

Bad Days

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/18494896) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/18494896>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Categories:	Gen , Multi
Fandom:	Xi You Ji Journey to the West - Wu Cheng'en
Relationship:	Liù ěr Míhóu Six-eared Macaque/Bái lóng mǎ White Dragon Horse
Characters:	Liu Er Mihou Six-eared Macaque , Bai Long Ma White Dragon Horse , Sun Wukong Monkey King , Sha Wujing Sandy , special guest appearance by a greek god
Additional Tags:	Suicidal Thoughts , Implied/Referenced Self-Harm , Implied/Referenced Suicide , Drunkenness , Semi Vent Fic
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of Remember to Move Foreword , Part 4 of Stuff I'll Rewrite eventually
Stats:	Published: 2019-04-17 Updated: 2019-05-18 Words: 3,268 Chapters: 2/3

Bad Days

by [MelonMass](#)

Summary

Everyone has bad days.

Notes

I don't know how many folks will actually want to read this, but I've kinda been using Six-Eared to kinda vent when I'm going through some shit. No matter how many hits this gets, I think it helped kinda.

Chapter 1

Sometimes Six-Eared has bad days. Sometimes he thinks sad and anxious thoughts. Maybe he should have chosen a different name aside from Liuer? Why should he get to live in this house when he doesn't contribute anything? All the while his head feels oddly cloudy, his eyes feel like he might cry but might not cry, and he doesn't feel like he can do anything. It's like internally Six-Eared constantly swaps between hysterical and numb.

He's really only gotten up today to go to the bathroom and change spots to lie around. He's gone from his bed to the basement couch, to the upstairs couch, back to the basement couch, and to Longma's bed, where he is right now. The covers still smell like the dragon. Thus the reason the monkey was almost completely buried in them. Also because they were out of the house at the moment.

It's fine. Six doesn't want to be too clingy. Longma has a job and dates with Kai and sometimes dates with other people. Sometimes he wished he had the social skills to do the same. He wishes he had *any* the skills to have a job. Everyone else in the house at least has a part time job. What does this stupid monkey have to provide? Nothing.

He needs a job. It's bad for him not to have one. But every kind of job he thinks of puts him on edge. People and deadlines and little room for error and working harder than the pay was probably worth. If Six-Eared got too nervous or stressed, he'd most definitely revert to his more monkey like form. Even if he found a place run by those less than human, it'd still be a problem.

Liuer should move again. Someone will come down to check if he's eaten the food he was brought. It's bad enough he's barely eaten the cereal someone handed him this morning. To be found in here like this would make the situation all the worse. He slips out from the covers and smooths them back down to how they were before. The monkey doesn't think Longma would really have a problem with him doing this every time they're gone, nor that they would ever try and confront him about it. But still...

He's in the mood for flopping face down on a couch. The upstairs couch would be best. Make it easier for anyone checking in on him, and seeing him would worry them less. There's only one problem: stairs. Is flopping down on a couch really worth climbing all those stairs? Is it still worth it considering up there is closer to others and the baby and noise and nnnnnnnnope. Six-Eared turns on his heels and drags his feet to the basement couch.

He lands face first on top of it. The cushion under his face holds back air from his lungs. He thinks of letting it smother him, so he could go into deep sleep for a bit. No thoughts. No dreams. But someone would find him. They'd think Liuer had died in his sleep, or something. That would be bad, so he turns his head to breathe properly. He can't just lie around all day. It's...

Pathetic.

Shit. Not again.

*Of all the fatuous, **wretched** ways you've attempted escape, this most certainly is the most idiotic .*

Six-Eared groans and presses a hand hard against his head. That's where it's coming from.

How many times must you be told?

He can't handle this today. Please, not this.

You cannot leave! Not even through death!

Liuer rolls over. He lets himself fall on the floor. "Ow..." He hates remembering that shit. It just reminds him of the fact that *he's still out there probably looking for the monkey. Probably doing whatever it takes to bring him back.* No, no! The Antlered Man wasn't even on this *continent*. Everything will be fine as long as Six-Eared didn't go out and tell the world he was right here. Just another reason, no, **excuse** to stay in the house most of the time.

He can't keep living like this. He should be able to go out and about by himself. He did alright enough by himself for over a millenia! And look where the Six-Eared Monkey is now after almost a year of living with these guys! No, no it's not a bad thing, really! He has a datemate! He can read those English words better! These guys are family, right? Right!

Liuer listens in to see how the others in the house are doing. The baby's playing quietly with Sanzang. Wujing's heading towards the basement stairs with some lunch. More food for the monkey when he hasn't even finished the cereal from earlier. He sits up on the floor. Where did he leave that bowl again? He doesn't *think* he left it up stairs. It must be in one of the bedrooms. Oh Heavens, please don't let it be in Longma's room!

Six-Eared scrambles to find where he left the bowl of cereal. Not in Longma's room, thank heavens. Not in his room. Damn! Did he leave it in the bathroom or something? He *did* hangout in the bathtub for a bit. Of course that's where he finds it, and there's too much cereal left in it. It's going to cause worry. The fish is going to stay with him to make sure he eats all of that lunch.

He has to get rid of it. There isn't enough time to eat it all now. Unless he's quick about it. No! He'll puke it all up if he eats that fast! The toilet? That's wasteful! What other choice is there? It'd still be wasted on him anyway! Damn, that's the same line of thinking that makes everyone worry!

"Liuer?"

He jumps. The bowl is practically thrown into the ceiling, and the cereal flies *everywhere*. Liuer doesn't need to turn around to know Wujing is standing in the doorway. He can't really play this off like it's nothing. Liuer should have shoved it down his throat. Even if he threw it all up, it'd still look like he was trying!

"You doing okay?"

"I, uh," words fail him. So Six-Eared squeezes his mouth shut and nods. "Mm-hm."

“I... see you didn’t finish breakfast...” He’s trying to be helpful. He’s trying not to show how worrying this actually is. “So you probably have room for lunch, right?”

Liuer doesn’t answer. The truth is, he isn’t feeling up for food. His stomach may ache for food, but his mouth and throat gives this feeling that eating would be very unpleasant. Wujing puts a gently hand on his shoulder, something he remembers Grandpa doing a lot.

“Liuer, You can’t just *not* eat,” the fish says. “I mean, I get it. You’re not in the mood for doing *anything* today. But...” He sighs. “How’s your arm?” There it is. That damned question Six-Eared’s been asked every time he *really* worries everyone. “I’m sorry. Wukong texted me a bit ago to ask. Don’t want him to rush back home all worried.”

“I get it.” Finally, the monkey turns around to face the other man. He holds out his arm for the fish. “Just go ahead and check it. No need to keep him waiting.” That’s one of the things he really hates about people *knowing*. He *hates* being checked for any new cuts or scratches. He *hates* the look on one’s face when they find a new injury. He **HATES** that them checking just isn’t enough sometimes.

Wujing stays and watches as Liuer eats his lunch. The fish is probably worse about eating. He didn’t bring down any food for himself, and Six-Eared *knows* he didn’t eat before coming down. Whatever. He doesn’t call the guy out on it. In fact, he doesn’t say a word while Wujing brings the dishes upstairs.

He needs a drink. He needs a strong, alcoholic drink. This house doesn’t have even a single drop of that stuff. The only choice is to leave the house. Not for long. Just a quick drink.

“He gone!”

“What?”

“Liuer’s not in the house! His phone’s still here, so I thought he’d turn up eventually. But it’s been over an hour, and still no sign of him!”

Wukong is already on the Somersault Cloud before Wujing finishes his sentence. He searches the city all over, though he knows Liuer can very well hide from his sight. “What happened?”

“I was just taking some dishes upstairs to clean. I came back down with a broom because some cereal was spilt down there. I was only gone for fifteen minutes at most!”

Wukong does a third look throughout the city, still not hanging up the phone yet. He even expands his search a bit outside of the city. Just in case. He’s barely had his brother back for long. It hasn’t even been a year, damnit! This can’t be as sudden as it seems, right? There’s something he’s missed. *Something*.

The monkey flies back to the house, where Wujing still has his phone in hand. “I can’t find anything,” he pants. “I can’t... find anything...”

Chapter 2

He's drunk. Completely, utterly drunk. He doesn't regret it yet, though. Probably won't regret any of this until the hangover sets in. Maybe if he drinks long enough, he'll stay drunk and never sober up. Or maybe he'll be both drunk *and* hungover. Oh... he forgot his phone. He can't look up if that's possible.

Everything is so loud. Fuck, did he forget earmuffs, too? Damn. Oh, they're looking for him now... Wukong is at least. He should... hide? Why is he hiding? It's probably an important reason. Shouldn't just stop hiding because he can't remember why. Six-Eared stumbles into an alleyway, he thinks. Brick wall. Cool air.

There's still a bottle of beer in his hand, almost completely empty. He can't even remember where exactly he got the drink from. He thinks he got kicked out of a place for having too much to drink. Fair, he definitely had more than ten bottles. Maybe close to twenty. That means it'll take at least a day to sober up. It was past noon when Liuer left the house.

That's why he's hiding. Doesn't want to force the others to take care of a drunk him for a whole day. He hates being a burden. Fuck, when has he *not* been a burden? Ok, that's actually a lot of times. But not enough. Not enough. *CRASH...* . What? Oh, the bottle. He dropped it. It's broken. He lost the last of his beer.

Liuer kinda slides down the brick wall he's leaning against. Guess now he just waits and tries to sober up? Fuck. He feels the shards of glass at his fingers. Sharp. He can't. Can't. Or maybe could? A deep sleep would sober him up faster. But not in the streets, someone would send him to the morgue or something. Honestly, sounds like a good place for a nap. The glass is pleasing to brush his fingers against.

Six-Eared wakes up, and he didn't even know he fell asleep. He's on a couch that doesn't feel like any of the ones at home. His good thick hoodie is gone. There's this new voice that *good GODS* does it sound amazing. The voice's owner talks to themselves in... what is that, Greek? Maybe they haven't realized he's kinda awake now.

His wrist stings. His head hurts. He doesn't really know where his glasses are. Liuer still feels a little drunk. The monkey can't remember much about how he got there. Oh, he *really* hopes he didn't drunkenly hook up with someone. He'd like to at least remember it if he hooked up. Especially with someone with a voice like *that* . "Ah. Looks like you're awake. At least somewhat."

The stranger leans against the back of the couch, gazing down on him with this smile. That's about as best Liuer can make out outside of colors, like shiny blonde hair. "You're at least three times lucky, you know. Don't know how a human would react to an anthropomorphic monkey bleeding out behind a dumpster." Six-Eared blinks as he comes to realize *he's not even in human form*. "Lucky this god of prophecy knew something was going on, *and* this god of healing kept you from dying or something."

God. Greek. Greek God. Huh. Liuer's heard stories about a lot of those guys going crazy with pursuing partners. Though he's also heard stories of them be super hospitable. Six-Eared tries to sit up, and his head immediately starts throbbing. "Gonna puke..." he groans, though he actually isn't sure which language it's in.

"You might still be a little drunk. You had a **LOT** of alcohol." The god hands him a warm cup of coffee. Apparently it helps sober folks up? He also points the monkey to his glasses on the coffee table. "You have someone to call to take you home? I've got a brother that could give you a ride if you need it."

"Not goin' 'til I'm cold sober," Liuer grumbles. "Don' wanna... freak 'em out more."

"Fair enough." The god leans against the couch by his feet. "Well, if you're gonna be here a while longer, we should properly introduce ourselves. My name's Apollo."

"I... My name is Liuer. And I seriously think I'm going to puke."

Moving to wherever the toilet was is *not* a fun journey. So much so that Six-Eared doesn't want to move from there. The next one or two hours were a blur. He pukes some more. He's in a kitchen for a bit, he thinks. All the while, Apollo holds a sorts of conversation with the monkey. Honestly, that voice is incredibly pleasing to his ears.

Suddenly, Six-Eared is lying on the couch again, Apollo is sitting at his feet. "And they're... huh?" He completely forgets what he was going to say. He doesn't even remember what he's already said. The music good laughs at his confused face.

"You look like you blacked out for a minute!" He takes a drink from the cup of something he's holding. "If it helps, you were going back and forth between talking about your datemate and calling me hot."

Liuer blushes and sputters. "I... I *what?*" Was he seriously still that drunk? He's only known this guy for barely a day, and he's already gone and made a fool of himself. Apollo laughs again.

"You're fine! I know you're both poly. You said it at least ten times." He takes another sip from that cup, and Six-Eared is starting to get curious as to what's in it. "If it helps, I think you're pretty cute."

"It's- oh gosh-" Liuer hides his burning face in his hands. "How'd I- when-" He needs to find his words again. Oh, he is *not* used to this kind of situation. Six-Eared listens hard, trying to figure out how on earth the conversation turned to that. He can only stand to listen to bits and pieces of it. He told the story of how Longma met Kai. Apollo might have said something about being unsatisfied?

Oh, please don't turn out that he tried to seduce the god. Of course, only when he can't remember. He's too stupid to manage that when he's stone cold sober!

"Shit. Are you panicking again? That happened a few times last night." Apollo moves to pat the monkey on the head. "It's alright. You could call someone if you want? You've gotta be

more hungover than drunk by now.”

Liuer is almost clawing his face off, probably. What time even is it now? He’s surely been gone long enough that he panicked everyone. The only phone number he remembers is his own, because *of frickin’ course he wouldn’t bother to even try to remember other numbers. He’s just too stupid to ever think it’d be important!*

“Seriously, I could even drive you home myself.”

“N... no.” Six-Eared tries to breath. Disappearing then returning a day later with a stranger. Just more questions. Worry. *Did anything happen.* “Ho- hoodie?”

“Oh, the hoodie you had before? I put it in the wash. It should be done by now.” Apollo gets up from the couch and puts his cup on the coffee table. “I’ll go get it. Just stay here.” The god speedwalks out of the room, leaving Liuer to himself and his thoughts.

He should at least call. He’s vanished for at least a day, and he can’t even call to let them know he’s okay? Hell, he should have gone home once he woke up. The longer he’s here, the more they worry. They’re worried about him dying out in the streets, and he’s here in the home of a guy he just met. And why, because the guy’s hot?

“Hey, don’t pick at that!” Apollo pulls the monkey’s hand away from picking at his bandages. “I should probably heal that up with some magic. You freaked out when I tried to last night.”

“No, no... I... it’s fine.”

“You sure?” Liuer nods. “The bandages should do well enough, *if you don’t keep picking at it.*” Apollo hands over his hoodie, warm and soft. It’s almost immediately relieving just to have it on again. It smells a lot different, though. Six-Eared did really wash it that often in the first place. “You really should call your fam, though. At least let them know you’re safe and sound.”

The monkey whines. “They’re gonna freak out.” Sure, Liuer could call his phone and see if anyone answers. The problem is there’s no telling who would answer. In all likelihood, “Hey I’m not dead” won’t be enough for whoever answers. “I’ll... walk back. I’m sure my brother will spot me on the way.”

“Wait, I can’t just have you go off by yourself! Not if you don’t at least call somebody!”

“Fine then!” He hopes that didn’t come off as angry ungrateful. Six-Eared uses Apollo’s phone to make the call. He silently hopes no one answers. The phone will go to voicemail and hopefully no one will try to call back. “Liuer? *Please* say that’s you.” *Wukong. Shit.*

“Yeah. I- I got lost. Didn’t realize I forgot my phone.”

“We’ve been searching all over for almost *two days!* **Where are you!**”

“I’m going to start walking back. I know how to figure out my way back from here. Sorry to worry you guys.”

“Wai-”

He hangs up. Liuer hands the phone back over to Apollo. “Thanks. You know where my shoes are?”

The god directs him to a spot by the door. “I could still drive you. I mean, it's getting late. You could end up walking in the dark.”

“No, my brother might think you did something.” Six-Eared turns back into human form before putting on his shoes. “I don’t want him picking a fight with you or something.”

“Well, if you’re really sure about it...” Apollo pats a hand on his shoulder. For a moment, Liuer wonders if he might kiss him or something. His face flushes as he thinks of how *nice* that might be. “Hope to see you again sometime.”

“Y... yeah. Okay.” How does he respond to that. His face is *warm*. “I... too... bye!”
Seriously!? That’s the best he could come up with?! As he steps out into the cold air, Liuer pulls up his hood and shoves his hands into his hoodie pocket. There’s something new in one of the pockets. A small, folded piece of paper. *Oh gods, Apollo gave him his number.*

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