Remember Me

by fleshcircuits

Summary

He thought the next time he would be in a hospital he'd be dead. Yet here he was.

Notes

Okay so I finally managed to piece together something for this AU. Albeit this happens really late in the story, but hey ho. If you fancy checking out our blog for Runaway Hats visit here! http://runawayhats.tumblr.com/

He thought the next time he would be in a hospital he'd be dead. Yet here he was staring up at the off white-tiles, listening to his mother cry and his father talk with a doctor just beyond the door. He should be relieved to hear their voices again after sleeping rough through the cold months, but truth is that they aren't who he wants to be on the other side of that door.

His mind was less cloudly than it had been-- well, it could only have been a few hours ago, surely. But the last thing he remembers was Trot's shaking hand reluctantly letting his go as the ambulance door closed and Ross-- fuck, Ross who always saw the world through everyone else's eyes before his own, looking lost and helpless. He had hurt them. Badly.

They tell him that once he is well enough he will go to another hospital. A more specialized one. For once in his life he does not fight it and only accepts the news with his paper cup of meds with a set jaw. It would be for the best, after all. Ross and Trot would never willingly leave him no
matter how bad for them he was, and he could see now that resisting would just cause more hurt for everyone around him. For once, Smith-- no, Alex. He was Alex again-- was going to do something selfless.

His parents try to ask about the boys who brought him back to the hospital, who scarpered as soon as the police were called, but he shrugs it off and is shipped off without having to say goodbye to possibly the two best things ever to happen in his sad life.

The first couple of months they occupy his every thought. He had never intended to fall in love, let alone with two people. He had lived a life with an over-protective family, doctors who poked and prodded into thoughts he never wanted to share, and making shit up when they did not receive any answers from him-- decades of defense mechanisms erected around his messed up mind. Finding two people who could love him for who he was had been frightening and joyous and gut-wrenching all at the once.

It did get better after a while. Bitterly, he supposed that having his emotions dulled by brain-numbing medication was a positive for once.

They deemed him well enough to go home eventually. He tentatively talked to his brother and parents more, and they seemed to be less wary around him. He supposed going missing for several months had been a turning point for all of them.

He starts playing guitar again. He get back in touch with a few old friends. His parents let him get a couple of geckos while proudly telling him they thought he was stable and responsible enough to look after them. And yet although he was beginning to finally fit together the pieces of a normal life he still thought of the two boys that still had a tight grip on his heart. He wonders if they went home, if Trott got the space to figure out his dreams and if Ross got to make the film he wanted.

And he hopes they remember him, equal parts crazy and loving, when they do.

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