

## The Show Must Go On

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# The Show Must Go On

by [bearinapotatosack](#)

## Summary

Newt was moved to The Glade High, Oregon in what would've been Year 10 in Britain, his past has been traumatic and his parents' business trips going long, he relies mostly on his friends and sister for comfort. He explores the world of teenage relationships and PTSD as he tries to live a normal teenage life in High School.

Thomas' father had never been a permanent figure in his mind, the only full memory of him in his mind was his death which came with the full running down the street whilst being shot at experience. He can't deny his past but he can make sure that his Father doesn't become the definition of his future.

Minho's not the most traumatised of all his friends, sure he can't fully be gay and polyamorous in his own home, but he still has a loving family and can successfully claim he's bilingual. He loves sport but also wants to study the science behind it, he makes it an escape for the arguing that goes on at home.

All need someone to rely on with their 'baggage' and they all need the stability that is a normal life.

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## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

# The Start of Something New

## Chapter Summary

Trigger Warning

Rape

Sexual Abuse

Depression

PTSD

Suicide Attempts

Do not read if you're sensitive to these topics. Italics represent past events, diary entries/letters will start with dear/ to .

Newt contemplates his past before the first day of Junior year.

## Chapter Notes

The chapters won't all be this dark so don't be alarmed, I'm actually quite a morbid person, I had some ideas that would've been very graphic and horrific since I'm a big fan of horror and gore. Also, I was going to put these events into two chapters but I wanted to get the sensitive topics out of the way. I'm going to put a timeline of Newt's past in the end notes if anyone is confused. I did a load of research on American Highschools and life in an American Highschool to make this story accurate for you. I usually find a way to make all the characters be in a British Highschools but I decided to give myself a mini project.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The Sky had always interested Newt, he always craved a skill of art to paint the sky but he could only gaze at the endless abyss of gentle blue. Today was the last day of summer, it took him a while to adjust to the entire three months of pure summer break but since this was his third summer here in America, he was now used to it; all of his friends had been quiet today. None of them messaged him, he didn't exactly mind, for the two years he'd known the gang of outcasts he'd noticed a pattern of them not talking on the last few days of the summer. Possibly to take a break, that was the more logical answer of the many that clustered his already crowded head.

The sky was littered with white wisps of clouds that lined the sky, they opened up to the bitter air, it tiptoed against his cheeks and gave him the reminder of the last spring he had in the UK. Usually Newt associated spring with the smell of daffodils and long hikes that his family insisted on going after an especially long week of working.

But despite these happy memories, their infrequent appearance throughout his past have shaped and caused the problems in his present life. He was currently seated on a small bench that usually populated a crop of elderly people who played a slow game of bowls along the vibrant, well kept greens of the hill. Inside his hand he clutched a leather bound book.

Red.

Worn.

Inside it's crisp yellow sepia pages were the imprinted pencil letters written to no-one in particular. This book contained the most important letters that Newt would ever write. This letter held the secret to Newt's mysterious limp that had been only described as an 'intentional accident'. This a5 book held the information that hurt Newt too much to say.

There was a letter in this book that told the story of his sexual abuse and his suicide attempt. His internal monologue switched to narrative when he started to retell the biography of the part of his life that had been the worst.

*For the entirety of his teenage years in England, there had always been a deep sense of unease that had eventually settled a few months after his uncle Steven had moved in. The man was in his late thirties and had a head of rich brown hair covering his head; his complexion was simple no-one would suspect him to do such a thing. Not him. Not a man so trustworthy. Not a man so easily stereotyped as a normal or exceptable.*

*It had all started to happen when Newt had recently turned thirteen and was sitting in his room trying to learn a few chords on his guitar when a figure appeared in the doorway. Steven was the only one in that day, he'd picked Newt up from school as a surprise, Newt had realised Steven's actions had become strange of late but this day was a marker in his mind that the sexual abuse had started.*

*Steven had sat down behind Newt and gently curved his cracked fingers over Newt's, guiding the young boys to the correct position on the acoustic guitar that the boy had been gifted a few weeks before. The act would've been deemed normal if this was a person Newt's age but only thought going in his head was the fact that this was his uncle. This man was a 39 year old man. He's not meant to be doing this, Newt lowered his hands to place the guitar on it's stand across the room.*

*His mistake.*

*Steven's foot had crept around his waist anchoring him to the bed as Newt became aware of the severity of the situation. After struggling briefly he tuned into the fact that his uncle's trousers were sticking into his back. He'd listened in year seven biology, he knew an erection when he felt one.*

*This was serious, it didn't go much further from there but he remembered the feeling of a hand slowly pushing past Newt's jeans and underwear. The gentle stroke across the boy's dick had been established, a small whine had loudly brushed past his ear as the looming presence eased of the bed and downstairs to start dinner.*

*That was the beginning of a eighteen month's worth of abuse, it gradually got worse until the day that Newt found himself under his uncle naked and non consensual.*

*Rape.*

*That's all he's say about the year's worth of full sex he'd experienced.*

*Sometimes Steven would say things such as*

*"This is out little secret,"*

*"You should feel honoured,"*

*"You should be used to this by now,"*

*Other times he had been more rough saying, "Take it like a man," or "You're pathetic, only I could ever want to have sex with you, your lucky I'm the only person crazy enough to get turned on by only you,". A few times he would say he was making Newt "Nice and straight, acceptable for your parents,". Sometimes Steven wouldn't use his words, just grunts or even slaps to make sure that Newt was looking the right way.*

*For the days between sessions Steven moved his place next to Newt at the crowded dinner table and sat closer to him when watching TV when he wasn't sending looks that said "I'm undressing my nephew mentally,". Steven usually held exceptionally rough sessions when Sonya was at sleepovers or on trips with school and the children's parents were on business trips. It was on one of these nights that his parents had found out.*

*They'd come home a night early at 10 o'clock to hear grunts, obviously they assumed that Steven had a date and had gotten to the active part of the date.*

*"He could've waited until later to have sex, at this rate he'll wake up Newt," his Mum said, she knew her brother and had been woken up by her brother's dates before.*

*"Let's just knock on and tell him to keep it down, alright? I'll go to see if Newt is awake," Newt's Dad suggested unaware that his son would not be in his bed. After checking the small room a few paces away, Newt's Dad returned with a face full of shock. "Newt's not there Alice,"*

*"Jack, what do you mean he's not there, where could he be?" The concept hadn't crossed her mind that her acceptable brother would be raping her son in the room she was standing outside.*

*From inside the room came a small yell as if someone was trying to escape some hellish situation, the two adults stared at each other, the impossible idea crossing their mind.*

*"He's probably on the toilet, let's go and shut my brother up," Alice whispers at her equally concerned husband.*

*The sight they found was horrific, they didn't believe it was their fourteen year old son under Steven. They didn't believe it when Newt looked disgusted in himself because of his situation.*

*When the police came and gave a statement, they took the shock and told Newt that it was a good thing that they were moving to America in six months.*

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*The six months had been both long and short, the court cases and therapy had seemed long winded but with it he had met a social worker who defied the expectations and made sure that Newt was friends with her, that Newt actually trusted and liked his Social Worker. Ava Paige had introduced herself a few days after the initial incident as a social worker who worked for WCKD social care. She doubled up as a therapist and a Social Worker, she had been a great help with the court case, to guarantee that Steven wouldn't be going near Newt for a long while. Also, she was hired by Newt's parents especially because she lived in the same town that they were moving to in seven months. Newt was surprised that her skills had been of the upmost quality, he'd half expected his parents to not get the best care for Newt and use this therapist as an excuse to just know a person in this new country. With her she had brought a girl under her care- Teresa Agnes- a girl who would become a micro therapist within herself.*

*Teresa Agnes had in the beginning seemed quiet she didn't talk to Newt about much but school and why she was under the care of Ava; after a while though she began to tell Newt about her crazy friends. There was Thomas another person who Ava was helping; Minho, the sport maniac who was 'filled to the brim with sass'; Alby, the older grandpa type character who knew them all through Ava; there was also a few others who Newt would still come to love. She had helped Newt to adjust to the fact that he would be moving to a town called Redwood in Oregon where he was moving to for his parents work and a new start, also it was obvious that she had learned a few tips from Ava on how to treat a victim of a troubled past. Teresa would also tell Newt about how her mother was ill in hospital and had been put under the permanent care of Ava. There had been times when Newt had had a collective weeping session when Teresa was having an especially bad day.*

*The move was a fact that seemed good and bad, on the upside he would just be Newt Parkins a fifteen year old boy going into Freshman year in highschool not Newt Parkins the boy who was sexually abused by his uncle. The downside was that he would be leaving behind his two closest friends Willow and Adialh, the pair of girls had been the biggest help other than Teresa who was on a really long summer holiday to Newt- according to him at that age.*

*Nightmares still plagued his dreams and he'd wake up not wanting to be touched until he'd had a full shower that morning. Luckily, the house was slowly being packed up for the move so he didn't have to be reminded of the horrible eighteen months he's had. Over his last few months in Year Nine he had been gradually fitting the mould of a stereotypical PTSD victim, he had been excused from P.E but the teachers used the excuse that Newt wasn't in a fit condition to do physical activity. He didn't mind not doing P.E, he could still go to Athletics on Thursdays, he wouldn't have to get changed in front of people there. Sometimes he hated his PTSD for making him feel sick when looking at himself but also the PTSD had shone a light on the depression that he realised had always been in his life. Over the next few months Newt would barely be able to get out of bed which he blamed on not wanting to go to a school that he was leaving soon anyway, this resulted in him running to school and just arriving at form on the bell.*

*But despite all the excuses, he couldn't deny the fact that he was lacking motivation in all departments of life, he didn't see the point of remaining any relationships if he was going to die anyway; this wasn't all he couldn't see why anyone could possibly withstand his presence, he didn't want to explain this to Ava, he was already a burden to her with his complex PTSD- he wasn't prepared to add more of a load to her work. The days began to get longer, school seemed pointless and he didn't want to hang out with his friends because he knew that he'd be leaving the school in a few weeks; when the end of year parties came along he didn't really celebrate, just sat and ate the sandwiches someone's family had made. They tasted bland and he wasn't concentrating on them as he was writing a letter to capture his empty feeling, to try and prevent it effecting him for a brief amount of time. He was thankful that the summer holidays had finally arrived so that he could rid his family of his PTSD, the nightmares and his all round trouble some life of late. He spent the nights planning how he would die without his family having to see the after effects of his suicide.*

Remembering this now Newt thought that his process of thinking was obviously flawed but he didn't have the demons interfering with his decision making as much now as he did then, sure he still suffered from depression but he now had ways of dealing most days, but of course there were still 'dark days' when he couldn't make the dark thoughts go away. Slowly stepping away from the bench, he gradually walked down the hill, it was steep and filled with a fresh green colour that would tickle the toes on hot days without shoes on. The streets were littered with all sorts of people, most of which looked like they had just come from a hike, who didn't seem to notice the boy but why would they? They didn't know the boy and were busy on their own errands, busy with their lives.

After ten minutes of walking, Newt reached a small coffee shop that he and his friends all hung out at. He got a flat white and sat at a tall table by the large windows that showed the outside world. Flicking through his red book, the pages rebelled against his demands by returning to the pages of letters which he thought were going to be his last. Drops of blood bordered the crisp edges, the act of flipping backwards caused his mind to go back to that dark time. He just wanted to write a letter to empty his mind of the bad things, so he could start the school year on good terms. Like a time machine his mind wondered back to the early summer of 2013.

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*The day was a Saturday, warm and hopeful, the antonym of Newt's emotions at the moment. He was sick of feeling empty and fed up of the endless darkness that had held him down for the better part of a year. Watching a movie, he passed his family, they looked up and waved as he walked to the door. Just as he was escaping his mother called through the open living room door:*

*"When will you be back, sweetie?"*

*Newt racked his brain for a lie, that's just one of an ocean full of reasons why this world was better off without him- Steven had definitely contributed to his already fucked up mind.*

*"I'll call you when I'm on the way back home, Mum," He'd lied between his teeth directly to his mother...*

*It was a short walk to the bus stop, the slight heat hit his cheeks making him flush red as he struggled to remember how to walk.*

*As he stepped onto the bus, he payed his fee and took a seat in the middle of the bus-the least suspicious place to sit. It would be a long ride, 45 minutes at best to get to his location. An abandoned car parking block, six stories high. His shaking hands brought out the pocket sized book he wrote in frequently, with it a pencil was tied, he was going to tackle his doubts head on and a pencil was his weapon. Slowly the bus started to pick up but Newt remained oblivious to them all as his hand wrote thoughts such as:*

*"I feel like a creature has been crawling on my back for months, feeding on my happiness like a dementor."*

*"I'm done caring,"*

*"I'm giving up, it's what I do best, I stopped fighting the man who was trying to rape me, this is less complex and I'm still giving in"*

*The bus stopped rolling and once Newt looked up he remembered that this was his stop, sprinting to get off, he sped away from the prying eyes of the bus. From the bus stop it was only about a 15 minute walk to the future place of his suicide.*

*It stood tall up ahead and looked decrepit, over grown with leaves and ivy it appeared to sustain an entire eco system if its own. The steps inside had been worn away with age since thousands of feet would've walked Newt's at this moment. A few floors up and he no longer had to concentrate on seeing as the powerful light from above lit the stairs and walls encasing him. When he stepped on the tarmac, he could still see the faint remains of white car parking spaces painted on the ground. The edge was rimmed with a half a metre high wall that seemed like a poor attempt at stopping acts like this. He climbed up on the thick wall and began to become dizzy at the sight of the drop.*

*"Don't jump!" A small voice seemed to come from the far away land below. "You have so much to live for!"*

*These words barely took any effect on Newt, they seemed so generic, plastic. He did not know this person, his death would make no difference to their life or daily routine.*

*"Great, we're all bloody inspired," were the words that slipped past his lips before he let himself go. Clutching the thick notebook in his hand he gained speed before his left foot smacked against one of the walls, pushing it into a strange position before he blacked out because on impact.*

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*It must have been a good few days before he woke up. The first sound he heard that made him sure he'd failed was the sound of crying. His father. His sister. His mother..*

*A bright light shone in his eyes as gasps filled the room.*



*"You're awake! You're alive! Sweetie, you're alive!" That was the first thing his mother said to him, thanks for reminding me of my failure he thought.*

*He'd gotten away with a few fractures to the ribs that were supposed to heal over a few weeks; the major injury had been his leg. Snapped in four places, it was going to heal in a funny way because of how they found it, amputation wasn't an option so physiotherapy was his only option in recovery after his leg had healed. That was supposed to take around 3 weeks and another month for the physiotherapy, he would be finished with the weekly physiotherapy a week before the main move to Redwood.*

*Ava looked just as distraught as his family when she entered, tears lined her eyes. She arranged therapy meetings twice a week and took his book to get an idea on what had been going through his mind.*

*His physical recovery was the quickest part of the situation, Newt was flying through the exercises and was told that he only needed to see a physiotherapist once a month in America. But his leg would never be the same so to aid his permanent limp they had given him a walking stick to use. He would have to make an excuse but he would postpone that until he saw Teresa again.*

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His coffee was now cold, Newt had been staring into space for long enough that his coffee had been left to cool. A minute community of people had begun to collect in the cosy café and sent sharp looks in his direction, after all he had sat down and stared into space for at least five minutes. He gulped down some of the drink before he began to walk back to the suburban streets he called home. Surprisingly the physiotherapist had said that he would be able to walk long distances in due time, he just had to rest his leg a lot when he started school again. As he stepped into the cold autumn air, a thin white wire began to hang out of his pocket begging to be used, he plugged in the earphones and shoved them in his ears. Often when Newt lacked motivation he found himself being drawn to Fleetwood Mac, despite being classed as an 'old' band they never failed to lift his spirits. Stevie Nicks was a torch that lit up the dark caverns of his mind.

Today his mind was determined to stumble back to the hardest days of his life, his start to the year was about three weeks delayed as they had to settle in and make sure that Newt was doing alright (there was a lot of that). When he finally started school he sat next to Teresa wherever he could but he settled to sit by Thomas or Minho if Teresa wasn't available. Luckily, he got along with most of them and he gradually trusted them enough to tell them the real reason why he had his limp and told them what his book was for, they all looked shocked when he told them he's made himself seem like a snarky person who just loved sarcasm. That conversation was held on top of the hill that would eventually be classed as their hang out. They weren't as patronising as Newt expected, probably because they'd had temporary friends with worse cases than him. One of the things that really showed Newt that they cared was the fact that they concentrated on his guitar skill more than anything, begging to hear him but unfortunately he would always get a flashback to the days where Steven would pick up his stupid teenage band after school. His new friends would've seen past the fact that Steven would always act positive towards Newt no matter what he did.

Despite this though, it had only been recently that he told them about the abuse, this was the main thing that Newt felt scared about. It was one thing to tell them about suicide but it was another to add sexual abuse to the load. They still treated him the same, he was thankful for that.

When he came to his house, he found his Mum doing bills like the organised woman that she is, she was always ahead of time. His Dad was doing some gardening and his sister was on FaceTime with some British friends. He went upstairs to have a nap, feeling a bit more content with today, he knew that dinner would be started soon but he just needed some shuteye.

Just for now.

## Chapter End Notes

Newt was 13 when the sexual harassment and abuse started and almost 15 when he attempted suicide.

# I've Got the World on a String

## Chapter Summary

It's the first day of Junior year for the Gladers, Newt gets triggered and Minho meets Newt's parents as boyfriends for the first time.

## Chapter Notes

Just want to thank anyone who's reading this, you all made my day the day I posted the first chapter. I was secretly very excited inside and as I'm writing this note on the same day am promptly going to blabber to my friends tomorrow.

There will be mention of abuse in this chapter, there will be mention of triggering topics in the entire story but it will be balanced out with some humour (not very good in that department). Happy reading...

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The sky was still asleep when Newt was awake, the darkness engulfed the sky and turned the trees into demon's shadows outside his window. He'd quite obviously had a long nap or what was commonly called falling asleep. A painful sound, his alarm, sent shockwaves down his spine as he was almost sent flying off his bed and cascading onto the carpet below. He slammed a hand down on the alarm to silence the drilling sound that was now echoing inside his skull. Peering around his smallish room, a few figures of furniture stepped out of the fuzzy darkness. His bed was pushed up against the right wall near to the door, opposing the bed was a chest of drawers that held his stereo and CDs. Next to the drawers was a large bookcase, it held precious artefacts of his life both in America and Britain. Under the window was a white desk, it was the only thing that was covered in the slight moonlight, it was also covered in a stationary and books. It took him a while to wake up but after around five minutes, he gained a small burst of motivation to get up and get ready for school.

As he stepped into the shower, he turned on another 'old' album, Making Movies by Dire Straits. The soft sound of Tunnel of Love filled his ears and he found himself thinking of Minho and Thomas. Minho had been the busiest this summer, he spent a month and a half in South Korea with his mother's side of the family and almost all of the rest of the summer with his Dad's side of the family in California. This had left them all with only a week full of hanging out to do which, since they all had summer jobs, had been hard. It also didn't help that Newt needed to have a serious conversation with the two.

*It had been a sweet day that day, Newt was struggling up the hill when he felt himself being pushed by someone-he turned around to Thomas.*

*"You seem full of life," Newt tried to make the conversation lighthearted before the atmosphere would most definitely go south.*

*"I finally slept a full night!" Thomas yelled he suffered from insomnia since in sixth grade. He was chased down the street by the gang, with guns he might add, his Dad had done wrong by. This meant that if a car backfired he would start to panic- a trait that wasn't ideal for a town where there were many old cars.*

*They got to the top of the hill and found Minho sitting on a bench by the bowling green, he waved but the worry was obviously laced throughout his face. The two boys sat down next to him and withheld any conversation until Newt was ready to talk.*

*After a awkward five minutes, he finally spoke up, "Well, I've been practicing this conversation in my head all week, it's been bothering me for a while so I'm just going to come out and well... come out,"*

*He waited for a gasp, a shocked reaction but they sat there treating the topic as if it were just as serious as the past conversations on Newt's depression or abuse, all his friends treated the right topics with a sense of maturity that he was thankful for.*

*"It's not just that, I've found it really hard to speak to you, mainly Tommy, this summer because well.." He couldn't push the words past his tongue.*

*"You have a crush on us, don't you?" Thomas looked at Newt, his feelings were masked, he'd even hid the hints from his eyes- a complex skill that he'd mastered. Somehow. Newt searched his eyes for a few feeble seconds but eventually extinguished his quest.*

*"Erm, yes. I kept telling myself to just tell you, you wouldn't just turn into twats and hate me. You're all really excepting people but my subconscious said otherwise and I was scared of saying I was Biamorous in a world where people think it's just a glorified word for cheating and.." Minho had stopped Newt mid-sentence by putting a finger to his lip, like a six year old.*

*"Kkul. Ditto." Minho had a habit of slipping in some Korean into conversations since it was his main language at home. When they all met up earlier that week he was speaking fluent Korean until he noticed and began to laugh.*

*"Ditto too, but I'm bisexual though. So. I'm a bi and bi! I have official permission to say bye bye now." Thomas often went off on comedic rambles that left anyone else commonly in stitches laughing. He then continued to say. "Newt, you were right, we not gonna suddenly be really intolerant because, in all seriousness, there are a lot worse things you could do that we'd forgive you for, okay?" Thomas' eyes had opened up and were a warm hue of caramel, Newt had to stop himself from getting lost in those gorgeous eyes.*

Newt stepped out of the shower, from that day on they'd been boyfriends, they hadn't done much that was particularly romantic apart from cuddle a bit and that was only with Tommy when Newt's parents weren't in. He trapsed into the bedroom and began to pick out his outfit: a white t-shirt, greyish brown shirt and his red jacket paired up with some grey skinny jeans

and brown leather boots. Minho was always the one who cared especially about his hair, Newt just lightly brushed it said he was done.

As he walked downstairs he could already hear his sister trying to do a dramatic movie voice. She loved everything to do with film and always obsessed over special effects but also cameras. Her dream was to become a camerawoman for documentaries. Behind him he could hear her attempts at doing the deep, echoing voice.

"And here is Newt, at age seventeen, he is starting Junior year in high school and complete with more... brown and grey!" She appeared in his peripheral vision forcing herself not to laugh.

He found himself sniggering too, "I'm guessing you're excited about Highschool then?" She was turning fifteen this year and was most notably entering her Freshman year in high school. Sonya had always been the tougher one out of the two siblings and had a small group of tough friends around her. Newt trusted her enough that she'd tell him if she was getting bullied; despite not looking strong he could still throw a good punch.

"I can't wait! And I don't care if people say that High School is bad, it's got to be better than middle school! And, I want to see what all the fuss is about." Sonya turned off her camera and jumped down to the step he was on. "You're always complaining about that place, I want some of the action!" Sonya had always managed to be the optimist of the family, all the rest of them were realists who couldn't help but see the true side of life. As they came to the kitchen, there was light rock music playing and the smell of British pancakes emitting from the room.

"Morning," Their mother called from the stove, her hair was in a bun and she was wearing a black blazer, white blouse and black skirt all tied together with some brown low heeled shoes, almost all of the time she and Dad wore their office wear around the house. She flicked the final pancake onto a plate and turned around to her two children, she placed the plate on the table and suddenly caught sight of the time. Sarah began running around the house, grabbing things to put in her handbag as she skated around the house, obviously late. "Right, you two be good, I'll be back around twenty past five, your Dad will be back around five. He left at six, he has a meeting this morning." Their parents were workaholics, they always had a meeting or were working late, they did love them but they just weren't around as much as other parents. Luckily, at the start of every semester, one of their parents would be there to cook breakfast and make sure that they were okay in the morning.

"Bye," Newt called to his mother who was now in the hallway trying to locate her keys. "Have a good day,"

As she walked out the door, Newt grabbed a pancake and covered it in sugar and lemon juice, it tasted heavenly and gave him immense satisfaction. He turned on some music and blasted it out to set his mood for the day, he ate another pancake and took a few gulps of the orange juice that had been on the table when he got there.

"What teachers should I be happy to have? What lessons are good? How big is the cafeteria? I'm so excited!" Sonya burst to life in front of him as she walked off to get her bag ready, she also couldn't control her joy either.

"I can tell, and as for those questions: Miss Evans and Mrs Breno are the best teachers; any history is good and the cafeteria gets smaller after a while." Sometimes Newt found his sister adorable but he knew that she could also be extremely tough when the time was right. This had got her in a lot of fights back in middle school which he decided wasn't actually her who influenced her to fight it was Sonya's friends but after all the fights she'd been in it was hard to make excuses anymore. After finishing the orange juice, Newt began to put his new books in his bag speedily so he wasn't late for the bus; it arrived at around 6.40, it still seemed crazy how early Newt had to get out of the house since he usually got out of the house an hour later in England.

The bus slowed down outside the house, the doors opened and revealed Jorge- the bus driver. Newt had become embarrassed of late to ride the bus, he hoped that he didn't have to ride it anymore. He'd found himself being picked on as he got off the bus, it was terribly uncool to get the bus to school and Newt was sick of being judged for his walking stick so was welcome to anything that could lighten the load. Despite this, he'd promised his family that he'd ride the bus with his sister for the first two weeks and then they'd consider another way of getting to school.

They stepped on the bus, Jorge smiled at the two and immediately recognised the correlation between Newt and Sonya. Sitting behind him was Brenda, a girl who might as well be his daughter she hung with him that much; she had short brown hair that curled at the ends slightly in the wind. Her dress sense was generally tomboyish but she wasn't afraid of venturing into the world of floral dresses. Jorge was a middle-aged man who doubled as a bus driver and janitor, he often wore some form of hat and had a complex knowledge of mechanics. After a brief time, the two carried on their conversation on the best model of Porsche. Sonya scanned the rest of the bus and saw Harriet, the two waved and his sister trotted off to join her friend. Newt found a free seat near the front of the bus and pulled out the white cord of his earphones to pass the twenty minutes of time that the bus took to get to school. Surprisingly enough, around five minutes later, Teresa walked onto the bus. She usually got dropped off by Ava to make sure that she was okay and got to school on time; nothing looked wrong on her face but Newt knew better- he often hid any sad emotions behind a mask of sarcastic sadness. Quickly she said hello to Brenda and Jorge before seeing Newt and sitting down next to the teen, she relaxed and started to flick through her phone.

"Hey, doesn't Ava usually drop you off on the first day of every semester?" He asked, hoping he didn't offend her in any way.

"Oh we've got another girl under our care, she arrived about a week ago, Ava wants to help her get settled today." She flicked off her phone and looked at his phone to see what he was listening to.

"The Eagles, just their greatest hits album," Newt always felt self-conscious about his taste in music when he was in England but now he found some of his friends did like the bands he liked too. The bus ride was calming, at first they didn't talk much and sat in comfortable silence.

"My Mum's improving slightly, she's awake for longer so I can have a decent conversation with her for the first time in at least two years. I've seen her three times a week over the

summer, it's been the best summer," She looked down smiling and laughing slightly to herself, sometimes she got really emotional over her mother and didn't want to talk about parents for a while. All their friends knew about each other past and Teresa was known for being the most conscious of money, this was probably because Ava had to pay for the Hospice bills- all they knew was that they weren't cheap. Because of this, Teresa had been the first to get a job so she could pay towards the bills.

"Who's this new person then?" Newt decided to change the topic since her mum was still a sensitive topic even after a few years.

"Her name is Hope, she's in Freshman year and comes from Washington D.C and has actually seen the white house!" Teresa always seemed like the protective older sister type but she'd never had a sibling before- not even a temporary one. "She's nice, a bit quiet obviously but I can tell she's got potential,"

Newt had always felt responsible over everyone, even people he knew, his friends often called him the mother (and even grandmother) of the group. Because of this, he thought of asking his sister to look over her, he knew she'd understand.

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At around 7.00 they got to school, after stepping off they casually walked into the building, lightly chatting whilst trying to recover from the slight harsh wind that followed them. The school itself was tall and made mostly of brick, there were three blocks: the main school building, the science block and the gym. All together they made the school grounds pretty big, also there were the football fields, main field and the swimming pool. Newt didn't even want to think of how much his leg would hurt if he walked all the grounds. To his left he saw his sister who was walking to the main office to get their locker codes as well as other things.

Him and Teresa reached their lockers, he hadn't moved this much all summer so his leg was forming a dull ache. Their lockers were blue and took up almost half of the wall. Nearby he saw Thomas, he was slowly putting his stuff away when Newt decided to surprise him. He crept behind him and squeezed his shoulders.

"Fff..What the hell Newt?!" Thomas looked around, his face was red slightly from the fright. Newt probably shouldn't have done that he didn't know how sensitive his boyfriend was doing that day, regret coursed through his veins as he stood there.

"Sorry, I shouldn't have done that. Anyway, hi!" He waved with his free hand as Thomas walked with him to Newt's locker.

"Hi, your leg doing good?" Thomas knew that Newt's leg tended to be overly sensitive somedays, he appreciated the thought.

"It's fine, where's Minh?" Minh picked Thomas, Frypan and Winston up on his way to school since they lived near his house. Often the pair would be loudly talking to each other about something on the way in.

“He’s, erm,” Thomas looked around and began to stroke an invisible beard, pretending to think. “There!” He pointed at Minh who was walking down the corridor with his bag on his back. The hunk saw Newt and immediately smiled whilst flapping his hands in excitement. In all honesty, Newt had never seen Minh this happy to see them all; Teresa threw him a look before turning towards Brenda to walk to registration.

“Oh yes, be prepared,” Thomas warned him for something that Newt didn’t know of until he saw Minh sprinting towards him. Newt didn’t even have chance to raise an eyebrow before Minh grabbed his face on both sides and kissed him full force. Once he pulled away Newt stood there shocked as he gained back a firm grip on his walking stick. Minh stepped backwards slightly as he walked towards his locker which was conveniently placed next to Newt’s. As the Korean Man opened the door, the blue metal was covered in pictures of musicals and sports stars-mainly the latter. Although Minh seemed to be the stereotypical jock he had always had a love for musicals, it was a secret passion of his. The contents of the locker were quite obviously thrown aside as if in a blind state of panic. Himself and Teresa had stressed the point that his locker was too unorganised to be efficient, despite this though he still kept it messy. This year was no different, he hastily threw his books in and closed the door to lean on its cover.

“That was unexpected,” Newt finally broke the silence, shock was still present in his voice. Minh smirked and he felt Thomas’ hand clap on his shoulder.

“I did the same thing to Tommy boy this morning, really shocked the traditional residents of American suburbia,” They all sniggered, despite knowing that their relationship was uncommon they still felt like they had to make others ‘aware’ of who they were-even if they been going out for 6 weeks. They all shuffled away from the lockers and began to walk towards registration, as they walked a few freshmen looked at him in curiosity, he knew they meant no harm after all he was only a teenager.

“Anyway, how was California, Sungod?” Tommy perked up from behind them, he put a hand on each of their shoulders and pulled himself through to look at their faces.

“It was good, swimming, barbecues, laughing. Would’ve been better if they let me call you two at least once,” Minh looked at Tommy and pushed his nose. “Get off me! If you want to look at me join the row,”

“What if I wanted to look at Newt? You’re not that attractive, Min,” Thomas grinned mischievously as he pecked Newt on the cheek, Minh began to pout and pretended to give him the cold shoulder. Thomas then jumped around to face Minh, who was still avoiding looking at Thomas, the latter boy then kissed Minh on the lips. A few heads turned at the sight, there were a few scoffs of disgust but Thomas remained kissing the more hunkier of his boyfriends.

“Don’t worry, you’re gorgeous,” There was a collective nod from Newt, Thomas and a few bystanders who had seen Minh around. Out of the blue, the bell went for registration, Thomas jumped slightly and began to lead the group of eleventh graders to registration.

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Registration flew by, they all were told to say one thing they enjoyed over summer and were given their timetables.

Their first classes were Algebra, as they walked off to their lockers to retrieve their books and get to class in the short amount of time that was given to them. The corridors were full, people took items from lockers and others walked off to their classes. Newt saw Teresa and Brenda walking with another friend of the group's, Ben. Ben was another athletic person who was just as nice as anyone else, he'd been Minh's friend almost since the start of elementary school. Brenda saw the three tall boys and pushed her way through the thinning crowds with Teresa and Ben in tow behind her. Now the group was almost fully complete, they managed to wrestle their way to Algebra, they lined up with everyone else before they entered.

"Alright, hello everyone, I'm Mr Janson. Welcome back to Algebra, as per usual I've created a seating plan so please sit in your corresponding place," After saying his speech a collective groan spread out in the class as people found their seats for the year. The class ran slow, Janson drew more equations on the board as he began to introduce the sixteen and seventeen-year-olds to the world of semi-complex equations. Newt heard a scuffle coming from behind him, he turned away from his notebook to see what was going on.

"Look at this, it's from Brenda," the person behind him whispered. Janson looked up from writing the extension questions on the board, he slowly turned back around and carried on writing. He opened the note and saw a cartoonish drawing of Mr Janson or Ratman as he was nicknamed as a, obviously, a rat. Newt sniggered to himself as he overlooked the cartoon, after folding it up he quickly shoved it into his pocket before he carried on with his equations.

Once they'd come out of Algebra they all began to walk to their lockers again to pick up more supplies for English. The classroom was on one of the upper floors and took more time to get to, they arrived with about a minute to spare and lined up. The teacher had made another seating plan which they all followed before being escorted to the gym for a surprise assembly. All the juniors sat on the bleachers awaiting whoever was going to address them; a group of people walked in front of the teenagers.

"Good Morning Juniors of Redwood High!" A young woman called to the group of tired teens. "We're going to be talking to you about abuse this morning, the teachers thought that it would be good for anyone who's going through abuse to talk about it and really start the year afresh,"

A few of his friends looked his way, concerned, he had had a sneaking suspicion that Newt's first day wasn't going to be the great beginning it was meant to be.

"We're from the company Justgiving, we're here to show you what counts as abuse and how to escape from it," A man with dull ginger hair spoke up and clicked for the next slide. Newt felt a dull rumbling feeling in his stomach. Butterflies. They flew around his stomach and tickled him into an inevitable nauseous state. He hardened his grip on his stick and decided to stick it through until he eventually had to leave the gym. Realising he'd zoned out, he tuned back in.

"These are the main types of abuse: Mental/Psychological, Physical, Financial and Isolation. As you can tell Financial is a lesser known one, this means that the abuser takes control of the victims bank account or allowance," The ginger haired man continued, Newt could feel himself becoming more queasy by the second, images of Steven flashed through his mind. The assembly carried on but Newt failed to pay attention as his mind turned off his hearing. His eyes began to fail him, the room went slightly fuzzy and he felt sick; it was either a migraine or he was having a panic attack. After a few more minutes he decided to go with the latter, he must be showing his sickness on the outside as he felt a large hand rub his back-Minho on his right.

"Do you want to get out of here?" Thomas whispered, Newt barely heard him through the sheer panic that had settled inside him. Slowly he nodded and stood up with shaky legs, sharply he gripped his stick with a death like grip. A few teachers looked their way, a few who looked threatening but the majority were concerned. Thomas helped Newt down the stairs, Teresa wrestled her way through the row to join them, she had been a big help from the first moment he'd talked to her. She always came with him when he was in a state, it was tradition for her to calm him down. The trio hurried out of the gym and sat Newt down on a bench outside, the air was colder out there, it calmed him down slightly and his vision returned to him.

"You okay buddy?" Teresa asked, she gently put a hand on his shoulder, he lightly jumped but eventually collected himself.

He couldn't look either of them in the eye but managed to choke out "Yes, I'm fine, I'm always pretending to not be able to hear and have a high heart rate. It's great bloody fun, Tee," Thomas raised an eyebrow and Teresa rolled her eyes. She wasn't amused.

"Well if you can be sarcastic then you must be fine, I'll just go," She got up to leave, obviously fed up at Newt for joking about such serious things.

Daringly Newt clasped her arm and looked her in the eye. "No, I'm sorry, I'll be serious," Slowly, Teresa sat down beside him on the bench and waited for him to start explaining.

"I just, I just felt hot and had butterflies and couldn't hear and all my sight went fuzzy. At first I thought it was a migraine but realised it was a panic attack, I couldn't help but p...picture it." Tears formed in his eyes as Newt spilled out words without thinking. "All I could see was Steven's face, I couldn't concentrate on anything but those images that flashed through my mind,"

Thomas carefully put one arm around him, then the other until he was hugging Newt. He pushed some of Newt's hair back and whispered into his ear.

"None of us expected you to be fine with this topic you know, it's perfectly okay to act this way," Thomas pulled away and reseated himself into his original spot on the floor next to Newt's bad leg. He smiled at Thomas, sometimes his sweet nothings really did lift his spirits.

"Well, it was expected, you don't have to go back to normal straight away- as long as you can carry on we'll be here for you." After Teresa had said her piece she stood up, grabbed her bag and walked back into the gym.

This left Newt and Thomas, the latter of which was still stroking his leg.

“Wanna go back in, or?” Thomas broke the silence and also began to stand up. Newt took a deep breath and followed him, grabbing his bag and his cane from the floor.

”Yes, I’ll be fine,” He replied with a soft peck on the cheek. They walked back into the gym and found that the assembly was coming to an end. The same teachers looked their way and a few students started to whisper. At this point Newt was tired of caring about the people who whispered, he’d lost interest a while ago. The assembly went quickly after that along with the day, lunch had been surprisingly short since they were catching up on each others summers. Winston had been at a medical training camp for the best part of the summer and Frypan had been working at a restaurant nearby. Alby, a senior, had carried on his interest in being a social carer which meant he would sit in in Newt’s sessions, at first it was awkward but he eventually got used to it.

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The final bell went, people got up and shoved their books into their bags. Newt walked to his locker to retrieve his books and saw a few sheets of paper that weren’t on the notice board this morning. He shut the metal door and shuffled to see what was on the board; three pieces of paper took his fancy the most:

### *DEBATE TEAM NEEDS YOU!*

*Do you enjoy arguing a point? Can you write well and are good under pressure?*

*Join the debate team today and see what you’re made of. Go to room 16 on Thursday for more information.*

Newt had been in the Debate Team last year and had been quite successful, that’s where he’d originally met Alby and Gally. He’d surprisingly enough been quite good under pressure and, when in the zone, effective at writing. Sometimes the only thing that could get him out of a depressive period was watching the practice debates that went on. Looking across he read the next notice on the board:

### *ATHLETICS TEAM*

*JOIN THE TEAM. TRYOUTS ARE WEDNESDAY.*

*WILL INCLUDE: SHORT DISTANCE SPRINTS, LONG DISTANCE RUNNING, THROWING SPORTS and JUMPING SPORTS. BRING KIT.*

Yet again, he had been on the athletics team the year prior year, it had shocked his friends when he joined since they thought his leg would stop him doing such activities. He had been advised to not run such long distances but it was okay to run short distances if he rested afterwards. To remain confident that his leg wouldn’t be breaking again anytime soon, he was

the backup racer for Ben last year and hopefully could reclaim this role again this year. Also Newt found himself being the best long and triple jumper out of the entire Athletics Team, this was another unexpected quality no one had thought Newt contained. The final sheet of paper had interested Newt a lot, he read the white sheet quickly:

*LEAD GUITARIST NEEDED.*

*HEAD TO THE SECOND MUSIC ROOM ON FRIDAY FOR AUDITIONS.*

Ever since that first day when he was thirteen, Newt had practiced his guitar, for a time it was the only thing that kept Newt sane in a world full of abuse. Before his parents had found out about abuse his school had selected his amateur rock band to play the Beatles. Newt had been selected to play Paul McCartney, and for a challenge he forced himself to learn the guitar on the other hand. He was still trying to perfect the act but could play a few basic songs by the Beatles on his guitar. Even now, he practiced at least twice a week and was beginning to learn more complex songs. He enjoyed the idea of being in a band again, one that was more serious and could really be classed as a band. After taking a note on his hand he headed out to Minh's car. Minh and Thomas were coming over today before Tommy and him had to go to work at the local card shop. As the car emerged he heard Minh wolf whistle towards him.

"Hey hottie! Want a ride?" Thomas called afterwards, Newt simply laughed at his idiotic boyfriends and climbed in the back of the Ford.

"So, how was Health class?" Newt tried to create an element of conversation for the twenty minute drive.

"Good. Good." After this initial statement an awkward silence had filled the space. "Cut the crap Newt, are we gonna be kissing this afternoon or what?" Minh sniggered cheekily from the passenger seat.

Newt blinked for a few seconds before replying. "Erm, I guess but I've got that new Kong movie on DVD so I thought we could watch that whilst kissing I guess?" He looked down and shifted in his seat, leg still hurting.

"Yus! I love Tom Hiddleston!" Thomas bellowed from the front seat, Newt remembered that Thomas had seen the movie in the cinema when it came out.

The car ride seemed shorter than it actually was, before he knew it they were at his house and were walking in to make popcorn. Their bags were discarded in the hallway as they hurried up the stairs to watch the movie in Newt's room, Sonya had a habit of walking in the living room without warning.

"I'm sorry if I sounded like I was only interested in the more intimate parts of this relationship, I do wanna hang out, but. Erm," He trailed off and stopped mid stair, Minh began to take his arm off Newt's when Newt grabbed his arm and turned to face him.

"I know it was, jeez, I would've said something if I didn't like it then I would say something. You know I'm not some pathetic welp!" He joked, his mother like instincts were kicking in, a quick peck on the cheek lit up Minh's face slightly.

"Sorry, I'm just not good at this relationship stuff. I've never been in one," He, yet again, started to mumble near the end of the sentence.

"Wow! I never knew that! Especially since we've known each other from the start of highschool," Newt's words were dripping with sarcasm.

"Yes, and you've never been able to talk to girls properly for our entire friendship," Thomas jumped up onto their shoulders, "That's right, you forgot I existed whilst you had your romantic moment," Their faces flushed red as they carried on up the stairs.

"Fuck off! I want some hot Hiddleston action!" Minho punched the air once they reached the landing. They collapsed onto the bed, there were a few cushions arranged against the wall as if to create a chair. Thomas ran forwards and placed the DVD in the CD player that was combined with TV that sat on the window sill overlooking his desk. After pressing a few buttons on the remote, the opening music began to play as the three boys became immersed in the fictional seventies world.

It was halfway through the movie, a few action sequences had gone on and the three adolescents had seen plenty of their collective celebrity crush- Tom Hiddleston. Thomas gently shifted his weight to gently place his head on Newt's shoulder, he cuddled closer to the thinner boy who was surprisingly cool since they were cuddling on Newt's bed. The extra warmth was welcomed as Newt's gaze drifted off the movie and fell onto Thomas' relaxed silhouette; the only major source of light in the room was going from the window, it made shone a turquoise light onto Thomas' barely conscious form. Minho, realising that his boyfriends were almost asleep, turned off the movie and moved the sleeping teens to lie fully in the bed. Quickly the boys fell asleep when they got to the comfortable surface that was the bed, after overseeing that they were comfy he carefully managed to lie on in the middle of the sleeping boys without crushing them. Minho didn't fall asleep for a while so as he tried to nap he couldn't help but admire his boyfriends as they slept, their skin looked turquoise under the shimmering light- he couldn't help feel slightly creeping as he admired the beautiful boys he lay with. At some point he must've fell asleep as when he woke Newt was taking out the DVD from the DVD player and Thomas was getting up whilst fixing his hair. Thomas stood up to breathe before seeing the time and rushing around to look like he hadn't overslept whilst having a nap; he pecked Newt and Minho on the cheek then ran downstairs to grab his bag- he was quickly followed by his boyfriends who made an equal amount of noise. As he walked into the kitchen to find his shoes, he found Sarah watching Sonya's finished summer film and Jack was stirring something in a pan for dinner.

"Hi Thomas, you on your way already? We haven't seen you in a while, want to stay for dinner," Sarah looked up from the laptop and smiled at Thomas who relaxed when he saw.

"No sorry, m' am, my family are having dinner with my grandparents and I'm already running late so I have to dash," He smiled back and tugged on his shoes whilst he hurriedly hopped down the hallway and outside to the bus stop. Newt and Minho followed suit, even though they were shoeless, to wave him off as he sped away to try and get home before dinner started; with Thomas now gone they headed inside to sit for dinner.

"It was nice of you to join us Minho, but I have to give you the obligatory 'what do you want to do with my son talk' whilst you're having dinner with us tonight. Also, it's nice that you've

offered to take him to work tonight, he insists on taking the bus but we know that it's not the safest transportation in the world," Jack said as he poured the Bolognese into five bowls onto a ring of spaghetti and placed them onto the already set table. "Bon appetite!"

They sat down to dinner, Sonya sat between Newt and Minh to stop any 'Tom Foolery' at the table, at first the only sounds were the cuts and scrapes of forks on ceramic bowls until Sonya spoke up.

"Hey, Minh, do you think any of the teams need a camera woman for events or training? I just want more projects to do with film work that aren't to do with the Film Club," Sonya was always more confident and even though she hadn't properly spoken to Minh she still made herself seem confident enough. Minh took a while to answer as he'd taken another bite half way through her questions but as he swallowed he looked at her, thinking about how to answer he eventually came out with.

"Probably, they always want more photos for the school website and I think they're getting fed up of low quality videos being the only thing that shows the game, why don't you come to practise on Friday and we'll see what you can do," Minh answered whilst getting another mouthful on his fork and eating it. Sarah looked over, happy that her son's boyfriend was looking after her family, Newt felt lucky that his family was so accepting of his relationship. After this brief conversation silence hung around them once more, the silence was awkward, everyone was too awkward to speak anymore. Once everyone had finished Sarah and Jack went upstairs to have a shower whilst Sonya and Newt put the dishes in the dishwasher.

"Okay, I want this done quickly and I want it done right, I'll put stuff away and you, Son, will rinse," Newt put his hands on his hips into his 'Mum' pose. "I've got work in twenty minutes so let's do this!"

They started to put the dishes away, it had gone on for around ten minutes when they'd finished and Newt finally saw the time, he rushed upstairs to get his uniform on without giving a second glance at Sonya or Minh. He came down a few minutes later dressed in a light red polo shirt and black trousers, quickly he put on his shoes and stood by the door waiting for Minh. Sonya waved goodbye as they walked through the door, his parents called from upstairs and they walked to Minh's car. As they rode Newt turned down the radio to talk to Minh.

"Why do you use so much hair gel?" He stated while stroking Minh's hair which, after a full day, was going back to its original fluffy form. Thomas and Newt never understood why Minh had an obsession with making his hair the opposite of its proper form.

"Because I like it that way, why are we talking about my hair?" Minh briefly looked away from the road for a brief second to see Newt sniggering to himself, this turned into full on laughter once Minh looked at him.

"What's going on with you?" Minh raised an eyebrow at his boyfriend who was starting to worry him.

"I don't know. I just wanna laugh, I didn't have a good day yesterday and I want to be joyful today. Also, I think I'm a tad bit hyper at the moment," Newt slipped down the fabric seat

slowly to emphasise his point of acting weird and 'joyful' that day.

"That's gonna go as soon as you get to work, you know that- right?" Minho laughed slightly as he pulled into the car park of Newt's work. It was a small card shop in a cul-de-sac type area with a small general shop and an estate agents, Thomas worked there too but he was working tomorrow. Stopping the car, Minho leaned over to Newt as he left the car to kiss him; he managed to catch him just before he walked away, Newt gave a small squeak of surprise but sunk into it. Heat crawled up Newt's face, covering up the few freckles that were littering his face. They parted after a brief closed mouthed kiss, Newt walked into the shop with flushed cheeks- Minho waited until he was safely inside before left.

Newt opened the door to the back, to his left was the store room and to his right was the staff room, he turned right and put his jacket and bag onto his assigned hook and propped his stick against the wall as he pinned his name tag to his shirt. On the wall there was a weekly schedule, looking at the Tuesday it stated that he was on the tills that shift. Picking up his stick, he walked to the checkouts in the store and waited for the people to come. He had no idea why the shop was open until eight o'clock at night, even then he didn't finish until nine because him and the people he was on with had to clean up after the day.

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His shift ended slowly, boredom had inhabited his mind as few people had entered the shop in the late hours of opening. The other people on his shift were just as bored, two people emptied the stock in the back, they'd finished quickly and were playing music to pass the time. Another person was filling in the empty shelves, they'd finished and were dancing with the others in the back; Newt was left to his own devices by the cash register, he was currently rearranging the candles on the counter. He made a minute checklist in his mind about what order he'd tried: colour, size, alphabetical by scent and now they were currently arranged by his favourite scent. The clock on the wall ticked past the eight o'clock mark and he moved strolled in an blatantly bored manner to the glass door to switch the sign to closed. Once this had been done the assistant manager came in from her office that was joined with the storeroom.

"The place is clean and you've all stuck around, even if the music was a smidge too loud," Her eyes darted sharply to the people who were emerging from the back. "I'll let you go early,"

They all walked towards the staff room to get their belongings before they all left in various ways to go to their homes. Newt, unpinned his name tag and put on his pecan coloured jacket which was in pretty poor condition for a fur-lined leather jacket.

With his bag on his back, he took his cane and walked out of the minute card shop to wait beside the bus stop to return home. It took a mediocre five minutes of waiting in the slight icy breeze that had entered his vicinity whilst the bus drove to the stop. As per usual, he listened to music to bide the time on the bus ride. Behind him were a group of people, slightly older than Newt, whispering amongst each other; they noticed Newt's turned head, a small stop in conversation gave Newt the in-cling that what they were doing wasn't legal. 'Just leave them be, Newt. They won't do anything if you ignore them,' the thoughts in his head flew around until he finally abided by their command and adjusted his position on the nineties style bus

seats. He attempted to forget the events that had just occurred by concentrating on his music but it was hard to make himself calmer. Luckily they all got off at the next stop, a rough looking vehicle yard on the edge of town, as they waited for the large bus to move on they stared at the people inhabiting the bus at that time- they mostly concentrated on Newt throughout this uncomfortable minute.

He managed to become distracted by the time he was at his stop, it stood proudly at the end of his street, the only post that still stood upright compared to the plethora of slightly destroyed lampposts. The harsh wind had simply doubled in ferocity since Newt had walked on the bus, but as he got off he felt a sense of unease riddle and plague his thoughts as he marched briskly to his home.

What were they dealing?

It wasn't cocaine or any other herbal substance, it wasn't carried in bags; it wasn't a form of LSD since he hadn't seen any shine of paper in the transaction. He couldn't place the drug that had been passed on but he knew it was most definitely dangerous.

Arriving at his home, he carefully unlocked the door and untied his shoes, his Mum was walking around the kitchen on the phone- she always paced whenever she was on the phone. Laughing erupted from the front room as he trotted up the stairs to his room where he dumped his bag and jacket before changing into his pyjamas to relax when he was downstairs. But no matter how much he laughed or conversed over the short hour and a half he had downstairs, he couldn't shake the looks on those people's faces as he looked at whatever business they were completing.

## Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the wait time on this, i wanted to get out weekly chapters but haven't had a lot of time alone to write. Chapters will be updated every fortnight. I'm from England, so I did a lot of research of the American School system (mainly high school) I hope it was good. Also please check out any songs that I put in here since I do like all of them. From here on out I'm going to make every chapter a song title, this Chapter's title is the first and I recommend you listen to the Eliza Fitzgerald version since there are a lot.



# Broken Wings

## Chapter Summary

Newt mulls over the events of the night before whilst Minho suffers a hard fall in moods when his parents argue more.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The morning was repetitive of the past day's get up, the sunlight was lightly brushing the surface of the ground. It's wide array of hues exploded throughout the sky, becoming paler every metre it traveled. The complex arrangement of colours still couldn't distract him from the transaction, he wasn't easily spooked but as someone who had an interest in going into the more scientific departments of the police force, he felt like he had a moral duty to prevent any harm being done to anyone else. His mind constantly switched his paternal sense on without him being aware, hopefully the aftermath of a brief encounter of illegal activity would wear off like a hangover. He'd feel better after a shower and some food. Even if his mind was persistent to cling onto this minute moment in the previous night, the refreshing water and nutrition would make his train of thought run more efficiently.

Yet again he found himself under the hot water, but the mellow mood of the former shower was extinct. To block out all cognitive thinking, he was currently blasting Metallica at full volume to force his feeble mind to collapse at the will of the loud music. The hot shower had worked only slightly, his mind still buzzing with ideas- despite all his efforts. He picked out another casual outfit and hurried downstairs to pour himself some cereal so he wouldn't be starving until lunch. Sonya hadn't accompanied him as he walked downstairs, he heard music emitting from behind her closed door. Temptation almost pulled him to the door to lightly ridicule her taste in music but, managing to resist, he went downstairs to eat his breakfast. The effort put into breakfast had declined considerably since the day before, he shook some cereal into a bowl and splashed over milk. Whilst waiting for the kettle to boil for his tea, he decided to message the group chat, the group consisted of himself, Thomas, Minho, Teresa, Brenda, Ben, Alby and a few others. They'd named it the Gladers after the school they attended.

Morning- Newt.

He wasn't one to message too much, he only had a twitter account because his friends had forced him to make one. They'd been hanging out on yet another night when his parents were at a late night meeting. On a dare, Newt let his friends have control over his phone and create a Twitter account- it really tested how much his friends knew about him. The kettle beeped alerting him from his trance, he poured the milk and left it to brew. He poured in a few

splashes of milk stirred, sugar had never been a part of his tea; he liked his coffee black too, it was just his tastes.

Looking over the group chat and seeing no activity, he sat at the table and began to eat whilst happily forgetting his encounter with the drug deal. Sonya came downstairs a few minutes later, texting someone, most likely Harriet, Rachel, Aris or Chuck. He was quite fond of Chuck, he was a positive kid who was yet to be intoxicated with the virus of hiding emotions.

“Morning, how’d you sleep?” She asked after shuffling her phone around in her hand as she walked to the bowls to pour her cereal.

”I’ve slept better, had a bit of a disturbing dream,” At this, she looked up, a hint of worry laced through her eyes. “Trust me, I’ve recovered and I don’t want to talk about it,” With that he ate the last few mouthfuls of his cereal and went to look throughout the house for his gym kit, he wasn’t looking forward to that at all, not with all the towel whipping that occurs in the boys changing room.

After quickly finding a sports bag to hold his kit, he walked downstairs to put his shoes on and wait for the bus. Sonya was obviously running late as he saw a few flashes of her speeding round the kitchen getting her bag ready and eating her breakfast.

The five minute wait flew by as Newt held things as for his sister, who was still in her blind panic. They walked out and caught the bus just before it left- obviously Sonya had made the duo late. Like the day before, Newt said hi to Brenda and Jorge then sat down at his usual seat and also turned on some loud music to pass the time. Teresa entered and sat beside him in more of a joyful mood than the day prior, despite the good mood she quickly flicked on her phone and messaged an anonymous person. Newt knew better than to intrude in someone’s phone. Slowly, he turned off his music and stuffed his earphones into his backpack that lay by his feet.

“I see you’re feeling better,” Newt declared, Teresa looked up from her phone once she’d sent another message to someone. Across the bus Brenda’s face lit up as she looked down at her phone, a smirk flew onto her face. Putting two and two together, Newt estimated that the two girls were texting each other- about what he wasn’t going to guess.

“Yes, I got a surprise last night that I’ve been anticipating for a while now. Four words: It was worth it!” She sang, obviously happy with whatever the surprise was.

“Am I going to find out what this surprise was?” Newt leaned into her side as she laughed and replied.

“Maybe, in time,”

“Oh, Tee’s got a secret!” Newt joined in with the laughter and lightly elbowed her in the side in a playful manner.

“Well, you might find out in due time so you can wait,” She lightly shoved him away with a few pokes to his chest. “Anyway, you seem out of it a bit today, you okay?”

"I'm good, just didn't sleep well, I had... had a nightmare," His memory flipped back to the night before, yet again. It had been more of a nightmare in the daytime rather than in his sleep. The stares had crawled under his skin, got into his mind and messed with his train of thought. Concentration had been lost ever since that moment, hopefully he'd regain that necessity in a short while.

"Newt. Newt.. Newt!" Teresa was lightly shaking his shoulder. "See this is what I was talking about, you need to get better sleep. Try reading before you go to bed or do some stretches, that works for me," Her hand retreated from his shoulder and was placed between her legs, interlocking with her other one.

"What? Yes, I'll try that, thanks," Newt shifted his weight towards the window and continued to lean on the window sill. The surroundings blended together as the bus carried on driving to the school, Newt's vision became blurred as he contemplated the previous night's events. Before he knew it the bus was parked in the car park and their small group of Newt, Teresa and Brenda walked into the school.

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The day went smoothly, lessons bled together and lunch was finished just as quickly as it came around. Before he realised he was in French, Thomas, Minho and Ben were in Health, Teresa was situated in Business Class and Brenda found herself in Computer Science. French had always interested Newt, his love for languages had stemmed from his mother's speaking of simple French phrases throughout his youth. He'd also learnt to decipher these phrases and even reply with other things he'd learnt in French.

"Welcome back to French everyone! Today we're going to be going back over last year's work as we've got a... Test!" A collective moan of anger erupted in the class, no one liked tests- especially after such a large break.

"Why Miss?" Someone from across the room called. "Why do you like torturing us in this way?"

"This way I know what I need to go over again, so open your textbooks and go to page 34,"

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Over the three pages of work he had to do, most of it had been completed, despite everything though his focus was wavering slightly still. It annoyed him to say the least, but the drug deal wasn't the only thing that was on his mind, Newt wasn't the only one who was zoning out that day.

Minho had been drifting and wasn't his usual charismatic self; his jokes were half hearted at best and he seemed on the verge on breaking down all day. Everyone had consulted him, asked him to talk and offered advice but to no avail he had declined any services his friends had offered. To attempt to cheer him up Thomas and himself had made sure that he had been mollycoddled to the extreme. Minho had seemed not to have been too happy about that but they could both see that he was enjoying the attention despite feeling guilty about it.

The bell went and Newt packed up his belongings with relative efficiency, he wanted to talk to Minho before he left for the bus. Yet again, the corridors were packed with students pushing and shoving to get out- rush hour he called it. His locker came into view along with some of his friends grabbing their stuff to go home. Minho was crouched over the bottom part of his locker, face red, obviously trying to find a book of some sort.

Approaching with caution, Newt distracted him with a hello.

"Hey, you looking for that book for English? It's on the top shelf," He leant over him and grabbed his copy of *The Great Gatsby*.

"Thanks," His reply was flat, no attempt to be humorous at all- unlike his usual self. Grabbing the book, he stuffed it in his bag and turned around to face Newt.

"Look, Min, please talk to me I won't judge. We're all concerned so just tell me okay," Minho eyebrow raised as he considered telling him what was wrong; he decided on another route.

"What's your fucking problem? Can't I be in a bad mood for once in my life? Huh? You're not the only one who has bad days Newt, or are you that self-centred?" His face had flushed a deeper shade of red as he ranted to Newt. He decided to step in the danger zone and rub his shoulder lightly.

"Min, this is what I've been talking about, you need to open up to us, alright?" His muscles physically relaxed as he listened to his boyfriend's words. His hands clenched, most likely due to anxiety or anger.

"I guess, I..erm..I'm sorry for being so angry today, I don't know what's wrong with me," He peered upwards and smiled slightly whilst grabbing and squeezing Newt's hand.

"There's nothing wrong with you, you just need to be able to talk to us," Newt returned the squeeze and waved at Thomas who was walking towards them.

"Don't worry, we'll play some upbeat tunes on the way home," He grinned at Minho, hoping to make his usually hyper boyfriend happy. He only partially succeeded, receiving only a small smile before giving Newt a peck on the lips and walking out towards his car with Thomas.

Turning around, he strolled to the other door to get the bus home, on the way he saw his sister chatting with a few of her friends and who he could only imagine was the new girl under Ava's care. Her hair was tied neatly in two buns just above her neck, she wore a burgundy sweater and black skinny jeans with Adidas trainers. Teresa jogged up towards her and started to talk to the girl, the talk was short and soon he was knee deep in a conversation with Teresa about which celebrities are gay or not- a frequent conversation between the two.

As the yellow bus came into view, their conversation came to an end and they found themselves sitting at the front on the ride home. He listened to Metallica again as his mind slipped away to last night, but luckily his memory did him a favour and floated off to another topic. Teresa stepped off the bus at her stop leaving him with a smile and a wave, he turned

up his music to make his mental change of subject permanent. His house came into view and he walked onto the pavement followed by Sonya who was still chuckling from a joke her friends made.

As he walked up the stairs, he pulled out his earphones and dumped his bag on the coat hook that hung on the back of his door. Stripping off jacket, he unzipped his bag and grabbed his borrowed copy of the Great Gatsby. The one thing that would surely fully distract him would be reading, his assignment was to read the first two chapters, an easy task for him. To make the task easier he turned off the blaring metal music and switched to a mellower playlist to help him concentrate.

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The reading session didn't go over the time he suspected, in fact he surprised himself with how quickly he read the chapters. Unfortunately, he couldn't get into the story, his mind was occupied with how Minho was acting. Concern filled his mind, he just wanted to hug his boyfriend until he perked up a bit; Thomas would fill him in on how Minho was doing. As he lay on the comfortable mattress, his eyes began to close until he shouted to himself.

"No! We need to practise our guitar, not fall asleep like yesterday!" To anyone else he'd seem crazy but he knew that almost everyone spoke to themselves- at least in private. Abruptly, he shot up to prevent him having a nap like the day before.

In the corner of the room stood his guitar, it was a simple acoustic and beige in colour; he'd owned it since he was fourteen.

Since the abuse days.

He'd gained the skill of tuning his guitar quickly- it meant that he was able to play with a shorter time for anticipation. He got up and walked to the corner of the room, he picked up his guitar and strummed- it was in tune. The first song he played was a simple song to warm up, Smoke on the Water by Deep Purple he then played it on his left hand, it took him longer to perfect it but luckily his hands suppld up. Eventually he played his small set up, The A Team by Ed Sheeran, The Chain by Fleetwood Mac and a few other songs; he repeated a few other songs on his left hand to see prepare for the auditions on Friday. Before he knew it, it was half five: Thomas would be coming any minute and dinner was most likely ready. As if on que, the doorbell rang and Newt shot up to bolt downstairs; he opened the door to see his messy haired boyfriend leaning cheesily against the doorframe.

"Why hello there sexy inhabitant, may I come in and kiss thine lips," Thomas grinned like the Cheshire Cat and jogged forwards, he clasped Newt's face in his hands and passionately kissed his face.

"What good lips you have, sir," Newt grinned as he touched foreheads with his boyfriend.

Also grinning, Thomas replied. "All the better to kiss you with, my dear!" He burst into a cackling-like laughter, which was infectious and soon Newt had burst into laughter himself.

"Anyway, we'll be eating through here," Newt stepped away and led Thomas into the kitchen where Sonya was serving dinner- simple chicken wraps with lettuce, tomatoes, sweet chilli

sauce and boiled potatoes on the side. Recently, Sonya was trying to be healthier so she was using her evolving powers of cooking to influence the family to follow in her footsteps.

“Hi Thomas! I’m glad you came over, I can now officially give you the talk about what I’ll do to you if you hurt my brother,” She looked up from the plate that she was putting potatoes on.

He chuckled and replied.

“Got it. Got it.” He waved his arms in the air to show his innocence. “Newt means a lot to me and I’m glad that he has a sister who cares about him so much,”

“I am right here you know,” Newt raised an eyebrow and walked towards the fridge where he pulled out a pitcher full of water. “What do you guys want to drink,” He questioned whilst grabbing three glasses and pouring some water for himself.

“Water for me, please,” Sonya requested as she placed the plates on the table and waved at Thomas to join her at the table.

“I’ll have..erm..water too please,” He sat down at the table and tucked in his chair as Newt brought over the drinks.

As they began to eat a light conversation filled the air as they spoke about the days events, most notably a rumour of a teacher who was retiring.

“Who do you think it is? I hope it’s Ratman, I’d love it to be Ratman,” Newt whispered and dramatically looked off in the distance to emphasise his hatred of the middle-aged man.

“Yup, I want it to be Ratman so bad!” Thomas yet again waved his arms about after placing his wrap back on his plate.

“Wait, who’s Ratman?” Sonya looked at the pair confused.

“Mr. Janson, maths teacher, really mean.” Thomas informed her as he stabbed a few potatoes onto his fork. After this silence filled the air; comfortable not awkward.

Once everyone was finished, they collectively rinsed off the dishes and placed them in the dishwasher. They all sat down in the living room and turned on the television: Sonya sat down on the sofa, Newt settled on the armchair with Thomas perching on his lap, as they all argued on something to watch. Eventually they all settled on watching a David Attenborough documentary, which had won with two votes by Sonya and Newt. After around half an hour, Sonya got up to get some crisps from the cupboard since they were all getting slightly peckish.

“Hey! I thought you were being healthy?” Newt sat up causing Thomas to wobble and have to hold onto the arm of the chair for balance.

“Oy! I’ve been healthy all week, I need a reward and also these are low fat crisps,” She leaned forwards and squinted at Newt, making them look like cowboys from the wild west.

The documentary they were watching was about nature in Singapore, it tugged on his heartstrings as almost all his life he'd lived in a big city- London. He wasn't sure if he'd move back to England once he'd graduated highschool. It had always been an option for him when he first moved here but obviously he associated London with Steven. Also, now he had friends and was in a relationship he felt like he couldn't just abandon them like a used piece of paper. Particularly Teresa- she meant a lot to him. Thomas began to nod off as rain began to pour, his head gently drooped on Newt's shoulder, the sound of rain was ultimately the most relaxing thing to most people. Just as he too was nodding off, the doorbell rang, funnily Thomas rolled off Newt's lap and onto the floor. He rubbed his head to comfort the blow it he had taken when he fell as Newt walked to answer the door.

The white door stood ominously at the end of the hallway, the sky was pitch black outside and the only light was being emitted from the lamp that leaned in the corner. As Newt opened the door there was Minho, drenched in the clear wet of the downpour; the violence of the water carefully masked the tears that were pouring down his face. Almost instantaneously he collapsed into Newt's arms as Thomas turned around the corner to see a large spike of, now flat, black hair resting on Newt's shoulder. He joined in the group hug as sobs spread through the air, concentrated sound waves with the calls of despair, it was heartbreaking for all of them. Carefully Newt transferred the crying heap onto Thomas' shoulder as he went down to untie Minho's shoes, he lifted his feet and to help the process of taking off the shoes. They walked down the hall making sure that someone was supporting Minho's back to stop him from falling over as it was clear that he wasn't strong enough to support himself. Sonya looked instantly concerned as soon as Minho entered the toasty living room. Guiding him to a chair, he sank into the soft fabric and lay his head in his hands, breathing a sigh.

Relief?

Anxiety?

Whatever it was, it stopped his sobbing and reduced it to mere tears rolling down his face. After a few minutes of silence, that seemed like an eternity, Thomas decided to speak up.

"What's this all about? Hey? Scaring us like this, showing up on the doorstep sobbing?" He gave a weak attempt at a smile, that was always Thomas' way of helping people- laughter. It was what he could do best, he was constantly making jokes even if he didn't realise he was making them. Minho opened eyes and peeked through his fingers, he was not impressed. Thomas adjusted himself in his seat in an uncomfortable manner, obvious that he knew his laughter wasn't wanted.

"Parents." Was the only thing Minho said, it seemed he was going to leave them guessing as he tried to regain some strength.

"What about your parents Minho?" Newt found himself shooting up, his paternal personality kicking in. His mind was always worried, it came to the worst conclusions which made him get overly concerned about his peers. Gradually, Minho shifted his weight backwards, looking relaxed, and placed his hands between his legs.

"Arguing about a divorce, I interfered and got screamed at again," After saying this he looked as if a weight had been lifted off his shoulders. These facts made Newt calm his nerves slightly, the worst of outcomes hadn't followed through. They'd always known that Minho's parents weren't the perfect image that they made themselves seem, some old fashioned tradition about the kids keeping you together, but shouting at him? Telling him to get out? Making him seem like it was his fault? That was too far, no person should feel like their parents problems are their fault. No-one. Minho's breathing slowed down as the atmosphere around them made them calm. After shuddering minutely, he sat forwards to say his next piece. "I'm sick of them, all they do is argue and even if we have people around then they're facade is breaking. If they are getting divorced they should at least act mature about it!" With a deep groan Minho stood up to pace, it was obvious that he was considering going back home. Newt wasn't allowing that to happen, his parents weren't home anyway so Minho was free to come over. It had only been ten minutes and Minho had barely recovered, going home would just make him worse.

"Tommy was staying over tonight, you're welcome to join, you know?" Newt walked towards the pacing figure of his boyfriend and carefully lay a hand on his shoulder like he did at school. Minho looked up and said.

"Are you sure? Will your parents find out and be mad at you? Cause I don't want you to get in trouble," Thomas groaned in the background, his face in his hands.

"His parents care about you and if we explained then they'd be fine with you staying over." Minho's eyes met with Thomas', the warm glow was all that was needed to calm him. His shoulders dropped as he sat down once again, Newt slouched next to him and gradually stretched his arm over Minho's shoulder. The air was still awkward, everyone was on edge, they didn't know whether or not this more relaxed side of Minho would remain. Thomas walked into the kitchen to pour everyone more drinks, he returned struggling to hold four glasses of lemonade. Luckily, he didn't drop anything and sat comfortably on the armchair, for a while no-one spoke but eventually Sonya switched the TV on to a movie that was halfway through.

The night carried on like this, Minho's mind couldn't help but think that he'd interrupted what could've been a fun night. He felt like he'd killed the mood. After looking at the time, he got up and kissed Newt on quickly on the cheek, squeezing Thomas' shoulder on the way out. Due to the tight feeling in his chest, the stairs felt like a mountain and he found himself panting on the landing. He hurriedly went into the bathroom and sat down on the bed once he'd finished, removing his jeans to climb into Newt's bed. Another thing he was intruding in on. He turned over towards the wall to fall asleep, as tears began to pour down his face he realised that it was going to be another night of crying himself to sleep.

"I'm sick of this, I don't want to be punished for my parents mistake anymore," The words poured out as he confided his problems to the same broken soul that was emptying the issues. He carried on mumbling to himself whilst blubbering from the tears running down his face. "Why can't I just be happy for a day? That's all I ask! I just want a day that doesn't make me scared to go home and I want a decent night's sleep for once. Just one day. Just one day..."



The door crept open as Minho finished his mumbling, he wiped his face from tears and snot as he settled down further in the duvet to try and fulfill his dream. As he tried to fall asleep he heard two pairs of feet come closer to the bed and climb in.

”Min, we know that you’re awake, you don’t need to talk cause we know that you’re tired. But if you want a hug, we’re here,” Newt whispered, propping himself on his arm to make sure that his words were heard. Carefully Minho turned over to see Thomas starting to hug Newt from behind, nuzzling his head into his shoulder as he began to fall asleep. Apparently Thomas fell asleep quicker than a normal person. Minho fully turned over and wriggled closer to Newt, his arms clamped around both Thomas and Newt as he buried his head into Newt’s t-shirt- he responded to this contact by burrowing his face into the soft strands of Minho’s hair. Due to the atmosphere, Minho yet again began to cry- now aided with the comfort of boyfriends rubbing his back and arms.

His mind calmed, maybe tonight his prayers had been answered.

## Chapter End Notes

I did quite a bit of research to see what drug can come in the form of liquids and ones that commonly come from Mexico. I wanted the suspicious people to be dealing ketamine and after some research found out that Mexico is a significant source for ketamine. Also I know that not all people in Mexico are part of a drug cartel but I know that a lot of drug cartels are situated in Mexico.

# Hit Me With Your Best Shot

## Chapter Summary

Newt says he alright, but is he truly? And combined with smoking and a bad attitude towards working hard, will he manage to maintain his okay mask?

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Newt awoke. A light, tough scent filled the air as he recalled the inhabitants of the room.

Three teenage boys.

A low light was being emitted from the curtains, they had been left slightly ajar from the previous night, between all the emotional breakdowns he hadn't had time to do much properly before he'd collapsed into bed to comfort Minho. Thinking about his most vulnerable boyfriend made him sit up, looking at the clock made him realise that he'd actually woken up earlier than usual- maybe it had something to do with the fact that he was comfortable with his boyfriends. But said people were lying next to him, he crept up and walked out of the door to go downstairs. He picked up his phone and a box of cigarettes with his lighter in to take a small interlude before he began his motors up again.

He'd started the habit over the summer, the stress of getting his first job had taken a toll on his mental health and doubled with the fact that for the best part of the summer he'd been away from one of the first loves of his life- he needed a form of relief. His came in the form of a lethal death stick that you smoked. It wasn't the best way to deal with stress, he'd admit that but it was the best way when he didn't want to talk to anyone or if there was nothing to get off his chest.

The garden lay ahead of him, it was well kept by his parents, they weekly mowed the lawn and maintained the garden to the best of their ability. He was glad for a light autumn breeze that didn't give him goosebumps as he opened the small box and lifted a cigarette to his lips. Once it was lit, he took a drag and gave a shaky breath trying to get his head around the week so far: he'd seen a drug deal and his boyfriend had revealed that his parents were probably going to get divorced in the near future. He summed up the week so far and came to the conclusion that it was the only first week that had contained so much drama, ‘ *The rest of the year won't be this bad,* ’

He took another drag of the cigarette as he began to stress, all he had to do was go to tryouts for athletics, rejoin the debate club and audition for the band. ‘ *Just a few stressful events* ’ he thought. After a few more drags, he put out the cigarette and stepped inside.

Firstly, he brushed his teeth, making sure to hide any taste of tobacco. Then he got dressed, a grey sweater with red combat trousers and a simple grey hoodie. He crept downstairs once more and poured his cereal, it was simple yet satisfying- he was making sure he was eating since his family worried so much about his eating habits.

A creaking sound came from the hallway as he sat perched on the counter with his bowl in hand. It was Thomas, his hair was slightly disheveled and his clothes were the only fresh thing on him.

“Morning, how long you been up?” He asked grabbing a bowl and pouring some cereal for himself as he kissed Newt on the forehead.

“Almost half an hour, are Min or Son up yet?” He replied hopping down from the counter and moved to the table. Thomas sat opposite him and switched on his phone- a habit he had as to not distract him while trying to sleep.

“I heard movement from Sonya’s room but Min’s still dead to the world!” Thomas chuckled and waved his hands as he took another spoonful of cereal and milk. More creaks came from the stairs and Sonya entered the room. “Speak of the devil,”

”Erm...hello to you to, Thomas,” She waved and went to the bread bin to make some toast. From what Newt could tell, her first week was going smoothly compared to his- he was thankful for that. The last thing he would’ve wanted for her was for her first week at high school to be as stressful as his had been. Newt kicked a chair out from underneath the table for her as she applied butter and jam to her toast. The trio sat in silence for a few minutes before the last set of creaks broke their peace.

Minho strolled in, scratching his natural hair; he usually applied a crazy amount of hair products to the point of it looking artificial but because he’d come unprepared the night before, he was left with natural hair and yesterday’s clothes.

Thomas was the first to speak up, “Hey Min, you doing okay today?” His voice was warm and compassionate, Minho’s face appeared to notice this and he seemed to appreciate the question.

”I’m alright, still a bit stressed about the whole thing but I’m glad I talked to it with you. Anyway, what are we having for breakfast?” He replied clearly not wanting to add onto the elephant in the room, Sonya pointed to the bread bin which he walked over to so he could prepare his breakfast. They continued to sit in silence, arms folded and hunched over, occasionally spurting out conversations to break the quiet but no attempts stuck.

After a while, they gathered their belongings and hurried out to get the bus. The troop climbed the steps and Sonya took her seat on the dirty old metal case that transported them to their hellish home for the next six or so hours. The remaining trio sat at the back and huffed as their fatigue slowly kicked. Other people usually woke up earlier than five o’clock, but them? They couldn’t handle that and awoke at six o’clock- no matter how late it could make them.

As the bus ride continued, Minho's calmer demeanour was thrown out the window as he realised that he'd left all of his school equipment at home.

"Maybe you can get someone to drop it off? Isn't your sister in town?" Thomas suggested from his spot leaning on Minho's shoulder. He lifted his head up rummaged through his bag, looking for something, and gradually brought out some basic stationery.

"I guess I could, thanks for the pens and pencils, babe," Minho shoved the handful of stationery into his pocket as he called his Dad, he turned towards the window answer the phone. After a short conversation with his father, he ended the call and collapsed with a smile on his face. "Crisis over! He said he's gonna drop by on his way to work,"

Thomas playfully grabbed the bunch of stationery from his hand, adding after he did so: "You won't be needing these then!"

The group laughed as Teresa joined them, Newt filled them in on what had happened since they last saw each other while the bus rolled on.

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The day went gradually, his mind as still trying to adjust to having seven whole lessons in one day even after two years being in America, and he eventually he found himself standing outside the gym.

Despite his poor movement skills, Newt still liked to maintain his physical health in the form of field sports. From Javelin to Triple Jump, he'd managed to adjust the sports to fit his lifestyle. Although everyone else told him it was too risky, at every monthly physiotherapy session he asked if it was still okay and so far it was.

Abruptly, he was awoken from his daze by the coach shouting at him and his friends, "Alright, go through to the changing rooms! I want you out in five minutes!"

They marched through to the changing rooms, the tiles were stained with spotted black mould that Newt had spent almost an entire week scrubbing in detention on his first week at the school. The artificial lights bounced off the walls, slightly hurting his eyes with their almost thirty year old glow. Opening his locker, he gently balanced his walking stick against the cool metal as he briskly got changed.

Whilst he got changed, his eyes glanced at his reflection in the minute mirror that was attached to the door. There were bags under his eyes; his skin shone under the sickening light that filled the white and yellow room. Even with his opinions on his body, he looked like death had possessed him.

"Newt, you coming? Or are you still gonna look at yourself in the mirror?" Minho peered around the locker door and grinned a grin that, if this was your first impression of him, made him appear sane.

"What? Oh yes, I'm coming," He slammed the locker door shut and joined his friends they walked towards the athletics area of the school fields.

Minho had run ahead slightly and was happily chatting to Ben, one of his oldest friends who was just as sports obsessed as he was. Thomas seemed to be blabbing about something that he'd just tuned into, so instead of catching up, he tuned out.

The athletics coach stood with his blue tracksuit and iconic clipboard, he was a reasonable man, not too strict but just severe enough that people listened to him. As the gaggle of teens gradually clumped together, the coach spoke up and addressed the group.

"Right, welcome back anyone who was on the team last year and hello to anyone hoping to get into the team this year." He dropped his hands to his sides and panned his face to count how many people had returned from the year prior. "If you don't know, I'm Coach Vince Pepper and if you think that it's gonna be easy to get in my athletics team, then you're wrong."

Minho nudged him and smiled, ever since Freshman Year, he'd returned to every team he was in with ease. There was no doubt that he would be a concrete member of the team like he'd been previously. Newt on the other hand, his chances were low, at least to him. Having a limp didn't exactly increase the probability of him getting in.

"Now, we'll start off with two laps of the track," A slight groan traveled across the group of people, the teens set off and the coach pulled Newt aside. "You only need to do one lap, Newt,"

"I don't need special treatment, you know there's a thing called equality, Coach," He crossed his arms as he walked to the track.

Coach Pepper stopped him with a slight push on his arms, "I know that but Equity is a thing too,"

Newt looked at the grass, in a squint before answering, "One and a half?"

"One and a half," The Coach sighed and let him go, Newt ran slower than everyone else and it took him a while longer but did you see him caring?

As he came to a stop and joined the others who were stretching after doing their lap. A few Sophomores looked up while he began to stretch out his legs, they carefully made their way over to Newt and his friends.

"How come he gets to slack off while we have to run two laps?" One of them called.

"I don't see nothing wrong with him," Said another.

"Bet he's just a teacher's pet, and a gay one too," The first one stood up and began to stretch out his arms while the second one continued his friend's prejudiced statement.

"Yeah, I've seen him with those two guys that never leave his side," Minho and Thomas stood up immediately, having to be held back like guard dogs by their friends. "He's a fake disabled slut, isn't he?"

Newt stood up, not looking back at his boyfriends who he could hear snarling, and gradually made his way over to the two trees of boys. He peered at them up and down while stroking his chin. After a few minutes, he'd come up with a snarky comeback.

"Well at least I'll get more action and money than you ever will, I mean who would to employ or date a few prejudiced pricks like you?"

Behind him he heard loud shouts, proud of himself, he returned and continued to stretch out his leg just to be sure. Sarcasm was always a mechanism that he'd been able to master, and along with plenty of prejudice to practice on, he was getting better by the day. The coach called them over once more and announced that they'd be starting with Javelin, then the 100m sprint along with some other field events.

"Alright, Newt's gonna go first then Minho and Thomas and Ben and so on," He explained as he walked them over to the area of the field where the Javelin took place. "And Sophomore boys, this is your first and only warning, don't speak to Newt like that again or I'll give you both detentions and you can kiss your place in this team goodbye,"

A small chuckle spread across the group as Newt clutched a javelin and prepared himself into the correct stance. He closed his eyes, took a deep breath and exploded forwards letting the javelin slip from his hand. It flew momentarily in the air before piercing the grass with a small *chink*.

"Go Newt!" Came a few yells from behind him. He grinned as he joined the back of the queue and the rest of the group made their attempts. Ben came first, then Minho, then Gally- their upper physiques were impeccable if he did say so himself. As the group made their way towards the track, Newt split and went to join Coach Pepper.

*'My stupid leg, stopping me from doing basic running,'* He thought as he collapsed on the soft grass and took a sip of his water bottle that lay nearby. The people lined up, having to stand in multiple rows due to the amount of people who had signed up.

When Ben and Thomas' row lined up, Newt couldn't help but grin, "Go on Tommy! You can beat Ben in a heartbeat!" He laughed as the latter mentioned boy turned around faking a hurt look.

The Coach shouted "Go!" From beside him, not using the gun so Thomas wouldn't be scared- PTSD was a prevalent problem in the school apparently. Shooting off into the distance, the grass ripped up from the ground as they ran.

Thomas was leading. But Ben was catching up to him. Why was Newt getting stressed? It was just the 100 metre sprint. The pounding of the boys' feet had just gone out of earshot when they crossed the line- collapsing on the ground when they did.

"And Thomas' first, Ben's second and George is third!" Coach Pepper shouted, breaking Newt's trance on the runners. As the boys walked back, the next two rows of runners set off, Minho won out of his row of course and he joined his boyfriends in a congratulatory dance before they set off towards the jumping pit.

The wind blew as the group trudged over to the sand pit, the pit itself had never been refilled with sand for as long as Newt had been there- only raked over. While the Coach went over the rules of triple jump, Newt walked over to Thomas and whispered into his ear: "Can you drop me off today and, you know, you can stay for tea and we can do stuff," He looked at Newt with a slight smirk, he knew that whenever 'stuff' was mentioned, it never went further than making out. They'd tried to do something more but his PTSD always got in the way, making the feeling of being pathetic sink in once again.

"Alright, Newt, you're good at this and I wanna give your leg time to recover from the jumps, so you're up first!" Coach Pepper bellowed, obviously trying to get their attention. Newt moved away from Thomas and lined up with the runway, getting an arm squeeze from Minho as he went.

His feet started, the memories of when he could run long distance and win almost every time, pain free. He hopped. He skipped. He jumped.

And his feet landed, sliding into the disheveled sand as he heard cheers coming from behind him- he guessed he got a good distance then. He stood up and climbed out of the pit; a low rumbling ache could be felt in his left leg as he got his distance off the Coach. ' *Twenty feet, not bad* ' He thought as he watched the next few people do their triple jumps and repeated his twice more to get an average.

Soon after, the Coach grouped everyone together and went to announce the next event. But the adrenaline was flooding through his blood and the taste of being normal and healthy and able to do what he loved without the pain was irresistible. So, of course, he just had to speak up: "Can't we do Long Jump while we're down here?"

The Coach looked at him, slightly annoyed at how persistent he was being to go against his plans, "No, Newt, you're gonna rest after the jump we've just done, come on back to the track guys," He began to step away before Newt spoke up again.

"But, if we do the next jump now then you can do another track race and I'll rest for even longer, plus we're here and my leg's feeling good," He wasn't going to let the Coach stop his chance at feeling the rush that he used to feel when he could do everything with ease. When he could do what he loved pain free. When he was able to do anything.

"No, Newt, I've got a degree in Physical Education and I know that you need to stop after a jump, so come on guys we're doing the 200m sprint," Again, Coach Pepper lead the group away from the jumping pit, but Newt wouldn't let him.

"Please!" His hands clenched by his sides, his head glared at the grass to stop himself from bursting into tears and his teeth gritted together in frustration. "Just this once, let me show you how good I am, let me show them how good I am,"

The group looked at him in a questioning fashion, now getting angry that they weren't just going to the track. With a huff the Coach replied with his hands on his hips, "Fine, but if you try and pull this in training next week, I'll drop you from the team,"

A miniature victory- at least on his half. He lined up to the run up once more, he'd seen the worried look his friends had shot him but they made little effect on him.

Thump. His first jump was nineteen feet. His leg was aching slightly more when he got up.

Thump. His second jump was twenty one feet. His leg was aching even more but he continued.

Thump. His third jump was twenty three feet. The pain that overtook him was overwhelming. He couldn't get up.

"Newt!" He heard voices calling over the heartbeat that filled his ears, all he could concentrate on was holding his leg and making sure that he wasn't seen as weaker than he already was. People shook him and people called him but all he could think was:

*' Get up! '*

*' Walk it off! '*

*' Stop being weak! '*

*' Stop being weak! '*

*' Stop being weak! '*

So he lifted up his head and saw the tear filled eyes of Minho, Thomas, Ben even the Coach seemed to be fighting tears of worry away. He sighed, removing his arms from their clasp on his left leg and settling them on the loose sand. With a groan he began to get up, a wave of pain ran through him as multiple sets of hands immediately reached out to grab him.

"I'm fine. I've just got to walk it off," He called trying to reassure the crowd that now surrounded him. But of course, he had to fall, had to stumble and show weakness in front of the people he was trying to impress. "Just give me a minute, okay?"

"No. Not okay!" Coach Pepper shouted from the back, he'd moved his hands to his nose, which he was pinching in frustration. "I told you not to jump but I caved and now look at you,"

"But!"

"You're on the team, I can see through this madness and what I see is that passion that I've seen before," He looked Newt in the eye as he spoke. "But someone take him home, make sure you elevate that leg, put a cold compress on it and don't move a muscle until tomorrow,"

He knew that the eye contact would convince him to stop, so, finally, Newt let Thomas throw an arm under his armpit and help him to the changing rooms after plenty of worried words from his friends.

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The walk took a while, enough time for another two races to take place, but soon enough they were struggling to get changed in the locker rooms. All the way through, Thomas was insisting that he should help Newt with his trousers, his shirt, getting up or really anything. He knew that he meant well but didn't he see that Newt was capable of getting dressed or did he truly look that disabled.

After, they hobbled to Thomas' car, with Newt reluctantly accepting help to get there. Once the car was started, they set off in silence, a silence that was awkward enough without him trying to explain himself. The streets rolled past and neither of them were talking, Thomas knew something like this was bound to happen but clearly, he couldn't have done anything to stop him- he convinced the Coach for crying out loud.

As the car pulled to a stop outside Newt's house, Thomas immediately climbed out to help his boyfriend but the stubborn man somehow managed to get out himself. "Newt! Where are you going? Let me help you!" He ran towards the hobbling man, who had now made his way to the door, and tried once more to convince him that doing this on his own was the opposite of what was right for him.

"Can't you just leave me be?" Newt shot his head round towards Thomas as he reached the stairs. "Just go home or something?" He couldn't understand, why wouldn't Newt just let him help?

"Wha? No, Newt--"

"I get it! Alright?" Thomas was now puzzled but he didn't stop Newt from carrying on. "I get that I can't do as much as I used to, I get that I'm disabled. I get that I can't do anything!"

"Newt! How can you think that? What brought all this on?" He called from the doorway. Why couldn't his Newt just be happy and see what he's accomplished?

Speaking of his boyfriend, the boy was now wavering between sitting and standing, "I just wanted to prove to all the people who doubt me that I'm not as bad as they say they are, that I can do what they can,"

Thomas couldn't believe what he was hearing, had he been running through his head all day? "Newt, you *are* just as good as they are, if not better since you have your leg to deal with," He hoped and begged to any God that Newt was getting the picture, he hated seeing him so distraught.

"You know what? I'm sick of being disabled, it's not what I signed up for!" He finally crumpled to the floor like paper. "I signed up for a new life in a new country or death!"

"Wha-?"

"I got this as a punishment, for being weak, and I need to prove myself." Sobs began to fill the hallway and Thomas jumped up the stairs to comfort Newt. "That's why I need to prove myself, to them, to you guys, to the world,"

He gently leaned into Thomas' embrace as his hands stroked through his hair, calming him as his panting slowed. Gradually, Newt's panicking stopped, on partially, and he turned around to use Thomas as means to lean on so he could stand up- only to fail and collapse again.

"Want some help?" Thomas smirked and he nodded, he lifted up his boyfriend and managed to hold him bridal-style. "Where to, my liege?"

"Erm...outside, I've gotta calm down a bit more," He patted his trouser pocket and they set off down the stairs until they were perched on the chipped wooden bench outside. Once settled, they sat awkwardly for a few minutes until Newt reluctantly brought out his cigarettes.

Thomas gave off a shocked sound, ' *How long has he been doing this?* ' came a thought and ' *Why is he doing this?* ' came another. Firstly, he knocked the lighter out of his hand, then the cigarette and finally the entire box itself.

"I guess you want to know about the smoking, huh?" Newt suggested as he went to retrieve his cigarettes and lighter. "I only smoke to destress, you know if there's nothing to talk about or if I'm still not calm after talking, it helped a lot in the summer since I got my first job and all,"

Still recovering from shock, Thomas replied with another question, "Yeah, but can't you just listen to music, I mean where are you getting them from because this is illegal, you know!"

Newt gave off a laugh, it wheezed slightly like it always did, "Tommy, we drink underage every Friday, this is just another thing I do and Gally, I get them from Gally,"

"Always knew that guy was shady," Thomas mumbled as he coughed from the puffs of smoke Newt was exhaling.

He then turned to Thomas, looking sincere, "Don't tell anyone, okay? Especially Minho, I'll tell them later but I just wanna enjoy this before I get lectures off of everyone,"

With a sigh, Thomas reluctantly agreed and leaned back against the worn bench. And there they sat, with Newt puffing occasionally and him coughing when the smoke got too much. He eventually spoke up once more- sick of the silence.

"I'll stay," He said, remembering what Newt had suggested earlier. "I'll stay tonight just give me fifteen minutes to get some clean clothes, I'm not wearing these for the second day in a row or I'll start getting a name for myself!" They both laughed as Newt put out his cigarette and made grabbing hands at Thomas, who then picked him up, climbed upstairs and dropped him on the bed.

Soon after, he got up and climbed into his car, promising him that he'd return and Newt was left lying on his bed grinning like a mad man- well a madder man.

He knew that he could push himself too far at times, from schoolwork to bad mental health, people were constantly worried about him. Whenever he had an exceptional bad day, he could never bring himself to eat or even look at himself in the mirror. The feeling of *him* all

over his skin was sickening, he would scratch and scratch, make himself sick to get rid of the feeling deep within him but it never worked- the feeling was always there.

However, for now, Newt tried to forget all the negative things and focus on Thomas and Minho and all the good people in his life.

After all, he was calm now, and he was gonna make out with one of his boyfriends tonight...

## Chapter End Notes

This has taken me a while so sorry, I've been writing and working on some other fics and school started so sorry this took so long.

Also! How did this hit over 500 hits seriously? Thank you everyone who's read this, it really warms me that that many people have read my first multi chapter fic on AO3.

# Englishman in New York

## Chapter Summary

Newt recovers from the previous day and revels in having at least one calm day in the week.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Another morning, no matter what everyone said, the routine was no help for Newt. He got up when the alarm called and peered to where Thomas had fallen asleep- the gap was vacant. Instead, the boy was standing in the corner, attempting to get dressed quietly enough so that he wouldn't wake his boyfriend.

"Oh, did I wake you up?" Came his sleepy voice from across the room, Thomas turned around and sat on the edge of the bed. "I made you some tea, just the way you like it, do you want any help getting up?"

The concern was obviously laced throughout his words, he was always an adorable person when worried, despite how little he did to stop others from worrying about him. Newt sat up and took the cup of tea off the bedside table, it had cooled down just enough for him to gulp it down quickly.

"Tommy, I think I'll be fine and you make a decent brew," They chuckled, Thomas portrayed his signature confused face. "Brew means a cup of tea, Tommy, I've told you this a million times before!" They laughed again, Newt placed his empty mug on the bedside table and he threw off the covers to attempt to swing his legs over the side of the bed and stand up.

It failed. All he gained was an immense dosage of pain that shot up through his leg and struck him to the bone. He cried out and Thomas' hands immediately clung to Newt's side, supporting his weight to ease the pain. For a few minutes they crouched there, both trying to come up with a plan whilst maintaining a calm mood- the last thing Newt needed was to argue about what he was going to do with his day.

Newt sat down on his bed and made grabby hands at his walking stick- which his boyfriend ran to get. "Right, let's try again!" He rubbed his hands together, taking Thomas' advice from yesterday and letting him help. "Tommy can you support me and hand me my walking stick, I'm gonna try and stand without falling over,"

Once he'd finished talking, they put their miniature plan to action; Thomas embraced his boyfriend's back in support with one arm and used the other to clutch the glossy walking stick. Newt transferred his weight fully onto Thomas' support and gradually stood up,

straightening his legs while he was at it. Finally h,e was standing, he toddled about a bit before slowly strolling towards the bathroom after kissing Thomas deeply as a thank you.

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The day went as quickly as you would expect a Thursday to go, which wasn't too quickly in Newt's opinion, but eventually h,e was wandering to the Debate Club. He'd been a member of the club ever since he'd been at the Glade High School, and despite how boring Frypan insisted that it sounded, Newt had made some decent friends there: Winston, Alby- even Gally when he wasn't being an idiot half the time.

As he walked in he saw a few people congregating around the room, some chatting about school, others scribbling down on paper- probably homework. Alby waved from the teacher's desk he was perched on and hopped up to greet his friend.

"Newt! My man!" They instinctively threw themselves into a friendly hug, laughing playfully and clapping each other on the back slightly aggressively. "How's it going? I heard you hurt your leg yesterday,"

Newt looked down to avoid the embarrassing feeling that was flooding in him. Alby and him were close, their bond was hard to describe, sometimes they were like brothers and other times it felt like something else- at least to Newt.

"Oh yeah, I pushed myself too hard but Tommy helped me and we figured out my issues with asking for help," He let out an awkward laugh to relieve the tension in the air and scratched a non-existent itch on his head.

Alby raised an eyebrow and replied snarkily, "I could've told you that, Newt, from what I've seen, you could take more care of yourself!" They laughed again while moving back to the centre of the room to calm down the mob of teens that was getting increasingly louder.

"Hi!" Alby shouted, the teens' heads turned towards him. "I'm Alby, the leader of the Debate Club and this is Newt, you could call him my second in command." He scanned the room, radiating a confidence that Newt only hoped he would acquire in his Senior Year. "If I can't be here or if I'm occupied then you should go to him,"

Newt waved at the crowd, he remembered some of the faces from the crowd: Aris, Winston, George and of course Gally- who was swinging back and forth on his chair. After, they explained the rules of Debate Club; allowed people to choose their own groups for the first debate and gave them a topic.

"Right, because I'm feeling reminiscent," Newt stood up, banging his stick like Nanny McPhee to get their attention. "We're going to do our first debate of the year on whether or not we should wear a school uniform,"

Gally scoffed from the chair he was leaning back on and rolled his eyes, "Isn't that a bit basic for a High School debate?" A few people hummed in agreement, mainly recurring members of their group.

“It’s only to get the Greenies ready for the harder debates we’ll get to in the next few weeks, Gally,” Newt rolled his eyes in return. “Now take your eyebrows and your group and weigh up the pros of having a school uniform!”

He earned a laugh from the crowd before Gally turned and began addressing his group. Newt sighed as the dull pain that he'd been distracting himself from set back in and attempted to distance his mind once more by peering again around the class.

Alby was explaining what arguments the group against school uniform could use and how the debate would work to the newer members; Winston was humming to a tune as he listened to Alby’s annual explanation of the debates.

Gally was deep into a brainstorming session with the Greenies he’d been assigned to as one of the Senior members of the club. Unsurprisingly, his eyebrows were moving as though they had a mind of their own about his forehead- they truly were distracting.

Gradually, the time went on, the plans finished and they went hurtling into the first debate of the year. Newt and Alby set up a temporary stand at the front of the class, introduced the debate before stepping back and letting the teenagers talk. They all had half-interested expressions, boring tones and drummed their fingers on the tables in boredom- Newt knew their only motivations were to seem better for colleges and universities.

After around an hour, the debate finished and Alby wished everyone a good afternoon and turned to Newt. “Hey, you did good today, do you have a lift home? Because I can take you,” Newt replied with a smile as he followed around his older friend to pick up the paper that had been discarded around the room.

“Sure, it’s embarrassing to carry on going on the bus when I have a driving license,” They laughed again and left the classroom, heading out into the September air and with Newt trailing behind his oldest friend- apart from Teresa of course.

It was surprising how quickly he’d made friends for a broken almost-fifteen year old who’d just moved to another country. Alby too was under Ava’s care, he was almost like an older sibling to Teresa and had a sense of knowledge that only came from a broken home.

“Newt, Newt!” Alby waved a hand in front of his face, laughing as he did so. “Come on man, I said here’s my car, get in!” They chuckled again as Newt climbed into Alby’s old silver Ford Fiesta, it took longer than Newt would’ve liked but soon enough they were singing along to famous songs and cruising down the road.

Eventually, they arrived at Newt’s house, as he opened the smooth car door Alby held a firm hand on his younger friend’s arm. His eyes were concerned, Newt could read them as he waited for him to speak, “You know you can always talk to me, we’ve both been through a lot and I’m always gonna be here for you,”

He dropped his gaze and concentrated on the smooth black hand clutched on him. With a shaking breath, he nodded, fighting away the familiar feeling that filled his head prior to

crying. Nostrils flaring, eyes stinging, they ended the encounter with Alby wishing him goodbye and leaving.

He entered the house and closed the door with a sigh, still battling the urge to break down once again. It wasn't that Newt didn't appreciate all the support he had but how was he expected to get up after a knockdown if everywhere he turned were reminders of how bad he could get?

"Hi Newt, how was debate team?" Sonya called from the doorway, her right hand was occupied by an apple and her other was scrolling through her phone. "Mum says she's going to have to stay overnight again,"

"And Dad?"

"He's going to be back for around six," Sonya turned and returned back to wherever she was before as Newt headed up to his room to practice for the audition the next day.

He'd been pondering what song to play, he could play a classic like Smoke on the Water or Whole Lotta Love, or something easier like Creep or Zombie. With a groan he collapsed on his bed and covered his eyes, 'Why was it so hard to just pick a song?' He gently screamed into his hands before sitting up and picking up his guitar from the corner of the room.

Strum. Chord. Strum. Chord. Get lost in the music. *'Try not to think of anything- not the drug deal or everything wrong with you or Steven'*. Strum. Chord. Strum. Chord. *'Open your mouth, that's all you have to do, just open your mouth and sing,'*

"When you were before, couldn't look you in the eye," The words slipped off his tongue as he let himself be swallowed by the song. "You're just like an angel, your skin makes me cry,"

As the words flowed out of him, his thoughts were filled with Thomas and Minho, Newt couldn't help feeling inferior to them. Minho was practically a god, he obviously had his flaws but with his kind yet snarky personality and amazing body- Newt was nothing compared to him. Thomas was cute, determined and clumsy, the British man could remember the moment he realised his love for him.

Strumming, he finished off the last verse of the song, "But I'm a creep, I'm a weirdo," He took a shuddering breath. "What the hell am I doing here?"

"I don't belong here, I don't belong here."

Newt ended the song by hanging his head, he'd always opted to play moodier songs rather than happy ones, the meanings meant more and he could always relate to them. Even when he was filled with sickness, the itch to scrub himself clean due to the memories of his uncle, Newt could always turn to music.

After taking a sip of water, he practiced again, and again, and once more after that. He wouldn't accept anything less than perfection, so he strummed until his mind went blank from thoughts and all Newt could do was set down his guitar before collapsing onto his bed.

There he remained for a few minutes until his phone blinked from the bedside table he'd put it on when he entered.

*How was debate, Newton?*- Min Min, 5:01pm, 6th September 2018

*Good, Gally was a bitch and Alby dropped me home-* Newt, 5:03pm, 6th September 2018

*Isn't Gally always a bitch?*-Tommy- 5:04pm, 6th September 2018

*Tommy's right there-* Min Min, 5:05pm, 6th September 2018

*I guess so-* Newt, 5:08pm, 6th September 2018

With a chuckle, Newt sat up and finally threw his jacket onto the back of his door, pulling out some homework that he was unfortunately plagued with- teachers were already stressing them about the PSAT. '*They weren't even a week in yet!*' he thought as he began to speed read and scrawl on the slightly crumpled paper.

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A slam came from downstairs, followed by the call of his Dad, "Kids! I'm home!" Newt heard the thundering sound of his sister coming from the hallway while he sat up and hobbled down the stairs. "How've you been?"

"Alright, Newt on the other hand, " She made a whooshing action over her head, signalling for her brother to open up about what had happened to him since his Dad was last at home.

Newt looked up and coughed awkwardly as he began to talk, "I hurt my leg at athletics," He looked away from his Dad from embarrassment and shame. "I pushed myself too hard and me and Tommy had a talk,"

Absentmindedly he added, "He stayed the night, as well," Newt willed himself to meet his Dad's gaze, awaiting his response.

"It's okay to take breaks, Newt, I know that you used to be such a good runner but you've got to take your leg into account," He put a hand on his shoulder and looked directly into his eyes to get his point across. "I'm not saying that you can't run, it's just that you're disabled now and there will be some push backs that we're gonna work through,"

They threw themselves into a hug, it was warming and made Newt choke up slightly as he let his guard down again. His Dad may not be the best at emotional conversations but he tried, and that's all Newt was asking for. Sometimes he felt that some things were too petty to talk to Ava with and too particular to tell his friends about. So, no matter how little he saw his parents, they were always around for talking to.

They broke their hug and the family walked into the kitchen to start tea, '*It'll be fine,* ' Newt told himself as he smiled at his sister. '*I'll be just fine,* '



## Chapter End Notes

I had fun with this one, the whole Alby thing I'm gonna build on a lot later cause this is gonna have a sequel! Anyway the next 2 chapters will start up the plot and there will be more time passing after those two chapters cause otherwise this will be way too long!

Anyway, hope you enjoyed this chapter!

# Creep

## Chapter Summary

Newt auditions for the band, has some revelations about his boyfriends and deals with his issues-both physical and mental.

## Chapter Notes

Erm, quite a bit more cursing in this

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Beep. Beep. Beep.*

‘*Fuck. Fuck. Fuck*,’ Newt shot his eyes open. Today was the day.

He smacked his hand on his alarm and got out of bed, his eyes felt groggy and his head was dizzy. As he stood up, his leg wasn’t feeling any better, a boring dull pain seemed to be flowing through his veins as Newt shuffled his way to the bathroom. He found himself picking a few developing spots as he reached the plain bathroom.

“If I was any fucking worse, I’d be dead,” He muttered as he lifted the toilet seat. “Well, I wouldn’t have to go to school if I was dead,”

After a few minutes, he left the bathroom and threw on a checked shirt, white t-shirt and a pair of jeans before grabbing his guitar, sitting in its case, and hobbling down the stairs-grabbing his walking stick as he went.

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It was weird having his Dad there during the week, Newt thought continuously throughout the morning. He’d spent so much time with them away at work, ‘*You didn’t rise up in the BBC without putting some effort in!*’ Newt thought as he packed his bag.

“Have a good day!” Their Dad called as they left the house and climbed onto the bus that had briefly stopped out of their house.

He knew his parents cared, that was evident, but he’d adjusted to seeing his parents sparingly and had learned to be self-sufficient because of it. Sonya was learning this too, she’d taken a while to settle in a new country, new school and new life. But now she was in high school, she was beginning to adjust.

Jorge saluted at him as he walked past and took his seat; he rested his bag and guitar against his legs as he plugged in his earphones and drifted into a trance.

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School passed quickly again, most of his days were a blur of writing notes, loving his boyfriends and forcing himself to eat his lunch.

Minho was currently chatting to him, one arm on Newt's locker and smiling with his seemingly limitless charm- a high school cliché if he'd ever seen one. Thomas was on his right, also leaning against a locker, making Newt fully enclosed by his boyfriends.

"So, it's Thursday," Minho stated.

"No shit, Sherlock," Newt chuckled, revelling in his British wit.

"Oh fuck off, Watson," The trio laughed as Newt turned around to place some books in his locker, pushing Minho off and letting him stumble. "Anyway, since tomorrow is Friday, why don't you come out after work,"

"Yeah, celebrate our first week!" Thomas pitched in, looking excitable as per usual. "We'll pick you up from work, take you home and then we can go out,"

"Sounds like a plan," He dramatically flipped around, slamming the locker door shut and looking seductively at his boyfriends. "Now, I have a band audition to go to, so, wish me good luck,"

"Good luck!" They chorused as Newt went to leave, only to be pulled back by his collar.

Minho grinned even wider, making a striking parallel to the Cheshire Cat as Newt scanned his face.

"You didn't get your good luck kiss, right, Tommy?" The two men locked eyes and smirked, yet didn't do anything.

' *What am I waiting for?* ' He questioned as he stood there, expecting a quick peck on the cheek from both of them, they were teenagers in high school, after all.

But what he got was not what he expected. At least from Minho.

He felt himself being tugged in by his shirt, Minho pressed his lips passionately against his boyfriend's, shocking him as they stood in the crowded corridor. Newt felt his boyfriend's forehead crinkle in frustration as the kiss went on and he thought he knew why.

As of late, Minho had always done things on a different level to everyone else. If they were running, he'd run further and harder than everyone else. If he was laughing, he'd laugh more and smile wider. And apparently, if they were kissing, he would kiss harder too.

Newt's theory was that whatever he was doing, he wanted to push it further, push it so that he'd feel more accomplished and better. Better than he did at home. He was doing anything

to get rid of the guilt, fear and sadness he felt at home. But, as much as this could apply to positive things, Newt could only imagine what it meant for negative things.

They broke away, Newt feeling even more dizzy than he was before- but this wasn't from nerves. Thomas was chuckling beside him yet was also looking down sheepishly, almost as if he felt awkward for even being nearby.

"How was that?" Minho raised an eyebrow and fixed his untouched hair.

Newt straightened out his shirt and turned to Thomas, "Yeah, er, good, and unexpected," The trio laughed as Thomas leaned in to give his boyfriend a, much more moderate, kiss.

Unlike Minho, Thomas seemed to not be wanting to prove himself. He seemingly knew that if he did so, he'd bring attention to himself. And attention meant questions. And questions lead to feeling uncomfortable. And no one wanted to feel uncomfortable.

Tommy's whole life had been unwanted attention, from the gangs that his Dad got involved in to the inquisitive students who wanted to know why he flinched and quivered if a door was shut too loudly. He was conservative about things. Sure he was good at things and showed this off, but he wouldn't do that consciously.

So, here they were. Sharing a different, simple and equally amazing kiss.

They separated and squeezed hands as Thomas whispered, "Good luck, and have fun," to Newt as he watched him walk up the corridor to the auditorium.

*' Maybe this won't go so badly, '* He thought as he turned to see the two closest people in his life waving at him. *' Yeah, let's do this! '*

---

There they were. The four people who were so effortlessly stunning that Newt felt paled in comparison. Their hair was smoothly swept back into wondrous styles. Their outfits were just individual enough to be unique and eye catching yet matched so perfectly that they looked like a team. Their looks were completed with accessories and makeup which made Newt feel instantly smaller.

He looked up and down the row of students to find six other guitarists had answered the advert. As they all waited, the leader of the band spoke up, her sets of ear piercings caught the light as she spoke.

"I'm Tee, the lead singer," She gestured to her left at the two people sitting next to her. "This is Jacob, he plays bass, next to him is Leon, he plays the drums,"

They both waved as Tee pointed towards the quiet guy to her right. "And this is Kenzou, he plays the keyboard," He shone a bright smile, completely contradicting the look they had.

Reviewing his possible future bandmates again, he noticed how Jacob had some dark teal highlights at the back of his hair which stood out from his long, brown hair- which was currently in a ponytail. Leon had some long, black and silver nails on that were clinking

against his metal water bottle. Tee had complex eyeshadow on, not that Newt would know since he knew squat about makeup. And Kenzou had many facial piercings surrounding his narrow eyes, multiple were on his eyebrows, there was a stud and ring on his nose and, of course, a lip piercing. Overall, the group looked amazing.

*‘ Even if I do get accepted, I’ll look so out of place! ’* He thought, already feeling defeated. But Tee broke him out of his trance with her booming voice that could only come from singing powerfully.

“This is how it’s gonna work. You’ll come up, tell us a bit about yourself, play your song and then sit in the auditorium.” She scanned the row as she explained. “After we’ve heard you all, we’ll go backstage and discuss who we want, then we’ll tell you,”

Jacob looked up at the hopeful candidates. “Capiche?”

“Capiche.” The seven replied, clearly all failing to hide their tsunami of nerves.

“Then let’s go!”

---

“What’s your name?” Leon asked at the first contestant.

“Isiah,” A meek boy, probably in his Freshman Year, tried hopefully to look at least one of the band members in the eyes- obviously following all the interview tips he’d been fed. “I moved here in Seventh Grade and am going to play ‘What’s My Age Again?’ By Blink-182.”

He grasped his acoustic guitar in his shaky hands and clumsily began to strum. Within his rising panicked state, he let a few curls fall onto his forehead and dropped his pick in the guitar.

*‘ I don’t think I can watch this, ’* Newt dropped his face in his hands as he readied himself for his audition.

---

“I’m Anna!”

“I’m Sky,”

“I’m TJ,”

“I’m Nathaniel!”

“I’m Lucas,”

A montage of names he’d never remember and generally okay to good covers ran over the next forty-five minutes. A plethora people stood on the stage and played their pitch, advertising themselves to the four teens sitting staring at them from the audience.

Nevertheless, before he knew it, it was Newt’s turn. He grabbed his walking stick and his guitar and walked up to the looming stage.

“Hi. I’m Newt, I’m from England.” He waved pathetically to the band. “I came here in my Freshman Year and have been playing guitar since I was, er, thirteen,”

“Are you sure?” Leon joked, making Newt raise his head. ‘ *Don’t think of him, not now, not here!* ’ He mentally screamed at himself. ‘ *He’s not here, he’s locked up in a specially confined prison cell thousands of miles away for sexual assault, having sexual relations with a minor, sexual, emotional and physical abuse and paedophilia.* ’

‘ *He can’t hurt you here,* ’ He took a deep breath as he continued. “I’ll be playing Creep by Radiohead,”

Kenzou let out a whoop and clapped, a clear Radiohead fan.

With a sigh, Newt picked up his guitar and sang like he did the night before.

“ *When you were here before,*

*Couldn’t look you in the eye,*”

---

He took a deep breath as he left the stage, the group had looked slightly pleased. By his abilities? His song choice?

Who knew?

He felt as though his footsteps were echoing around the auditorium as if they were in a cave as he made his way to a seat. ‘ *And I thought the nerves were bad before!* ’ Came a thought as he collapsed into a chair and rested his leg on the seat in front. Strangely, he hadn’t felt the pain extremely today due to the immense anxiety and stress that was pushing him down.

The band members got up and trundled over to backstage, all deep in thought.

Newt began to pick at his thumbs anxiously. Began to scan the room and analyse every aspect of his contenders. Began to count the seconds that the band members were gone for until they got back.

After what seemed like hours, the four appeared from backstage and stood in a line in front of them. Tee was holding a clipboard, maybe with notes? She gave the seven people a quick glance before announcing the results.

“You all were great for coming to the audition,” Newt’s breath quickened as he focused harder on Tee as if his stares would speed up time. “But there can only be one lead guitarist,”

“So without further ado, here are the results!” Leon finished, raising his hands in the air to slightly decrease the tension.

“Anna, Sky, TJ,” The three named all looked hopeful yet also disappointed knowing deep down there was a reason they were all called out at the same time as Tee read out their names and passed the clipboard to Kenzou. “Sorry, but you needed a bit more practice, amazing song choices but just not quite there.”

“Nathaniel, Isiah,” The quiet boy read out. “Your talent was great but you’re not the kind of music genre we’re looking for,”

He gave them a sympathetic smile as they left the auditorium with their heads low. Finally, Tee took the clipboard again.

“Lucas. Newt. Please come to the stage,” The two guitarists looked at each other, a new found sense of competition had flared in their eyes.

Newt grasped his walking stick, hobbled up the stairs and joined the band at one side of their line- directly facing Lucas.

“It was so hard to choose between you too,” ‘ *Here comes the but,* ’ Newt stated in his head. “But, we had to choose,”

Jacob took over. “So, Lucas?” The band turned to him, he was fighting glee from his face just how Newt was fighting disappointment from his. “You’re not in the band, bud,”

‘ *What!* ’

Shock. Knee buckling, jaw dropping shock.

Him? Newt? The fucked up British weirdo with a bad leg, depression and PTSD?

That Newt. That was the person who won?

“Newt? Newt!” He was shot back to reality to feel himself being held up by someone and shook by another. “You okay, man?”

“What? Oh, yeah, just shocked,”

Leon picked up his walking stick and handed it to him as Jacob released his hold on him. “You dropped this and almost fell over as soon as we told you,” He scratched the back of his head and laughed awkwardly.

“Yeah! You’re part of the band now!” Jacob seemed very eager, almost like Thomas on a very happy day.

Tee gave him a smirk and retracted her hands from shaking him. “And now that you’re part of the band, you’ll need to fit the aesthetic a bit,”

“Oh fuck,”

“Woah! Nothing too drastic!” Tee ushered him to calm down a bit as he walked up to him and began poking his face in examination. “Maybe just some eyeliner, Doc Martens and some more scary or black clothing, okay?”

“Yeah were you thinking we’d force you to get a tattoo or something?” Jacob gave him a reassuring smile as they all walked around to face him front on. “Just some clothes to fit the aesthetic will do!”

The band all seemed so happy and immediately wrapped their new member into a tremendous group hug. Newt felt buried as he let these four almost-strangers make a fuss out of him.

They let go after a bit and helped him down the stairs, talking all the while as they exited the school and delivered him to the school bus with all of their numbers, social media and, most importantly, a place in the band group chat.

He hurried to a seat and sat down, pulling out his phone with a smile as bright as the sun. He called Thomas, knowing full well that Minho would be with him to get away from the horror that was his home.

The phone rang for a bit before the boy answered, getting deafened by a shout from Newt.

“I got in! I’m now officially part of the Flare!” He couldn’t help but squeal, oblivious to the weird looks that came his way. “I can’t believe it, I’m in a band!”

## Chapter End Notes

Sorry for taking so long, I love writing this fic, I just have so many fanfic ideas to write that I put some on an unofficial hiatus.

These chapters will generally be getting shorter because of just one event per chapter and I want to pace things out different.

I’d love some feedback, see you in the next chapter!



# Oh! You Pretty Things

## Chapter Summary

While out celebrating his accomplishment, some suspicious persons take notice of Newt.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The bus deflated at his stop, doors opening and the happy boy stepped out. Even after rushing home, telling his sister and parents and going to work, he was still overjoyed by the good news that he was finally going to be in a band again.

A breeze sprinkled with cold flew past him, the inevitable autumn chasing the late summer as he headed towards his home. He smiled as he thought of what the night would hold, drinking and laughter. Laughing with his friends.

Finally, he could relax after a full week! Not only was drowning in homework, but now he'd have to spend a lot of time with the band. Not that that was a problem.

He entered his house, humming a song under his breath as he entered the kitchen and put his tea in the microwave. Newt couldn't wait for tonight. Alcohol, friends and fire. A winning combination everytime.

Every Friday, and sometimes Saturdays, the large group of Gladers would all collect on the edge of a forest and light a bonfire, drink homemade alcoholic cider and beer and joke about life as they slowly became intoxicated.

*Ping!* Tea, ready. He awoke from his trance and shoved himself into a seat to quickly gobble down his food.

---

A few hours, a shower and some warm clothes later, Newt was walking from his house and towards the local forest.

Sometimes he couldn't believe he was here. In such a picturesque place, away from the troubles; he still had bad days but being away from *everything* that had happened all those years before really helped.

The street was silent, the wind flew faintly nearby and most people were home with their families. Except Newt's of course. His parents worked all over the country with the BBC, and stayed in hotels more than they did their own home. He wasn't bitter. '*Not at all*.' He thought, feeling the sarcasm flood his mind momentarily.

With a deep breath, he managed to calm down from the fit of rage that threatened to take him over. He reached into his pocket, past the half empty pack of cigarettes and pulled out his earphones- untangling them and shoving them in his ears.

*‘ Nirvana. Iron Maiden. Radiohead. ’* He tapped the screen mindlessly, eventually coming across David Bowie. He hadn’t listened to him in a while, feeling far too angsty for his zany tunes, but he was missing the chameleon a bit now he thought about it.

And so David Bowie went on and he phased out of concentration again- saving his energy for later.

---

“Newton!” Came choruses from the slight hill he was climbing- a bit difficult due to his leg still hurting a bit. “Ready to get shitfaced?”

Minho, ever the stereotypical jock, could be seen around the campfire with a beer in his hand. Frypan came running down the hill and pulled his friend back up with him, shoving a mason jar full of his ‘special something’ into his hands and pushed him up the hill.

The group of Gladers cheered as Newt sat down and took a swig of his drink, everyone was ready for the weekend- even if they'd only been in school for a week. Thomas rubbed his hands together, announcing that they were going to be playing classic party games

*' Tonight will be amazing, '*

---

So far, Newt's predictions had been correct, his head was fuzzy and laughter had left his cheeks aching. He'd just watched Winston try and act out the movie Die Hard, a surprisingly difficult task while drunk.

But his fingers were itching for some release. He knew the kind. Cigarettes.

He'd carried them with him with the knowledge that maybe he'd use them, an uncertainty he was comfortable with. Yet he was hesitant, sure being drunk made him more impulsive but the fear of rejection was still there. Only Tommy knew he smoked, he still had a lot of people around him who could push him away.

*' I guess they're right, I really shouldn't be smoking, '* He pondered as his body stood him up, turned him around and made him take out his cigarettes to light one. The clink of the lighter, the instant burning feeling on his tongue and the crackling sound of cigarette and he immediately felt his anxiety slip away.

That was until Teresa burst out with. "Tell I'm hallucinating.". At first she got looks, no one having noticed the burning death stick between his lips. But then they realised.

An overwhelming scream, that all Newt could get from was, "Is that what I think it is?" and "Why are you doing that?" until he gestured for them to calm down so he could explain why.

He rubbed his face and tried to remember where it had all started so he could try and make them understand. "Basically, someone in school offered me one when I was outside waiting for the bus after staying behind for Debate sometime last year," Newt quickly took a drag of his cigarette and breathed out, then carrying on to not let anyone around him chip in. "It was alright, so it became routine, wait for the bus, have a ciggy then go our separate ways,"

"But then they got a job and had to work so they just supplied me with some cigarettes every now and then," He said, shakily taking drag after drag on his cigarette as he listed the outcomes of his situation.

No one asked any questions though, there was still the obvious tension and harsh thoughts in everyone's heads but, from what Newt could tell, it hadn't gone too bad.

"They can kill you," Minhó whispered through gritted teeth. His hands were clenched by his side, looking down at the fire, ' *This can't be helping with his stress*, '. "Who's supplying you? I'll tell them to stop,"

"Yeah, *tell* them,"

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"If I tell you, you'll threaten them and I will no longer have any cigarettes," Newt's British wit was showing and it only seemed to make Minhó more tense. "I chose to smoke, the person didn't force me to,"

There was a collective scoff, some rolled eyes and a general shunning of what he'd just said. Great. All he wanted was a relaxed night, now he's in a fight.

He turned away from them all and stubbed the cigarette out under his foot, the group were being quiet again and seemed to have an unspoken plan to stop Newt smoking by ignoring him. From his point of view, it was failing.

"Look, I know this may make you uncomfortable, my habit, but I chose to," He took his time to look everyone in the eye, his mind was exhausted, lately he could feel things slipping out of place inside him. All he wanted was for his friends to understand- or try to. "Everyone has flaws, I guess this is mine, now can we just accept that I smoke and get on with the night?"

"Okay," Came the response, as some people looked away, some shuffled around and Brenda stood up to lighten the mood. She walked around the circle, prowling and grabbing the shoulders of her friends. "How about we play a classic? Truth or dare."

This excited their small crowd, a few 'Oohs' and 'Aahs' flew around the circle as Brenda tapped her fingers against the shoulders of her friends. Some looked smug, confident in their ability to handle any situation, others faced humiliation in their anxiety- maybe they had limits.

First picked was Winston, who started out with a dare to howl like a wolf for a full minute; he elected Ben, who had to say which members of the group he'd date. Minhó was third and

obviously went for the dare to kiss everyone- luckily he was dating two of the people he had to kiss.

Of course it was then Newt's turn.

"Truth or dare?" Came the vital question from Brenda. "Dare." Was his undeniable response.

"Okay, you have to sing Sweet Caroline at the top of your lungs at the bottom of the hill," Thomas had clearly been thinking this for a while. They shared a look, Thomas was the only one who knew of Newt's smoking before tonight, probably why he remained so quiet.

"That's a bit tame,"

"Well if you want a harder dare?" Thomas teased as they skimmed their hands against each other, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

Newt was already heading down the hill as he called "Oh, you see, but you've already given me the dare!", letting his friends wait until they heard his dulcet tones.

---

*" Sweet Caroline!*

*Dun Dun Dun*

*Good times never seemed so good*

*So good! So good! So good! "*

Newt span around under the light of a streetlight, the street was abandoned, not too peculiar for their non-small town. The anxiety from before had disappeared, or it effectively had with his tipsy state of mind.

*" I've been inclined!*

*To believe it never would but now I "*

He continued to sing as the laughter from the top of the hill became more pronounced. Validation. It merely made him sing louder. The song seemed to flow from him, flow in his blood, ' *Being British would do that,* ' he chuckled.

Some footsteps could be heard down the street, nothing to be alarmed about came his initial reaction. They approached as Newt felt the words disappear off his tongue, there was an overhanging thought in his head that he had seen them before.

The two men began to come into view, they had tanned skin and slicked back dark hair, hands in their pockets as they looked around now and then. Suspicious.

Newt stepped back up the hill a few paces and tried to hide, but alas, they saw him.

"Don't stop singing for us," One said, grinning falsely as his simple sentence pulled him out of the darkness that he thought was concealing him. "You're actually quite good," Purred the other.

"I-"

"You look familiar," Newt could say the same, he remembered their bodies from somewhere, their stances and the way they held themselves was a figure distant yet close in his mind.

"Where have we seen you before?"

"On the street?" The first one suggested.

"No, we see *everyone* on the street,"

The first man stated another possibility. "Did any of the kids say anything?"

"No, besides, why would we trust the word of children?"

"True, very true," The pair looked up and down Newt as he cowered silently. Sweat rolled down his forehead slowly, hands shook and leg began to ache. One thought flashed in his head, ' *Everyone talks about Fight or Flight, but they don't mention Freeze*, ', it looped around and around.

"The bus! We saw you on the bus a few days ago," The second guy looked overjoyed and stepped towards the cowering teenager. "You saw something didn't you, saw a little *transaction* of ours,"

"No, I did-didn't see anyth-anything!" Was all he could splutter as the first man tugged Newt into the light. But the pair laughed to each other and seemingly had an entire conversation in one look.

"Oh but you did, didn't you,"

"He did," Newt was getting a strong reminder of the hyenas from the Lion King as they growled around him. "And I think he's seen a bit too much so..."

The pair harmonised as they drifted away from him and back into the darkness of the street. "We'll see you later," And with that Newt was alone again, shaking and on edge.

His mind was flurrying as he went through every memory and feeling and suspicion from that night on the bus. The gang, the drug deal that was out in the open yet hidden in plain sight, the strong urge to investigate further.

"No, they just threatened me, they won't go any further, just go back to your friends," He repeated like a mantra while his feet subconsciously carried back to the campfire where he put on a mask and openly lied about why he'd stopped singing.

Finally some plot!

Also some translations:

Tea- A hot drink/Another term for Dinner usually used in the North/Midlands/Working Class Households in the UK

Also, I reiterate, the gang in this fanfiction will have some latin american people in due to a lot of ketamine coming into the US through mexican drug cartels but I do know that being a drug dealer is a harsh racial stereotype. That isn't my intention, I just wanted to put this in here so no one will be angry and to soothe the anxiety that is telling me that I'll get loads of hate for this.

Anyway, hope you enjoyed this, byeeeee!

# Hiatus

This is going on hiatus, for an unscheduled amount of time. This is purely because I've ran out of inspiration, maybe I'll come back to this when the motivation comes back but for now I'm going to leave this. Thanks for reading!

## End Notes

Feedback is greatly appreciated, your comments and kudos give me life!

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