

5 times Oli reassured Jordan about the album and 1 time Jordan reassured him

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5 times Oli reassured Jordan about the album and 1 time Jordan reassured him

by [Sykopath](#)

Summary

Five times Oli comforted Jordan during the making of amo, and one time Jordan returned the favour and comforted him.

Notes

Please check tags before reading.

First fanfic for this fandom, probably a bit weird but... cute.

I also want to point out that I say something like Oli is the only reason the band is where they are because of him, and I want to say I don't believe this to be true. Bring me the horizon would be an amazing band regardless, but that doesn't mean his purpose in the band is useless. I love the band with him, and I would probably love it without him.

Also call Emma a shit mother, but she's an amazing wife and mother to both Jordan and Elliot, so once again, not my personal opinion. Absolutely love Emma xx

The entire of the band had been gathered in the studio for a couple of hours. Like the last couple of days, the Sheffield boys had been struggling to create a concept, or even a *name*, for their new album. They had all spent many late nights in the studio, and had made *painfully little* progress to show for it. Not only was production for the album slow, it had actually caused many arguments within the band, and Oli wasn't too sure how much more their band could stand.

That being said, he'd have to painfully admit he was usually one on the delivering ends of the arguments, though more so with Nicholls than the rest of the band. It wasn't that he had a problem with Nicholls, more that he wasn't going to let Oli get away with whatever he wanted.

Matt really did push his patience, but he supposed spending as many nights as they did on an album that wasn't even making progress would aggravate you. Sure, they were all annoyed at how long it was taking, but it didn't mean Nicholls had to be a dick about it.

The first time Nicholls pushed his buttons he snapped at Lee. It was more of a wrong place, wrong time thing for Lee rather than him trying to help the situation. Oli didn't mean to shout at their shortest member, or even inflict any damage, but it still *happened*.

"So you're saying because *you* fucked up *your own voice*, the rest of *us*, including the *fans*, have to fucking suffer?" Matt shouted, standing up as he glared at Oli.

Oli almost rolled his eyes at Matt. Not only had the band talked about this several times prior to the conversation, but the band had only continued with their musical journey because of *his* dedication to music. Without him, the band wouldn't be.

"Do you need your fucking ears washed out or some shit?" Oli hissed back. Matt laughed, shaking his head in disgust at the vocalist.

"No fucking point in making this album if it's going to be some pop shit then, is there?" Matt spat, and that's where Oli's fuse ran short.

"You better fucking take that back, Nicholls." He spat, standing up. Matt simply smirked, walking away.

Of course, Oli wasn't going to let Matt win.

He stormed off after Matt, slamming open doors as he went. In his chase to find the drummer, who couldn't have gone far, he found their guitarist, sat on his own. Oli walked over to him,

glaring at him.

"Where the fuck is Nicholls." He demanded, tapping his foot impatiently. Lee merely looked up, shrugged, before looking down at his phone.

"Don't fucking shrug at me." Oli spat, and Lee looked back up.

"Uh... I don't know?" He answered.

"Wanna try sounding more fucking convincing." Oli growled, huffing in anger and announce.

"Oli, I honestly don't know." Lee insisted, before sighing.

"Yeah, and I didn't just fucking ask where Matt was." Oli replied sarcastically.

Lee sighed, getting up to leave the vocalist to his own when Oli slapped him. The room fell silent, and the guitarist held onto his face in shock. Oli's eyes widened, and before he could begin to apologise to the guitarist, Lee had already left.

Maybe his anger at Nicholls could have waited.

The next incident was with Vegan, and thankfully wasn't as catastrophic. It had been a long day, and the bassist was just checking in on the vocalist, so Oli *could've* been nicer, but at least no one was hurt.

"You alright mate?" Matt asked, and Oli looked up at the bassist. He had spent the entire day trying to perfect *one* song, and nothing he wrote was good enough.

"Fucking estatic." Oli muttered.

"Just a question." Vegan whistled, before taking seat beside the front man. Oli rolled his eyes.

"Give me a fucking break, Matt." He spat. "I don't have the fucking time."

Vegan nodded, not wanting to light Oli's fuse, and left without a fuss. Oli mentally thanked the bassist for being so intuitive to what he needed.

The last person, mainly through default, that Oli found himself pissed at was probably the one person he didn't want to offend.

Jordan had been nothing *but* considerate and generous since joining the band. He had gone beyond what was expected of him, stepping on eggshells to keep the peace within the band. He had been the peacemaker of the *many* arguments between Oli and Nicholls, and many had praised the male on his actions within the group.

Oli couldn't even remember why he had been so pissed off. He gathered it was probably something to do with his recent, or *Matt fucking Nicholls*, but he couldn't pinpoint the direct cause. He had *stormed* into the studio, just about ready to *strangle* Nicholls when he came across the pianist.

The male had been curled up on a couch, smiling down at his phone. Oli guessed that he was looking at a picture of his sickly child, and it made present-day Oli even more disgusted with himself for what he did to the father.

Oli rolled his eyes, spitting pathetically at the sight of the man. Jordan seemed to ignore him, laughing a little. It angered Oli to be ignored, especially seeing as him and Jordan had a better and closer connection compared to his other band mates.

"The fuck you laughing at." Oli spat, grabbing Jordan by his shirt, startling the male. Jordan looked up at him, dropping his phone from shock.

"Its-Uh.."

"Cant you fucking *answer* me?" Oli spat, pulling the male to stand.

"I-Well-It's honestly-" Jordon began before being interrupted.

"I don't have the fucking time for you to stutter." Oli interrupted, before dropping the male.

As Jordan collapsed back onto the couch, Oli drew one of his hands back, slapping Jordan from his pent up energy of just *everything*. The album, his fucked up vocals, his divorce, the fans - *everything*.

Jordan's eyes widened, and he clutched into his face in a similar manner that Lee had done. Except this time, instead of stopping at one hit, Oli packed another, only stopping at the gasp that left Jordan's mouth, alongside the sight of the pianist in tears.

Oli closed his eyes, willing his anger to dissipate as he attempted to compose himself. Upon opening his eyes, he saw Jordan, whose arms were flapping by his sides in a panicked manner, his eyes watering as he gasped for breath.

None of the band had been prone to anxiety or panic attacks, maybe having the odd one or two over the years, but they had never been this bad. As well as this, Oli had never been responsible for causing one either.

"Jordan?" He tested, moving closer to older male.

Jordan moved backwards, muttering apologies to the vocalist hastily, stuttering with every letter he said. Oli sighed, sitting beside the male and pulling him into a hug. Jordan didn't deserve the brute of his anger, *none* of the guys did, and it was unfair on how they all suffered silently with his frustrations.

"It's going to get better, Jord. I promise." Oli whispered as he tucked Jordan's head under his, slowly rocking from side to side rhythmically to calm the pianist down. Jordan breathed

deeply, the effects and cause of his panic disappearing as the pair sat comfortable in silence, tucked beneath each other.

When their band mates found them, they didn't question the two. If anything, they turned a blind eye and continued with what they had to.

2

Jordan had the need to perfect everything he could with the album's. It had been what originally fascinated the boys about Jordan, and the need to add him to the band.

There was no question in Oli's mind that Jordan was talented. Not only could the male play the keyboard as well as other instruments for the band, but he certainly saved Oli during live performances with his '*backing vocals*', which many of the fans complimented the male on. Humble as ever, Jordan always accepted the compliments, and thanked the fans, but always believed that he could strive for more.

His dedication to his work left him running himself until he practically had nothing left to him, and even further than that. Oli appreciated his efforts, but Oli couldn't stand one of his band member's valuing an album over their own sanity and health.

It had been around three in the morning, and Oli had only stayed in the studios to speak to Tom, when he heard a frustrated sigh from one of the recording rooms. Oli turned his head, peering inside to see their pianist frustratedly throwing his hands in the air. He looked close to passing out, and if Oli was correct, then Jordan had been pushing himself since six in the morning.

"Jordan?" He asked calmly, closing the door to the room behind him. Jordan turned around, trying to think of a reply. He tiredly ran his hands over his face, groaning.

"You still here?" He asked, his exhaustion clear through his voice. Unlike Jordan, Oli had only been at the studio since two in the afternoon, so the work hadn't affected Oli as it had Jordan. Not to forget that the male had been doing this *several* times this week alone, so one could only *imagine* the exhaustion he was facing.

"You shouldn't be here." Oli stated. Jordan furrowed his brows.

"Need to get better. Perfect it." He explained, going to turn back around to face the keyboard. Before he could, Oli grabbed his hands and pulled him up, the older of the two stumbling into Oli, who quickly caught him and pulled him into a hug.

"You can't do this to yourself Jord." Oli whispered, petting Jordan's hair. Jordan snuggled deep into Oli's neck, half heartedly muttering a protest. Oli didn't pay attention to it, instead

lifting the male into his arms bridal style. Jordan groaned, but complied with Oli Oil as he wrapped his arms around the younger man's neck.

As Oli left the studio, going to settle Jordan in a car, he looked down at Jordan and smiled to himself. Jordan had already fallen asleep, his head buried into Oli's neck, his arms loosely wrapped around Oli's neck.

Maybe this wasn't so bad, Oli thought to himself.

3

Jordan wasn't the most open about his problems with the band. He didn't shut them out, and if there was something serious going on, he would inform his band mates, but they all appreciated *some* privacy in their lives. Oli understood, and he was no different himself, but sometimes he felt Jordan was *too* secret towards the band.

Usually, the guys could manage to get something out of him, if it was necessary, within a few minutes. That was if they wanted to pester him, though. Most of the time it took a decent conversation and for the pianist to be able to trust his friends before he spilled.

Oli could sense that something was wrong with the older male when he arrived. Jordan could pride himself on his promptness, and it was something the other guys lacked, so for him to have arrived late really puzzled Oli. If it hadn't been for his recent behaviour, Oli would've shrugged it off; not everyone can arrive on time every single time after all.

However, since the beginning of recording, Jordan had *always* been the earliest to arrive, and more times than not the last one to leave. He had dedicated himself into finishing this album, and Oli sympathised greatly for his son. It must be hard to never see your father for some album he doesn't even know about.

Of course, there could be many reasons for the pianist being late. Traffic, delays with public transport, oversleeping, problems with his son - the list was never-ending. Seeing as the male was close to a breakdown as soon as he arrived, though, lead Oli to believe otherwise.

Jordan measly apologised for his tardiness, and instantly the other members noticed the change from his usual cheerfulness.

"You alright, Jordan?" Vegan asked. Jordan nodded numbly.

"I'm fine." He muttered.

"You look on the verge of fucking crying, mate." Matt chimed in with sincerity in his voice. Oli almost scoffed. He's never that sincere with Oli like that. Jordan sighed.

"I'm *fine*." He insisted, walking away from the boys. Oli furrowed his eyebrows, and the other men looked equally as confused.

"Probably best to leave him. If he needs to talk, he knows where we are." Lee advised. Vegan nodded, and Matt went back to messaging Chloe, but Oli couldn't settle knowing *something* was bothering Jordan.

He chased after the pianist, calling out to him. Seeing as he had a height advantage on Jordan, it didn't take him long to catch up to him, and eventually stop the male by catching his shoulder.

"What's wrong?" Oli asked, concerned as he watched the other male furiously rub his eyes.

"Didn't you hear me back there? I'm fine." Jordan stressed.

"You clearly aren't alright." Oli replied.

"I'm fine." Jordan insisted, though Oli assumed he was trying to convince himself more than Oli.

"Just tell me Jord, please." He whispered.

He pulled Jordan closer to him, holding him in a hug protectively. It was silent for a few beats, but Jordan *finally* cracked.

"Its- I-" He sniffed.

"Shh." Oli replied. "Calm down before trying to tell me."

It took a couple of minutes, filled with Jordan's sobs filling the room as he collapsed against Oli, crying into the younger's shoulder, before he was composed enough to begin speaking.

"It's Elliot." Jordan whispered. Oli's ear perked up at the name of the Fish son. Oli held a special soft spot for the Fish son, seeing as he spent several nights at his uncle Oli's due to the complications with Emma and Jordan's relationship, eventually causing their divorce. Emma had been kind enough to allow Jordan to have majority of parental rights, seeing as she was a pretty shit mother to begin with, but it had definitely taken its toll on both the father and son.

Oli attempted to help whenever he could. Him and the boys would occasionally babysit Elliot to allow Jordan some time for himself, and whenever any complications with Elliot's health appeared, Oli was never far away from the Fish household or the hospital treating the boy.

"What about Elliot?" Oli prompted.

"He's.. in hospital. Had to have surgery." Jordan choked out, and Oli rubbed his back soothingly.

"How long ago?" Oli asked calmly.

"Couple of days" Jordan replied hoarsely. Oli nodded, sighing. He pulled Jordan's head to rest on his shoulder, and he pecked Jordan on the head to calm him.

"Elliott's a strong kid." Oli whispered, "He'll pull through this, I promise."

If any of the band members noticed Oli call of the recording, none of them mentioned it. None of them also mentioned that Oli was spotted at the same hospital with Jordan to visit Elliot, comforting the father, but that didn't mean they didn't spot it.

4

Illness was a *huge* setback in a recording process. Not only was it inevitable, but it also caused delays in recording and writing for album's, and it was many band's worse nightmare. If it was possible, band's would try and strive through it, after all, they were kind of *expected* to, so Oli was too shocked at Jordan's secrecy.

Similarly to when Elliot had been admitted to hospital, Jordan had been late for recording once again. His eyes were rimmed red, his nose resembled Rudolf more than Oli could've imagined, and he just generally seemed more wore down than usual.

He had turned up in a classic hoodie, also accomadting jogging bottoms and some dark trainers on his feet. None of the boys ever criticized each other's fashion, but most usually put in an effort to look decent, even if it was only to the studio.

Oli watched as Jordan exhausted collapsed onto the couch next to him, mumbling a greeting before resting his head on Oli's shoulder. Oli could *feel* the heat from Jordan's forehead, but decided to leave the man to his own devices as he continued messaging Tom.

"You alright?" He absent mindedly questioned, not expecting an answer. However, Jordan gave a small nod, his head still placed on Oli's shoulder. Oli sighed, abruptly ending his conversation with Tom to speak properly to the tired male.

"Something happened with Elliot again?" He asked, pushing Jordan's hair away from his head. Jordan shook his head, closing his eyes peacefully as he sighed deeply.

"Lack of sleep?" Lee asked as he walked into the room. Oli looked up at the guitarist, smiling at him as a greeting before returning his attention to Jordan.

"No." Jordan muttered. "M fine."

"Don't pull that with me." Oli muttered angrily. Jordan winced, digging his head further into Oli's shoulder as he muttered an apology into his skin.

"Just not feeling a hundred percent. S'fine though, promise." Jordan admitted. Oli sighed, kissing Jordan's forehead. Lee smiled sadly, before taking his cue to leave, knowing the newest member of their band was in *very* capable hands.

"Have you been sick?" Oli questioned caringly, continuously carding his fingers through Jordan's hair. Jordan hesitated before finally nodding. Oli sighed.

"Let's get you home then." Oli stated.

He rubbed Jordan's back once before standing up. Jordan whined, and Oli offered a hand to help Jordan up. Jordan gratefully took it, allowing the taller male to pull him to his feet. Oli immediately linked their hands, dragging Jordan off to find another band member to alert them on their disappearance.

After a few minutes of aimlessly dragging Jordan around, Oli eventually found someone, setting Jordan aside as he walked over to the bassist.

"We're off," he informed Vegan, "Jordan's not too well, so-

"Take as long as you need." Matt replied, smiling at the vocalist. "Just call if you need anything."

Matt Kean was truly underrated in the band, Oli thought to himself.

"Will do." Oli promised before walking back over to Jordan, who had practically fallen asleep stood up. He smiled lovingly at the male before shaking his head, lifting the smaller male into his arms before retreating to the car park, thinking how much aggravation one man caused it.

The aggravation Jordan caused him was total worth it, though.

5

Oli usually hated the last part of constructing an album the most. It was usually stressful, and people would always argue about how well constructed an album is, and it was just general chaos.

Oli, like usual, was the last to arrive to the studio, which already angered his band mates (**cough**, *Matt Nicholls*, **cough**). Tensions at the beginning of the day would solve nothing, so Oli decided to ignore his band members as he settled into the vacant seat next to Lee, who smiled at him.

Oli internally groaned as they played over the entire album, discussing each song until all were satisfied. Most songs didn't take much discussions, and any problems were easily

solved. At least, Oli *thought* they were, until Jordan questioned something. More specifically, a something to a very pissed off drummer.

"Is there any way we could infuse a heavier beat?" Jordan asked considerately, looking at his other members. Oli nodded, smiling at the male for the contribution, and their recording editor went to reply before Nicholls beat him to it.

Fucking Nicholls, man.

"Nice for someone as useless as you to chime in, but until you *educate* yourself on the fucking instrument, you can fuck right off with your bloody *Mozart* and *Bach* while I continue with the actual music." Matt snapped.

Lee sat back, clearly uncomfortable with the situation as Oli glared at him. Oli almost sympathized Lee, having been constantly caught in their feuds since 2004. Lee honestly didn't get paid enough to deal with them.

Jordan wrangled his fingers, looking away as he nodded. He let out a quiet apology before pulling his jumper to cover his hands. Vegan bit his lip before contributing to the conversation.

"Mate, Mozart and Bach is music, though. Just a different type."

"I don't think that was the point, Ve." Lee muttered, shaking his head.

"I'm not *fucking* dealing with your shit, Nicholls, and *quite frankly* Jordan won't either. Get your head out of your *ass* and start *respecting* us, you bastard." Oli spat, standing up, and tapped Jordan on the shoulder. Jordan stood, following Oli like a lost dog. Oli was sure Matt had something to say about that as well, but he didn't even bother mentioning it.

"Matt's just pissed, Jord. Don't fucking listen to him." Oli reassured, taking the man's hand and pulling it to his lips. Jordan blushed, nodding, but not replying.

"You don't take it personally, do you?" Oli asked. Jordan shrugged, looking away.

"He had a poin-"

"Don't even bother with that shit." Oli interrupted, pulling Jordan closer to him to whisper in his ear. "I think you're educated enough as it is."

Jordan giggled, and Oli smiled brightly before capturing their lips together, Oli dragging the two off to an empty room. No one questioned their disappearance, nor their hickeys, and not even Matt tried asking why Jordan didn't walk properly.

Oli fumbled with his phone, managing to grasp it before hurriedly phoning the familiar number locked into his brain. He depended on that number like he did breathing, which he was struggling to do.

He had *never* enjoyed interviews on his own; his accent made interviewers puzzled over what he had said, and he was just a general awkward guy. For some reason, he could only remember *Sandwiches*, and how awkward that interview had been.

Thankfully, his phone only rang for a couple of seconds before Jordan answered. Oli took a deep breathe, preparing himself to speak, but Jordan beat him to it.

"Oli?" He asked softly. "Is everything alright?"

Oli *really* hated their management. Why couldn't he have had *someone* with him for this fucking interview. Fuck, he'd have even done it with Nicholls so that he wasn't such a *mess*.

"Can't breathe." He choked out, almost sobbing. Jordan sighed, muttering something presumably to his son before hushing Oli.

"You've done thousands of interviews. This one's no different. They'll love you, Ol." He whsipered soothingly, trying to calm the vocalist down.

"But they're going to hate the song, a-and-"

"They won't." Jordan promised. "It's going to be fine. Let me deal with those who don't like it."

"That's not much help." Oli muttered, and Jordan chuckled. Oli's eyes immediately lit up, and he smiled, his previous anxiety forgotten at the precious sounds of his *boyfriend's* laughter.

"They're going to call you soon, so I'll leave you be. You think you can handle it?" Jordan asked, concerned. Oli smiled.

"I think I'll manage, but only if you see me after." He proposed, smirking. Jordan laughed.

"Only if you come around mine. And dont mind Elliot." Jordan chuckled.

"It's a date." Oli stated, and he could almost see the blush that would be coating Jordan's cheeks.

"It is." Jordan whispered, before he was forced to hang up on Oli.

The male smiled like a lovesick fool, before shaking his head. The album might've taken a lot out of them, and he already knew the fans wouldn't be incredibly happy with it, but he knew ultimately how much happier it had made *him*, and that was all that mattered.

END

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