Sometimes I just want to know (what it's like to be you)

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Sometimes I just want to know (what it's like to be you)

by starsandscars

Summary

Pete Wentz is having a bad night
This results in Mikey having a bad morning

Canon is tragic enough already tho so they get a happy ending, Mikey just gets a bit of a scare first <3

Rating is for language :)

Notes

helllooooo I'm new here, one of the Ao3 refugees lol
I don't post often bc I am a bit of a perfectionist, but apparently I want to help feed my fellow lost souls more than I want to only publish perfect things so here we are :)

I honestly think I'll keep posting on here even after it comes back... sometimes it can feel intimidating to post over there haha

Thank you so much to everyone for being so welcoming! Every fanfic site I've gone to since Ao3 went down has had a page for those migrating while its gone, and I think that's just so sweet <3

Also this is the first Fall Out Boy and MCR fic on this site whattttt. I'm so used to the vastness of Ao3 where even the weirdest shit you can think of has been done by SOMEBODY

Anyways, sorry for rambling, hope you enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

Pete:
I stare up at the ceiling, contemplating.

I don't even know if Mikey would want to hear from me right now. Probably not. I shouldn't be bothering him, especially not this late. What was I even thinking? My grip tightens on my phone and the paper I'm clutching like a lifeline. I'd written out what I want to say already, which was its own adventure. Several crumpled papers are scattered across the bed, and a half dozen more litter the floor.

Fuck it. I sit up and press the call button. The recording we made months ago starts up, just indistinguishable voices and muffled laughter until the mic is uncovered and Mikey's voice says "Hey, it's Mikey. Gerard please stop whining to me about your boyfriend, I hear enough of that in real life. Anyways, if you're not my brother, leave a voicemail I guess."

There's more muffled shuffling and I hear myself faintly laughing in the background. "You have to say 'at the tone!'" I say, then the recording ends with a beep.

I sit in a heavy silence for a moment before hanging up with a muttered, "Fuck." What would I even say? Suddenly the paper before me seems dramatic. Drastic. Which is me in a nutshell, but it's not enough. Not what I need to tell him. I crumple the paper, tossing it to the side to join its brethren.

I lean back, head colliding with the headboard with a hollow (and slightly painful) *thunk*. I call again, drumming my fingers anxiously as I wait through the recording.

"Hey Mikey. I miss you. No, that's not- fuck - not what I called to say." I pull the blankets tighter around me. "I mean, I do miss you. Always do. But I just wanted to say thank you. For putting up with me for years. I know I'm a lot." I take a shaky breath. "Too much, most of the time. But you stuck around, for whatever reason, and I just wanted to… to thank you. For that.

"You're so bright, steady, and reassuring. You made me hope for a better tomorrow. You helped me love high fives again. Kept me believing in white denim jackets, and green tea KitKats, and sunsets, and the feeling of another's heart in sync with yours no matter the distance, but better, always so much better pressed up beside you. You made me believe in love, Mikeyway. And I'm so, so lucky that I got to know you."

Unbidden, tears start to slide down my cheeks. "Bye." I press the red button to end the call.

"I love you," I whisper to the dark screen, before succumbing to full, shaking sobs.

Mikey:
"You made me believe in love, Mikeyway. And I'm so, so lucky that I got to know you." A pause, and then a small, sorrowful "Bye." A tone. End of voicemail.

Shit.

SHIT.

A never-ending string of expletives leaves my mouth as I race down the stairs two at a time, barely pausing at the door to grab my shoes (no time to put them on) and keys. Once I'm on the road, I shoot a text to Gee.

Gerard

Mikey: srry pete needs me idk when ill be back
6:30 A.M.

Gerard: wha
Gerard: what happened, its asscrack in the morning why are u up
6:35 A.M.

I speed through the streets, going ten above and really, really not caring. "Hey Siri, call Gerard."

"Okay, calling Gerard Way, mobile."

"Mikey?"

"Hi. I couldn't keep texting, I'm driving to Pete's."

He stifles a yawn, he clearly just woke up. "Okay. Um, any particular reason why?"

My eyes prickle, but I keep them trained on the road. "He- he sent a voicemail last night. At like, three in the fucking morning, which sure, not unusual, he's Pete. Insomnia's a bitch. Whatever. But Gee, he was crying. And the things he was saying- it sounded like a goodbye. He was crying and scared and saying goodbye and I need to be sure he's okay." My voice cracks.

"Shit," Gerard says.

"Yeah." Red light. I anxiously drum my fingers on the wheel.

"You took the car?" He asks, then answers himself. "Well obviously you took the car, you said you were driving. Sorry, I'm still half asleep. I need coffee. Uh, text me when you get there, okay? Or call. If you need coffee or food or me to come over... anything, really. Just ask. I'm here."

Not much farther, and I'll be there. *Please be okay*, I beg silently. *Please, please, please.*

Aloud I say, "Thanks. Sorry for waking you this early."

"No, no, no. Don't do that. I'm fine Mikes. Go check on Pete, then we can talk more, but don't apologize for asking for help, alright?"

"Okay. Bye."

“Bye.” The line goes dead.

“Hey Siri, call Pete Wentz.”

“I’m sorry, I don’t understand.” Fucking dysfunctional robot.

At the next light, I grab my phone and call him manually, pressing the buttons with shaking fingers. It goes straight to voicemail.

“Hi, it’s Mikey. Call me.” I hang up and press call. Voicemail again. “Pete, you’re scaring me, please pick up.” I hang up again. Three turns left.

Call. The electronic voice again. “Leave a message at the beep.”

“Peter don’t do something stupid,” *If he hasn’t already,* the little voice in the back of my head murmurs. I ignore it. “Just answer your damn phone!”

Two turns.

I end the call and try again. “Fucking pick up!”

I roll through a stop sign, and can see the apartment complex ahead. I pull haphazardly into a parking space and run up, up, up. *Why does he have to live on the fifth fucking floor?*

With a racing heart and aching knees, I bang on it.

Nothing.

I do it again. Harder. “Pete!”

I wait for a count of thirty this time, but still no sign of life. No, no no no no no he can’t be- I try the doorknob, rattling it viciously. “Open up! Stop ignoring me, you little shit!” I kick the door, then wince at my now throbbing toes. "Peter Lewis Kingston Wentz III, open the fucking door!"

I crumple against the opposite wall, pushing my fingers into my hair and pulling hard. “FUCK!”

A door squeaks open, and I jerk my head up, but it’s just his neighbor. Who I’ve probably just woken up with the racket I was making. He looks at me with no small amount of concern. “Are you okay dude?”

I probably should be grateful that he’s not yelling at me, but I don’t want sympathy right now. I want someone or something to be angry at. I want Pete here so I can scream and scratch and bite and kiss and never let go.

Instead, I’m here, looking and feeling like absolute shit in the dirty outdoor hall of his walk-up, with his neighbor who is looking more confused by the second.

“Fuck off. I’m fine,” I mutter, out of the necessary energy for yelling.

He tries to raise an eyebrow, but the other comes with it partway. The effect would be hilarious if not for the situation. “Want to leave a message for when he comes back?”

“What?”

“D’ you want to leave a message for Pete. Wentz. Y’know, the guy you were yelling for? Short, wears a fuckton of eyeliner, lives there,” he gestures to Pete’s door.

“He’s out?” My voice is small, like saying it louder would shatter whatever small piece of hope I have left.

“Yeah, woke me up at five in the morning falling into my door,” he says pleasantly.

I stare blankly at him.

“It’s not that unusual for him.” He explains. And yeah, that tracks. “Well, normally it’s not at five A fuckin' M, but it happens,” he shrugs. “He’s not the most coordinated person. And tries to put his shoes on while walking, as though he’s saving time by falling on his ass.”

We’re interrupted by a familiar voice. “Mikes? What’re you doing he-”

I’m moving even before I consciously register who it is, standing and launching myself at a very confused Pete Wentz. “Fuck you!” I say, wrapping my arms around him.

“What happened?” He asks, hugging back, but I just bury my face in his hair. Finally, my heart rate starts to decline as I melt into him.

“You scared me, motherfucker,” I murmur, just holding him there. Safe, warm, alive. Thank fuck he’s alive.

“Bill? What’s going on?” he asks over my shoulder when I refuse his attempts to let go.

“Fuck if I know,” his neighbor shrugs.

“Okay.” He takes a minute to assess the situation. “Mikes, can we go inside?” I move back enough for him to unlock the door, then reattach myself as soon as it’s closed behind us. He seems to give up on getting any answers out of me for the time being, and just lets me, carding his fingers through my hair. After a couple minutes, he tries again. “What happened? You’re acting weird. Not that I’m against staying like this or anything - but I’m worried.”

I look him in the eyes. “Fuck you and your dramatic-ass voicemail.”

End Notes

Thank you for reading!

This is technically an excerpt of a larger work so if it feels like you don't quite have all the context, that's why
This is my favorite scene though, and I wanted to help feed my fellow poor homeless Ao3 users

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!