

Music to my heart [Prussia x Austria]

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Chapter 1

Gilbert sit down on a chair and looked at his best friend. It was music class.

"Ready for the results?", his friend Francis asked him with a smile. France was always very good at music class because he got in touch with all the instruments since his childhood.

But Gilbert used to be one of the worst students when it comes to music.

"Results?", the Albino asked his friend back.

While Gilbert said that, the last exam in music class came back to his mind like a lightning.

"Urgh...I hope I didn't do too bad..otherwise Mr. Edelstein will kill me!", Gilbert said to his best friend Francis.

He tried to make the Prussian think positive by saying:"At least you answered all the questions, didn't you?".

How the heck could he believe in him so much?

Gil sighed.

That's correct, he answered all the questions but..he guessed 80% of them have to be wrong.

"Oh, here comes your crush!", France says to Gilbert and blinked with his eye to him.

Gil could feel his blood rushing right into his face.

"H-He is not my crush!!".

In front of the class, Mr. Edelstein put his music sheets and the tests at the table, looked around the class room to get everybody's attention. His glance could be as sharp as a knife when he got angry. And as you can read out of this facial expression he was very angry.

"I got all of your terrible exams.", the Austrian said with a monotonous voice.

Everything was silent.

The only thing you could hear were his heels of his boots on the floor.

The atmosphere was strained and stressed.

"Francis, you did a good job. As always. You are the only one I can be proud of.", Mr. Edelstein said meanwhile he gave the test back to France.

"But Gilbert, you did a bad job. As always. You are one of those I can not be proud of.", he said very vain and looked down to the Prussian in a dominant way.

"Stay in class during the break. We have to make some things clear."

The Austrian turned around and moved on with giving back the exams.

"Oh oh, what did you get?", Francis asked him excited. You peered at his exam and you could see that the Frenchie got an A+. As always.

"I...uhm..", Gilbert started,"..I got a....F...again..".

"Oh non, I am so sorry, my dear!", France tried to let him feel better by giving Gilbert a hug.

Francis was a very good friend. He doesn't care about you style, the way you are, sexuality and other stuff like grades in school. The perfect boy to have as a friend.

"Thanks, Francis. But..I tried so hard this time!", Gilbert looked as his test sadly. He studied so much for just nothing. This exam was his choice to deeply impress his teacher Roderich.

Even though, Mr. Edelstein was 4-5 years older than the Prussian, he fell in love with him.

Francis is the only one who knows it.

It has to be a secret. Just like his sexuality.

Gilbert was afraid of bullying since his brother Ludwig was hit by other pupils. They started calling him a Nazi.

The bell rang. It was finally lunch time.

"Should I wait for you?", Francis said to Gilbert.

"Shit, right!", the Albino whispered. Mr. Edelstein wanted to talk to him during the break. He could feel his hands getting sweaty.

"Yes, please wait for me, that would be awesome!".

"Get out.", a voice came from the other side of the room.

The two boys turned around and looked into Mr. Edelsteins purple eyes.

"But can't I just wait inside a-".

"I said", Austria growled a bit", get out, France."

"Qui, excuse me please.", the French said and left the class room quickly.

Prussia could feel his own sweat on this fore head.

"You wanted to talk to me?".

"Yes, Gilbert."

The purple eyes of the Austrian teacher let Prussia blush.

He made one step forward to the Albino.

"I know what you think about me, Prussia.",

Roderich said and moved another step forward.

"W-what? N-no!".

Gilbert wasn't able to move. His body was paralysed.

Prussia could feel Austrias hot breath on his cold lips.

"Didn't your parents tell you not to lie?", Roderich pressed Prussia against the wall.

Gilbert looked on the ground. He was ashamed by his own blush.

"Give your teacher more respect, Prussia."

The Albino could feel his chin moving up a bit by the hand of his music teacher to look directly into the others eyes.

The red eyed had to swallow when he saw how close he was to Roderich.

"I-I am sorry, Austria."

"Don't call me by my countries name, you fool!", Roderich said harshly and pressed him harder against the wall.

"I'm sorry, I meant, Mr. Edelstein!", Gilbert corrected himself quickly.

The bell rang again. Lunch was over.

"Now leave.", Austria said and cleaned his glasses which were a bit blurry because of

Gilberts heavy breathing.

"H-Have a nice day, Austr-, Mr. Edelstein!". The Albino bowed in front of his teacher and left the class room with a blush.

After school Francis and Gilbert went out to have a drink together. Tomorrow will be friday and both boys thought about what they are going to do on the weekend.

"So,", Francis started and drank a bit from his red wine," What did Mr. Edelstein and you talk about in the class room?"

Gilbert choked a bit.

"Nothing!", he said quickly and took a nip from his beer.

"Nothing?", Francis questioned.

The Frenchie knew that his friend lies.

"We only talked about my bad grade, ok?", Gilbert slanged France while he could feel his blush coming back.

Francis had to smile.

"Only about your grade?", he teased Prussia a bit and bumbed his elbow into the Albinos hip.

Prussia blushed even more and argued with the fact, that Mr. Edelstein and he only talked about how to find a solution for his bad exam.

"Petit Gil, I know that you are in love with our music teacher. You don't have to hide it in front of me, my dear."

France really tried to cheer his best friend up. France also loved it to help other people when they have problems or are feeling down.

"Thanks Francis, I really appreciate it.", Gilbert took another nip from his beer.