

I know I could treat you better

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/12279012) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/12279012>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence , Rape/Non-Con
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hetalia: Axis Powers
Relationships:	Germany/North Italy_(Hetalia) , North Italy/South Italy_(Hetalia) , Portugal/Spain_(Hetalia)
Characters:	Germany_(Hetalia) , North Italy_(Hetalia) , South Italy_(Hetalia) , Spain_(Hetalia) , Portugal_(Hetalia)
Additional Tags:	Itacest , Abuse , Physical Abuse , World War II , Rape/Non-con Elements , Mentions of Spamano , Drinking , Blood , Bad Germany , Abusive Relationships , Sexual Abuse , im sorry , Sibling Incest , Twincest , Past Spamano
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2017-10-06 Words: 4,113 Chapters: 3/3

I know I could treat you better

by [Skylakur](#)

Summary

During World War 2 Germany gets a little power crazy, even toward North Italy. Romano doesn't know everything that's going on but when he does it's Big Brother Romano to the rescue (with help from Spain of course)

Notes

I love Germany and I feel really bad for making him a bad guy but I just had to write this. I meant to make this one chapter but oh well.

Chapter 1

North Italys' Pov

I wasn't always like this, in fact, it was never like this until Germany's new leader put sick, evil thoughts in his head. I sighed as I walked down the beaten rock path to my brother's house.

I've been hiding the marks and bruises from him for months now, he must never find out. He already doesn't like Germany but if he finds out-

No. I can't even imagine what he would do. He mustn't find out.

I sighed again as I approached the large spruce wood door with the little gold tomato shaped knocker that Spain insisted he put up for his birthday. I knocked and waited anxiously while I made sure my sleeves were pulled down and my shirt was tucked into my trousers.

The door was abruptly pulled open and mio Fratello was there looking angrier than usual.

"What took you so long, I had to start dinner without you before the sauce sat out too long." I couldn't help but smile at him and shrug my shoulders as I weakly apologized.

"I'm sorry Fratello, I saw a cute cat and I had to pet it." A lie.

He eyed me up and down, clearly not completely believe me. I was relieved when he brushed it off though.

"Well, you better make sure there's no cat hair on you before you come in the kitchen. And shut the door it's cold out there." He said as he turned away to resume his place in the kitchen. I walked inside and instantly felt myself relax. It feels like home here. I'm safe here.

After I washed my hands I joined Romano in the kitchen and helped finish preparing dinner, even though it was just for the two of us. I crushed some fresh garlic and chopped some parsley to go into the sauce. It's been so long since I've gotten to cook like this. I relaxed a little more and looked over to Roma, he looks so calm when he's in his element. Whether it's cooking or dancing, he doesn't do it unless he's into it. It's so peaceful and calm and safe here, it makes me want to move back in. But that would cause questions, and I'd have to leave behind all my stuff. Stuff that I have spent collecting for hundreds of years. I can't just leave it all behind.

I sighed out of habit and instantly realized it was a mistake.

"Whats wrong?" Romano asked without looking away from his task. I searched my mind for a quick simple response.

"I just miss being here with you. " I looked down before I could see his face turn red in hopes that he wouldn't read to deep into my sentence.

"Well, why don't you come around more often? Or even better move back in and stay away from the potato bastard." I felt hope well up inside of me but it was extinguished as soon as it came.

"You know I can't do that to Germany, plus it took me so long just to get all my stuff to his place. How would I even begin to bring it all back here?" I regretted asking that as soon as the words slipped from my mouth. If I keep mentioning moving out he'll eventually figure it all out.

"I could get tomato dick to help. If you did want to move back in." I made a show of checking on the garlic bread in order to evade having to reply. I wish it were that easy.

After we had the best dinner I've had all month we decided to watch an old Italian romance movie, which I then proceeded to fall asleep watching.

When I awoke I looked over to see Romano asleep on the other side of the couch and I couldn't help but smile. Aww, my Fratello is so cute. I chuckled and stood up to stretch. However, when I caught sight of the digital clock displaying the time I was filled with a very deep fear.

I quickly left a note for Romano, thanking him for such a wonderful time and ran out the door. I ran all the way to Germany's house hoping with all my soul that he was already asleep and I wouldn't have to deal with this until tomorrow.

I slowly, quietly opened the front door and crept inside, no sign of him yet. I took my shoes off and tiptoed to my room. I pushed open the door just enough to slip inside the dark room. I took out my lighter and lit the candle beside the bed. When I turned around I was met with the bluest eyes that I have ever seen before a sharp pain shot through my cheek.

"Where were you?" Another slap. I felt tears run down my face and already felt the sting turn to an ache from the hard slap. I tried to choke out an answer but nothing would come out.

"Answer me Italy! Where. Were. You?" Between every word, there was a slap even harder than the one before it.

"Romanos! I was at R-Romanos." He paused mid-slap and looked at me for a second before gripping my throat and pushing me against the cold stone wall.

"You were with your whore brother? You know how I feel about him!" his hands tightened.

"My Fratello is not a whore!" I expected another slap but instead of feeling the sting of a slap I was met with a sharp bruising pain of a punch. Almost instantly I felt a bruising whelp appear.

"You dare talk back to me? To your superior?" He pulled back just long enough to undo his belt and shuffle his pants down just enough.

"I must teach you this lesson again Italy. And again. And again. Until you learn your place." I felt fear engulf me and started to mumble pleas. He grabbed me by the throat again and

shoved me on the bed, turning me around and pulling my hips up.

"Germany, please! I know you're still good, I know this isn't you! Please stop!!" I begged and pleaded but like always he doesn't seem to hear or care.

Without any preparation, I felt a sting from my hole being torn open. I cried and continued begging.

"Germany, please! Stop!" I felt him hesitate before flipping me over and slapping me once again. He pushed back in and I felt something trickle out of me and onto the bed. I screamed in pain as he just got harder with his thrusts.

"Be Quiet!" He said with another slap. And another, and another. I tried to stay silent and mostly succeeded until he pulled all the way out and slammed back in. I couldn't hold back the scream that came out. I felt a hard punch to my nose and heard an awful crack. He punched me again and I closed my eye in pain before slowly going unconscious with just the taste of tears and blood in my mouth.

Chapter 2

South Italys POV

I woke up later in the night with a creak in my neck from sleeping on the couch like that. Italy has probably already left, he always leaves early. I stand up and pop my joints as I walk over to the table where I'm sure he's left a note. He always does. I sigh as I read over his rushed writing, it's usually so neat. I knew there was something he was hiding from me but I didn't wanna force him to tell me. I respect him too much.

I groaned as my mind was plagued with thoughts that I used to always push out and ignore. Before he even got with that stupid potato bastard. Regardless if we're brothers, I know I have deep feelings for him. And I know when he's lying to me, which he's been doing a lot of recently. He's hiding something bad from me and I know it's about his stupid german boyfriend.

I know I could make him happy if he just gave me a chance, and if not then I'd let him go and move on. I would cherish him, care for him, love you. I don't know how Germany treats him but I can tell he isn't happy. I know I could treat him better if only he would give me a chance.

My face suddenly started to ache as well as other places, I winced but quickly made my way to the bathroom to take some pain pills. Ever since a few months ago I've been getting random aches and pains that I can't get rid of. Part of me wondered if it could be something wrong with my brother but every time I asked he said he was fine. I didn't believe him but I didn't push.

A few days past before I heard from my stupid brother again. He just showed up on my front porch in the rain with a bottle of wine and that stupid 'Im hiding something' smile on his face.

"What are you doing here Fratello?" he looked put off my voice but smiled nonetheless.

"I thought we could have a drink. If you'd like?" He paused to think for a minute before speaking again "Why do you look so tired?"

"My body hurts, and it hurts too much to sleep in almost any position." He looked at the ground and scuffed his boot against the floor lightly. I rolled my eyes and welcomed him inside before I went to the kitchen to grab some glasses.

"It better be the good stuff," I mumbled under my breath not expecting him to be right behind me.

"It is." I jumped and almost dropped the wine glass I was holding.

"Chigi!! Don't sneak up on me like that you bastard!" I yelled even though I could feel my face heat up.

"Ve, sorry Romano. I didn't mean to scare you." I sighed as I waited for my heart rate to calm down before I carried the glasses to the living room. I watched him pour us some wine and noticed he had two extra bottles under his arm.

"You wanna get drunk? You never want to get drunk!" I was surprised but also suspicious of his decision.

"Is there a particular reason as to why?" There he goes with that fake ass smile again.

"Nope."

"Are we celebrating something?" I prodded

"Nope."

"Is it something to do with Germany?" I flinched and hesitated before answering.

"No." Bingo, I knew something was going on. I was about to ask what was going on when he downed his entire glass of wine in one go. I stared at him before deciding, fuck it, if he wants to get drunk let's get drunk. I chugged my glass and he graciously poured me another.

About an hour had passed and he was twice as drunk as I was. He was rambling on about how much he missed me and how much he missed it here. I found that odd but my half drunk mind didn't pay it much attention.

Were on our third bottle now and Veneziano is playing fucking sad Italian music and trying to slow dance with leg while he lays on the floor drunkenly singing along. It's past midnight and both of our cells are ringing with the potato bastards name on it but he won't answer so I won't either.

"Hey, Romano?" I roll my head to the side to look down at him as he's still trying to dance with my leg.

"Before I got with Germany *hic* I had a teensy weensy little crush on you. *hic* I know that were technically brothers, but were also countries *hic* so it shouldn't really matter. But I wanted you to know that. Also, I lied, I still have a tiny crush on you. *hic*" I stared at him and tried to process what he just said with my drunken mind. When it finally clicked into place I lunged at him.

"I've in love with you for years you idiot." I slurred out before crashing my lips to his. I flinched but smiled into the kiss nonetheless. If I went to deepen the kiss though he would pull away slightly. It bothered me but I was content just like this.

We somehow ended up on the couch the slowly made our way to what used to be Venezianos room when he stopped me with a worried look in his eyes.

"Can we just cuddle?" I blinked at him and felt my face burst into heat when I realized what he was implying.

I nodded and hid my face in his shirt before feeling him pull me onto the bed with him. We laid there and basked in the comfortable silence for about 2 minutes before we both fell asleep.

The next morning I woke up with a killer headache and a strong need to piss. I groggily opened my eyes and saw Italy cuddled up beside me. I blinked as I tried to remember what happened last night. We used to sleep together, sure but he hasn't stayed the night with me for months now. I quietly groaned and got up to go pee before my dick has a heart attack.

As I'm mid-pee I remember everything and freak out so much I almost fall over. I finish my business and rush into the bedroom to find Veneziano still asleep. I'm about to wake him up when I see something weird on his face. It has a slight purple color. It looks like he has makeup over it.

I lick my thumb and swipe some off, When I see the giant purple bruise above his eye I recoil in shock and disgust. I quickly piece everything together in my mind and I'm suddenly on the bed hugging him and crying.

I feel him shift under me and listen to his heartbeat slowly speed up as he wakes up.

"Fratello? Whats wrong? Are you crying?" He sits up and tries to hold and comfort me but I jerk away.

"No! No. I should be the one comforting you." I quickly pull him into my arm, being careful of where I can see bruises.

"Why didn't you tell me?" He stiffens under my grasp

"W-what do you m-mean, Fratello?" I look up and see he's terrified but also see he's asking for help as much as he silently can.

"Please don't try to hide it any more Veneziano. I know, I-I know what he's d-doing to you." He shakes violently as if he wants to run but I hold him as tight as I can. Not many people know but my little brother is stronger than me so if he really wanted to run he could.

He stops struggling and pulls me close, crying onto my shoulder. It's the kind of crying that makes you feel their pain, makes you want to cry with them. So I do. We sit there and cry together for I don't know how long.

After we stop crying enough to stand he tells me he wants to go shower. I grab him some of my extra clothes and some makeup remover that I just happen to have. I take them to him and as soon as he sees the makeup removers a few silent tears stream down his face but he sighs and nods.

Before he shuts the door he whispers one word to me that makes me almost start crying again.

"Help." As the door shuts I stare at it, thinking. What can I do to help? I get an idea and rush as quickly as I can with a hangover down the hallway to grab my phone. I hit speed dial and a

familiar voice answers on the first ring.

"Hola."

"Spain, I need your help with something big."

Chapter 3

North Italys POV

I showered and dressed and here I am standing in front of a mirror, looking at every single bruise on my face. I'm scared to go out and face Romano, but maybe he can help me.

As I enter the kitchen I hear him arguing on the phone with someone.

"No, not another drug heist you Spanish idiot!" I wanted to chuckle despite the situation. I walked over and sat down in front of him, making sure to keep my head down with my hair covering my face.

"Look can you just meet us there, I'll explain later. Yes, bring him. No, don't bring that we're not killing anyone. Christ Spain." He soon hung up the call and sighed before looking at me.

"Lift your head, let me see how bad." I sighed and looked at him only to watch his face twist.

"What's wrong with your nose?"

"It's broken." He put his hand over his mouth and a few tears escaped him as he mumbled out a reply.

"How did I not notice last night, it's so swollen." I almost smiled, proud of my makeup skills.

"Contour." He seemed to calm down at that and went back to the sassy tsundere is always is.

"You, contour? Now I know you must be joking." I broke at that one and couldn't stop the chuckle that's been dying to come out all morning. For everything that's going on, I feel like a weight has been lifted. I'm not alone in this anymore.

I got up from my seat, walked over, and hugged him. As hard as I could. I only stopped when I heard his spine pop. I pulled away and smiled at him, to which he returned before becoming all serious again.

"Okay, so, Spain and Portugal are gonna meet us at Germany's border to collect all your stuff and get you out of there. You don't have to come if you don't want to, which I totally understand but we could use your help.

I nodded and put on my determined face.

"Of course I'll help, it's my problem anyways Fratello." He shook his head and disagreed.

We got dressed and got the biggest backpacks we could find as well as extras bags to carry my stuff in before making our way there. As we neared the German Border I felt a familiar fear creep up in me. Romano seemed to notice because he silently grabbed my hand and squeezed it, he didn't let go the rest of the way.

In the distance, I saw a figure I haven't seen in months and couldn't resist the urge to run and hug the Spanish man. I felt a few tears slip down my cheeks but he just smiled sadly and wiped them.

"It will be okay, just you watch." He looked past me at my brother with a slight longing look. It has only been about a year since Romano left Spain because he had feelings for someone else. I just realized who he was talking about and I suddenly feel guilty to be hugging Spain.

"Uhm, Spain? Are you ok? With the whole Romano thing?" I couldn't stop myself from asking but Spain looked at me with a smile.

"Si, si I am ok, I knew he liked you before we even started dating." He sighed but he seemed better.

"Besides, while you were gone I myself have moved on with someone else." It was at that moment I noticed Portugal was behind him. He walked up and took Spain's hand in his and looked at me with a smile.

"Can you too not be all lovey-dovey! We're in the middle of a mission." I was gonna say something but Romano beat me to it. He reached over and grabbed my hand to which Spain and Portugal giggled at.

"Shut up!" He huffed a few times and I chuckled and pulled him along as the others followed.

We made it to the large stone building and then Roma just waltzed up and banged on the door.

"Who is it?" We heard a loud German voice ask with slight impatience. I stepped up and cleared my throat before answering.

"It's me, Germany." Instantly the door slammed open and a large hand reached out to grab me but when he noticed everyone else and retracted his hand.

"We've come for my stuff." He looked put off for a second but then began sizing us up. I gulped in fear of the man I loved for so long.

"You're not allowed to leave Italy." I felt someone squeeze my hand and looked over at Romano who had an encouraging smile. I was about to say something when Germany said something else.

"I always knew your brother was a whore but I didn't think you were one too." While my mind took the 2 seconds it takes to process what he said I saw a tan Spanish blur pass by me. Right after I heard a nasty crack and german swear.

When I finally understood what he said I felt a burning rage fill me once again but this time I knew I could do something about it. I flew at my now ex-boyfriend and felt my fist connect with his face. I was about to hit him again when I felt a warm skinny hand grip my shoulder and pull me away.

"Spain and his bf will handle him, we need to hurry up and get your stuff." I nod and we go running past Germany and the tan duo that's currently beating him to a pulp. However, as I'm running by something grabs my ankle and yanks me back. I see a hand coming my way and I freeze in fear, the punch is the worst I have ever received from Germany and tears instantly start to pour down my face.

I get dragged away even though all I feel is a blinding pain and the edges of my vision grew fuzzy.

When I come too I hear a quick shuffling and things clattering together. I look up and see my Fratello gathering my stuff and shoving it in bags as delicately as he can. He's got almost half of all my belongs in bags when I hear footsteps running up the stairs and into the room.

"Roma, he's out cold but we tied him up just to be sure." I slowly try to stand up to help.

"Okay you bastard, wait, wheres the other bastard?" I willed away the dizziness as I heard Spain say Portugal was keeping watch just to make sure. I finally stood up completely and began helping them gather my things.

We just had a few more things to grab when a loud crash resonated from downstairs. We quickly shoved the rest in the bag and took off down the steps to see Germany and Portugal neck and neck. Romano ran at him and round housed kicked him upside the head hard enough to knock him out again.

"Let's go!" Roma yelled as we all bolted out the door. We didn't stop running until we reached the Italian border.

"Thank you guys, I'll never forget this. And I'll be sure to pay you all back someday." I was looking at the ground and didn't see everyone walk up to me until I was embraced in a big warm group hug. I couldn't even try to stop the tears that came.

By the time I had stopped crying I looked up to see everyone with blood on them in one way or another.

"You don't have to worry about paying any of us back, amigo. You didn't deserve to be treated that way, no one does." Fratello and Portugal nodded their head in agreement with the Spaniard and I tried my hardest to contain the salty tears that wish to betray me.

We shared one last hug before they left and Romano and I continued making our way back to his-our house.

After we got ourselves cleaned up of all the blood and dirt we decided to just lay down and talk for a while.

"Fratello, as much as I would like to be with you right now, I think I need some time before we make anything official and known." I expected him to be upset but when I looked over at him all I saw on his face was a mixture of understanding and caring. I smiled and leaned in to kiss him to which he met me halfway.

"I love you, Fratello."

"I love you too Veneziano."

I finally felt safe and drifted off into the most peaceful sleep I've had in over a year.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!