

## a shoulder to cry on

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# **a shoulder to cry on**

by [drain \(orphan\\_account\)](#)

## Summary

somebody is missing on-stage.

## Notes

ermmm corny ass title but we couldn't think of anything else lmao???

harshly, spoke's ears rang as he sprinted up the steps. he stared up, eyes adjusting slowly to the brighter, colorful lights of the stage. as he looked around, after a couple minutes, he noticed everybody was present but one – planet. spoke looked at ash inquisitively, who just stared back, blinking slowly. then, he looked to ro, who did the same.

luckily, they still had a few minutes to spare before they had to perform. so, spoke jolted back down the stairs, almost tripping on his laces before he made it down.

he reached the preparation room, and swung the door open. planet was stood in the corner, staring down at his sneakers. they only looked up when spoke coughed.

"...hey, man." spoke murmured, walking up to the shorter.

planet just blinked at him, not giving a single word in reply. spoke sighed at this, and, guiltily, planet turned away.

slowly, spoke reached out a hand, placing it gently on planet's shoulder. "do you wanna tell me what's wrong?..."

shakily, planet took a deep breath. "well... it's not much, i'm, i'm just- not sure i wanna do this, okay?" it was clear he was talking past a lump in his throat, holding back a river of tears.

affectionately, spoke pat planet on the back. "it's okay," he paused. "it's okay to be nervous – you've never done this before, and, neither have i,"

when they didn't reply, spoke continued. "i'm sure you'll do great, okay? i've seen how good you are," he gestured to the keyboard under planet's arm, "it'll be okay, i promise."

smiling, planet wrapped his arms around spoke in a hug.

neither uttered a word, spoke allowing planet to cry into his shoulder for a moment. it was clear he'd been bottling this up for a while.

"thank you."

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