

## When one of your friends is busy

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## When one of your friends is busy

by [AverageBrainlyEnjoyer](#), [i\\_lost\\_my\\_stolen\\_tablet](#)

### Summary

What happens when one of your friends is busy? You call another.

or: my friend stole my phone and made my write this

### Notes

beta read by my sister

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

Subz was going to go to Untold. With Red. An amazing start to his summer holiday. Red brought it up before the end of the season, saying that they should go together. The hotel they're supposed to stay at has a 20% discount for rooms for two. Weird thing if you ask him, but hey, a discount is a discount and Subz will take it. And so will he. Oh, and Subz learned that Red likes music blasting into his ears for 12 hours straight!

They settled on meeting up at the central park, not too far off from the hotel. Red got there faster than Subz, though that was only because his flight got delayed and when it did land, he couldn't find his suitcase. He'd probably tease him for it later, so thinking of a good enough excuse might be necessary in the near future. Preferably something that would null any chance of Red having a smart retort.

“Yo, Subz!” Red greeted, walking over and waving his hand.

“What’s up? Did I make you wait?”

“Yeah, I told the lady there that I’m going to pick my roommate up and she said that if I come back alone she’ll pass the room to someone else.” Red shrugged and began walking towards the hotel, helping Subz with his backpack.

The entrance to the hotel was pretty plain, a white arcade that welcomed you to the front desk. The elevator was to the left and the stairs to the right.

Subz could say that the lady was pretty shocked to see Red with someone when he entered, which confirmed what he said about the lady going to kick them out. He followed Red to the elevator, which was thankfully only on the first floor.

“I’m afraid to ask what you did to piss off that lady so much. She genuinely looked like she wanted a new life.” Subz said as he entered their apartment.

To his right was a door, the bathroom he assumed. In front of him was a completely separated room with a balcony, a tv, a closet and a bed. There was a small living room area combined with the kitchen that had an amazing view of the city.

“In my defense, all I did was ask for very useful information about the architecture of the building,” he replied, walking over and laying on the right side of the bed.

“Also, you really needed to get a room on the eighth floor, right?”

“Yeah. Look at the view!”

He wasn’t wrong, they did have an amazing view, but that didn’t explain why would they need this if they were going to be at the festival most of the time.

A kind of uncomfortable silence set over them, with Subz unpacking his stuff and Red staring at the ceiling. “Did you eat anything on the plane?” Red asked out of nowhere.

How nice of him, Subz thought. “Um, not really. I’m not a fan of spending 20 dollars on a fucking half filled bag of chips.”

“Do you want to go eat? I don’t think we will get a lot of alone time during the festival to eat.” Red stated, getting up and tying his laces. “I saw a small cafe on my way to the park, we could probably get something from there.”

“Okay, but you’re paying.” Subz grinned, catching Red’s water bottle when he threw it at him. “Come on, let’s go!”

They walked out of the building, Subz actually making Red be polite for once and say goodbye to the front desk staff. If Red thought he could act up with him around, he was going to be proven wrong really fast.

Walking down the roads, Red pointed out a few places that Subz could use to get an idea of where he is and how to get back. He took a turn on a side street, buildings blocking the sun that was getting into his eyes unnecessarily often.

“It’s been brought to my knowledge that a few kids from my class placed a bet with some kids from another class on how my stay with you will be. Either fun or hell.” Subz mentioned, looking up at the wall decor of the cafe they entered.

“And what about it?” Red ordered what he wanted, followed by Subz, who took a sweet minute to place his order.

“The other class is winning. That means that my class will have double the homework, the teachers hate us and would use any opportunity to make our lives absolute hell.”

“What’s the bet about?”

“My class, for some stupid reason, said that I will have fun living with you. The other said that it was going to be torture.” Subz grinned at Red’s offended look, thanking the waiter who brought their order.

“That hurt.” Red said in the most dramatic tone he could make.

Subz studied his face, looking straight through his shades at his hazel eyes. “Why do you even wear shades? You’d look way better without them.”

“Ash also asked me that. I just like them.”

They discussed their upcoming summer plans and Red went on a rant about who he wanted to see at this “Untold” festival, figuring that it would be way easier instead of having one key to their room to have two, in case the other gets there and doesn’t have a key.

That was to be done when they got back. Right now, Red insisted on showing Subz around the city, not even going back when they reached the other side of it. Subz was now in no mood of walking all the way back, not even following Red.

Just because Subz refused to move another step, Red called an uber to take them and ended up paying for that too. What a night for him.

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“So, um, I never asked you which side of the bed do you usually sleep on?” Red said out of the blue when he locked the door.

Red didn’t really mind, since he usually stayed up all night editing or going out with some old friends of his. In fact, he’s gotten so used to not sleeping that he is surviving on about 35 hours a week. Too much if you ask him.

Subz groaned, free falling on the left side of the bed, not even taking his shoes off. “This side,” he said, words muffled by his pillow.

Subz felt his shoes being taken off, his legs now curling up on the bed. Red laid down next to him, turning to face his back. He didn’t bother changing either, deciding it was too much effort for tonight.

“Hey, Red? I guess I never really thought of this, but why didn’t you ask Ash to come with you?” He whispered, pulling the blanket over his shoulders.

“Um, well, he chose his sleeping schedule over me. I see no reason why he would do that though. And I thought it would be a good opportunity to get to know you better.”

“Isn’t this thing from 5 pm to 5 am?”

“It is. But most of the cool guys are after 12, so…” Red said, grinning when he remembered he

didn't give Subz any information about the schedule at all.

"I'm fucked. Goodnight Red, please let me sleep tomorrow morning." Subz's voice sounded like he was about to cry.

"Night Subz." Red chuckled.

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Subz woke up before Red. Which was quite a thing, considering that Red usually wakes up before the sun rises. He isn't complaining about that, though he is complaining about the fact that Red's arm is laying over him.

And if it wouldn't be for his red hoodie, he would've definitely thought it was Vitalasy sleeping next to him. He didn't mind Red, he just didn't know where Red's boundaries were set regarding them sleeping together.

Just his luck. "Subz? Oh God, I'm sorry—" Red started, realizing the position they were in.

"No worries." Subz says, hoping to get Red to warm up to him.

He grabbed his hand, pulling it back to its initial place. Red was actually warm, compared to Vitalasy. Subz also felt pretty comfortable with Red, which only determined him to push himself towards him.

Red, on the other hand, was unsure of what to make out of Subz. Was this only his sleepiness or was it actual Subz? "You- you sure? I can always move."

"Yeah, Vitalasy used to suffocate me while sleeping. That, and the fact that his skin was cold-sleeping hell. Plus, now I'm cold most of the time, and your skin is surprisingly warm." Subz reasoned, opening his eyes to check his wristwatch. "We should probably get more sleep, it's only 7."

"Oh," was what Red said, moving closer to Subz and fully wrapping his arms around him. "I have an alarm set at ten. I think twelve is too late to get up at, and we should be at the entry by three or four so that we won't have to wait a decade to get in."

"Yes, alright, now sleep." Subz murmured, enjoying the warmth of Red's body.

Red slowly tapped his finger against Subz's cold skin, remaining quite amazed at how cold he could be. Probably the new thing he'll think about when he goes to sleep, seeing that this time he fell asleep in under half an hour.

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"I can see why Ash didn't want to come." Subz said as they passed one of the many security features.

"What? Trust me, you're going to love it! I come here every year, and it's always something new." Red showed his wristband to the final security guards, passing them and waiting for Subz after.

As they entered there was a big, green gate with an 'U' above it, signaling the official entry in the festival. Many people already entered, lining up at food courts or the drink carts. Red recommended they go to the Credit Point to put some money on their wristbands.

Walking over to the closest Credit Poin (the other side of the festival), they passed a few of the stages. Red was well documented about them, telling Subz exact names and what type of music they played.

Subz was taken by surprise by the literally, in the full word, overpriced stuff. “Why does a fucking waterbottle cost 16 bucks?”

“You don’t know where to buy them from, that’s why.” Red answered. “We should go to the official store, there are some cool things there.”

Grabbing his hand, Subz allowed himself to be pulled around the now-crowded paths, all the way over to one of the two official stores. A line (in the form of a circle) was formed before it, people shoving each other to see what’s new this year.

“Oh. My. God. Look at that flower crown! Isn't it so cute?” Subz asked, pointing at one of the staff who wore it. Small white roses with LED lights surrounding them.

“Do you want one? There’s also pink, blue and I think big white roses.” Red explained, pointing to the stash behind the staff.

“Can I have one?” Subz asked while hardening his grip on Red’s hand.

“I guess, which color?” Red made his way over through the crowd all the way over to the front desk, pulling Subz with him. “Pink.”

“Hi, Red, I see you actually brought someone with you this time?” a long haired lady asked.

“Told you I’d get it this year. This is Subz.”

“And what can I get for you two?” she asked.

“I want... One of those crowns. With pink roses.” Red requested. “Oh, and this year’s flag. Two of them.”

“Of course, a moment.” The lady went over and grabbed a packed crown, along with two flags that were folded.

“That adds up to 135. You can put up your bracelet.”

“Thanks. See you around.” Red paid, taking the stuff and getting them both out of there.

“I’m giving them to you when we get back, yeah? I got it snatched from my head once.” Red said, putting the crown in his bag.

“What are the flags for?” Subz asked curiously. “And, wow, you’ve come here so often the staff knows you? That’s gotta be a record somehow.”

“Me and the staff are besties. Let us be. We should be heading to the Alchemy stage, that’s where the guy I want to see tonight is. Also, close your eyes. No questions are allowed to be asked.” He ordered.

Subz did as he said to. What else was there to do? At least do this so that Red had mercy on how long they stayed at Alchemy, it was the trap stage after all. Right next to the main one, which was in the stadium.

He heard Red open something, then his hands pulling harsh fabric around his shoulders. When he

felt his hands away, he opened his eyes, seeing one of the flags he bought tied around his neck.

Red had the other one around his shoulders, so he was getting full experience, plus Red's mischievous grin on his face.

"Come, let's go. If you can survive more than five minutes here, I will buy you whatever you want." Red offered.

"You already did-"

He didn't get to finish, Red sliding his hand into Subz's, and running towards the main stage. The Alchemy one was, well, like the others, unique in its way. Subz loved the Alchemy sign, and upside down mirrored L. It had Alchemy written on it, being in shades of browns and yellows, not green like the big untold arcade near it.

The stage, however, was decorated with a tiger face on top and two claws going all the way from the face down to the ground, hiding the frame of the stage. Under the claws were two screens and a third one stuck to the back of the stage, all three showing ads.

"Reeed," Subz said clutching his hand. "Are we going to be here for long?"

"Nope, I think this guy only sings for an hour. He starts at 11 and finishes at 12. Minus the breaks between songs and the overall credits and applauses and whatever he has to say to the public, about 40 minutes." Red explained, snickering at Subz's expression of torture.

"I'm only here to hear the first three songs though, so don't worry. I want to show you something afterwards."

Subz could visibly be seen relaxing, seeming more up for the concert than before. Truth to be said, Red himself couldn't resist for more than an hour here. He's tried it before, it didn't end up well.

And until the clock hit half past eleven, the crowd was already occupying the space there. Red was genuinely nice to Subz, staying at the back with him since he wasn't used to the loud music.

They left the stage after.

Subz was grateful for that. What killed him now was seeing an arm's length in front of him. He got lucky with Red, who always checked to make sure he was alright and still kept up to him.

Red took him to an alleyway somewhere at the edges of the perimeter. It surrounded a lake with willowtrees, occasionally having wooden platforms to sit on.

"You like it here?" Red asked while he sat down.

Subz sat next to him and thought for a bit. "Honestly? Yes, it's great."

"You should take a look at tonight's artists. Maybe you can find someone you listen to there." Red pulled out his phone and started searching for the artists of the night.

"Red, I came here with you to see what you artists you like, not to listen to the ones I usually listen to at home."

Silence set over them, none making efforts to break it. They stared at the water, the faded music still shaking the ground.

"I haven't been to a concert in so long. My parents took me once when I was eleven or twelve, but

that's it. It was decided that they did no good." Subz admitted, legs dropping off the edge, almost touching the water.

"And then I just started sneaking out, going anywhere I wanted. Never been to a concert though, I wasn't allowed to enter since I was a minor."

He paused, watching Red's expression change. "How old were you?"

"Probably fourteen or so," he grinned turning to Red, "my parents got so desperate they sent me to one of those fancy private schools."

"Let me guess, that didn't stop you."

"It did, I had exams to take. Aced them without cheating. My parents considered I learned my lesson and welcomed me back, saying that they found a highschool somewhere around and that I could stay at their house."

Little drops of water started pouring from the sky, making them stand up. Subz pulled his hood over his hair meanwhile Red just walked under the tree branches.

"You wanna go home?" Red asked.

"I'd love to."

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"Red, I feel like shit." Subz groaned.

"Yeah, but you need to eat. Get up."

Last night when they got back Subz started getting headaches and now he had a fever, refused to eat and wasn't listening to anything Red said.

Subz, weak and shivering, stared at the ceiling, lost in what might have caused this. Red entered the room with a tray of hot soup and some pills next to the plate.

He went over to him and brushed his hair. "Eat."

"But it's burning." Subz said while nearly dropping the bowl onto the bed.

Red sat next to him, taking the pills and making Subz drink them with the soup. He placed the tray on the floor and laid next to Subz, wrapping an arm around him.

Subz leaned back, turning to face him. "Hi," he said.

"No. Go to sleep."

He pouted, but did as Red said. Squeezing the life out of him, Subz placed his head on Red's chest and wrapped his arms around him.

Last thing he remembered was Red's hand in his hair.

didnt quite know how to end this

also i wrote this while my phone was stolen... i dislike my friends. i wanted to post this faster but i ran out of data roaming and the cambridge guest wifi was trash (no offense)

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