightly.

Mickey fell silent before adding "got to admit ever since I stopped hiding that I'm gay I feel a lot more free, don't feel like everyone is trying to catch me out, don't have to watch everything I say or do, probably helps Terry is in jail with no chance of ever getting out" softly as he wondered where was Ian going with these questions. Ian slightly nodded at his answer before he licked his lips and hesitantly asked "you ever wish you stayed in the closet, like things would be easier" shyly.

Mickey frowned as he scoffed "fuck no" lightly. Mickey moved closer to Ian asking "why all the fucking questions anyway" lightly. Ian shrugged his shoulders before replying "just curious" lightly. They fell into a silence before Ian whispered "just feel like this never would have happened if I wasn't so out and proud you know, that maybe" but he fell silent again as the words died in his mouth.

Mickey wasn't having it "that's bullshit, those assholes picked random targets because they were homophobic assholes, you practically pass as straight so quit it with that shit" firmly. Ian bitterly smirked while he scoffed not really knowing what to say before he looked at Mickey almost hissing "those assholes are walking around and I don't even know who they are, they could walk in here right now and I wouldn't know it was them because I barely fucking remember" angrily not adding maybe they already have been in the shop but he didn't want to think about that at all.

Ian rubbed his face with his hand deciding to tell the truth and admitted "I heard from the cops the other day" lightly. Mickey tightly gripped the edge of the desk with his hands muttering "the fuck do those assholes want now" angrily. Ian bit his lip as he stared at the desk and glanced up at Mickey telling him "they told me they cant find the guys who did it, they put out a warrant for their arrest but they told me the attackers are probably in hiding until it all goes away, they said they did exact same thing a few years ago to someone else, they told me its not the first time these guys have done this shit" not hiding the hurt in his voice.

Mickey just felt angry as he scoffed "fucking assholes" icily. Ian shrugged his shoulders as he whispered "probably better off since I don't really remember and I just want to move on from it" tiredly but he didn't sound convincing which he hated a lot. Mickey looked at Ian as he goaded "so what, you're just going hide out here forever and let those assholes win while they laugh at you behind your back" lightly while hoping Ian would fight back a little because he hated seeing Ian
Ian silently thought its safer in here but he didn't dare say it out loud knowing that Mickey wouldn't get it and probably call him a coward for thinking it too and he also didn't want Mickey to see how weak he really felt too. Mickey let out a defeated sigh because he didn't see what he could do asking "so you're just going to pretend it never happened" not adding that it never ends well because he done it for years.

Mickey saw he was getting the silent treatment from Ian so pushed "you should know it never fucking ends well, thought you knew that since you've known me for as long as we can remember" firmly. Ian looked down at his desk and leaned forward to rest his elbows on the desk letting out "what do you want me to say" lightly because he didn't even know where to start.

Mickey seemed to pick up on Ian's discomfort so decided he wouldn't push anymore knowing that Ian would just close off even more and he didn't want to make it worse. He already felt like Ian was slipping away from him as the days passed and he wasn't about to make it happen much quicker and he also knew Ian well enough to know when to back off. So he decided he was backing off and grabbed one of the other magazines lying on the desk and flicked through it while sneaking glances at Ian every few minutes.

Mickey didn't know how much time had passed but he decided he wasn't getting anywhere with Ian and was about to leave when Ian mumbled "I keep having nightmares" shyly. Mickey looked up to see Ian leaning back in his seat with his arms crossed over his chest as he asked "about that night" lightly. Ian looked down at the ground nodding his head mumbling "yeah, just wish I could go back and change it, go home with you like we always do, of course it happens the one night I decide I wanted to be alone" sadly.

Mickey looked at Ian replying "same here, wish I had of went with you, wish it hadn't took me so long to notice what was happening, hate it was halfway down the street and took me ages to get there" lightly. A silence fell before Mickey looked at the floor while wiping his face with his hand as he sadly blurted out "I can't get the image out my fucking head, just keep seeing it over and over, feel like its my fault you know, like I should have been there or some shit or that it should have been me" hating that he sounded just as bad as Ian when it was Ian who was nearly killed.

Ian was still staring at the floor as he slightly nodded his head telling his friend "it's not your fault, don't blame yourself and don't say it should have been you" firmly not adding I couldn't deal with it if it happened to you. Mickey softly laughed and when he looked up to see Ian was looking back at him he replied "it's hard not to, just keep thinking we had a good time that night even though you got us kicked out, just wish I'd known it would go to shit" sadly.

Ian softly laughed while he lightly hit his friend on the leg with his hand looking at him telling him "I didn't get us kicked out, it was all you" humorously. Mickey scoffed "fucking wasn't and you know it" lightly. They fell into a comfortable silence and few seconds or moments passed before Ian hesitated and admitted "I feel scared all the time" in a whisper. Ian was glad that Mickey didn't say anything as he looked at the floor again and forced out "keep thinking it's going to happen again, that those assholes will come and finish me off" lightly.

Mickey wanted to say it won't happen again but he knew enough to know it would be a lie if he did and it just made him angry but not at Ian. Mickey silently swore if he ever saw those assholes again he would kill them slowly because they deserved it for going after Ian. Mickey thought Ian wouldn't say anymore until Ian admitted "haven't been going to therapy, haven't left the apartment since I came home, just went to the shop a few doors down to get food and come here for work but thats it" hating that he sounded so full of shame and self loathing.

Mickey noticed it and stood up to grab the other chair and pulled it up to sit right beside Ian just as
Ian sadly mumbled "you probably hate me now, think I'm weak" softly. Mickey rested his hand on Ian's arm and looked at his friend telling him "I don't hate you, don't think you're weak either, think I've forgotten all the times you stood up for me to Terry for me when I couldn't, haven't forgotten that at all so if anyone's weak it's me" softly.

Ian softly smiled but there was still sadness in his face and eyes as he looked at his friend not hiding how much he meant it "you're not weak, at least not to me your not, you just knew when to pick your fights and Terry was a fight to avoid" firmly. Mickey softly laughed "I don't think Terry would see it that way" lightly. Ian softly laughed as he rubbed his face with his hands mumbling "I need to get out of here" tiredly.

Mickey asked "you finished now" curiously. Ian nodded as he checked the time "yeah just got to start locking up" lightly. Mickey didn't move from his seat as he looked at Ian asking "so you want to come bar with me to get my pay for the week and then we can get something to eat" curiously. Ian nervously bit his lip and glanced at the door wanting to say no but he was also tired of living in fear too. Ian nodded "yeah sure, just let me close up first" before he walked away and closed up the shop. He also pretended not to notice the happy look on Mickey's face as they both not so discreetly kept glancing at each other as Ian finished work.

When the locked the door behind them Ian looked around the busy street and felt way too anxious as he muttered "no this wasn't a good idea" lightly. Mickey heard it but wasn't having it as he looked at Ian "the bar is at the end of the street and it isn't dark so we'll be fine" firmly. Ian looked at his friend as a silent war of fight or flight was playing out in his head but as he looked at Mickey he felt like he could do this even though it was hard. Ian nodded as he shoved his hands in his pockets muttering "okay" before they stepped out onto the street and walked towards the bar.

As Ian felt the people on the busy street rush past him he felt more jumpy by the second and wished he never went through with this at all. When someone bumped into him he pushed the person away and snapped at them to watch where they were going when he felt Mickey pull him back. When he turned around to look at his friend he calmed down a little when Mickey told him "you're okay" firmly.

Ian nodded silently and when the continued walking down the street Ian reached for Mickey and grabbed his arm with his hand and he was grateful that Mickey didn't push his hand away. Ian just felt the busy crowd on the narrow footpath was too much and used his other hand to grip at Mickey's upper arm. Mickey didn't really mind but when he felt Ian's death grip on his arm he snapped "quit it" loudly. It was enough to snap Ian out of it as he looked at his friend muttering "sorry" softly.

Mickey didn't say anything but took Ian's guilty expression as an apology so he just wrapped his arm around Ian's back and pulled them close together as they walked side by side replying "we're nearly there" softly. They walked in silence and when they got closer to where Mickey worked and had yet to cross the street Mickey had an idea. He stopped and stood in front of Ian biting his lip as he told his friend "got an idea" lightly.

Mickey rubbed his face with hand before adding "I was going to cross the street on my own and stand outside the bar and your going to come to me" firmly. Ian's expression paled as he glanced to the bar that was further down on the other side of the street in the distance while shaking his head muttering "no, no I can't do that, don't make me" in pleading whisper. Mickey let out a sigh "Ian you have to, it's the only way to beat this, you've got to face your fear" firmly.

Ian looked back at his friend not hiding the desperation from his face "what if I don't want to"
sadly. Mickey softly smiled "Ian we've been walking for the last five minutes, another two won't kill you, you can do this" softly. Ian looked down at the ground while biting his lip and shaking his head replying "but you'll be over there, I need you here" and he hated how desperate he sounded too. Mickey rested his hand on Ian's shoulder still looking at him replying "I'll be watching you the whole time" firmly.

Ian looked up mumbling "you will" softly. Mickey nodded before replying "you know I will, when have I ever let you down" firmly. Ian nodded before looking across the street and then at Mickey before telling "so go then before I change my mind" firmly as he tried to ignore the noise on the busy street. Mickey slightly grinned at Ian before he crossed the road and walked down the street.

As Mickey walked away Ian just felt all the confidence he felt fade away especially since Mickey disappeared in and out of the crowd until a few minutes later he saw Mickey waving at him from down the street outside the bar. Ian carefully crossed the street and walked down the footpath through the busy crowd keeping his eyes on his best friend the whole time as getting to Mickey was his target and kept him focused the whole time.

When he stood in front Mickey who was grinning at him Ian softly laughed feeling like he was starting to get somewhere and he didn't know what to say so he just tightly hugged Mickey in the middle of the street. Mickey hugged Ian back tightly before looking at him "let me get my money and go back home for something to eat" lightly. Ian nodded and he couldn't hide how happy he felt as Mickey grabbed his hand and pulled them both off the street and into the bar.

Ian felt like it was small victory and that maybe he could get there eventually but he knew it wouldn't be easy at all. As he watched Mickey disappear into the office behind the bar he thought that maybe one day he would okay as he wondered whenever that day would be but he didn't think it would be anytime soon.
Mickey didn't know what to do about Ian ever since they had their talk that evening when Ian was at work. He just felt like he wasn't getting through to Ian and he felt like he pushed Ian too hard when he wasn't ready yet. Mickey was at work at the bar on another busy night carefully watching Ian rush around the place like he was bouncing off the walls and talking to every guy who would speak to him or buy him a drink.

As he watched his best friend slowly unravel in the middle of the room Mickey wondered if Ian was still taking his meds because he thought Ian looked a little manic. Mickey finished clearing glasses from the bar top and put them on the tray to be washed wondering if he should talk to Ian. But he didn't want to accuse Ian of not being on his meds if Ian was still taking them and another part of him didn't want to believe that Ian had flushed his meds and his stability.

He knew Ian was struggling so he decided he would just go along with it until Ian asked for his help because he knew if he pushed Ian then Ian would leave and he didn't want that at all. He didn't want Ian to go some other bar because at least if Ian was here in this one then he could keep a close eye on his best friend. He was broken from his thoughts when he heard Ian asking "you nearly finished yet" curiously.

Mickey looked up to see Ian was standing in front of him as he slightly shook his head replying "still got a few hours" lightly. Ian asked "get me a beer" lightly. Mickey turned around and grabbed a beer from the fridge and opened it before handing it back to Ian as he looked at him "you're welcome by the way" humorously. Ian softly laughed as he drank his beer before replying "thanks for helping me the last few weeks" firmly.

Mickey slightly smiled at Ian "you're welcome" firmly not adding I know you'd do it for me. Mickey heard his coworker tell him to take his break so he grabbed a glass of water and walked around the bar to stand in front of Ian asking "so you okay after last week, hope I didn't push you too much" not hiding the guilt in his voice. Ian noticed Mickey felt bad over it and it showed on his face so he told him "its fine don't worry about it because you didn't, its probably what I needed" firmly as he tried to ignore the guilt over lying to his best friend.

Mickey bit his lip anxiously as he looked at the floor because all he did was worry about Ian and even though Ian told him he was fine Mickey didn't believe a word of it. He just didn't know how to talk to Ian without it coming off as being controlling or trying to tell him what to do. He was broken from his thoughts when he felt Ian step right up against him and he rubbed his eyes with his fingers to push back the forming tears of frustration at himself to see Ian was now standing front of him looking right at him asking "you alright, since I've been here you've looked like you were trying to figure out the answers to universe or some shit" humouredly.

Mickey scoffed lightly punching Ian in the stomach with his hand as he looked at his friend replying "I'm fine asshole, just thinking about shit" lightly. Ian smirked at his friend asking "oh yeah, who" curiously. Mickey laughed as he rubbed his face with his hand muttering "you if you must know" hating himself for just admitting it. Ian faltered a little as he slid his arms over Mickey's shoulders and tightly hugged his friend mumbling in his ear "don't worry about me I'm fine" firmly not sounding as convincing as he would have liked.

When he looked at Mickey he could tell Mickey didn't believe him even when Mickey silently rested his hands on his hips replying "okay if you say so" lightly. Ian felt relieved that Mickey
wasn't pushing the issue any further even though he hated lying to his best friend. Ian felt Mickey run his hands along his sides so he turned them around and pushed Mickey against the bar as he looked at him asking "can I come home with you later" lightly.

Mickey grabbed Ian's hips and pulled him right up against him as he smirked at Ian not even looking away "you already know the answer to that" lightly. Ian slightly nodded as he rested his hand on the back of Mickey's neck and pressed their foreheads together muttering "I've got plans for us later" not hiding the heat from his voice. Mickey slightly blushed as he looked down at Ian's chest before looking back up at Ian's eyes with a raised eyebrow almost scoffing "you sound sure of yourself there" humorously as he wrapped his arms around Ian's back.

Ian softly laughed as he pressed his lips against Mickey's and Mickey let Ian kiss him which started off slow and grew more intense as they softly groaned into each other's mouths. When they stopped to breathe Mickey rested his hand on the back of Ian's head as he looked at him asking "so you going to wait or go back to my place" curiously. Ian wanted to say we could go to the bathroom now but he didn't think Mickey would agree with that since he was working so just looked at him with a heated gaze replying "I'll wait" softly.

Mickey smirked at Ian as he scoffed "you don't look like you can" humorously. Ian rolled his eyes with a grin on his face as he pushed himself against Mickey and kissed him again as they let their hands roam all over each other's warm bodies. Ian could feel the grin on Mickey's face as they got caught up in each other in the middle of the busy bar. As Ian kissed his best friend intensely he just felt he was himself again and that he had his life and his best friend back and he never wanted it to end since he just felt so full of energy and alive again.

They didn't know how much time had passed but when Mickey's name was called he knew it was time to get back to work. Mickey groaned as he pulled his hands out from under the back of Ian's t-shirt and stopped kissing Ian which he really hated having to do since right now all he wanted was Ian who was all over him for the last who knows how long and he didn't care at all.

He just hated that it had to end so he slightly leaned back and almost laughed when Ian followed him with what he thought was a whine. Ian pulled his hands out from under Mickey's t-shirt looking at him mumbling "don't go" in a whisper. Mickey heard it and laughed as he rested his hand on the side of Ian's head as he silently looked at him thinking he loved Ian so much. He wanted to tell Ian he loved him but for some reason he couldn't get words out of his mouth.

Mickey softly kissed Ian on the lips before he looked at him telling him "I'll only be a few hours" softly. Ian groaned and rolled his eyes as he reached behind Mickey for his bottle of beer and drank it in one go not missing the way Mickey watched his throat as he swallowed down the beer. Ian put the empty bottle on the bar as he looked at Mickey and then pulled his shirt off revealing the tank top he was wearing under his t-shirt muttering "fuck it's too hot" lightly. Mickey scoffed as he looked Ian up and down not able to stop himself blurting out "you're fucking hot" in a whisper.

Ian heard it and smirked as he pushed himself against Mickey again quipping "you think so" humorously. Mickey rubbed his face with his hand not able to look at Ian knowing his face was red now at admitting he found Ian hot as he groaned "fuck off" lightly. Mickey planted his hand on Ian's chest to push him off but Ian just grabbed his wrists and leaned closer to whisper in his ear in a flirting tone "I think you're hot too" confidently.

Mickey softly laughed as Ian just looked at him and pressed his t-shirt against his chest telling him "look after this for me" softly and when Mickey grabbed the shirt Ian walked away into the crowd. As Mickey watched Ian walk away he rubbed his face with his hand hating that Ian just still looked lost and alone and like he was struggling so much but Mickey didn't know what to do except just be there for Ian.
He could tell that Ian needed him right now because he looked so happy when he got his break and then he looked crushed when Mickey had to get back to work. Mickey just hoped Ian would be okay for the next few hours but he had a feeling that Ian wouldn't be okay.

He was proven right when an hour later Ian came back over to the bar and leaned forward resting his elbows on the bar as he looked at Mickey "I got invited to a party later, you want to come" curiously. Mickey noticed Ian looked out of it coke or some shit as he slightly laughed "another one, you've been to one every night this week, still tired after the one last night so I'll pass" lightly.

Ian laughed a little too loudly which raised Mickey's attention but he pushed that thought away as he Ian told him "okay maybe tomorrow night" lightly. Mickey scoffed "not fucking likely" lightly knowing tomorrow night was his night off and he was staying at home. Ian groaned "come on live a little" humorously. Mickey leaned over the bar to grab Ian's arms as he looked at him telling "some of us need sleep, how the fuck you able to get up for work" lightly.

Ian rolled his eyes knowing he hadn't been at work all week replying in a dismissive tone "its called coffee and anyway I'll sleep when I'm dead" firmly. As Mickey looked at Ian he noticed that far away look in his eyes and the way he was bouncing on his feet and couldn't stop fighting as he looked around the room. As Ian started talking to him about some guys he met Mickey noticed that Ian's speech was starting to sound manic too as he was talking way too fast.

He also noticed when Ian was talking he would start a new sentence in the middle of a current sentence and his thoughts were jumping all over the place too. As Ian just walked away from him in the middle of a sentence Mickey let out a tense sigh while he rubbed his face with his hand knowing he could no longer deny that Ian was manic. The only thing was he didn't know how to bring it up with Ian and he also didn't want to be wrong because if he was wrong he would push Ian away.

He silently watched Ian walked over to group of guys and receive some drugs off one of them who Mickey was going to beat the shit out of if something happened to Ian. Mickey was broken from his thoughts when Mandy slid onto the seat that Ian was standing beside a few moments ago quipping "still trying to tell yourself something isn't wrong" lightly. Mickey scoffed hating that he felt embarrassed now "get me a beer now that you aren't glued to Ian" humorously. Mickey crossed his arms over his chest feeling defensive "don't know what the fuck you're on about" harshly hoping she didn't pick up on his lie.

Mandy did notice he was lying and rolled her eyes "yeah you do, I see the way you look at him, why won't you tell him" softly. Mickey sighed as he stared at the floor "it's not that easy, he going through shit right now" lightly. Mandy shook her head agreement replying "yeah I know" before she fell silent and then added "but maybe if you tell him it will be what he needs, he might not feel so alone" softly.

Mandy shook her head replying "or it could push him over the edge completely" lightly. Mandy scoffed thinking it was just an excuse as she noticed her brother was looking somewhere else so she turned in her seat to see he was staring at Ian in the middle of the dance floor swallowing some drugs he was handed by one of the guys. Mandy sighed and turned around to see Mickey rub his face with his hand muttering "fuck" emotionally.
Mandy drank some of her beer before she asked "you think he's manic again" curiously. Mickey wanted to say no but he knew it would be a lie but he didnt really want to believe it yet sadly replying "think he just needs to get it out of his system, he nearly died" softly and he hated he didnt sound convincing at all. Mandy scoffed "youre a fucking idiot, why cant you see whats right in front of you" angrily.

Mickey didnt want to see it as he glared at her shouting "why dont you let him deal with in his own way and I'm fucking handling it alright" angrily. Mickey walked away from her not telling her he did love Ian, that he loved him so much and he didnt know how to help him either. He didnt tell her that when they were alone Ian was sad all the time. He didnt tell her that at night when Ian thought he was asleep he could hear Ian crying in the bathroom after another nightmare.

But as he looked over at Ian who seemed to be enjoying himself again even if he was out of it on drugs Mickey was just glad to see Ian smile again. Mickey tore his eyes away from Ian and got back to work and didnt look at Ian or Mandy for the rest of his shift because he didnt want to think about anything at all. He didnt want to think about that fear over Ian that was building up as the days passed, he didnt want to tell his sister that he was scared of losing Ian for good because he didnt know how to help Ian.

When he finally finished his shift he found Ian standing at the bar looking completely out of it on drugs. Mickey grabbed Ian's tshirt from under the bar and walked around the other side to stand in front of Ian and looked at him asking "you ready to go" curiously. Ian nodded and he clumsily put his shirt back on and Mickey helped him tug it down over his body hoping that Ian didnt notice the despair he felt inside.

Ian engulfed Mickey in a tight hug and buried his face in his neck inhaling the smell he loved so much while whispering "I love you so much, dont know what I'd do without you" sadly. Mickey wrapped his arms around Ian's back and pulled him against him replying "I love you too" while hating seeing Ian this way. Ian softly laughed but it was bitter laugh as he rested his forehead against Mickey's and closing his eyes muttering in a sad tone "but just as a friend, I know" softly.

Mickey silently looked at Ian while he ran his hand up and down Ian's back really wanting to be honest and say he loved Ian the way Ian loved him but it didnt feel right to say it. He didnt want to say it when Ian was drunk and coked out of his mind and wouldnt remember it tomorrow. Mickey didnt really feel like talking about it anymore and looked at Ian scoffing "anyway where the fuck is Mandy" curiously.

Ian softly laughed and opened his eyes replying "she's making out with some girl on the dancefloor so I left and came over here, knew you should be finished now" lightly. They both looked over Ian's shoulder to see that Ian wasnt lying and when Ian looked at Mickey they both laughed as Ian muttered "I'd love to send a note to Terry that one of his kids is gay and the other bisexual" humouredly.

Mickey heard it and laughed as he rested his hands on Ian's hips looking at Ian coldly replying "he'd fucking kill both of us and you along with us, probably blame you for corrupting us or some shit" while hating the thought of that homophobic piece of shit getting his hands on Ian. Ian smirked as he looked intensely at his friend replying "he'd have to get through me first to get to you" firmly not hiding the over protectiveness from his voice.

Mickey laughed as he wrapped his arms around Ian's back and pulled them right up against each other looking at Ian replying "yeah okay tough guy, whatever you say" hating that he felt slightly embarrassed at the warmth that washed over him at Ian's words because he knew Ian meant it too. Ian softly laughed as he kissed Mickey on his cheek before kissing him on the lips and Mickey just rested his hand on the back on Ian's head as the kiss grew more intense as they got lost in their own little bubble.
They spent the rest of the night talking, flirting and heavily making out before going back to Mickey's apartment for the night when they noticed Mandy had disappeared for the night too.

When they got home to Mickey's bedroom Ian fell onto Mickey's unmade bed and let out a deep sigh as he realized just how tired he felt. Mickey softly laughed before he sat Ian upright and took his tshirt off as they silently looked at each other.

Mickey couldn't take Ian staring at him anymore not with that heated gaze that said he wanted Mickey in more ways than one so he pushed Ian back down on the bed. Mickey opened Ian's jeans and when Ian didn't move he muttered "not making this easy are you" as he struggled to pull Ian's jeans off him. Ian softly laughed and lifted his hips to let Mickey pull his jeans off and throw them on the floor.

Ian silently watched as Mickey took off his own clothes and turn off the light before he crawled into bed and pulled the covers up over them as the settled in for the night. Just as Mickey was about to fall asleep he felt Ian glue himself to his back and wrap his arms around him as he asked "thought you were going to a party" lightly. Ian pulled Mickey closer into him while letting out a deep sigh knowing he changed his mind whispering "wanted to be with you instead" lightly.

Mickey couldn't stop the grin on his face and he didn't want to as he rested his hand on Ian's arm whispering "glad you decided that, I'd rather be with you too" softly and he hated himself for admitting it but he didn't care not when it came to Ian. Mickey thought Ian was asleep and didn't hear him but when Ian softly kissed the back of his neck and hugged him tighter he knew Ian heard it before they both fell asleep with grins on their faces.

Chapter End Notes

I never planed for Mandy to be bisexual in this story but these chapters are kind of writing themselves.
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

This is a bit of a lighter chapter with some humour and fluff. Also I changed my summary a little to try and make it better than what it was so it looks a little different.

It was around lunch time when Mickey woke up in his own bed to hear noises coming from outside his bedroom door and he knew Ian was already up and about probably on another cleaning spree to kill some of that restless energy. Ever since that night when Ian told Mickey he would rather be with him then at some random party with people he didn't know Ian never left his side.

If they weren't at the apartment then Ian was down at the bar whenever Mickey was working and if he was off then they both went out to the bar. But Mickey wasn't stupid and he knew Ian was getting off with other guys at the bar and probably having sex with them somewhere too but he didn't give a shit just once Ian was okay.

He also knew he had no right to be jealous since Ian didn't know how he felt about him and thought they were just best friends and Mickey still hadn't worked up the nerve to tell Ian he loved him as more than a friend and wanted more too because it didn't feel right to say it when Ian was going through his own shit at the moment.

He was just glad Ian wasn't having as much nightmares anymore and could just about handle being in a crowded room but sometimes he still heard Ian crying in the bathroom on his own in middle of the night after one of his nightmares. Mickey tried to talk to Ian about it but Ian always dismissed it as nothing and changed the conversation so Mickey learned to say nothing about it at all even though it killed him to see Ian hurting so much.

As he lay in his bed wishing Ian was beside him he heard Ian run around the apartment he didn't know what to do about Ian anymore as after that night at the bar Ian just kept getting worse and his behaviour was becoming more erratic by the day. But at the same time he couldn't get enough of Ian as they spent more time together and Ian was practically living in his apartment with him too which he loved a lot.

It didn't help that Ian was always hitting on him and flirting with him too which just led to them having sex in his apartment which he didn't mind at all because he knew it was Ian and yeah he was in love with his best friend but didn't have the nerve to tell Ian that yet. He also knew Mandy was pissed off with him too because he wasn't doing anything about Ian but Mickey just told her all the time that Ian was still working through shit and to leave him alone.

He could hear loud noises and bangs and let out a sigh as he got out of the bed and got dressed before leaving the room hoping Ian wasn't tearing his apartment to pieces. As he walked into the kitchen he saw his apartment was still intact but it looked a lot cleaner not that he was complaining. He rubbed his face with his hand as he walked over to Ian asking "how long have you been up" lightly.

Ian had been down on his knees cleaning out the presses when he turned around replying "since five" lightly before going back to what he was doing. Mickey shook his head as he frowned muttering in disbelief "we only got home at four" as he stared at Ian. Ian softly laughed "not tired"
Muttering in disbelief "we only got home at four" as he stared at Ian. Ian softly laughed "not tired" lightly. Mickey scoffed as he worked around Ian to make some eggs asking "want some eggs" curiously.

Ian stopped what he was doing to look around replying "yeah sure" before going back to work. As Mickey took the eggs from the fridge he blurted out "you dont have clean this shit hole you know" lightly. Ian laughed "I know but I want to" firmly. Mickey yawned muttering "alright do whatever the fuck you want" lightly. Ian laughed again replying "you dont want to know the shit I came across" lightly.

Mickey groaned as a picture formed in his head "yeah dont tell me" firmly. Ian finished what he was doing and put all the stuff back in the press scoffing "think I found a nest of some sort under the kitchen sink, threw it out the window" lightly. Mickey looked disgusted as he shouted "fuck Ian, told you not to tell me" angrily. Ian rolled his eyes as he closed the press and stood up replying "you scared of a bug nest" mockingly.

Mickey glared at Ian scoffing "fuck no" as he tried to push the image of a bug infestation out of his mind while hoping Ian didn't see through his obvious lie. Mickey hated that he felt his skin crawl too as he turned on the cooker and started to make the eggs. Ian did notice and walked over to him and wrapped his arms around him from where he stood behind Mickey as he mocked "its all gone, you can sleep safely now" lightly and he didn't miss the way Mickey leaned backwards too.

Ian asked "you working tonight" curiously. Mickey shoveled the food into his mouth as he looked at Ian telling him "no not tonight, its my night off" in happy tone. Ian grinned as he swallowed his food looking at his friend asking "you want to go out tonight" lightly.
anymore but I've got money saved to pay rent for a while so I should be okay" softly.

Mickey silently looked at Ian trying not to get angry with him as he hesitated before asking "you going to look for another one" softly. Ian shrugged his shoulder as he mumbled with no concern at all in his voice "probably, I dont know, kind of like not having anywhere to be but I'll figure something out" lightly. Ian looked up at Mickey adding "some guys at the bar offered me money if I go home with them for the night or to a party with them" lightly.

Mickey glared at Ian as he scoffed "what the fuck Ian, tell me you didnt and if you did then were you safe" angrily. Mickey was really pissed off because he had been having sex with Ian for ages even though they always use protection. Ian stammered a little as he lightly tensed his fists hesitantly replying "I had sex with them in the toilets at the bar for money but they wanted to use protection so we're safe" but he couldn't see what the problem was at all.

Mickey was angry and even though he knew about hypersexuality he didn't think Ian would put them at risk like this and he just felt stupid even though he knew it wasn't Ian's fault at all. Mickey let out a tense sigh as he looked at Ian telling him "if you get caught you could go to jail and I could lose my job" angrily. Ian felt bad now mumbling "I'm sorry, just wasn't thinking" softly.

Mickey leaned forward "if you need money ask me, dont go to them assholes who dont give a shit about you" firmly. Ian slightly grimaced as he felt the sense of shame and guilt wash over him replying "okay" softly. Mickey silently looked at Ian who was looking down at the table as he ate his food and he never got the chance to say anything else as Ian mumbled "Mandy thinks there's something wrong with me," lightly.

Mickey frowned almost hissing as he glared at the table "she needs to shut the fuck up" icily. Ian slightly nodded but he couldn't help think that maybe Mandy was right as he looked up shyly asking "you think she's right" softly. Mickey looked at Ian telling him "no I dont and I told her you were dealing with shit and to leave you alone and I'm going to fucking kill her next time I see her" angrily.

Ian softly smiled as he replied "you dont have to" while he finished off the rest of his food. Ian decided to ignore that small whisper in his mind that told him there was something wrong as he stood up and brought the empty plates to the sink to be cleaned. As Mickey watched Ian walk past him he angrily sighed really hating that his sister didn't know when to stay out of it.

He decided he needed coffee and went to stand up when Ian had leaned over him to put a mug of coffee down in front of him and looked at him quietly blurting out "I'm going finish what I started" softly. Ian went to walk away but Mickey grabbed his wrist and when Ian looked at him he told him "you dont have to clean my whole apartment you know" humouredly.

Ian softly laughed and noticed the way Mickey was holding his wrist while mumbling "its fine, stops me thinking for a while" softly before walking away. Mickey leaned back in his seat and silently drank his coffee as he watched Ian walk away in his apartment hating that Ian went from happy to sad at the mention of Mandy. He let out a sigh while thinking he was really going to kill Mandy for getting involved.

When he finished his coffee he decided to pick up his pay for the week and also pay Mandy a visit and give her some strong words too which were to leave Ian alone. He grabbed what he needed before walking over to Ian who was behind the sofa telling him "going get my pay for the week and go see Mandy, you want to come" curiously. Ian stood up and walked over to him resting his hands on Mickey's hips pulling them close together while he looked at him "no I'll stay here" softly.

Mickey rubbed his face with his hand as he rested his other hand on Ian's waist looking at him "I'll
be gone a while, will you be here when I get back" curiously knowing that Ian had left the apartment in the past when he said he would be there all day. Ian scoffed "yeah I will be, I know I disappeared on you before but I got distracted so hurry up and get your ass back here" humouredly.

Mickey went to walk away but Ian pulled him back and wrapped his arms around his shoulders as he kissed his best friend hating that he nearly screwed things with between them both. Mickey just pulled Ian closer to him by wrapping his arms around Ian's back as they intensely kissed each other in the middle of the room.

When Ian pushed him down onto the sofa he went with him deciding he wanted Ian a lot more right now and he knew it was the same for Ian. As Ian lay on top of him lying between his legs and making him feel good with his hands and intense kisses Mickey decided he wasn't going anywhere outside the apartment.
Chapter 9

It was Mickey's night off but he was still at the bar with Mandy as they both watched Ian who was wearing a tank top with his tshirt tucked into the back of his jeans on dance floor closely dancing with some random guys. Mickey shook his head as he saw Ian not so discreetly take some drugs off one of the guys on the dance floor hating that Ian was still not dealing with everything that happened to him months ago.

Mickey knew Ian ran when things got hard or too real and he knew Ian was still running and he wondered how long would it take for Ian to crash. Mickey knew if Ian was manic then the depressive episode was coming soon and he really didn't want Ian to go through that because he knew Ian hated his depressive cycles. He along with Mandy both knew Ian was drunk and it pissed them off that he was drinking on his meds but Mickey didn't dare say a word to Ian at all because he knew Ian was trying so much over the last few weeks.

Mickey was leaning back against the bar drinking a beer as he watched Ian and warily watched the assholes that got a little too close to Ian. Mickey didn't know why it bothered him but ever since that unspeakable night three months ago Mickey just felt really protective of Ian and he didn't have too long to think about why as Mandy stood beside him blurring out "Ian's drunk" firmly.

Mickey didn't look at her as he scoffed "yeah no shit" sarcastically. Mickey didn't tell her that Ian's been down here every night getting drunk and he would have to take him home because he wasn't letting Ian walk home alone in his inebriated state. Mandy looked at her brother and wasn't having it "you don't think we should say something" curiously. Mickey shook his head and crossed his arms over his chest "like what" icily while he decided he wasn't talking about this right now.

Mandy scoffed "did you even fucking talk to him" icily. Mickey frowned as he drank some beer before replying "yeah I did, said he's handling it and I told you to leave him the fuck alone" angrily. Mickey wasn't going to tell Mandy what Ian told him because it was none of her business and if Ian wanted her to know he would have told her himself but he didn't so Mickey was saying nothing at all to his sister.

Mandy drank her beer as she scoffed "yeah he's handling it alright" not believing a word. Mickey noticed it so he rubbed his face with his hand tiredly responding "what am I supposed to do, sit him down and tell him he can't drink because of his meds, you know he hates that shit, he's twenty fucking three, he can look after himself" icily. Mandy relaxed but she still looked pissed off sighing "yeah you're right, just worried about him" softly.

There was a silence as she looked at Ian not able to stop herself blurring out "I don't feel like it's the Ian from before the beating happened, he's changed" sadly. Mickey bit his lip still not looking away from Ian and trying not to snap at his sister "I know" softly because he felt the same way too. Mandy couldn't help blurt out not hiding the sadness from her voice "I don't get why some people hate people like us, what did we ever do to those assholes" softly.

Mickey finally looked at his sister "not a damn fucking thing, what did we ever do to Terry before he went to jail, not a fucking thing and he still hates us" icily. Mandy softly smirked at her brother replying "kind of think you being gay and me being bisexual is his karma" before laughing into her beer. Mickey softly laughed "fucker would break out of jail just to kill us if he knew the truth but yeah I agree" lightly.

They fell into a silence before Mandy sighed "just hate that its okay for me to hold a guys hand walking down the street and no one gives a shit, if you and Ian do it you get the shit kicked out of
you for it” firmly. Mickey looked at the floor as he frowned before replying "think every person in this room feels the same way" lightly. When Mickey looked up at her he added "but if you did it with a girl things would change so just be fucking careful out there" firmly.

Mandy smirked at her brother as she looked at him "I'll be fine" as she hoped he didn't notice the underlying fear in her voice. Mickey did notice as he had that same fear but he didn't comment and instead scoffed "didn't come out here to be depressed" so he turned around and ordered some more beer from the person behind the bar.

He had only paid for the three bottles of beer when he felt Ian stand between them and rest his hand on his back asking "hope one of them is for me" lightly. Mickey was glad of the distraction and turned around to hand Ian one of the bottles as he looked up and down Ian's defined torso in appreciation knowing he liked what he saw even if it was clothed in a tight green tank top replying "I like how you just assume one's for you, how do you know I didn't buy both for myself" humouredly. Mickey noticed Ian looked like he had way to much energy for someone who was barely sleeping anymore.

A whisper in his mind told him Ian was manic but he quickly pushed that thought away because he didn't want to think about it right now. Ian rolled his eyes not looking away from Mickey with amusement across his face "were you going to drink two by yourself" lightly. Mickey scoffed while he rubbed his face with his hand in frustration before replying "maybe, its never stopped me before and how the fuck do you know anyway" lightly.

Ian laughed as he slid his arm over Mickey's shoulders and pulled them right up against each other and looked at his friend intensely "I know you, that's why, you love me too much" firmly. Mickey scoffed as he lightly punched Ian in the stomach with his hand but he wished he didn't not when he felt Ian's warm body heat retorting "fuck you is what you know" humouredly while hating that Ian always saw through his actions.

They both heard Mandy laugh "Ian's right asshole and you know it" lightly. Mickey glared at his sister while trying not to laugh "fuck off" lightly. Ian laughed as he added "yeah see even she knows it" as he grinned at Mickey before drinking some of his beer. Mickey had enough and looked between Mandy and Ian scoffing "go fuck yourselves, both of you” before he drank some of his beer while hating that they both just laughed at him for it.

They fell into easy conversation for a while when Ian looked at Mickey whispering "so I met a guy earlier that's got some party favours, want some" lightly. Mickey looked at Ian and was about to answer when Mandy had enough and interjected "fucks sake Ian, what about your meds" not hiding the worry from her voice. Ian snapped his head to look at her snapping "I'm fine, I know my limits" angrily. Mandy wasn't having it as she glared at him hissing "I've had enough and if Mickey wont say anything then I will" angrily.

Mickey wrapped his arm around Ian's lower back and held Ian in place against him while he glared at Mandy "just leave it will you, I already told you to fucking leave it" angrily. Mandy didn't hide the worry from her voice. Ian snapped his head to look at her snapping "I'm fine, I know my limits" angrily. Mandy wasn't having it as she glared at him hissing "I've had enough and if Mickey wont say anything then I will" angrily.

Mickey didn't want Ian walking away angrily interjecting "we didn't come out here for this shit, can we just fucking enjoy ourselves for once" mostly glaring at his sister. Ian didnt care if he was drunk and possibly high from the drugs he got earlier as he looked at Mandy angrily shouting "so tell me why should I care Mandy, some guys nearly killed me so I should just play the victim for
the rest of my life" loudly and he didnt care who heard him say it as he vaguely felt Mickey hold him tighter against his own body.

Mickey rested his hand on Ian's lower back as he felt Ian's arm brush against his chest when he told Ian "its okay, just forget it, we can talk about it tomorrow" pleadingly. Ian looked at Mickey but he didnt back down "no, if she wants to talk then I'll fucking talk because she wont leave me the fuck alone, always on my back about this shit" angrily. Mickey sighed as he rubbed his face with his other hand and looked at floor wishing Mandy knew when to stay quiet.

Mickey lightly gripped Ian's hip with his other hand and pulled Ian closer to him letting Ian know he was there for him and he felt Ian lean into him so he decided to just let Ian say what he needed to say. Ian glared at Mandy shouting at her "you know why they nearly killed me, its because I'm gay, so because of that and that I'm bipolar I should just hide away and never have fun anymore, maybe when someone nearly kills you for kissing a girl you might get it" angrily.

Mandy just looked angry and hurt now glaring at him hissing "you know what go fuck yourself Ian, fuck me for giving a shit about you" angrily. Ian glared back snapping "I never asked you to" loudly. Mickey let out a defeated sigh while he rested his forehead on Ian's shoulder because he didnt want this to happen at least not here in front of all these people. But he knew Ian needed to get it out his system and it looked like Ian was going to say what he needed to say so he stayed quiet.

Ian tightened his arm that was still around Mickey's shoulder and pulled his friend closer to him so they were glued together. Ian let out a tense sigh before he told Mandy "you know that I'm lucky to be alive, the doctors told me where they stabbed me was a lucky shot since it didnt hit any major organs and I was lucky not to bleed to death, if it had of been a different part of my body I'd be dead so fuck you Mandy if I want to live my fucking life for a change so my disorder can fuck off right now" angrily.

Ian fell silent and there was tension in the air as he still glared at her before adding "and the assholes who did it cant be found so they got away with it" icily. Ian silently looked at her as he frowned and told her "but if you really need to know then yeah I am still taking my meds, funny thing is Mickey doesnt need to ask because he knows I am, guess he knows me better than you do" sadly.

Mandy's anger deflated and she felt like shit and it showed too as she looked at Ian "I'm sorry" not hiding how much she meant it. Ian noticed it and while he believed her he was still too angry to talk anymore and shook his head deciding he was done here "I know but just leave me alone Mandy" before walking away and leaving them both standing at the bar. Mandy could have kicked herself as she muttered "fuck what the hell was that" not hiding the confusion from her voice.

Mickey turned back around and leaned his elbows on the bar as he scoffed "probably pain managment but I told you to leave it alone and you wouldnt listen so its your fault if he fucks off and doesnt come back for a few days or longer" before drinking some more beer and he silently hoped for Ian to come back to him so they could go home. Mickey just wished his sister would leave Ian alone so he snapped "just fucking leave him alone will you, he's dealing with it in his own way and he'll be fine some day and he doesnt need you trying to make him talk about it when doesnt want to" firmly.

Mandy stayed quiet as they both drank in silence until Mandy finished her beer telling her brother "I was just trying to help and since I fucked that up I'm going home" icily. Mickey groaned at his sister and her dramatics looking over at her "just give him a few days, he'll calm down" firmly. Mandy shrugged her shoulders and she wasn't in the mood anymore muttering "whatever" before she walked away from the bar and went home because she didn't know what to do anymore.
Mickey rubbed his face with his hand in frustration letting out a tired groan as he wondered where Ian was now but he decided to give Ian space and bought another beer and a few shots as he felt the need for more alcohol. As he tossed back the shots of whiskey he thought at least Ian said something about that night even though his sister kind of bought it on her self for pushing Ian when he wasnt ready to talk about it yet.

He thought Ian probably found that guy and took another load of drugs which meant he would have to go looking for Ian soon and he hoped Ian would be okay. He really hated what Mandy did even if she only done it out of concern but then his sister never was one for knowing when to keep her mouth shut and say nothing at all. He didnt know how long he was standing there drinking in silence when he felt someone stand beside him and he was about to tell the person to fuck off and leave him alone.

When he looked up he saw it was Ian who now had his black tshirt back on and leaning his elbows on the bar and looking all sad again. Mickey hated that Ian looked sad as a few hours ago he looked happy and he wished he could go back to a few hours ago if it meant Ian was happy as he realized he would do anything if it meant Ian was happy. Mickey lightly nudged Ian with his shoulder "sorry about my sister, she can be annoying" lightly.

Ian slightly nodded his head as he reached for one of the shots of whiskey in front of Mickey and tossed it back and put the glass down softly replying "its okay, its me that should be sorry, I know its because she gives a shit" as he wiped his mouth. Mickey wasnt having it "its really not, I told her to leave it alone and she didnt so its her own fault and youve nothing to be sorry for" angrily.

Ian softly laughed before looking at his friend "when does Mandy ever listen to us anyway" humoredly. Mickey laughed as he turned sideways to face Ian telling him "good fucking point" lightly. Ian nodded in agreement looking back down at his hand blurting out in a sad tone "felt good to say what I said, just wish I hadnt said it that way you know, she probably hates me now" softly.

Mickey rubbed his hand across the back of Ian's shoulders as he stepped closer to his friend "she doesnt hate you, if anything she's pissed at herself and mainly because I was right when I told her to leave you alone, that you werent ready to talk about it" softly. Ian quietly nodded again as he reached for the bottle off beer they were now sharing and drank some of it deciding it was time to tell the truth.

Ian picked at the label at the bottle and he couldnt face looking at his friend as he told him "I lied when I said I was but I havent been taking my meds" softly. Mickey couldnt say anything as he looked at Ian blurring out "what" softly. Ian hated the wave of self loathing that ripped through him at his lie and couldnt hide how sad he felt "I took them for a few weeks when I got home from the hospital but I felt so shit on them that I stopped about a month ago, I just wanted to feel good again" softly.

Mickey looked over Ian hating that Ian never told him this, that Ian had been suffering all alone for weeks while Mickey just put it down to Ian being sad over what happened to him. Mickey rubbed his hand along Ian's back while stepping right up against Ian's side not hiding how much he meant his words of "shit I'm sorry for not saying anything but I just thought you were sad because of what happened and the post traumatic stress" firmly.

Ian looked up at Mickey replying "its okay" softly but didnt add I didnt want you to know because you would worry about me. Ian drank some more beer before he turned on his side to
face Mickey but looked at the floor replying "I probably told you already but sometimes when I get manic I don't notice it" in a whisper. Mickey heard it replying "yeah you told me that before" lightly.

Ian looked up at him replying "but since I know my cycles and what to look for I know I'm manic because I think I might be crashing into a depressive episode, been feeling low in energy the last few days which is probably why I'm drinking so much and taking drugs for it to self medicate" before falling quiet and looking back down at the floor. Mickey bit his lip hiding just how anxious he now felt as Ian muttered "I'm sorry" in a voice full of guilt.

Mickey wasn't having it as he gripped Ian's arm with his hand "quit it with that shit, you've nothing to be sorry for and I don't blame you for quitting with the meds, I know how shitty they can make you feel, I'd probably do the same thing" firmly and he knew the last part wasn't a lie. Ian softly smirked as he glanced up at his friend knowing he should have known Mickey wouldn't give a shit because he never did in the past.

Mickey was curious "can I ask why you stopped taking them" softly. Ian let out a sigh of relief and he didn't mind talking about his disorder with his best friend because Mickey always wanted to learn more about his disorder and sometimes Ian swore Mickey knew just as much about his disorder as he did too. It probably helped that his therapist always pushed him to talk to Mickey and that Mickey was his support system and was someone he trusted and could talk to about anything at all.

Ian moved closer to Mickey blurting out "kept having nightmares, was afraid to go to sleep, felt tired too and I remember how good the mania feels" softly. Mickey slightly nodded at that but he didn't say he always heard Ian crying in the bathroom on his own after one of the nightmares. Ian felt his throat dry up because even though it was Mickey it was still hard to talk about this as he forced out "I just wanted to feel good again, I know it could have went the other way and I'd be depressed but I took my chance, I just felt so powerless and wanted to feel happy again even if it was mania happy" not hiding the self loathing from his voice.

Mickey noticed it and didn't look away from Ian or remove his hand from Ian's arm telling "what did I tell you about the self loathing shit" firmly. Ian snorted not hiding the amusement from his face as he looked up at his friend "to not do it" lightly but he didn't add it's hard not to do it. Mickey nodded "yeah, anyway go on" lightly. Ian looked down at the ground again as he continued "I haven't really been sleeping and I just feel so restless and wired all the time, my thoughts move too fast to even think about what happened to me" lightly.

There was a silence before Ian added "when they were beating me to death they told me I was crazy, the saw us get kicked out of the bar and me kiss you in the street before I left, they told me I deserved to get AIDS and die" softly before adding "I just wanted to feel happy again" sadly. Mickey looked over Ian's face and after hearing that he really couldn't blame Ian for not taking the meds anymore so he just moved forward and wrapped his arms around Ian and hugged him tightly wishing that Ian had just said something to him about what was going on in his head.

But he knew Ian and he knew if Ian didn't want you to know something then he wouldn't say anything at all. Ian hugged him back and buried his face in Mickey's neck breathing in the familiar smell he loved so much while tightly gripping the back of Mickey's shirt in his hand realizing this was the first time he felt safe in a long time. As Ian stared at the floor he lowly blurted out "you know how I said with mania its like the colours are more vibrant, its like I'm vibrating out of my skin and that I can do anything" sadly.

Mickey lightly rubbed the back of Ian's head with his hand replying "yeah what about it" softly. Ian moved to rest his forehead against Mickey's replying "its all fading, feel like I'm dying again and I know where its leading to and I'm scared, I'm scared if I go to that place and get depressed
then I'm never coming back from it" not hiding just how scared he felt too. Mickey looked scared and his fear showed as he looked at Ian not hiding the fear from his voice "what no, you wont die Ian" sadly.

Ian softly smiled as he gripped the back of Mickey's neck as he frowned "we both know what can happen if I'm depressed and the way I'm going right now I'm scared I will kill myself" in a broken tone of voice. Mickey wasn't having it as he pleaded "I wont let it happen" defiantly. Ian softly laughed deciding to softly kiss his friend on the lips before replying "I know you wont but what if you're not there when it happens, like if you're at work or something, all it takes is two seconds with a knife or meds or something else" not hiding the fear from his voice.

Mickey knew Ian was right as he silently looked at him while tightly gripping Ian's hips with his other hand before asking "so what do you want to do" firmly. Ian tightly smiled but it was gone as quick as it was there before he nodded his head and he knew what he needed to do but Mickey wasn't going to like it and he didn't blame him for it either. Ian looked at his friend forcing out "I need to check myself into a mental hospital for a few weeks, maybe longer, I don't know" in a whisper.

Now Mickey really did look shocked whispering "what" softly. Ian knew from Mickey's torn expression that Mickey didn't want him to do this so he told him "I need to do this, I can't get better here" firmly. Mickey relaxed a little as he looked at Ian "can I visit you" curiously. Ian slightly smiled while nodding "yeah and I was hoping you would, want you to come in with me but they won't let you" humouredly.

Mickey scoffed "just try and fucking stop me asshole" defensively. Ian laughed knowing Mickey just felt too emotionally exposed as he asked "can you bring me to where the attack happened, I remember what happened and you told me what happened but maybe going there will help me get past it or something" curiously. Mickey rested both his hands on Ian's hips knowing Ian needed to do this asking "you want to go now" curiously.

Ian nodded knowing he needed to do it now replying "yeah before I get all weird again and back out of doing it" firmly. Mickey bit his lip anxiously "yeah alright lets get out of here" firmly. He slightly grinned at Ian who was putting on his hoodie before they both left the bar for the night.

As they walked down the street Ian warily looked around to see there was no one around and he felt safe enough to hold Mickey's hand asking "can I stay in your place tonight" curiously. Mickey almost grinned at Ian holding his hand but instead he lightly squeezed Ian's hand as he looked at his friend replying "yeah you know can, as long you want to stay" firmly. They didn't stay too long at where Ian was nearly beaten to death before they went back to Mickey's apartment and slept in his bed with their arms wrapped around each other.

The next day they went to the hospital when Ian just finished signing himself in and he turned around to face Mickey who asked "you sure about this" curiously. Ian buried his hands in the pockets of his hoodie wanting to be honest and say no but instead looked up at his friend replying "yeah" softly.

Mickey stepped forward and hugged Ian tightly wishing he could go in with Ian but he knew from asking that question before that he wouldn't be allowed but at least he would be able to visit. When Ian looked at him he softly kissed Mickey on the lips and looked at him whispering "I love you"
not adding so much. Mickey slightly blushed but he didn't look away as he lightly rubbed Ian's arms with his hands replying "I love you" not hiding just how much he meant those words.

Ian softly smiled at him before he kissed him on the forehead whispering "I'll miss you" softly. Mickey softly laughed as he looked at Ian "yeah me too, now get going before I change my mind and bring you home with me" humourdly. Ian softly laughed as they silently looked at each other and when Ian heard the nurse he reluctantly turned around and followed her behind the locked door.

Mickey slightly moved after Ian but stopped himself knowing that he couldn't follow Ian past that door even though he wanted to so much because he knew Ian needed him a lot but then he needed Ian a lot too. When the door closed and locked shut in front of him he ran his hand through his hair muttering "fuck" in a sad voice and expression as he watched Ian walk down the hallway until he turned a corner and was no longer in sight.

Mickey stood there helplessly for a few seconds until he snapped himself out of it and got visitation details before he called Mandy and Iggy knowing they would need to run some scams to pay for Ian's medical bills. As Mickey left the hospital he decided he really was going to kill those assholes who hurt Ian if he ever saw them again because Ian was fine until they decided to ruin everything.
Chapter 10

It had been a week since Ian came to the mental hospital and he was already regretting his decision over the last few days. At first it felt like he needed to do it but since he came here and got onto new medications it just reminded him why he stopped taking them in the first place. The nightmares and flashbacks had come back in full force and if anyone got too close to him he nearly punched them or nearly ran out of the room and sometimes he would punch them hard and then run out of the room.

The only person he could stand anywhere near him was Mickey and Ian just hated that he had to leave that night to go to work. Ian knew if he had of known it would be this hard to be here all alone then he never would have come here in the first place. All he wanted to do was stay in his room and sleep but he was forced out of the room by the nurse who told him fresh air would do him good.

Ian didn’t agree with her but he felt too tired and numb to argue so instead quietly left the room if it meant he could be on his own for a few hours. As Ian sat down on one of the benches on the hospital grounds that were surrounded by trees he was just glad no one else came out here to this particular spot. Even though it was a nice warm sunny day Ian didn’t feel warm at all and he wondered if that coldness he felt inside would ever go away.

At the moment he didn’t think it ever would and it just made the emptiness he felt inside grow even bigger as the seconds passed. Ian heard footsteps and looked up to see Mickey was quietly walking over to stand in front of looking down at him muttering "hey" softly before he sat down beside Ian. Ian blinked and rubbed his eyes with his fingers hating that his best friend was sitting right beside him and he didn’t have the energy to say a single word.

He knew it was the meds making him feel fucked up and lost in a medicated haze that left him not able to feel a single thing at all. Ian looked at his friend weakly smiling "hey" softly as he moved a little closer on the bench. Mickey was little surprised to find Ian was outside because for the last week he didn’t want to leave his room so he lightly nudged Ian with his shoulder as he looked at him asking "so what you doing out here, they kick you out or something" humouredly.

Ian softly laughed as he looked over at his friend "yeah the nurse kicked me out, told me I needed fresh air, didnt want to but I think she would have dragged me out here herself if she had to" lightly. Mickey softly laughed "liked to have seen that" lightly and he just felt relieved that Ian was laughing again even though it wasn’t much but it was something. Mickey looked over Ian seeing that he looked tired but he knew the meds made Ian tired so blurted out "you tired" curiously.

Ian looked at the ground tightly gripped the edge of the bench with his hands whispering "yeah" softly. There was another silence before Ian looked at Mickey asking "can we just sit here for a while" curiously. Mickey lightly nudged Ian with his shoulder looking at him replying "yeah if you want, dont have to talk if you dont want to" softly. Mickey knew it wasn’t the first time Ian was like this during a medications change so he was always willing to just be with Ian even if Ian was spaced out in a world of his own.

Ian lightly nodded and sighed in relief that he wouldn’t be alone for the next few hours at least until it was time for Mickey to go home. Ian hated that when Mickey was here he couldn’t say a word because he was too caught up in his own thoughts that were all just one big mess. Then the night time would come and he would be all alone with nothing but his own thoughts and no one to keep him sane, no one he could talk to in the middle of the night to help calm him down.
As Ian sat on the bench on the warm summers day he just felt so scared, lost and alone with a sense of guilt and shame and weakness and other feelings he couldn’t make any sense of even if he tried. He also couldn’t believe he ended up back here in one of these places as after he got stable he swore to himself he never would end up here again. But here he was and he had no one to blame but himself and he hated it, he hated that he was so weak that he let a beating put him off wanting to keep his disorder under control.

He felt like he let Mickey and Mandy down, felt like they hated him too and he only had himself to blame if they decided they wanted nothing to do with him anymore. Even his own family wanted nothing to do with him so what was two more people abandoning him when things got too much. He didn’t know how he was going to fix all of this mess or how he was ever going to get over the nightmares.

He just felt so useless right now and he almost wanted to ask his friend why couldn’t he see that he was useless, weak, pathetic to the point that he went off the rails again. He really didn’t see how he could ever come back from all of this shit that happened over the last few months because he just felt too broken and damaged. Ian thought of the last time he spoke to Mandy and the fight they had at the bar and he just felt really horrible over it because he knew his friend only reacted the way she did was because she cared and Mandy did too.

But Ian just felt like he threw it in their faces by lying to them for weeks about being still on his meds when he hadn’t been taking them at all. He wondered how could they ever trust him again and he wasn’t sure he could ever trust himself again if he was able to throw away his stability so easily. He just felt like the beating that put him in hospital was an excuse and that he should have been stronger.

He just ignored the doctor who told him one reason why he stopped taking them was because he was off them while he was in hospital for a week and to start taking them again was like hitting the restart button which meant he had to adjust to the meds all over again. Ian didn’t say anything to that at all because he didn’t believe it and he just felt it was a weak excuse and that he should have toughed it out better as he had done in the past.

Ian didn’t tell the doctor the real reason why he stopped taking the medications. He didn’t dare admit he stopped taking them because he was tired of the nightmares and feeling like he was trapped in a mental fog all the time. He didn’t admit that he felt so down all the time that he would sit there wishing he could be manic again because he remembered how euphoric it felt to feel like you can do anything at all.

He didn’t tell the doctor or his therapist that one day as he stared at the bottle of medications he realized he had to power to make that manic phase happen and all he had to do was flush them down the drain out of sight. As he flushed the tablets he knew it could go either way but he just hoped for the mania to come and set him free from this heavy weight of shame pressing down on his chest and in his mind.

He didn’t know how long it took for the mania to start but when it did he just felt like the Ian he was before the disorder came into existance. It lasted for weeks until he felt that energy start to slip away and he could see the darkness appearing on the horizon. He knew it was tidal wave of depression that was coming and he knew it was going to hit him hard, he knew it was everything he wasn’t dealing with too that would come along with that depressive cycle.

When Ian felt that mania start to fade he knew he couldn’t run away anymore but he also knew he wasn’t strong enough to fight it because he was barely holding on each day. He knew when the depression came he would not make it to the other side, he knew somewhere deep inside he wanted to die because he felt like life wasn’t worth living anymore. And that night at the bar he tried so hard to hold onto that happiness for a little longer until Mandy told him the cold hard truth.
When she told him he wasn't okay and he walked away from them to stand in the corner for a while Ian realized he didn't have the energy to fight her words because on some level she was right. He knew he was struggling to get through the day and he knew once he fell into the depression there was no way he was coming back from it, he knew he would kill himself.

As he looked at Mickey from across the room that realization was like a cold bucket water over him and it scared him so much because he did not ever want to be without Mickey. There and then he knew what he needed to do so he put his tshirt back on and walked over Mickey and admitted everything and he hated himself for putting that fear in Mickey's eyes even though they both knew it was a reality of bipolar disorder.

Ian forced himself out of his thoughts as he stared at a small insect running across the ground and disappearing into the grass in front of him shyly asking "how's Mandy" curiously. Mickey who was in a world of his own looked over at Ian replying "she's okay" lightly. Ian slightly frowned as he muttered "she probably hates me after what I said" lightly.

Mickey didn't hesitate "it wasn't that bad and she doesn't hate you, if anything she's mad at herself for pushing you but it's only because she gives a shit and I've said worse to her in the past and she got over it" firmly not adding we're both worried about you. Ian bristled at that muttering "don't need you to worry about me" angrily. Mickey glared at Ian as he hit him on the arm with his hand retorting "never said we were you fucking asshole" firmly.

Ian looked over at Mickey who didn't look as pissed off as he sounded and Ian couldn't think of anything to say so instead started laughing as he leaned his head back to look up at the sky muttering "I hate you, you know that" humorously. Mickey looked at Ian feeling glad he got some sort of reaction out of him as he laughed "I know you do" in a disbelieving tone.

They fell into a comfortable silence as Ian looked back down at the ground letting out a tense sigh before adding "I don't hate you, I just hate it when I'm like this" softly. Mickey looked at Ian "yeah I know but it passes doesn't it and then you'll be fine" firmly. Ian crossed his arms over his chest hating that he still couldn't look at his friend but it was a lot easier to talk if he didn't look at Mickey.

Ian knew he made a good point but it wasn't that as he sadly admitted "it's not that, it's just that I think I made a mistake coming here, I just feel worse and I miss you" softly. Mickey rested his hand on Ian's arm as he looked at Ian telling him "you only got three more weeks left and if you want then we can leave right now, I'm not going to force you to stay here if you don't want to" firmly.

Ian turned in his seat to look at his friend shyly asking "you want me to stay" curiously. Mickey thought about that but he could never lie to Ian replying "no I don't because I fucking miss you too, I never wanted you to come here" firmly but he didn't add I hate that you're all alone in this place when I leave for the night. Ian softly smiled hating that he just didn't know what to do as he sadly whispered "I don't know what to do" softly.

Mickey hated reminding Ian of this as he told him "the night before you came here you told me you wanted to die, told me that you could feel yourself getting depressed and that you might kill yourself" softly. They silently looked at each other with sadness in their eyes as Mickey "you scared me that night, I don't ever want you to not be here" not adding I can't imagine my life without you and I don't what I'd do if you weren't in it.

Ian slightly nodded his head whispering "same here and I scared myself too, its why I came here because I was scared but I'm still scared and I don't want to be like this" not hiding the sadness in his voice. Mickey moved closer to Ian and slid his arms over Ian's shoulders while resting his
other hand on Ian's thigh lightly pressing his fingers down as he added "you also told me you needed to come in here to get better so why don't you give it another week and see what happens" curiously.

Ian knew that was a good point as he leaned into Mickey and moved closer into him so they were pressed right against each other while looking at him replying "yeah, maybe it won't be so bad when these meds start working" softly. There was short silence before Ian let out a sigh and rubbed his eyes with his fingers muttering "just a lot easier if you're around, too used to you helping me and shit, hate it when you have to leave" softly.

Mickey rubbed the back of Ian's neck with his hand as he looked at him replying "I hate it too" lightly. Mickey leaned back on the bench with his arm still around Ian's shoulders as Ian just slouched down in his seat and rested his head on Mickey's shoulder. Ian couldn't help ask "can you ask Mandy to come today" not adding she probably thinks I don't want her here.

Mickey softly laughed as he rubbed Ian's arm with his other hand as he looked down at him replying "she's coming here after work in an hour, told me to tell you she wasn't leaving until she got to talk to you, that she was done with you avoiding her" humouredly. Ian slightly laughed "fucking Mandy" as he rested his arm across Mickey's stomach. Mickey scoffed "at least she wants to talk to you and I told you she doesn't hate you, she just thinks you're avoiding her" lightly.

Ian nodded in agreement as he sighed feeling a bit lighter than he did a few hours ago asking "can we stay here for a while" softly. Mickey nodded "yeah" softly as he lightly kissed Ian on top of his head and he didn't miss the way Ian moved closer into him at all.

A few hours later they were back in Ian's small room waiting on Mandy to show up as she called them to tell them she was on her way over. They were both sitting on the bed side by side leaning back against the wall as Ian listened to Mickey bitch and moan about some asshole at work. They didn't have to wait too long until Mandy walked into the room and sat on the edge of the bed as she looked at Ian telling him "I'm glad you're okay and fuck you for avoiding me" firmly.

Ian slightly nodded "I'm sorry, just thought you hated me after what I said" lightly. Mandy slightly shook her head "it's okay, I know you were just angry, I was just worried about you and I don't hate you" softly. Ian let out a sigh as he leaned his head back against the wall realizing something as he blurted out "you both are never going to stop worrying about me are you, I'll be fine" lightly but he didn't sound as convincing as he would have liked.

Mickey lightly elbowed Ian in the ribs scoffing "fuck no, thought you knew that" firmly. Mandy softly laughed "what he said" lightly. They fell into a silence before Ian looked at Mandy "thanks for looking out for me, it was only when you said what you did that I realized I couldn't hide that I wasn't okay anymore" softly. Mandy slightly nodded as she looked at Ian "you're welcome and that's all I'm trying to do but don't be afraid to tell me to fuck off if I get too much" firmly.

Ian nodded at her and weakly smiled as he felt himself relax knowing that Mandy wasn't annoyed at him at all. Mickey lightly kicked his sister on the leg with his foot as he scoffed "yeah tell her to fuck off Ian" humouredly. Mandy reached forward and punched Mickey in the stomach glaring at him while hissing "fuck off you asshole, kick me again and I'll break your fucking foot" icily.

Ian laughed and shook his head at the way Mickey and Mandy pushed and shoved at each other across him and he realized he missed them so much. Ian leaned forward to push Mandy back as he laughed "you better quit or you'll get kicked out" lightly. Mickey scoffed as he looked at Ian
innocently telling Ian "they wont blame me, I've been here all week on my best behaviour" humouredly.

Ian softly laughed as he looked at Mickey with a soft expression "yeah no one's buying that shit" lightly. Mandy smirked as she interjected "yeah everyone knows you're the troublemaker Mickey" lightly. Mickey scoffed "fuck off" as he looked down at the way Ian was leaning into his side despite the fact they were glued to each other's sides as they sat on the bed.

As the fell into more easy conversation Ian couldn't help that his thoughts went to what he spoke about with Mickey earlier in the day. He knew Mickey had a point that he came here for a reason so he decided he would give it another chance for the next week even though he didn't want to think about or talk about it. When the time came for them to leave Ian thought it just went too fast and he hated that they couldn't stay for longer.

When Mandy hugged him tightly she stepped back and lightly gripped his arms with her hands as she looked at Ian "dont be thinking about the stupid fight we had, youve nothing to feel guilty about, youre getting better which is more important" firmly. Ian nodding knowing he would try whispering "I'll try, thanks for coming here, didnt think you would" softly. Mandy slightly smiled replying "youre my friend, if you think I wouldnt come down here because of a stupid argument then youre an idiot" humouredly.

Ian softly laughed replying "yeah okay whatever" lightly. Mandy just grinned at him before she left the room telling her brother she would be outside but she didn't tell them she wanted to give them some space. When she left the room Mickey stepped closer Ian looking at him asking "you going to be okay" curiously. Ian nodded as he looked at the floor before looking at Mickey replying "yeah I will now" softly.

Mickey softly smiled "good" lightly. Ian didn't want him to go yet as he stepped forward and wrapped his arms around Mickey's shoulders pulling him in for a hug. Mickey stepped right up against Ian hugging him back as he ran his hand across Ian's back not really knowing what more he could do for Ian. He really hated being at home when he wasn't working because all he thought about was Ian and he knew how much Ian struggled when he was adjusting to new medications.

He missed Ian so much it nearly killed him and he also hated himself for not noticing that Ian wasn't okay and basically being in denial too for weeks. But he knew Mandy seemed to be doing a good enough job of that all on her own for both of them and it didn't help that Ian told them it was okay. Ian rubbed his face in Mickey's neck breathing in the smell he loved so much as he whispered "I love you" and he knew Mickey heard it when he felt Mickey just hug him a lot tighter.

Mickey knew Ian loved him a lot and he knew he meant it when he leaned his head back to look at Ian not even hesitating because he really did as he told Ian "I love you too, don't ever forget that" firmly. Mickey knew it wasn't a lie because for some reason those words meant more to him then they did years ago and he knew he felt something more than friendship for Ian.

Ian softly smiled and he felt happy at the words as he shook his head before his kissed Mickey on the lips and he felt even happier when Mickey kissed him back and didn't stop. When they stopped to breathe and silently looked at each other Ian whispered "I don't want you to go" sadly. Mickey wanted to laugh because Ian said it so much over the last week especially today.

Mickey didn't laugh as he told Ian "I know and I wish I could stay so unless you hide me under your bed until lights out then I guess it aint happening" lightly. Ian softly laughed resting his forehead against Mickey's blurtng "just don't think I can do this on my own" sadly. Mickey really hated seeing Ian so sad, lost and broken but he just needed Ian to be strong and get through this and he wished Ian could see that because this wasn't the Ian that he knew for his whole life.
Mickey rested his hands on Ian's hips pulling him closer as he looked at his friend "you wont have to because I'm going to come down here again tomorrow for the whole day and for the rest of time you're here, okay" firmly. Ian silently looked at Mickey see he meant it replying "yeah" softly. Mickey slightly laughed "and there's a fucking phone around here somewhere so call me whenever you want okay even if its the middle of the night" firmly.

Ian softly laughed hating that he felt so weak but for some reason Mickey didn't care right now but Ian decided he would try and move past all of this even though hated it a lot. Ian looked down at the ground trying not to cry as he sighed "its not even the meds, I know its the beating that's bothering me, just don't want to talk about it or think about it" softly.

Mickey lightly pressed his fingers into Ian's hips replying "you have to, the only way to get past it and you've got me okay, I'm not leaving you" firmly. Ian nodded muttering "yeah" softly. But Ian didn't know how he would get past it but he would a least try because being like this right now was killing him slowly from the inside and he hated it a lot.

As Mickey walked away from the hospital with his sister who sadly muttered "still cant believe Ian's in there" softly. Mickey stared at the ground as they walked down the street replying "yeah me too" softly but he didn't look at her because he didn't want her to see the sadness in his eyes. Mandy bit her lip before replying "I didn't think he was that bad before he went in" lightly. Mickey frowned before replying "well he told me the other night he was manic and was crashing, that he couldn't get better here" but he decided not to tell her all the other things that Ian told him earlier during their visit. Mandy nodded taking it as answer when she asked "you going home" curiously. Mickey rubbed his lip with his fingers as he glanced at her "no, going to go to the bar for while" firmly but he didn't tell her it was because he hated seeing Ian in there looking so lost and broken.

He didn't even want to think about the way Ian nearly cried and told him that he didn't want him to go when had to leave today and he just felt guilty for leaving Ian behind. He was broken from his thoughts when Mandy asked "how long will it take, I mean how long will he be there" curiously. Mickey slightly grimaced "fuck knows, will take him a few weeks to adjust to the meds and then he has to deal with what happened so its up to him" firmly.

Mandy rubbed her face with her hands letting out a groan filled with anger as she muttered "how did all get so fucked up, thought we left this kind of shit behind when Terry landed his ass in jail ten fucking years ago" tiredly. Mickey slightly laughed but there was a bitterness as he scoffed "this shit always happens, thought you knew that" lightly. Mandy glared at him retorting "just thought we had our share of it that's all and Ian didn't deserve it at all, enough shit has already happened to him" icily.

Mickey couldn't disagree with that as he asked "you coming with me or what" curiously. Mandy didn't feel like it as she looked at her brother "no going home so I'll see you tomorrow" firmly before she walked away from her brother.

As she walked away Mickey decided he would just go home because he wasn't in the mood for dealing with people right now. As he sat on the sofa drinking some beer and eating some food all he could think of right now was that he hated he wasn't allowed to stay with Ian overnight. It was so obvious that Ian didn't want to be alone and Mickey hated that he was verbally forced to leave the premises.
Even though he tried to tell the staff that Ian didn't want to be alone he hated that they didn't care what Ian wanted at all. He hated the stupid hospital and their even more stupid regulations that made no sense at all. Even though Mickey had been home for hours his mind was still on Ian and he really regretted leaving not after what Ian told him before he left. He didn't even think he would able to sleep tonight as he was still worrying about Ian and he just felt so helpless because he didn't know how to help Ian.

When he went to see Ian he hated that Ian was in there all alone and that he was in the outside world getting on with his life. But he knew he would back there tomorrow as early as he could to spend the day with Ian just like he promised. As he sat there on the sofa he realized he could no longer pretend he didn't love Ian the way Ian loved him and he hated that he never got the chance to tell him that he loved him too.

He hated even more that it took him so long to see what was right in front of him too. Mickey didn't want to admit it to Ian at a time like this when Ian was still struggling with a lot of things but Mickey knew he would tell Ian one day because Ian deserved to know he was loved by someone.
Did anyone see the deleted scene. I love that Cam played it with regret on his face and its probably why it got deleted. And its nice knowing Ian regrets his decision or its my wishful thinking.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ian was surprised he was nearly at the end of his second month at the hospital but he knew he was starting to get better every day. It helped that that he had been stable for the last few weeks and he adjusted to the meds and didn't feel like life wasn't worth living. He wasn't really surprised that Mickey stayed true to his word and came to see him every day and nearly had to be forced off the premises when visiting hours were over.

Ian was getting used to being on his own at night time and he was relieved that the nightmares were starting to become less frequent and less intense. He knew it probably helped that he was starting to deal with what happened to him too even though he still found it hard to say he was gay bashed by some homophobes and nearly died. He still hated talking about it and even though he knew it was helping him deal with it, it made him hope that someday it may just become a blurred distant memory that would fade into the darkest corners of his mind.

The only thing he hated after his first week was that the therapist who worked in the hospital was condescending toward him and Mickey's relationship. Ian didn't think the therapist could be any worse but when Ian told him he was gay he was really homophobic towards him and was disgusted by his close friendship with Mickey. Ian wasn't really surprised that when he told Mickey what happened that Mickey reported the therapist for saying all that intolerant shit to Ian.

Mickey even went to the asshole therapist and told the guy there was no way he was allowed to go near Ian because if he did then he was a dead man. After that Ian asked if he could see his regular therapist he had been using before he signed into the hospital and he was just relieved that his own therapist was willing to help him by coming to the hospital for his appointments.

It was probably why nearly two months later he felt much better but he still didn't feel ready to leave the hospital. He didn't know why but he thought it was probably because he was afraid it would set back his progress that he made over the last two months. He also knew that he felt a lot safer in the hospital because he didn't feel like he was watching over his shoulder all the time and it helped that he saw the same familiar faces every day.

With the exception of that asshole therapist that he hadnt seen since Mickey threatened him Ian just felt like he wasn't judged by anyone in the hospital. With all of that in his head he decided to sign up for another month and he just hoped Mickey would be okay with his decision. All he thought about in here was Mickey and he noticed his best friend was acting a lot differently towards him and it made him wonder if Mickey liked him more than just a friend.

But Ian didn't dare entertain that thought because he didn't want to get his hopes up only for Mickey to reject him again so he just put it down to Mickey being a good friend. As Ian left his therapy session he tried to remember the exact words his therapist used as a way to tell Mickey he signed up for another month because he didn't feel ready. He quietly walked back to his room to see Mickey lying on his bed flicking through one of the books he bought in with him for Ian to
read when he was bored.

He noticed Mickey was also helping himself to the sweets and chocolate so he slightly laughed as he sat on the edge of the bed looking at his friend "you bought all these for me and you're eating them" humoredly. Mickey looked at bar of chocolate in his hand before looking at Ian scoffing "it's a fucking Snickers bar, anyway I bought extra ones for you" lightly.

Ian softly laughed "yeah I know" as he grabbed an unwrapped bar of chocolate off the small table beside his bed and ate it thinking it was so much better than the bland hospital food. Mickey threw the magazine to the side and sat up on the bed and leaned back against the wall as he looked at Ian muttering "haven't seen that homophobic piece of shit therapist lately, hope he isn't giving you any shit" angrily.

Ian softly smiled to himself as he looked at the floor while eating his food replying "after you complained about him to the manager he was given a written warning and a while after that the manager heard him make really sexist and racist comments to some woman that's here so the asshole got sacked on the spot" lightly. Mickey scoffed before he almost hissed "good enough for the fucking asshole, really wanted to knock his teeth out" angrily.

Ian softly laughed as he looked at his friend while lightly hitting Mickey on the leg "don't need you going to jail for my ass" not hiding just how much he meant the words. Mickey lightly pushed Ian's shoulder as he looked at him "can take care of myself asshole" humoredly. They fell into a silence as Ian remembered something and looked at his friend asking with confusion on his face "after he got that warning he came in a few days later with a black eye, it was really weird" lightly before he softly laughed.

Mickey softly laughed while he shifted awkwardly on the bed as he finished eating his chocolate bar not daring to look at Ian knowing he was the reason for that black eye. Mickey could feel Ian staring at him so he glanced up at him hesitantly blurting out "actually it isn't, me, Iggy and Mandy may have kicked the crap out of him when we followed him home one night" softly.

Ian groaned in disbelief as he walked across the room to shut the door before turning back around and grabbing his hair in frustration "if he finds out it was you he'll send you to jail, he fucking threatened to do it when he found out I made the complaint" angrily. Mickey ignored Ian as he retorted "he doesn't know it was us, it was dark and we wore masks so he never saw us fucking coming alright so calm the fuck down" firmly.

Ian shook his head not caring he just admitted "I can't have you going to jail on me" not hiding the fear in his voice. Mickey quickly got off the bed and stood in front of Ian as he looked at him replying "no one is going to jail and he doesn't even know it was me" firmly. Ian felt his anger deflate but he didn't make him feel any better because he still had that fear that Mickey would get caught and he didn't want that to happen.

Mickey just looked really pissed off as he asked with confusion in his voice "you thought I'd be okay with it when you told me what he said to you" icily. Mickey shook his head in anger almost hissing "he told you being gay is a fucking mental illness and that you were sick and needed to be fucking cured, he fucking told you deserved the attack, who the fuck says that shit, you really think I was going to let that asshole get away with saying that to you after what fucking happened to you, he's lucky I didn't fucking kill him and Mandy and Iggy pulled me off him in time" angrily.

Ian let out a sigh as he looked down at the floor realizing that Mickey would do anything for him even risk ending up in jail just to protect him and it made him wonder if Mickey was starting to feel the same way but he didn't dare ask that question. Ian had noticed that Mickey was very protective of him ever since the attack. Ian also noticed that Mickey was a lot more affectionate and caring and whenever he told Ian he loved him Ian always thought there may have been more
meaning behind the words and that Mickey really did love him a lot.

But Ian never dared hope for it because he knew it was bad for his mental health to think that way when Mickey made it clear they were just friends. But that whisper that Mickey may love him back the same way he loved Mickey still whispered away in the back of his mind and he didn't think he would ever be able to ignore it. Ian shook himself out his thoughts as he walked over to the bed and sat on it with his back against the wall looking over at Mickey almost whispering "I don't need you to protect me" lightly.

Mickey heard it and he glared at Ian who was sitting on the bed as he scoffed "never said you fucking did" firmly but he stopped himself from adding I'd do anything for you and you're an idiot if you can't see it. Ian lightly nodded as he looked down at his hands knowing there was another thing he needed to say to his friend. Ian felt Mickey sit on top of him with a leg on either side of him and he silently looked at Mickey who had that look on his face again.

Mickey rested his hand on the side of Ian's head as he looked at him before almost sighing "I just care about you so much" softly and he didn't care he just admitted it out loud. Ian rested his hands on Mickey's hips as he mumbled "I care about you too, its why I don't want you going to jail, that rich fuck has the money to pay for a good lawyer to put you away for a long time, I don't want you to risk it" softly.

Mickey softly laughed "what's that mumbles" humorously even though he heard every word. Ian rolled his eyes glancing up at his friend "you heard me" lightly. Mickey softly laughed again as he playfully scratched Ian's head with his hand before he moved to lie down on the bed on his back and silently stared at the ceiling. Ian moved to lie down on his side between the wall and Mickey and when he looked at his friend he felt those insecure thoughts popping up in his mind again as he blurted out "you don't have to stay here all day for me" softly and he hated he was pushing Mickey away again.

Mickey frowned as he turned on his side to look at Ian and he could see Ian looked insecure and was probably pushing him away. Mickey rested his hand on Ian's ribs lightly pressing down on them with his fingers and when Ian looked at him he told him "I'm here because I want to be" firmly and he didn't hide how much he meant it too. When he saw Ian accepted his answer he humorously added "anyway I'm too fucking used to being around you all the time so I'm here purely for selfish reasons" lightly.

Ian softly laughed and kicked him on the shin with his foot replying "fuck you asshole" lightly. Mickey lightly hit Ian in the stomach as he looked at him replying "whatever" lightly. They fell into a comfortable silence and Ian decided to just say it "so uh I decided to stay for another month" lightly. Mickey slightly frowned but he also wasn't surprised by this because Ian hadn't mentioned leaving the hospital yet so Mickey took his silence as he wasn't ready to leave just yet.

Mickey didn't look away from Ian asking "why" curiously. Ian shrugged his shoulder and he didn't know where to start so just admitted "just feel safer in here, just dont feel like I'm looking over my shoulder all the time waiting for someone to jump out at me" shyly. Mickey slid his arm across Ian's waist and moved closer to Ian telling him in a genuine voice "I get it, you know what it was like for me before Terry got locked up for good, spent as much time in your house as I could because I felt safer there you know" softly.

Ian nodded whispering "yeah" softly. Mickey silently looked at Ian as he rested his hand on the side of Ian's head before adding "but someday your going to have to leave here" softly. Ian nodded as he stared at Mickey's chest and realized Mickey was wearing his eight ball tshirt and he slightly smiled at it too before replying "yeah I know, guess I just don't feel ready yet" softly.

Mickey took it as an answer and noticed Ian was laughing so asked as he looked at his idiot friend
"the fucks so funny" curiously. Ian rolled his eyes and forced himself to look at his friend replying "you're wearing my tshirt, I was wondering where it went" lightly. Mickey dismissed it with a scoff before he teased "don't think I haven't noticed you wearing my shit too asshole" humouredly.

Ian laughed again as he pressed himself right up against Mickey but he didn't dare say he only did it because he wanted to be closer to him in some way but he didn't know Mickey felt that way too. Ian let his eyes close when felt Mickey wrap his arms around him and pull them right up against each other so there was no space left between them on the bed.

Ian slid his arm over Mickey's waist as they lay there in silence lost in their own thoughts. When Ian finally opened his eyes he saw Mickey looking at him intently and he was just tired of feeling alone all the time. He rested their foreheads together before he lightly kissed Mickey lips and he was slightly surprised when Mickey kissed him back intensely and pulled them even closer together on the small bed.

Ian knew this was probably a bad idea but he didn't care because he needed his friend right now and there also something that told him maybe Mickey loved back as more than a friend. He just hoped that one day he would know for sure but right now he just wanted to focus on himself and work towards getting out of here too. But as they kissed intensely and touched each other all over and wherever their hands could reach Ian realized he was starting to feel like himself again.

He realized he also felt a lot happier then he had in a long time and that maybe this was the start of getting his life back together. As they heavily made out with each other Ian decided he didn't want to think about things anymore as he let himself enjoy being with his best friend in their own bubble in his small but temporary room.

They didn't know how much time had passed but it must have been a while because they both looked flustered and were both out of breath with dry lips and looked dishevelled and both quite obviously turned on too that they cared about it. As Ian lay on top of Mickey between his legs making him feel so good he decided he needed to be honest with Ian because he was fed up of lying to his best friend.

He also had a feeling that this whole friends with benefits thing they had going between them for years probably wasn't good for Ian's mental health right now. He rested his hands on Ian's waist and broke the kiss as he rested his forehead against Ian's trying to get his breath back as he silently looked at Ian. He saw that Ian looked just as flushed as he was and he slightly smiled while he took in a deep breath and softly laughed as he thought he was such an idiot.

Ian leaned on his forearms resting them each side of Mickey's head as he noticed Mickey was sort of laughing at something. Ian frowned in confusion as he slightly smiled muttering "what's so funny" sounding just as breathless as the man lying underneath him on the bed. Mickey finally stopped laughing as he looked up at Ian forcing out "I need to talk to you about something" softly.

Ian faltered a little muttering something that Mickey didn't hear as he wondered was this the part where Mickey told him he didn't want to be friends anymore. Where Mickey finally met someone and was about to tell him he couldn't do this with him anymore. Mickey noticed Ian's panicked expression and rested his hand on the side of Ian's head knowing that Ian's fear was of him leaving him as he told him quickly "it's not what you think, I haven't met anyone and I'm not leaving you" firmly.

Ian visibly sighed in relief and slightly smiled in embarrassment "oh sorry, go on" softly. Mickey rolled his eyes another habit he picked up from Ian as he faltered a little before forcing out "I just wanted to tell you I like you a lot" before he slightly shook his head hating that the wrong words came out. Ian grinned a little "I know" softly. Mickey let his hand fall from the side of Ian's head to his shoulder and lightly gripped it and didn't look away from Ian shyly admitting "I meant as
Ian raised his eyebrow in surprise as this was something he didn't dare hope for ever since he realized he was in love with his best friend. Mickey moved his hand from Ian's shoulder to his ribs and relaxed a little more as he took comfort in Ian's body weight pressing him down into the mattress before adding "it took me a long time to see it but over the last while I've kind of realized" before he fell silent not knowing how to put this without sounding like an idiot.

He looked off to the side and he was glad Ian always gave him the time to get his thoughts together before he looked back at Ian not hesitating "I like you as more than just a friend, I want more with you and think I might be in love with you too" softly. Mickey took Ian's silence as rejection and tried to push Ian off him but Ian just planted his weight down on him even more so Mickey just gave up and let Ian stare holes into him as he got his thoughts together.

Ian didn't know why he wasn't reacting because this was everything he ever wanted and he didn't know how to react to it. He had talked about this in therapy so much and he knew he needed to be honest with his best friend. Ian swallowed the build up of saliva in his mouth as he looked at Mickey while honestly admitting "I still love you, don't think I'll ever stop" softly.

Mickey sensed there was more so he waited until Ian was able to say it as he lightly ran his hand along Ian's ribs while he silently looked at his best friend. Ian let out a deep breath deciding to be honest before he added "I want more between us too but I think I need to work on myself first before we start anything, dont need to drag you into my shit" insecurely.

Mickey leaned up and lightly kissed Ian on the lips before he rested his head back on the pillow as he looked at Ian while he slightly laughed "you know what I mean asshole" lightly. Mickey softly laughed wrapping his arms around Ian's waist to hold him there scoffing "yeah I do but... I'm trying to say I want us to be together" shyly.

Ian grinned but he hated the timing as he looked at his best friend with nothing but love on his face replying "so do I but just let me get through all of the other shit first and then we'll work on us" firmly. Mickey bent his legs up so his feet were flat on the bed as he grinned at Ian "yeah" lightly. Ian couldn't help but grin back replying "yeah we can be together then" softly before he shyly asked "will you wait for me" not hiding how insecure he felt.

Mickey silently looked at Ian before replying "yeah, you know I will" firmly. Ian softly laughed at that realizing this was the happiest he felt in months shyly asking "can I kiss you" because he really didnt want to stop kissing his best friend. Mickey softly laughed as he slid his hands under Ian's tshirt taking comfort in the warmth of Ian's skin and his body weight pressing down on him replying "why the fuck not" lightly.

Ian felt a little braver as he slid his hand under Mickey's tshirt and looked at him intensely while shyly asking "think we can fuck and not get caught" humourly. Mickey laughed and shook his head before letting out a sigh of "why dont we find out" humoredly. Ian shrugged his shoulders as he babbled "nurses wont be making their rounds for ages so we just have to be quiet" softly.

Mickey grabbed Ian's hips as he looked up at him quickly replying "your wasting time talking so can we get on with it if you've got any fuck left in you" impatiently. Ian softly laughed "for you I always do" before he slightly cringed at being so lame. Mickey just laughed at him as he pulled Ian's tshirt off and threw it on the floor as things quickly became a lot more intimate.

Mickey wasn't long forgetting about his regrets of not realizing how he felt about Ian a lot sooner but then Ian was always good at making him forget about things too not that he cared about that at all. And no they didn't get caught by the nurses but Mickey did leave later on with a grin on his
face and Ian felt like everything between them had now changed and it was for the better too.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah so that happened, took Mickey long enough but he got there eventually. I feel like I'm writing these two characters as completely sexless people when they are the complete opposite at least in canon. But its just my uncomfortableness of writing smut that is the reason why I don't write it so I'm trying to hint at it and just hoping it doesn't come across as forced and awkward and rubbish.

Also I have read stories about mental health professionals being homophobic towards their patients if they find out they identify as anything other than Heterosexual. Its bloody disgraceful that these people can work in a mental health service in 2017.
I'm hoping Ian and Mickey aren't too out of character in this, I'm writing them how they were played in season 4 and 5 with little bits of the earlier seasons.

Ian just felt like he had grown much closer to his best friend since Mickey admitted his feelings towards him and he was also relieved Mickey was going to give him space too to work on getting better. As Ian sat on his bed in his room he couldn't help think back to the very first week he arrived here and was a complete mess compared to now when he felt much more in control.

He just felt like the first week in the hospital was the hardest week he ever went through especially as he was on new meds which just made him feel tired all the time along with horrible side effects but he knew the good thing was that he was stable. As his stay extended into a second month he felt too afraid to leave and decided to stay for a third month because he felt he still needed to deal with his post traumatic stress disorder.

He had been going to therapy and talking about the attack and how he felt weak, powerless and constantly afraid all the time. But as he made good progress through the second month he decided to stay for a third month just because he didn't feel strong enough yet but he knew he would get there soon.

As he looked back on the first week he was here he knew he did the right thing but it also felt like the wrong thing in coming here because it meant he was all alone without his best friend to talk to all day and night. He was just glad that Mickey kept his promise and came back every day as early as he could and stayed as late as he could and it meant a lot to Ian because he didn't feel completely alone.

But Ian knew it wasn't the same because after a while Mickey had to leave the hospital but it just made him wish Mickey could stay here with him all the time so being here wouldn't be so bad. It also meant that when Mickey left and Ian went back to his empty room it just gave him too much time to think especially about that night when he nearly died.

The guilt he felt over his fight with Mandy was starting to ease off even though they had talked about it a lot more during most of Mandy's visits where she told him he had nothing to feel guilty over at all. Ian didn't know how to feel about going home and he was trying to get his head ready to leave the hospital tomorrow but it just made him so scared that he thought it was a bad idea to leave the hospital.

When he told his therapist this he was told he had to leave eventually and that he was stable now and had dealt with what happened to him nearly six months ago and to give himself a chance. But it still didn't stop the fear that Ian felt especially knowing that there was a chance he could see the people who bashed him and he was afraid it would undo all the work and progress he made over the last three months.

Even though he still had his apartment to go back to he knew he would have to find a job because he didn't want Mickey paying his rent for him either. As he sat on the edge of the bed in his room staring at the wall in front of him he wondered would he be able to assimilate so easily back into a normal life after spending ages locked away from the outside world.
He couldn't help but feel the last few months were too good to be true as he adjusted to the new meds easily enough and while that was okay he felt too worried about the outside world. He just didn't know if he could handle being around so much people again or if he would be able to relax or be who he was before the attack happened to him months ago.

It didn't help that his therapist had told him he was dealing with his PTSD and was in a much better place mentally than when he arrived at the hospital. But Ian just didn't feel the same anymore and he knew that night changed him a lot. He wasn't naïve at all since he grew up in the Southside which was known for its share of violent homophobes and he had enough run ins with Mickey's father to know how to deal with them too.

It didn't stop him from feeling stupid for letting his guard down even though he was told he lived in a gay friendly street and that it wasn't his fault and while he knew that it still didn't stop the way he felt over it all. It also meant that he didn't want to go back to his own apartment because the attack only happened a few buildings away from where he lived but he had nowhere else to go so decided he would just have to deal with it for now.

He slightly shook his head not wanting to think about it anymore so he rubbed his eyes with his fingers deciding he would find somewhere else to live over the next few days. He heard footsteps so looked up to see Mickey standing in the doorway with a smirk on his face and Ian couldn't hide his surprise because Mickey was earlier than usual. Ian lightly gripped the edge of the mattress feeling glad for the distraction asking "thought you weren't coming until later" curiously.

Mickey shrugged his shoulder as he walked into the room and sat beside Ian on the bed "decided to come earlier" but he didn't add just wanted to surprise you and see you a bit sooner. Ian softly laughed while looking at his friend with disbelief on his face "sure that's the only reason" humouredly. Mickey elbowed Ian in the side scoffing "fuck you" lightly hating that Ian always saw through him every time.

They quietly laughed as Ian rubbed his side with his hand before they fell silent when Mickey decided to just say it while staring uncomfortably at the floor muttering "and so what if I fucking missed you" lightly not adding we spend all our time together and the last three months were the worst. Ian looked at him with surprise on his face "you did" curiously before slightly smiling "I missed you too" not adding way too much especially in the first week.

A comfortable silence fell before Mickey looked at Ian as he asked "so you getting out tomorrow" curiously not adding I can't wait for you to finally come home. Ian was staring at the floor hating that uncomfortable feeling in his stomach while slightly nodding "yeah" softly. Mickey noticed Ian didn't look happy about that asking "you don't want to leave" lightly.

Ian hesitated and stumbled over the words to say as he stared at the floor before forcing out "I hate it in here but I hate it out there too" shyly before muttering "at least I think I do out there anyway, it just feels safer in here you know" as he rubbed his face with his hand. Mickey knew this as Ian told him days ago that he was anxious about leaving and everything else he felt over the whole leaving the hospital situation.

Mickey just felt helpless as he looked at Ian who bitterly added "doesn't help I quit my job or got fired, don't really remember how that happened" in a sad tone of voice. Mickey lightly nudged Ian with his shoulder blurted out "I saved your apartment" softly. Ian felt a little better knowing that Mickey would always have his back but he wasn't sure he wanted to go back to his apartment now that he no longer had a reason to be over in that area where he used to work.

Ian tightly gripped the edge of the mattress as he sadly admitted "not sure I want to go back and live there since I have to walk past that spot everyday if I want to go to the bar or to your place and
stuff, don't really want to have walk past that everyday, how the fuck am I meant to get over it if I have to relive it everyday, at least here I can forget it fucking happened" icily. Mickey bit his lip anxiously knowing it was good point and meant it when said "so stay with me then while you look for a job and somewhere else to live" firmly.

Ian looked uncomfortable now and looked up at his friend "I don't want to intrude on you, I can go back to my family for a while or stay with Mandy or something" lightly. Mickey wasn't having it glaring at Ian snapping "you're not going back to those assholes, you're staying with me" angrily. Ian softly laughed and shook his head while looking at the floor before letting out a tense sigh and remained silent as he got his thoughts together.

Before Ian could even answer Mickey added "even better why don't you just fucking move in with me and forget about looking for somewhere else to live" lightly. Ian looked shocked when he looked at Mickey "what" lightly as he wondered what the hell was up with his friend. Mickey laughed at Ian's confused expression "fucking serious, its going to be hard to find somewhere else and most of your stuff is at my place anyway and you're there all time so why the fuck not" firmly.

Ian silently looked at his friend and saw Mickey meant every word and that he was right too in that it would be hard to find somewhere else and he had no where else to go. Ian really didn't want to be alone either so he made a decision as he lightly shoved Mickey with his shoulder as he replied "yeah okay then, I'll live with you" firmly. Mickey grinned at Ian "good, kind of want your ass around anyway" lightly and he didn't hate that fact he would be living with Ian all the time now.

They talked, joked and made out with each other in the privacy of Ian's room for the rest of the day until visiting hours were over and Mickey had to leave the hopsital and Ian felt a lot better than he did that morning when he got up.

The next day Mickey waited in the reception area of the hospital for Ian to appear in front of him and he was just glad that Ian was finally coming home. He didn't have to wait too long for the door to open and Ian stepped through as he spoke to his doctor about appointment times and prescriptions among other things to do with his disorder and his treatment for PTSD.

When Ian finished talking to the doctor he walked over to Mickey who was leaning against the wall with his arms crossed and smirked at Ian while he spoke "you ready to leave this shithole" lightly. Ian softly laughed not looking away from his friend "yeah" lightly. Mickey pushed himself off the wall and stood in front of Ian muttering "lets get out of here" lightly.

Ian nodded in agreement but he looked at the floor hesitantly blurt out "just need to go get my stuff from apartment" shyly. Mickey slightly smirked as he turned to look at Ian biting his lip anxiously hesitating while he looked at Ian's chest shyly forcing out "I may have already done that for you, Mandy helped me last night" in a whipser. Ian softly laughed not hiding his surprise asking "you did" curiously.

Mickey felt embarrassed so he rubbed his face with his hand as he glanced at Ian "you said you didnt want to go back so I went with Mandy, we picked the lock and moved all your stuff over to my place after I left here last night, told the guy you were renting off that you abruptly left the area and had to move out" lightly. Ian softly laughed as he stepped closer to Mickey resting his hand on his hip asking "you really did that" shyly.

Mickey finally looked up at Ian trying to hide the blush on his face but it was useless as Ian just grinned at him and tightly hugged him while he laughed into Mickey's neck whispering "thanks
for looking out for me" not hiding how much he meant it because he was really dreading having
to go back to his apartment. Mickey just pulled Ian closer to him as he hugged Ian back tightly
knowing he would do anything for Ian.

They stayed like that for a little bit too long in a public area but neither one of them cared before
Ian leaned back looking at his friend telling "lets get out of here" softly. Mickey softly laughed as
they both made their way out of the hospital and to their apartment.

When they got back to the apartment and settled in they were sitting on the sofa right up against
each other eating some food and watching TV when Ian lightly elbowed Mickey in the ribs asking
"is Mandy coming over" curiously. Mickey froze as he slowly looked at Ian while hesitating "I
may not have told her you were getting out today" in a whisper hoping Ian didnt hear it.

Ian did hear it so he thumped Mickey's arm as he almost shouted "what the fuck, she'll kill you if
she finds out" angrily. Mickey flinched muttering "fuck off" as he rubbed his arm while softly
laughing and trying but failing to glare at Ian. When Ian shook his head muttering something
about it being his funeral Mickey ignored it adding "I just told her you were coming home
tomorrow, thought you would want a bit space to relax before she ambushes you" before he
looked down at his plate and ate his food while hoping Ian wouldnt notice the unsaid words.

Ian did notice and silently looked at Mickey who looked uncomfortable on the sofa. Ian felt
himself start to grin as he teased "so you wanted me all to yourself" lightly. Mickey felt his face
start to turn red so he scoffed "fuck off" but he still didnt look at Ian because Ian was right and
there was no way he was going to admit that at all. Ian softly laughed as he lightly nudged Mickey
with his elbow but didnt look away from him replying genuinely "I'm kind of glad you didnt tell
her, its nice to be just us on our own together, I missed that a lot while I was in hospital" firmly.

Ian noticed the insecurity on Mickey's face and didn't hesitate "yeah I mean it" firmly. Mickey bit down a grin on his face replying "yeah I missed it too,
its why I lied to her" firmly as voice in his mind mocked him for admitting it but he ignored it.

They fell into a silence and finished eating the rest of their food and put the empty plates on the
small table in front of them before sitting side by side like glue on the sofa watching some movies.
They werent really paying attention to it either especially when Ian blurted out "you know I
wouldnt mind going back to that alley some day since I dont really remember it when we went
there before I left the hospital, would be nice to go back there and just be over it, not feel
anything you know" softly.

Ian fell silent as he looked off to the side adding "before I left the hospital I was scared it would
trigger everything and it would undo everything but being outside today I realized I'm stronger
now, I'm okay, survived and all that shit" as he rolled his eyes at the last few words. Mickey bit
his lip as he hesitantly whispered "kind of blame myself for that night, still cant stop thinking
about it" softly.
Ian heard it and looked over as his face fell when he asked "why, it wasn't your fault" firmly. Mickey slightly turned onto his side in seat so he was facing Ian but he couldn't look Ian in the eyes out of fear that Ian would blame him in some way. Ian rested his hand on Mickey's hand as he noticed the turmoil on Mickey's face because he didn't see how it was Mickey's fault asking "tell me" softly.

Mickey lightly scoffed while he rubbed his face with his other hand forcing out "I was the one that kissed you, didn't push you away when I should have known better" angrily. Ian wasn't having it "well I was the one that pushed you against the wall and kissed you, remember that" more of a statement than a question. Mickey understood that but he didn't agree with it and he finally looked at Ian replying "growing up around Terry should have taught me to fucking know better, not to let my guard drop just because I'm not in southside anymore" angrily.

Ian looked back at him as he muttered "I'm from the same place too you know, same could be said for me" firmly. Mickey softly laughed but it was humorless laugh as he looked at the floor while he muttered "you don't get it" in a whisper. Ian shrugged his shoulders "what don't I get, just tell me" curiously. There was another silence and Mickey hated himself because he swore he was never going to tell Ian this, he wasn't going to tell Ian he hesitated that night and it was all because he was thinking of something else.

But he figured it was too late now as Ian wanted to know and he knew Ian well enough to know he would never stop asking until he got an answer. Mickey really wished Mandy would show up unexpectedly right now if it meant getting him out of this conversation. But she didn't show up so it meant Mickey would have to be honest with Ian but he also knew there was no way he could ever lie to Ian. Mickey really didn't know how to say it because he was never good at talking about things at all.

He glanced up at Ian before he forced out "that night when you walked away, I was thinking about the night at the dugouts when you told me you love me and I was wondering why you did or do and mostly that I'm fucking lucky to have you" softly. Ian was silent as he thought of what to say next while he rubbed his face with his hand before adding "that night I wished we could be something more, wanted us to be at least because I was so happy that night and even though we got kicked out the bar it reminded me of how happy I was or we were at the dugouts that night" before he groaned in frustration adding "fuck I'm not even making sense" angrily.

Ian lightly gripped Mickey's arm with his hand as he looked at his friend telling him "you are and it was the same for me only it just made me sad that you didn't love me back the way I love you which is why I went home" softly while hating that he admitted that because he never wanted his friend to know that at all. Mickey frowned as he nodded his head letting his eyes fall to Ian's stomach deciding he might as well continue "anyway I heard shouting halfway down the street and when I looked I realized two assholes jumped you, you fought back and I ran but I wasn't close enough when they stabbed you with a knife, just hate I didn't get to beat the shit out of them before they ran off" sadly.

Ian looked down at the floor because he didn't really remember Mickey being there at all as he blacked out at the stage "that's the part I don't remember at all, think I was unconscious at that point" softly. Mickey nodded as he still looked at Ian's stomach hating that the sadness his felt was making its way to the surface and that he was failing to hold it back whispering "you were, when they punched you and then stabbed you, you dropped like a brick and I thought you were dead" sadly.

Ian moved a little closer to Mickey who just looked uncomfortable as if he were replaying the whole thing in his mind and it was confirmed when Mickey whispered "when you said you wished you could remember I never told you that I wished I could forget" sadly not adding I cant
stop thinking about it and I have nightmares about it too. Mickey wiped his eyes with his hand before adding "you nearly died that night, blood loss or some shit, dont really remember, just that you nearly died before I got to tell you that" but he stopped there as it was too much.

Mickey stood up muttering "I need a drink" softly and walked over to the kitchen and grabbed a bottle of whiskey from the press and gulped down as much as he could from the bottle. He silently stared the press in front of him for a few seconds before heard Ian stand behind him asking "tell me what" curiously. Mickey drank some more of the whiskey before screwing the cap back on the bottle and put it in the press and closed the door.

He then tensly rubbed his face with his hand knowing this was probably going to sound bad as he wondered how could he tell Ian that it took him nearly dying for Mickey to admit he liked him a lot more as just a friend. He heard Ian's voice again so he turned around and leaned against the work top as he crossed his arms over his chest and forced himself to look at Ian as he admitted without hesitation "I realized that I wanted to give us a chance and I was going to ask you if we could be together like that" softly.

Ian silently looked at his friend not hiding his surprise as he stepped a little closer shyly asking in a hopeful tone "you were" softly. Mickey sniffed and wiped his nose with his hand as he looked at the floor whispering "yeah but I get it if you dont want to because I know how it sounds, like I'm only interested because you nearly died" angrily but they both knew Mickey was angry at himself. Ian didn't even hesitate "I do want to give us a chance, I've always wanted that and your wrong about what you just said" firmly.

Mickey scoffed as he looked at Ian "really" lightly. Ian ignored it as he rolled his eyes "did you forget that I know you asshole, I know you didn't just decide to be interested because I nearly died" firmly. Mickey softly laughed as he tiredly rubbed his face with his hands before crossing them over his chest and looking at Ian who asked "Mandy told me you never left the hospital, that you slept there too" curiously.

Mickey bit his lip wishing that anxiety he felt would go away as he told Ian "she's right, I never did leave except to go to work" lightly. Ian bit down a grin as he looked at the floor knowing he would have done the same replying "would have done it too if it was the other way around" firmly. Mickey just felt too emotionally exposed as he scoffed "yeah you would because you're a dramatic asshole" humorously but the defensiveness was there in his voice too.

Ian laughed knowing that Mickey was deflecting because he felt defensive from saying all of what he did as he looked at his friend "you know timing was never our thing" lightly. Mickey slightly laughed knowing that was true as he relaxed a little blurring out "I know, I just hate that when I finally tell you I love you, you need time to get over everything and I'm not having a go at you becaue I get it, I get that you needed to be alone to work on yourself first" softly.

Ian nodded in agreement deciding the needed to be honest too as he stood right up against Mickey to look at him "what I'm trying to say is it doesn't matter when you realized that you wanted to give us a chance, I'm just glad you did realize it and I like what we have now over the last few weeks" firmly. Mickey slightly laughed as he felt nervous shyly replying "yeah me too" softly.

Ian silently looked at the floor before looking up at Mickey not even hesitating "I was also thinking I want us to be together, I know I said I need time but I'm ready and I want us to be in a relationship if that's what you want too" shyly. Mickey looked at Ian with nothing but love on his face and he didn't care he wasn't hiding it as he told Ian "I want us to be together too" firmly.

Ian just grinned at him and he really did feel happy because Mickey was everything he ever wanted in someone. As Mickey silently looked at him Ian told him "also you didn't know what was going to happen and it wasn't your fault just like it wasn't my fault those assholes nearly killed
me" firmly. Mickey took it as an answer replying "yeah okay" softly.

They silently looked at each other for a few seconds before Ian grinned and joked "was kind of getting tired of waiting for you to realize it, had to move things along" humouredly. Mickey laughed as he glared at Ian while he scoffed "fuck off, is that why you got us kicked out" lightly. Ian didn't answer that as he rested his hands on Mickey's hips and looked at him with a smirk on his face.

Mickey silently looked at Ian not caring that he admitted "I love you Ian, just hate it took me too long to see it" firmly. Ian slightly smirked at his friend "better late than never and I love you too" humouredly. Mickey groaned "don't joke" tiredly. Ian softly laughed as he wrapped his arms around Mickey's shoulders and tightly hugged him while burrying his face in his neck and breathing the warm smell he loved so much.

Mickey wrapped his arms around Ian and pulled him right up against him as he hugged him tightly while lightly he lightly rubbed his hand across Ian's back. Mickey let out a sigh of relief as he felt the tension leave him and he didn't miss the way Ian just tightened his arms around him as they stood there in silence in their apartment.

Neither one of them wanted to voice what they were thinking of which was what if that night things went much differently such as if Ian died but they didn't dare think about it for too long. When Ian leaned back to look at Mickey he quipped "come on I want to fuck you right now" as he grabbed Mickey's hand and pulled them towards the bedroom. Mickey laughed as he scoffed "it will be nice to not have to worry about someone walking in on us this time" humouredly as he followed Ian into his bedroom.
This chapter is a continuation of the previous chapter and takes place the next day after Ian comes home.

Ian jolted awake from another nightmare and he looked around the room to see he was in Mickeys bed and let out a sigh of relief telling himself it was just a dream as he tried to calm himself down. He lay on his back as he stared at the ceiling realizing it was bright and looked over at the clock on the top of the drawers on the other side of the room to see it wasn't that early.

He rubbed his face with his hand wishing that these nightmares would just go away but he couldn't complain because they weren't as bad as they used be like they were months ago. Ian was broken from his thoughts when he felt a hand lightly rub across his abdomen asking "another nightmare" curiously. Ian softly smiled as he remembered last night and turned over onto his side to face Mickey almost whispering "yeah but they aren't as intense as they used to be, don't have them every night now, some nights they are but I guess talking about what happened last night caused one" softly.

Mickey looked as bad he felt as he ran his hand along Ian's side replying "sorry" softly. Ian wasnt having it as he moved closer to Mickey "its fine dont worry about it" knowing he was telling the truth. Mickey rolled his eyes as he shrugged his shoulder silently accepting what Ian had just told him but he still felt a little bad over making Ian talk about it too. He didnt get a chance to think about it too long as Ian pulled them right up against each other by wrapping his arms around Mickey with a small grin on his face.

Mickey didnt fight it as he slightly laughed and let himself be pulled right up against Ian's naked warm body under the covers. Mickey rolled his eyes at Ian while resting his arms over his waist and pushing his leg between Ians before he lightly kissed him on the lips. Ian silently looked over Mickey's face wanting to know something that he wanted for so long but thought would never happen shyly asking "so we a couple now" in a whisper.

Mickey wanted to laugh but seeing the vulnerability on Ian's face he just honestly told Ian "course we are, told you that last night" softly and it even showed on his face just how much he meant those words. Ian just grinned at him and pressed their foreheads together as he pushed himself closer to Mickey even though there was no space left between them in their bed.

Mickey softly laughed as he silently looked at Ian thinking he would never get tired of just looking at Ian and he really hated that it took him this long to realize it. He didnt get too far with those thoughts as Ian had started lightly kissing him and Mickey just kissed him back while letting his hand slowly slide along Ian's side lightly pressing into his warm skin under the covers.

The kiss quickly grew in intensity as they softly groaned into each others mouths which only turned things more intense and passionate as they got lost in their soft touches and moans of pleasure. They kissed until they were out of breath before Mickey rolled onto his back and pulled Ian with him and slightly groaned when Ian settled between his legs and kissed him again as he softly moved on top of his boyfriend.

Mickey stopped kissing Ian and almost laughed at the way Ian nearly whined at the loss of contact.
Mickey stopped kissing Ian and almost laughed at the way Ian nearly whined at the loss of contact which he hated so he slightly smirked at Ian while resting his hands on Ian's hips asking "you ready to go again" curiously. Ian narrowed his eyes to glare at his boyfriend snorting "what do you think" lightly. Mickey slightly laughed but didn't get to answer as Ian just deeply kissed him again as they continued what they started last night.

Later on that day when they managed to pull themselves out the bedroom for food and were now sitting on the sofa as close to each other as possible because that was all they wanted right now. Mickey drank his mug of coffee as he looked at Ian when he asked "so where are you going to look for work" curiously. Ian who was slouched down a little in his seat with his legs stretched out in front of him as he looked through the newspaper muttering "isn't much in here" in a defeated tone.

Mickey moved closer to Ian lightly elbowing him the ribs as he looked at his boyfriend and he almost grinned at the thought but hid it by replying "one of the guys at the bar is leaving in few weeks, could put in a word for you" lightly. Ian threw the paper on the small table in front of them as he turned to face Mickey while he slightly smirked "you'd do that" curiously. Mickey scoffed "why the fuck not, you want a job don't you" lightly.

Ian softly laughed as he took the coffee off Mickey and drank some of it before handing it back replying "yeah I do want a job" firmly. Mickey drank some of his coffee taking Ian's answer as yes replying "so I'll put a word in for you at work tonight" firmly. Ian softly laughed again as he looked at Mickey "I didn't say yes which means you really want me to work with you" humouredly.

Mickey looked off to the side as he scoffed "fuck off" hating that Ian was able to read him so well because yes he did want Ian to work with him and he didn't care at all. Mickey didn't want to tell Ian that he wanted to be around Ian all the time because over the last few months he felt like they were drifting apart and he hated every second of it too. But now that Ian was getting better he felt like he had his best friend back and now they were boyfriends which meant he just wanted to be around Ian all the time because he missed what they had over the last few months.

Ian moved closer to him and put his arm over his shoulders and his other hand across Mickey's waist pulling them closer together as he kissed Mickey on the cheek before telling him "I want to work with you too so why the fuck not just say good things about me tonight" firmly. Mickey thought it would be hard not to but he didn't admit it either and he didn't care that he moved closer into Ian so they were glued together on the sofa muttering "I'll think about it" humouredly knowing that he could never say anything bad about Ian at all.

When he felt Ian take his mug of coffee off him and drink it he scoffed "get your fucking own" icily. Ian handed him back the mug looking at him while sheepishly replying "not supposed to drink coffee on my meds" humouredly. Mickey took back the mug as he softly laughed "so why the fuck are you drinking it" humouredly. Ian rested his head against Mickey's whispering "because I like it and I miss it and a few sips won't kill me" softly.

Mickey rested his hand on Ian's thigh and lightly pressed his fingers down as he looked over at him replying "yeah I know" softly knowing that Ian missed a lot things he had to avoid due to his disorder. They sat in a comfortable silence lost in their own thoughts and Mickey didn't even care that Ian drank the half of it knowing that he always shared things with Ian.

As Ian put the empty mug on the ground and sat back in his seat before he put his arms back around Mickey muttering "shit what if they remember me from being manic and out of it on drugs and drunk too" softly. Mickey softly laughed as he looked at Ian wondering how they ended up so
close together on the sofa replying "you didn't cause any trouble so you should fine" firmly but he didn't add because I looked after your ass every night and kept you out of trouble.

Ian silently looked at Mickey and let out sigh deciding not to worry about it before asking "when's Mandy coming over" curiously. Mickey looked at Ian muttering "in a few hours" lightly before adding "so you want to come down to the bar with me tonight" curiously. Ian hesitated and tensed up a little as he muttered "I don't know" not hiding the fear in his voice. Mickey rested his head back on Ian's arm that was still across his shoulders while he looked at Ian who was struggling with his thoughts so he told him "going have to do it eventually" softly.

Ian looked down at the floor whispering "I know" softly and he hated that it just felt so hard to do. Mickey thought he may have pushed Ian a little too far so told him "you don't have to if you don't want to" lightly. Ian looked up replying "I don't know, maybe some other time, just don't feel ready to yet" softly. Mickey didn't say anymore as he got off the sofa to switch on the TV and sat back down where they fell into another comfortable silence. Ian couldn't help think it was a good point and that he would have to get back out there eventually but after being in hospital for the last three months he just felt a little anxious about getting back out there after everything that happened.

He didn't know why but he was just scared of it happening again and he knew it was a lot easier to avoid going out anymore but he also missed his nights out with Mickey and Mandy too. He let out a sigh as he looked over at Mickey before looking at the TV deciding that he would get there eventually. He also knew that at the same time he was tired of living in fear so he made a decision that he would go down to the bar tonight but he didn't say anything to Mickey because he was afraid he would back out later on tonight.

He just knew he would have to talk himself into doing it and he just wished it was easy because getting back out there just felt too hard right now. He felt safe in here with Mickey in their warm apartment and it just made him wonder if he was building up the whole thing to bigger than it was in his own mind. He knew he was dealing with his PTSD and starting to move past it all but he just felt there was something holding him back at the same time.

When Mandy finally showed up at their apartment later on that day she tightly hugged Ian in the middle of the room muttering "I'm really glad you're okay" firmly. Ian hugged her back before looking at her slightly shaking his head replying "thanks, I feel okay too and sorry for the shit I put you through with fighting with you and all that" firmly not hiding how much he meant it.

Mandy silently looked at him and seeing the guilty look on Ian's face she told him "its okay, I know you were having a hard time, thought we talked about this" softly. Ian nodded in agreement mumbling "I know, I just feel bad about it" shyly. Mandy slightly smirked "don't feel bad but if it makes you feel better then I forgive you" firmly. Ian softly laughed as he told her "yeah it does" softly knowing that he wasn't lying.

Mickey had just come back from the toilet and sat on the sofa interjecting "don't believe her Ian, that bitch doesn't forgive anything" humouredly. Mandy glared at her brother hissing "fuck you asshole" icily even though she knew he wasn't exactly lying but Ian was an exception to the rule. Ian softly laughed as he walked over to Mickey and sat beside him so close they were nearly sitting on each other as he told his boyfriend "don't be mean" lightly.

Mickey scoffed as he flicked through the TV channels muttering "just telling the truth, she never forgave me for anything" lightly. Ian shook his head before nudging Mickey with his shoulder as he looked at the TV in silence. Mandy noticed their interaction as she softly laughed and sat in the
small armchair beside the sofa and looked at them both replying "he's not wrong Ian" firmly.

Mickey looked at Ian as he mocked "told you" lightly. Mandy looked at Ian asking "so you get home okay earlier, what about your apartment and Iggy said to tell you he's glad you're home and he'll come see you when he gets back to Chicago" curiously. Ian tensed a little in his seat as he looked at Mickey forcing out "yeah I did and I'm staying here now, don't really want to live there anymore" softly.

Mandy looked at them both thinking they were idiots if they thought they could fool her as she laughed "don't fucking lie, I know you got out yesterday, so did you have fun together" humouredly. Mickey looked at the floor as he anxiously bit one of his nails and Ian looked like a fish out of water as he looked between Mandy and Mickey. When Mandy realized she wasn't going to get an answer she rolled her eyes deciding she wasn't in the mood for dragging this out and winding them up just for her own amusement.

She just told them "when Mickey asked me to help move your stuff here because you were going to live here he told me you didn't want to go back to your own apartment for obvious reasons so I figured you were getting out the next day so you wouldn't have to do it yourself" lightly. Mickey hated his ever so observant sister sometimes as he snapped "yeah well he wanted some space before you fucking ambushed him" angrily.

Mandy softly laughed and so did Ian who just rested his hand on Mickey's arm as he looked at his over protective boyfriend whispering "its okay" softly. Mickey looked at Ian to see he wasn't mad and then he let out deep breath to calm himself down but he didn't say anything so just looked at the floor again. Mandy noticed their interaction before looking at her brother scoffing "no ones ambushing anyone" firmly.

Mandy softly laughed and so did Ian who just rested his hand on Mickey's arm as he looked at his over protective boyfriend whispering "its okay" softly. Mickey looked at Ian to see he wasn't mad and then he let out deep breath to calm himself down but he didn't say anything so just looked at the floor again. Mandy noticed their interaction before looking at her brother scoffing "no ones ambushing anyone" firmly.

Mandy shifted a little in her seat and she didn't hide the hurt on her face before adding "its not hard to put two and two together, you know you could have told me the truth, I wouldn't have minded giving you the extra day before I came over" not hiding the hurt in her voice. Ian really felt bad and he didn't hide it from his face as he looked at Mandy telling her "sorry" softly and really meant it too. Mandy picked up on it dismissing it with a shrug of her shoulder replying "its fine, just don't lie to me next time" softly. Mickey looked at Ian and then over at his sister forcing out "I wont, just thought you would be mad" lightly.

Mandy rolled her eyes knowing it was the closest to an apology as she would get replying "I'm over it already" lightly and it showed in her voice too. There was a silence as Mickey looked at Ian whispering "should we tell her" softly. Ian grinned but he bit his lip to hide it while nodding "yeah if you want" softly. Mickey slightly grinned before clearing his throat and looked at the floor beside Mandy muttering "me and Ian are together now" shyly.

Mandy raised her eyebrows not hiding her shock as she told her brother "so you finally told Ian you give a shit about him, about fucking time" lightly. Mickey groaned "shut the fuck up" hating that Mandy always knew how to embarrass him all the time. Ian softly laughed as he turned sideways in his seat and threw his arm over Mickey's shoulders so his chest was against Mickey's shoulders as he teased "so you always did give a shit about me" lightly.

Mickey rubbed his face with his hand hating that he knew it was burning up as Mandy looked at Ian almost laughing "poor fucker spent more time watching your ass at work then actually working" humouredly. Ian grinned even more as he pulled Mickey closer to him whispering in his ear "didn't know you cared that much" lightly and his voice didn't hide how much it meant to him either.

Mickey groaned again as he slouched in his seat a little not caring that he also leaned into Ian's body muttering "kill me now" lightly. Mandy laughed before she fell silent as she looked at Ian...
"but seriously I was probably nearly as bad too, I really was worried about you, we both were" not hiding how much she meant those words. Ian was about to apologize when Mickey elbowed him in the ribs and looked at him snapping "apologize and I'm punching you" firmly.

Mandy snorted "yeah right as if that would ever happen" mockingly. Mickey wanted to say his face is too pretty to punch unlike yours but held it back and instead glared at Mandy "shut the fuck up or I'll throw you out" humouredly. Mandy quickly snapped back as she looked at her brother "Ian wouldn't let you" confidently. Ian rested his other arm over Mickey's waist pulling his boyfriend closer and lightly kissed the side of his head before looked at Mandy telling with nothing but doubt in his voice "I don't know about that one" in wary tone. Mickey buried his face in Ian's neck not feeling used to the public display of affection from Ian muttering "oh fuck off both of you" tiredly as had enough of both of them for one night.

Both Ian and Mandy heard it and sensing Mickey was growing more uncomfortable by the second they stopped making fun of Mickey. Mandy decided to change the conversation and reached into her pocket and pulled out a few rolled joints and threw them into her brother's lap "got some weed as a present for you and Ian to celebrate Ian coming home" firmly. She looked at Ian not hiding how much she meant it "I'm really happy you're home and okay now" firmly.

Ian softly smiled "thanks Mandy, not sure if I'm completely okay but I'm getting there slowly" softly. Mandy grinned at him "good" firmly not hiding how much she meant it. They fell into a silence as they shared one of the joints while they watched a movie on the TV all three of them feeling glad that things were back to the way they used to be or as close to it as things could get considering what had happened that night.
Ian was just becoming pissed off at himself more and more because every time he told Mickey he would go visit him at work he always backed out at the last minute. He really hated this back and forth thing he had going on since he left the hospital. One minute he felt he was able to leave the safety of their apartment and the next he felt too afraid of what might happen if he went outside into the world.

He hated that he would just send a text to his boyfriend that he couldn't do it because he was just too anxious and he knew it was because he was overthinking everything too much. He just felt even more guilty when Mickey would call him and see if he was okay and tell him maybe next time along with some other encouraging words. He had just finished talking to his boyfriend on the phone and he really hated that he just wanted Mickey to be angry with him, tell him to get him the fuck over it or something along those words.

Ian thought if Mickey got angry with him then maybe he would get angry at himself too and leave the apartment out of anger rather then caving into anxiety like he did every time he told Mickey he would go see him at work for a few hours. If anything Ian noticed he was starting to feel angry but it was at himself for being so afraid and even though he talked about this in therapy that fear never went away.

He also didn't know if he felt strong enough to face his fear and the thought of walking down a street alone was enough to put him on edge because he hadn't done it yet since anywhere he went he was always with Mickey or Mandy. He really hated that he wasn't able to go anywhere alone and he just felt like he lost his independence. Ever worse then all of that he just felt like a victim and he tired of being a victim because he didn't think he was a victim and he tired of behaving like one too.

As he sat on the sofa he decided enough was enough so he went into his bedroom and got changed into a pair of jeans and pulled on a hoodie that he knew belonged to his boyfriend but he didn't care before grabbing some money, his key to get back in and his phone and then left the apartment. As he left the building and walked out onto the dark dimly lit street he made his way to the bar while cautiously watching around the street for any sign of danger. He was trying not to panic when people walked passed him on the street knowing that he just wanted to go see Mickey and he knew Mandy would be there too so he wouldn't be all alone.

Mickey was at the bar in the middle of a weekend shift when he just finished talking to Ian on the phone and put his phone in his pocket. Mandy was sitting at the bar drinking her beer when she asked "Ian not coming down" curiously. Mickey let out a sigh really hating that Ian still felt too scared as he looked at his sister telling her "no, he said he couldn't do it, he tried but he just got too anxious" lightly.

Mandy was sitting on one of the stools as she picked at the label on the bottle sighing "shit, maybe next time" softly not hiding the sadness in her voice. Mickey cleared some of the empty glasses off the bar top and put them in the tray to be washed as he shrugged his shoulders replying "he'll get there eventually" in a hopeful tone. Mandy finished off her beer knowing her brother was right while asking "get me another beer" softly.

Mickey rolled his eyes as he turned around to the fridge and grabbed a bottle of beer and opened it before handing to his sister who took it off him as she looked at him asking "you think we should
make come down, like if I went over there now and talked him into coming back here with me” curiously. Mickey wiped down the bar top with a wet cloth as he told her "don't think it would work, I’d drag him down here but I know he needs to do it on his own” firmly.

Mandy softly grunted "just feel so fucking useless like I'm not even helping" icily. Mickey scoffed "welcome to my world, feel like that all the fucking time" lightly. Mandy picked at the label on the bottle in her hand as she looked down at the bottle replying "at least we're trying" softly. Mickey nodded in agreement as he looked at her "yeah suppose so, better get back to work" as he pointed in the direction over his shoulder before walking away not wanting to talk about it anymore.

Mandy let out a sigh deciding she wasn't moping around for the rest of the night and left her seat to mingle in crowd hoping some of her friends might be around as she didn't want to be alone right now.

When Ian walked in the door of the bar he wasn't counting on it being so packed but then it was Saturday night and it was always busy on Saturdays. As he looked around he nervously gulped some saliva down his throat while he shoved his hands into the pockets of his boyfriend's hoodie before letting out a sharp exhale deciding he was here now and he got this far too.

He decided to walk around for a while to calm his nerves when he saw Mandy at one of the tables but she looked like she was in the middle of a conversation with someone so he just kept walking around the room. He still felt nervous and went to the toilet before walking over to the bar and ordering a non alcoholic beer as he sat on one of the seats at the bar. Mickey looked like he was busy and never noticed him so Ian just started to slip into his own thoughts which he had been doing a lot lately.

As he drank his beer he lightly scratched at his abdomen and felt the bump of the scar underneath his clothes and he just hated that it was there at all. He hated even more that he was afraid of it happening again and he hated that those assholes who nearly killed him could be waiting somewhere else picking out their next target. He knew word had gotten out among the regulars in here that he was stabbed and left to die in the middle of the street.

Even though he could see the looks and whispers from people as he walked around the room there were only a few who had the nerve to come up to his face and tell him they were glad he was okay and it was nice to see him in the bar again. Ian just tightly smiled at them telling them thank you for their concern before he walked away as he wondered did they see him in here when he was manic and spiralling too.

He also wondered that they didn't seem to care then so why did they care now. Another voice in his mind whispered they probably knew you weren't okay and didn't know what to say or do so left it alone. Ian just felt he was starting to get paranoid over it again and decided not to think about it anymore putting up a mental block in his mind to stop those intrusive thoughts.

As he thought about his scars on his abdomen he just felt they were an ugly reminder of what happened and he didn't know why Mickey wanted to still be with him at all. He just felt Mickey could do better since there were way better looking guys in here that weren't covered in scars and bruises and almost left for dead. He also couldn't help think the other guys also weren't mentally screwed up either and constantly watching over their shoulder for the slightest hint of danger. They also didn't flinch at any loud noises or if someone got too close or walked up behind him and put a hand on his shoulder.

Ian just felt like he was losing it sometimes and he wasn't talking about his disorder because the
slightest sound or smell could bring him back to that night where he nearly died. Even though he was going to therapy for his post traumatic stress and he was dealing with it he just found it hard to move on from it and he hated it so much. He hated that his therapist had been hinting more and more at him coming back out the bar because he just felt like he couldn't do it at all.

Even as he nervously looked around the room he was just waiting for his attackers to jump out of the shadows from the room and finish the job they started once and for all. He didn't know what he would do if it ever happened again and it wasn't something he wanted to think about even though he was pushed to talk about it in therapy. Ian hated talking about it in therapy but he could deal with it because it was in a neutral environment and it felt like he was talking about something that happened to someone else.

But here it all just felt too real because in here he was faced with the reality that screamed to him that he was nearly killed because he was a man that loved men particularly his best friend. Ian really hated that because it just made him feel less than human all because he didn't fit into what society expected off him or what was considered normal which was heterosexuality.

He knew he never really had a problem with being gay but now he was starting to realize why Mickey was so deep in the closet when Terry was walking around the southside and even after he got thrown in jail for life with no parole for murder. Ian let out a sigh before drinking some of his beer wondering how the hell did Mickey do it, how did he stay off Terry's radar knowing he was living under the roof of the most violent homophobe in the Southside.

Ian never asked Mickey these questions before but now he wanted to know those answers because he didn't know how to move past all of this anymore. He wondered how the hell Mickey was so strong when inside he just felt weak all the time. Ian was broken from his thoughts when he heard some call him and he looked up to see Mandy was standing beside him resting her hand on his shoulder asking with concern "Ian you okay" softly.

Ian lightly nodded as he forced out "yeah just thinking" softly. Mandy smiled at him "when did you get here, thought you weren't coming down" curiously. Ian looked down at the bartop replying "yeah I changed my mind, didn't want to be at home" not adding I was thinking too much. Mandy looked at him "I didn't see you get here, you want to come sit with me and my friend" lightly.

Ian looked behind him before looking at her hesitantly forcing out "if you don't mind I'll pass, just want to be on my own" softly but he didn't add that he already saw her with her friend. Mandy didn't take offence replying "its alright, you want a drink" curiously. Ian softly smiled and glanced at his bottle replying "no thanks, I'm barely halfway through this one" softly. Mandy just shrugged her shoulder asking "you talk to Mickey yet" curiously.

Ian shook his head "he looked busy so I didn't say anything don't think he knows I'm here" lightly. Mandy rolled her eyes as she turned around and called one of the bar staff over to tell them to get her brother over here right now. Ian softly laughed "you didn't have to do that Mandy" humorously.

Mandy smirked at Ian "and the asshole arrives" sarcastically. Mickey reached over the bar and punched Mandy hard on the arm as he hissed "why the fuck didn't you tell me Ian was here" angrily. Mandy flinched before she turned to glare at her brother as she almost growled "hit me again and I'll fucking break your arm" angrily. Mickey looked at her and laughed "like to see you try" lightly.

Mandy rolled her eyes and ignored it putting her arm across Ian's shoulders telling her brother "Ian's here, if you weren't so wrapped up in your job you would have noticed he was sitting all on
his own for that last however long" lightly as she realized she didn't actually know how long Ian was here. She frowned before looking at Ian asking "how long are you here" curiously.

Ian drank some of his beer before looking at her replying "not that long, about half an hour" lightly. Mandy narrowed her eyes at Ian taking it as an answer and slightly nodded before she turned to face her brother telling him "half an hour" humouredly. Mickey scoffed as he laughed "he just fucking told you that and I'm standing right fucking here so I heard him" lightly. Mandy shrugged as she removed her arm from Ian's shoulders "whatever, get me two beers" firmly.

Mickey shook his head at his sister as he went to the fridge and got her beers before handing them to her when she muttered "think I'm on a date, I don't really know" not hiding the confusion in her voice. Mickey softly laughed as Ian lightly tapped her arm with his hand asking "oh yeah" curiously. Mickey interjected "how the fuck do you not know" not hiding the humor in his voice or expression.

Mandy shrugged as she drank her beer mumbling "don't know, I met a girl here a few months ago, been hanging out since, got that date vibe earlier" lightly. Ian laughed and looked at Mickey who was also laughing at Mandy looking so confused and like she didn't care at the same time so Ian asked "that bother you" lightly. Mandy bit her lip as she leaned her elbows on the bartop before looking at the bottle in her hand shyly muttering "suprisingly not really" and hesitated before sighing warily adding "just afraid of fucking it up" in a whisper but they all heard it.

Ian rested his hand on Mandy's shoulder lightly squeezing it supportively adding "you won't and just give it a chance" firmly. Mandy looked at him replying "yeah maybe your right" lightly but she knew how bad she was a relationships too. She didn't want to talk about it anymore and shook her head and picked up the other bottle as she looked at Ian telling him "anyway if you change your mind just come over to the table, we're in the corner by the pillar, we won't mind if you come over" firmly.

Ian didn't tell her he knew that already so told her "okay, thanks" softly. Mandy just grinned at him before muttering "wish me luck" as she walked away from the bar. Ian softly laughed and turned to see his boyfriend shyly smiling at him so he admitted "hey sorry I didn't call you over" shyly. Mickey softly laughed as he walked around the bar and stood beside Ian resting his arm over his shoulders looking at him telling him "glad you came down here, I missed you" firmly not adding got too used to you being around here all the time.

Ian softly laughed as he looked at Mickey with an amused expression asking "oh yeah" lightly. Mickey softly laughed deciding fuck it and admitted "got used to you being down here all the time before you went into the hospital for three months" firmly and he didn't look away from Ian. Ian softly laughed and shook his head not even wanting to ignore the warm feeling he felt at Mickey's admission asking "you finished yet" softly.

Mickey told him "got an hour left, you going wait for me" softly. Ian looked up nodding "yeah I'll be here" softly. Mickey lightly kissed the side of Ian's head before replying "good" before looking at him adding "got to get back to work, my boss is here tonight so I can't fucking get a minute to myself and talk to you and other stuff like I normally do" not hiding the apologetic expression from his face. Ian slightly grinned replying "it's fine, I'll be okay" softly.

Mickey silently looked at Ian deciding to be honest "I'm really happy you came down here, I know it was hard for you and I love you" firmly. Ian softly smiled but he didn't look away from his boyfriend replying "yeah love you too" softly. As he watched Mickey walk back behind the bar Ian really did feel happy and he felt like coming to the bar was another small step in getting past everything that had happened months ago.

When Mickey finished work he walked back over to Ian and stood beside him resting his hand on
Ian's arm asking "you want to go home or stay" curiously. Ian shrugged his shoulder as he stood up looking at Mickey "want to go home" softly. Mickey intensely looked at Ian while he nodded "yeah lets get out of here" lightly. Ian threw his arm over Mickey's shoulder and Mickey wrapped his arm around Ian's back as they walked towards the door and went home for the night.
I am not happy at all with this chapter to the point I considered skipping the next chapter because its not great and I rewrote it so many times that I give up with it but I will leave it in the story because I feel that its needed it and part of what Ian is struggling with too.

Ian finally got a job at the bar covering the afternoon and evening shifts which worked out well for him since it meant no late nights or break in his routine. Ever since that night at the bar he never told Mickey that he felt so insecure over his scars and since he started working at the bar it just seemed to make his insecurities a lot worse. He knew Mickey knew something was wrong because every time they tried to have sex Ian just pulled away or made some excuse to leave his tshirt on and pretended to ignore the look of hurt of Mickey's face.

It didn't even matter that Mickey told him he wanted to see Ian with no shirt on and feel his warm skin against his own but Ian didn't see it that way at all. At first Mickey tried to pull of Ian's tshirt but Ian wouldn't let him and after a few times Mickey just gave up trying to do it and Ian hated there was another distance growing between them and he only had himself to blame for it too.

He didn't know how to tell Mickey every time he looked at his reflection in the mirror he just felt sick and he couldn't stop himself being fixated on the scar on his abdomen from when he was stabbed with a knife. He thought it was horrible and a reminder that he was weak because he let it happen and he knew he shouldn't blame himself for that night but it was hard not to and it was even harder to talk about it too.

Even worse than all of that was Ian just felt like the second he got what he wanted which was a relationship with Mickey here he was doing the best to push the man away from him while he was at it. Ian just thought it was a cruel irony and he really hated that he was still pushing the best thing to ever happen to him which was Mickey away from him again. Ian just really hated his own fucked up brain sometimes and he just wished he was able to talk to Mickey but he didn't know where to start or what to say and talking never came easily to him either.

It was late evening when Ian was finished a shift at the bar and walked into his warm apartment and shut the door behind him wondering if Mickey was even home. He knew Mickey was gone for most of the day as he was with Mandy back in the southside pulling some scams for more cash to cover them for the next little while. Even though Mickey had long gotten away from Terry's shit years ago it still didn't stop Mickey or Mandy running some small jobs for extra cash.

Ian knew he needed to talk to Mickey before Mickey told him they were done because he felt like his own boyfriend was avoiding him over the last few days. Ian was about to go over the fridge when he noticed his boyfriend sitting on the sofa in the middle of watching a movie. Ian swallowed the lump in his throat as he walked over the sofa and anxiously sat down on the edge of it beside Mickey as he looked at him asking "when did you get back" curiously.
Mickey looked up Ian with a neutral expression as he told him "a few hours ago, we got enough money to cover us for the meds for the next two months so we should be okay" firmly. Ian felt that guilt again and it showed on his face as he muttered "you shouldn't have to do this for me" angrily. Mickey scoffed as he lightly hit Ian in the stomach replying "Mandy needs extra money too and I wouldn't mind some either, we aren't just doing this for your ass you know, she just needed me to help her for this one because it was more riskier if she did it on her own and Iggy's out of town on a job" firmly as he knew it would make Ian feel less bad if he made about it about Mandy.

Mickey didn't tell Ian that Mandy could do it on her own but that he asked her for a cut if he helped knowing the extra money would be good for both him and Ian. Seeing the relief on Ian's face told him he said the right thing because he knew Ian hated when they pulled shit like this for extra money to pay for his meds especially since there was a risk if they were caught they were going to jail.

They fell into a comfortable silence as Ian nervously shifted in his seat and looked at the floor asking "are we okay" curiously. Mickey silently looked at Ian thinking it was about time Ian noticed it because he sure as fuck knew something was wrong ages ago. Mickey just told him in a defensive tone "I don't know, are we" hating that he just said that because it wasn't what he wanted to say to start this conversation.

Mickey knew something was wrong with Ian but getting Ian to talk when he didn't want to was like getting blood out of a stone so Mickey kept quiet and gave Ian his space. Ian glanced up at Mickey replying "I want us to be" softly. Mickey let out a sigh replying "so why the fuck are you making it so hard" icily. Ian softly grimaced as he looked down at the floor again hating that he couldn't make any sense of his thoughts at all.

When Ian didn't say anything Mickey just snapped "you're the one making things hard Ian, I just want us to be fucking happy for a change because we've been through shit to get to where we are now" angrily because he had enough of this push and pull thing they had going on. Ian glanced up again as he nodded his head in agreement sadly whispering "I know and I'm sorry, don't blame you if we're done" and he didn't hide how sad he looked either.

Mickey felt the anger in him deflate at Ian looking so sad softly adding with confusion in his voice and expression "we're always okay and we're not done but you always pull back on me, you don't talk to me so I just gave you space because its what I thought you wanted" firmly. Mickey didn't look away from Ian not hiding how hurt he looked adding "you won't even let me fucking look at you, we barely even fuck anymore and when we do you won't let me take your fucking shirt off so what the hell am I supposed to think, did you ever think that I thought it was you that didn't want me anymore" softly but there was anger in his voice too.

Ian looked up at Mickey not hiding the sadness in his eyes while hating that he made his boyfriend feel not wanted telling him "I'm sorry for making you feel like that but I just thought you shouldn't have to look at it, the scar I mean" in a whisper. Mickey looked back at him and didn't hesitate "Ian I don't give a shit about it, I don't even fucking notice it anymore" firmly not hiding how much he meant it too.

Ian pulled at the sleeve of his hoodie as he lightly shook his head accepting what Mickey told him before he sadly forced out "I notice it all the time and I hate it, just wish it would go away" in a whisper before he looked at the floor again. Mickey softly looked at Ian as he took Ian's hand in his own replying "I know you do" softly and he knew it was the truth.

He knew Ian hated them because he often caught Ian staring at it in the mirror in their bathroom after a shower or whenever he got undressed and it had been getting worse over the last few weeks. Ian sniffed as he wiped his nose with his other hand hating that he felt like he had moved
on until he noticed the scars on his abdomen and it just always felt like one step forward and two steps backwards.

Mickey noticed Ian wasn't going to say anything so he looked at Ian shyly telling him "one of the nights at the bar you were complaining about the bar being too hot and I told you you were fucking hot, I meant it then and I mean it now" firmly. Ian softly laughed mumbling "yeah I remember that night" softly and he knew he wasn't lying because he remembered everything.

Mickey relaxed a little and felt better that he got a laugh out of Ian further adding "and even before the attack I still thought you were fucking hot" lightly and he didn't care that he felt embarrassed at that admission. Ian laughed again as he rubbed his face with his hand letting out a sigh before looking at his boyfriend "I don't want us to be done, I don't want to lose you, you're the best thing that ever happened to me" firmly.

Mickey didn't look away from Ian or hesitate "me neither but stop pushing me away, you're not getting rid of me that easily" firmly. Ian lightly nodded but he knew he needed to say what was on his mind as he moved to sit back on the sofa and turned sideways in his seat so his chest was against Mickey's shoulder and arm. Mickey shifted sideways a little to face Ian and still held Ian's hand that was resting on their thighs as he looked over Ian's face hating that he was struggling so much.

Ian anxiously bit his lip and it was a habit he picked up from Mickey before he forced out "that first night I came down to the bar after I came home from the mental hospital all I did was think, just afraid of it happening again, that they're out there somewhere waiting to finish me off or do the same to someone else" softly. Mickey moved closer to Ian thinking finally Ian was talking about things because he thought it was about time he did too.

Ian let out a tense exhale as he pushed on with "at the bar I could feel people staring at me and talking about me, some said they were glad I was okay, I hate that they know and I hate that I had to pretend I'm okay when I'm not okay" softly. Ian slightly shook his head angrily hissing "then all I could think of was did they see me when I was manic and out of control, they didn't care then so why the fuck did they give a shit now" icily.

Mickey lightly squeezed Ian's hand in support and to urge Ian to keep going and Ian did and added "I just can't help think they did know but didn't know what to say or do, or thought I was just going through some pain management or some shit, at least that's what my therapist says" angrily. Mickey bumped Ian with his chest softly interjecting "you know I did think that, told Mandy you were handling it, that you needed to deal with it in your own way, think I just didn't want to see the signs of mania because I thought your disorder had nothing to do with it at all" firmly.

Ian lightly nodded but he still felt so much shame and he couldn't look at his boyfriend as he used his other hand to rub the scar on his abdomen through his shirt almost sighing as he sadly admitted "I just hate it, the scar I mean, it just reminds me of what happened and I don't know why you want to still be with me" lightly. Mickey looked over Ian's face not hesitating "told you already, you're fucking hot" humorously before sincerely adding "and you're my best friend, you've always had my back, always gave me place to go to when Terry was on one of his rambunctious rams before he got his ass landed in jail for life" firmly.

Ian looked over at Mickey to see he meant every word as he admitted with sadness in his voice "I just couldn't help think there were better looking guys there, less mentally damaged ones too and they probably aren't weak which is how I feel lately" softly. Mickey didn't get a chance to say anything as Ian continued "they aren't covered in bruises or scars or were left for dead, they aren't always looking over their shoulder flinching at the slightest sound or if anyone gets too close" softly.
Mickey didn't say anything as he saw Ian was ready to say more and he didn't want to break Ian's train of thought because he finally got Ian to talk and he was going to listen. He also knew Ian was talking about himself too and not anyone else at the bar. Ian remained silent for a few moments before slightly shook his head hating that he was admitting it all adding "the slightest sound or smell can bring me back to that night and it just makes me feel so weak because I feel like the attackers are just going jump out of the shadows and finish the fucking the job" icily.

Mickey got that feeling interjecting "that how I felt all the time growing up around Terry but it will pass eventually" firmly. Ian looked over at Mickey angrily hissing "I hate that asshole, hate that he hurt you" softly. Mickey slightly smiled but he bit his lip as he looked at Ian before replying "me too" softly. Ian let out a tense sigh "its just hard to deal with it, in hospital it was easy because it just felt like I was talking about someone else, like it happened to someone else" not hiding the confusion from his voice.

Ian rolled his eyes in frustration that hating that he wasn't making sense adding "but since I came home and go the bar now it just feels too real, it brings it all back and I hate it" sadly. Mickey moved closer to Ian replying "I know you do but your therapist said its part of the PTSD and that it will fade with time" softly. Ian wiped his face with his hand before looking at the ground sadly blurting "its not that" before falling silent.

Mickey saw Ian tense up again and he was about to say something when Ian forced out in a sad whisper "they nearly killed me because I'd rather be with you than be something I'm not like being straight" softly. Mickey totally got that because he grew up with the biggest homophobe in southside looming over him nearly every day replying "I know but they didnt, you survived and if we survived Terry then you can get through this" softly and he hated that he probably wasn't helping at all.

Ian turned sideways a little in his seat to face his boyfriend not hiding the hopelessness and sadness from his face whispering "you think so" because he really didn't think he could at all. Mickey wrapped his arm around Ian's shoulders and pulled him closer to him as he felt Ian bury his face under his neck as he told Ian "yeah I do" firmly as he felt Ian softly cry against his chest as he felt everything he had been trying to hold back come crashing down around him and he couldn't stop it.

Mickey just wrapped his arms around Ian and held him tightly as he mumbled "we'll get through this okay" softly. Ian was staring at the floor and nodded his head as he mumbled "yeah" and he found he actually believed it too as they now sat there in silence lost in their own thoughts. Mickey just felt like he was completely useless because even when Terry rarely was in jail he always went over to Ian's house and he felt like what he just told Ian made him a hypocrite even if it was survival.

But he also felt like Ian didn't seem to think so since Ian never once judged him for it all those years ago since he had heard all the stories that Mickey told him for as long as they were friends. If anything Mickey knew that he was lucky to have Ian in his life because back then it was always Ian letting him crash in his room so he wouldn't have to deal with his father when he wasn't in jail.

Chapter End Notes

What I am not happy with is that I think Mickey coming across as dismissive and insensitive of Ian's body issues over his scar and it was not my intention at all. I guess
in his own Mickey way its his way of telling Ian he doesn't see what Ian sees which is damaged and ugly. Mickey knows that nothing had changed for him towards Ian and a scar or the attack isn't going to make him change his mind on how much loves Ian. Considering how direct Mickey is with his words I don't think its too out of character for him to talk this way at all but at the same time I think it is.
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

As Ian walked down the street after his therapy appointment he realized that he felt different since his talk with Mickey. He really hated they nearly broke up but was he so glad they didn't because he didn't know what he would do without his boyfriend and his best friend in his life. They had been there for each other for as long as they could both remember and there was no way Ian ever wanted to lose what they had at all.

Ian knew that the other night was his breaking point and the lowest he felt since he left the safety of the mental hospital where he glued himself back together. And even though he still felt the cracks were still there he realized he felt stronger because he survived the worst and he was tired of living in fear too. He was also tired of being a victim like the people who bashed him wanted him to feel and he almost envied the way Mickey never let hateful people get to him but then his boyfriend had first hand experience of living with a hateful homophobic person.

All Ian knew of Terry was that he was extremely homophobic and that was all Mickey remembered of him until he landed in jail for murder with no chance of parole. Even Mandy who grew up with that shit also seemed to take no shit from anyone and Ian wondered how both of them were so likeable and caring considering the hateful environment they grew up around until Terry landed in jail ten years ago.

It didn't matter how much he talked about in therapy he just felt like he would never get past all of this at least not anytime soon. Some days he felt like he would be fine until he had to walk past a group of guys which just made him feel tense and like something bad would happen on the street. On those days Ian just felt like he was lying to himself and that he would never be okay ever again.

Then there were other days like today when Ian just felt like he had enough and felt like he wanted to fight back and take control over his life. Ian noticed he felt cold but then it was Autumn so there was that chill in the air and he sort regretted not taking his coat but he didn't think he would need it at all. He decided to briskly walk down the street just wanting to get into his warm apartment knowing that his boyfriend would be there as it was still early enough in the evening.

He knew Mickey wasn't working until later on and he had an idea that Mandy would be there too with some weed that she bought over with every time she visited. Ian thought he heard someone call his name but he ignored it and pulled up the hood of his boyfriend's navy hoodie over his head to keep him warm as he tried to ignore that uneasy feeling that was creeping up on him by the second.

When he felt a hand grab his shoulder he instantly panicked and quickly turned with his fist raised and ready to punch whoever it was that grabbed him in the street. He just about stopped himself from punching the person in front of him but he wished he didn't as he let his fist fall to his side and clenched his jaw. He coldly glared at the person before he spoke in an eerily calm voice "the fuck do you want Monica" icily.

Monica didn't notice Ian glaring at her with hatred in his eyes and if she did she didn't care as she airily replied "Ian I missed you so much, I didn't think I'd see you here" lightly. Ian looked around the busy street as people rushed passed them as he wasn't able to look at his mother who was just a real life version of his own fears. He was always afraid of going off the rails and ending up like Monica and he nearly did several months ago.
He felt Monica pull him to side of the street into the doorway of a building as she asked "so how have you been" lightly. Ian scoffed bitterly as he glared at her asking "why the fuck do you care" angrily. Monica still looked at him but ignored his question asking "haven't seen you around the south side" curiously. Ian frowned at her "why would you, haven't lived there in years" lightly and he hated that he just admitted that to her at all. Monica look surprised asking "so you got out, good for you" and seemed genuinely happy too even as she added "I'm really happy for you" firmly.

Ian just felt confused now between wanting to talk to her some more and trying to contain the rage he felt towards his mother and for the way she abandoned him and also passed on bipolar disorder. Ian really wasn't in the mood for this and he felt that claustrophobic feeling wash over him again along with the anxiety too and he just wished his boyfriend were standing beside him to calm him down.

Because right now Ian just felt like he was adrift again and he really hated that just when he thought he landed on solid ground after months of being adrift the solid ground was pulled from underneath his feet. Ian anxiously bit his lip and it was a habit he picked up from Mickey over the years as he heard Monica tell him "Fiona told me you left" curiously. Ian laughed but there was a bitterness to it as he finally looked at Monica shyly blurting out "she tell you why" softly.

Monica frowned as she slightly shook her head "no" lightly but there was concern on her face and expression. Ian wasn't fooled by it for a second because he knew Monica was unmedicated, he could see in her eyes she was in that in-between place of mania and depression. He didnt know why he decided to be honest as he blurted out in an insecure voice filled with sadness as he buried his fists in the pockets of his hoodie "I'm bipolar, its why she kicked me out, she wanted to lock me up in a mental hospital for good" softly knowing he wasn't going to tell her where he lived now.

Ian slightly shifted on his feet before added "said she didnt want to deal with another Monica so I left" softly and he didnt know why he just admitted all of that to Monica. Monica looked sad now replying "I'm sorry Ian" firmly. Ian looked at the ground as he shrugged his shoulders mumbling "it is what it is" lightly. Monica rested her hands on his shoulders replying "you want to go for coffee and talk more" curiously. Ian looked off to the side shaking his head "no" not adding Mickey's waiting for me at home.

Monica let her hands fall to her sides as she looked at Ian and wanting to comfort him hesitantly admitted "people like Fiona will never understand what its like to be us, they look at us like we're broken" softly. Ian felt angry now as he hissed "I'm not fucking broken" not adding I'm stable, I have routine and I'm on my meds and have everything I want too. Monica pleaded "I know but to people like Fiona we are, they don't get it and never will" sadly.

Ian shook his head in silent disagreement thinking that Mickey gets it so she was wrong. As he leaned back against the wall in the doorway of the building he didnt even want to tell her about Mickey because he was afraid she would find some way to ruin that too just like she ruined his life. Monica stood in front of him hating that Ian looked so sad as looked at him with a soft expression "you should never apologize for being you" firmly.

Ian softly laughed as he looked at his feet thinking that was a joke because there were people out there who did think he should apologize for who he was like the scumbags that left him for dead. Ian didnt want to be here anymore and he couldn't do this because he had enough to be dealing with without having to put up with hurricane Monica. He felt that anxiety start to overwhelm him as he shoved past her "I need to go" before he took off running as fast as he could down the street and he didnt stop until he reached home where he lived with Mickey.
Mickey was sitting on the sofa in his apartment sharing some weed with Mandy on the sofa as they watched some documentary on the TV as they made conversation. Mandy passed her brother the joint before she looked at her brother hesitantly asking "so you talk to Ian, I know you said he was kind of distant for a while" curiously. Mickey smoked some of the weed as he looked at the TV before he replied "yeah I did, we're okay now though" softly but he didn't add he hoped they were but he chose to ignore that thought not wanting to think about it if things weren't okay.

Mandy slightly nodded "good, don't know why you assholes let things get bad before dealing with it" tiredly. Mickey glared at the TV as he scoffed with aggravation in his voice "its Ian that doesn't want to talk about shit, you know what he's like" and he hoped Mandy would let it drop. Mandy picked up on that he didn't want to talk about so just nodded in silence and decided not to say anything more. She could tell by the way her brother was tense and staring at the TV while they smoked the weed that she wouldn't get anymore out of her brother.

She decided to change the conversation as she took the joint from her brother while she frowned and teased "where is Ian anyway, you two normally come in package" humouredly before laughing to herself at her joke. Mickey rolled his eyes but he couldn't disagree with her because it was true and it was said to him by some regulars at the bar. He knew it should have pissed him off but he didn't care because to him it was Ian and he didn't want to be around anyone else as much as he wanted to be around Ian. When Mandy handed him the joint he smoked a little more of it in silence before stubbing it out in the ashtray he stole from the bar on the table as he thought Ian should be home by now.

He leaned back on the sofa as he looked at the TV shrugging his shoulder while muttering "fuck if I know, I'm not his keeper, he'll be back later" nonchalantly. Mickey really hated that he felt a little worried because Ian should been home a while ago. But he just put it down to maybe Ian decided to take some time alone to walk around for a while like he sometimes did after his therapy sessions but he didn't tell Mandy that bit of information. Mandy rolled her eyes as she silently watched the TV knowing that her brother was done talking especially when they just smoked nearly a whole joint between them on the sofa.

They didn't have to wait too long until Ian burst into the apartment and slammed the door behind him before almost running into the bathroom not even noticing the two people sitting on the sofa. Mickey and Mandy just looked surprised at Ian's abrupt entrance as they watched Ian run into the bathroom when Mandy mumbled "fucks up with him" lightly. Mickey was looking at the closed bathroom door replying "fuck knows" but he knew it was probably bad.

He was just about to go talk to Ian when Ian came out of the bathroom and walked over to them and looked at Mickey with a desperate and panicked expression blustering out in a sad voice "Monica's back, I saw her in the street" pleadingly. Mandy looked at Ian and then at her brother who just looked angry as Mickey looked at Ian not hiding his concern asking "are you okay" softly. Ian paced the floor feeling a mixture of angry and confused while staring blankly at the floor feeling like he was losing it again while muttering "I hate her, I hate her, I hate her" icily hating that he was spiralling too.

Mickey had enough of Ian spiralling and walked over to him and grabbed his shoulders and when Ian looked at him he snapped "slow the fuck down and tell me what happened" firmly. Ian stopped his pacing and looked at his boyfriend feeling a sense of calm wash over him wondering how did Mickey know what he always needed, how could he read him so well as he realized Monica was so wrong.

She was wrong when she said normal people looked at people like him and Monica like they were
broken. As he silently stared at Mickey he realized Mickey wasn't looking at him like he was broken. If anything Mickey was always able to put him back together and he was the calm before the storm or after the storm or maybe all of those things all at the same time. Ian rested lightly gripped Mickey's tshirt with his hands as he let out a deep breath and felt some of that tension leave him as he started to calm down and get his thoughts together. Ian softly cleared his throat and let Mickey pull him over to the sofa.

Mickey sat down on the sofa as Ian sat on the table in front of him and he looked down at the floor mumbling "on the way home from therapy I heard someone call me, I ignored it and felt someone grab my shoulder and when I turned around she was there" before he told rest of what happened to a silent Mickey and Mandy. Mandy glanced at her brother while blurting out in a whisper "shit" softly and they all heard it. Mickey kept looking at Ian and hesitated before adding "never thought I'd ever agree with that bitch but she was right that you shouldn't have to apologize for who you are so Fiona can fuck off" firmly.

Mickey hated that Ian looked so sad as Mandy interjected "not fucking wrong about that" angrily. Ian wiped his eyes that were now all wet with unshed tears he refused to let fall with his fingers "I hate her so fucking much and how did she even know where I was" angrily but there was sadness there too. Ian wiped his nose with his the back of his hand shaking head as he glared at the floor between Mickey's feet almost shouting "she just drops into your life whenever the fuck she feels like it like nothing ever happened, like she didn't just fuck off because she was bored or whatever the fuck she was feeling" angrily and he wished he had the nerve to say it to her face before he ran away from her in the street.

Ian leaned forward resting his elbows on his knees as he rested his hands on his head while staring at the floor under his feet. Mandy was curious as she looked at Ian asking "how long she staying for this time" lightly. Mickey angrily muttered "not long if she knows what's fucking good for her" icily. Ian just groaned in frustration replying "didn't stay long enough to ask so maybe she'll fuck off and leave me alone" icily. Mickey lightly kicked Ian on the shin as he looked at him asking "what the fuck she want anyway" curiously.

Ian shrugged his shoulders replying "don't know but we'll probably find out sooner or later" as he turned his head and noticed the last bit of joint sitting in the ashtray. He picked it up and lit it as he smoked the last remains of it before putting it out in the ashtray and shoved himself between Mickey and Mandy on the sofa not wanting to talk about it anymore.

They silently watched the TV but Ian was still caught up in his own thoughts over Monica and he really hated that she had so much of an affect on him because it was quite obvious she didnt care about him at all. He didnt know why he hated her so much and there was a part of him that was afraid he would end up like her and always running in and out of Mickey's life.

He knew it wouldn't happen because he loved his boyfriend too much to actually do it but he was still scared she would turn him against everyone with her lies. He just hoped he would never see her again after he ran away from her and that she would take it as a hint he wanted nothing to do with her at all. Ian felt an elbow in his ribs and looked over to see Mickey was looking at him asking "you okay" not hiding the concern from his voice and expression.

Ian let out a sigh as he discreetly moved closer to Mickey and looked at him nodding his head "yeah I will be" softly. Mickey slightly grinned at him as he nudged his shoulder with his own whispering "good" before looking back at the TV. Ian felt the tension and anger deflate from him as he decided he wouldn't let the return of Monica get him because he knew she probably forgot about him already. Ian just silently glanced at Mandy and then his boyfriend who were focused on the TV before he decided that if Monica showed up again he would tell her to leave him alone for good.
Chapter End Notes

Hope it wasn't too unrealistic with Monica showing up.
Chapter 17

It was Mickey's night off so he was with Ian in the bar they got kicked out of months ago the night Ian was attacked. It was a busy night and Ian noticed he didn't really mind the crowded room as long as he didn't think about it too much and it probably helped that Mickey was right beside him too. As he listened to Mickey bitch about people in the room and making up pretend stories about who they were and what kind of lives they lived Ian couldn't help but laugh along and it made him relax too.

As they stood in the corner of the room drinking non alcoholic beers Ian slightly laughed "can't believe we got back in here" humouredly as he leaned back against the wall while looking around the room. Mickey stood beside Ian facing him as he leaned his shoulder against the wall while he scoffed "told you they fucking wouldn't remember us" humouredly. Ian rolled his eyes as he looked over at his boyfriend as he mocked "yeah yeah whatever" lightly.

Mickey shook his head at Ian in amusement knowing that Ian knew he was right but wouldn't admit it as he retorted "not my fault I'm right" humorously. Ian scoffed as he slightly laughed while drinking his beer before looking around the room wondering was coming back here a good idea. He knew he talked about doing it in therapy and it seemed like a good idea at the time but now that he was here he was having second thoughts because it felt too real.

The reason he wanted to do it was to try and remember completely what happened that night. Since that night he could only remember bits and pieces along with what Mickey had told him but he just felt like it wasn't enough. He just felt like he needed to go back there to see if he could trigger his memories because when he tried to remember the memories always seemed out of reach.

He wasn't worried about it all undoing the progress he had made over the last number of months. If anything he felt much stronger now and knew he had dealt with it enough that by going back there it wouldn't be as traumatizing. It had been something he was working towards over the last few weeks and he spent the last few days trying to convince his boyfriend that this was what he needed to do to finally move past it all.

Ian just explained he needed to do it and while Mickey argued he told him everything that happened Ian just told him it wasn't enough. He needed to go back there and face his fears if he was to move on from it because talking about it wasn't enough and he needed to go there to know for sure if he had recovered from the PTSD. Ian was just glad that Mickey finally calmed down enough to see Ian's point of view and agreed to go with him for moral support and Mickey told him he wasn't letting him go back there alone. Ian just laughed at Mickey for it but at the same time he was glad he didn't have to go there alone and he was hoping Mickey would go with him too.

But now as they stood in the bar Ian was wondering if he was pushing himself too much and way too soon. He was starting to think this was all a bad idea but he just decided that he was here now and he wasn't backing out of what he wanted to do tonight. Mickey seemed to noticed Ian looked tense and lightly poked him in the ribs with his finger as he asked "you alright" lightly. Ian cleared his throat before drinking some his beer as looked up from the groud to face Mickey hesitantly mumbling "yeah just thinking" softly.

Mickey stepped a little closer to Ian asking "you sure this is a good idea" not hiding the doubt he felt from his voice. Ever since Ian told him he wanted to go back to where he was attacked
Mickey just thought it was a bad idea even though Ian said it was something he needed to do. Ian shrugged his shoulder as he drank some more of his beer and looked across the room replying "probably not but its something I need to do" lightly.

Mickey looked over at Ian as he told him "I already told you what happened" lightly but he didnt add that he never wanted to go back to that place ever again. Ian nodded and looked to the ground before looking at Mickey replying "I know but think I just need to go there again, it might help me move past it too" softly. Mickey held Ian's hand in his own while he looked over Ian's face replying "I know" softly and he paused before adding "maybe I need to do it too, dont know why" softly but he also knew he would do anything for Ian.

Ian lightly squeezed Mickey's hand with his own as he looked at him replying "I know we came here before but I dont really remember it because I was drunk but I feel ready to face it again" lightly. Mickey kind of thought that he wasnt but he knew Ian needed to do it asking "you want to go now" curiously. Ian rubbed his head with his other hand before frowning and looking at Mickey telling him "yeah before I get all weird again and back out of it but I'm not standing outside in the cold so I'll just tell you what I remember" firmly.

Mickey softly laughed at Ian who lightly hit him in the stomach as he looked at him "stop laughing at me" lightly. Mickey rolled his eyes replying "you want to go back to beside that alley but you don't want to stand in the cold" humouredly. Ian rolled his eyes as he moved to stand in front of Mickey and pushed him back against the wall not looking away from him "anyway I remember I kissed you and then I left to go back to my apartment, I heard footsteps behind me and I thought it was you so I turned around and two guys called me a faggot and kicked the shit out of me before stabbing me and then I woke up in the hospital" lightly.

Mickey rested his hand on Ian's hip as he frowned at Ian asking "you remember all that" curiously. Ian nodded while stepping closer to Mickey so their chests were lightly touching while looking downwards replying "yeah but its blurry, I know you told me what happened and since I've talked about it in therapy bits of it come back every now and again" softly.

Mickey put his bottle on the table beside them before lightly gripping Ian's hips with his hands and pulled Ian closer to him as he looked at him "how do you mean" curiously. Ian rested his hands on Mickey's ribs before looking up at him replying "the flashbacks can be anything, someone can bump into me in the street, someone using a dinner knife for chopping vegetables, for some reason someone dropping a glass at work makes me a little jumpy" shyly.

Ian swallowed the build up of saliva down his throat before adding "it can be anything sometimes, I just got to learn how to deal with it" softly. Mickey didn't know about that and he looked a little sad and hurt asking "why didn't you tell me" lightly. Ian shrugged his shoulders replying "didn't want to bother you, knew you would just worry about me" lightly. Mickey pulled Ian right up against him so Ian was standing between his legs as he looked at Ian while slightly smirking "always going to worry about you" lightly. Ian softly laughed as he rolled his eyes muttering "yeah I know" humouredly.

Mickey slightly laughed at Ian as he leaned forward and kissed his boyfriend on the lips and then silently looked at him deciding he needed to be honest almost sighing with regret in his voice "should have went home with you that night" in a whisper. Ian slightly nodded knowing that Mickey had said this to him before as he looked at him while softly replying "don't blame yourself but I think the same too, that I should have just went with you" softly.

Ian lightly rubbed his hands along Mickey's sides adding in a sad tone "but we can't change it and we need to move forward" softly. Mickey bitterly scoffed slightly shaking his head as he looked down at the ground before forcing out "I know but I just feel like I cant do it," shyly before adding "you nearly died and I cant forget it" softly. Ian nodded and he hated his boyfriend looked so
scared and sad too while replying "but I didn't and I think every person in this room gets it but we can't live fear, I need to move on from this so I'm going to live my life and fuck those assholes, they won't stop me from coming here or to any other gay bar or stop me from loving you" firmly.

Mickey softly laughed as he slightly felt embarrassed at the way Ian was looking at him so intensely so he muttered "yeah okay tough guy" humouredly but there was a defensiveness in his voice too. Ian just grinned as he looked up at the spot above Mickey's head before looking at him adding "I'm not going to pretend to be something I'm not" firmly.

Mickey inhaled slowly as he slid his hand around Ian's lower back while looking at him replying "yeah me too anyway those assholes got nothing on Terry Milkovich" sarcastically. Ian softly laughed "oh yeah, isn't he in jail for murder, who did he kill" curiously. Mickey anxiously bit his lip not sure if he should tell Ian this considering what happened to him months ago.

Ian leaned his body against his boyfriend as he looked at him asking "come on tell me, you never did whenever I asked" lightly as he let his hands rest on Mickey's hips. Mickey rolled his eyes as he looked at Ian "he used to go on fag bashes, he killed two guys not far from here but he got careless and got caught, he thought people wouldn't give a shit because they were gay but he was wrong and there was witnesses and shit so the cops got him on that and other charges too" firmly.

Ian frowned muttering "not surprised there's more" lightly. Mickey softly laughed before adding "Iggy gave the cops some more information on Terry like the drug and prostitution ring he was running so he was put in jail for that along with a hate crime charge" lightly before laughing gleefully while smirking at Ian. Ian softly laughed "why am I not surprised, just don't get why you never told me" softly.

Mickey shrugged his shoulders "didn't want to dump my shit on you, anyway once he was gone I just wanted to forget about him and get on with my life also I figured you had enough to be dealing with at the time with Monica running in and out of your life back then" softly. Ian lightly nodded knowing that was true as Mickey looked across the room while he added in a sad tone "it took me long time to get comfortable with being gay never mind be in a place like this or work in one" softly.

Mickey glanced at Ian hesitantly admitting "but you helped me with that so I wanted to focus on us at the time, you were more important to me" softly. Ian slightly nodded in agreement because he remembered how hard it was for his best friend at first when they both told each other they were gay one night at the baseball field. Ian looked at Mickey "guess I was lucky my family didn't give a shit" lightly before looked at the ground again adding with bitterness "just wish they were the same about my bipolar" icily.

Mickey silently looked at Ian as he pulled him closer even though there was no space left between their bodies and Mickey just felt warm and relaxed with Ian standing in front of him pressing him into the wall. Mickey lightly gripped the back of Ian's hoodie with his hand and when Ian rested his forehead on his shoulder he whispered in Ian's ear "I love you you know, should have told you before that night, think I always did but didn't want to see it, felt like I wasn't good enough" not hiding the self loathing in his voice.

Ian lifted his head to face his boyfriend and looked at him intensely before replying "I know you love me, think you always did in your own way and I love you too so much" softly before letting out a small insecure shy laugh. Mickey softly laughed while slightly shaking his head knowing that was true and he didn't tell Ian he would tell him he loved him as much as he could but with the way Ian was looking at him right now he knew he didn't need to because he had a feeling Ian knew that already.

Ian lightly kissed Mickey on the lips which grew more intense and heated and filled with desire.
and he really hated they were in public right now especially when Mickey just pulled them closer together as they intensely made out in the dimly lit corner of the bar. When they stopped to breathe Ian rested his forehead against Mickey's as he looked at him while he made a decision and blurted out hesitantly "after we leave here tonight, we dont look back" firmly.

Ian grew a little more confident even as his boyfriend looked a little confused so he cleared his throat while resting his hand on Mickey's neck adding "when we leave I dont want to think about happened anymore, I dont want to keep being angry at something I cant change, I just want to move on after tonight" firmly. Mickey slightly grinned at Ian replying "then we'll do that" firmly.

Ian silently looked over his boyfriends face as he asked "so you want to leave now, go to the spot and do what I need to do and then go home" lightly before adding in a suggestive tone "and do other things" lightly. Mickey softly laughed while he lightly gripped Ian's sides as he grinned "yeah why the fuck not, so what you waiting for" lightly. Ian softly laughed "lets get the fuck out of here" humoredly. Ian kept his arm over Mickey's shoulder as the walked towards the door and left the club for the night.

As they walked out onto the street Mickey went to pull away knowing that Ian may be a little uncomfortable but he was surprised when Ian woudn't let him go. Ian just looked at him in confusion while he asked "where the fuck you going" lightly. Mickey softly laughed as he put his arm back around Ian's back while admitting "just thought you would prefer it" knowing that Ian never really liked things that drew attention to them like they were right now grinning at each other with arms around each other too.

As they walked down the street Ian lightly kissed the side of Mickey's head before replying "not anymore, dont care who knows, not hiding remember" firmly not really feeling as brave and confident as he sounded but he figured he would get there eventually. When they got to the spot where Ian was stabbed Ian silently looked around as he realized he really didnt need to come here at all.

As he looked at he spot where he was attacked he realized he didnt see what he could have done any differently because it happened too fast. He knew he fought back as much as he could but he was outnumbered and he decided he was done with blaming himself for it too. He also realized that night wasn't his fault and even though he felt angry and humiliated over it he realized that was what his attackers wanted, they wanted him to feel shame and be disgusted for being himself.

Ian softly laughed and turned to face his boyfriend who was looking at him with confusion and worry in his expression. Ian looked at the ground before looking at Mickey admitting in a calm voice "I just realized I dont think I needed to come here at all, that night wasn't my fault, it happened too quick and I'm done blaming myself and feeling shame and disgust over it, that's what they want and they dont get to make me feel that way, its them that should be feeling shame and disgust, not me" firmly.

Ian bitterly scoffed as he rubbed his head with his hand adding "I'm done letting them have power over me, I'm not blaming myself for their shit anymore, its not my fault they hate themselves so much they take it out on me so I'm fucking done fucking done with all this bullshit" angrily. Mickey softly laughed as they stood in the empty street while he looked at Ian with nothing but love for the guy on his face "okay then but did you really need come down here to know that" softly.

Ian nodded as he stepped right up against his boyfried and didnt look away from him replying "yeah I did and so did you so after tonight no more blaming ourselves for this shit, it's not our
fucking fault so we need start acting like it, I'm going to do what you did with Terry because assholes like that are just pieces of shit and nothing else" firmly. Mickey stopped smiling as he looking at Ian knowing it was good point as he lightly gripped Ian's arms with his hands whispering "yeah youre right" softly.

They both silently looked at each other and Mickey knew Ian was right as he admitted "just want to forget about it too, want what we have now a lot more, so focus on that and not be pissed off about that night, just forget it because those assholes arent worth it" firmly. Mickey let out a tense sigh as admitted in a sad tone "and as you said we cant change it no matter how much we want to" lightly.

Ian slightly grinned and he noticed Mickey was trying to reassure himself so he replied "exactly so want to get out here and go home" firmly. Mickey softly laughed replying "yeah but one last thing" softly before angrily adding "if I see those assholes again I'll fucking kill them" icily. Ian laughed before he sighed "I know you will and I'll fucking help you" firmly.

Ian put his arm over Mickey's shoulders and pulled his boyfriend with him to walk down the street muttering "lets go home" lightly. Mickey softly laughed as he put his arm around Ian and pulled him close muttering "yeah why the fuck not" before the fell into easy conversation about their night at the bar as they walked home together.

Chapter End Notes

I hope this didnt feel too rushed, the story isn't over yet as I have another 10 chapters that are roughly written but need to be finished and then the final chapter but I haven't decided how to end the story yet. I was going to end it here but it felt too soon so there is still more to come.
Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Ian walked into his apartment and shut the door behind him wondering how was he going to tell Mickey what happened before he came home from work. As he walked over to the fridge he saw Mickey sitting at the kitchen table with Mandy eating some dinner when Mandy told him "there's some in the pot" lightly. Ian nodded and got a plate and put his food on it before he sat down beside Mickey and silently ate his dinner while not really listening to Mandy tell Mickey about how she was now in a relationship and she didn't know it either.

Mickey laughed "how the fuck did you not know" humouredly as he shovelled food into his mouth. Mandy felt defensive as she mumbled "I don't fucking know, its not like we agreed on it or said anything" lightly. Mandy ate some of her food before asking "anyway how the fuck did you know you were in a relationship" angrily. Mickey glanced over at Ian as he muttered "its what we both wanted and admitted we wanted it right Ian" lightly.

When Ian didn't say anything Mickey lightly punched him on the arm glaring at him almost hissing "are you fucking listening" firmly. Ian who had been lost in his own thoughts blinked and looked at Mandy who just looked amused at him before he looked at Mickey with a confused expression. Mickey shook his head in disbelief "Mandy here didn't know she was in a relationship, wants to know how we knew were in one" lightly before going back to eating his food.

Ian frowned as he looked at his plate before looking at Mandy telling her "we decided its what we wanted, we wanted more than being friends" lightly. Mickey humorously interjected "its really not that hard to ask Mandy" firmly. Mandy rolled her eyes as she swallowed down some of her food retorting "Ian's practically in love with you for years and you have been in love with him for months, its not like you needed to ask" angrily.

Mickey ignored his sister and looked at Ian asking "fucks up with you anyway, you've been weird since you came home" curiously. Ian gently put his fork on his plate as he hesitantly forced out "I saw Monica again on the way home" lightly. Mickey glared at Ian asking "thefuck does she want" angrily. Ian glanced at Mickey mumbling "she wanted to talk to me" lightly. Mickey and Mandy heard him and Mickey was about to snap but Mandy interjected "will you fucking let him talk" lightly.

Mickey let out a tense sigh and noticing the way Ian seemed to be closing himself off to them he decided to take Mandy's advice and be quiet. Mandy looked at Ian asking "what did she say" lightly. Ian ate some more food as he got his thoughts together and looked at his plate telling them "she told me she was leaving Chicago for good, asked me if I wanted to go with her" lightly.

Ian looked at Mandy and then looked at Mickey adding "I told her no because my life was here were you guys, that I dont want to be running off across America at least not with her" firmly. Ian noticed Mickey just looked relieved but the fear was still there in his eyes before he looked away from Ian and ate his food in silence. Ian noticed his boyfriend looked tense and he didn't blame him so added "told her that I didn't know her and she didn't know me because she was never around when I needed her and I wasn't leaving with her only for her to run off on me again because she got bored" firmly.

Ian lightly kicked Mickey on the ankle with his foot and when Mickey looked at him he told him "I'm not going to leave" firmly and he didn't hide how much he meant it too. Mickey silently nodded his head in acceptance and he visibly relaxed knowing that Ian wasn't going anywhere.
Mandy looked at Ian asking "what else you tell her" curiously. Ian ate some of his food as he told her "told her I dont even hate her anymore, that she's complete stranger to me and I dont want her in my life, that if she died I wouldnt give a shit" firmly.

Mickey finally looked at Ian "fuck she say to that" curiously. Ian bitterly scoffed "told me since she was never coming back I'd never see her again" lightly. Mickey scoffed "fucking bitch" angrily. Mandy nodded in agreement muttering "hope you told her to fuck off" angrily. Ian slightly shifted in his seat telling them "I told her I'd be quite happy to never see her again, tired of her dropping into my life just because she's bored or whatever, told her to leave and never come near me ever again" softly.

There was a silence before Ian added "told her she doesnt know me, she's never been there when I needed her so its a bit late to start now and then I walked away from her in the street" lightly. Mickey shook his head in disbelief angrily scoffed "bitch better fucking stay away for good" firmly. Mandy interjected "fucking right" as she got back to eating her food.

Ian didnt know if he should say this as he softly added "she asked for a lend of few thousand dollars and that she would pay me back but I told her no chance" firmly. Mickey just felt angry now "that's probably what she wanted all along" angrily. Ian nodded in agreement "yeah probably for drugs or some shit, its all she cares about and probably why she wanted me to go with her" lightly.

Mandy added "better off without her Ian" lightly. Ian looked at her replying "yeah I know, just hope I never see her again" lightly. They finished their food in short silences and easy conversations as all three of them wanted to forget all about Monica and Ian was grateful they knew he didnt want to talk about Monica anymore.

A few hours later Mandy had left the apartment as she had somewhere else to be for the rest of night. Mickey was glad to see her leave as he just wanted to be alone with Ian and smoke some weed with his boyfriend without his sometimes annoying sister in the way. As Ian was in the toilet Mickey lit up a joint and lay down on the sofa resting his head on the arm rest and putting the ashtray on his stomach.

Mickey just smoked the joint and closed his eyes feeling glad that both he and Ian had a night off. Ian was over at the kitchen sink drinking a glass of water as he silently looked at his boyfriend smoking some weed knowing he wasnt lying when he told Monica he wasnt leaving Chicago. Ian didnt know how he could leave at all and he knew it would destroy Mickey and it would probably destroy him too in the process.

Ian knew that this right now was the happiest he had ever been in nearly a year and he couldn't believe how long it was but he finally got to a place where he really did feel happy. Being happy was something he never thought he would ever feel again and as he lightly scratched at the scar on his abdomen he realized he had come a long way since he nearly died. He noticed the nightmares were nearly gone and when he did have them they werent as intense or felt like they were really happening at all.

He also noticed he was no longer crying in the middle of the night after he had a nightmare and was easily able to go back to sleep. It probably helped that Mickey was beside him too and it just made him so grateful that he wasnt alone. He also noticed that at work that uneasy feeling he had on busy nights was starting to fade and it was also a lot easier to talk about in therapy too.

He thought going back to where the attack happened helped him move on a lot but he also felt like
having Mickey right beside him all the time was a big help too. Now that Monica had disappeared from his life again he knew he made the right decision and he decided not to think about her anymore. He also knew she had probably forgotten about him already and he didn't care because she was never around at all when he was growing up.

He knew that her leaving again when she didn't get what she wanted didn't affect him in the slightest bit and never would because he knew she never cared about him and he was strangely okay with that too because the feeling was mutual. What he had with Mickey was important to him and he wanted it more than anything in the world and since he finally got Mickey as his boyfriend there was no way he was ever letting him go.

Ian slightly laughed to himself as he put his empty glass in the sink and walked over the sofa and sat on top of his boyfriend just below his abdomen as he watched his boyfriend with closed eyes and a soft smile on his face. Ian rolled his eyes as he took the joint out of the ashtray and inhaled some of it as he felt Mickey rest his hands on his hips. Ian blew out some of the smoke as he grinded down on Mickey while asking "the fuck you grining at" humouredly.

Mickey slightly laughed wishing Ian would quit doing what he was doing or keep doing it, he really couldn't decide as he looked at Ian sitting on top of him replying "not a fucking thing" lightly. Ian softly laughed as he smoked some more of the joint and handed it to his boyfriend muttering "sure you aren't" humoredly. Mickey rolled his eyes while silently smoking some more weed and handed it to Ian who took it off him as he looked at him intensely before he spoke "you know I'd never leave you" firmly.

Ian knew it was a fear that Mickey had and he knew Mickey had to be thinking that ever since he came home earlier and admitted he talked to Monica. Mickey silently looked at Ian not hiding the fear that he felt replying "I know" firmly and he really meant it too but it didn't mean he wasn't afraid because he had abandonment issues and he was just glad Ian understood he needed reassurance from time to time.

Ian slightly grinned and he pushed down on Mickey muttering "good" firmly. Mickey softly laughed muttering "quit it or do something, one or the other" humoredly. Ian softly laughed with a smirk on his face muttering "quite like it here for now" humoredly. Mickey just rolled his eyes before slowly looking over Ian deciding to do something about his stupid smirk as he took the joint off his idiot boyfriend.

He smoked some of the weed and inhaled another bit of it before stubbing it out in the ashtray and placing it on the floor. He intensely looked at Ian and he didn't know if it was Ian or the weed but he didn't care because all he wanted was Ian. He reached up and lightly gripped Ian's tshirt and pulled him towards him and intensely kissed Ian as they shotgunned the weed. Ian inhaled the smoke as he lay down between Mickey's legs and softly groaned when Mickey slid his hand under his tshirt as they made out on the sofa.

They didn't know how much time had passed but they were both shirtless and lying half naked on top of each other both of them out of breath as their kisses grew more heated and intense. The TV was now on some music station playing rock and metal music adding to the atmosphere of their own bubble on the sofa.

Ian thought of something so stopped kissing his boyfriend and leaned back to look at him with a frown asking in a light whisper "what did Mandy mean you were in love with me for months" curiously. Mickey almost whined at way Ian just stopped kissing him and touching him all over as he pulled his hand from under the back of Ian's jeans. Mickey sighed in frustration as he lightly rested his hands on Ian's ribs while attempting to glare at him too.

Mickey felt out of breath as he looked at Ian with pure disbelief on his face asking "you seriously..."
asking me this now" trying but failing to sound angry. He also hated he sounded out of breath too but Ian had that effect him which he hated at a lot but right now he just wanted to get back to what he was doing with his boyfriend because he was two seconds away from fucking him on the sofa. Ian anxiously bit his lip as he looked down at the floor not hiding the insecurity from his face.

Mickey noticed the change in Ian and relaxed as he rested his hand on the back of Ian's neck. Mickey looked over Ian's face deciding to be honest "after you nearly died it took me a while to realize I liked you as more than a friend, I probably loved you then but didn't want to admit it to myself" shyly. Ian frowned a little forcing himself to look at Mickey hesitantly asking "really" in a whisper.

Mickey didn't want to talk about this now and he really hated Mandy for saying that in front of Ian because he wanted to tell Ian himself on his own terms. But he figured they were talking about it now as he looked at Ian replying "yeah, it wasn't really until just before you went into the mental hospital that I knew I loved you, I just didn't tell you because I knew you needed to focus on yourself but in the second month" but he fell silent wondering if he should go on.

When Ian remained silent Mickey decided to add "I just needed you to know that I fucking love you, knew how alone you were in there and I wanted you to know you weren't alone, so you happy now" firmly. Ian almost widely grinned but he bit his lip looking downwards whispering "yeah" softly. Ian was resting on his forearms and he looked at his boyfriend adding "I just wanted to know, when Mandy said it I kind of felt bad because I more or less told you to back off, that I needed to work through my own shit first, you know" not hiding the insecurity in his voice.

Mickey wasn't having it and rested his hands on Ian's ribs and taking comfort in Ian's warm skin under his fingers looked at him hesitantly blurting out "told you the same thing years ago remember" not hiding the sadness in his voice. Sometime Mickey really hated that Ian dragged the honesty out of him but right now he knew it was what Ian needed so he would be honest because he loved Ian so much and hated the way Ian would torture himself sometimes with his overthinking everything in his head.

Ian nodded as he looked down at the floor again feeling satisfied with the answer mumbling "yeah" softly. Mickey rested his hand against the side of Ian's head still looking at him replying "we got there eventually, did what we needed to do for ourselves at the time" lightly. Ian softly laughed as he looked at his boyfriend mumbling "yeah we did" lightly. Ian didn't want to ask if that night never happened would they be here now in a relationship.

He was too afraid of what the answer would be and he also knew what the statement would sound like too. Mickey noticed Ian slipped into his own thoughts again so he decided to be honest and admitted "even if that night never happened I would have made a move eventually you know" firmly. Ian looked at him with a surprised expression thinking that was his question answered as he hesitantly asked "really" shyly.

Mickey slightly nodded his head admitting "yeah" but he didn't add no way was I letting some other asshole snatch you up. Ian softly grinned as he shrugged his shoulder looking down at his boyfriend "better late than never"softly. Mickey smirked at Ian muttering impatiently "yeah so can we get back to what we were doing please, you're fucking killing me here" trying but failing to sound angry. Ian softly laughed mumbling "yeah okay" lightly before they got back to what they had been doing for the last while. Ian felt himself relax now that his mind was no longer racing with insecure thoughts anymore because when he came home he just felt unnerved and unsettled which he hated a lot.

But for some reason Mickey was always able to put his fears and insecurities to rest as he realized that what they had now was the right time for it to happen now they were both on the same page. As things became much more intimate in the privacy of their own apartment Ian just felt so lucky
at this moment in time. He knew that this moment right now with his boyfriend was probably up there in his favourite memories along with the night he told Mickey he loved him at the baseball field.

Chapter End Notes

This is probably a filler chapter even though I never meant it to be that at all. Just wanted to show friendship and normalcy among all the other stuff.
As Ian sat in his seat at the bar drinking a non alcoholic beer he was still quite amused at the fact that Mickey ran off a guy that had been hitting on him for half an hour. Ian had politely told the guy that was around his age and not bad looking that he already had a boyfriend who was working behind the bar right now. The guy didn't take the hint and just kept talking to Ian and Ian found him quite amusing. He also noticed the way Mickey would glare at the guy every now and again when he was working close to where they were sitting at the bar.

He found it even more amusing that his boyfriend finally snapped and told the guy to fuck off before he followed through on the threat written across his knuckles. Needless to say moderately attractive northside guy nearly shit himself and couldn't get away quick enough to which Ian just looked at Mickey and tried not to laugh. Mickey was now standing front of Ian grumbling "are you trying to fucking piss me off" angrily.

Ian softly laughed as he looked at his boyfriend "no, I told him you were my boyfriend but he wouldn't listen" lightly. Mickey scoffed in disbelief "diedn't look like you had him convinced" lightly. Ian stood up and grabbed Mickey's arms and pulled Mickey up against him "I know but I have to pass the time somehow" as he looked over Mickey's face. Mickey glared at Ian with a rasied eyebrow "so you flirt with that asshole" trying but failing to hide just how insecure he was over guys talking to Ian.

Ian decided not to tease anymore because he knew Mickey was afraid he would leave some day so he rested his hands on Mickey's hips looking at his boyfriend with a sincere expression "I didnt flirt back and I wouldn't do that to you" firmly. Mickey looked over Ian's face looking for any hint of a lie and when he saw none he visibly relaxed as he rested his hand on Ian's stomach and lightly pulled at his tshirt to pull them closer together hating that he felt an insecure asshole because he had abandonment issues.

Ian didn't look away as he let Mickey pull them closer together adding "I only want you and no one else so you dont have to worry about me leaving you for someone else" firmly. Mickey slightly shook his head accepting Ian's words as he fought the beginning of a smile so he looked down at the floor scoffing "what did the asshole want anyway" lightly but there was defensiveness there too.

Ian noticed the small smile but said nothing of it instead replying "claimed he was from the southside but I could tell he was lying so I just tried to catch him out all the time" humouredly. Mickey laughed at his boyfriend "youre an idiot" lightly. Ian shrugged his shoulders as he looked at Mickey with an amused expression "so youve said before" lightly.

Mickey looked at Ian as he rested his hand on the back of his neck and let his other hand rest just below Ian's ribs as he lightly kissed Ian on the lips hating that he had to get back to work. Ian just pulled them closer together and deepend the kiss as he let out a soft groan wishing they could go home right now. Mickey heard his co-worker call him and he very reluctantly stopped kissing his boyfriend. He rested his forehead against Ian's and looked at him mumbling grumpily "got to go back to work" lightly.

Ian softly laughed as he lightly kissed Mickey again before looking at him "so go, I'll be here" lightly. Mickey willed himself to walk away but he didn't asking "you not going home, I still got a few hours left" lightly. Ian sat back down on his seat replying "its fine I'll wait" lightly.
softly laughed "you're fucking choice but if I were you I'd go home have some beer and weed and then go to bed" humorously before he walked away from Ian and got back to work.

Ian laughed at the knowing exactly what they got up to on those nights as he went back to drinking his beer and talking to some of the regulars he knew at the bar. When he wasn't talking to them he just kept flirting with Mickey and generally trying to embarrass his boyfriend but he secretly knew Mickey loved the attention. Any time Mickey had to go collect empty glasses he always dumped them on the bar beside Ian and he knew right now Ian was nothing but a distraction that he didn't need since his boss was also working tonight.

As much as Mickey really loved Ian he had reached the end of his patience with his boyfriend always distracting him along with his bad flirting. Any other night he would be okay with it but not tonight so when he dumped the empty glasses on the bar beside Ian he decided he needed to talk to Ian who was sitting on the seat looking at him with a slight grin on his face. Mickey rubbed his face with his hand as he looked at Ian forcing out "you've got to stop that" firmly.

Ian just looked at him with mild shock innocently asking "what did I do" humorously even though he knew what he was doing. Mickey softly laughed "you know what" firmly not adding you're distracting me on purpose. Ian moved to stand in front of Mickey while he smirked "no I don't know what" humorously before pushing his boyfriend up against the bar.

Mickey let Ian push him back against the bar and looked around to see his boss was no where in sight before he rested his hand on Ian's chest and lightly gripped his tshirt with his fingers. Mickey pulled Ian right up against him before looking at him and in a pleading tone "Ian you got to back off, our asshole boss is here tonight, we're going to get fired" lightly.

Ian softly laughed as he looked at his boyfriend shyly asking "you want me to go" curiously. Mickey scoffed "no I don't want you to go but its going to go easier if you let me get on with my job and stop fucking distracting me" firmly. Ian grinned and then looked bashful replying "I'm distracting am I" humorously before stepping right up against his boyfriend and looked at him intensely before adding "you're distracting too" firmly.

Mickey slightly laughed and looked at the floor hating that Ian always made him feel embarrassed while lightly gripping Ian's hips with his hands. Ian rested his hand on the back of Mickey's neck and went to kiss his boyfriend but Mickey wasn't having it and rested his hand on Ian's chest as he looked at him replying "I'm already in the shit house for running that asshole off from earlier, fucking asshole made a complaint about me, going beat the shit out of him if he's still here later" angrily.

Ian leaned closer to Mickey "how about I do it for you" lightly. Mickey hated telling Ian to go away but he really didn't want to lose this job and ignored Ian by replying "no, can you just go sit somewhere else, please, we cant lose our jobs" firmly and he didn't hide the desperation in his eyes. Ian silently looked at him before shaking his head knowing his boyfriend was right replying "yeah okay, come find me when you're finished" lightly but there was no anger in his voice or expression.

Mickey noticed it and felt relieved as Ian just grumpily picked up his drink and looked at Mickey with a grumpy expression but there was amusement in his eyes as he walked away into the crowded room. As Mickey watched his pretending to be grumpy and offended boyfriend walk away from him he softly laughed "so fucking dramatic" lightly as he got back to work feeling relieved he wouldn't be fired at least not tonight.
As Ian walked around the room he talked to a few people he knew in the bar for a while before he sat down in one of the booths along the wall knowing that it wouldn't be long now until Mickey was finished work. He also felt like he had enough socializing for one night and he needed a break because he was starting to feel overwhelmed and just wanted to be alone right now.

His therapist had been suggesting he spend more time interacting with people at the bar and learning to take chances and trust people again but sometimes Ian just found it hard while other days he found it easy. Sometimes he felt like was making good progress and getting somewhere while other days he just felt like he took several steps backwards and was getting nowhere.

But sometimes Ian was starting to feel like he had completely recovered from the homophobic attack that happen to him nearly a year ago. As he looked around the busy bar from his seat waiting for his boyfriend to finish work so they could spend some time together outside of their apartment. Ian just hated he couldn't sit at the bar anymore since he was forced over here by his boyfriend hours ago because yes he was distracting his boyfriend any chance he got and he didn't see who could blame him for it either.

But he also got Mickey asking him to sit somewhere else because their boss could be an asshole and probably fire them both so he wasn't mad at his boyfriend. As Ian sat on his own alone with his thoughts he realized he felt happy again too and he didn't hate himself anymore.

For a long while he struggled with hating himself and feeling shame over his attack and that it was somehow his fault too. He always wondered what gave him away along with what gave the attackers the sign he was gay and what he could have done to prevent the attack from taking place on the street that night. Ian knew he didn't look gay or act gay in a stereotypical way and it just made him wonder did they just attack him because he dared to kiss his best friend that night.

It just made Ian hate himself for a while and it made him ashamed to be gay despite the fact he was never ashamed of it before that awful night. For a long while after the attack he just felt shame and disgust directed towards himself and that he should have been more careful. But that night he didn't feel like being careful, he didn't see why he should be careful since straight people could nearly fuck each other in the middle of the street and no one would bat an eyelid.

Ian didn't see what he did wrong because all he did was kiss his best friend and tell him he loved him before he went home for the night. It just made him wonder why some people thought he deserved to die for that and he didn't understand it at all. He didn't understand the hatred directed towards him because he knew he didn't deserve it at all. Ian just hated that it made him feel fear for loving his best friend for months until he decided he was no longer going to hate himself anymore.

He didn't see why he should punish himself when he had already dealt with enough over the last number of months. He decided if anyone should be feeling shame and disgust it was his attackers because they were just hateful people. Ian didn't want to be caught up in hatred and revenge and self loathing because it took up too much energy. He just wanted to focus all his energy on his boyfriend and getting his life back together and move on from it and he couldn't do any of that if he was caught up in hatred for people who didn't deserve the energy to be hated.

Even the panic attacks that Ian had were few and far between now and when he did have one he was able to calm himself down and it made him feel like it was a small victory too. It meant he was able to come down to bar on busy nights and sit on his own if he had to wait until Mickey finished work. He just felt in control of himself now that he was able to calm himself down if he felt too anxious or if he was starting to have a panic attack.

After the attack Ian knew he never wanted to leave his apartment ever again. But now that he had survived it and had been through the mania and getting stable on his meds again he realized how close he came to losing everything. He nearly lost his best friend and Mandy by pushing them
away and if he hadn't decided to check himself into hospital to get back on his meds he knew he wouldn't have survived at all because deep down inside he really just wanted to die.

But the night before he checked himself into hospital he knew it was his low point and now he was just glad he decided to get better and back on his meds again. Ian just felt glad he got better and dealt with what happened to him because he knew if he didn't he would just be all alone now. But now that so much time had passed and he wasn't thinking about the attack so much anymore he realized he didn't feel afraid at all.

He knew who he was and he wasn't going to be something he wasn't so some assholes could feel more comfortable. He never did pretend to be something he wasn't and he wasn't about to start that now because of the attack. If anything it just made him more determined to love his boyfriend and he wasn't going to let some assholes put him off living his own life anymore.

He wasn't even fixated on his scarred abdomen anymore. If anything it just made him realize how far he had come from that night and it probably helped that Mickey didn't give a shit about it at all. Ian just hated that he still couldn't really remember who his attackers were, it was just a blurry image now but he wasn't going to live in fear of ever seeing them ever again.

He didn't want that fear because it meant that they won and he wasn't going to let that happen and he knew Mickey wouldn't either. Ian just wanted to move on from that night and it felt like he was getting there slowly and he wasn't going to waste the rest of his life living in fear. He decided that from tonight he was starting over and living his life again although something told him he had been doing that since he moved in with Mickey.

Ian was glad of the distraction when he felt someone sit beside him and he looked over to see it was Mickey so he grinned "you finished" lightly. Mickey put two beers on the table and pushed the non-alcoholic one in front of Ian before looking at him "yeah fucking finally" in a happy tone. Mickey really hated that he had to tell Ian to leave adding "sorry I told you to go sit somewhere else but our asshole boss is here for the night" angrily.

Ian lightly bumped Mickey with his shoulder "it's okay, I get it, don't want to get you in trouble" softly. Mickey softly laughed into his beer scoffing "as you already fucking know if that asshole wasn't here tonight I would have been all over you so don't worry about it" humorously. Mickey knew he wasn't lying as he took any chance to be all over his boyfriend and he knew Ian was the same too as he remembered all of their interactions at the bar.

Ian laughed as he put his arm over Mickey's shoulder "don't I know it" lightly knowing that it was very true. Mickey stretched his legs out in front of him under the table as he moved right up beside Ian while drinking his beer and resting his hand between Ian's thighs as they drank their drinks in silence. Mickey frowned as he looked across the room asking "you see Mandy" curiously.

Ian shook his head "nope but I did see Iggy" lightly as he sipped his beer not in the mood for drinking it anymore. Mickey sat up a little to look at Ian with confusion asking "the fucks he doing here, I told him not to do that shit here" angrily. Ian shrugged and hesitated as he looked at Mickey "he was only selling weed and some coke to his regulars, he knows the asshole called our boss is here tonight so he's staying out of sight" lightly.

Mickey scoffed "the fuck is he now" angrily hoping to hell his boss didn't find out about his brother's down low business of the illegal kind. Ian pulled Mickey closer to him "saw him drinking and talking to some guys a while ago" lightly. Mickey wanted to go give out shit to his brother but at the same time he just wanted to stay here with Ian but staying glued to Ian's side won out so he would deal with his brother tomorrow or some other day.

Unfortunately Mickey's wish of dealing with his brother some other day didn't happen as Iggy sat
on the other side of the table as he looked at them both while he quipped "you guys look cosy" humorously. Ian softly laughed but Mickey didn't see the funny side glaring his brother almost hissing in a low voice "the fuck did I tell you about selling shit here" angrily. Iggy rolled his eyes while he drank his beer not seeing why Mickey was worrying so he told him "relax would you, your boss didn't see me" lightly.

Mickey leaned forward "we cant lose our fucking jobs, told you to sell your shit somewhere else but not here" angrily. Iggy's expression grew serious and then he looked guilty looking at them both admitting "I'm sorry" lightly. There was a silence before Iggy added "some friends from here text me earlier and asked me if I could bring some weed, they know I supply good shit for a reasonable price" lightly.

Mickey rubbed his face with his hand tiredly moaning "are all the Milkovich's gay now or something" tiredly. Ian softly laughed as Iggy just rolled his eyes "I'm straight you asshole, doesn't mean I hate you guys or other people like you, I don't give a shit what you all do in the privacy of your own room and you know that" firmly but there was humor there too. Mickey mumbled "good fucking point" lightly. They fell into easy conversation and caught up on things and talked some more for a while before they eventually decided to leave bar for the night.

They were walking down the street smoking some weed that Iggy didn't manage to sell and talking about shit that happened in the bar. Ian had the hood of his navy hoodie pulled up over his head as he walked beside his boyfriend listening to him take the piss out of Iggy who was on the other side of Mickey as they walked back to their apartment. Ian noticed they were walking past an alley and he slightly tensed and was a little on guard hoping there was no one hiding in it as alleys still made him nervous.

He just clenched his fists at his side preparing himself if something happened and he hated he felt like this all the time now but he was hopeful that one day he wouldn't feel so defensive anymore. He just kept his eyes focused ahead of him as they walked past the alley hating that cold sick feeling that was washing over him right now telling him something was wrong.

When he heard some voices call them fags he glanced sideward and seen two silhouettes in the alleyway but he recognized the voices. He could never forget those voices and he hated he started shaking as he mumbled "shit" lowly while trying to calm himself down from a panic attack. They got further down the street before Ian jumped into one of the doorways of the buildings to calm himself down.

A few seconds had passed before Mickey and Iggy was standing in front of him wondering what was wrong with Ian as they had walked on down the street not realizing Ian wasn't beside them anymore. Ian put his hands in his pockets as he mumbled while looking at the ground "those guys back there" tensely. Mickey didn't step any closer to Ian as he saw his boyfriend was on edge for some reason asking "those guys that called us fags" lightly but he didn't sound affected by it at all as it was a common occurrence around gay bars.

Ian nodded forcing himself to look at his boyfriend whispering "it was them that stabbed me, I recognize the voices, I remember them now, remember everything" sadly. Iggy silently looked at Ian as he threw the last of the joint away deciding they were going to pay for what they did to Ian. Mickey silently looked at Ian before looking at his brother angrily hissing with venom in his voice "thinks its time those assholes find out what fags can do" icily.

Iggy grinned almost manically at his brother scoffing "lead the way asshole" humorously while feeling glad he would get to exact some Milkovich revenge. Ian froze as he watched Mickey and
Iggy walk away and he hated that he froze on the spot when all he wanted was revenge for months but now that he had his chance he was caught up in fear. He didn’t know how long he was standing there when he felt a hand on his shoulder and he rubbed his eyes to see Mickey was in front of his asking "you okay" in a concerned tone.

Ian nodded as Mickey added "you coming with us" lightly. Ian swallowed the anxious lump in his throat slightly shaking his head but he felt too paralyzed and couldn't stop the memories that were now flooding his mind in full force. Mickey looked over Ian adding "you’ll be okay, its us three against two assholes, they have no fucking chance" firmly.

Ian didn’t want to regret that he had his chance of revenge but was too afraid to do anything so made his decision and looked at his boyfriend feeling more confident while lightly shaking his head forcing out "yeah" firmly. Mickey grinned "good, come on" firmly before they both walked away and caught up with Iggy as they walked back down the street towards the alley.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah so that happened.
Decided to post this now. For some reason when I put up a new chapter the story isn't going to the top of the page so I hope you didn't miss any chapters.

Warning for homophobic language and violence. I really hated writing this because I've had homophobic abuse directed towards me and its horrible and it was horribly uncomfortable writing this too. I hate homophobia so much and I don't get it either, like why so much hatred.

The three of them walked side by side into the alley way and walked to the bottom of it as Mickey shouted at the two men in a goading tone "hey you want beat up a couple a fags" icily. Mickey glared at them noticing one of them was of a large build and the other was smaller in build but he knew he could take the two of them if he had to since he was just so angry for what they did to Ian.

The man with the larger build stepped forward "that's why we're here, you want to come with us, we can pick off a few more if you come with us" coldly. The smaller of the two men stepped forward adding with a snarl "I love a good fag bash every now and then, the perverted fuckers deserve it, we nearly killed a guy months ago, fucker didnt know what hit him" coldly and then laughed too.

Iggy stood on the left side of Mickey while Ian stood on Mickey's right side and Ian tried not to start shaking out of fear because yes he was afraid of these guys but no way in hell would he ever let them see he was scared shitless. They nearly killed him and even though he had his boyfriend and Iggy with him that fear didn't go away even as he glared the two men down while he clenched his fists at his sides.

Mickey coldly laughed as he wiped his nose with his hand getting ready to get stuck into these assholes but he wanted to agitate them a little more too. Mickey glared at them asking "oh yeah" lightly. Mickey softly laughed deciding to goad them a little more while still glaring at them "because to me it looks like you're the fags hanging around gay bars every night" lightly.

Mickey scoffed as he cracked his knuckles while coldly adding "seriously guys you're acting like a couple in the closet homo lovers, just take it up the ass and enjoy it, you'll feel so much better if you just come out of the closet" humouredly in a mocking tone. When Mickey said those words Iggy just laughed while Ian stood on the other side of Mickey with a blank expression as he watched for the reaction of the two men they had cornered at the bottom of the alley.

One of the men threatened "say that again and I'll gut you, I'm not a fucking AIDS monkey" angrily. Mickey wasn't intimidated and rolled his eyes replying dismissively "whatever man liking what you like dont make you a bitch" firmly. Iggy thought they were getting off track now and to get things back on topic confidently asked "so this guy you stabbed, you kill him" icily.

The first one darkly chuckled glaring at Iggy as he admitted with disgust added with glee in his voice "yeah some fucking redhead, ugly looking fucker too, put up a good fight until I stabbed him and would have finished him off if some other fucker hadn't chased us off but we'll get him
him and would have finished him off if some other fucker hadn't chased us off but we'll get him again when his boyfriend isn't around to protect him" icily in a callous tone before he spat on the ground.

Ian swallowed hard but didn't look away from them not wanting to show weakness even though he wanted to either run away or stand his ground. Ian mainly wanted to run away and he was glad he had his hood up so they didn't recognize him either. Mickey fell silent the second they mentioned Ian and he hated that they were so callous about it too as he anxiously rubbed his lip with his hand and then let out an unamused chuckle.

Ian recognized it as Mickey reaching the end of his patience with these two assholes and without even looking over at him he knew Mickey was going to start cracking skulls off the pavement any second now. Mickey darkly chuckled and glared at the assholes deciding he had enough of this shit stepping forward hissing "you know what, you touch my fucking boyfriend then you deal with me" icily.

Iggy softly laughed in the background as he cracked his knuckles adding "shits getting real" softly. The man that stabbed Ian looked disgusted as he looked over all three of them "you're fags, you fucking need to die" with disgust and hatred in his voice. The other just mocked them as he looked at them scornfully while scoffing "what are you going to do, beat us with your limp wrists, you AIDS monkeys cant do shit" mockingly.

Mickey slightly tilted his head to the side as he taunted "you're about to see what fucking fags can do" angrily before he reached forward and punched the guy who stabbed Ian as hard as he could in the face. As the guy fell to his knees Mickey punched him in the stomach and kicked him between the legs before beating the shit out of the guy as Iggy got stuck into the other asshole.

Ian watched as Mickey struggled with the guy until the large man got the upper hand and pinned Mickey to the ground. It didn't stop Mickey fighting back and when the guy picked a brick up off the ground it was enough to shake him out of his trance. Ian ran over and grabbed the man before head butting him and pushing him to the ground before kicking him repeatedly in the stomach.

Ian kneeled down on the man's chest and punched him hard repeatedly in the face. As he looked at the man that was bleeding and nearly unconscious Ian felt all the anger, resentment and rage take over him as he reached for the brick and he held it above his head. Just as he was about to send crashing down onto the man's head he felt a hand on his wrist and he quickly turned around to see it was just Mickey looking at him with a soft expression and bleeding lip telling him "easy, its me" softly.

Mickey kneeled down on the ground to look at Ian he glanced at the man on the ground adding "you're going to kill the fucking asshole and he's not worth landing in jail" lightly. Ian frowned before he looked back at the man who was clearly passed out so Ian dropped the brick and punched the man in the face again. Ian let the man fall onto the ground as he felt panic wash over him at the thought of nearly killing someone and quickly stood up before walking over the side of the alley as he watched Iggy beat the shit out of the other man.

Ian leaned against the wall staring down at the unconscious man he nearly beat to death until Mickey stopped him from killing the guy. He calmed himself down with deep breaths watching Mickey make sure the guy unconscious on the ground still had a pulse and was still alive. Ian looked down at the brick that was now lying on the ground that he used to nearly cave his attacker's head in with it until Mickey talked him down from his rage and stopped him from doing something he regretted like committing murder.

Part of Ian wished Mickey didn't stop him but the other part was glad Mickey did stop him from ending up in jail for murder. Ian felt the adrenaline from the fight start to fade and he started to slightly shake from what he nearly did to the other guy. Ian never thought he had it in him to kill
someone but he knew if Mickey wasn’t there to stop him he would have killed the guy even if he deserved it for what did months ago.

Ian wiped his nose with his hand as he replayed the events in his mind. He just remembered that Mickey and Iggy were the first to react and start punching the two men. But when the one he was fighting with Mickey picked up a brick and went to smash it over Mickey’s head Ian broke from his trance and jumped forwards into the fight. The man punched him back but Ian eventually got the upper hand and had him pinned the the ground and kneeled on his chest and kept punching his face.

As Ian recognized the man as the one that stabbed him that night he just kept punching and hitting as hard as he could not even realizing the man was unconscious on the ground. Ian look away from the man on the ground and noticed he was still unconscious and felt himself panic muttering "shit what did I do, I fucking killed him" frantically. Mickey checked his pulse and noticed he was still breathing before he stood up and walked over to Ian who was now leaning against the wall.

Mickey stood in front of Ian telling him "he’s fine but we need to get out of here" firmly. Ian looked over to Iggy who was standing over the other guy who was barely conscious before he looked at Mickey whispering "they’re going to call the cops on us" as he tried to calm himself down. Mickey rested his hand on the side of Ian's neck replying "they wont, those pussies wont want the cops knowing they got their ass beat by a couple of fags” lightly.

They heard Iggy who was standing over the other man on the other side of the narrow alley interject "fucking right they wont so we got nothing to worry about" icily. Mickey lightly gripped Ian's arm knowing his boyfriend was in shock "we got go now, you going to be okay" in a concerned tone. Ian looked over at the unconscious man on the ground and decided the asshole deserved the way his face was beaten to a pulp before he took a deep breath and looked at his boyfriend.

Ian shook his head and exhaled "yeah" firmly. Mickey walked back over to Iggy and Ian followed and he wanted to spit on the guy but he thought it would be best not to because it would leave DNA that could be traced back to him and even though he was angry he wasn’t stupid. He stood behind Mickey who had noticed the other man was trying to get up off the ground as he looked at them with pure disgust and hatred in his eyes and expression and it reminded all three of them of Terry.

But Mickey wasn’t deterred as he glared at the guy almost hissing "if you're going to go to the cops tell them you got your ass beat by three fags" icily before he walked over and kicked the man hard across the jaw with his foot taking pleasure in hearing his jaw crack loudly. Ian and Mickey walked away from him towards the street as they heard Iggy knock the guy unconscious by hitting him with the same brick that was lying on the ground.

Iggy caught up with them near the entrance to the alley way and whispered "you guys go ahead, I'll take care of this, make sure they wont snitch on us" softly. Ian didn’t want to hear anymore and walked away from the trying to calm himself down as he mind started to race and wonder what the hell would happen now. Ian felt himself start to panic as he walked down the street and stood in one of the empty doorways of the buildings wishing he never went along with this tonight.

Mickey noticed Ian had walked away before he glanced back into the alley way and then looked at his brother asking "the fuck you going to do" in a whisper. Iggy rubbed his head with his hand looking around the street before looking at his brother "Its best you don't know for now" evasively. Mickey frowned in confusion almost hissing "the fucks that supposed to mean" lightly.

Iggy was frustrated now retorting "I'd said I'd take care of it, you think these assholes are going to let us get away with this shit, they're going to retaliate and you know it" angrily. Mickey shook his
head in frustration knowing that was true as he anxiously bit his lip looking at the ground muttering "fuck you're right" lightly. Mickey was panicking now and Iggy noticed it and told his brother "I'm going to deal with it once and for all" firmly.

Mickey snapped his head up to look at his brother "you're not going to kill them are you, that's Terry shit and you know it" and he never felt so glad the street was completely empty as it was the middle of the night. Iggy rolled his eyes as he replied "no I'm not doing that, I'm going to make sure they get their asses get landed in jail once and for all, they aren't getting away with what they did to Ian, I wont fucking let it happen" angrily.

Mickey saw his brother was serious asking "the fuck you going to do" curiously. Iggy slightly laughed before his expression grew serious "best if you don't know so go get Ian since he needs you and get the fuck out of here right now, don't want you both caught up in this" firmly as he felt a plan start to form in his mind. Mickey rubbed his face with his hand in frustration wanting to help but he knew his brother would never let him do that at all.

Iggy pulled his phone out of his pocket as he told his brother "get the fuck out here Mickey, they know who you are now and I'm fucking serious, I don't want you caught up in this if it goes assways, Ian will kill me for it" before he looked at Mickey. Mickey gave up at seeing how serious Iggy was and silently looked at Iggy who just told him "you'll hear from me in a few days so lay low keep going to work so it doesn't look suspicious and watch your back until you hear from me" before he turned around and made his phone call. Mickey muttered "fucking hell I'm not fucking stupid" before he turned around and briskly walked down the street looking for Ian.

He found Ian standing in one of the doorways further down the street and stood in front of Ian telling "Ian you okay" as he rested his hand on the side of Ian's head. Ian looked up from the ground to see it was just Mickey as he shook his head mumbling "yeah think so or I will be" softly. Mickey looked around before looking at Ian telling him "we need to get out of here okay" firmly. Ian noticed how serious Mickey looked and noticed Iggy wasn't there asking "where's Iggy" curiously.

Mickey slightly laughed but there no amusement in his voice "told me he's taking care of them once and for all, he doesn't want me involved since he thinks you'd kill me if we ended up in jail" lightly. Ian's jaw fell in shock as he looked at his boyfriend while he mumbled "shit, lets get out of here" softly as he really tried not to freak out over everything. Mickey waited until Ian was ready to leave before they both left the doorway and walked as fast as they could to their apartment as Mickey told Ian what Iggy had told him before he made a phone call.

When they got back into the safety of their apartment they both cleaned the blood off their faces and fists in the bathroom in complete silence as they both replayed what happened in their minds. They decided to just go to bed and try to sleep and as they lay there in darkness with their arms around each other Ian just felt so glad to have Mickey in his life.

Ian rested his forehead against Mickey's as he told him "thanks for stopping me from killing that guy, I probably would have if you weren't there to stop me" softly. Mickey lightly rubbed his fingers on the back of Ian's head as he looked at him in the darkness while he admitted "I love you Ian, not letting anyone ever take you away from me, probably would have killed the fucker too for what he did to you but he's not worth going to jail over" softly.

Ian slightly nodded softly replying "I love you" firmly. There was silence before Ian asked "what do you think Iggy will do" curiously. Mickey pulled himself right up against Ian so there was no space left between them under the covers that were pulled up to their necks as he replied "I don't know, guess we'll find out in a few days, we just have to lay low until then" lightly. Ian let out a sigh "shit, I didnt want you guys get caught up in my shit" softly.
Mickey lightly kicked Ian's foot with his own muttering "Iggy thinks of you as another brother, he not going to let these assholes get away with it" firmly. Ian felt warm at what his boyfriend said "really" shyly. Mickey let hand slide down Ian's clothed back and played with the bottom of his green tank top with his fingers replying "yeah he told me that when you were in hospital the first time" softly as he took comfort in Ian's warm body heat pressed against him in the their bed.

Ian rested his hand on Mickey's ribs as he looked at his boyfriend in the darkness asking "I keep thinking those assholes are going to call the cops, they know who we are now" softly. Mickey let his hand slide under Ian's tshirt and rested it on his lower back replying "they wont do that, then they'd have to admit they were the ones that stabbed you and got their ass beat by fags, their pride wont let them admit it" firmly.

Ian rubbed his eyes with his fingers as he realized just how scared he felt now sadly admitting "I can't lose you because of those assholes" sadly. Mickey lightly kissed Ian's lips before replying "you wont, Iggy said he'd deal with them, whatever the fuck that means, said he's going to make sure they land in jail for good" firmly. Ian softly laughed but it wasn't out of amusement before he asked "you think it will work" not hiding how doubtful he felt over it.

Mickey shrugged his shoulder and he was glad Ian couldn't see his doubtful expression in the dark replying "hope so" firmly. Ian nodded "yeah, he got the money for my hospital bills, he always comes through for us" in a hopeful tone. Mickey knew Ian would be worrying about this so he told him "Ian don't worry about this shit, Iggy knows what he's at, its not the first time he's gotten us out of shit" firmly. Ian knew that was true so he just whispered "yeah, I'll try" softly but he didn't really think he could not worry about it.

Ian really didn't know what he would do without Mickey in his life because every time he felt like he was falling to pieces Mickey was always there to break his fall and make him feel grounded again. This was another one of those times as they both lay there in silence wrapped up in each other's arms both of them not able to fall asleep as they got lost in their own thoughts.
I hope you got the read the last chapter 20 that I put up on Saturday, for some reason it didn't upload right.

Ian flinched as he woke up from another nightmare before he stared at the wall in front of him as the events of last night flooded into his brain. He let out a sigh while he rubbed his face with his hand while thinking over Iggy's words of lay low for a few days because he would sort things out once and for all. Ian realized he had enough because he didn't want to be here right now and he wanted to get as far away from Chicago as he possibly could for the amount of money he had in his pocket.

He knew it would be so easy to just pack a small bag and get the first bus or train out of Chicago and never look back again and temptation to do it was just growing stronger by the second. Ian slightly groaned in pain as his side was cramping from lying on it all night so he turned to lie on his back and looked over to see his boyfriend was lying on his stomach facing the door that was on the other side of the room but he was still asleep.

After last night Ian just felt like he couldn't breath anymore and he was so tired all the time and so tired of struggling even more and getting nowhere. Before he left the bar last night he felt like he was making progress and in the space of ten minutes or less he just felt like he never made any progress at all. It just felt like the time between his stay in a mental hospital right up to last night at the bar with Mickey had been just one big fat lie.

It was all just an illusion and he didn't know what felt real anymore plus he was also so tired of fighting and struggling all the time. He only knew one thing that was real and it was his relationship with Mickey because there was no way you could ever fake that and it was the only thing he was completely sure about right now. He knew Mickey loved him a lot even if it took him months to realize it and Ian just felt like Mickey probably even loved him before the attack in his own way.

But the whole running away thing Ian thought it would be so easy to do it, so easy to just grab some things and get the hell out of Chicago. Don't even think about it and just go to the first destination you could think of and stay in some cheap hotel for a while until they decided to come back home or never come back here at all. Ian knew that to someone else his impulsive thoughts would probably be a warning sign but he wasn't manic, he knew manic and how he felt right now wasn't manic.

If anything he was completely focused and aware of what he was doing for the sake of his own health and right now he needed to leave but he wasn't leaving Mickey behind either. Ian slowly crept forward whispering "hey you awake" softly but he didn't get any response. Mickey was somewhere between half asleep and half awake as he grumbled "don't know" tiredly. Ian rolled his eyes at the answer and ignored it replying "can't sleep" lightly while wishing he knew how to start this conversation.

Ian leaned over to see Mickey was in fact laughing to himself and his eyes were sort of open so Ian he rested his hand under Mickey's armpit and tossed him over so he was now lying on his
Ian quickly grabbed his wrists and pinned them down on the pillow each side of Mickey's head as he lay top of his boyfriend between his legs while looking down at him asking "you got a problem with that" in a challenging tone.

Mickey just grinned at Ian thinking he loved it when Ian lay on top of him as he scoffed "no, do I look like I got a problem with it" humouredly. Ian slightly laughed as Mickey reached up and grabbed Ian in a head lock and pulled him down on top of him as they started laughing and play fighting in their bed. As they struggled and pushed at each other Ian tried not to laugh as he attempted to say "I wanted to say something" lightly.

Mickey managed to get the upper hand and was able to flip Ian over and he was now lying on top of Ian looking down at him knowing that Ian probably wasn't okay after last night so he asked "but seriously you okay after last night" curiously. Ian rested his hands on Mickey's ribs as he forced out with sadness in his voice "I don't know, didnt really sleep either" softly. Mickey rested his hand on the side of Ian's head as he lightly kissed his forehead before looking at him "should have woke me up" softly.

Ian looked off to the side "its fine, I just needed to think" lightly. Mickey moved to lie on his side while keeping his arm across Ian's stomach asking "Iggy will sort it so don't worry about, said he'd land those assholes in jail for good, we just have to stay low for a few days" firmly. Ian groaned in frustration as he turned sideways to face Mickey who just pulled them right up against each other from head to toe under the covers as they both wrapped their arms around each other.

Ian rested his forehead against Mickey's while forcing out in a whisper "I was thinking we could leave Chicago for a few days" lightly. Mickey stopped rubbing his hand along Ian's ribs as he looked at him asking "why" because he was not expecting that at all. He wasn't surprised Ian included him in wanting to leave but it was that Ian wanted to leave in the first place. Ian felt his eyes start to water and he rubbed them with his fingers as he whispered "I can't stay here anymore" lightly.

Mickey couldn't help ask "you mean with me" not hiding the fear his voice. Ian quickly shook his head and he hated he caused Mickey to look so afraid and he didn't hesitate telling him "no" firmly. Mickey rested his hand on the side of Ian's head not hiding his relief "you mean Chicago" hating he was now playing the guessing game. But he knew it wasn't Ian's fault because when Ian got stressed and worked up like he was right now then he rarely made any sense so Mickey would try and help him make sense of his thoughts.

Ian nodded but he was getting frustrated and angry with himself forcing out in one go "yeah, last night at the bar I thought I was okay but then it went to shit and I just feel like all the progress I made was just a big lie, like I haven't made any at all" and he didn't hide how frustrated he was either. Mickey didn't look away from Ian as he interjected "but you have" firmly.

Ian didn't agree with it as he looked at his boyfriend and didn't hide his frustration "I just want us to grab some clothes and shit and get the hell out of here, go the bus station and get on the first bus to wherever the hell it takes us" firmly. Mickey remained silent as he moved his hand to rest on Ian's shoulder as Ian just looked downwards and Mickey really hated Ian was still struggling too. Ian let out a sad sigh as he voiced his thoughts from earlier "last night just made me realize how tired I feel all the time, I feel like I can't breathe here, I'm always struggling and I feel like I'm getting nowhere" softly.

Mickey really didn't know what he could say because in his mind he thought Ian made loads of progress but it was clear Ian didn't think so at all. Mickey moved his arm over Ian's waist and pulled them closer together even though there was no space left between them on the bed while waiting for Ian to say what was on his mind.
Ian pushed himself closer to Mickey and rested his hand on his ribs as he still looked down at Mickey's chest adding with sadness in his voice "when I sat on my own last night I felt like I was making some progress and starting to move past it and I was getting there you know but then we leave the bar and it all goes to shit in less than ten minutes" angrily.

Ian rolled his eyes as he scoffed "just feels like between my stay in the mental hospital and last night its all been one big fucking delusional lie and I don't know what's real anymore and I'm just so fucking tired of fighting and struggling all the time" angrily but there was sadness there too. Mickey hoped Ian didn't consider their relationship as part of that and he hoped his fear didn't show on his face.

If it did Ian didn't seem to notice as he finally looked up and he sounded so sure of himself as he told Mickey "there's only one thing I know that doesn't fit into any of that and its what we have, its the only thing that makes me feel free right now, I know its real and I cant do any of this shit without you" firmly and he didn't hide how much he meant it. As Ian looked at him with a genuine expression and love on his face Mickey couldn't help but grin back at Ian with the same expression.

Mickey slightly nodded his head as he made a decision before replying "okay then we'll do it, get the fuck out here for a while" firmly. Ian looked surprised as he hesitated "what" lightly. Mickey just kissed Ian's lips before looking at him in confusion "you don't want to now" lightly. Ian bit down a grin as he shyly admitted "I thought you would think I was manic" insecurely.

Mickey looked at Ian with disbelief on his face "I know when you're manic Ian and you're not fucking manic, we just need out of here for a fucking while" firmly. Ian softly laughed "yeah okay" lightly. Mickey sat up a little asking "so you want to go now" curiously. Ian nodded "yeah as quick as we can" softly. Mickey climbed over Ian and jumped out of the bed just as Ian asked "what about what Iggy said" not able to hide his doubt now that his plan was becoming a reality.

Mickey walked back over to him and sat back down beside Ian as he looked at him "Iggy can go fuck off and I'll sort everything else out so get up and get your shit together so we can get the fuck out of here" firmly. Ian grinned at him as he sat up and before Mickey walked away he grabbed his arm and when Mickey looked at him Ian didn't hesitate "I love you" firmly.

Mickey slightly nodded knowing that was true because he felt it as he looked down at Ian's hand on his arm before looking at Ian "I love you too and don't forget that" before he darted forward and kissed Ian on the lips before quickly walking out of the room because he just felt embarrassed at the display of affection between himself and Ian.

Within a few hours they were on a bus out of Chicago and as Ian sat in the window seat he spent most of the trip staring out the window completely lost in his own world. They just sat in comfortable silence and as Mickey looked over at Ian he couldn't help regret last night and he felt like he forced Ian into confronting something he didn't want to confront at all. He was just kind of annoyed at himself because he wanted his own revenge and he felt like last night he didn't take what Ian needed into consideration.

Mickey just hated those two assholes because of what they did to Ian and that he nearly lost his best friend over it too. Mickey thought back over the fight and he was starting to worry about how Iggy was going to deal with it too. Last night Mickey felt confident that those assholes wouldn't tell the cops because it would mean admitting they gotten beaten up by a few gay people.

But now that the surge of anger and revenge along with the rush of adrenaline had faded away all
Mickey felt was that there would be consequences. As he sat in his seat on the bus staring out the window as the fields rushed by it just meant that his mind was starting to run a little wild with his thoughts about last night. When Mickey saw Ian's attackers it just made his blood boil because Ian had never done anything to deserve what happened to him and he really hated that they nearly killed his best friend.

All he could think of was the days Ian was in the hospital and how he nearly died from blood loss and how the doctors were thinking that Ian may never wake up at all. Worse then that when Ian got out of hospital Mickey just felt like Ian was slipping away from him by the day as Ian was avoiding him as much as possible. Just when he thought it couldn't get any worse Ian stopped taking his meds and became manic before admitting to him one night at the bar that he was going to kill himself if he didn't get help.

Mickey was really scared that night and he was so glad Ian told him he needed to go to a mental hospital because if he didn't he would kill himself when he became depressed. Mickey really hated the he nearly lost Ian again and it just made him realize he was an idiot. He hated himself for not seeing something was really wrong with Ian a lot sooner. Some part of him didn't want to see it because he wanted to believe that Ian was okay and would be okay some day.

It made him realize Ian was most important thing in his life and he would do anything for Ian. He pulled so much scams to get money to pay for Ian's three month stay in hospital he was surprised he didn't get caught. But in his own mind it was for Ian so he could get better and that was worth the risk of jail. There were times when Mickey thought he would never get through those three months and he was scared when Ian came home he wouldn't want anything to do with him anymore.

He just felt that way because he was in denial about Ian being off his meds for ages until he was faced with the reality that Ian wasn't on his meds and was manic. Even when Ian was manic he didn't push Ian on it because he was afraid Ian would leave him and wouldn't want to be friends with him anymore and Mickey didn't want that at all. He thought with the way Ian was always with him that Ian would go back on his meds one day and they would be okay again.

He hated himself for not helping Ian when he was manic and for not doing something sooner. But he just wanted to do what was best for Ian and he thought Ian was managing as best as he could considering what happened which was why when Ian went into hospital he spent all his free time with Ian. It was over those three months that Mickey realized he was an idiot for not seeing it sooner.

Even though in the second month he told Ian he loved him back he knew Ian needed to hear it at the time because Ian admitted he hated being alone and that no one loved him at all. The only reason he held back on saying to Ian that he loved him for so long was because he knew it wasn't what Ian needed to hear right now. But when he told Ian that in the second month of his stay in the hospital he noticed something had changed between them both after that day.

They had become much more closer and when Ian got out of hospital and told Mickey he was ready to give them a chance Mickey was just so happy that Ian was back or on the way to being himself again. Also seeing those assholes bought back the memories of over hearing Terry's homophobic rants as a child. But back then Mickey was smart enough to stay out of sight and say nothing at all. But last night he didn't want to stay silent, he wanted to fight, he wanted to feel broken bones under his fists and most of all it was just wanting pure revenge.

Before Terry landed in jail his main fear was Terry finding out he was gay but that never happened as Terry landed in jail before Mickey knew for sure he was gay. This new fear he had was even more terrifying because what if they got caught and he was seperated from Ian. Mickey knew he would take the fall for it because there was no way he was letting Ian go to jail.
Mickey knew Ian could handle himself in a fight but he didn't want Ian in jail with the likes of Terry Milkovich stalking the building and instilling fear into the residents. He just knew he didn't want to lose Ian and he hoped Iggy would be able to take care of it so he could take care of Ian. Another thing that pissed him off was that it took him so long to realize he was in love with his best friend.

He knew he always loved Ian but he thought it was just friendship and for a while he always denied how much he loved Ian. In some ways it scared him because his house was never one for love, trust or caring about someone. Instead it was just pure survival, independance and never showing weakness which was the complete opposite to Ian. But with Ian he never felt weak because Ian just made him feel accepted and didn't give a shit who he was as a person.

Mickey never really cared what other people thought of him and he didn't care they looked at him with disgust clear on their faces. Only Ian's opinion mattered to him but then Ian wasn't like everyone else. As he looked over Ian's face he wondered what was next for them and he wondered if after a few days away would Ian even want to go back to Chicago. He knew there and then that if Ian didn't want to go back to Chicago then he would stay in wherever the hell they landed in later on in the day.

Mickey let out a sigh and tried not to smile to himself as he realized he would do anything for Ian and he had a feeling Ian knew that too. What he did do was silently look around cautiously to see no one was looking at them before he took Ian's hand in his own and intertwined their fingers and lightly squeezed Ian's hand. When Ian looked at him he frowned a little asking "what" softly. Mickey slightly grinned as he looked at Ian "not a fucking thing" lightly.

Ian noticed the way Mickey was looking at him like he wanted to say something more than that but he didn't so Ian softly laughed and slightly shook his head before looking back out the window. Ian noticed the way Mickey moved closer to him in the seat so their sides were pressed together for the rest of the journey.
Chapter 22

I rewrote this loads of times before I felt happy with the chapter. Anything else I wrote I didn't like it so I hope you like this one.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Getting out of Chicago was in Ian's opinion the best decision he ever made in a long time. Ever since they landed five hours away in Minneapolis Ian just felt like he could breath again. They managed to find a cheap hotel room to stay in that was reasonably clean and tidy. Ian also didn't dare turn his phone on and neither did Mickey as they just wanted an escape from their lives for while even though they both knew they would have to go back eventually.

Ever since they got here they didn't really leave the room much except to walk around the city for hours until they got tired. Then they would buy some food and non alcoholic beer before locking themselves in their room for the night and since Mickey took some weed with him they smoked that too. They were both watching TV in their small room and Ian was now lying down on the bed staring at the ceiling lost his own thoughts again.

He glanced over to see Mickey was still engrossed in the action moving playing on the TV as he lay back against headboard while smoking a cigarette. Ian found himself being distracted as he thought over the past week they had been here in a new city and he felt different but it was also mixed with a certain amount of uneasiness. He couldn't help wonder if he running away from things just because they got too hard and it just felt like too much of a Monica move by running away rather than dealing with his problems.

They other thing was he wasn't sure he wanted to go back to Chicago even though he knew Mandy and Iggy would notice he left with Mickey and they would want answers too. But Ian just felt safer here, he didn't feel that sliver of fear creeping up his spine as he walked along the city streets at night time with his boyfriend or when he was alone. At first he was surprised that Mickey came with him but as he thought over the last year and everything that happened he noticed Mickey never left his side.

Even before all that Mickey never left his side in the early days of his disorder when he was seventeen. Even when he was lost in his manic phase because he wasn't dealing with the attack he knew Mickey was always looking out for him and making sure he was safe. Ian just felt a huge amount of guilt for putting Mickey through all of that because he done the same thing in the early days of his disorder before he had accepted his diagnosis.

Even back then Mickey was so patient with him and Ian knew he was probably just as worried about him back then as he was after Ian was attacked. Ian just hated he put his boyfriend through all of that again and he really tried not feel that guilt and shame over it all. Ian realized that it was a whole year since the attack and he really just wanted to move forward but he felt like he was just holding himself back all the time and it was mainly out of fear.

He was afraid of being attacked again out of retaliation for what happened that night before they left Chicago. He was scared if they went back home that he along with Mickey would be put in jail and he was even more scared of losing Mickey because he knew his boyfriend would take the blame and say Ian had nothing to do with it all and he wasn't there when Mickey beat up his
As Ian looked over at Mickey who was sitting right beside him so close Ian could feel his legs brush against his side and his body heat washing over him too. Ian still hadn't looked away as he realized Mickey would literally do anything for him, even leave Chicago and run away with him because it got to be too much and it scared him a lot. It scared him because he knew Mickey would do it again without hesitation and Ian knew if he told his boyfriend he didn't want to go back home then Mickey would stay right here with him too and Ian knew he would do the same for his boyfriend.

Ian felt he was just so tired of running away when things got to be too much. He just wondered how was he meant to make progress if he kept running away when things got way too hard and it made him wonder if he should go back to Chicago. He had been so happy since they got here but now he was starting to feel like he was living a lie. There was the growing sense of doubt that staying here wasn't helpful at all because it was just another way of not dealing with the shit that was in his head.

Ever since he left Chicago he noticed he was still struggling and fighting with himself over his own thoughts and it just felt like his problems followed him out of Chicago. It just made him wonder if leaving home in the first place was the right thing to do because he was starting to wonder if he was just avoiding his issues again instead of dealing with them properly.

Even though over the last week it was nice being here in their own bubble Ian was starting to doubt his decision to leave and was starting to wonder if should they should go back home and face reality. As Ian silently looked up at his boyfriend he mumbled "I'm sorry for putting you through all this shit" lightly. Mickey heard it and looked down at Ian with a frown asking with nothing but confusion "the fuck you on about" not hiding his confusion because he didn't know what Ian was sorry for at all.

Ian rested his hands on his stomach forcing out with sadness in his voice "everything over the last year and probably before that too" softly. Mickey silently looked at Ian and then stubbed his cigarette out on the ashtray on the small table before he lay down beside Ian. He lay on his side while resting his hand on top of Ian's and looked at him before replying "you've nothing to be sorry for" firmly.

Ian went back to staring at the ceiling as it was easier to say what he needed to say "I think coming here was a bad idea, I just feel like I can't get away from this shit since its all in my head" angrily. Mickey rested his hand on Ian's abdomen asking "you want to go back" curiously. Ian shrugged his shoulder mumbling "don't know" in a whisper. Mickey didn't hear it "whats that mumbles "humouredly.

Ian rolled his eyes and scoffed a bit louder "said I don't fucking know" lightly. Ian looked over at his boyfriend "just keep thinking if we go back we're in deep shit, what if we end up in jail" not hiding the fear in his voice. Mickey anxiously bit his lip as it was something he worried about as he looked at Ian replying "I'm not letting you go to jail, I'll take the blame for it if I have to" firmly and he knew it wasn't a lie. Ian tiredly rubbed his face with hand scoffing "not letting you fucking do that for me" angrily.

Mickey wasn't having it while he moved his hand to rest on Ian's ribs as he lightly kicked Ian on the leg with his foot "not letting you end up in jail with the likes of Terry running around the place" firmly. Ian felt offended at that and it showed on his face as he glared at his boyfriend "you think I can't handle myself in jail" angrily. Mickey almost rolled his eyes retorting "never said you can't because I know you can, just meant I don't want those assholes anywhere near you" firmly not hiding the protectiveness from his voice.
Ian noticed that protectiveness and relaxed a little as he moved to lie on his side facing Mickey as he replied "don't want them near you either" lightly. Mickey softly laughed while he looked off to the side scoffing "whatever" defensively while trying to ignore how warm he felt at Ian's admission because he wasn't used to anyone wanting to protect him at all. Ian moved closer to Mickey while lightly gripping his hip with his hand anxiously admitting "guess I'm just afraid of it coming back on us if Iggy can't sort it out" softly.

Mickey slightly nodded knowing he had the same thoughts so admitted "I know" softly. A comfortable silence fell and Mickey was staring down at Ian's stomach when he admitted "you know on the bus here I just really regret that night, feel like I forced you into a fight that you didn't want to confront at all so I'm sorry for that" shyly.

Ian noticed Mickey looked really guilty and he didn't hesitate "don't be, I'm glad I did it, it was something I wanted for a long time and then when it happened all I could think of was what if they retaliate, its why I want to get out of Chicago for a while and I'm not sure if I want to go back" softly. Mickey felt relieved at that and looked at his boyfriend not hiding his honesty "if you don't want to go back then we won't, I'll go anywhere with you, you know that I don't care where we go just once I'm with you" firmly.

Ian softly smiled and felt his face burn a little and forced himself not to look away replying "I'll go anywhere with you too" lightly. Mickey slightly laughed before he admitted "guess that night I just wanted my revenge you know, didn't think of what you wanted or that you might not want to fight back" sadly. Ian pulled himself right up against Mickey so they were pressed together from their chest to their feet as he looked at him "don't be mad at yourself for that because I'm not angry with you for it" firmly.

Mickey nodded accepting what Ian told him but it didn't make him feel any better. Mickey slid his arm over Ian's waist as he looked at Ian's chest hesitantly admitting "I was just so pissed off that those assholes nearly killed you, nearly took you away from me and I hated it, that night at the hospital I just wanted to go find them and kill them but I didn't want to leave you, I was so scared you would die, didn't want to think about it even when the doctors said it might happen" sadly and he didn't care he said all of that to Ian.

Ian wrapped his arms around Mickey pulling them closer together knowing that Mickey had told him this before and it was something he struggled with too. Mickey let out a sad sigh as he added "last week even though I said those assholes wouldn't tell the cops because it would mean admitting they gotten beaten up by a few gay people but I'm so scared of what if they fucking do" not hiding the fear in his voice. He looked up at Ian adding "or what if they fucking retaliate and I'm not there to help you" sadly.

Ian slightly nodded knowing he had the same fear and admitted "yeah I'm scared of that too but I'm so sick of living my life in fear because of them, I just want to get on with my life, I want us to just get on with our lives too" firmly. Mickey slightly shook his head thinking that Ian wasn't getting it at all as he admitted "you don't get it" tiredly with a hint of anger too because he hated he wasn't able to get his point across to Ian.

Mickey rubbed his face with his hand as he sadly blurted out "they nearly killed you Ian, I feel like the fucking assholes took you away from me and they nearly did" in a whisper. Mickey swallowed the lump in his throat trying to fight back his emotions as he admitted "even the doctors were saying you might not wake up at all, it nearly fucking killed me hearing that and I told them not to say that shit around me" softly.

Ian pulled Mickey closer to him wondering why Mickey never said this to him before but then he never asked either. Mickey pushed himself closer to Ian and pushed his leg between Ian's not caring that he was saying this because he needed to say it too. Mickey let out a sad sigh full of
tension when Ian looked at him "you can tell me, I wont be mad" not hiding the honesty from his voice.

Mickey wiped his eyes with his fingers when Ian took his hand in his own and rested them between their chests as another silence fell in the room. Mickey rolled his eyes a little as he hesitantly admitted "I'm not blaming you for this but after you got out of hospital I felt like you were pushing me away, I felt like I was losing you by the day, that you were avoiding me and I hated that it was those assholes that caused it and I swore to myself if I ever saw them again I'd fucking kill them" angrily.

Ian wasn't having it and he hated his boyfriend looked so sad and defeated replying "it's not your fault and I didn't mean to push you away or for it to be like that, I just felt like you didn't need my shit in your life, I was too scared to leave my apartment too" softly. Mickey slightly nodded as he accepted Ian's answer looking at him while hesitantly replying "even when you stopped taking your meds some part of me didn't want to admit it to myself, I knew you were manic but I didn't want to believe it and just thought you were dealing with it in your own way" softly.

Mickey sniffed and let out a tense exhale as he looked at Ian's lips while he whispered "I was afraid if I said anything you would leave me for good, at least if I said nothing you would stay with me, I could look out for you at the bar, I was so scared of losing you again that I didn't put you first" not hiding the insecurity in his voice. Ian softly smiled "I'd never leave you and I really appreciate you looking out for me, even though I was manic the only person I wanted to be with was you and didn't matter what party I got invited to" firmly.

Mickey looked up at his boyfriend admitting "I hated myself when you told me that night you needed to go to a mental hospital because you knew you were crashing and you said you would kill yourself, just feel like it was my fault for letting things get so bad and that I should have done something sooner" softly not hiding the self loathing from his voice. Ian frowned a little replying "don't blame yourself and to be honest I probably wouldn't have listened if you said I was manic and needed help, when I'm like that the only person who can help me is me, I have to admit I'm manic or depressed so I'm not mad at you for that, I'm mad at myself for it and I only have myself to blame" sadly.

Mickey rested his hand on the side of Ian's head feeling relieved at Ian words but it didn't really make the guilt go away as he replied "I was just so scared that night, realized that if you died it would be my fault and that I was an idiot and I couldn't blame those assholes this time around even though I still blame them for it" softly. Ian lightly kissed his boyfriend on the lips before he looked at him admitting "think I told you this already but that night at the bar I realized I didn't want to die because I didn't want to leave you behind, wanted you a lot more too, you give me a reason to live" shyly.

Mickey softly grinned at Ian words as he wrapped his arms around Ian needing to be engulfed in Ian right now as he admitted "just hate myself for letting shit get so bad and not seeing things were wrong a lot sooner, thought you were just dealing with it in your own way and that one day you would be okay" softly. Ian let himself be pulled closer to his boyfriend even though every inch of them was pressed right up against each other on the bed.

Mickey didn't care that he admitted "that night I just realized what we have is the most important thing to me and I would do anything for you, pulled so many scams so you could get better in the hospital I'm surprised I didn't get fucking caught, didn't care if I did just once you got better" shyly. Ian lightly shoved Mickey with his body as he looked at him replying "I appreciate it and you're important to me too" firmly.

Mickey felt too emotionally exposed and a little defensive so scoffed "fuck off" but there was no anger in his voice. Ian slightly laughed as they fell into another comfortable silence. Mickey
looked over Ian's shoulder as he added "just thought those three months would never end, started to think when you got stable and out of hospital that you wouldn't want anything to do with me anymore" lightly.

Mickey rubbed his face with his hand before resting it on Ian's ribs taking comfort in Ian's warm body heat as he continued not hiding how sad he felt "thought you would blame me for being off your meds, for not noticing and being in denial about it, even when it was obvious you were manic I still said nothing because I didnt want you to leave me" softly.

Ian noticed how bad Mickey felt and it showed on his face too so Ian didn't hesitate or hide his honesty "I'd never do that, I need you too much and I know you tried to help me, I remember it all, well the important bits with you anyway" lightly. Mickey let out a deep breath as he looked at Ian "just thought since you were always with me that you would go back on them one day, that it was what you needed at the time and we'd be okay again" softly.

Mickey grimaced before he added with a hint of anger in his voice "just pisses me off that I didn't help you and not doing something sooner" icily. Ian wasn't having it as he looked at him replying "I probably wouldn't have listened, you know I dont when I'm manic" firmly. Mickey knew that was true but it didn't make him feel any better as he replied "just thought I was doing what was best for you, that it was what you needed at the time" softly.

Ian nodded in agreement replying "it was but I also loved that you stayed with me everyday in the hospital, felt like we were us again you know, without all the shit that happened and then the mania" softly. Mickey looked at his boyfriend shyly admitting "I hated leaving you in there alone especially when you said you didn't want me to leave, hate that it took me so long to realize that I love you back" not hiding the sadness in his voice.

Ian softly smiled but it was gone as quick as it was there on his face as he looked at Mickey admitting "I was so happy you said that to me, I really needed to hear it at the time because I felt so alone and like no one loved me at all" sadly. Ian looked downwards as he sadly admitted "just hated that I told you I needed to work on myself for a while before we started anything, you told me you loved me back, it was everything I ever wanted and I rejected you and felt like shit over that" softly.

Mickey rested his hand on the side of Ian's head as he looked at him replying "don't Ian, you needed to work on yourself, I get it, I got it then but I just needed you to know that I love you, hated that you felt that way and I'm an idiot for not realizing it a lot sooner" firmly. Ian frowned a little as he looked at his boyfriend shyly asking "why did you not say it sooner" curiously.

Mickey slightly shrugged his shoulder replying "think I realized it before you went into the mental hopsital but just didn't want to admit it to myself, never felt like the right time to say it to you, just felt like it wasnt what you needed or wanted to hear at the time when you were dealing with the attack" softly. Mickey groaned in frustration "probably should have just fucking told you before that night at the bar when you admitted you weren't on your meds" firmly.

Ian slightly grimaced as he admitted "you're probably right about that, probably wouldn't have wanted to hear it but I'm glad you said it when you did" firmly. Mickey really didn't care he was being so honest with Ian because it wasn't the first time they had these kind of talks over the years but then it was always easy to talk to Ian. Mickey looked at Ian while he admitted "that day in the hospital when you were there two months when I told you I love you I felt like things changed, we got closer you know" softly.

Ian grinned at little as he looked at Mickey while he teased "noticed that too did you" humorously before adding "I noticed it too" firmly. Mickey rolled his eyes as he groaned "fuck off" lightly. Ian softly laughed before replying "I just wanted to wait until I dealt with the shit in my head before
we got together and when I left after the three months I was ready to start things up with you" firmly.

Mickey looked over Ian's face realizing he loved his boyfriend so much admitting "just felt like we were back to being us again when you came home and moved in with me" softly. Ian knew that was true replying "I agree, felt like I was myself again sort of" lightly. Mickey softly laughed as he kissed Ian on the lips and then rested his forehead against Ian's as they fell into another comfortable silence and glancing at each other every few minutes.

They didn't know how much time had passed before Mickey asked "so what do you want to do, you want to go back or move here" curiously. Ian looked up at his boyfriend replying "think we should go back, its our home too and why should we have to leave" firmly. Mickey softly smiled at Ian replying "okay, thats what we'll do" lightly. Ian swallowed the build up of saliva in his mouth before he blurted out "just feel like I can handle this shit once you're with me" shyly.

Mickey rested his hand on the back of Ian's neck as he looked at him replying "never leaving you, just us remember" firmly. Ian softly laughed while he wrapped his arm around Mickey not looking away from him replying "yeah I remember" softly. They fell into another silence and Ian just felt like he really could do this just once he had Mickey right beside him all the time.

Mickey silently looked at Ian feeling much better over what he told Ian and he silently promised himself he would stop feeling so much guilt over how he handled everything before Ian landed in hospital the second time around. He was just relieved that Ian wasn't mad at him or blamed him for anything but he knew Ian never would blame him for anything at all.

Mickey asked "you want to go home tomorrow or stay for another while" curiously. Ian looked up at him replying "go home tomorrow" softly. Mickey happily sighed "I love you Ian" not caring that he admitted that so easily because it was true. Ian grinned back at him replying "I love you too" firmly. Mickey rested his hand on the back of Ian's neck deciding he needed Ian right now while mumbling "come here" softly before pulling Ian towards him as he kissed his boyfriend. Ian didn't hesitate and kissed him back intensely as things grew a lot more intimate in the privacy of the hotel room.

Chapter End Notes

Just to let you know we're nearing the end of this story, only 6 chapters left.
Chapter Notes

Need to point out I don't know a thing about the law in America for these kind of crimes so I am just using examples from cop shows and what I've read on similar crimes in real life and I am also taking some liberties too for the story.

Mandy was really trying not to freak out but ever since she came back from her trip away with her girlfriend she hadn't seen or heard from Mickey, Ian or Iggy in a week. She tried calling them on the phone but it went straight to voicemail and there was no answer when she went over to Mickey and Ian's apartment. As she now sat at the table in the kitchen of her house in the Southside she wondered if everything was okay and she was finding it hard not to think the worst had happened.

She didn't have to wait too long when the front door opened and slammed shut before Iggy walked into the kitchen and saw her asking "when did you get back" curiously before he went looking for food in the fridge. Mandy glared at him "a week ago, were the fuck were you and where are Mickey and Ian" angrily. Iggy ate some food from a tin with a fork as he sat on the chair while biting his lip deciding he needed to tell his sister the truth because she wasn't stupid and would figure it out eventually.

He told her everything that happened on that night a week ago. She silently looked at him not hiding her surprise when he told her Mickey goaded the assholes into a fight before he stopped Ian from nearly killing the guy with a brick. He also told her that he called in a favor in making sure the guys ended up in jail permanently even if meant getting caught which was why he disappeared for a week.

Mandy looked shocked as she mumbled "fuck" softly. Iggy slightly shrugged his shoulder as he kept eating his food replying "yeah told them to lay low for a while, said I'd deal with it and I did" firmly. Mandy glared at him "so where the fuck are they because they werent at the bar, havent been since I came home" angrily. Iggy looked up at her snapping "they what, fuck I told them to lay low not fucking disappear, can those idiots do anything right" angrily.

Mandy softly laughed looking at her brother not hiding her surprise asking "you know as well as I do they cant not when Mickey's involved, fucker probably took off with Ian in case shit hit the fan" lightly. They fell into a silence before Mandy got up and made herself a sandwich and when she sat back down she asked "so what did you do" curiously. Iggy bit his lip as he looked at the floor before looking at her telling her "I recognized the attackers, I know who they are" in a whisper.

Mandy looked shocked as she leaned forward resting her elbows on the table mumbling "what the fuck" softly. Iggy finished eating his food before replying "I remember them from before Terry landed in jail, they used to work with him in selling large shipments of drugs and guns, I'm surprised the fuckers didn't recognize us" firmly. Mandy leaned back in her seat asking "you think they know it was you and Mickey" softly.

Iggy bit his lip "dont know, dont think so" not sounding as convincing as he would have liked to
have sound. Even Mandy didn't buy it "we would have heard something by now right if they did" lightly. Iggy muttered "probably but it's been over ten years since I saw them here one night with Terry and they were all high as shit on meth and we don't look the same as we did back then either since we were practically fucking kids back then" firmly.

Mandy anxiously bit her lip sighing "fuck if Terry knows or finds out from them Mickey's gay or those assholes figure out Mickey is Terry's kid he's a dead man" lightly. Iggy looked at her telling her "they don't know it's him but I think I did something stupid" lightly. Mandy groaned "what the fuck did you do" tiredly. Iggy leaned back in his seat forcing out "a friend of mine owed me a favor so I called him that night, asked him to help me set those guys up with illegal guns and a few kilo of meth, planted the shit on the assholes with their prints and all before we called the cops" lightly.

Mandy snapped "what the fuck" angrily. Iggy snapped "I know it was stupid but I didn't get caught and the assholes are in jail for fucking good this time" firmly. Mandy shook her head in disbelief "and you don't owe this guy anything for helping you" lightly. Iggy replied "no he's a friend, I told him what the assholes did to Ian and he helped me because he's gay too and he doesn't give a shit who knows and it's why I called him that night" firmly.

Iggy let out a deep breath before adding "he fucking gets it and he knows those assholes won't go to jail with no evidence for what they did to Ian, so he planted enough evidence to make sure they stay in jail for a fucking long time" firmly. Mandy looked off to the side completely shocked muttering "this is fucking crazy" lightly. Iggy slightly laughed "I know but it got the job done, he knows a cop who told him that the fuckers are rotting in jail right now with no chance of parole for a fucking long time for possession with intent to sell, an illegal firearm and also charges for hate crimes and previous crimes they were never caught for" happily.

Mandy just felt so much relief as she laughed "are you fucking serious, does Ian knows this" firmly. Iggy shrugged his shoulders looking at her replying "fuckers have their phones turned off so no they don't know, I told them to keep their phones on but they didn't" firmly. They both silently looked at each other before they started laughing and when they fell quiet Mandy asked "you think we should tell Mickey about the assholes working with Terry" curiously.

Iggy crossed his arms over his chest as he looked at the table "he'll kill us if we don't so might be a good idea just in case" lightly. Mandy let out a sigh "then we'll fucking tell them when they come back to fucking civilisation" in a bored tone before she got up from her seat and walked away from the table.

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Ian and Mickey were just back in their apartment and were sitting on the sofa eating some food and watching TV when Ian looked at him telling him "thanks for coming out of town with me, just needed to get away from here you know" lightly. Mickey lightly grinned at Ian knowing he would have went anyway honestly admitting "I would have went with you anyway so don't worry about it" firmly. Mickey turned on his phone to see missed calls from Iggy and Mandy as he bit his lip muttering "shit" lightly.

Ian looked over "what" as he noticed all the missed calls on Mickey's phone. Mickey looked over at him replying "Mandy and Iggy were calling me" firmly. Ian softly laughed as he reached for his phone on the table in front of them and turned it on replying "it was your idea to keep them turned off until we got back" lightly. Mickey scoffed and elbowed Ian hard in the ribs muttering "fuck you" angrily but he laughed too which he hated a lot.

Ian looked through his missed calls from Iggy and Mandy and then noticed one different one
muttering "shit the cops were ringing me" lightly. Mickey looked over "what" lightly. Ian didn't answer as he just called the police station and Mickey hated that Ian was just ignoring him as he spoke on the phone in short one worded answers. When Ian sat back down he put the phone on the table and stared at it when he felt Mickey whack him hard on the shoulder almost shouting "the fuck did they want" firmly.

Ian flinched from the impact and pretended he was going to hit Mickey back while muttering "fucking asshole" not hiding the hurt from his voice. Mickey rolled his eyes knowing he didn't hit Ian that hard as he watched Ian turn in his seat to face him as he told him "Iggy sorted it, the cops told me they caught the attackers on other charges, they just want me to go in and confirm it was them so they can add hate crimes charges" happily.

Mickey looked at Ian not hiding his shocked expression muttering "fuck, when" curiously as he wondered what the hell did Iggy do. Ian looked and felt nervous as he looked down at Mickey's stomach replying "as soon as possible" softly. Mickey raised his eyebrows asking "now, like right now" curiously. Ian nodded and looked up at him replying "yeah if we can" softly.

Mickey slightly laughed "lets fucking go then and put these assholes away for good" firmly. As they stood up from the sofa Ian laughed "dont know what Iggy did but I cant wait to find out" humorously as they grabbed their coats before they both left the apartment. As Mickey waited for Ian outside the police station he sat on the low wall and smoked a cigarette to try and kill his nerves.

Mickey felt bad for letting Ian go in there alone but he was told to wait in the reception area so instead he told Ian would be outside when he finished up before he walked away. He also didn't want to spend any longer in there because the station made him feel nervous and he could feel the judgemental eyes on him the second he said his name was Milkovich.

They knew his father was Terry and Mickey just hated that they looked at him like the apple didn't fall far from the tree. At the same time he didn't want to be in there because he knew that he along with Ian, Mandy and Iggy were pulling scams whenever they could for cash. Mickey just felt like he had too many secrets like being the person who beat the shit out of Ian's attackers and he would gladly take the fall for Ian if it meant Ian was free because there was no way he was letting Ian go to jail.

Mickey let out a tense sigh as he dropped the finished cigarette on the ground under his feet before he gripped the edge of the wall wondering how long Ian would be in there because it was killing him sitting out here in the cold in the middle of winter playing the waiting game. As he looked down the street forcing himself to ignore the looks he was getting off some people who walked past him on the street he wondered could he go and get some coffee and be back before Ian go out.

He didn't have to wait too long until Ian was right beside him and placed his hand on his leg looking at him asking "hey you okay" curiously. Mickey looked over and visibly sighed in relief that Ian was standing in front of him now and not wanting to admit his fears he lightly tipped Ian's leg with his foot as he looked at him "was thinking of getting some coffee so you finished" curiously.

Ian grinned as he nodded admitting with happiness "yeah, they got the fuckers" lightly. Mickey let out a tense sigh while he rubbed his face with his hand muttering "fucking finally" lightly. Ian noticed the street was busy as it was still the late in the afternoon but he didn't want to talk here he replied "I'll tell you everything at home, its too cold out here to be talking" hoping Mickey got the hint.

Mickey did and slid off the wall wanting to get away from this place now that it was all over
replying "yeah lets get the fuck out of here" lightly. They walked home in complete silence while
letting their arms brush against each other and glancing at each other too not hiding how happy
they were right now.

When they got back into their apartment and were sitting at the table in the kitchen eating some
food they just made Mickey asked "so what the fuckers say" curiously. Ian ate his food speaking
through mouthfuls "they took me into a room and asked me the same questions as they did back at
the hospital, they told me they caught the guys I described with a couple of kilo of meth and illegal
guns on them, it was enough to charge them for possession with intent to sell and owning illegal
firearms" firmly.

Ian swallowed the food in his mouth before adding "they took me into another room and showed
me a line up, I only recognized them because they still looked beaten to shit" before laughing to
himself. Mickey groaned and he tried not to panic as he looked at Ian asking "they dont know it
was us that did that do they" not hiding the fear and panic in his voice.

Ian noticed his boyfriends nervousness and reached across the table and lightly gripped his hand
as he looked at him replying "no, the cops never said anything about it, guess the assholes didnt
want people knowing they got their ass kicked by a couple of fags" humorously. Mickey slightly
shook his head "not fucking funny Ian, I dont want us sitting in a cell next to Terry" angrily.

Ian stopped laughing and genuinely told him "sorry, I know we got lucky but it was just nice to
see those assholes were they belong" firmly. Mickey nodded accepting Ian's apology replying
"good" lightly. Ian rolled his eyes adding "but because I was able to pick them out of the line up
they can also charge them with hate crime too so it will add to their life sentence and I dont have
to go to court either which is good enough for me" firmly.

Mickey softly laughed as he let out a sigh of relief asking "why do you not have to go" curiously.
Ian shrugged as he picked at his food with his fingers "cops said they were already wanted for
previous crimes and they want to charge them for those crimes because it will carry more of a
sentence than if they just charge for hate crime" firmly. Mickey didnt like that what they did to Ian
was going to get ignored so he scoffed "so what the fuck did they call you in for and why they
fuck are they ignoring that they nearly killed you" angrily.

Ian slightly laughed at Mickey as he told him "they told me that in my case they will be charged
with pre-meditated murder as they have been known to attack people in the area they attacked me
and a hate crime charge will be added too, they're getting the fucking book thrown at them"
lightly. Mickey relaxed at that information muttering "good, thats what they get" icily.

Ian softly smiled and he felt warm at the way his boyfriend was so protective of him as he looked
at him "they're just doing it this way because they've been trying to get these guys for years and
they dont want to risk a defense lawyer claiming gay panic or a homophobic jury and the assholes
getting fuck all of a charge so I told them I was okay with that, they said there is more of a chance
of them going to jail for life as they have the evidence they need for the crimes they are wanted for
and there isnt much to go on for what they did to me" firmly.

Mickey ate his food as he mumbled "glad I beat the shit out of those assholes now" angrily. Ian
softly laughed and kicked his boyfriend under the table with his foot "I helped too you know"
lightly. Mickey softly laughed as he looked at Ian muttering "yeah you did, nearly caved the
fuckers head in with a brick" softly not hiding how proud he was of Ian for that even though he
stopped Ian from commiting murder.
Ian let out a sigh "now we just got to tell Mandy and Iggy and explain why we disappeared" softly. Mickey nodded in agreement both of them not wanting to deal with that conversation as they fell into a comfortable silence and finished eating their food. When they moved over to the sofa to smoke some weed and watch a movie Ian leaned against his boyfriend asking "you going to call Mandy and Iggy" curiously.

Mickey was just finishing rolling a joint in his hands while scoffing "fuck no, I'll call them tomorrow" lightly. Ian softly laughed as he grabbed the lighter off the table and handed it to Mickey as he sat back on the sofa. When he lit the joint he rested his hand between Ian's thighs and glued himself to Ian's side as they shared the weed. Ian stretched out his legs in front of him as they passed the joint between them until it was finished and stubbed out in the ashtray.

Ian was lying against his boyfriend and trying not fall asleep so he looked over at Mickey whose concentration was focused on the TV screen. Ian was busy thinking how lucky he was over the last year and when Mickey felt Ian staring he lightly scoffed "stop fucking staring at me" trying but failing to sound angry. Ian slightly grinned before lightly elbowing his boyfriend in the ribs mocking him in a challenging tone "or what" lightly.

Mickey softly laughed as he pulled Ian into a headlock which turned into a play fight on the sofa. As they fell onto the floor Ian landed on his back and started laughing mainly because he was sort of high as he mumbled "ow" but didn't move from the spot. Mickey moved to lie on top of Ian settling between his legs and rested his forearms on each side of Ian's head with a grin on his face replying "you fucking started it" lightly.

Ian rolled his eyes muttering "whatever" knowing it was true as he rested his hands on Mickey's ribs. They fell into a comfortable silence as they looked at each other when Ian let out a deep breath deciding he needed to be honest "you know I couldn't have got through all this shit on my own" firmly and he didn't hide how much he meant it. Mickey looked over Ian's face with a soft expression and rested his hand on the side of Ian's head replying "I love you too much to let you deal with this shit on your own" firmly.

Ian slightly grinned at the answer knowing he probably embarrassed his boyfriend because Mickey wasn't used to compliments replying "I know, I'd be the same with you and I love you too" firmly. Mickey slightly groaned letting his forehead rest against Ian's while muttering "no more fucking weed for you, I'm cutting you off, shouldn't even be smoking it on your meds" lightly before he kissed Ian on the lips.

Ian laughed as he looked at his boyfriend "you practically fucking handed it to me" humorously. Mickey rolled his eyes knowing that was true as he looked at Ian with nothing but love on his face muttering "whatever" softly knowing he would allow Ian anything. As they lay there on the floor intensely kissing and touching each other they weren't long moving things to their bedroom until they fell asleep naked curled around each other for the night.
Ian had just taken his meds with some food before he went back to bed to see his boyfriend was still asleep under the covers. As he lay back down under the covers between his boyfriend and the wall he slowly moved closer to Mickey while trying to ignore the medications side effects. As he silently looked at Mickey's sleeping face he wondered could they not just stay here and forget about everything else for another while because he wasn't ready to go back to dealing with the world just yet.

He knew Mandy and Iggy would be wanting answers to where they disappeared to for a whole week and Ian didn't know how to answer that all. He didn't know how to tell them it just got to be too much and that he nearly killed the guy who stabbed him in the alley way. He didn't know how to tell them that he felt claustrophobic again and just wanted some breathing space for a while.

He knew they would probably be pissed off at him and Mickey disappearing for a whole week and Ian didn't know how to tell them that he just couldn't stay here anymore. Ian just thought over the last week and he just felt like he was a different person. He had great time and he knew Mickey did too and they never spoke about Chicago until the night before they came back home.

They just lived in the moment in a whole other city they had never been to before and it felt like they were living the life of someone else until they were ready to come back home. Ian was grateful Mickey never pushed him until he was ready to come back home again and deal with everything they were running away from or left behind for the week. It was in a cheap hotel room that Ian realized his boyfriend would literally do anything he asked of him and he knew he was lucky to have Mickey in his life.

Ian told him that last night and he was even more surprised when Mickey told him he felt that way too about him and it just made Ian wonder if they did the right thing in coming home. Ian slowly inched his hand over to rest on Mickey's shoulder and slightly nudged him as he asked "you awake" softly. Mickey was sleeping lightly but he wasn't awake yet as he was enjoying lying beside Ian in the quiet morning thinking about the night before as he muttered "not really" sleepily.

Ian softly laughed as he felt Mickey move closer to him and wrap his arms around him and lightly kissing him on the lips before asking "meds time already" curiously. Ian let Mickey pull them right up against each other and slid his arm over Mickey's waist almost sighing "yeah a little while ago" softly. Mickey opened one eye to look at Ian mumbling something as he exhaled through his nose. Ian didn't hear what was said so he softly laughed as he just felt every inch of his boyfriend pressed right up against him and his warm body heat was enough to make him want to fall back asleep again.

It didn't help that Mickey was wrapped around him and Ian wasn't complaining at all because it was his favourite place to be right now. All Ian knew right now was that he just felt tired and stressed out and he didn't realize how much until they came home from the police station yesterday. He didn't realize how much weight was pressing down on him until he was told his
attackers would be locked up for good and that it was a case closed situation.

He just felt relieved about it because he didn't know if he had the energy to fight anymore and he sort of regretted coming home. But now that the news had the chance to sink into his brain Ian just felt exhausted and glad it was all over too. He just hated that he had to face Mandy and Iggy but he knew they deserved an explanation too considering they did a lot to help him when he needed it.

As he remained lost in his own thoughts he vaguely felt Mickey pull him closer to him and tighten his arms that were still wrapped around him even though there was no space left between them in the bed. Ian shuffled closer to Mickey as he pushed his leg between Mickey's as he heard his boyfriend ask "you okay" in a concerned voice. Mickey had noticed that Ian looked like he was lost in his own thoughts again so he left Ian to it as he kept replaying last night with Ian over in his head.

Ian blinked as he looked at his boyfriend who was now wide awake and looking at him so Ian just told him "just thinking about stuff" softly. Mickey softly laughed trying not to grin as he rubbed his hand along Ian's spine replying "yeah same here" softly. They fell into a silence before Mickey rested his forehead close to Ian's and he didn't care he was being honest as he looked at Ian while admitting "just thinking about us and while we were away, that I was an idiot to not see it sooner, that we could have had this a lot sooner if I hadn't been so stupid" softly.

Ian slightly grinned as he looked at Mickey "you weren't ready and anyway you do stupid things" humorously. Mickey laughed as he lightly pinched Ian under his ribs with his fingers muttering "fuck you" humorously but he knew Ian was right too. They slowly stopped laughing before Ian inhaled and looked down at Mickey's chest as he admitted "I was just thinking that maybe we shouldn't have come home, should have just left and stayed in Minneapolis for good" softly.

Mickey's face became more serious as he was afraid of this happening but he also knew the reasons why Ian wanted to stay there and he didn't blame him for it either. Ian didn't hide how sad he looked and when he felt Mickey rest his hand on the side of his head he admitted "I just keep thinking maybe Monica is on to something with this shit, never staying in one place for too long" lightly.

Mickey hated seeing Ian like this as he asked "what do you mean" curiously. Ian rested his hand on Mickey's ribs taking comfort in his boyfriends warm skin against his own as he added with sadness in his voice "just felt free there you know, it was like we could start over and restart our whole lives and forget all this shit that happened here" softly. Ian finally looked at Mickey not hiding his sad eyes and whispering with sadness "we could be different people for a while, not the guy with the homophobic father and the guy that got fag bashed and left for dead" hating that he just admitted that to his boyfriend.

Mickey just tightly hugged Ian but he didn't know what to say even though he completely understood Ian's point of view. But he didn't see how it would change anything as he rubbed Ian's back with hand while looking at him deciding to just say it "it doesn't change anything though, its all still there in your head, can't run away from shit no matter how much we want to so just got to deal with it somehow" softly.

Ian nodded knowing his boyfriend was right while he wiped his nose with his fingers before looking at Mickey replying "yeah I know, guess its just nice to go somewhere and forget shit for a while" softly. Mickey lightly kissed Ian's lips not looking away from his telling him "it didn't matter how many times I went to your house to get away from Terry when he wasn't in jail, still had to face the fucker from time to time" icily.

Ian softly smiled while shyly asking "is that your way of telling me to I can't run away from my problems" lightly. Mickey slightly laughed as he looked over Ian "read into what you want but the
way I see it is that our problems are locked up right now for good so why are we wasting time worrying about them worthless assholes" angrily. Mickey couldnt stop himself from admitting his next thought until it was already said "I just want to get on with my life with you and thats it, I love you and thats all I fucking want and nothing else" firmly.

When Mickey realized what he just admitted he muttered "oh shit" lowly and tried to pull himself away from Ian to lie on his back while keeping his eyes closed because he just felt embarrassed at admitting that to Ian. Ian softly laughed as he tightened his arms around Mickey and tried not to grin so much but failed when his boyfriend groaned and pinched Ian's ribs with his fingers "you better not be fucking laughing at me" firmly knowing his face was the color of Ian's hair right now.

Ian bit his lip before he replied unconvincingly "I'm not" softly as he rubbed his hand on Mickey's back. They lay there in silence before Ian decided to embarass himself too so added "got to say I feel that way about you" firmly. Mickey decided he didnt care anymore because it was true so he moved up to look at Ian telling "good but I dont care anymore, said what I needed to say and just thought you should know" firmly.

Ian softly grinned as he slightly shrugged his shoulder muttering "okay" lightly but there was still amusement on his face. Mickey rolled his eyes and slightly laughed "youre an asshole" humoredly. Ian slightly laughed "maybe but you love me anyway" humoredly. Mickey nodded in agreement "yeah I know" lightly. They lay there in a comfortable silence neither one of them wanting to move at all as they went back to being lost in their own thoughts.

It wasnt long before Ian frowned and looked at Mickey admitting "think my meds might need to be adjusted so its probably good we came home" lightly. Mickey frowned back at him mumbling "shit" softly. Ian slightly nodded "yeah, just been feeling tired and low in energy for a while, its part of why I wanted to leave, just thought I needed a break but I feel even more tired now so I think its my meds, hope its not though" softly.

Ian wasnt mad at Ian when he asked "you want to go to the clinic or wait a few days" curiously. Ian really didnt know what to do as he pulled the covers up over them a little more as he looked downwards hesitantly replying "might have nothing to do with my meds so I might wait a few days, could just be tired from overthinking shit but now that its over it might pass once I get back into my routine" softly but he didnt feel convinced at all.

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Mickey didint feel convinced by that but he decided Ian knew his own body and his own disorder as he looked at him replying "okay" lightly. Ian let out a tired sigh hoping that he wasnt crashing into a depressive cycle but at the same time he wouldnt be surprised because for months he had been stressing out about everything that happened over the last year.

That overthinking and stress had just gotten worse over the last week and he just hoped it wouldnt affect his meds and send him crashing into a depressive episode. But that feeling in his gut was telling him another episode was on its way and it was something he really didnt want to think about right now. As they lay there under the covers wrapped up in each other they werent long falling back asleep.

Later on that day Ian was getting dressed in his room as he heard Mickey and Mandy along with Iggy talking in their apartment. He zipped up his jeans and then pulled his tshirt over his head wondering why they had to get up today because he would have much preferred to stay in bed with his boyfriend for the rest of the day. But that plan was ruined when Mandy called earlier to say they were coming over to the apartment.
Even though Mickey told him to stay in the room and he'd get rid of Iggy and Mandy as quick as he could Ian decided he wasn't going to let his boyfriend face their questions alone. Ian felt a little cold and grabbed the navy hoodie he knew belonged to his boyfriend off the chair and pulled it on taking comfort in that it smelled liked Mickey and didn't give a shit because it was warm and he loved the smell of the person it belonged to too.

He walked out of the room and went to the toilet before going to the kitchen for a glass of water to see the three of them sitting at the kitchen table drinking some coffee. He sat down on the chair beside Mickey and gave a weak smile when Mandy looked at Ian asking "you okay" with concern in her voice and expression. Ian looked at her while he nodded "yeah think so" softly but didn't add what he told Mickey earlier in the day about his meds needing to be adjusted.

Ian didn't really want to talk about that and hoped he wouldn't have to explain himself any further as he thought maybe he should have just stayed in their room until Mandy and Iggy left the apartment. Iggy looked at them both with a stern expression as he asked "so where the fuck were you guys, I told you to lay low not disappear" angrily. Mickey raised his eyebrow glaring at his brother "oh like you fucking disappeared" angrily.

Mandy rolled her eyes glaring at Mickey while interjecting "its doesn't fucking matter, its done so forget about it and just listen for fucks sake" firmly. Iggy didn't give Mickey a chance to respond to that as he told him "I set the fuckers up with enough drugs and an illegal gun to land them in jail for life, told you I'd sort it didn't I" firmly.

Ian looked at his boyfriend and then at Iggy "we know, the cops called me yesterday, wanted me to go in just to confirm it was them, I said it was and they told me they were in jail for life, they're charging them with an illegal weapon and enough meth for possession with intent to sell along with previous crimes they were never caught for along with a hate crime charge for pre-meditated murder" softly.

Ian also added "they told me the assholes were wanted for previous crimes and they want to charge them for those crimes because it will carry more of a sentence than if they just charge for hate crime" softly.

Ian just repeated what he told his boyfriend yesterday "said that in my case they will be charged with pre-meditated murder as they have been known to attack people in the area they attacked me and a hate crime charge will be added too, they're getting the fucking book thrown at them but they're just doing it this way because they've been trying to get these guys for years and they don't want to risk a defense lawyer claiming gay panic or a homophobic jury and the assholes getting fuck all of a charge so I told them I was okay with that, they said there is more of a chance of them going to jail for life as they have the evidence they need for the crimes they are wanted for and there isn't much to go on for what they did to me" softly.

Mandy scoffed "good, fucking assholes deserve it" before looking at Ian adding "they dont know it was you three that nearly killed the assholes was it" curiously. Ian looked at her "no they didn't make the connection" firmly. Mandy sighed in relief "thank fuck" softly. Mickey was curious so looked at his brother asking "the fuck did you do anyway" curiously.

Iggy looked over at Mandy deciding to repeat what he told his sister "a friend of mine owed me a favor so I called him that night, asked him to help me set those guys up with an illegal gun and a few kilo of meth, planted the shit on the assholes with their prints and all before we called the cops" lightly. Mickey groaned "youre a fucking idiot, now you owe him a fucking favor" lightly.

Iggy wasn't having it retorting "it got the fucking job done alright" angrily as he glared at his brother. Iggy let out a tense exhale before adding "I know it was stupid but it was what needed to
be done and the guy I called is a friend, he's gay too so its why I called him because he gets it and he was pissed off at what they did to Ian" firmly.

Iggy leaned forward in his seat adding "if it wasnt for him the assholes wouldnt be sitting in jail right now, he knew what needed to be done and he told me those assholes wont end up jail for nearly killing Ian because the cops dont give a shit about gay people especially if theyre from the Southside and that something more needed to be done and it worked didnt it" angrily.

Ian lightly hit Mickey's arm with his hand as he looked at him "he's got a point" softly. Mickey let out a sigh of defeat as he leaned back in his seat muttering "suppose so" softly. Iggy slightly laughed "it got the job done, anyway he knows a cop who told him that the fuckers are rotting in jail right now with no chance of parole for a fucking long time for possesion with intent to sell, an illegal firearm and also charges for hate crimes and previous crimes they were never caught for but they have evidence that they did it" happily.

Mickey tiredly groaned while he rubbed his face with his hand muttering "this better not come back on us" angrily. Iggy scoffed "you know if you had your phones turned on I would have told you this days ago and you wouldnt have been so surprised the cops wanted to talk to you" knowingly. Ian disagreed with that and slightly grimaced "actually I prefer that I didnt know when I went to talk to them, element of surprise and all, would be a little suspicious if I knew in advance and didnt react" lightly.

Mickey couldnt help think that was a good point but he was too tired to argue as he was just glad this mess was all over. Mickey really regretted that thought when Iggy admitted "that night I recognized the attackers, I know who they are" lightly. Mandy didnt look surprised and warily glanced between her brothers but she didnt notice Ian looked shocked too. Mickey snapped "what the fuck" angrily.

Iggy glared back at his brother clamly replying "I didnt tell you that night because you'd do something stupid like land your ass in jail but I remember them from before Terry landed in jail, they used to work with him in selling large shipments of drugs and guns, to be honest I'm surprised the fuckers didnt recognize us" firmly. Mickey just looked panicked and looked at Ian asking "you think they know it was us" hoping his fear didnt show because the last thing he needed was Terry finding out he was gay.

Ian noticed the panic in Mickey's voice but Iggy didnt as he shrugged his shoulder looking at his brother "dont think so, havent heard anything from Terry so no" firmly. Mickey let out a tense sigh "if that fucker finds out I'm fucking dead and so is Ian" hating that this just went from bad to worse.

Mandy added "even if they did recognize you and told Terry we would have heard something by now" but even she didnt sound convinced. Iggy looked at Mickey telling him "it's been over ten years since I saw them in the house one night with Terry and they were all high as shit on meth and we dont look the same as we did back then since we were practically fucking kids so quit worrying" firmly.

Mickey anxiously bit his lip as he looked at the table and felt Ian's hand on his thigh while sighing "fuck if Terry knows he will literally kill me and Ian too and prison walls wont fucking stop him from doing it" hating that there was nothing but fear and panic in his voice. Iggy understood Mickey's panic and fear so looked at his brother "dont worry about it, my friend who helped me the other night knows a guy on the inside, he told me he will find out if Terry knows and I'm waiting to hear back from him about it" lightly.

Mickey just hoped Terry wouldnt find out because even though he was behind bars Mickey knew if Terry wanted him dead then he would make it happen because he hated people like Mickey. As
Mickey watched the three people he cared about move onto another conversation of a different topic Mickey looked over at Ian deciding if Terry did know then he was leaving Chicago permanently.

He slightly smiled to himself knowing that Ian would go with him in a heartbeat but he hoped it wouldnt get that far and he hoped that Terry didnt know and that those guys that nearly killed Ian were too stupid to recognize them in the alley that night. Mickey decided he wanted to forget about it for now as he joined in the conversation at the table while trying to ignore that cold fear that was creeping around somewhere in his mind.
Chapter 25

Ian knew it would happen but he was still a little surprised that his meds stopped working because he thought once he got back into his routine he would start to feel less tired. But that didn't happen and here he was now on a new medication combination and trying to get through the horrible adjustment period. He really hated that it was own fault for stressing out so much over the last number of months and that his body reached a tolerance level too.

Now he was just trying not to feel bad about it because he knew the stress didn't help matters and he just hated that this felt like another setback in his life even though he knew he would have to deal with this for the rest of his life. As he lay in his bed on his side with the covers pulled up to his neck and his back to the wall behind him he just felt numb, foggy brained and like he could sleep forever.

But for now he was just quite happy to stay in bed and forget about his life for a while and doing his best to ignore his racing thoughts. He gave up fighting those thoughts a long time ago because he knew the more they were ignored the louder they got over time. He found it was best to just let his thoughts run wild and acknowledge they were there in the first place and he knew they would tire themselves out and go away eventually.

Ian let out a tired sigh as he opened his eyes to see Mickey was lying near him on their bed on top of the covers as he stared at the ceiling. He wiped his tired eyes with his fingers and softly cleared his throat and when Mickey looked over at him Ian asked "can I have some water" hoarsly. Mickey reached over and grabbed the bottle of water from the small table beside the bed and handed it to Ian who sat up and drank most of the water in the bottle.

Ian put the cap back the bottle and left it beside him before he lay back down on his side to face his boyfriend mumbling "you working later" curiously. Mickey moved from lying on his back to his side as he looked at Ian "no not until tomorrow" softly. Ian groaned "hate this shit" tiredly. Mickey slightly nodded his head knowing that was true but he didn't say anything at all because he knew it wouldn't make Ian feel any better.

Ian cleared his throat before admitting "can't stop thinking about shit" lightly. Mickey didn't move any closer to Ian knowing he liked his space during a med change as he asked "like what" curiously. Ian groaned in frustration as he clenched his jaw "just fucking everything, it never fucking ends" angrily. Mickey frowned a little "fucking tell me about" icily. Ian faltered a little as he looked downwards forcing out "what if Terry knows, we should never have come back" in a defeated tone of voice.

Mickey lightly scoffed "yeah well haven't heard anything yet and if he does then we'll leave if we have to" lightly but he didn't admit he was scared of that too. Ian silently looked at his boyfriend with a sad expression almost whispering "when did everything get so fucked up" softly and he didn't hide the confusion from his voice. Mickey slightly nodded in agreement as he silently looked at Ian before admitting "we'll deal with it when it happens, he's in jail so he can't get near us" softly and he hated he didn't sound convincing at all.

Ian even looked like he didn't believe it but he didn't want to talk about it anymore so reached out and grabbed Mickey's tshirt with his hand looking at him while mumbling "get over here" lightly. Mickey softly laughed and moved himself right up against Ian while looking at him "thought you hated me near you when your getting the meds changed" humoredly as he rested his hand below Ian's ribs.

Ian slightly laughed "I do but I don't mind this time" softly not wanting to admit that he wanted
Mickey right beside him this time so he would feel less alone. Mickey rolled his eyes at Ian but he couldn't help the small smile on his face while he lightly kissed Ian on the forehead as he felt Ian push the covers down so he wrap his arm around his back. Ian rested his forehead against Mickey's asking "so tell me about your day" curiously.

Mickey softly laughed "nice change of conversation there fuckhead" humoredly. Ian groaned "dont want to talk about that other waste of oxygen" disdainfully. Mickey laughed and grinned at Ian muttering "good fucking point" lightly. They fell into a silence before Mickey added "I've been with you all day so you know exactly what I've been doing" softly. Ian frowned a little as he looked at Mickey "I've been sleeping for most of the day so you could have left" lightly.

Mickey knew that was true as he looked at Ian "talked to Mandy earlier, said she'd be over later" lightly before he muttered "should have told her to fuck off" icily. Ian softly laughed while he lightly hit his boyfriend in the stomach with his hand while looking at him with amusement on his face as he teased "got to deal with her eventually, I dont think Mandy would believe you if you said you weren't home, you told her that lie already when I got out of hospital remember" lightly.

Mickey scoffed and lightly hit Ian back in the stomach with his hand muttering "didn't hear you fucking complain that night" lightly. Ian laughed and grabbed Mickey's hand in his own while resting their hands on the bed between their bodies as he shyly admitted "true" hating that he just felt embarrassed at what he just admitted. They fell into an easy silence filled with short conversations as they lay side by side on their bed until Ian fell asleep again.

Mickey really didn't know how to feel about the possibility of Terry finding out if he was gay. He didn't know why he felt that fear creep into his mind especially since Terry was in jail for life. Mickey didn't really care if Terry got to him but he was just afraid of the bastard doing harm to Ian. He knew Ian was right in asking when did everything get so fucked up and Mickey was just so done with the last year and now he just wanted to move on and enjoy his relationship with Ian.

As he looked at Ian who was lightly sleeping in front of him he knew he wasn't lying when he told Ian if they had to then they would leave Chicago and start over somewhere else. The only problem Mickey had with that was what if they ran into the same shit if they went somewhere else. He really didn't know what to do as he moved to lie on his back and went back to staring at the celings trying to ignore his own negative thoughts.

It was early evening when Mandy showed up to the apartment after she finished work with some money, weed and news. She was sitting on the sofa watching the TV when she heard Mickey shut the door of his bedroom behind him before he sat down on the sofa after checking to see if Ian was okay. She looked over at him asking "Ian okay" curiously. Mickey tiredly rubbed his face with his hand trying not to yawn as he told her "yeah but his meds crashed, just got them changed yesterday so all he's doing now is sleeping" lightly.

Mandy was drinking a bottle of beer as she mumbled "fuck" softly before turning her attention back to the TV. Mickey nodded in agreement as they watched some documentary on the screen while he told his sister "he knew it was going to happen, told me that he felt tired all the time, thought he would be okay when he got back into his routine but he wasn't so we went to the clinic yesterday" lightly. Mandy looked over at him asking "what did the doctor say" curiously.

Mickey frowned as he looked over at her "he's on a new combination, doctor thinks his body just got used to them and because he was so stressed out over the last year they stopped working" softly. Mandy shook her head hating that Ian had to go through all of that again as she silently glared at the TV. Mickey really wasn't in the mood right now and tried to hide his irritation when
he asked "so did Iggy find out about what Terry knows or doesn't know" icily.

Mandy reached into her pocket and pulled out some cash and handed it to Mickey telling him "Iggy said that for you and Ian, its your cut from the job we did yesterday" firmly. Mickey looked at it and after counting it he saw it was enough to do them a few months muttering "what the fuck did you both do for this, its two thousand" lightly. Mandy scoffed while she drank her beer "we pulled the moving truck scam again, got four thousand so we took one thousand each and the rest is for you and Ian, should keep you going for a few months” firmly.

Mickey softly laughed "fucking right it will" lightly as he put the money on the small table in front of them while feeling relieved they had some money to get them through the next few months. Mandy looked over at him adding "also told me to tell you that Terry doesn't know about you or Ian, the two assholes didn't figure out it was you so you can both relax" lightly. Mickey frowned at her not hiding his disbelief "and thats it" firmly.

Mandy shrugged her shoulder dismissively "Iggy just said the guy his friend knows overheard them tell Terry about the fag bashes stories they had under their belt but no names came up" softly. Mickey let out a sigh of relief "good" softly as he thought Ian would be relieved at that too. Mickey didn't say anything more as they went back to watching the TV until Mandy left the apartment a few hours later.

Later that evening Mickey was about to go back into their bedroom when when he heard Ian go to the bathroom. He slightly smiled to himself that Ian was finally up and about before he went over the fridge deciding he wanted some food. When he heard Ian walk over to him he asked "you want some leftovers for dinner" softly. Ian grabbed a glass from the sink replying "yeah sure" before he filled the glass up with water and drank it all in one go before refilling it and sitting down on one of the chairs.

Ian silently rubbed his face with his hand fighting back a yawn as he heard Mickey get the food heated up in the microwave and put it on a plate as he asked "Mandy here yet" lightly. As Mickey took the cooked food over to the table he put a plate in front of Ian replying "yeah she was here earlier" as he sat down in the seat across from Ian. As they ate their food Mickey added "her and Iggy did a job, gave us two thousand so it should cover us for a while at least" softly.

Ian was shovelling food into his mouth realizing just how hungry he was and he looked at Mickey with a surprised expression "when the fuck did they do that" lightly. Mickey ate his food and looked up at Ian "yesterday, she also said that Iggy found out that Terry doesn't know about us, guess the assholes didn't remember me at all so Iggy was right and they were too fucked up on meth to remember who we were" lightly.

Ian sighed in relief and visibly relaxed in his seat sighing "shit I was scared he knew" in a whisper. Mickey laughed but there was a bitterness in it "you and me both, dont need that asshole giving me shit right now" icily. Ian swallowed some of his food before asking "you think he would" curiously. Mickey ate more of his food replying "don't know but I dont want to find out, just want to move on from all this shit because I'm so fucking done with it" firmly.

Ian nodded in agreement and looked at his plate "yeah same here" lightly. There was short silence before Ian adding "just glad its all over" softly. Mickey nodded in agreement as they silently went back to eating their dinner. Ian really did feel relieved because he was so scared of what would happen if Terry knew about them even if the chances of something happening to them both was slim.
It wasn’t a risk he wanted to have to take but now that there was no chance of that waste of oxygen ever finding out about them he realized that he could finally move on with his life. As Mickey stared at his plate and ate his food in silence he felt Ian staring at him and looked up to see that Ian was staring at him with an open expression. Mickey slightly shifted in his seat feeling uncomfortable at Ian's intense stare so he scoffed “the fuck you looking at” but there was no anger in his voice.  

Ian looked down at his plate as he fought back a smile while eating the rest of his food mumbling “nothing” softly. Mickey heard it scoffing “whats that mumbles” lightly before laughing to himself at Ian. Ian decided he didn’t care as he finished off the rest of his food and put the fork down on the empty plate before looking at his boyfriend as he laughed "said cause I fucking want to” humouredly.  

Mickey softly laughed as he finished the rest of his food before standing up and taking the empty plates over the sink. He dumped them in the sink as he noticed Ian taking his meds before walked over to the sofa and sat down letting out a tense sigh realizing he just felt so relieved right now. He didn’t have to wait too long until Ian sat down beside him as they watched the TV silence.  

Ian felt the side effects of the meds kick in so he moved right up against Mickey and rested his head on his shoulder as he realized something he didn’t feel for a long time. He felt much stronger now and he no longer felt that fear that clung to him ever since the attack over a year ago. He didn’t feel like a victim anymore and he just felt like he survived the worst thing to ever happen to him in his life.  

He realized he no longer blamed himself for that night and he wasn’t going to punish himself or blame himself for something that wasn’t his fault. All that shame he felt too he didn’t feel anymore and he knew if anyone deserved to be feeling that way it was his attackers. He didn’t hate himself anymore and he knew there was nothing wrong with being who he was even though he couldn’t deny that the attack had changed him as a person.  

He wasn’t sure how that happened but he knew it changed him a lot. It just made him realize what was important to him and it what his relationship with Mickey. As horrible as the night of the attack was he knew it brought him and Mickey a lot closer and he was just grateful that their relationship was the one good thing that came out of that horrible night. He was just grateful that Mickey realized his own feelings even though he wished it hadn’t been the attack that made him realize those feelings.  

Ian would still take it over the fear he used to have in that Mickey would never feel the same way that he loved Mickey. But now that fear was gone because Mickey was all his and he didn’t have to worry about being alone for the rest of his life while Mickey moved on with someone else. He didn’t have to worry anymore because what he had right now with Mickey was everything he ever wanted but was too afraid to ever hope for until that night at the mental hospital when Mickey told him he felt the same way.  

Ian really hated himself that day for rejecting Mickey but at the same time he knew he needed to be alone to get better and recover from his attack. He knew it wasn’t fair to drag Mickey into his own shit when at the time he wasn’t ready for a relationship because they were two seperate things. He was just glad that his boyfriend understood his reasons and didn’t take it as a rejection but then he knew Mickey always understood him because they were best friends.  

Even more than that they were now best friends and boyfriends rolled up into one and Ian realized that they could get through anything since they had been through the worst of it together. As he realized something Ian let out a content sigh while he stretched his legs out in front of him before whispering “we’re going to be okay now, I know it” and he knew it wasn’t a lie because he really did feel so much stronger now than he did several months ago.
Mickey took Ian's hand in his own as he moved closer to his boyfriend while he looked at him replying "yeah we are" softly before they went back to watching whatever programme was playing on the TV. As Ian felt the nausea start to pass and tiredness make him sleepy again he knew he didn't want to be anywhere else in the world right now. Mickey just thought over Ian's words and he actually found he really believed it, he really believed they would be okay now because they had gotten through the worst of it together.
Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

Bit of a time jump in this chapter but its mentioned in the story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Ian was sitting in one of the booths along the wall at the side of the room while drinking his non alcoholic beer having finished his shift an hour ago. He decided to stay as Mandy arrived after her shift at work finished and she was also meeting her girlfriend later on after she spent time with Ian to catch up on things. Ian was glad she was here as Mickey was still working and he didn't feel like going home yet because he was determined to live his life the way that he wanted and be happy too.

Being here in this bar even though it was his place of work felt like home sometimes because it was where he fit in with other people like him and he wasn't alone either. He knew for a fact there was other people in this room who had been though the same ordeal as he had been a year and a half ago. He knew because they told him after he made some friends with the regulars who told them their own horror stories.

Ian took a drink of his beer as Mandy who was sitting across the table from him with her own beer looking at him as she asked "seriously its really a year and a half since the night you were attacked, fuck I cant believe its been that long" curiously. Ian shook his head completely getting her surprise replying "yeah I know, cant believe its been that long either" softly.

Ian took a drink of his beer before he whispered "surprised Mickey hasn't dumped me yet, couldn't have gotten through the last year without him" sadly. Mandy frowned a little replying "he wouldn't do that you know, the fucker loves you and you know it, still cant believe your both together for that long" firmly. She hated she sounded surprised but it was only because she knew them both for so long as friends and they were always together anyway so it felt like they had been together much longer since they were practically inseparable.

Ian looked up at her and laughed at her shocked expression replying "yeah I know" lightly. Mandy drank her beer as she looked at Ian who was looking back down at the table as he admitted "thought it would never happen but I'm glad it did" lighty. Mandy picked at label of the beer bottle in her hand with her fingers shyly asking "really" softly. Ian drank some of his beer and swallowed it down before he looked at her replying "yeah I did, before the attack happened I'd kind of given up on something ever happening between us" softly before he fell silent.

Mandy frowned a little but she didn't say anything as Ian looked down at the table admitting with sadness in his voice "after it I couldnt really be around anyone back then and I thought it was better to just cut myself off from him so I started avoiding him and pushing him away and you as well" softly. Ian frowned a little and slightly smiled but it was gone just as quick as it were there as he looked up at her adding "but even that didnt happen, when I was off my meds and manic he still looked out for me but I realized it would never happen you know" lightly.

Mandy looked at her friend replying "he does love you, even back then he did but I dont think he wanted to admit it to himself" lightly. Ian nodded at her response as he glanced up at her and then looked over at bar to see Mickey in what looked like the middle of a conversation with one of the regulars. Ian tightly gripped the bottle in his hand as he looked at Mandy admitting "I didnt think it
would ever happen, sometimes he would do things or say something that would make me wonder if there was something more but I just put it down to my brain wanting to see what it wanted to see" firmly.

Ian sighed in frustration as he looked at the table before he added "the night I was stabbed I thought I was going to die alone, at the time I didn't know he saw the whole thing happen from down the street but" and the words just died in his mouth. Ian slightly shook his head before he drank some more beer as he sadly admitted "I didn't want to die that night" in a whisper but didn't add that his last thought was that he would never see Mickey again. Mandy interjected "but you didn't" softly.

Ian nodded in agreement while he let out a tense exhale before looking up at her replying "after it happened and I got to go home I just accepted that he would never love me back, that we were best friends and that was it" firmly. Mandy softly laughed but there was no amusement in it as she scoffed "Mickey is an idiot, I've told you that for years" firmly not adding I told him to tell you lots of times. Ian looked at her and softly laughed "yeah that's true" lightly.

Mandy drank some of her beer before she looked at Ian and didn't hide the sadness from her voice "you know he did nothing but worry about you after you came home from hospital after the attack, he didn't want to admit it but he did and I think he was scared because he didn't know how to help you, we both didn't" softly. Ian looked up at her "both of you did help me a lot, I'd probably be dead by now" softly.

Mandy bitterly scoffed "didn't feel like I did much, you were manic and we knew it but did nothing about it, just thought you were handling it in your own way" icily not hiding that she was angry with herself too. Ian picked up on that anger replying "it wasn't your fault, you know I wouldn't have listened to either one of you especially when I'm manic" firmly. Mandy slightly nodded but it didn't make her feel any better so she didn't say anything else because she knew Ian was also right in what he just said about him not listening to anyone when he's not on his meds.

Ian sat back in seat and crossed his arms over his stomach as he told her "even when I went into the mental hospital I still thought it would never happen, the therapist told me it wasn't good for my mental health holding onto Mickey the way I was and that I should let him go and cut him out of my life" softly. Mandy looked angry as she almost growled "who said that, the homophobic piece of shit we kicked the crap out of" angrily.

Ian softly laughed as he remembered that day in the hospital when Mickey told him what happened to that asshole and nodded as he looked at her "yeah but I didn't listen to him though" firmly because no way in hell would he ever cut Mickey out of his life. Mandy scoffed "good" firmly. Ian hesitated before he added "but my own therapist was nicer about it, told me I needed to learn to live with the fact Mickey didn't love me back and I should just learn to live with the fact we're best friends because I could end up pushing him away for good" softly.

Mandy laughed "fucking likely that would happen" humoredly. Ian rolled his eyes at her but he softly laughed knowing she wasn't wrong because even if they were best friends Ian knew he needed Mickey in his life and that was the end of it. Ian rubbed his face with his hand as he tensely sighed "but at the end of the first month or the start of the second month I was there I realized and accepted that he would never love me back, that we were best friends and that was it, it was better than nothing else" softly. Mandy frowned asking "really" softly. Ian nodded "yeah it was strange but I was okay with it" softly.

A silence fell before Ian looked at her while he added "but I had just accepted it and was really okay with it when at the end of the second he told me he loved me back" before he laughed at the situation. Mandy laughed too "fucking asshole, talk about shit timing" lightly. Ian shrugged his shoulder replying with regret in his voice "yeah well I just told him I needed to work on myself
and be alone for a while to move past everything, didn't need other stuff going on at the same
time” softly.

Mandy picked up on that regret as she looked at Ian "don't regret it, you did what you needed to
do for yourself at the time and it worked out” firmly. Ian nodded his head in agreement but the
regret was still written all over his face while he silently drank his beer. He just couldn't stop
thinking if things had been different, maybe he shouldn't have rejected Mickey when he admitted
how he felt that day in the hospital room.

That day Ian saw the rejection all over Mickey's face and he hated himself for putting it there in
the first place. It didn't matter that everything had worked out now because he hated that he could
have had all of this with his boyfriend so much sooner. He just felt like he could have gotten better
much sooner if he hadn't rejected Mickey that day. He knew that day he was also a little surprised
at what Mickey admitted because it was something he thought would never happen at all.

And when it did happen he didn't know how to react to it but at the time he knew he needed to
work on his own issues so he put himself first even though he hated the decision so much and
regretted it straight away. When Ian saw the rejection on Mickey's face and how quickly he tried
to hide it by telling him he got it and that he would wait for him too Ian just felt like everything
was ruined between them because of his answer.

Ian just felt he had finally pushed Mickey away from him for good and ruined their friendship but
it didn't happen at all. The opposite had happened and it just made them pull closer together and
Ian's feelings had just intensified when knew he wasn't alone in his feelings. Ian didn't know why
he was surprised that Mickey still showed up every day and stayed for as long as he could but it
just made him determined to deal with everything in his head.

In the last few days before he got out of hospital he knew he was going to ask his best friend
about that conversation and just hoped Mickey felt the same way. When Mickey told him that on
the night of the attack he was going to ask Ian if they wanted to give things a chance that was
when Ian just felt all that regret start to build up. Ian glanced over at the bar to see Mickey was still
working before he looked at Mandy hesitantly blurt out "Mickey told me that the night of the
attack he wanted to ask me if we could give things between us a chance but he didn't get to
because I went home" sadly.

Mandy frowned a little as she didn't know this at all but she didn't say anything as Ian looked like
he wasn't finished talking. Ian faltered a little before forcing out "we always go home together but
that night I felt really shitty because I knew he didn't feel the same way so I went home, I just
wanted to be alone" softly. Ian paused as he looked at the table forcing out "if I went home with
him that night the attack wouldn't have happened, we'd probably be together now without all the
other shit that happened" angrily.

Mandy frowned a little as she didn't know this at all but she didn't say anything as Ian looked like
he wasn't finished talking. Ian faltered a little before forcing out "we always go home together but
that night I felt really shitty because I knew he didn't feel the same way so I went home, I just
wanted to be alone" softly. Ian paused as he looked at the table forcing out "if I went home with
him that night the attack wouldn't have happened, we'd probably be together now without all the
other shit that happened" angrily.

Mandy leaned forward slightly frowning while resting her elbows on the table as she looked at Ian
softly replying "you don't know that, knowing Mickey he probably would have backed out of
saying anything when you both got home, he would have talked himself out of saying anything by
the time you were half way down the street” firmly. Ian nodded knowing that was true but it didn't
make him feel any better as he looked up at her not hiding the sadness and regret from his face.

Mandy noticed it and she really hated that Ian felt this way and she didn't know if she should say it
but forced it out anyway "look at it this way, what if you did go home with him that night and the
attack never happened, he might never have told you and you'd still be just friends and you'd still
be pining after him" softly. Ian silently stared at her with a sad expression since he never thought
of it that way and it scared him a lot and he really wished Mandy said nothing at all right now.

Mandy paused before asking "does Mickey know you think this" curiously. Ian shook his head
and didn't hide the panic from his face "no please don't tell him" firmly. Mandy quickly replied "I won't but you will get better answers from him if you ask him" firmly. Ian looked down at the table again knowing that was true as Mandy added "just don't be so hard on yourself" firmly. Ian nodded as he muttered "I'll try" and he hated that he didn't sound convincing at all.

Mandy glared at him retorting "I mean it, there's no point in regretting shit, it happened and there's nothing you can do to change it" firmly. Ian leaned forward resting his elbows on the table as he looked over at the bar again to see his boyfriend was in the middle of another conversation with the same person he was talking to earlier. Ian looked down at the table again while mumbling "yeah" in a whisper.

Mandy shifted a little in her seat as she looked at Ian "just be glad it worked out, you have what you have now so enjoy it, can't do that if your too busy regretting everything and you can't change what happened" firmly. Ian looked at her knowing she was right mumbling "good point" softly. Mandy didn't look away as she told him "don't feel guilty for putting yourself first in the hospital, you did what you needed for you at the time and a relationship wasn't it and Mickey knows that" firmly.

Ian slightly smiled at her as he nodded his head whispering "yeah I know and I'll try" softly and he knew he would try too. Mandy accepted his response so she grinned at him "good" firmly. They softly laughed before they fell into a silence before Ian looked at her asking "don't tell him what I just said" shyly. Mandy slightly shook her head "I won't, you're my friend too you know, you can talk to me about shit if you don't want to talk to Mickey" not hiding how much she meant it from her voice.

Ian softly smiled at her "thanks" softly. Mandy felt her phone buzz in her pocket and pulled it out to see a text message as she mumbled "shit" not hiding the annoyance in her voice. She looked over at Ian who was now looking dejectedly at the table and decided she wasn't leaving him alone right now muttering "you know what I'll cancel" as she started to type out a text message on her phone.

Ian wasn't having it and snapped his head up to look at her as he softly laughed "no don't, its fine Mandy, you can go, I'll be okay" firmly. Mandy stopped what she was doing and looked at him with a confused frown on her face "you're sure, I can stay if you want" not adding I don't want to leave you on your own. Ian shook his head "it's fine, you already had plans so you can go, I don't mind and Mickey will be finished soon" firmly.

When Mandy saw he really was okay with it she put her phone back in her pocket replying "okay if you're sure" softly. Ian grinned at her while he laughed "really I am, now go" firmly. Mandy laughed "fine you asshole" before she drank the rest of her beer. She put the empty bottle down on the table as she looked at Ian "just remember what I said" firmly before she walked away.

Ian nodded as he watched Mandy disappear into the crowd and he replayed their conversation over his head. Ian stared back down at the table knowing she was right in that he needed to stop regretting everything but it was hard not to and it was hard not to wonder if he went home with Mickey that night would things be different. He really hated what Mandy said to him about if he went home with Mickey that night they could still be just best friends and he hated that thought so much even though he knew what she said was true.

There was a chance that Mickey could have talked himself out of saying anything to Ian and Ian hated that he never thought of that way at all. Ian decided she was right and that he should focus on what he had with Mickey right now so he decided that was what he was going to do and he was going to try and stop living in the past so much. He didn't want to be caught up in regret and focusing on things he couldn't fix or change anymore but he also didn't know how to live with them either.
He knew he wouldn't be able to move on from everything if he was caught up in regret so he decided to just focus on the part where she told him it all worked out okay and he got what he wanted in the end. Ian heard a voice interject "the fuck you staring at" lightly. Ian looked up from the table to see Mickey was sitting beside him so he slightly laughed "not a thing, you finished" lightly.

Mickey didn't believe it as he had seen Ian glumly staring at the table from across the room but didn't question it so instead he asked "yeah fucking finally I am, so is Mandy here" curiously. Ian nodded "yeah she was for a while but she left" softly. Ian knew he asked Mandy not to say anything about what he told her but he knew she was right in that he did need to talk to Mickey.

He just didn't want to do it right now in the middle of a bar and asked "so you want to go home" curiously. Mickey grinned at Ian "fuck yeah, let get out here" firmly. Ian softly laughed as they both got up off their seat and put his arm across Mickey's shoulders while Mickey put his arm around Ian's back as they left the bar and went home for the night. As they walked home in short conversation and easy silences Ian knew he would have that conversation one day because Mandy was right in that if he wanted answers he should talk to Mickey.

Chapter End Notes

I know this was very Mandy and Ian centred but the next two are all Ian and Mickey.
Ever since Ian had his talk with Mandy it was all he ever thought about when he wasn't being distracted by his boyfriend. As he leaned against the kitchen sink drinking a glass of water he looked over at Mickey who was sitting on the sofa rolling a joint while in the middle of watching a movie. Ian had given up watching it as he got lost in his own thoughts realizing that he just felt a mixture of angry, confused and happy. He knew Mandy was right in that there was no point in regretting what he didn't do or should have done in the past.

It was hard not to but he was trying not to regret things and live in the present knowing that if he kept regretting things in the past then he was missing out on his future. But he just hated he was struggling all the time and he just felt lucky to have Mickey in his life after all these years. He just felt things would be better if he had no scar on his abdomen and even though it had faded a little it just felt like it was much bigger in his own head.

He knew the only way to move past all of this mess was to learn to live with it, learn to live with why he was attacked and the consequences of it too. He just felt like it was bad enough he was bipolar but to have a physical reminder of being the target of homophobic hatred was just too much. He could handle the bipolar disorder because it was genetic which meant it wasn't his fault and he had already learned to live with it too.

But the attack was different because if he hadn't went home alone that night it wouldn't have happened and it just made him wish he could go back to that night and go home with his best friend. He really was trying not to blame himself for that night but it was hard not to when all he could think of was why did he not go home with Mickey like he did every other night.

It was hard not to feel angry with himself for that night but it was also so tiring being that way with himself all the time. And he hated his therapist told he needed to stop with the self punishment because it wasn't good for his stress levels and he really didn't want another med crash too. But as he looked over at Mickey who was now smoking the weed and was still looking at the TV Ian realized he just felt so happy right now.

He was almost afraid to let himself be happy but he decided he was done not letting himself be happy. He didn't see why he should punish himself anymore even though he just felt confused over his feelings about everything since that night over a year ago. As he lightly scratched at the scar on his abdomen through his long sleeve t-shirt with his fingers he realized he was so tired of feeling angry over it all. He knew what his future was and it was here with Mickey and he knew if he spent all his time regretting he was missing out on life with his boyfriend.

Even though he hated his scar and struggled with it a lot some days more than others he had a small hope that it would fade away eventually. Not just the physical scars but also the mental scars would fade away eventually into the darkest corners of his mind and no longer hurt him anymore. He decided he was going to try and not regret things and take Mandy's advice that if anything good came out of the whole horrible situation it was he was in a relationship with his best friend.

As he slightly smiled to himself and finished drinking his glass of water he put empty glass in the sink behind him knowing that he couldn't move on from it if his mind was still focused on the night of the attack. As far he was concerned with the exception of Mickey it was over and all of that horrible incident wasn't worth thinking about anymore. He decided he was living in the present from now on and taking Mandy's advice too because all that shit wasn't worth thinking...
about anymore.

As he stared at the empty glass in the sink he slightly shook his head before he walked back over to the sofa. He sat down on the sofa and moved right up against Mickey's side so their arms and legs were pressed together as he took the joint from Mickey's hand and inhaled some of it as he looked at his boyfriend with an unreadable expression. Mickey didn't care he leaned into Ian and when he looked at Ian he felt a little uncomfortable at Ian's intense stare so he slightly laughed "the fuck you looking at" humouredly.

Ian let the smoke drift out of his mouth and didn't hide his amused expression while he teased "I don't know but its looking back at me" humoredly. Mickey couldn't stop himself from laughing "fuck you" lightly and didn't even try to hide the grin on his face. When he took the joint off Ian he asked "you okay" curiously before he smoked some of the weed. Ian turned a little in his seat to face Mickey while nodding "yeah just thinking about stupid shit" lightly.

Mickey handed him the joint replying "smoke some of this, it will shut your brain up" lightly. Ian laughed before smoking a little more of the weed before replying "not really a good idea" lightly before handing it back to Mickey. Mickey shrugged his shoulder knowing that was true and smoked the rest of in silence before he stubbed it out on the ashtray that was sitting on the armrest. He leaned forward and put the ashtray on the table before sitting back in his seat right up against Ian who rested his head on his shoulder.

Mickey felt Ian lean into him and take his hand in his own and rested them on his lap to which Mickey used his other hand to lightly pat the side of Ian's head. Ian moved closer at the movement before letting out a deep breath and felt himself start to relax and his racing thoughts start to stall and fall silent. Mickey slouched in his seat a little and stretched his legs out in front of him as they silently watched the rest of the movie on the TV.

Until a few hours later and after smoking some more weed they were now lying on the sofa intensely kissing and grinding against each other while the TV was playing loudly on some rock and metal music channel. Mickey knew he could never get enough of his boyfriend and he was just glad he was lying down as he felt his body melt into the sofa underneath Ian's warm solid body weight.

It also helped they were both shirtless and with the smell of weed and their shared body heat in their warm apartment along with Ian lying on top of him to Mickey it was just too intoxicating. He also had a feeling it was the same way for Ian because he knew for a fact Ian loved the way he smelled as Ian told him one night when they were doing what they were doing right now.

Mickey knew he loved Ian so much that it scared him a lot but at the same time he didn't care at all. He certainly didn't care right now when Ian was lying on top of him resting between his legs and pressing his body weight down on him as they heavily made out on the sofa where Ian made him forget everything outside of their apartment. As Mickey felt Ian touch him all over and kiss him until he couldn't breathe anymore and his lips were dry he thought if he died right now he would die a happy man.

If he was even more honest Ian made him so happy and it hurt him a lot to see Ian hurting so much ever since the attack. But he knew Ian was trying so hard and he noticed the over last few days Ian was in a world of his own and he first noticed it the other night at work. He noticed it after Mandy left the table Ian looked all sad and lost in his own thoughts.

Mickey knew it wasn't noticeable to anyone else but he noticed it because he noticed everything
when it came to Ian and he hated it was so busy that night that he never got to go over to Ian. He hated it when Ian got upset over things he couldn’t control and he just wished Ian was able to move on from it all. He knew Ian was trying but there were still days where Ian would be lost in his own thoughts and closing himself off at the same time.

He knew Mandy had something to do with it because before she talked to Ian he was fine and now he was just sad again. Mickey felt like calling Mandy and asking what the fuck did she say to Ian but he knew she wouldn't tell him anything by claiming it was none of his business. But Mickey did think it was his business especially when Ian had been distant for the last few days.

He knew something was up with Ian and it really pissed him off that Ian thought he didn't know something was wrong. Mickey decided to say nothing and just wait until Ian felt ready to say what he needed to say or work through it on his own. There was small whisper in his mind that maybe Ian wanted to end things between them and every now and then it always made its way to the surface of his own thoughts.

He knew it was just him being insecure and having abandonment issues as well as knowing that to other people he wasn't a nice person. He was selfish, rude and hostile to people he didn't like along with this habit of saying exactly what was on his mind and being brutally honest but he didn't give a shit what other people thought of him too. He knew all of these things were a good reason for him to think Ian would leave him some day for someone better but he quickly pushed those thoughts of Ian leaving him out of his mind.

He knew it wouldn't happen because Ian told him it would never happen and he also knew he had gone through too much with Ian for either one of them to ever leave. He realized if either one of them was going to leave they probably would have done it by now and if it hadn't happened already then it probably never would happen. Mickey slightly laughed and pulled his hand out from under the back of Ian's jeans and rested it on the back his neck and with his other hand he lightly gripped Ian's ribs with his other hand.

When Ian stopped kissing him they rested their foreheads together and he looked down at Mickey with confused expression noticing that Mickey looked as out of breath as he felt while asking "what" lightly but sounded out of breath too. Mickey laughed and fought back a smile as he looked at Ian "nothing" as he tried to get his breathing back to normal. Ian slightly grinned back at him and frowned "what's with the laughing" lightly.

Mickey groaned and rubbed his face with his hand deciding to ignore the question muttering "can we just get back to what we were doing" lightly knowing that if he hadn't gotten distracted they would be completely naked by now. Ian full on grinned and laughed "not until you tell me" softly as he stared at his boyfriend. Mickey let out a deep sigh and rested both his hands on Ian's hips as he looked up at Ian in silence before admitting with a small whisper "was thinking about us" shyly.

Ian's face fell and he wasn't laughing anymore as he mumbled "oh" softly. Mickey heard it and shoved Ian with his leg replying "not like that" firmly. Ian frowned a little before he slightly smirked "oh yeah" lightly. Mickey blankly stared at Ian while slightly shaking his head in disbelief at Ian being an idiot before slightly laughing to himself too. Mickey rested his hand on Ian's waist feeling his warm skin under his fingers as he stared at Ian not caring that he admitted "just that I love you a lot" softly before shyly whispering "scares me a lot too" softly.

Ian slightly nodded while resting on his elbows as he looked at his boyfriend shyly admitting "I know, me too" softly and he felt glad he wasn’t the only one who felt that way. Mickey looked visibly relieved and it made Ian relax too as he thought back to Mandy's words before forcing out "I realized it the other night when I was talking to Mandy" softly. Mickey rested his hand on the side of Ian's head blurting out "thought she said something, noticed you were a bit distant the last
few days” softly as he thought there goes that idea of not saying anything at all.

Ian nodded and looked at the floor admitting "I just regret a lot of things, wish I could go back and just turn the other way and just home with you like I always did” not hiding the regret from his voice. Mickey silently looked at Ian thinking it was about time Ian talked and he was going to listen because Ian was too important to him so they were doing this shit right now.

Ian faltered a little before deciding to be completely honest knowing Mandy was right and that he should talk to his boyfriend if he wanted answers that Mandy couldn't give because she wasn't Mickey. Ian moved down a little and rested his head on Mickey's chest just under his chin as he looked at the TV when he felt Mickey wrap his arms around his back. Mickey felt Ian's hair tickle just under his chin as he rubbed Ian’s back with his hand taking comfort in the weight of his boyfriend pressing him into the sofa.

Mickey used his other hand to rest it on the back of Ian's neck as he admitted "I wish I could go back to that night too but way I see it is that its done, cant change it and would rather just get on with what we have now" softly. When Ian didn't say anything Mickey added "but we cant change that night and I don't want to miss out on what we have now, don't want to think about that shit anymore" firmly.

Ian slightly nodded knowing that was more or less what Mandy had said about not living in the past. Ian rested his hands under Mickey's shoulders as he shyly admitted "I'm just glad you stayed with me even when I tried to push you away when I was manic and felt so alone and scared that you would leave me but you never left me" softly. Mickey slightly nodded before looking down at Ian replying "I knew you were avoiding me but still wasn't going to leave you on your own, give too much of a shit about you” firmly.

Ian slightly smiled knowing that was true replying "when I was in the mental hospital I realized it would never happen, that you wouldn't leave even though before the attack I'd given up on something ever happening between us” softly before he fell silent. Mickey held Ian tighter as Ian added "just thought it would never happen and sometimes you would do something or say something that would make me wonder if there was something more but I just put it down to my brain wanting to see what it wanted to see” firmly.

There was silence as Mickey stared at the ceiling not caring that he admitted "you weren't seeing what you wanted to see, you weren't wrong about that and I think there always was something more but I didnt want to admit it at the time” softly not adding I was too scared to admit it. Ian almost sighed in relief that he wasn't just imagining things and slightly smiled as he buried himself closer to his boyfriend knowing he didnt want to be anywhere else right now.

Mickey pulled Ian closer to him as he lightly ran his hand across Ian's bare back before he slightly laughed "I was an idiot to not see it” humouredly. Ian softly laughed "I know, even Mandy said it’ humouredly. Mickey lightly pinched Ian's ribs with his fingers scoffing "fuck you' lightly. Ian laughed "ow quit it” as he looked at the floor. Mickey lightly rubbed the spot where he just pinched Ian muttering "that's what you get” lightly.

Ian just rolled his eyes while continuing in a sad whisper "anyway the night I was stabbed I didnt want to die, I hated that you had gone home and I was going to die alone, I didnt know you had seen the whole thing from down the street" softly. Mickey let out a deep breath "I'm glad I didnt go home and was too busy staring after your ass” but there no humour in his voice at all.

There was a silence before he whispered with sadness in his voice "just hate that if I had you'd probably be dead and you'd never know that I love you, that I left it too late to tell you" softly. Ian really hated that thought too but decided he didnt want to think about that anymore before replying "when I got to go home I just accepted you'd never love me back, that we were best friends and
that's all we'd ever be, its probably why I pushed you away for a while, I needed to learn how to live with being alone" softly.

Ian propped himself up on his elbows to look at Mickey adding "Mandy said when I got out of hospital all you did was worry about me and that you were scared you didn't know how to help me" softly. Mickey looked up at Ian as he let his hands rest on Ian's hips and he felt really angry with himself for being an idiot angrily muttering "probably should have said it sooner" lightly.

Ian frowned a little replying "you might have been right about that and as I said before I needed to work on myself first but I'm just glad you told me eventually" firmly. Ian rested his hand on the side of Mickey's head as he slightly grinned "you know that asshole therapist you beat the shit out of, he told me I needed to and I quote, cut that faggot out of my life for good and make myself straight if I want to be happy" disdainfully.

Mickey scoffed "fucking asshole, glad I beat the fucker now, like gay is a choice" angrily. Ian grinned at his boyfriend "I know, told the asshole to shut the fuck up, there was no way I was ever cutting you out of my life and that gay wasn't a choice no more than straight is a choice" firmly. Mickey wrapped his arms around Ian's lower back as he scoffed "good" firmly.

Ian softly kissed Mickey on the lips before adding "my own therapist told me I needed to learn to accept that we're best friends and you might never feel the same way about me if I didn't want to push you away for good" lightly. Mickey grinned at Ian and slightly laughed "like I'd ever get rid of your persistent ass" sarcastically and he didn't care that he added "fucking miss you too much" firmly.

Ian felt himself warm up at Mickey's words replying "yeah me too" firmly. They didn't look away from each other as a comfortable silence fell before Ian added "think I was just starting to accept that you only saw me as a friend and I was okay with it too because I'd rather us be friends then not have you at all and then you told me you loved me back" with no anger in his voice at all.

Mickey rubbed his face with hand feeling like an idiot muttering "shit, sorry" lightly. Ian slightly grinned "its fine, better late than never" humouredly. There was another silence before Ian added "just felt bad for knocking you back" in a regretful tone. Mickey wasn't having it as he lightly gripped the back of Ian's neck looking at him "don't worry about it, worked out alright in the end didn't it" firmly.

Ian looked back at him as he nodded "yeah" softly. Ian looked off the side before admitting with sadness in his voice "just regret the way everything happened that day when I rejected you, it was everything I wanted and I turned you down when I shouldn't have, I knew I fucked up when I saw how rejected you looked and I hate myself for doing that to you" softly.

Mickey wasn't having it replying "Ian don't, you did what was right for you so don't beat yourself up for it, said I'd wait for you and I did and we're together now so that's all I care about" firmly. Ian nodded as he accepted his boyfriend's words and looked at him not hiding the regret and sadness from his face admitting "thought you were done with me after that day, was surprised you came back" shyly.

Mickey silently looked at Ian not hesitating "proved you wrong didn't I" firmly. Ian softly grinned "yeah" in a whisper. They silently looked at each other before Ian rubbed his face with his hand forcing out "it really pisses me off that the night of the attack you were going to ask me if we could give things between us a chance but you didn't get to because I went home" softly.

Mickey silently looked at Ian not hiding the sadness from his face and he really wished he had never said that to Ian because he knew Ian felt bad over it. Ian faltered a little as he looked down at the floor adding "we always go home together but that night I felt really shitty because I knew
you didn't feel the same way so I went home, I just wanted to be alone and if I had of went home with you the attack never would happened and we'd probably be together now without all the other shit that happened" angrily.

Mickey frowned a little and didn't hide the doubt from his voice shyly admitting "you don't know that Ian" softly. Mickey knew he needed to be honest as he tightened his arms around Ian's back adding "honestly I probably would have backed out of it and would have talked myself out of it by the time we got home" softly. Ian lightly nodded accepting the answer knowing that Mandy said the same thing but it still made the regret go away.

Ian looked at Mickey not hiding the sadness and regret from his face as he admitted "you know Mandy said if we did go home that night and the attack never happened you might never have told me and we'd still be just friends" softly. Mickey knew he could never lie to Ian hesitantly admitting "she's not wrong, knowing me if we did that I would have talked myself out of it and we'd probably be still just friends, I don't know maybe I would have gotten around to telling you eventually" softly.

Ian nodded and looked to the floor while he accepted the answer knowing it was a good point as he let out a tense sigh and felt a sense of relief too. Mickey rubbed his hand along Ian's warm back adding "we can't change it but I'm just glad we eventually got to where are now and I'm not going to regret shit I can't change" softly. Mickey lightly shoved Ian with his leg to get Ian's attention and when Ian looked at him he told him "Ian I want what we have now, cant do that if you regretting shit and living in the past and I've no intention of thinking about that shit anymore, I'm not missing out on our fucking future over those worthless assholes" firmly.

Ian silently stared at Mickey knowing he was right before replying "yeah you're right" softly. Mickey slightly laughed "I know I am" humouredly. Ian softly laughed and he felt the tension leave his body and relaxed as he lay on top of his boyfriend mumbling "I ruined the mood didn't I" softly knowing that they were two seconds away from fucking each other on the sofa.

Mickey grinned at his idiot boyfriend while he tightened his arms around him pulling them closer together while slightly laughing "could have been fucking you now but you know, my boyfriend can be a bit dramatic so it is what it is really" humouredly. Ian tried to look annoyed but instead laughed "oh fuck off" humouredly as he pinched Mickey's side hard with his fingers.

Mickey pushed his body up against Ian almost shouting "fuck off" loudly as he tried and failed not to laugh. Ian quietened down as he rubbed Mickey's side with his hand before moved down and rested his head on Mickey's bare stomach as he silently looked at the TV. Ian let out a deep sigh as he felt himself relax taking comfort in Mickey's arms wrapped around him and feeling glad he listened to Mandy about talking to his boyfriend for answers.

They lay there in silence as Mickey ran his hand along Ian's bare shoulders and rested his other hand on the side of Ian's head as looked down at his boyfriend. Mickey just felt glad they had this talk and he had a feeling it was a long time coming but he knew he wasn't going to live in a world full of regrets because he just wanted to live in the present and enjoy his future with Ian.

He slightly grinned to himself and anxiously bit his lip before he lightly kicked Ian's leg with his foot "hey get the fuck up here, not finished with you yet" humouredly knowing he just wanted Ian in every way right now. Ian softly laughed as he moved up to face his boyfriend before he kissed his boyfriend and it wasn't long before they were intensely kissing again on the sofa.

He almost laughed when he heard Mickey mutter "got to get these fucking jeans off" with full desperation in his voice. Ian knew how he felt so he stopped kissing Mickey and looked at him not hiding how much he wanted him asking "will you fuck me" softly. Mickey grinned at Ian "you know I will" firmly. Ian smirked at him before he jumped off the sofa and grabbed Mickey's
hand before they almost ran into the bedroom to continue things for the rest of the night. Their conversation was long forgotten about as Ian decided Mickey was right in that what they had now was way more important.

Chapter End Notes

I never meant for the end to go the way it did but yeah I decided to leave it as it is. Also I've always thought Ian and Mickey switch positions since Ian said 'last night's bottom' in season 3. Do the writers ever watch their own show anymore, its quite obvious they don't. Should have the last chapter up tomorrow.
Chapter 28

Chapter Notes

Final chapter with another time jump but its mentioned in the chapter. I apologize for the tooth rotting fluff in this last chapter but anything else I wrote I didn't like as a final chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It was early morning when Ian woke up in their bed and he knew it would be time to take his meds soon but he was quite happy to lay here for a while in bed with his boyfriend. He lightly groaned while he pulled himself closer to Mickey who had his back to him by tightening his arms around him and pulled them right up against each other under the covers.

He lightly ran his hand across Mickey's chest and rested his forehead against the back of Mickey's head while burying his nose in the back of his neck inhaling the smell he loved so much. He really didn't know how he would have gotten through the last few years without Mickey in his life and it was something he didn't want to think about at all. He couldn't help think about all the times Mickey had been there for him to pull him back from the edge of his own self destruction.

He lightly kissed the back of Mickey's neck before he moved to lie on his back as his whole body brushed against Mickey's sleeping form while he stared at the ceiling completely lost in his own thoughts taking comfort in Mickey's body heat that was washing over him in their small bed. Ian lightly ran his fingers along the scar on his abdomen as he remembered looking at it a few days ago in the mirror in their bathroom.

He noticed it was now starting to fade and it was a little bit raised too along with being a permanent reminder of what happened two years ago. He couldn't believe how much time had passed since that awful night and while the memories had faded and blurred sometimes it felt like it happened to someone else. Other times he doubted if it ever really happened at all until he looked at the faded scar on his abdomen that was no longer an angry bright red line.

It was starting to blend in with the color of his skin but the indent was still there clear as day on his body even though he couldn't really remember it anymore in his own mind. He felt relieved he didn't have the nightmares anymore and even though he felt a little uneasy at times in certain situations he was able to handle it all. His panic attacks weren't that bad and were few and far between and he could normally talk himself through his anxiety before it became a full blown panic attack.

He also realized just how much he had moved on from what happened two years ago and as awful as that night was he finally got to have what he always wanted with his best friend. It took him a long time but he slowly started to recover from the accident and right now he felt like he had moved on from it and was learning to live with it too. He didn't know why he was always surprised that Mickey never gave a shit about the ugly scar on his abdomen but he was just glad that his boyfriend still loved him so much.

Ever since they had the conversation that night on the sofa Ian had really been working on not regretting his decision to go home alone that night. He noticed he didn't hate himself for it anymore and it was becoming a little easier to live with as the days and weeks passed them by. He knew the scar would probably never go away and fade to nothing as the wound was too deep.
He also noticed that sometimes when he would be half asleep in bed with his boyfriend lying right beside him he could feel Mickey lightly rub his fingers over the scar. He knew that night had deeply affected Mickey too and it was both something they were working on trying to move on from and it didn't matter that they fought over it or talked about it at times.

He noticed since he stopped blaming himself he was a lot happier and able to live his life and focus on what he wanted which was his relationship with Mickey. He was just glad he didn't feel that resentment or anger anymore because that wasn't who he wanted to be at all. He just wanted the mental scars to completely disappear and he knew he was getting there with it and learning to accept the stab wound would always be there too.

He vaguely felt Mickey turn over and pull himself closer by wrapping his arm over his waist and buried his face in his neck while letting out a sleepy sigh. Ian felt Mickey's hair under his chin and pushed himself closer to Mickey so they were glued together under the covers. Ian let out a content sigh as he felt Mickey's warm body heat wash over him as he let his eyes close while thinking his life right now was pretty good and he wouldn't change anything at all.

As he let his eyes close he felt Mickey lightly run his hand across his abdomen before it stopped and rested over his scar. Ian looked over to see his boyfriend was wide awake and looking at him while softly rubbing his abdomen. Ian silently stared before whispering "you always do that" lightly and he sort of regretted it saying it out loud. Mickey just about heard it and didn't blink while he just stared at the wall hoping Ian didn't pick up on it replying "do what" lightly while also hoping Ian wouldn't ask anymore questions.

It didn't happen as Ian looked over his face before shyly admitting "rest your hand on my scar, I've noticed you do it when you think I'm asleep" softly. Mickey glared at him hating that Ian was right and wanted to say fuck you but instead hissed defensively "so fucking what" angrily. Ian almost rolled his eyes "didn't mean it like that" softly. Ian turned to lie on his side while pulling Mickey's arm over his waist adding "just meant that it bothers you too, I know it gets to you too" softly.

Mickey pulled Ian closer to him so they were pressed right up against each other from head to toe as he relaxed before admitting "you're not wrong" softly not adding can you fucking blame me for it. There was a silence before Mickey sadly whispered "sometimes it reminds me of shit, what we've been through to get to where we are now but like I said I want what we have now" softly.

Ian frowned a little in agreement replying "yeah same here" softly. There was a silence before Ian rested his hand on Mickey's ribs admitting "you know its two years since that night" softly. Mickey rested his hand on the back of Ian's neck and lightly kissed him on the lips before looking at him "yeah I remember" not adding how could I ever forget it. Ian rested his forehead against Mickey's while he looked at him "I was thinking that we move on and live our fucking lives" firmly.

Mickey slightly grinned "why the fuck not" softly. Ian softly laughed as he wrapped his arms around his boyfriend and pulled them closer together admitting "ever since we had that talk months ago I don't think about it much anymore" softly. Mickey knew what conversation Ian meant replying "same here, decided to take my own fucking advice" humorously.

Ian grimaced a little as he looked at his boyfriend "technically it was Mandy's advice since she said the same thing" humorously. Mickey lightly kicked Ian's leg with his foot scoffing "fuck off, since when do you listen to her" not sounding as angry as he would have liked but he knew Ian had a point. Ian softly laughed as he tightened his arms around Mickey feeling every inch of the guy he loved pressed against him while looking at him with amusement on his face "true" lightly.

Mickey glared at Ian "fucking thought so" not sounding the least bit angry but then he could never
be angry at Ian and if he was it wasnt for long. Mickey knew he wasnt lying when he said he had moved on because he was done over thinking everything. He knew the real reason why he kept touching Ian's scar and he sort of hated that Ian knew about it all along but didnt know the reason for why he did it all the time.

He lightly gripped Ian's hip with his hand shyly admitting "the scar just reminds you've been through so much but you fucking survived it and even though I hate it happened and that I nearly lost you for good, I cant hate that it bought us together and that we have what we have now" lightly. Ian slightly nodded "yeah I agree" softly and he knew it wasnt a lie. As he looked at Mickey he admitted "kind of done looking back, sometimes it feels like it happened to someone else but I think I've learned to live with it" softly.

There was a silence before he added "dont have nightmares anymore or really have panic attacks but I'm getting there you know" softly. Mickey nodded at that knowing that Ian had made lots of progress over the last two years replying "I know" firmly. Ian slightly laughed before looking at Mickey cautiously admitting "as horrible as it was it bought us together even more so I dont really care about it anymore, dont really regret going home on my own that night anymore or hate myself for it" softly.

Mickey anxiously bit his lip deciding if Ian was being honest then so would he before hesitantly admitting "I hated myself for a long time for letting you go alone considering we knew those homophobic assholes used that alley as cover to attack people, blamed myself for a while but I dont anymore not if we have what we have now and I dont really think about it anymore" firmly.

Ian slightly grinned before shyly admitting "the last few months has been the happiest I've been in a long time" softly and he internally cringed at the words. Mickey softly laughed as he shoved his body closer to Ian even though there was no space left between them at all replying "yeah me too" as they rested their foreheads together. They fell into a comfortable silence as they looked at each other before Ian whispered "we'll be okay, I know it" softly.

Mickey slightly grinned while lightly rubbing his hand along Ian's spine and lightly kissed him on the lips before replying "me too" firmly and he knew he wasnt lying because it was his best friend and boyfriend too. Mickey rested his hand between Ian's shoulder blades taking comfort in how their warm bodies were pressed right up against each other in their bed as he looked at Ian shyly admitting "as awful as that night was it led to this, what we have now so cant really complain" not adding and I wouldnt change it at all.

Ian slightly nodded as he ran his hand over Mickey's ribs silenly looking at him admitting "I agree, its the only good thing to come out of that horrible night" softly. They fell into a comfortable silence and as Mickey looked at Ian who had his eyes closed all he could think of was he didnt have to worry about Ian anymore. Ever since that night all he ever did was worry about Ian but over the last few months he knew he didnt have to anymore.

He knew Ian was okay now and he was just glad that Ian finally got to that point where he didnt hate himself anymore over what happened that night. He was just glad they could finally move on and start to live their lives without regretting anything at all. He was just so done with what happened that night and he was just glad Ian was finally at that point too and they were now going to move on with their lives.

He was just relieved that Ian had moved past all the regret and resentment he had towards himself for something that wasnt his fault. He hated seeing Ian tear himself apart over it all and he was just relieved that Ian wasnt doing that anymore which meant they could both move on from that night. He didnt want to think about that night anymore and he worked so hard to get the memories of the attack out of his own head because they were just too much for him to deal with but he put up with it because he knew Ian needed him a lot.
After that night he never felt so scared in his whole life because the fear of losing Ian for good was just far too real. Especially with the way Ian pushed both him and Mandy away from him before he started to deal with what happened to him that night. He just hated that it took his best friend nearly dying to realize he loved Ian as more than just his best friend. He didn’t know what was next for them but he was just glad to have their relationship as it was now and he wouldn’t change a thing at all.

The only thing he would change was the attack and as much as he hated it he knew he couldn’t change it and neither could Ian but he knew Ian took a bit longer to get to that point. Now he just wanted to forget about that night because he wasn’t lying when he said as awful as it was it meant he got to be with Ian in a relationship and it just made him feel really happy.

As much as he wished he could go back to that night at the baseball field he hated that he couldn’t because things could have been so much different and probably a whole lot better too. He wouldn’t have been surprised if he knew he loved Ian at that time but was just too scared to admit it to himself out of fear. He slightly laughed to himself as he thought he past self was an idiot for not seeing what was right in front of him but he knew back then he was scared of a lot of things.

He also knew he couldn’t make himself feel something for Ian that he didn’t feel and as shitty as he felt for rejecting Ian he was just grateful he didn’t lose Ian for good after he rejected his best friend. He slightly laughed to himself when he heard ”what's so funny” curiously. Mickey rubbed his face with his hand before looking at Ian who was wide awake replying ”the night at the baseball field” lightly.

Ian frowned as he looked downwards hating that tinge of regret that washed over him and he hated that he still felt embarrassed over it too. Mickey noticed Ian looked a mixture of regretful and hurt too so he rested his hand on the side of Ian’s head burying his fingers in his red hair ”I didn’t say it to make you feel like shit” firmly. Ian looked up at him and nodded ”I know” softly.

Mickey moved his hand to Ian's shoulder ”was thinking what an idiot I was for not seeing what was there but I think I was just scared of a lot of things” lightly. Ian totally understood ”I know” softly because he knew just how much Mickey was scared of everything back then including himself and being gay too. Mickey looked over Ian's face replying ”was thinking if I could go back I'd hit myself for not seeing what was in front of me” humouredly.

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Ian looked a little shocked mumbling ”you cant make yourself feel something if you dont” firmly. Mickey rolled his eyes as he rubbed his hand on Ian's arm ”I know but it wouldn’t surprise me if I liked you back and didnt want to see it” lightly before angrily scoffing ”pisses me off it took so long to fucking see it” firmly. Ian slightly smiled but it was gone as quick as it were there but he want going to make Mickey feel bad about it teasing ”took you long enough” lightly and he didn’t hide the amusement on his face.

Mickey lightly shoved Ian's body with his hand as he looked at him while scoffing ”fuck you I got there eventually” lightly. Ian shoved him back with his hand and they pushed and shoved at each other while laughing and joking with each other in their bed. When they settled down again and were lying facing each other Ian looked at Mickey hesitantly admitting ”just glad you realized because I actually gave up on something ever happening and that maybe we were just best friends and that was it” firmly.

Mickey still felt bad over that and didn’t hide how sorry he looked replying in a regretful tone ”sorry for that” softly. Ian slightly nodded replying ”didn’t say it to make you feel bad” lightly. Mickey softly laughed and when Ian grinned at him he was just glad the mood was no longer serious as he lightly kissed his boyfriend deciding he wasn’t letting Ian leave this room today because he had plans of the sexual nature for his boyfriend.
Ian shyly smiled before asking "so what are we doing today since we're not working" curiously. Mickey slightly grinned while lightly rubbing his hand along Ian's back and across his ribs before resting it on Ian's hip "same thing we do all the time, stay in bed for half the day and bang since we've nowhere to be and I'm not letting you leave either" humouredly.

Ian also knew what else that meant in that they would fuck for a while before going to get something to eat to fill their stomachs and then watch a movie while they smoked some weed before going back to what they were doing that morning before they left their bedroom. Ian shyly smiled "sounds good to me and don't think I'm letting you leave either" firmly. Mickey just grinned at him before he happily kissed his red headed boyfriend and things became a whole lot more intimate in the privacy of their own bedroom.

It was that evening when they were eating some food and were now sitting on the sofa watching a movie. As Ian watched his boyfriend perfectly roll a joint he knew he had mostly moved on from what happened to him and he just glad to start the next chapter of his life with his best friend and boyfriend all rolled into his favourite person. He just felt so lucky to not have died that night and he was taking his second chance of life with Mickey and he knew that was all he wanted and it was important to him too.

When Mickey finished rolling the joint and lit it up he sat back in his seat and smoked some of it before playfully growling "the fuck you looking at" hating that Ian was always staring at him and that he loved it too. Ian softly laughed and he plucked the joint out of Mickey's hand "nothing" lightly before he smoked some of the weed. Mickey softly laughed and looked at his boyfriend taking comfort in Ian's warm body heat washing over him as they sat glued to each other's side.

Mickey looked over Ian's body knowing he was always staring at Ian too before looking at his boyfriend replying "youre weird" humouredly. Ian laughed before handing the joint back to Mickey replying "yeah but you love me anyway" firmly. Mickey rolled his eyes and softly laughed to himself not caring that he was admitting "can't lie but I do" firmly as he smoked some more weed.

Ian slightly blushed at the words and didn't look away replying "yeah same here" firmly and neither one of them knew they weren't lying as they felt the seriousness of their words sink into their brains. Mickey looked over Ian's face before looking him in the eyes as he inhaled some more weed and let the smoke drift out of his mouth as he got his thoughts together. He slightly smiled to himself at the way Ian was looking at him with a grin of his own before he blurted out "just me and you for life" firmly.

Ian fully grinned as he looked down at Mickey's stomach before looking back up at him replying "yeah just us for life, you told me that the night of the attack too" softly. Mickey nodded as he remembered that replying "meant it then and I mean it now" firmly. Ian slightly nodded accepting the words from his boyfriend knowing it was the truth and he felt the same way too.

They went back to watching the movie and sharing the weed until it was all gone and stubbed out in the ashtray. Mickey couldn't really focus on the TV as his thoughts were back on the conversation they had in their bed that morning. Mickey silently promised that Ian always knew he loved him because he nearly lost him once and there was no way he was letting Ian go ever again.

Ian also made sure Mickey knew he felt the same way and they both knew they meant so much more to each other. They were both quite happy to let that night two years ago eventually fade
from their minds and move on with their lives with each other. They both knew that night brought them much closer to each other and as awful as it was it changed everything between them for the better and they were determined to live their lives with each other.

Chapter End Notes

Just to say thank you for reading this story, giving it kudos and commenting too. Even if you didn’t do either one and just read it thanks for reading and I hope you all enjoyed the story.

End Notes

Hope you liked it and thanks for reading.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!