

In The Mirrors

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What really hides behind the glass of a mirror? None know. Do the nations want to find out the truth? Honestly no. And when they do are they going to wish that they hadn't? Probably. But it's too late, the 2p's begin to make their move and the countries have no way to stop them except play the game through, follow the rules and hopefully stay alive in the meantime. Mild mention of pairings. Hetalia.



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Feliciano shivered, he was so cold, he couldn't figure out why though, when he had gone to sleep he had been all warm snuggled up to Ludwig. Though the blonde nation had been asleep at the time when Feli had decided that Ludwig's bed looked much more comfortable than his own, not that Ludwig was surprised by it anymore.

Getting out of the bed slowly, he was still fighting off sleep- to him it was too early to be awake, especially if Ludwig was still asleep- the chilly Italian realized why he was so cold and pouted. Ludwig was hogging all the blankets again... Feli sighed and made his way to the closet that held all the extra blankets, though before he got to the door something strange in the mirror caught his eyes and drew his attention.

Tilting his head Feliciano approached the strange reflective surface, what he saw though was not the normal reflection that would have been there, a different room was reflected, nothing like the one he knew he was in.

Well that was not *entirely* true, the layout was the same, there was the bed that was pressed to the wall and the small nightstand beside it, the dresser on the opposite wall, but instead of the oak wood that he knew these were made of the wood furniture in the mirror had a much darker coloring. Not only was that the same but Ludwig was right there in the bed where he usually lay right against the wall leaving the other side empty as if he was always expecting Feli to appear sometime in the night.

The only thing different about Ludwig in the mirror was the small sliver of a scar he could see on his cheek, which Feliciano was sure hadn't been there earlier today. The little Italian turned his eyes to the one reflection he was most worried to see. His own. And there it was, right in front of the mirror like he was, the same expression presented on both faces. His hair, however, looked to be about the same shade as Lovino's was and his eyes were a strange violet color, nothing like the normal amber.

Feli waved a hand in front of the defective object and the other him copied, the confused Feli pressed a hand to his face and watched as the image followed his exact movements. Feliciano calmed down a bit and chalked the whole thing up to a trick of the light, or his brain not working quite right while it was still so early, the frown was still on his face when he began to turn away from the strange thing.

That is Feli was going to turn away until he saw the mirror him smirk and begin to twirl a knife between his fingers, this made the amber eyed Italian spin back to face the glass. Feliciano was once again panicking as his reflection, or whatever that thing in the mirror was, began to twirl the knife faster and faster, the smirk on it's face grew as the speed increased.

Finally it stopped twirling the knife but Feliciano's eyes widened when the other him pulled the hand gripping the knife back and threw it at him. Feli expected it to stop and not come through the mirror thinking that it was just some kind of optical illusion, so he froze on the spot.

But when the blade came through the glass surface and straight at Feli he freaked and moved out of the way, but he didn't move quick enough and the blade grazed his cheek, drawing blood, the red liquid dripping down his chin as he fell to the ground.

Tears began to fall from his eyes and the auburn haired nation began to scream, waking Ludwig up who immediately went to his friends aid, seeing the gash on Feli's cheek the German scanned the room for the weapon and saw the blade stuck in the wall across from the mirror. Ludwig judged the distant and couldn't figure it out.

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Whoever had sent that knife flying at his ally's head had to have been standing at least two feet away from Feli, and he had to have had half a foot between himself and the mirror to get the momentum.

But with how close Feliciano had been to said mirror there was no way that was possible.

So who, or what, had thrown that knife?

Arthur walked about his kitchen attempting a new scone recipe he had found in his mum's old books. Said pastries were now in the oven and the blonde Brit surveyed the mess his counters had become, deciding that a gentleman could never leave such a disaster, he set out to clean the room.

Starting with the mirror he kept along the wall opposite to the doors just above his stove incase anyone tried to sneak up on him while he was cooking. So he was a bit paranoid, so what? He had practically invaded ninety percent of the world, there were bound to be some grudge holders out there.

Arthur smiled as he grabbed an old rag and some glass cleaner, then set to it. As the Englishman scrubbed the shining glass, he tried to figure out when he had gotten so much batter on it, when he realized that even though he had gone over the same spot on the mirror a few times now the dough was still as there.

Arthur frowned and his abnormally large eyebrows scrunched over his sharp green eyes, why the Hell was the stupid thing not getting clean? Was Alfred playing a trick on him?

Then he noticed something else strange about the mirror, Arthur looked between his counters and the mirror image, yes, he was not crazy, there was nothing on his counters, save the few splatters of dough, but in the mirror the counter was covered with... cupcakes?

And not only did they look pretty, but they looked... edible?! The blonde nation almost swallowed his tongue, he couldn't believe he was admitting this, even in his own head, but they looked far better than anything he could ever make.

"Bloody Hell..." He muttered, still examining the reflected kitchen when the door on the both sides of the mirror slammed open.

"Iggy!"

"Oliver!"

Two similar voices shouted at the exact same time, out of the corner of his eye Arthur spotted a person similar to himself spin around exactly as he was turning to face a grinning America.

"Why must you scream you bloody twit?" The Brit demanded.

" Oh Johnny boy where have you been you must taste my new batch of cupcakes!" A like voice said happily and Arthur spun back around to find the mirror not only clean but everything as it should be in the reflection.

The only thing that told him what he had just witnessed had been there and that Arthur was not going crazy was the single cupcake that was sitting on his counter.

What had he just seen?

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The next day was the world meeting, everyone seemed much quieter than usual, there was no fighting or arguing from anyone in the room, Arthur and Francis didn't even look at each other.

Arthur was too busy examining the cupcake he had found, trying to figure out where it had come from, in his vast magical experience Arthur had witnessed a few alternate worlds, Narnia and Wonderland being two, was that where this pastry had come from? Another world? No that was stretching things even a bit too far even for the Englishman.

Francis however was staring at a half empty box of cigarettes, though no one had ever seen the Frenchman pick one up before. The blonde nation looked to be in deep thought about something, shifting the strange box from hand to hand, tilting it side to side.

On the other side of the table Feliciano kept picking at the bandage that now covered the gash across his cheek, his hands constantly slapped away by Ludwig who would then tell Feli not to mess with it. The blonde German was still a bit concerned about what had happened the night before, he would be seriously questioning his own sanity had the weapon not been stuck in his wall.

Kiku and Ivan looked to be unaffected, the Japanese man was as poker faced and silent as ever, while the Russian was more smiles than ever. Matthew sat next to his brother fiddling with a hockey stick that he brought to the meeting, he jumped at every noise swing said sporting equipment at the air.

Alfred blinked at the solemn atmosphere of the room and coughed, which had a certain Canadian aiming at his head. Which Alfred just barely managed to dodge, "Okay, enough is enough, what is up with everyone, why are you guys acting so weird today?"

Arthur gave up on the cupcake and looked at the loudmouth American, "So you didn't see it Alfred, you didn't see what was in the mirror?"

The other blonde shook his head and tapped his glasses, "No Iggy if you had been listening you would have known that I had lost my glasses yesterday, I came to ask if you had seen them..." Arthur tried to drop the subject then but Alfred had already grown curious and would not allow it to happen.

"So what you guys are all freaking out about has something to do with mirrors?" Alfred looked around as nearly every nation present nodded their head but didn't speak.

As the room drifted back into the awkward silence, everyone waiting for someone brave enough to speak, Feli began to pick at his bandage again.

"Last night my reflection tried to kill me I'm pretty sure," The young Italian broke the silence suddenly, leaving everyone startled.

Ludwig was still suspicious of this, though Feliciano had already told him about it, seems like the German and the American were the only two who hadn't come into direct contact with any mirrors yet.

Feli sniffled a little and looked at everyone, "There was another me, a darker me, it was weird he had darker hair and violet eyes, he threw the knife at me and at first, I-I figured that it would stop when it reached the mirror b-but it-it didn't and if I hadn't moved when I had I would probably be dead right now..." Ludwig stared in horror at what his friend said, Feliciano could have died last night?

Everyone else seemed to have nearly the same thought on their mind, Francis cleared his throat, "I was in the bathroom getting ready to go out for the night and the room was filled with horrible smelling smoke, it was

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coming from the mirror but I only caught a glimpse of what it was through the steam before it disappeared and left this cigarette pack."

Arthur reached for the cake in front of him only to find it gone, he jerked his head to face Alfred again seeing the remnants of the bright blue frosting on his top lip, "Alfred you bloody twit, why did you eat that cupcake? Do you even know where that came from?" The English gentleman demanded, reaching to strangle his old colony.

Alfred backed away and stared at Arthur as he freaked the flip out, "What's your problem Iggy, it was just a cupcake-"

"No it was not *just a cupcake* that cupcake appeared out of nowhere, I'm guessing it came out of my mirror!" The shorter blonde growled.

Alfred looked at the wrapper still in his hand and then back at Arthur, before cracking a worried smile, "Haha... I knew you could never make anything that looked or tasted this good... I'm not going to die am I?" The taller of the two blondes asked, his laughter nervous.

Then Alfred could feel his vision start to blur and felt to see if his glasses were still on, sadly they were, he felt himself being engulfed in flames as his stomach rolled. Alfred couldn't remember the last time he had felt so horrible, taking careful steps to get out of the room he rushed to the restroom, only to lose his footing half way there and face met floor.

Alfred tried to pull himself up but his arms wouldn't hold his weight, but he felt two sets of hands grab his arms and pull him up. Then he was dragged to the bathroom, his legs were too weak to hold him up either at this point, what kind of poison was this that it acted so fast? When he was finally helped through the door his vision wasn't as blurry but his stomach was still rolling and flames still felt like they were burning across his skin.

When he looked at the people who had helped him he saw his brother and Arthur on either side of him, he was supported with an arm around each of their shoulders, Alfred couldn't figure out why they had stop moving until he focused his gaze on the mirror in front of them. This time Alfred saw what had everyone so freaked out, in the mirror were three people who looked just like all of them but... not like them at the same time.

Alfred was shown with rusty brown hair and much tanner skin then he knew that he had, and instead of being supported by the others the reflection stood on it's own a wooden bat slung over his shoulder.

Matthew looked to be about the same apart from the slightly darker hair, tied up in a ponytail, and a Canadian Mounties outfit with shades obscuring his eyes from view.

The biggest surprise to what the three nations saw in the mirror was Arthur's reflection, which was grinning like a loon, where Arthur wore plain colors his mirror image did no such thing, wearing a bright pink shirt, purple vest and turquoise bow tie was proof of this.

The other Arthur's smile dropped from his face when he saw Alfred being supported between the two others, his face pale and skin clammy with sweat dripping down his forehead, the brightly clothed Brit crossed his arms and pouted.

"Oh now this is no fun, I was hoping that the drab looking one right there would eat that cupcake, not poor little Alfie!" He stomped on the ground like a child throwing a tantrum.

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"Oliver calm down no need to get upset about something like that-" The darker Alfred was cut off by Oliver.

"But Johnny boy there is, I've seen the way you react to eating my desserts and you recover in less than an hour, everyone else take at least a day!"

Arthur flashed back to the scene in the kitchen at those words, "*Oh Johnny boy...*"

The now angry Brit growled, "So you are the one who poisoned America?" He snapped the question, already going through a spell in his head to make him pay for hurting any of his family.

His cheerier double looked over at him and smiled again, "Why yes it was! Though I was trying to get someone else, if Johnny boy is anything to go by Alfie won't be to much fun to play with."

Arthur clenched his teeth together, leaving Alfred to Matthew he went after the mirror, knowing from the others that when the reflections became this you could pass through the glass, but before he reached the place their images disappeared.

"Sorry Arthur but that isn't how this game is going to be played, please follow the rules..."

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