The Aftermath

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The Aftermath

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Summary

Russian SFSR deals with the loss of his father, and realizes that it's probably better off this way.

More chapters to be added, of course.

Notes

I wish the tags were not "Countryhumans" for consistency sake but whatever

I'm using the modern names for simplicity

will cross post to ao3 someday

also hi I've been needing to post this

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

"What?…" Russia was shocked by the news. Belarus, of all people, was the one to tell him.

"Yeah. Don't you understand–"

He fled the scene, into his bedroom which he used as an escape from the cruel world. How could someone be so apathetic toward their parent's death? He locked the door behind him and ran to his bed, plopping down on it as soon as he reached it. He sobbed, hoping this is all a dream.

But it wasn't, it was just as reality as everything else was, from the second world war to the cold war with America. All of those tragedies were a reality just like this one. The realization settled deep within him and he only cried more.

He stayed separate from everyone the entire day as they discussed and grieved without him knowing. Hours and hours later, he felt relief. Sudden relief that couldn't be explained. He felt… free. He was free from expectations and responsibilities that were unrealistic. He was free from the constant pain that came out of abuse, and he was still healing…

He felt the tears subsiding for the first time in hours. He opened his bedroom door and stepped out of it to his siblings gathered on the living room couch. They each looked at him with surprise.

"Are you okay?" Ukraine asked.

"I am now," Russia replied.

Ukraine made a confused expression. "Bela' told me you ran to your room after hearing the news," he explained.

Russia rubbed his eyes, the memory of constantly crying coming back to him. He set it aside. "Well, yeah, but I realized something. All that shit he did to me… I'm not sad he's gone anymore."

"Fuck did he do to you?" Ukraine, dumbfounded, asked with utter confusion in his tone.

Russia felt insulted. He explained anyway. "He abused me… you probably didn't realize it, but he really did. He would always burden me with his words and constant responsibilities."

"Isn't that normal?" Belarus questioned. "All the eldest ones have to deal with it, no?"

"No, actually," Russia answered. "Responsibilities, not as much as I had. Verbal abuse? That is not normal."

"How do you know this?" Belarus questioned again, very skeptical this time.

Russia didn't want to explain, until he realized he didn't have a weight upon him anymore. He didn't have someone to cause more scars upon him. "Okay, I've been sneaking out of the house. I needed to escape."

"Oh, shit," Ukraine commented. "It must've been bad."

"Okay, well, let's make this house actually livable, in that case," Belarus suggested. "And, actually, I'm not all that surprised. Father treated our little brother horribly, as he told me. That's why he's normally quiet."

Silence was louder than any other noise inside this room. Things that were kept secrets for so long were just revealed, because of this one incident. Things affected each of them to such capacities that now was the only time they could tell each other.

Belarus spoke up like a leader. "We have some work to do. Firstly, everyone is in charge, except for Kazakhstan. He needs to heal."

"I also need to heal," Russia interrupted.

"You're the most responsible in this house. I… I guess you could work half of the time. As long as you need to heal."

Russia held his arm as it was underneath the long jacket he was wearing, and it stung, the fabric hitting his open wounds. The pain lingered, even while his father wasn't there. It seemed like the pain would stay for a long time, and there will still be moments where he just can't take the burden of life. Unfortunately, that was probably the case.

"Fuck," he whispered under his breath. He'd have to deal with this for a while.

"Okay," Belarus started. "Let's start the process."

Russia ran into his room and locked the door once again.

"Shit, not again," Belarus said.

End Notes

uhh guys is it meant to be times new roman

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