Suck It And See.

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Summary

Being dragged out by his friend to some dark, smoke filled grunge bar wasn’t Spencer’s idea of fun. He was ready to leave until he spotted a handsome man across the room, looking awfully lonesome with only a glass whiskey for company. And for whatever reason, Spencer felt inclined to go speak to him.

Notes

This fic was posted first on my tumblr (sapphicpage) so go follow me there if you want the next chapter quicker!
“Please, Spence? I know you can’t drink yet but do it for me?” JJ begged from the doorway of Spencer’s dorm, her arms were clasped in front of her in the hopes that Spencer would take some pity on her and agree to what she was begging for. It was a Friday night and JJ, pretty much Spencer’s only friend was trying to convince him to go to a local club with her. Unlike her Spencer actually had work to do, things he’d actually like to keep up on.

“I don’t think you need me around to flirt with your girlfriend.” Spencer replied dryly as he wandered around his room collecting the textbooks he needed to get on with his assessment, he knew the only reason JJ wanted to go to that club was so she could see that girl she’d been hooking up with for a few weeks now. Usually she wasn’t the type to share such personal details but clearly that girl was special to her.

“She’s not my girlfriend! We just…do stuff sometimes.” JJ started smiling at just the thought of Emily, the beautiful girl behind the bar. All dark eyes and dark hair but a beautiful bright smile, just by thinking of her JJ felt her stomach begin to twist with excitement. She wasn’t ready to let the rest of the dormitory hear about her sex life so she stepped into Spencer’s room, closed the door behind her and went and sat behind him on the bed.

Spencer was two years younger than everyone else in his courses, in retrospect it looked like a perk but it only gave people another reason to find him odd. He had met JJ in the library, she had her headphones on with music playing so loud everyone around her could hear her Ramones CD. Politely he had tapped her on the shoulder and explained he was trying to work and it was difficult to focus, she had shot him a sparkling white smile and apologised.

Their friendship started there, ever since then JJ had felt extremely protective over Spencer and dedicated a lot of her free time to hanging out with him.

“Okay then, I’ll change my wording. You don’t need me around to flirt with the girl you clearly want to be your girlfriend.” Spencer moved back on the bed so he could cross his legs underneath him so there was more room to spread out his books. He didn’t know why JJ wanted him to go with her so badly, she’d been going there for the past few weeks by herself so clearly she felt comfortable enough. Even if she didn’t, he knew she had much stronger and intimidating friends who would be of more help.

“No but I want you to be there. Come on, all you’ve done since you got here is work!”

“You are aware this is a college, right? It’s not a vacation getaway.” Spencer replied without looking up from his book, he had enrolled in far more courses than JJ, she also was a smart girl and always finished her assessments the day or two after she got them. He only looked up when she sighed heavily, her blue eyes framed with dark, sad eyelashes.

Spencer stared at her for a couple of seconds before glancing back down at his textbooks and sighing, he really wasn’t one for clubs or crowded spaces but if it would make JJ happy then he could spare a few hours of his day.

“Fine.” JJ squealed in delight and clapped her hands, hopping off his bed before offering her own hands to help him up as well.

“You need to get changed, I don’t think sweater vests are apart of the dress code.” She stormed over to Spencer’s wardrobe in the hopes of finding something more appropriate for the club scene but all
she was met with was an abundance more sweater vests and cardigans. Spencer’s fashion was far more grandpa than grunge, it was going to be difficult to make him look like he fit in.

After almost twenty minutes of rummaging around in the wardrobe JJ pulled out a pair of dark blue jeans that looked brand new and a dark grey shirt, there wasn’t a dress code like she had joked about previously but she knew Spencer would certainly feel more comfortable if he looked the part. She left him to get changed while she got out of her comfy leggings and tank top, wanting to look extra nice for Emily.

While Spencer got changed into the clothes JJ had picked out, he started going over his plan for if he needed to leave. He was still recovering from some trauma caused in high school and it was mainly focused around being in large crowds. He eventually settled on something to do with family, JJ knew about his family troubles including his mother so as bad as he felt using that as an excuse, it was a viable option.

“Spence? You ready?” JJ’s voice floated in through the door as Spencer stood in front of the mirror and quickly critiqued his appearance. He decided there wasn’t much he could do to look older or more in tune with the crowd so he just grabbed his trusty bag, wrapped the strap around him and left his room. JJ was wearing a pair of form fitting bootcut jeans and blue crop top, he noticed how she had more makeup on that she usually wore and she had changed up her perfume.

He let her lead the way, making sure to stay right behind her and not get in anyone’s way. It had been a while since he had ventured off of the college campus since there was everything a student could need there, plus he didn’t ever get invited to parties or out for drinks so if it wasn’t for JJ he would be living in his room constantly apart from classes.

The club was called “Carnivore.” Plenty of young people were entering and leaving, they all looked like the people Spencer would feel far too inadequate to talk to, fearing he would perhaps leave them with blank faces as he said something too weird. He kept reminding himself not to be weird, just to act like every other person who was normal would.

The first thing Spencer noticed about the club was the smell, there was a clear scent of Marijuana, he didn’t take drugs but had become aware of what it smelt like when the student next door to him in the dormitory got kicked out for smoking it and making the whole hallway stink. No one seemed bothered by it though, so he pretended to not be.

“Emily!” JJ practically floated across the room over to the woman over the bar, she was extremely pretty with strong bangs and sharp features. She looked like the kind of woman you looked at and then immediately realised you were into girls. They were complete opposites, JJ with her long blonde hair like sunlight and Emily with all her dark clothes and makeup, yet they complimented each other.

“Here she is! Missed you.” Emily smiled across the bar at JJ and leant over to kiss her, leaving an imprint of her dark red lipstick on the other woman’s lips but neither cared very much. Spencer stood awkwardly beside JJ, not sure where he should be looking as the two women began to make out in front of him.

“I want you to meet my friend, the one I’m always telling you about.” JJ looked back at Spencer once pulling back and tugged him closer, he offered a awkward smile and small raise of his hand. Emily didn’t seem to mind though, she just let out a noise of realisation and nodded her head.

“So this is Spencer! God, Jay talks about you so much I thought she was into you at first.” Emily laughed, the kindness in her voice made him relax a little and he smiled for real this time. Her attention was drawn away by a man stumbling up to the bar, she mouthed a quick apology before starting on his drink.
“Try and have fun!” JJ leant up to Spencer’s face to leave a sloppy kiss on his cheek before grinning and hurrying around the bar to where Emily was, leaving Spencer alone.

He didn’t want to interrupt the women now that they were finally together, so ordering a drink and trying to focus on that was out of the question. Everyone around him was busy in their own conversations or rocking out to the music, which was “You Drive Me Wild” by The Runaways; Spencer only knew that because of JJ’s new love for rock.

There wasn’t really much to do so he stood there awkwardly beside the bar, knowing he stuck out like a sore thumb but he didn’t want to leave JJ here after all the effort she had made to bring him in the first place. Thirty minutes, Spencer told himself. In thirty minutes he would tell her he got a phone call from his mother and she needed him.

While focusing on the song lyrics, Spencer’s eyes fell onto a man sat on the very end of the bar. He was tanned, had a strong jawline and a head of dark curls. For whatever reason, Spencer felt himself wanting to keep looking at him, he was incredibly attractive so that was a pretty good reason but there was something else. With the mission of finding out whatever that something was, Spencer begun to walk down the bar until he was next to the handsome stranger.

“Is it alright if I sit here?” Spencer asked, watching as a big brown eyes looked up and met his own. Just as he was about to reply, another bartender pushed another cup of whiskey over.

“Sure.” He said after eyeing Spencer up quickly, watching with narrowed eyes as the seat next to him became occupied. “I’m Luke, haven’t seen you here before have I?”

“No. This, uh, is my first time.” Spencer stumbled over his words awkwardly, he didn’t know why he was so nervous all of a sudden. He was trying to work out as much about Luke as he could without having to ask, he seemed older but not by a lot, maybe twenty one or two. He really liked whiskey because he noticed two more glasses that had been drank previously and he had been to the club a lot because the bartender knew him by name.

“I can tell, you look like you’re dressed for a funeral.” Luke chuckled, it was low and gravely and caused Spencer’s breath to get caught in his throat. Incredibly attractive didn’t feel like a good enough descriptor anymore, if he didn’t know any better than Spencer would say he could feel his heart skipping a beat every time Luke opened his perfect mouth.

“Oh. I didn’t have anything else to wear-”

“Don’t worry, kid. You look good.” Spencer didn’t blush easily, usually he took compliments as someone just trying to be nice because they felt bad but he allowed himself to believe Luke. He shyly looked down at the bar, his hands becoming intertwined as his habits kicked in. When he did eventually look up Luke was already looking at him.

Spencer caught the way Luke’s eyes would keep trailing down to look at his lips, the attention on them made him feel exposed but not in a bad way. He never got attention like that and it was enjoyable, there was something in him that wanted Luke to keep looking at him.

“I don’t want to sound rude or anything but, um. Are you gay?” Spencer asked and watched as Luke’s face broke out into a smile, chuckling lightly before finishing off what was left of his whiskey.

“What gave it away?”

“Nothing! I’m just good at knowing these sorts of things, it’s actually a type of analysis called
profiling where by studying someone’s psychological and behavioural patterns you can pick up
details about them and predict the sorts of things they do. It’s really interesting.” Spencer knew Luke
would probably not care at all about what he was talking about because no one really did, but he was
pleasantly surprised to see Luke listening intently.

“What’s your name?” Luke asked, there was genuine curiosity in his expression and Spencer wasn’t
used to that, people rarely took an interest in him in a positive way and yet he was now sat with a
handsome stranger, in a grunge bar while his friend hooked up with some girl and he was talking to
someone who wasn’t treating him like a freak. It didn’t sound like anything Spencer would ever be
caught doing, yet he found himself focusing back on Luke’s soft gaze and smiling.

“Spencer.” He said softly, almost as if it was the first time it had ever come off his tongue. Luke
nodded, he seemed to agree that the name suited.

“Okay, Spencer. Are you gay?”

“No.” Luke’s face dropped and Spencer quickly realised how what he said could be misconstrued. “I
mean- I like men. I also like women though, there’s a word for that. Bisexual, I’m bisexual.” Spencer
rambled on in the hopes it would explain himself a little better.

Luke laughed and nodded in understanding, he’d been going to this club for months now and never
had someone like Spencer walked in before. It was like he was from a completely different planet,
one that was probably far better than the one he was stuck on.

“This isn’t your kind of crowd, is it?” Luke asked an obvious question just to gain a smile from
Spencer, he could tell he was a little younger than most of the people around them, partly from the
way he acted and then from his cute baby face. Spencer was a total pretty boy, looking exactly like
he would be found in the centrefold of a gay magazine. He couldn’t stop staring at those lips, so pink
and pouty; he blamed the alcohol for the filth that came into his head.

“I’m only here because my friend asked me to come.” Spencer explained, glancing back over to JJ
and Emily. JJ was sat on a stool behind the bar looking up with heart eyes so intense they were
threatening to become cartoonish any second. “This isn’t exactly my idea of fun.”

“Yeah? And what’s your idea of fun?” Luke turned his body to fully face Spencer, without thinking
Spencer looked down to see what he was wearing now he had a better view but quickly realised it
looked like he was checking him out. He looked back up to Luke’s face with embarrassment
plastered across his face but Luke didn’t seem to mind, he just raised an eyebrow and smirked.

Before Spencer could process what was happening, Luke was walking into the bathroom and he was
following after him, his feet moving almost like they had a mind of their own. Once in the bathroom,
he was being pinned up against the bathroom door and before he had the chance to question what
was happening Luke's lips were against his. It was rebellious and rough, the room smelt like
Cannabis and piss and while it was completely disgusting he couldn’t find it within him to care.

Spencer had never wanted something more in his whole life.
Chapter Two.

Spencer gasped for breath as he pushed his way through the back exit, the cold air hitting his flushed skin like a slap to the face. He leant against the brick wall and desperately tried to catch his breath. He couldn’t stop thinking back to what had just happened, it wasn’t anything bad and perhaps had given him the biggest thrill of his life but it was just all too much. Things got overwhelming quickly, Spencer didn’t consider himself the kind to be involved in the hook up scene and maybe that was a good thing considered how he had just reacted.

The kiss was filthy, all teeth and tongues and swapping spit. Spencer could only imagine what he looked like clinging to Luke’s waist while Luke’s hands travelled around to grab at his ass. Spencer had never pictured himself as being very attractive, at least in the kind of attractive where people want to drag you into a bathroom and fuck you. That was something Spencer had never craved or thought was possible for him, yet here he was.

He moaned, like actually moaned. The noise drawn out of his mouth, it was high and drawn out and something he’d never heard from himself. It wasn’t like he was in many situations he would be moaning but the times he was he remained rather quiet. Maybe it was because he subconsciously tell Luke to keep doing what he was doing, offer praise without having to verbally say it.

Whatever reason it was, the moans continued especially so when Luke’s rough hands moved back to the front of Spencer’s pants and began to undo his belt, there was no hesitation or second thought. If Spencer didn’t want this then Luke would stop but by the way Spencer’s fingers were gripping into his waist and had now taken control of the kiss; it was pretty clear they were both on the same page.

Once his jeans were pulled down leaving his light blue boxer briefs on show Spencer felt himself beginning to blush. What if Luke didn’t like what he saw? He spent the majority of his life being worried about what people might think of him but he’d never been in such an intimate situation like this and the thought of seeing him anywhere close to naked brought back awful memories from high school.

“You’re so hot.” Luke asked gruffly, taking a moment to admire Spencer. He was very slim, legs for miles and flawless pale skin, his thighs were to die for, perfect and plump. Against the material of his briefs was his hardening cock, the outline just visible enough for Luke to see. Right then all he wanted was to see what Spencer looked like when he came, a novel long list followed of other things he wanted to do but that was the main. “Y’know that right?”

Spencer ran his hands through his hair, usually combed and slicked down but today was one of the few days it had left it natural. He was so busy going over in his mind what had just happened that the sharp pain in his leg caused him to cry out, he looked down to see a black cat with it’s claws embedded in his leg.

In an attempt to get him off Spencer tried to kick the cat away, he wasn’t extremely fond of animals especially when they decided to attack him.

“Hey! Don’t kick my fucking cat!” Spencer spun round and saw Emily, an angry look on her face as she leant down and peeled the scruffy looking cat off of Spencer’s leg. Instead of throwing it in the opposite direction she held him in her arms and to Spencer’s complete disbelief the cat started to purr.

“You have a stray as a pet?” Spencer yelled at her, his voice high pitched and breathless. He watched as Emily scratched behind the black cat’s ear, causing even louder purrs to admitting from
“Sergio, he’s not my pet I just feed him sometimes.” Emily explained before putting Sergio down, he glanced up at her with big green eyes before scurrying away down the alley. She had decided to come outside for a quick smoke but she hadn’t expected to see her girl’s friend looking like he’d seen a ghost, all pale and sweaty. “Wanna explain why you’re so freaked out?”

Spencer gasped as Luke began to palm him over his briefs, never had someone else touched him there and while he’d spent time thinking about what it would be like it was always with some ambiguous person but right now Luke was so real and his hand felt so good; Spencer was already wondering if he’d look back to this experience when he was alone in bed, only his hand available but now picturing it as someone specific.

“Oh! Wow.” Spencer breathed out, resting his head back against the bathroom door and letting his eyes close. All the thoughts about how many germs there were in a bathroom were whisked away and instead his mind focused on the way Luke’s fingers worked expertly around his cock, Rebel Girl played back in the club and was oddly the perfect background music.

Luke sported a smirk as he watched Spencer’s face contort in pleasure, those lips he had been thinking about looked so kissable and wet he pondered how they would looked wrapped around his cock.

“That feel good, pretty boy?” Luke asked with a chuckle before finally pulling Spencer’s briefs down. His cock came up and slapped against his stomach, it was only then that Spencer opened his eyes to gauge Luke’s reaction. “Knew it.”

“Knew what?” Spencer watched with half lidded eyes as Luke wrapped his hand around his cock, the simple movement made Spencer almost choke on his breath.

“That you’d be pretty all over.”

“I’m not freaked out!” Spencer said, freaking out. At the sound of heels against the pavement Spencer span around. A short haired brunette walked around the corner, she was slim with mean eyes, Spencer was almost scared to look her in the eyes in case her glare turned him to stone.

“Do you want to yell any louder?” The woman crossed her arms over her chest and glared down the alley. She knew Emily since they worked in the same place, not often speaking though. If they did it was when Emily was kicking someone out of the bar and it was her job to make sure they stayed out. She didn’t recognise the skinny boy though, he didn’t look like he belonged at this scene at all.

“It’s alright, Elle. Spencer was just leaving.” Emily explained, taking out her cigarette packet from within her jacket as she watched Spencer nod and quickly begin to walk down the alley to the main street.

“Want me to rough him up a bit?” Elle asked, eyeing up Spencer as he got closer. She wasn’t actually going to hurt him, he just looked so damn innocent that it was fun to make him scared. Exactly that happened, Spencer froze and looked back at Emily with hope in his eyes that she would say no.

It was almost laughable how naive he was, Emily didn’t call the shots around here and neither did Elle. It was all a collaboration between all the workers, whether that be the girls who worked inside or the ones who spent their nights making sure all the assholes who thought they owned the streets knew their place. The club had a reputation for being rough, that didn’t mean they had to be as well.
“Don’t worry about it, he already looks like he’s been through enough.” At Emily’s words Spencer breathed a sigh of relief and kept walking, making sure not to look at Elle as he walked past. She was five foot and six inches at best and looked like she couldn’t hurt a fly with her slim body but Spencer wasn’t about to wait around and find out if that was really the case.

Spencer wanted to touch Luke, wanted him to take off his clothes and let his eyes and hands worship every inch. He couldn’t believe someone this attractive had first flirted with him and was now touching him, was this all just some really elaborate dream?

He whined as Luke’s hand began to move, quick and hard movements. This wasn’t some romantic first time in a Paris hotel room, he was getting jerked off in the bathroom of a dirty grunge club downtown by a stranger he’d known for maybe fifteen minutes at best. It was exciting, he felt naughty and rebellious, two words Spencer had never associated with himself.

“You going to come for me?” It was at Luke’s question that Spencer noticed how much noise he had been making, high whines and soft groans, he’d been too in his mind to notice. Luke’s hand paused at the head of Spencer’s cock and squeezed, the pressure made Spencer almost sob at how good it felt.

“For you.” It was meant to come out as a question but instead Spencer just stated it, why deny it? That was exactly what he was going to do. Luke restarted his quick strokes and Spencer just let the pleasure overtake him, gripping tightly onto the door handle so he had something to balance himself on.

Luke continued to move his hand all through Spencer coming, watching that angelic face in the midst of pleasure might have been one of the hottest things he had ever seen. He wasn’t surprised he didn’t last long, Spencer just had that look of completely genuine innocence.

Spencer heaved out a sigh as his orgasm subsumed, without the want and need running through his veins he practically sobered up from the lust that had overtaken him.

The panic began to set in, did Luke expect him to return the favour? Spencer didn’t know if he could do that, not now at least. He was already beginning to feel ashamed of what he had done, good boys didn’t do stuff like this and they certainly didn’t continue once they knew what a mistake they’d made.

“I, uh. Thanks.” Spencer stuttered as he pulled his underwear and jeans back up, too embarrassed to look at Luke. Once he had done his belt up he quickly turned around and unlocked the door and left, hearing no words of disagreement from Luke. No words at all.

The walk back to the dorms was cold and dark, every car light or horn made Spencer almost jump out of his skin. He knew he should have stuck to his guts and stayed in his room, JJ abandoned him as soon as Emily came into sight and he had just let a stranger get him off in a disgusting bathroom; he felt disgusting. It was all just a lot a lot to think about, maybe it was better if he just went back to doing his work and sticking to himself.

He wasn’t like anyone there, he couldn’t put on a mask like JJ and fit in, the main reason Luke was interested in him was because he stuck out like a sore thumb, someone easy to play with. Spencer had enjoyed himself and wanted at the time, it was the guilt afterwards that was the issue.

Spencer unlocked his room and walked inside, not bothering to flip the light switch on. He closed the door and walked through the dark to his bed, collapsing down still in the clothes he had been wearing, only kicking his shoes off.
He could only imagine the sorts of things JJ was going to say once she heard he had left without her, begging him for the details why and then apologising profusely for making him go out. All he could do was try and forget what happened and try to get back to normal, he’d leave the club going to her.

Asleep soon overtook him, the thoughts of rough palms against his hips and soft lips against his own haunting his dreams.
Chapter Three.

Spencer awoke to the sound of mumbling on the other side of his door, faint muffled voices arguing about something. They must have been talking loudly if he could hear them from the other side of the room, yet he couldn’t make out what was being said. He blinked a few times to get adjusted to the light, not yet ready to get up once the memories of the night before started to flood back. Staying in bed seemed like the best option, at least he couldn’t make any bad decisions there.

“Spencer! Please open the door!” JJ’s voice was barely audible through the door but he could hear the desperation in her voice, she jiggled the door handle once more in the hopes that her constant trial and errors would lead to something.

“Pick the lock!” Another voice said, a girl whose voice Spencer didn’t recognise. He glanced over at his alarm clock which he had slept through and frowned, it was midday. In his whole life never had he gotten up later than nine, and that was a stretch. No wonder JJ was worried, if she wasn’t so smart she might have thought he had died.

“I’m not picking his lock, do I look like I can do that?” JJ spoke once again as Spencer rolled out of bed, still in his clothes from the night before. He stank of smoke and booze, the smell made him lightheaded but he managed to walk over to his door and peer out of the hole. JJ stood there looking as pristine as usual, her long blonde hair tied up in a ponytail and her face contorted into a frown.

The girl beside her was the complete opposite in terms of appearance, he was dressed completely in black, that included her outfit, hair and makeup. She didn’t look like the kind of person JJ would be friends with, not because she was judgemental but because how would their paths had crossed? He imagined that wearing all black while taking on a sports scholarship wasn’t the brightest idea.

With a sigh, Spencer unlocked the door and opened it to reveal himself to the two girls. He wasn’t prepared for all the questions JJ undoubtedly would have for him but there was no point in staying in bed for any longer.

“God, you’re okay.” JJ heaved out a breath of relief before throwing herself against Spencer, wrapping her arms tightly around him. Spencer was far less enthusiastic with his hug but put his arms around her anyways, his lips drawn together tight as he looked to the other girl who was now staring.

“What happened last night, Spence?”

“Sorry- I don’t want to interrupted but JJ, you didn’t tell me he was going to be such a pretty boy.” Spencer cringed at the use of the nickname, recalling the way Luke had called it to him teasingly last night while touching him over his underwear. “You could have warned me, I would have put some more effort in! Penelope Garcia, nice to meet you.” Penelope put her hand out for Spencer to shake once JJ had moved away, he looked down at it and contemplated shaking it but couldn’t force himself to do so.

“He has a bit of an issue with touch.” JJ explained and instead of getting confused, Penelope just shrugged and put her hand back down. She didn’t bother asking why he would touch JJ and not her, it wasn’t her business.

“So you’re the Spencer Reid I’ve heard so much about, your reputation precedes you.” Penelope smiled. She had a kind face, even with it being smothered in black eye shadow and lipstick.

“It…does?” Spencer didn’t even know he had a reputation, when he had first arrived people had talked about him but only because he was younger than everyone else. The gossip quickly dwindled
away after a week or so, he didn’t even know how anyone outside of his classes knew his name.

JJ smiled and ushered Spencer back into his room, Penelope followed after them and began looking around his room. While JJ sat him down on his bed and sat beside him Penelope was looking through Spencer’s things, examining his impressive bookshelf and the various dorky pieces of merchandise that decorated it.

“What happened last night? Emily told me you left in a hurry.” Spencer heaved out a sigh and looked down at floor, trying to ignore the way his leg was shaking in the hopes everyone else would ignore it was well.

“It wasn’t exactly my idea of a good time. I only went because you asked me to and when you left me for Emily, there wasn’t really a point of me being there.” He explained with a wave of his hands, Penelope was too busy mess,ing around with a figurine of a Dalek to also be listening.

“She mentioned she saw you with Luke, did he do something to upset you?” The mention of Luke made Spencer tense up, he bit the inside of his lip with force and tried not to blurt out everything that had happened. If Emily had seen him with Luke then that meant she had a pretty good idea of what had happened, he was going to have to go talk her and stop her from telling JJ anything.

“I’m not a child, JJ. Please don’t talk to me like I’m one.” There wasn’t bite behind his words but JJ still flinched, clearly something had happened but she didn’t want to get it out of Spencer if it meant getting him upset.

Penelope turned and looked at them, she had no idea what they were talking about but it didn’t sound good. Whoever this Luke was to Spencer, they weren’t exactly best friends at that moment.

“Hey Spencer, you’re smart right?” She tried to change the subject, walking over to the chair tucked under his desk to then pull it out and place it in front of them. She sat down and placed her hands in her lap, tapping her black and pink nails against her thighs.

“I have an IQ of 187 so yes, you could say I’m smart.” Spencer said slowly, trying to work out where she was going to go with her question.

“Well, I have a friend who I think could use some tutoring. Derek Morgan, gorgeous, apple of my eye, could snap me like a twig if he wanted. Think you could teach him some things?”

Spencer frowned, he was still sleepy and frankly his first instinct was to tell her no and ask them both to leave so he could crawl back into bed and escape anymore awkward questions. But, he didn’t want to be rude. So instead he nodded his head and glanced over to JJ who was staring across at Penelope. Spencer watched as Penelope shot up from her seat, clasping her hands together with gratitude.

“Great! Now, sorry to love you and leave you but I have a meeting I have to attend.” Penelope shot up from her seat, stumbling a little on her kitten heels as she pushed Spencer’s chair back under his desk. She wobbled over to JJ and gave her a quick hug, rather than giving Spencer a hug like she would have liked to she just gave a quick wave which he returned.

“A meeting?” Spencer questioned, watching Penelope make her way over to the door before turning to JJ who had a fond smile on her face. She had relaxed from Spencer’s small outburst, there was no point staying saddened forever.

“Pen runs a grade changing racket, she’s quite the hacker. People pay to get her to hack into the system and change their grades, totally badass.” JJ smiled and stood up from Spencer’s bed, she was
still feeling a little ill from the night before and all the alcohol she had drank but she wasn’t about to let anyone know she didn’t know her own limit.

“That can’t be legal.”

“Maybe not, but we’re friends now Spencer so don’t go ratting me out.” Penelope looked over her shoulder at Spencer, flashing him a quick wink before disappearing down the hallway with a flick of her curled hair.

JJ smiled after her friend, she was definitely one of a kind. She had been introduced to her because of Derek who was also on a sports scholarship, if there was ever two people who were more polar opposites it was those two but somehow it worked. Penelope spent hours talking about her adventures with Derek from when they were kids and JJ spoke wonders of Spencer, about how smart he was and how she’d never had a best friend like him before. Both girls were completely infatuated (platonically) and protective over their boys, JJ thought that Spencer could maybe benefit from hanging out with Morgan.

“Did you have fun with Emily?” Spencer asked after a minute of silence, he fiddled with his hands as JJ replied, hoping she wouldn’t ask anymore questions about what had happened. JJ smiled just from the mention of Emily’s name and nodded her head.

“Yeah, I did. I really like her, Spence. A lot.” JJ tucked her hands into the front pockets of her jeans and tilted her head, it was clear by her body language just how much she liked Emily. He hadn’t seen someone so lovestruck in his whole life but he was glad she had someone like her to talk to, he wasn’t exactly the most empathetic or understanding about things.

“That’s good, you deserve someone.” Spencer smiled up her before her standing up from his bed, JJ nodded once more and resisted the urge to hug him again. Instead she patted him friendly on the arm before making her way to the door, turning back to see Spencer at his wardrobe trying to find something more his style than the clothes she had picked out for him the night before.

“Come on, I think Maeve will be looking for you.”
Spencer found Maeve sat at her usual table outside on campus, her head buried in a book while being surrounded by plenty more. If there was ever anyone who could come close to sharing Spencer’s immense love for learning then it was her, the two had become close after joining the same physics class. She was ridiculously intelligent, it wasn’t uncommon that Spencer would spend a good amount of time of the class staring at her with his mouth wide open as she rambled elegantly on about generating electromagnetic radiation.

“Hi.” Spencer said with a small smile as he sat opposite her, putting his bag down on the bench to then begin to pull his books and paper out. At the beginning of the year they had both come up with the idea to have a day off between classes, this was good since they both had loaded up on as many courses as humanly possible. Maeve looked up from her book and smiled softly at the sight of Spencer, she tucked her hair behind her ear shyly before glancing back down.

They’d become closer and closer every single day, their study dates had become more frequent and she appreciated that because there weren’t many if any people lining up to be her friend. She had a fondness for Spencer that she hadn’t felt many times before in her life, his timid kindness was endearing and she had found herself becoming attached quicker than she had intended.

“How are you?” She asked, peeking up at Spencer who had now constructed a similar book fort to hers and was flipping through his textbook to find the right chapter. He glanced up at her and pondered on his response. While they were friends he doubted they were at the level where he could share how he was actually feeling, he could barely talk to JJ about it and she was the person he was closest to on campus; so instead he chose to tell a white lie.

“I’m okay.” Spencer said with a slight shake of his head, lips pulled taunt before looking down again. That wasn’t necessarily a lie, he wasn’t bedridden with embarrassment or guilt so that must have meant he was okay. The thoughts about Luke hadn’t vanished but he had managed to push them to the side, he felt bad for deciding it was best to not try and make contact again but he was almost certain that after he had left him in that bathroom having a heart to heart wasn’t top on his list of things to do.

Maeve nodded but wasn’t convinced, usually Spencer would reply and then start another topic instantaneously, random things like a review of a book he just finished or a question about something Maeve had said previously but didn’t think he would remember. He stayed quiet this time so it was her turn to try and continue the conversation.

“Did you hear about Professor Rossi? He offered to pay the college tuition of a couple of his students, that was nice of him.” There was a variation of professors at the college, all with distinct teaching types and almost everyone had a story involving one of them.

David Rossi taught English, he was a retired author and had decided to put all his knowledge about writing to some good use. His students never had anything bad to say, maybe that he made jokes about his ex wives a little too often for them to be funny anymore but that was it. Spencer had sat in on the book club he hosted in the library a few times, they were always his own books but he couldn’t blame him, they were good.

Then there was Aaron Hotchner, the brooding law professor. Spencer had thought about joining that course but after hearing horror stories about how strict he was and how he had managed to make a girl burst into tears once, he quickly decided that it wasn’t the course for him. A surprising twist though was that he actually was reasonably kind, it took the class four months to get him to crack a
smile but when he did they all went out for drinks, a celebration to their stern teacher.

Stephen Walker taught History, or at least he said so. His classes mostly involved him telling stories to his students, some were vague and others held every delicious detail. No one really knew what he did before he was a professor, some thought he was a spy or worked for the FBI. Whatever he did before it was clear he had an interesting life, somehow he always managed to relate his stories back to the topic at hand so no one could ever be mad at him for not teaching them. In fact everyone loved him, his classes were always filled every single year.

Jason Gideon was the animal biology teacher, while Spencer hadn’t chosen to take that class he had remained in contact with Gideon. They had somewhat of an odd relationship, Spencer had caught him once playing chess alone in the study hall and then had been beckoned over to play along with him. He almost felt like a father figure, a distant, somewhat strange father but one who gave advice and was kind to Spencer. There were plenty more professors but those four were like the founding fathers, everyone knew their names.

“Won’t more people just come to him now and ask him to do the same for them?” Spencer queried, it would be another lie to say he didn’t wish that someone could be that generous with him. His mother wasn’t fit to even help pay so he going to be up to his ears in debt once he graduated, Maeve’s parents were kind enough to help her pay for the tuition but she still sympathised with Spencer.

“True, but what’s to say that he won’t?” Maeve smiled, toying with the sleeves of her cardigan underneath the table. Spencer smiled back at her but his attention was diverted by a buzzing in his pocket, he reached in and brought out his phone.

Think you can come back to Carnivore later tonight? I need to talk to you.

A sense of dread overtook Spencer as he read the text message, it was from an unknown number which meant it would have really been anyone he encountered that night at the club, none of whom would have had his number so someone must have given it to them. He’d spoken to Emily and Luke and had a brief encounter with Elle, Emily made the most sense though.

Okay, I’ll try to be there.

“Maeve, can I ask your advice on something?” Spencer asked as he quickly typed back a reply before shoving his phone back into his pocket, Maeve nodded and put her pen down, giving her full attention to Spencer.

“Of course, what’s the matter?”

“I might have gotten myself into a…situation. Last night I went to a club with my friend Jennifer, while I was there I met someone.” Spencer felt his cheeks heat up as he told the story, thankfully his face was already flushed from the cold so she couldn’t tell. “He took me into the bathroom and we…well, I’m sure you can guess.”

Maeve’s face was completely still, she stared across the table at Spencer and he tried to work out what was going on in her mind. Did she think poorly of him because of that experience, did she expect better from him?

“I didn’t know you were gay.” Spencer’s body almost collapsed from relief, that was what she was thinking about? The fact that he had used male pronouns to describe the person he hooked up with? By now Spencer had assumed that people just knew he was bisexual but he often forget he came across as being straight, that didn’t bother him but it was a little frustrating having to correct everyone all the time.
“I’m not, I’m attracted to both men and women.” He corrected her and watched as something flashed across her face, her expression soften as did her body. She muttered a quick apology before bashfully looking down once more. “I ran out though, now I can’t stop thinking about him and wondering whether I should go apologise or something like that.”

Maeve had never been in a situation like that before, the only serious boyfriend she had ever had broke up with her before they left to go to their separate colleges and she wasn’t into the whole hook up scene; then again she hadn’t expected Spencer to be either.

“You shouldn’t have to apologise for not going any further, that was your choice and he has to respect that.” She eventually said, Spencer was too good to be getting involved with drama like this, especially so early on in the school year. Maybe she hadn’t been in a situation like this before but she certainly couldn’t imagine it was pleasant, the further Spencer was away from whoever it was he’d hooked up with the closer he’d be to focusing on his school life.

Spencer smiled with tight lips, her reasoning made perfect sense to him and put him at ease. She was right, just because Luke had gotten him off it didn’t mean he had to return the favour, that wasn’t consent.

“You’re right.” He nodded and watched as her face seemed to light up. It would be stupid of him to say that she wasn’t extremely pretty, a beautiful smile and brown eyes that seemed to sparkle. Even though he wasn’t attracted to her in a romantic way, if he had been it would have been difficult to spend so much time with her without staring constantly. His words seemed to be enough for Maeve because she focused her attention back on her work, a smile still toying on her lips.”

“Have you started doing your research on Gauss’s law yet?” Maeve asked, changing the topic seemed like the best idea. She didn’t particularly want to hear more details about Spencer and his mystery boy, some things were better off being kept private, at least from her.

“It’s like you don’t know me at all.” Spencer teased, causing her to giggle. He laughed along with her briefly, despite being freezing his heart felt warm knowing he had a friend like her around. There was still panic residing within about having to return to the club but for now, he was perfectly content to sit there and sat physics with her.
Spencer’s heart raced as he made his way into Carnivore, he had spent the whole day trying to prepare himself for whatever it was that Emily wanted from him. It took him a while but he eventually settled on it being something to do with JJ, there was no way that after talking for under five minutes that Emily would be that concerned with Spencer and his failed attempts at hooking up. Still, it didn’t settle his stomach and throughout the hours of studying with Maeve he found himself picturing scenarios that could possibly happen.

At around half five he said his goodbyes to Maeve, told her that he having one of his headaches and was going to go lie down. Maeve being the constant worrier she was offered plenty of painkillers he should take and some suggestions as to other things that could aid in him feeling better. She was good like that, always looking out for him. It was one of the main things that he liked about her other than her intelligence, that was what made lying to her so difficult.

It was her idea that he keep his distance from Luke, not because she thought it would somehow make him interested in her because frankly she was perfectly fine admiring from afar. The last thing she needed was another boy distracting her, no she suggested it because it was Spencer who didn’t need a boy distracting him.

Spencer had agreed with her at the time but the more he thought about it the more he felt inclined to seek Luke out and his forgiveness. It just wasn’t in Spencer’s nature to let things go, he was the kind of person to lay awake at night rethinking all the things that weren’t finished yet or hadn’t had a solid ending.

So, whether he wanted to or not he was going back to Carnivore and he was going to speak to Emily about whatever it was she wanted. If Luke was there then he was going to apologise for running off without an explanation, not for not getting him off because that remained to be his choice and his alone.

He spent more time than he ever had before staring into his wardrobe, trying to decide what on earth to wear. The outfit JJ had picked out for him last time wasn’t his style at all and this time he wasn’t trying to blend it, he was going to go there and do what he needed then swiftly get out. Eventually he decided on just the clothes he had chosen to put on that morning, a light blue shirt and grey cardigan with grey trousers.

Now though, he was here. The familiar smell of Marijuana hitting him as soon as he walked inside, he hadn’t seen anyone taking any drugs but he was certain they’d eventually show themselves. Without JJ by his side Spencer was far more cautious, he kept an eye on everyone around him even if he didn’t think they were going to do anything, the nerves had just made him extra jumpy.

“Reid!” Spencer looked towards the bar and spotted Emily waving at him, she looked genuinely pleased to see him and that calmed his nerves. He forced himself to sport a smile as he walked over, then sitting across from her. “Do you want a drink?”

“I’m okay, I can’t stay long.” In reality he could if he wanted, if he wanted being the key term here. Emily sensed Spencer’s discomfort, that was nothing a drink couldn’t fix though so she started making him one anyways. “How did you get my number?”

“JJ gave it to me, she said it was in case of emergencies.” Emily explained as she poured some Jack Daniels into a glass, then followed with a can of Cola Cola. Spencer watched with a raised eyebrow as she made the drink, he hadn’t asked for it so therefore he could complain that it wasn’t his taste at
all but he decided against it. When she placed the glass in front of him he took it with a tight smile, taking a small sip then cringing at the taste.

“What sort of emergencies does she think she’ll be getting into?” He asked while trying to keep up an normal appearance despite the harshness coating his tongue.

“That girl is more trouble than you know.” Emily teased before her attention was drawn away by another person walking up to the bar, Spencer glanced at them from the corner of his eye but focused on the drink in front of him, trying to work out what Emily meant by what she’d just said. JJ didn’t get into trouble, she was committed to her education and the most reckless thing she had ever done was coming to this bar.

He couldn’t help but get worried at the thought of JJ getting into trouble, she was his best friend and she trusted him enough to be there if something went wrong. That was a lot of pressure, he only hoped that she didn’t get into anything too bad.

“Is that what you wanted to talk to me about?”

“Yeah, kind of.” Emily spoke slowly, she knew she shouldn’t be asking Spencer about this behind JJ’s back but it was because she cared about her. If something had happened, she wanted to be of some help. “I wanted to ask you if she’d dated anyone else before me? She refuses to tell me and since we aren’t really dating I can’t force her, you’re her best friend however…”

Spencer sighed, JJ and her dating history were still sort of a mystery to him. He didn’t care all that much but it was obvious something had happened, she was so open about everything else in her life but for some reason her dating life was out of bounds.

“She talked about someone named Will, they dated back in high school. I think something bad happened between them because whenever someone brings it up to her hands get sweaty and her heartbeat picks up, she tries to find the quickest exit from the conversation while trying to keep calm. She also bites her cuticles, mainly on her pinkie finger.”

Emily stared at Spencer, her expression completely blank. There was an awkward silence between them for a good ten seconds before she found the words to speak again.

“You notice all those things?” Spencer realised he had been weird and immediately took another sip of his drink, hoping it would distract himself from his embarrassment. He nodded quickly after slamming the cup back onto the counter, his face contorting “You’re weird, Spencer.” He didn’t bother trying to discredit her, it wasn’t the first time he had been called weird and it certainly wouldn’t be the last.

“So, can I ask about what happened last night?” If he didn’t know Emily was only interested in women he might have taken her tone as flirtatious, after the freak out he’d had it had only peaked her curiosity. She had spotted him talking to Luke, a regular at the club, together they were an unlikely pair but then again some people might think that about her and JJ. When she went to look at them again they were gone, she only found Spencer again when she went outside for a smoke.

Spencer just sighed, staring down at the now half empty glass before reaching out and downing the rest of it; if he was going to tell Emily what happened then he needed as much liquid courage as he could get.

“Why do I have the feeling you already know?”

“About you and Luke? Yeah, sorry handsome but you aren’t sneaky.” Emily chuckled and took
Spencer’s empty glass from it with the intentions of filling it up again, now that she’d brought up
Luke he looked like he needed as much alcohol she could offer.

Spencer was quiet as he contemplated what he was to say next, he didn’t need to go into details as to
what had happened as Emily seemed to already know. So what else was there to say? It was pretty
simple, he got scared and had run out.

“What do you know about him?” Emily placed another drink in front of Spencer as asked his
question, she looked behind him for a few seconds before meeting his look again. Being a bartender
often meant people shared their lives with her, she knew all about the regulars and even the people
who visited once and never again.

“He dropped out of college a few months ago, he was close to graduating but just…left. I overheard
him talking about joining the army but that was a while ago, no one’s really sure what he’s doing
these days.” She explained casually, there hadn’t been many opportunities to speak to Luke has he
often was in conversation with another woman with short black hair in a bob and always sporting a
leather jacket.

“Is he here a lot?” Spencer asked, not noticing how Emily looked behind him once more before a
smirk came across her lips.

“Why don’t you ask him yourself?”

Spencer frowned in confusion before someone sat down beside him, he quickly put the pieces of the
puzzle together and became extremely still. On his arrival into the club he hadn’t seen Luke and just
assumed he wasn’t there, he probably had better things to do than sit at a grunge club every day.

Apparently not.

“Is it alright if I sit here?” Luke asked, there was no malicious behind his words, no bad intention or
grudge being held. Spencer was good at being able to detect those things from a mile away, Luke
just sounded genuinely kind. He had copied what Spencer had said to him when they first met but he
took that as being more playful than bitter.

Spencer finally turned to look at Luke, his mind racing with everything he wanted to say but also
with the advice Maeve had given him. Maybe he didn’t have to give an apology but he wanted to, it
would make him feel better and hopefully let him focus on anything again because for the past 20
hours all he could think about was the way Luke pressed up against him.

“I’m sorry about last night, you didn’t do anything wrong I just had never done anything like that
with anyone ever and it was all just a lot to process.” Spencer spat out before Luke could say
anything else.

“It wasn’t an eye for an eye situation. Sure it would have been nice if you returned the favour but I
had the visuals of you so it wasn’t all a waste.” Luke was all smiles, the exact opposite of how
Spencer had expected him to act. In the hours he had spent obsessing he had conjured up the image
of Luke being this tough guy who would hate him if he didn’t make him come but it was becoming
clearer that he was just some normal guy who was trying to have a good time.

Spencer had to actively try and stop himself from blushing, something he’d never had to do before. If
he had torn himself away from looking at Luke he would have seen how Emily was looking at them
fondly, she’d seen Luke in there many times before but never had she seen him smile this much.

“We didn’t really get to talk much yesterday, got caught up in other things. Unless you’re still
freaked out which I’d understand, I’d like to get to know you better.” Luke didn’t know how
Spencer would react to his advances, he wouldn’t blame him if he was too weirded out to sit and talk
about other things considering their adventurous night.

Spencer smiled, a full blown grin which was rare for him as most of his smiles were done out of
force.

“Yeah, that would be nice.”
“You never answered my question.” Luke leant back on the stool and turned his body so he could have a better look at Spencer, he looked far more calm than the night before, more comfortable in his own skin and in his surroundings. Spencer thought back to the first time they had met and rushed over all the words they had shared.

“What’s your idea of fun?” Spencer quoted Luke’s words after deciding on what he was talking about, it was right before he followed him into the bathroom and they had their exciting and admittedly scandalous hook up. He was surprised even with his eidetic memory that he remembered all the words shared because until now they had been fogged over with all his worries. “I don’t really have time for fun, most of the time I’m busy studying and clubs aren’t exactly the perfect spot for that.”

“What do you study?” Luke asked with interest in his voice, even though Spencer found his courses interesting he’d only ever found one other person who showed the same interest and that had been Maeve. It was strange to be treated like he had something valuable to say, that wasn’t to say that everyone in his life didn’t try and make him feel like he did it was just that a lot of time their attempts failed. With Luke though, it was the most natural thing in the world.

“I’m majoring in physics and mathematics, minoring in psychology. I’ve been studying Gauss’s Law as of lately which is a law that describes how an electric field will look like with a known distribution of electric charge. I wish they’d offer us something more difficult though, I was already learning about Maxwell’s Equation’s when I was eight- I’m rambling aren’t I?”

Spencer laughed awkwardly and went back to his drink which was disgusting but was acting like a comfort blanket around now. Not many people enjoyed the way he would get caught up in his own words, thoughts spilling out of him like a slot machine. He’d gotten used to the awkward silences and side glances so when Luke invited him to keep talking it was then that Spencer became speechless.

“I have no fucking idea what Gauss’s Law is, I know you just described it but I was, uh, kind of distracted.” So this was what flirting sounded like. Spencer hadn’t caught on the last time they’d talked to Luke’s flirtatious tone, now that he knew what it sounded like he found himself once again starting to blush. Luke still wanted to flirt and that alone shocked Spencer considered how he’d been more than a killjoy last time.

“You’re not getting me in that bathroom again.” If Luke could flirt then Spencer could at least try, he was far less skilled at it and worried that he might have made himself appear annoyed or even offended.

“Relax, fucking strangers in the bathroom isn’t something I do a lot.” Luke chuckled and took a sip of his drink, Spencer wondered if he drank anything other than whiskey. He couldn’t explain what it was about Spencer that made him so captivating but every time he opened his mouth he liked him a little more. This was fine until you considered how often Spencer spoke.

“Oh, I see. So you’re selective with who you fuck in the bathroom.” Spencer rarely swore but it came out naturally, partly because of the alcohol but also because he wanted to keep up with Luke.

“No, I just made an exception for you.”

The sentiment was oddly sweet. It wasn’t something Spencer would usually had felt much for, his
ideas of romance were much different than insinuating that he was somehow special because he had
got jerked off in a public place but because it was coming from Luke it felt…different. There was
more to it, he was yet to put his finger on what it was though.

“Prentiss, grab me a beer?” A woman’s voice beside Spencer made him jump, he had been too
intertwined in his own thoughts and hadn’t expected to be spooked like that. Even with The Cure
blasting loudly around them her small voice still managed to scare him. He glanced round at the
woman, she was five foot two at best and friendly round features, she was pretty and looked like the
most innocent thing in there if he didn’t count himself.

Emily had been sneakily listening in to Luke and Spencer’s conversation while she served drinks to
other people, her head snapped up at the sound of her friend’s voice and she reached underneath the
bar where the fridges sat and pulled out her favourite beer before handing it over the bar.

“Kate, did you see Elle at all today?” She asked and leant down against the bar counter, brushing her
sweaty bangs out of her face. Kate was a bouncer outside along with Elle, the club was almost
primarily female ran and Emily was certain it was one of the main reasons it had become so popular.

“She’s back at home, period pains suck.” Kate sighed and undid the cap of the beer before taking a
long swig, without her girlfriend around to help keep the assholes out the night seemed to be
dragging on. It wasn’t like everyone who wanted in were bad guys, she usually judged it on how
they reacted to her being the security; if they were fine with it then they were almost always fine to
go inside, if they picked fun and tried to prove their dominance over her well, that just resulted in a
few broken fingers. After finishing her drink she turned to the right and saw the two men beside her.
“Oh, sorry! Don’t think you wanted to hear that.”

“Spencer’s probably glad to know she’s human. Don’t worry, she’s a sweetheart underneath all that
tough exterior.” Emily teased before leaning over to ruffle Spencer’s neatly combed hair, almost
instantly his hands flew up to fix the mess she had created. Luke just watched with curiosity at the
scene unravelling in front of him.

“Are you the same?” In attempt to act cool Spencer turned to Kate and asked her the question, Kate
stared at him for a few seconds as she tried to work out what he meant before it eventually hit her.
She couldn’t stop herself from laughing, Elle definitely looked like the tough one but that wasn’t to
say that role of the badass was taken.

“Mm? Oh, no. There’s nothing sweet here.” She said before downing the rest of the beer and sliding
the bottle back over to Emily. “Well, I’ve got to get back out there. Wish me luck.”

“Like you need any.” Emily smiled as Kate hurried back outside, then taking some time to look
around. It was getting more crowded by the minute and she was worried that Spencer might get
spooked again. She didn’t care all that much, having something to focus on other than a list of
different cocktails was nice however. Plus, this was JJ’s best friend and becoming his friend was
probably in her best interest. “It’s getting kinda crowded in here, Luke do you want to take Spencer
upstairs?”

Luke looked to Emily for the first time since he’d sat down, his attention had been solely on Spencer.
He looked to Spencer for an answer, he just shrugged his shoulders with the same tight smile he’d
been sporting since Kate had completely dragged Spencer’s attempts at banter through the mud.
Luke took that as good enough confirmation and stood up, downing the rest of his whiskey before
turning and starting to make his way over to the staircase in the corner of the room. Spencer looked
between him and Emily for a good ten seconds before pushing his own drink away and almost
tripping over himself as he followed Luke.
The staircase lead to a second floor, another bar lay there with less people than downstairs but enough to keep the brunette bartending busy. Spencer assumed this was what Emily meant by upstairs and started to walk towards the bar, only to realise that Luke wasn’t following him. He had gone to a second staircase, Spencer knew there wasn’t a third floor so he hurried after him to work out where he was going.

It turns out that the staircase lead to the roof, there were a few old tatty couches and a coffee table stained with cigarette burns and scratches from broken glass. It wasn’t the most ideal seating situation Spencer had ever seen but the view was beautiful, looking out across the city and also the college campus.

“Did you know there was a survey done where 45 participants were asked if they’d had sex on a couch at some point in their life, the results came back and 97% of the participants had said yes.” Spencer winced as Luke went to go sit down on the couch, imagining all the germs that must have been harboured there. Luke laughed and slipped off his jacket, laying it down on the couch so Spencer could sit down.

“Happy?” Luke asked before sitting down himself, now that he knew Spencer’s gross fact he wasn’t too keen on the idea of spending copious amounts of time on the couch. However he could put up with it if it meant spending more time with him. Spencer wasn’t particularly happy about it but appreciated the gesture, he didn’t want to be rude so he pushed past his fears and walked over to the couch and sat down beside him. “See? That wasn’t so bad, was it?”

Spencer titled his head to look at Luke, taking in the small details of his face he couldn’t see before. The sun was setting right in front of their eyes, a sky filled with warmth like a final goodbye before the cold nighttime air would come and hit. It was gorgeous, and yet Spencer had no urge to look at it.

“Can I be honest with you?” Spencer’s voice was soft, sweet in a way Luke had never heard around these parts of town. Everything about him was sweet, the way he was looking at him with most beautiful brown eyes and content smile on his lips. Luke wasn’t one to pick up on things like this, he wasn’t detail oriented and just took things in as a whole but with Spencer he had to praise each feature separately and with careful affection.

“Go ahead.” Luke was surprised at how soft his voice was as well, quiet like he didn’t want to burst the bubble of the moment they’d found themselves within.

“I am happy.” Spencer confessed, it wasn’t life changing or anything revolutionary but he needed Luke to know that he wanted to be here with him, that he wasn’t here because he felt guilty for the night before or because he was too awkward to say no. Luke just smiled once more and nodded his head, understanding what Spencer’s intentions were.

They sat there until the sky had shifted into a dark hue, Spencer pointed out the stars and told Luke what they were and how far away from them they were. It made him feel small but not in a bad way, a small reminder that the universe was so large and had so many possibilities and by some blessing, he had found himself here.
JJ had slowly began spending more and more time at Carnivore, she didn’t consider herself the kind of girl who liked to frequent clubs and that was still true to some degree. If she didn’t have a reason to go then she wouldn’t be spending a majority of her evenings there, sat behind the bar watching people have a good time. She did have a reason though, the absolute best one.

She had first met Emily at the club, it was a Saturday night and she decided that she wanted to try and have the classic college experience and go out partying. Her friends weren’t exactly the party type, she couldn’t imagine Spencer stepping into a club unless it was at gunpoint and Penelope was too busy with her newfound love for hacking. There was Morgan but he had already made plans and JJ wasn’t sure she would like his friends. So, she had ended up going in alone.

Emily had immediately taken a shining to her, she looked like a ray of sunshine compared to all the regulars, with her long blonde hair and glowing skin. She had watched with heavy eyes as JJ had danced around with the others, her head tilting back with a loud laugh as “Jennifer’s Body” by Hole began to play; Emily didn’t understand why she was so amused until she got her name.

They spoke for almost four hours that first day, it was half three when JJ finally managed to tear herself away from Emily and her endless stories and flirty comments. JJ knew she was into girls, before he left for college she had experimented with a good friend of hers under the premise that they were just practising for the boys. This wasn’t long after she and Will had called things off for official, things had been hanging on barely by a thread but once he had no reason to stick around, they both decided it was best the broke up.

JJ didn’t want to tell anyone about what happened between Will and her, she had worked hard to keep up the appearance of having her life together and the last thing she needed was for everyone to know all of her personal business. The only person who had even the slightest bit of knowledge was Spencer but she trusted him to keep quiet.

Apparently though she’d have to re-evaluate who she trusted because when Emily brought up the whole ex conversation again she actually had a name, one that JJ was certain she hadn’t told her.

“When did you talk to Spencer?” JJ replied dryly as watched Emily collect her things, the club closed at half four and even though JJ knew better than to stay up this late when she had class the next day it was worth it to spend time with Emily. They didn’t have much time to spare during the day so the night had become theirs.

“He came round a few days ago, I wanted to ask him somethings. He went off with Luke after a drink.” Emily explained as she tugged her bag onto her shoulder, reaching down to grab a hold of JJ’s hand before walking out of the club together. She didn’t particularly like being in there when it was empty, there was something eerie about it.

JJ hadn’t expected Spencer to find someone so quickly, especially someone like Luke. They were an unlikely pair for certain, but if Spencer was happy then who was she to judge? Some people might say the same thing about her and Emily but in reality she’d never had this strong of a connection with someone.

“Are you talking about Alvez? He’s been looking real chipper these past few days, it’s kind of freaking me out.” Elle said after overhearing the conversation going on, she had been waiting outside for Kate to come back from the toilet, it had been a long night and all she wanted right now was the warmth of her bed. However she couldn’t resist the sound of gossip, especially coming from one of
“There’s something going on with him and the nerdy one, right? Spencer?” Kate walked out of the front door and locked it behind her, tucking her short hair behind her ear as she looked to Emily and JJ. She was grateful that almost all the employees were female, it made dealing with entitled fuck boys somehow easier.

“Go home, girls. See you tomorrow.” Emily smiled at the couple before turning and staring to walk down the sidewalk, her apartment wasn’t far from the club and sometimes JJ would sleep round. It was always risky because of the occasional room check that happened back on campus but so far she hadn’t been caught out. Plus like everything she did with Emily, it made her feel a little naughty, breaking the rules was fun with her.

The walk back to her apartment was quick and quiet, neither particularly enjoyed being out at night since it could be a shady part of town at times so they made sure to keep their eyes out for trouble. Even the walk up the stairs to her apartment was quiet, usually it was filled with giggles due to all the alcohol they’d had but today was different. After Emily brought up Will lots of memories flooded back to JJ, ones she didn’t want to think about right now.

Once in her apartment JJ kicked her shoes off and slid of her jacket, it was an old one of Emily’s that somehow she had just ended up wearing more than she did. Emily’s apartment was small and filled with personality, one of JJ’s new favourite things to do was to grab some random thing off one of her shelves and then listen to the story behind it.

“So, are you going to tell me about this Will guy or do I have to go back to that big brain of Spencer’s?” JJ froze at the mention of Will’s name, her body tensing up and her jaw tightened. As much as she liked Emily she did not like how persistent she could be, if she could sense something was wrong then she could not just let it go, it wasn’t in her nature.

Slowly, JJ walked into the kitchen where Emily was making herself something to eat quickly, nothing special just some peanut butter on toast.

“Emily, please. Just drop it, I don’t want to talk about him.” JJ said in the softest voice she could muster, hoping that maybe that would persuade Emily to just let them be. They weren’t even dating, or at least nothing had been confirmed. Everyone knew that JJ was Emily’s girl but they didn’t refer to each other as girlfriends, they didn’t do domestic shit together. If she was going to tell someone about Will then she wanted it to be someone she loved and could tell them that to their face.

“Did he cheat? Something worse?” Emily said with a mouthful of toast, she didn’t want to know just for the sake of knowing but rather she wanted to know JJ better. She was always telling her stories from her past yet she knew nothing about her, whether or not she had siblings or if she liked her parents, dumb vacations she went on as a kid. They were friends at the least, that seemed deserving enough of some information.

“Will is a good guy, he didn’t do anything wrong.” JJ felt her throat begin to tighten up, her palms starting to become sweaty. This always happened, she hated getting so worked up but she couldn’t help it. No matter how hard she tried to not think this way what happened was a big deal, the most difficult thing she’d ever gone through in her whole life and keeping it a secret was so incredibly difficult.

“Then why did I have to ask around your friends to just get his name? Jennifer something happened between you two because you don’t just erase someone out of your life for no rea—”

“I got pregnant.”
Silence. Emily just stared at her with big brown eyes full of shock, out of all the things she had been thinking about this had not been one of them. She felt like she would have known, that there would have been some tell tale sign that JJ was a mother but there wasn’t. She acted like ever other college girl, maybe even a little more rebellious. Perhaps that was all just her cover.

“Oh.” Emily said simply, not sure what else there was to say. JJ seemed like such a good girl, like she wouldn’t even risk the possibility of getting pregnant until she ready, Emily wasn’t judging her but it all was just coming as a big shock. It made sense now why JJ would want to keep Will away from her life here, she was protecting someone else as well.

“Condoms are only 98% effective - god I sound like Spence.” JJ laughed awkwardly despite the fact she had started to well up, wiping her sweaty palms down on her jeans before crossing her arms tightly over her chest. “I had a boy, me and Will both agreed that we weren’t ready to parents and wanted at least a small chance of getting a better education. My mom has him now, raising him until one of us works out what we’re doing with our lives.”

Emily stayed quiet, trying to process everything JJ had just said. What she had done must have been difficult, leaving your child with their grandmother before travelling across the state where you’d then pretend like he didn’t exist. She still didn’t feel bad for prying though, this was the sort of thing she wanted, needed to know. Not because it changed her opinion on JJ but because she too had shared secrets like this, she wanted to feel like they were in this thing together.

“Look, I understand if you didn’t sign up for all-”

“JJ I don’t care, really. Kids aren’t the worst thing in the world.” Emily tried to bring some lightness back to the conversation, walking over to JJ before hugging her. She felt her smaller frame tremble within her arms, trying to calm down her breathing before she ended up sobbing. They only pulled back once JJ had relaxed, it was much easier to hide your face when it was buried in someone else’s neck.

“This stays between us. No one else can know.” JJ wiped away the tears collecting in the corners of her eyes, she hadn’t cried in front of Emily before and she didn’t want this to be the first time. What they had was supposed to be fun and lighthearted, it wasn’t her intention to share this with her any time soon or even at all but now it was out, the least she could do was not make it a permanent conversation point.

“I promise.”

Emily smiled down at JJ, reaching out to tuck a strand of hair out of her face before engulfing her in yet another hug. They’d been awake since the early hours of the morning the day before and both women were now physically and emotionally exhausted, the comfort of Emily’s bed was now consuming their thoughts.

JJ fell asleep to the thoughts of her little boy, big blue eyes like her own and the puff of platinum hair. She missed him more than anything in the world, there wasn’t a day that went by that she didn’t think of him and remind herself why she was here; he deserved to have a good life and right now she wasn’t capable of giving that to him by herself. In a few years, perhaps but right now she had to focus on getting to that point.

As Emily held her closer, JJ couldn’t stop her mind from wandering to the image of Emily with a baby in her arms, her perfect smile lighting up the room as she looked down, small fists waving around and a bubbly cackle. She fell asleep with a smile on her face, content with the image floating around her head.
Spencer was smiling more than he used to, he didn’t notice this until JJ pointed it out one day while they were sat in his room with their noses buried in their own course specific book. It had been almost a month since she had first took him to Carnivore and now he came along with her almost every time, usually around two times during the week and then almost for the full weekend. She was too busy spending time with Emily to pay attention to him but she knew he was getting closer and closer to Luke, nothing else had happened since the night they met but she wouldn’t be surprised if it did sometime soon.

“You’ve been really smiley recently, want to tell me why?” She asked in a voice that would lead anyone else to think she didn’t actually know what was going on, Spencer wasn’t just anyone else though and caught onto what she was hinting at immediately.

“Have I?” He said innocently, not looking up from his textbook but still catching how JJ shifted impatiently from where she was sat across from him. She was right now that he thought about it, Maeve had made a comment about it also a few days ago but it just hadn’t registered like it had now.

“Whatever, Spence.” JJ shook her head, brushing her long hair out of her way so she could focus on her notes. She still wore a fond smile, even though Spencer wasn’t going to tell her she still knew the reason why. “I’m just glad you’re happy.”

She invited him to come back to the club that night with her, it was a tuesday which meant he was supposed to be studying with Maeve but she had canceled last minute, something about family troubles going on hence why he was studying with JJ instead. He had more work than she had to do so she ended up leaving before him, ruffling his short hair as she bounced out of his room.

It was around half seven when Spencer managed to drag himself away from his books, he didn’t care all that much about his appearance usually but recently he’d been putting more effort in. Usually he’d comb his hair within an inch of its life so it no longer had an stray curls free but recently he’d been leaving it be, mostly because Luke had made a comment about how he liked it. He wasn’t in the habit of doing things about his appearance to please another but for some reason with Luke it was different.

They talked about things Spencer liked and Luke always seemed interested, asking questions and sporting the same doting smile. It made Spencer feel good knowing he had something of interest to say, he thought all his facts and statistics were interesting but more often than not people didn’t. Luke also made him feel attractive, making a comment here and there about how Spencer looked good in a certain shirt or about how he looked cute when the alcohol set in and his cheeks flushed pink. He didn’t really know what their relationship was but whatever it was, it meant a lot to him.

Spencer walked down the street with a smile on his face, thinking about all the things he had to tell Luke after not seeing him for a few days. Luke had stories of his own to tell, the spot on the roof had
become their favourite place to talk and laugh, it was quickly becoming Spencer’s favourite place ever.

He was so in his thoughts that he didn’t realise there was suddenly a few people behind him, muttering between themselves. When Spencer looked over his shoulder he was met with three strong looking men, maybe a few years older than him and far more intimidating. Quickly he turned back round and focused on walking, trying to ignore the attention that had just been put on him.

“Where are you going, faggot?” A gruff voice said behind Spencer but he just kept walking, head down and trying to keep his body as small as he possibly could, hoping that he would just disappear and not have to deal with the fear crawling up his throat. It wasn’t until a large hand pushed hard against his back causing him to fall forward onto the pavement that the fear escaped his throat, coming out as a scared yelp. “I was talking to you! You fags think you run this part of town, don’t you?”

Spencer went to get up but before he could another pair of hands had grabbed him by his cardigan and yanked him up, he didn’t think even for a second that they were trying to help him up because they were pulling him back to only then push him down a dark alley. He landed on the rough ground, broken glass embedding itself in his palm and forearms, as he tried to push himself up off the ground he felt his own blood begin to drip down his arm.

Fear wasn’t a strong enough word to describe how he was feeling when he heard the sound of laughter and footsteps edging towards him, their words were slurred so they clearly had been out drinking already and were just wandering the streets looking for someone to pick a fight with. Spencer didn’t know how to fight, he’d taken plenty of punches in his life but never actually thrown one.

“Wait-” Spencer tried to defend himself but before he could say anymore a harsh kick landed to his stomach and he got the air knocked out of him. He tried to curl up into a ball and shield his organs from any of the worst of the hits, it only made the men above him laugh more, one taking a swig from a bottle of vodka and the other two getting closer to Spencer.

“Fucking queers, get up and be a real man!” One laughed and landed a kick directly in Spencer’s face, the force of it made him fall back onto the glass against, rolling onto his side despite the glass cutting him; if it meant not facing them then it was something Spencer could deal with. “What a pussy, I bet this is his dream - having three men around him.” He laughed before lifted his boot up to stamp down on Spencer’s torso, exactly where his rib cage was.

Spencer yelped again, his face scrunched up in pain but also because he was trying to stop himself from crying, the last thing he needed was another reason for these men to want to hurt him. There was no point in trying to fight them, so Spencer stayed curled up and kept reminding himself that if he stayed quiet and pliant that they would eventually get bored and leave him alone.

“Get the fuck off him!” Spencer heard a woman’s voice and immediately curled himself tighter, praying that it wasn’t someone else wanting to join in on beating him up. In the process of trying to keep himself from sane he had zoned out completely, plenty more kicks and hits had come in but he had convinced himself he was somewhere else completely. He only opened his eyes when the heavy figure looming over him was forced away, it was then he saw two small brunette women and recognized the voice. Despite being pulled away he didn’t go without spitting on Spencer first, earning himself a punch from the smaller girl.

“You better stay away from here or I swear to god you’ll have a lot more to worry about than a
broken nose.” Kate hissed at the larger man who was now holding his bloody nose, if Spencer didn’t know better he would have been afraid for the two women as the three men facing them were much tougher looking, fortunately he did know them and knew that they were fully capable of taking care of themselves.

Spencer heard one of them mutter about how they were lucky they were girls before they backed out of the alley and vanished down the street, despite them being gone he felt no sense of relief. If anything he had been brought back to real life and all the pain felt intensified, from his head to his toes everything was crying out in pain and he didn’t know how he managed to back out from the pain.

“I’m gonna pull you up, okay? Hold onto me.” Kate’s bend down beside Spencer and hooked his arm around her neck, Elle did the same thing on his other side and helped him back onto his feet. Once he was back to standing Spencer tried to focus his eyes on one of the bricks on the wall in front of him, attempting to stop the world from spinning around him. He didn’t know whether to be glad this wasn’t the first time he had been beaten up, high school hadn’t been too kind to him so he had gotten used to the pain; this just brought back all those awful feelings with the hurt.

“Looks like a broken nose, hey at least you didn’t chip any of your pretty teeth.” Elle tried to joke despite the serious look on her face, she held Spencer’s jaw gently within her hand and examined his face. She’d seen enough fights to recognize an injury almost right away, his nose was definitely broke and there was going to be some bruising around his eyes and jaw. There were also cuts from where he’d had his face against the ground with the broken glass, in short he looked like a wreck.

“There’s a first aid kit inside, think we can get him down the street?” Elle asked, glancing down at Spencer’s legs as she noticed them begin to shake. This wasn’t the first fight they had broken up but it was the first fight involving one of their own, maybe she didn’t know Spencer very well at all but he was friends with Emily and that by default meant he was apart of their family. Kate didn’t look convinced but nodded her head anyways, slowly starting to walk alongside Spencer who after having his ankles stamped on was having trouble walking even with help.

When they did arrive back at Carnivore it didn’t take long for people to begin to notice, a lot too drunk to care but Emily had looked up from the drink she was serving after seeing them out of the corner of her eye. Her heart dropped as she looked at the mess that was Spencer currently, he usually looked so prim and proper so to see him look so roughed up like this was a wake up call she never wanted.

“What happened?” Emily left the drink half made on the counter and hurried around it, the worry in her voice caught JJ’s attention and she looked up from her phone to see what was going on.

“Everyone out, now!”

“Oh my god, Spence.” Her voice was quiet from shock, her phone fell out of her hands and was left without a second thought on the floor as she hurried after Emily. Kate and Elle helped Spencer up to the bar where they then sat him down, some of the people around them got up and left but others stayed put, confused as to why they were being told to leave.

“You can’t just kick out a whole crowd of people.” A man at the bar said, he was around twenty four and covered head to toe in tattoos and one of the clubs most frequent customers. Emily turned her attention away from Spencer to glare at him, her look something that could have put medusa to shame.

“Actually, I can. That’s what you get when you’re the boss, now move it.”
As the rest of the people started to leave Kate went and turned the music off, Elle was rummaging around under the bar for the first aid kit and JJ was perched on the seat beside Spencer, his hands in her own being examined. She couldn’t fathom a reason anyone could do this to him, he hadn’t hurt another person in his entire life and was the least antagonistic person she’d ever known. It was rare that JJ got angry but she felt in building in her stomach as she noticed the pieces of glass sticking out from his cardigan, cuts decorating his hands.

“What the fuck happened?” Emily’s voice shook, she stood in front of Spencer and watched as Elle pulled out the first aid kit. She rummaged around until she found bandages and disinfectant, tweezers also. Fights happened around, that wasn’t something new but they didn’t happen to her people. The reason she’d hired Elle and Kate was so that the people who came to the club felt safe, misfits and deviants often came looking for refuge and it made her sick to her stomach that one of their own had been hurt like this.

“Some homophobic assholes were beating the shit out of him, we heard them yelling slurs from down the street and went looking.” Elle explained through clenched teeth, rolling her sleeves up as she walked around the bar and picked up the tweezers. She carefully began to pull out the pieces of glass that weren’t fully embedded in Spencer’s arm, some had been caught in the wool of his cardigan and she removed those first. “He was just laying there, they were too big to stop-”

“Stop talking about him like he isn’t here.” JJ didn’t intent to sound as angry as she had, her anger wasn’t pointed at Elle but rather whoever did this Spencer - it just came out towards her. She took a deep breath and tried to calm down before speaking again, this time to Spencer. “Are you okay?”

Spencer, who had been staring down at the floor in an almost state of dissociation slowly looked up at JJ. His face was red, both from where bruises were beginning to form and the blood from his nose and cuts, it was something she’d never expected to see him like. He didn’t even flinch when Elle pulled out a particularly deep piece of glass, didn’t even have the energy to tell her how dangerous removing the glass could be. The only way to describe how he was feeling was completely out of it, the dark yet colourful lighting that covered the club made everything feel blurry and not quite there, nothing like it was real.

“What’s Luke?” Spencer said eventually, his jaw aching as he opened his mouth to speak. The four women shared a look before glancing behind them at the staircase leading up to the second floor.

“The roof, Kate go get him. I think Tara was with him as well.” Emily ordered and Kate just nodded her head and scurried across the room, she could already picture how Luke was going to react when he heard what had happened and it wasn’t going to be good. Spencer recalled how Luke had wanted him to meet his friend, he’d heard a lot about Tara and she sounded wonderful; it was unfortunate that they were going to meet under these circumstances.

Spencer sat there quietly, only moving when JJ and Elle helped him remove his cardigan and then carefully roll up his sleeves, they had suggested taking his shirt off but Spencer had shook his head. There was only so much humiliation he could handle in one day.

A collection of footsteps like the ones he heard before made Spencer visibly retreat, shrinking in within himself. It wasn’t until he saw Luke that he relaxed, noting the horror plastered over his face. Behind him was Kate and another pretty woman, dressed up in a leather jacket and curled bob length hair, she shared a similar look to the one Luke had.

“Tara’s coming with me, we’re going to find the guys who did this.” Kate informed the group, while
they were all angry that this had happened they had been so focused on Spencer that the idea that they could actually do something to prevent this happening again hadn’t crossed their minds. Elle looked towards Emily for confirmation that she could go with them and once she got a nod in response she carefully but the tweezers down on the counter.

“I’m sorry.” Tara said as she walked past Spencer, smiling at him sadly as she followed after the brunettes. Spencer didn’t have the energy to reply so he just returned the same kind of smile

“How bad does it hurt?” Luke wanted to go along with Tara and the rest, he wanted to find whoever did this to Spencer and beat them up until he no longer felt the unimaginable level of guilt he did. There was no way he would have known this was going to happen to Spencer yet he still felt like he should have done something to help, knowing Spencer though he’d tell him all about some psychological reason for why he felt so guilty and try to put his feelings down to science. He wouldn’t mind though, he never did.

“A broken rib or two, broken nose, wouldn’t be surprised if I have a concussion.” Spencer listed off all his injuries, leaving out all the obvious things like the bruising and cuts. The worst headache of his life was starting and all he wanted was to stop being the centre of attention and sleep everything off, despite knowing that wasn’t the right thing to do if he did end up having a concussion.

Luke looked between Emily and JJ, both women looking worried but relieved that Spencer was at least talking now. Not only were they worried about the physical injuries but the mental also, going through something like this would affect anyone and JJ was particularly worried since she knew about Spencer’s past with all the bullying he endured.

“You need to go to a hospital.” Luke made the decision finally, standing up from where he had crouched in front of Spencer in the hopes of looking him in the eye. Spencer only spoke again when he started looking for his keys.

“I hate hospitals.” He said quietly, this was true but he also didn’t want anymore attention on him, almost all his life was catered to only getting involved with the people he liked and trusted so it wasn’t in his interest to spent a night in a crowded hospital, having to retell the story of what happened to countless doctors and nurses.

“What do you want then?” Spencer pondered on Luke’s question for a minute or so, no one rushed him instead they stayed there patiently. Emily was examining his arms for signs of anymore glass and JJ was studying his face, trying to work out what he was thinking.

“Can you take me home?”

“No way, I’m not going to leave you there. You’re coming home with me.” Luke pulled his keys out of his pocket, he had been waiting for Spencer to arrive before drinking so he was okay to drive. It wasn’t that far anyways, a little further away than Emily’s not fast enough in his car. Spencer was too tired to argue, he just nodded his head and slowly extended his arms so he could be helped up.

Once he was up Luke wrapped one of his arms around his neck and held Spencer’s waist tight, too tight at first causing Spencer to groan in pain. While he wanted him to go to a hospital, at least he was going to be around to look after him and make sure he was recovering okay. He wasn’t going to admit it any time soon but Luke had experienced the exact same thing before, so if anyone knew what Spencer was going through it was him.

He knew what it felt like to be alone and he was going to do everything in his power to not let
Spencer not feel that way, he was too young to lose hope like that.
Luke flicked on the light switch and walked into the apartment, Spencer a few steps behind him. The car ride over to Luke's place had been quiet, both knew there were a lot of things to say but no comfortable way to say them yet so they sat in silence. It was still so fresh in his mind and Spencer wasn’t ready yet to dive into the details of what had happened and his feelings, however when he was he knew someone he could talk to.

Alex Blake was a counsellor back at the college, Spencer had spoken to her multiple times when it came to issues like his mother; Blake had quickly started to feel like a mother to him which in turn he felt guilty for because he already had one, one who he’d left back in Las Vegas. Needless to say they’d spent many hours talking over his issues, he doubted it would surprise her that he’d come running back with yet another problem.

At the sound of something scratching against the floor Spencer whipped around to look at whatever it was, he was met with a small border collie, brown fur with big ears. It skipped past Spencer and headed straight for Luke who was looking for something cold in the freezer to put on Spencer’s nose.

“You have a dog?” Spencer asked timidly, he was necessarily scared of dogs but some were certainly better than others. Luke looked down at his feet at the dog who was now sat patiently at his feet, looking up at him hopefully. He’d had her for a few months now and in that time she’d become remarkably well trained, still with the playful nature of a puppy but with the obedience of an older dog.

“Roxy, Emily found her left in a box in the alley beside Carnivore and I took her in.” Luke explained while wrapping a bag of frozen peas in a towel, Spencer’s nose was looking far more swollen than before and luckily Luke had been enough fights to know what to do with a broken nose. He tried not to think about what had happened to Spencer or else he’d be too angry to be of any help, it was driving him crazy that someone had the audacity to touch his boy like that.

Sure, the girls were out dealing with them but he felt a sense of responsibility over Spencer. Whether it was because he was younger than him, hadn’t seen all the bad that was possible in the world or because he was letting his feelings take control of his actions he wasn’t sure. They were all possibilities, in the end though he was just angry Spencer had gone through something this traumatising.

“Are you allowed dogs?” Spencer was more than sure that you weren’t allowed any kind of pets in these types of apartments, Luke just smirked and walked towards Spencer before pointing him towards the bathroom, handing him the frozen peas.

“No, but no one else could take her and she’s quiet so no one knows she’s here, except you and Emily.” Luke explained as he walked with Spencer into the bathroom, he decided to leave out the fact that Roxy was also incredibly calming to have around and helped ease the panic he sometimes felt when he wondered what he was doing with his life.

When in the bathroom Luke instructed Spencer to sit down on the edge of the bathtub (which for some reason was there instead of a shower, he questioned the choice behind that but sat down anyways) before opening the medicine cabinet above the sink and taking out his first aid kit. Elle had done the best she could before she left but Luke wanted to make sure that whatever injuries Spencer had would heal as well as they could.
“Take your shirt off.” Luke made a conscious decision to sound as gentle as he could because he could tell Spencer was still somewhat out of it, maybe that was best for now because it allowed him to make sure physically he was alright, it would be a lot difficult if Spencer was just sobbing the whole time.

Spencer felt himself tense up at the mention of taking his shirt off, his cardigan had been left in the back of Luke’s car so he had been left in the dark shirt he had picked out purposefully because he thought Luke would like it. He didn’t pick it out with the intention of taking it off however and the idea that he’d have to be topless in front of this boy who in his opinion had a much better body than he did almost made him feel sick.

“I…I can’t…” There was only so much humiliation Spencer could handle in one day and doing this had the possibility of pushing him over the edge, so much trauma in high school had been in relation to having his shirt off and reliving those memories he’d tried so hard to blackout would and could only lead to him having a full break down.

Luke wanted to argue that he’d literally seen Spencer’s dick before so seeing him topless wouldn’t matter to him at all, it wasn’t a sexual thing in the slightest he just wanted to check for any other injuries but after everything Spencer had gone through that night allowing him to make his own decisions gave him some of the control back he needed.

“Okay, that’s fine.” Luke instead turned his focus to Spencer’s head, he’d mentioned about possibly having a concussion but so far he hadn’t vomited and was still awake so those were good signs it wasn’t that serious. He stood over Spencer and tilted his head forward and began combing through his curls, looking for any blood or cuts that might have happened when he hit his head.

What he wasn’t expecting was for Spencer to let out what sounded almost like a moan, Luke paused for a second as he thought that it was maybe a moan of discomfort but when Spencer softly urged him to continue he did. He much preferred Spencer’s hair like this, it was still short but not combed down and stiff with whatever hair produced he used. Now it was much softer and had subtle waves to it, it suited Spencer and his baby face perfectly.

Spencer allowed himself to relax, thinking back to when his mother used to play with hair while they laid in bed together reading, Luke was more thorough and purposeful but it still gave the same effect. It was so relaxing that with his head bowed and eyes closed he almost fell asleep, distracted from the awful thoughts by the gorgeous hands running through his hair.

Luke did it for longer than he needed to in the hopes it would act almost as a lullaby for Spencer, it was earlier than he’d gone to bed in a long time but there was no point keeping him awake, getting some rest would hopefully do him some good.

After finding no wounds or anything that would lead him to believe there’d been damage Luke tilted Spencer’s head up again, he slowly removed the frozen peas which Spencer had been holding to his face and put them down in the sink before grabbing some toilet paper and started to clean up the drying blood under his nose.

Spencer would have liked to open his eyes, he’d have enjoyed getting to look at Luke up that close but he was worried if he opened his eyes it would be hard to close them without getting flashes back to that alley. He sat there quietly while Luke took care of him, feeling bad for ever thinking that maybe Luke wasn’t the caring type; not that he viewed him as a bad person because of his but rather he seemed so relaxed usually that he didn’t seem like the type to jump at the chance to look after someone. Spencer could have not been more wrong.

He allowed himself to thinking about them as the other option was far more terrifying. Spencer didn’t
know what they’d be classified, nothing sexual had happened since the night they met and nothing explicitly romantic had happened. They weren’t just friends but they weren’t boyfriends either, right?

The thoughts kept running through his head as Luke walked him out of the bathroom and instead into his bedroom, it was surprisingly clean and organised. Luke handed him a grey t-shirt and old pyjama pants to put on before excusing himself from the room, allowing Spencer some privacy.

It was only when they were laying in bed together that Spencer verbalised his thoughts, it was after Luke was offering to sleep on the couch so Spencer could have his space that it hit him. He liked him, a lot. It wasn’t like he didn’t know that before but it felt so much more real now, like something could actually come from it.

“Are you my boyfriend?” Spencer whispered despite knowing Luke was still awake, watching him peek an eye open to look over at him. It took Luke a little longer to reply than usual because he was still trying to deal with how Spencer looked in his clothes, they were similar heights but Spencer was a lot slimmer so the shirt and pants were baggy on him. It was cute but also made him look small, his protective instincts starting to kick in.


“I think so.” Spencer replied instantly.

Spencer was not alone in wondering what their relationship was, Luke was admittedly less panicked about it but he did still think about it. All he knew is that the idea of Spencer being with someone else didn’t feel right, so there was no reason for him to not stick around.

“That means you’ve got to be my boyfriend too.” Luke watched as Spencer smiled for the first time the whole night, it wasn’t the toothy grin he’d come to love but it was still a smile. Spencer cuddled closer to the pillows, tired eyes not yet ready to stop looking at Luke.

“Boyfriends it is.”
Chapter Ten.

Spencer sat patiently outside the office of Alex Blake, his hands shaking slightly from their place in his lap but he kept reminding himself that he was going to be fine. This wasn’t the first time he was going and seeing Blake, sometimes it was nice to just talk with someone who had unbiased opinion and she was exactly that.

Alex used to be a professor at the college, her speciality was forensic linguistics but less and less students were joining the course as the years went on and eventually she decided that maybe she was needed somewhere else. Her students always came to her for advice, seeking her out as the mothering kind and it was after a long conversation with a student about their home life that she decided that the college needed someone on campus who all these students could talk to. Not everyone had friends and family they could talk to and some didn’t feel comfortable talking to their teachers, it was then she started the training to become a counsellor. She’d been doing so for ten years now, but she’d never felt quite so attached to a student as she did Spencer Reid.

She first met him after he was recommended by his friend Maeve Donovan - another student she used to see but not so much anymore. He was feeling incredibly homesick, not so much for his home town but instead for his mother. Blake quickly learned about Spencer’s situation, his father abandoning them and his schizophrenic mother who he had to have committed just before he left for college. If there was ever a student who needed someone to talk to, it was him.

“Spencer?” His head shot up at the mention of his name, he looked across to Blake who was standing in the doorway of her office. It had been over a month since he had visited her, ever since the adventures started at Carnivore he didn’t feel the need to go speak to her, he almost did after the fiasco with Luke the first night they met but after they sorted the messy feelings up then there was nothing to talk about.

Then everything else happened, the drunk guys in the alley and the nightmares that followed. He hadn’t had the courage to go back to the club just yet, everything was still raw like a fresh wound and he wasn’t willing to do anything that would make that wound worse. He’d been sleeping at Luke’s place, partly because they were official boyfriends now (it still made Spencer’s heart jump a little when he remembered) and that was the sort of thing you did but also because he didn’t want to be alone.

He hadn’t told Maeve yet but she was smart enough to tell something was wrong, she was also too kind and when Spencer told her he wasn’t ready to talk about it yet she let the conversation go.

Spencer stood up from his chair and walked into Blake’s office. There were cards from students littered everywhere, some from parents too. On the wall closest to her desk was a collection of drawings all seeming from the same person, he recalled vaguely overhearing months ago her talking to the boy whom those drawings belonged to. He had been getting harassed by the other boys in the dormitory for his disability and within a matter of days those boys were reprimanded for their bullying and one was even kicked out.

“It’s been a while.” Alex stated as she sat down, she had started to get a bit worried about Spencer which was absurd since her job was to help the people in coming in and then let them back out into the world with her advice and hope it lead them in the right direction. As she watched Spencer she quickly deduced that her worries were justified, there was something off about his body language and while he wasn’t exactly the most open with his emotions she could tell when he was happy and when he was sad, today was the latter.
Spencer just nodded his head before sitting down in the chair opposite her desk, it seemed lower than usual which meant many other people had sat in it since he last had. He tried not to feel bad about not visiting, it wasn’t his duty to as if he didn’t need her help and visited anyways wasn’t he just taking up the spot of someone who might need it more? He still felt the guilt, the same breed as the type he felt about not visiting his mother.

“How have you been? Have you been sending letters to your mom still?” It had been Blake’s idea for Spencer to write to his mom, with all the work he had to do and independence he was still trying to get used to it wouldn’t be easy to go visit her as often as he might crave.

“I’m trying.” After Spencer spoke they both sat there in silence, both expecting the other to start speaking. It was rare that Spencer didn’t shoot off into another topic, related or not so for him to be sat there quietly only shone red lights in Blake’s mind. It was when she took the time to look at his face that she realised why he was so quiet.

The skin around his right eye was dark, not like a fresh black eye but like one that had been trying to recover for days now. There were two cuts, one on his forehead and the other on his right cheek, they also were in the stages of healing but how they even got there in the first place was a mystery to Blake. Everything she’d learnt from Spencer had let her to believe he was the kind of person to avoid conflict, she didn’t doubt for a second that someone would want to inject themselves to all his peacefulness and ruin that but she didn’t know how he’d get himself into that situation first.

“Do you want to talk about it?” Blake’s voice was soft, full of concern like his mom’s used to be when he came back from school and she found him with broken glasses and a bruised body. Spencer didn’t know if it made him feel more homesick or like he was home.

Did he want to talk about it? Part of him obviously did as why else would he had waited outside for half an hour with every second an opportunity for him to leave, maybe because it was easier to think about talking about it than actually having the time to talk. He fiddled with the buttons on his cardigan, the one that JJ had got him after his old beloved one gave him too many bad thoughts and sighed.

“There’s…there’s this club downtown called Carnivore that JJ took me to over a month ago, I didn’t really want to go but she’s my friend and I didn’t want to disappoint her.” Spencer started to retell the story, deciding to leave certain parts out as he didn’t think Blake needed to hear about his sex life. He didn’t mind talking to her about Luke though, now that he knew they were a thing he felt a sense of pride, he wanted to tell people about him. “I met this guy named Luke, he’s the first person I’ve ever really flirted with, or who’s flirted with me rather.”

Blake nodded her head, her lips upturning in a smile. She could tell immediately that this Luke person was important to Spencer and seeing that there were few people who he trusted, having someone join that small group was an important thing.

“I was going to visit him and…there were these guys and they…they took me into an alley and…” Spencer gestured up to his face in the hopes she could work out what they’d done from the marks and bruising, he didn’t particularly want to go through all the details of what they’d said and done in the fears it might make it feel less detached than he’d managed to make it.

Whatever hint of a smile Blake had on her lips had quickly vanished, this wasn’t the first time a student had come in with the story of an assault but it was the first time it had been told from someone who very much felt like a son to her.

“How have you been?” Blake asked, already knowing the answer. Spencer was very good at harbouring guilt and allowing it to eat him up on the inside, he’d almost always prefer it to getting
people involved in his issues in the fear he might somehow make their lives worse off for it.

“No, a few of the girls who work at the club went and found them…I don’t know what they did but they told me they weren’t going to do anything like that again.” He lied. Spencer knew exactly what they had done, Elle had sent an text to Emily joking about whether or not she should bring back one of their men’s teeth so they could hang it up as some kind of trophy. Spencer didn’t agree with violence, almost always he thought things could be sorted out if you could just understand the other person enough but he couldn’t deny the feeling of happiness that overcame him when he learned what they had done. Did that make him a bad person, was he no better than the men who had hurt him in the first place?

Blake frowned but said nothing, she was in the position where she could interject her own views on the situation but that wasn’t what Spencer needed right now. Instead, she decided to offer him help in her own special way and if it did it’s desired job then great, she had to remind herself that she couldn’t fix Spencer’s pain in one session.

“Have you heard of the word Hiraeth?”

“Hiraeth, it’s a Welsh word which no direct English translation. Some liken it to the feeling of being homesick for a place you can’t return.” Spencer answered her question with the definition, not knowing exactly where she was going with it but this was a tactic she had used before. It only really worked with him, he was smart enough to know all the vocabulary she knew as well. Sometimes if Spencer couldn’t say how he was feeling then Blake would ask him to use a word in another language to describe it, it worked wonders on the days when Spencer didn’t know how to verbalise his feelings.

“You might not be able to return to how you were before this happened to you and that’s okay. It doesn’t mean you’re broken or tainted, you’re just different now and there’s nothing wrong with that.” Spencer wasn’t surprised Blake had been a counsellor for as long as she had been, she always knew exactly what to say to make him feel better, even things he didn’t know were hurting him felt healed. He smiled and looked down to his hands, still fiddling but not nearly as intensely.

“Thank you.” Before he could say anything else there was a knock at the door, they both looked round to it and he already knew Alex was going to ask him if she should ask them to wait. “It’s okay, I feel better now.” He said before standing up from the chair, Alex also stood up and walked around her desk.

“You are always welcome here, whenever you need it Spencer.” She said before leading him to the door, extending her hand out for Spencer to shake. It had taken him a while but he was now comfortable enough to touch her.

“Bye Alex.” Spencer said softly before she opened the door and he walked out, dodging past the other person standing there. As he walked away Blake let the other student in, closing the door and walking back around her desk before sitting down.

“So, Derek. How have you been?”
Chapter Eleven.

Spencer hadn’t celebrated his birthday an awful lot in his life, it wasn’t uncommon for October 12th to roll around and his mother be in the middle of one of her episodes. Sometimes she did remember and she’d bake a cake for him with a slapdash attempt of icing on top but it made Spencer smile nonetheless, he’d never really had what he called a birthday party before though. It wasn’t like he particularly craved one either, it just seemed like the typical experience everyone else had and it throughout his life just made him not want to celebrate it at all.

He hadn’t told a lot of people when his birthday was either, as he got older it had just become something he dreaded and the best way to avoid people making a big deal out of it was to make sure they just didn’t know when it was. There were ways to find it but he didn’t have all that many friends to start with and he doubted they would go through all that effort just for some what he considered in his mind, an insignificant day.

This wasn’t uncommon thinking for Spencer, he often didn’t realise that the people around him cared enough to do things for him like hack into the school database and search around until they found his file which held his birthday. It had been JJ’s idea to do so, when you had a friend like Penelope Garcia who could hack into anything she wanted in a click of her perfectly painted black nails, well there was no reason not to do so.

It was coming up to a month since Spencer’s assault and he still hadn’t been back to Carnivore yet, no one was pressuring him to do so as under the circumstances it made total sense but Emily had confessed to JJ that she missed seeing him around. Elle and Kate also said the same thing, that he wasn’t usually the type of person they’d want to hang out with but he was refreshing. It was then she realised what she could do to make Spencer’s birthday special but also have it be a stepping stone to things going back to normal.

Before Luke came into the picture JJ would have just done what she was thinking and not bothered to double check that it was okay, she wasn’t reckless just confident in her own choices. But now he was here and she knew the relationship he had with Spencer after he’d let it slip one night while they were studying and as much as she wanted to be Spencer’s number one person she understood that perhaps she wasn’t anymore and she had to be okay with that for his sake. She told Luke what she was planning and that she wanted him to help her out, if it was going to cheer Spencer up even in the smallest of ways then he was in.

Spencer could tell something was up by the way JJ was behaving leading up to his birthday, she hadn’t told him about her knowing or the surprise she was planning but she was being extra nice and that was saying a lot for someone who was always nice. Luke was acting different too, Spencer had been sleeping in his own dorm more as he feared he might somehow get in trouble if people knew where he was sneaking off to but when they did spend time together Luke was checking his phone more and asking him questions that had no real reference to what they were talking about before.

His birthday landed on a Friday that year and he woke up feeling like it was any other day, he got up and took a shower, brushed his teeth, did everything as usual before it was time to go to class. Since it was Friday it meant he had Physics and got to see Maeve again, he felt bad for neglecting their friendship as of lately as he was focusing most of his attention onto Luke but when he spotted her waiting by the stairs in their large hall of a classroom he instantly spotted the present in her hands. He wondered if he had maybe let it slip by accident but he would have remembered doing so, she must have looked it up at some point. Spencer didn’t know if he was happy she did that or annoyed but he chose to play happy for her benefit, he smiled as he walked on over and Maeve spotted him.
“Hi!” Maeve said with an equally large smile, offering out the present in her hand towards Spencer. “Happy birthday, I know it’s not a lot but I thought you’d like it anyways.” A sudden strike of guilt hit him at the realisation she had gone out and spent her money on him; Spencer was the greatest at handling people doing nice things for him as he struggled to see why he deserved it. He could tell the present was a book of some sorts, it was wrapped in expensive wrapping paper and a light purple bow and Spencer took his time being as careful as he could be while unwrapping it.

“Oh wow, The Foundation Trilogy.” Arguably the best science fiction trilogy ever written, Spencer recalled Maeve talking about it on one of their first study dates while they ate lunch. She had sung Isaac Asimov’s praises and frankly looked a little offended that Spencer had never read it before, at least now he could. It was still merely a book but as Spencer ran his thumb across the hard cover and felt the detailed work against his thumb he felt a lump rise in his throat. “Thank you, I’ll…I’ll be sure to read it.”

That answer was good enough for Maeve and she shot him another shy smile before turning and beginning to walk down the stairs to get to her seat, Spencer made sure to at least try and wrap the book back up again and slid it into his bag before following after her so he could get to his seat, people often tried to take the one next to Maeve so they could copy her notes.

Since the class didn’t meet that many times a week the time they spent there was longer, two hours Spencer spent next to Maeve, attempting to focus on the class being taught but his mind still racing with how she knew his birthday. She couldn’t have asked anyone because the only people who would have knew off the top of their heads would be his parents, maybe more so his mother which was saying a lot considering her schizophrenia.

Once class ended Spencer said his goodbyes to Maeve and left with the intention of getting something to eat from a local coffee shop that sold the best cinnamon buns he’d ever tasted in his life. To get to the shop would mean walking across campus and when doing so Spencer liked to keep to himself, especially after what had happened not so long ago in the alley. He stared down at the grass when he walked and held a tight grip on his bag in case anyone tried to grab it, no one on campus had bullied him physically or anything but there were plenty of people who thought it was weird someone two years younger than everyone else had gotten in.

“Spencer!” At the sound of his name he looked up and saw three people walking towards him, one being JJ, another being Penelope from the night after he first went to Carnivore and the other being the student who had been visiting Alex after him. He stopped dead in his tracks and watched as Penelope jogged forward and thrust a bag into his arms, he peered in and saw around four presents and a card. Maeve he could understand finding out his birthday but this was a little more difficult to understand, did he even have five friends? “Happy birthday!”

Finally, Spencer was speechless. He didn’t move until JJ ushered him towards a nearby bench and told him to sit down and open his gifts. If he thought Maeve’s gift had surprised him then this was an complete and utter shock as he the first gift he pulled out was from David Rossi, the English professor everyone loved. Once he had unwrapped the children’s wrapping paper which he could only assume was the only wrapping paper on hand he saw it was one of Rossi’s books, Deviance: The Secret Desires of Sadistic Serial Killers. For someone who wasn’t perhaps as interested in psychology and human behaviour as Spencer then maybe it would have been a weird present but Spencer was more than happy.

“Got him to sign it for you and everything.” Penelope said proudly, looking up at Derek who just smiled down at her in return. When JJ had come to her with the requests of finding out Spencer’s birthday Penelope’s mind raced with all the nice things they could do for him, JJ had explained to her with as little detail as she could what had happened and it had made her so angry and proceeded to
rant for over half an hour about the problem with most men these days. Even though she knew Spencer didn’t consider her a friend she still liked him and wanted him to have a good day in the hopes it would counter the awful one.

The next present was from Alex, it was a leather bound notebook with his initials engraved at the bottom, when he opened to examine the quality of the paper there was another small engraving on the back of the front cover.

_write more! - Dr Blake._

Spencer didn’t consider himself the type to easily cry but he did get a little teary eyed at that, Alex was like a second mother to him and the fact she cared enough to get him something was astounding. He never expected anything from anyone, not even a letter from his mom even though she tried to remember, sometimes it was a little early and sometimes it was a little late but Spencer was expecting her one day to just forget. It wasn’t her fault, as long as he didn’t expect it he’d be okay either way.

After that was a gift from Gideon, it was his lucky chess piece. Whenever they played Gideon almost always won and Spencer chalked that down to him playing for many more years and having a better ability but Gideon would say it was because of this one chess piece given to him by the man who taught him how to play. It was old king, older than Gideon was and had been around long before Spencer had even been a thought in his mother’s mind and Spencer couldn’t quite believe it had just been gifted to him.

The last present was labelled as being from Penelope and Derek, Spencer looked up at with a confused look on his face. He’d never spoken to Derek before and Penelope only once yet they cared enough to get him something? As he slowly started to open the Disney Princess wrapping paper Derek finally spoke up.

“It was more Penelope’s idea than mine.” He explained once the gift was revealed, it was a scarf practically identical to the one Tom Baker wore during his portrayal as the Doctor in Doctor Who. “She made it all herself, I can’t knit so I sort of just slapped my name on it as well.” Derek continued to explain but Spencer wasn’t listening, he couldn’t believe all this effort had been put in for him from someone he barely knew. Why did she care so much about him?

“Why?” Spencer’s voice shook as he spoke, it took everything for him to stop himself from just starting to bawl. There wasn’t enough words to illustrate how loved he felt, it was such a dramatic contrast to how he’d felt about himself recently. It wasn’t even the gifts themselves that made him feel loved, it was the people behind them who cared enough to think about him, they could have given him something he completely hated and he’d still feel this way because effort was put in.

“Why all of this?”

“Because it’s your birthday and people care about you, you may not think they do and you might not care about yourself but we do.” JJ explained softly after going and sitting down beside Spencer, she wrapped her arm around his shoulder and like a reflex Spencer rested his head against her shoulder. “Come on, you were heading to get something to eat right? I’m buying, my treat.” She pressed a gentle kiss to his temple, her chest tightening as she felt Spencer trembling gently in her arms.

Penelope and Derek had lunch plans somewhere else but they made sure to wish Spencer another happy birthday before they left, Penelope starting to rant on and on about some kid trying to blackmail her to change her grades as they walked away back towards the main building. JJ explained to Spencer as they walked in the opposite direction that she wanted him to come back to Carnivore tonight, they were throwing an early Halloween party and she knew how much he loved Halloween.
Despite arguing he didn’t have a costume JJ made him promise to come, she’d thought ahead to the possibility of Spencer not wanting to walk there after what happened so she’d asked Luke to pick him up and bring him there. The party started at nine so Spencer told himself that he could prepare himself mentally before then, it would be fine as long as he had JJ and Luke by his side.

Quarter to nine came quicker than Spencer expected and he was stood outside of campus by the road, there were plenty of people walking by which made him both anxious at relieved, at least no one could jump him here without a whole crowd of people seeing but statistically there were more people around who could. All his worries disappeared when he saw Luke’s car pull up, he immediately hurried towards it but before he could open the door Luke had already leant over and did it for him.

“Birthday boy.” Luke greeted Spencer with a smile and no matter how much he didn’t enjoy his birthday, Spencer couldn’t be mad at that. He quickly hopped into the car and closed the door, the car starting to move once he had his seat belt on.

“How does everyone know it’s my birthday?” Spencer couldn’t do anything than laugh by now, the day had already been so ridiculous and it was continuing to be so. Luke of course knew why, JJ had gotten Penelope to hack into the school’s database to find it but he wasn’t about to tell Spencer that. It was more fun having it be a secret, plus it would take the attention off of him and onto the definitely illegal thing Penelope had done.

“You have persistent friends.” And that was all Luke said on the subject, by now Spencer knew he wasn’t the type to rat anyone out so that was the end of his attempt of an investigation. The journey to the club wasn’t very long, maybe five minutes at best and once parked outside Spencer immediately saw the Halloween decorations outside. There was a skeleton which had been used as a teaching device at some point, some fairy lights shining purple and orange and a couple of pumpkins with the attempts of faces carved into them.

Spencer got out of the car first and Luke managed to send a quick text to Emily indicating that they were here without him noticing, he too then got out and walked towards the front door with Spencer. He didn’t know if he was going to like this surprise or not but JJ as he had just said was persistent and due to her knowing Spencer for longer Luke let her make the call.

“Surprise!” Everyone in the room yelled when Spencer and Luke walked in, the usual crowd of visitors with there but hand been forced to but some kind of costume on whether that be a witch hat, pair of devil horns or just whatever was available. Emily and JJ were behind the bar, Emily was dressed as Morticia Addams in a long black dress and dark makeup and JJ was wearing one of those store bought onesies with a skeleton pattern on it. On a better look around he spotted Kate who was dressed as Veronica Sawyer and Elle who was wearing her own clothes, everyone had put in effort which he was quickly realising it was for him and not just a Halloween party like JJ had explained.

“All JJ’s idea.” Luke whispered in Spencer’s ear, catching how he was actually smiling; a full blown toothy grin that he hadn’t seen since before the assault. Spencer could feel how close Luke was next to him so he decided that now was a good a time as ever to do what he’d been thinking about for weeks now, doing it before he chickened out was best.

Spencer quickly turned his head and kissed Luke, it was the first time since the day they met that they had kissed, mostly on Spencer’s part because he didn’t know if he was ready for that but Luke also had chosen not to do so in case Spencer thought that was all he wanted from him. It wasn’t an awfully long kiss, it was chaste and quick but made butterflies erupt in Spencer’s stomach. By the time he pulled away there were people hollering and Spencer just blushed even harder, taking a hold of Luke’s hand before dragging him along towards the bar.
Luke thought that would be the biggest surprise of the night, but as the hours went on he was mistaken in a way he knew he’d never forget.
Chapter Twelve.

“Come on, genius. You really can’t guess?” Elle crossed her arms over her chest and looked particularly smug as Spencer looked over her outfit one more time and tried to guess what she was dressed up as, it looked like she was just in the normal type of clothes she would wear so it was becoming increasingly difficult with the pressure being put on him to make a correct guess. Spencer looked over to Luke who was leaning up against the bar with an equally smug look on his face, he’d been told to keep his mouth shut and not help Spencer out in guessing but he’d already overheard Elle talking about her costume anyways.

“I have no clue.” Spencer admitted defeat and Elle looked both proud she had beaten him but also annoyed that he really hadn’t been able to work out what she was. She just rolled her eyes and gestured one last time down at her outfit.

“I’m a serial killer, they look just like everyone else.” Spencer frowned at Elle’s explanation, she could see the cogs turning in his head as he undoubtedly was collecting the statistics and was getting ready to tell her that in fact not all serial killers looked like the socially accepted norm and she decided then that even though this was his birthday party, she wasn’t about to let him spoil what she thought was a good idea.

Before he could start talking Elle quickly excused herself to go speak with Kate who was calling her over, Spencer liked Elle but she still scared him at times and he couldn’t stop himself from breathing a sigh of relief when she left. Luke just smiled and watched her go before standing up from where he had been leaning against the bar counter and patted Spencer on the back.

“You tried.” He said, hoping it would make Spencer smile again. His head was still spinning from Spencer kissing him, he wasn’t the type to get flustered by the actions of another person but he supposed it was just the surprise of it all, never would he have expected them to be kissing any time soon and while he had wanted to on many occasions Spencer clearly wasn’t ready. Luke wanted to respect that, Spencer’s world had been flipped on its head and the least he could do was give him some control.

Some people might have thought it was weird that Luke was so willing to give things up for Spencer when they hadn’t known each other for that long, if that had been friends for a long time before and only just turned boyfriends then it would make more sense that they’d be taking things slow but for something that started off as a handjob in a bathroom? Why would he be so eager to try and cultivate that into something? The answer was because while people might have expected otherwise from Luke, he wasn’t interested in just hooking up with people and never finding that one person to be with. He’d done his fair share of that and it had gotten old fast, it could be argued that all he and Spencer were at the beginning was a messy hook up but it was something so much more now and that was what mattered.

Since Spencer had essentially shown that he was okay with kissing Luke was now showing all that affectionate he had pent up, showing it in different more subtle ways before but now he was all over Spencer. He’d never had someone kiss him on the cheek before but now it felt like whenever he smiled Luke darted in and pressed a kiss to the apple of his cheek, later he explained that they looked so damn kissable that it wouldn’t be a shame to waste the opportunity.

Having someone who wanted to kiss him at all was new, it wasn’t an experience he had a lot and even though it hadn’t been a fairy tale moment of a true love’s kiss in the bathroom it was certainly something. It felt like a forever ago and yet Spencer was still buzzing from what he considered to be one of the most scandalous moments of his life, things were much calmer now but whenever he did
think back to how Luke’s hand felt around him or all the dirty words that came out of his mouth; instead of feeling shameful he only thought of how hot the whole thing had been.

Spencer was about to lean in and kiss Luke for real again when he felt and heard someone else approach, he vaguely remembered seeing her on the night of his assault and quickly wracked his brain for her name. Tara, Luke’s friend. He’d spoken on multiple occasions about her, he supposed that they were friends in the way that he and JJ were friends, extremely close and protective of one another. She was one of the unlucky people who hadn’t been wearing a costume and had dumb cat ears thrown onto her by JJ so she fit in with the Halloween delight.

“Look at you, you’re doing much better.” Tara said in reference to Spencer’s appearance, all his bruising had essentially disappeared and any cuts were almost healed. It was as if nothing had ever happened in the first place which frankly Spencer was extremely thankful for his body’s quick and thorough recovery. While Tara still didn’t really know Spencer she’d heard plenty from Luke, she hadn’t expected him to find someone like him so soon but she was glad he had because by the sound of things Luke had never been this content. No one really knew about the struggles he had gone through as he kept them a secret from most, even Spencer but she knew and even knew about the battle he was currently fighting.

“Thank you.” Spencer replied softly, not really sure how to reply without sounding a little cocky for agreeing with her. He was petrified about the idea of Tara not liking him, the majority of Luke’s friends were people who were at the club and who Spencer had met before but since Tara didn’t work there and he hadn’t truly met her before he had no idea how he was supposed to act around her to get her to like him. Spencer hoped that at least everyone else didn’t hate him, didn’t have to like him but with Tara he’d never wanted to gain someone’s approval so badly in his whole life.

“Have you given Spencer his gift yet?” Spencer hadn’t even thought of Luke getting him anything, he’d already done so much for him and none of that had to be shown in a physical gift. Besides, he still felt guilty about all the effort everyone else put into getting him a present it was almost nice not having to worry about feeling like he didn’t deserve another thing. Luke shook his head and patted the front pocket of his jacket, it sounded like a small box and Spencer immediately started thinking about it being a ring which he knew it wasn’t but he still thought what if. The thought didn’t terrify him which was strange, they’d only been official boyfriends for around a month the idea of a proposal should have been completely off the menu which was but Spencer wouldn’t have minded if it was.

“Now’s as good a time as any, come on.” Spencer smiled one last time at Tara as Luke excused them from the conversation, Tara whispered something to Luke as they went to walk past and while Spencer couldn’t overhear what was said he could only assume it had something to do with his gift. There was no way it was a ring so he was trying desperately to figure out what it could be so he could make sure his reaction was perfect, no matter was it was from Luke and therefore he was going to be immensely thankful but he wanted to make certain that Luke knew how thankful he was.

Spencer didn’t need to ask where they were going as he already knew, the roof had quickly became their spot and while he wasn’t a fan of sitting on that obviously germ infested couch he liked having privacy with Luke where they could talk about anything and everything. They’d spent hours that accumulated into days of time spent sharing stories and things no one else knew, Luke flirting with Spencer and Spencer getting flustered and trying to flirt back but failing.

“Oh, when did that get there?” Spencer asked in reference to the nicer couch that had now replaced the old, gross one that they usually sat on. Since it had been a month since he had last been there it wasn’t too surprising that things had changed, there were Halloween directions even dotted around it such as fake cobwebs around the back and even a little pumpkin sat on the new coffee table. Clearly
they were both still cheap options but they were a huge step up from what had been there last time.

“Emily got it for cheap at some garage sale, same goes for the table. They’re her gifts for you, I guess.” Luke explained as he started to take off his jacket when at the couch, he always laid one down for Spencer because he knew how he had a bit of a germ issue and while he was pretty certain the couch was reasonably clean he did it anyways. Spencer couldn’t stop himself from sighing at the mention of another gift, he knew everyone was just being nice but he felt so much guilt in relation to people doing all these nice things for him. He didn’t know what he had done to deserve everyone’s kindness, he could see her doing something nice like this but for him? It still was a mystery as to why, maybe pity after what happened to him or because they wanted Luke to be happy and therefore that meant making him happy too.

“I really didn’t need anything from anyone, I don’t know why everyone’s being so nice.” Spencer mumbled as he walked over to the couch and sat down, it was a little stiffer than the last one but he just took that as meaning it had been used less. He looked down at the pumpkin in front of them and noticed how there was a little candle inside that was probably supposed to be lit but because it was windy it had of course been blown out, poor execution on whoever’s idea that was.

“You really don’t get it?” Spencer frowned at the tone of Luke’s voice and faced him, he didn’t sound annoyed he just sounded genuinely amazed. He got that Spencer wasn’t the most confident person in both how he saw himself and in how he thought others viewed him but he must have understood by now that people just liked him, they didn’t need some big reason to they just did. There were plenty reasons people liked him: he was caring for his friends, incredibly intelligent, adorable in his appearance and personality and just such a good person. He was so good, it almost physically pained Luke to think back to all of the bad things that had happened to as Spencer he deserved so much better. People were being nice because he was their friend, it was as simple as that.

Luke had pulled out Spencer’s present out before he laid his jacket down for him, it was in a small brown box and while it wasn’t common at all for Luke to get nervous he couldn’t deny he had some nerves about this. Originally he had no clue what he was going to get Spencer, by now they knew each other well but finding something that actually meant something was important to Luke. It would be easy to find some meaningless, generic gift suitable for anyone that wasn’t what he wanted, what he wanted was to make this birthday special for him.

Spencer felt his heart beating in his throat as Luke handed him the box, it didn’t weigh a lot and it wasn’t awfully big, there were only a few things it could have been but what it was turned out to be not even on Spencer’s radar. Inside the box sat a small key and as soon as his brain processed what that key was for he started to feel tears gather in his eyes.

“Let me explain.” Luke moved closer to Spencer and slowly took the key out of the box and placed it into his hand, closing Spencer’s fist around it. “I’m not asking you to move in with me, that’s a big step and I know neither of us are ready for that. I want you to know though that you’re welcome there whenever you want, if you ever need me or need to get away from things. Even if you need somewhere quiet to study while I’m out or need fucking sugar, whatever it is - you are always welcome. Do you understand me?”

All Spencer could do without blubbering was nod his head, he didn’t want to rate all the things he had received that day because they were all amazingly thoughtful but this had to be the best thing, he couldn’t fathom the fact that someone cared this much about him to let him into their life like that. Luke quickly realised that was the best response he was going to get from Spencer that moment because it was quite an emotional thing and instead of prompting him for anything else he just brought him into a hug, Spencer’s arms wrapping around him tightly as he buried in face into his shoulder to mask the tears threatening to spill over.
Never in a million years would he have expected to have someone care for him like this, over the years he had just started to view himself as a burden and to be treated like this, like he was something special and not in the usual weird way; he was slowly starting to realise how people felt when they talked about being in love.

All those feelings bubbled to the surface and Spencer pulled back from where his face was buried and kissed Luke, unwrapping his arms from around him so he could instead cup his face within his palms. Not only was he now emotional about his kind gesture but now at the realisation he had just admitted to himself that he was in love, until now he knew how he felt about Luke but had never put a word on it because he didn’t want things to go wrong and then for him to be left heartbroken. Being given this key was symbolising that Luke wasn’t planning on letting him go anytime soon, so why deny what he felt? There were three phases to falling in love: lust, attraction and attachment and Spencer felt all of those towards Luke and if science told him that was love then love it must be.

“Can we go there now?” Spencer pulled back just a little so he could ask his question, he appreciated all the work that had been put in for him but right now all his mind could focus on was Luke. He also pulled back and looked at Spencer, he had also been cupping his face and he let his thumb rub across the plumpness across his boyfriend’s lips. Spencer didn’t know what came across him but at the feeling of Luke’s thumb against his lips he opened his mouth slightly and accepted it into his mouth, sucking loosely around it in a way that got Luke’s eyes darkening at the sight.

“To do what exactly?” He thought back to the night they met, how Spencer’s lips had been and remained to be the sexiest thing he’d ever seen and how he’d wanted desperately to see how they looked shaped around something. They looked remarkably pretty now and he could only imagine how they’d look with Spencer on his knees looking up at him, he had done his best not to think like this as Spencer clearly wasn’t comfortable with doing anything like that yet but it was like a switch had been flipped and here he was sucking around his thumb like he knew exactly what it was doing to him. Spencer reluctantly pulled his mouth away so he could answer, taking a shaky deep breath before speaking.

“I think it’s time I finally return the favour.”
Chapter Thirteen.

Warnings: Smut!!

Spencer had a feeling everyone knew where he and Luke were going and what they were planning to do when they got there, it was strange because he was certain he would be felt with nerves and anxiety when the time did eventually come for them to move on from the smallest of intimate touches to something much more scary in some people’s eyes but he felt completely and utterly safe. Everyone made out that your first time with a new person was a big deal and nerve wracking and especially so if it was your first time doing anything of the sort but Spencer felt like it was just any other day, he didn’t feel nervous because this was Luke, Luke who just gave him a key to his apartment and hadn’t made him even for one second feel like this was something they had to do. If there was anyone he wanted to share this with, it was him.

The majority of people were too preoccupied to pay attention to Luke and Spencer leaving, Emily was too busy listening to the story JJ was telling her and Kate and Elle were absorbed in an antic Tara was recalling to them, she caught glimpse of the two men leaving and shot a quick knowing smile in Luke’s direction before turning back to the two women. While Spencer appreciated all the effort that had been put in for that party there was a lot of people in there and he at that moment he would prefer to just be with a much smaller group. The day had been long and overwhelming and spending the rest of it alone with Luke felt like the best way to end it.

He’d been going to Luke’s apartment more often after his assault so it was starting to feel more like his home, Roxy was so friendly and had taken an immediate liking to him probably because she could tell that Luke liked him and waking up in Luke’s bed felt more normal than waking up in his own. Slowly but surely he had started to leave his belongings there, his cardigans were slowly taking up space in Luke’s wardrobe and even when Spencer wasn’t there Luke swore he could still smell him on the sheets. Slowly their worlds were coming together in that tiny apartment and it was wonderful to see.

When they arrived back at Luke’s apartment he fished around in his jacket pocket for the key but Spencer put his hand out to stop him, raising his other hand to show the key perched between two fingers. He held his breath as he pulled the key into the hole and unlocked the door, just knowing that he could do this whenever he pleased almost got him emotional once more. Once the door was open he looked back to Luke for confirmation before walking into the apartment, his boyfriend a few steps behind him.

Once the door was closed Spencer had no idea what he was supposed to do, it had been his idea to come back here and things had been hinted at but how he was in the moment his mind had gone blank completely. He assumed that Luke could tell he was a little worried because he felt his hands come up and cup his face and tilt his head down slightly so they were making eye contact.

“Stop freaking out.” Luke said simply, his voice was warm and comforting and Spencer found himself getting lost in it. There was something about Luke that made him believe every single word that came out of his mouth, like he only ever spoke the purest of truths which was very possibly not true but Spencer couldn’t fathom that.
“I’m not freaking out.” Spencer replied after letting out a small sigh, tilting his head slightly so he could nuzzle against Luke’s rough palm. It simultaneously felt like a forever ago and just yesterday that he didn’t feel comfortable with people touching him, he was better with some people than others but he’d never craved someone’s touch as much as he craved Luke’s. He was so incredibly unique in every way, making Spencer feel things he didn’t know he could feel. This was special, when they first met he expected nothing to come from that first small, awkward conversation and even when they cleared things up and were on good terms he still thought that after a few days he wouldn’t be a second thought in Luke’s mind and yet here they were.

They stood there for a few seconds just looking in each other’s eyes before Spencer took a step forward, he expected Luke to take a step back but when he didn’t he sort of stumbled and fell against him, their chests pressing together as Spencer tripped over his own feet. Luke just laughed at the clumsiness and took the step back Spencer had been hoping for, this left him pressed up against the kitchen counter and Spencer hovering a little distance in front of him.

“Nice one, twinkle toes.” Luke teased purely so he could see the look of embarrassment rise on Spencer’s face, it was utterly adorable and he was always doing what he could to get Spencer to flash him that bashful smile with his rosy cheeks warming. He leaned back on the counter and watched as Spencer took a long look down his body, studying each detail. “What are you thinking?” Sometimes he needed to be prompted into speaking, getting too caught up in his thoughts to articulate what needed to be said.

There were plenty of things Spencer was thinking about, firstly he was thinking about how if things continued to go in the direction they were going then this was going to be the first time he saw Luke with his clothes off. Since Spencer hadn’t had the confidence to take his clothes off Luke had just made the decision that it would make Spencer more comfortable if he too kept his clothes on around him. There was that one time he pulled his shirt off while walking into the bathroom and Spencer caught a glimpse of his tanned back and suddenly became very aware of how his body was reacting. He wasn’t even worried about trying to match up to how Luke looked, that was just not possible and Luke had made it plenty clear he loved how Spencer looked even though he’d never really gotten to show him.

“I was thinking that you are beautiful…” Spencer started off slowly, wanting to work out how to best say all his thoughts. There were so many things he wanted to say and do but right now all he could do was just stand there and stare. “...and that I appreciate everything you’ve done for me these past months. You wanting to be here with me still boggles my mind but thank you for doing it all.”

“You don’t have to thank me for any of it.” Luke knew Spencer would anyways because he was just that sort of person, someone who felt the need to thank someone for even the smallest act of kindness. It showed that people hadn’t always been so kind to him and that alone only encouraged him to show Spencer that there were good people around, people who weren’t kind because they had to be or because they wanted something but because it was just who they were.

“No but I do. JJ brought me into your world and you let me stay there, you all accepted me into your family even though I don’t fit in and I’ve never felt so incredible at home with people who some could argue are not the people I am usually drawn to.” Spencer felt his eyes begin to get watery for what felt like the hundredth time that day, could he be blamed though when everyone had been so thoughtful in making this day special for him? “That deserves a thank you.” He laughed through teary eyes, reaching up to wipe away the tears pooling up near the corners of his eyes.

And Luke thought he couldn’t love Spencer any more, then he here was winning his heart over once again with these soft words. He was in a similar boat to Spencer because when they had first met he hadn’t expected much either, he seemed cute and innocent and someone good to play with but while
his initial thoughts might have been something sexual they had slowly shifted into something more innocent and Luke started caring more and more about Spencer. Sure, he still looked at him and found himself thinking occasionally about how nice he would look sprawled out underneath him but more often than not it was more innocent things like holding his hand or helping him study even though he didn’t need the help.

Yet here they were, Spencer with no idea what he was doing and Luke just wanting to make sure he was comfortable and the space between them slowly closing up. Spencer knew what he wanted to do, it had been plaguing his thoughts ever since he’d felt Luke’s hand wrapped around him and his lips pressed against his thought. Thinking dirty thoughts like the ones he had was a rarity but now he was stood there with Luke looking delectable and nothing to stop them from doing anything, he wanted everything.

Spencer took one last step forward so that he was pressed almost flush against Luke before he leant in and kissed him, it was gentle and decorated with hesitation but also filled with want. He was quickly becoming addicted to the way Luke’s lips felt against his own, before him he couldn’t see what the hype was about but now he understood. It was so intimate and could be used to convey different things, this time he was trying to tell Luke how badly he wanted him without actually having to say the words. He didn’t really know what he wanted from him, he wasn’t completely clueless as some people might have thought but he certainly didn’t know how to do the things he had heard about.

Luke could sense Spencer once again getting worked up and decided that it was best if he took the lead, it was up to Spencer to decide what they were going to do but the least he could do was help prompt him into deciding. He slipped his hands around Spencer’s waist slipped his hands into his back pockets before pushing him even closer, his fingertips digging into his ass causing him to let out a small groan against his lips.

He didn’t know where to put his hands now that Luke’s were preoccupied so he just lay them either side of him, pressing against the bend of the kitchen counter. It helped keep him upright when he felt his knees begin to shake, the first time they did something like this Spencer hadn’t known what to expect but now he did and to say he was excited was more than a understatement.

“Should we- should we move to the bedroom?” Spencer managed to say despite the lips now connecting with his neck, his eyes almost rolling back when he felt Luke’s teeth scratch against his pulse point. His knuckles were starting to turn white from how hard he was holding onto the counter, certain that if he were to let go he would just collapse onto his knees in front of Luke; maybe that wouldn’t be such a bad thing though. Back at the club he had said he was going to return the favour and there was something erotic about the idea of being on his knees in front of a man, the amount of trust that you had to have to let someone touch you like that was immense and besides, even though Luke had said he didn’t need Spencer thanking him maybe this was a better way to go about it.

Luke just hummed in response, too busy reveling in the feeling of Spencer’s soft skin against his mouth, the taste and smell of his sweat sweeter than expected. It was only one he heard Spencer let out another soft high pitched moan that he managed to pull himself away, it would be a lot easier to draw those sounds out if they were in a more comfortable position and plus Spencer deserved to have an experience somewhere nice not just pressed up against a bathroom door like before. He moved away from his neck to press a chaste kiss to his lips before removing his hands from Spencer’s back pockets, instead reaching round to hold his hand.

He wasn’t sure what he had been expecting when he lead Spencer into his bedroom but it definitely wasn’t for him to back him against the bed until he had no choice but sit down, Spencer was usually so meek and a follower more than a leader but this change in personality was hot. It didn’t last for
long and he quickly slipped back into his timid nature once Luke was seated and he realised it was now his turn to make the next move, he knew what he wanted to do but there was still so many questions going through his mind and Luke was looking up at him like he was the most beautiful thing he’d ever seen and Spencer had no idea what he was supposed to do. So, he did the logical thing.

Luke’s mouth dropped open partly when Spencer dropped down to his knees, it was slightly awkward as he couldn’t position his legs comfortably underneath him and he did reach back so he could take off his shoes and all through it Luke watched with a fond expression, only Spencer could make getting ready to give head look adorable.

Once Spencer’s shoes were off he wiggled his toes against the soft carpet and took a deep breath before looking back up at look, he had seated himself back against his legs so he was considerably smaller than if he had been kneeling normally and he liked that. When he was around Luke he liked feeling smaller, it wasn’t something common for him as he was so tall and often loomed over people so to be held and touched like he was this small precious thing was an interesting feeling. It made him feel like he was being protected, as if Luke was going to look after him and keep him safe and that was something Spencer craved intensely. Especially after everything that had happened to him.

He looked up at Luke and then down at his belt, knowing he should reach out and begin to undo it but he couldn’t will his hands to do so. It wasn’t because he didn’t want to it was just that he wanted to do so much that he couldn’t focus his brain into focusing on one task, Luke thankfully noticed this and thought it was endearing.

“Want me to do it?” Once Spencer nodded his head Luke reached down and began to undo his belt, Spencer watched his hands intently as he did so before resting his own in his lap. As he waited he tried to go through his game plan which was rather short as there was only so much he knew about oral sex and none of it was practical. The only silver lining was that he could imagine and guess what would feel good but putting those theories to test was a completely different thing. He watched with heavy lidded eyes as Luke pulled down his pants down and with the help of Spencer pulled them off completely, leaving him just in his dark underwear which he could see the outline of his cock pressed up against.

Spencer shuffled closer to Luke so he could press a gentle kiss to his knee, then another slightly high and continuing slowly and surely up his leg until his lips were leaving kisses which decorated Luke’s thighs. With the help of Spencer’s shaky hand Luke spread his legs open a little wider so there was room for Spencer between them, the sight was not one he was expected to see anytime soon but was beautiful. His messy hair, warm brown eyes framed with light fluttery lashes looking up at him as he continued to kiss him and those lips, god those lips. Luke vaguely recalled the night they met and him thinking about how gorgeous those lips would look wrapped around a cock and here they were, so close to him that if he wanted he could reach down and tilt Spencer’s head and he’d be kissing him through the fabric.

“I’ll assume you know I don’t know what I’m doing.” Spencer mumbled against Luke’s skin as his nose nuzzled gently against his thigh, if Luke knew he was clueless which from everything else he guessed he did then it would make him feel less pressure to make this the most mind blowing moment of both their lives. As much as he could hype it up in his mind he knew it was going to be awkward, he was going to feel weird about having someone’s dick in his mouth and he definitely wasn’t going to feel hot while doing it. At the feeling of Luke’s hand lace through his hair Spencer keened, a noise almost like a purr reverberating through him.

“And I’ll assume you know that you don’t have to do this if you’re not ready.” Luke petted his fingers through Spencer’s hair as he knew it would help calm him down, he wouldn’t mind if
Spencer ended up deciding he wasn’t ready as this was just as much about him as it was himself but Spencer was determined despite his nerves and if he wanted to do something then he was going to do it.

Instead of replying to Luke with words, Spencer decided to show him that he was ready. He pressed one last kiss to his inner thigh before lifting his head up and sliding his fingers into the waistband of his boxers, looking up at Luke to make sure that he was also okay with this before beginning to pull them down. Once they were down Spencer looked back up at Luke, his fingers drumming against his own thighs nervously as he worked out what to do next, as if it wasn’t obvious.

“Why does something tell me you’re using maths or another one of your hundreds of qualifications to-”

“I’m not mathematically working out how to suck your dick.” Spencer cut Luke of before he could say anymore, smiling at the absurdity of what he was suggesting. What he was actually trying to work out was whether or not he went in first with his hand or mouth, it was called a blowjob which didn’t really give much detail into whether or not using your hand was prohibited or not. He imagined it was allowed as there were no rules like he was creating plus it didn’t seem all that possible to take all of that in his mouth. Then again, he’d never tried so who knew. Luke chuckled and pulled his hand away from Spencer’s hair so he could lean back against the bed.

“Didn’t say it was a bad thing, you do whatever you need.” Luke wasn’t one to laugh during sex and yet here he was cracking jokes, they seemed to make Spencer relax which was his main goal. It seemed to be working because Spencer edged closer once more, wiping his hands down his pants in an attempt to wipe of the sweat as if that was going to be a problem before wrapping his hand around his cock. This was fine, he’d done this before to himself and he noticed the slight hitch in Luke’s breath when he tested the waters with a few slowly up and down movements of his hand.

It was becoming increasingly difficult to concentrate when Spencer realised what was happening between his legs, due to the position he was in it wasn’t too much of a problem and instead just a dull ache to be touched but had he expected anything otherwise? Luke was very attractive and Spencer had wanted to do this for a while now, it would have been stranger if he was instead just completely soft and uninterested.

Quickly Spencer realised that lubrication would probably have been a good idea, he didn’t want to ask in case it somehow ruined the moment but he also knew it would feel better if there was some, the solution he came up with wasn’t ideal but the best he could do. Luke watched as Spencer removed his hand before bringing his palm up to his mouth before letting his saliva drip onto it, it felt gross to do but strangely hot to watch. He wrapped his hand around Luke’s cock again and continued with those slow strokes, getting used to the feeling of having someone else in his hand while he tried to build the courage to do more than he was.

Luke was thankful he had kept his eyes open as he got to see the sight of Spencer leaning it and licking across the head of his cock, pausing for a few seconds before doing it again. He truly was the only person who could make something so obscene and dirty look cute, the way his nose twitched and how his tongue peeked out of his mouth as he got used to the taste. He managed to look cute even when he sunk his mouth down onto him, not a lot but enough to see those perfect lips wrapped around him. As it turned out, it looked just as hot as Luke had expected.

Spencer kept reminding himself to keep his teeth covered, as long as he did that and didn’t go too far back then everything else could be managed. He pondered on why it was called a blowjob when there was no blowing involved as he continued to lower his mouth onto him, not taking a lot in the fear that he’d end up choking and looking even less sexy but also wanting to enjoying the heaviness
against his tongue. Now that he was actually in the middle of everything he was far less in his head, wanting to actually enjoy the act for himself because it was a turn on to be getting Luke off like this. It was slightly uncomfortable like he had been expecting but that didn’t make it any less enjoyable, Spencer found himself letting out a soft moan around his cock, both because of how Luke’s hands had come back down again to make a home in his hair but also because of how good he felt knowing he was making Luke feel good.

All Luke could focus on was how hot Spencer looked, he looked filthy with his mouth pink and wet, eyes shiny from accidentally bobbing his head down to far to the point where he brushed up against his gag reflex. His hand was still wrapped loosely around him and there was a stark contrast between the almost milky white of Spencer’s hand and the tannedness of his own skin. His eyes continued to travel down until he spotted the hardness pressing up against Spencer’s pants, the zipper had been undone to give some relief and he could just about see a small wet spot growing on Spencer’s briefs.

“Fuck, should have expected you to be the kind to get turned on from sucking cock.” Luke’s voice was low and teasing and made Spencer groan around him once more, remembering exactly why he had come so fast that first time. Luke’s voice was like sin and it only got him even harder, for some reason it also made him feel less shameful about what he was doing. He’d at first being trying to be as clean and polished as he could be but something clicked and he realised that maybe that wasn’t what Luke wanted, there was really only one way to find out.

Spencer looked up at Luke purposefully as he started to quicken his movements, both with his head and with his hand where his mouth couldn’t reach. He had to stop eventually to get some air and when he did a line of spit connected to his cock followed him still dripping from his lips. Instead of spitting on his hand like he had done last time he spat directly onto Luke’s cock, if he wasn’t so hazy with lust then he might have blushed or felt too self conscious to do so but all he could think about now was making him come.

It continued like that for longer than Spencer could keep out, he lost track after ten minutes but it didn’t feel like it had been a long time at all. He was too focused on the words spilling from Luke’s mouth and the salty taste in his mouth to think of anything else, never in a million years would he have considered himself the kind of person to have been knelt before a man with no nerves but here he was, almost willing to call himself confident in what he was doing. While he was a unsure person at times he couldn’t deny science or behaviour and from the way that Luke’s fingers were digging against his scalp and the low grunts he was letting out it was quite easy to work out what was going to happen soon.

Neither had planned for what was going to happen when Luke came, Spencer had planned for all variables and yet hadn’t thought to ask Luke what he wanted him to do. He was too enthralled with the fact he had brought him to orgasm to even care, it felt like a medal in some weird way. It hadn’t been the best orgasm of his life but it had been up there, if not the best coming from someone who had little to no practice and for around eight seconds after he came Luke almost felt paralyzed, clinging to Spencer’s hair tightly as he held him in place around his cock an unable to let go. It was only once he realised that he had come in Spence’s mouth that he quickly retreated his hands and let Spencer move off of him, his eyebrows furrowed slightly as he looked up at Luke to make sure he was paying attention before he swallowed whatever was in left in his mouth.

Part of him wanted Luke to feel proud of him for swallowing and that was why he wanted him to be looking at his face but also because he had become acutely aware of what had happened to his body as well. He couldn’t help it, the feeling of Luke’s hands in his hair and the heaviness of his cock against his tongue, those deliciously filthy words; it was all too much. However much like how Spencer was good at noticing behaviour Luke knew him and could tell when something was wrong so when he glanced down and noticed the now much larger wet spot on his briefs everything made
sense. It didn’t think it was weird or something to laugh at, it was actually hot to know that sucking him off had gotten him so turned on that he couldn’t help but come.

“Come here.” Luke reached his hand down for Spencer to take, helping him up from the floor only to then get him to straddle his waist. It was a slightly awkward position since Spencer was so gangly but he loved it, what he loved even more though was when Luke ran his thumb across his bottom lip to clean up any wetness there. It was a struggle to stop him from just opening his mouth and sucking around his thumb, clearly he’d found something he enjoyed to do and now it was all his mind could focus on. “You did so good.”

Spencer was suddenly aware of how exposed he was which was strange considering Luke was sat there with his cock laying against his thigh but he hadn’t just come in his pants like a thirteen year old. He reached slowly in the hopes to discreetly hide the stain but Luke noticed immediately and grabbed a hold of his wrist.

“Do you really think I care if you came in your pants? I’m more upset about the fact it wasn’t me who made you come.” Luke spoke with such sincerity that Spencer could do nothing but believe him, he was still embarrassed but less so than before. Instead of pulling his hand away from Luke’s he just opened his hand and interlocked their fingers, rubbing his thumb along the back of his hand. Before his eyes Luke watched Spencer shift back to his timid self, bashfully smiling at the bluntness of his words.

“Technically it was.” He shrugged before bringing Luke’s hand up to his mouth to kiss, one on the back of his hand and then another against his knuckles. There was no doubt in Spencer’s mind that this had been the best birthday of his life, it almost didn’t feel like it had actually happened and instead was just some fever dream. That would make sense more than anything else, he still couldn’t understand why he suddenly had so many people so selflessly caring for him for no other reason than because it was what they wanted and no matter how many times he was told it wasn’t a big deal it was going to take a long time for him to believe that.

The rest of the night involved a warm shower which Spencer had while Luke ordered in his favourite meal, even finding the documentary Spencer had been raving on about for weeks now and queuing it up play while they ate. After that they washed up together with Roxy asleep at their feet, it was silent but not the uncomfortable kind, rather the kind where nothing needed to be said as the silence spoke wonders. It had been a long day so after that Spencer was exhausted, he fell asleep curled up against Luke on the couch, the soft humming of the tv the soundtrack of their slumber as Luke soon too fell asleep, Roxy jumping up and sliding into the small free space at the end of the couch where she too joined in and dozed off. The last thoughts of Luke before he fell asleep were how lucky he felt to have found Spencer, sometimes it felt like he was too good to be with him but he could never let him go.

That only made it so much harder knowing that he was going to have to.
Chapter Fourteen.

JJ had been acting weird the whole week, Spencer knew he wasn’t the only one to have noticed and he also knew that no one had approached her about it yet. Usually she was pretty chipper, cracking the occasional snarky joke and cuddling up to Emily but something had happened to make her more distant. She was constantly checking her phone, as if she was waiting for a phone call from someone but was unwilling to say who it was. Emily was still the only one to know about her secret concerning her ex and so he imagined he had something to do with that, it would make sense that she wouldn’t want to tell anyone else but she was still adamant to tell her. Spencer and Luke had known each other for a shorter amount of time than Emily and JJ had and yet they were now together, it made Emily secretly worry about whether or not what she had with JJ was ever going to go anywhere.

It was strange because she was the one to express how she was only looking for a good time, when she first met JJ she could tell right away that she was the kind of girl who was looking for adventure and Emily had been more than happy to expose her to all that but after seeing how happy Luke and Spencer were not having to question about what their relationship was she started to crave that sense of comfort. Emily never thought she’d be that girl, if anything she thought JJ would be the one who brought up wanting to be more than just casual hook up buddies.

Because they weren’t dating she didn’t feel like she could pester JJ to tell her what was going on, the last time she had done so she did end up telling her what was on her mind but it wasn’t ideal. What she wanted was it to come out organically, for JJ to feel like what they had was something solid and well supported, that if she told Emily some important shit she wasn’t just going to run away and ruin whatever it was they had. She didn’t know how to do this though, so once again she had to turn to Spencer for advice on how to handle the situation since he seemed to be the resident genius on everything including JJ.

Because he’d been sharing more with JJ about what was going on with him he hoped that she would return the sentiment and also share what was happening in her life. Things had slowly shifted around so that she was the more secretive one of the pair, something Spencer never thought could happen. It took around a week and a half of soft prompting before JJ told Spencer what was going on. At first he was confused, she told her that her mother was coming down to visit and he didn’t know why that was an issue. She’d never expressed any distaste towards her and frankly if his mother could he’d love for her to come down and visit him, she would love him.

It was only after Spencer complained about how he had literally recalled to him the nerves he felt upon choosing to go down on Luke and yet she couldn’t tell him about what was troubling her that she finally gave in and confessed about Will. About how they hadn’t just broken up for no reason but instead because she had gotten pregnant, and now it was the baby’s birthday and her mom was bringing him up to visit. Spencer immediately felt bad about pressuring her into telling him and went to apologise but JJ stopped him.

“You were going to find out eventually. Besides…I want you to meet him.” Spencer wasn’t particularly fond of babies or children until they could have intelligent conversations and not just babble and cry. Still, this was his best friend’s child and if it made her happy then he could put up with his own discomfort, but only because of her happiness. When he asked about how she was going to broach the subject with Emily she just shrugged and went back to looking at her textbook. It wasn’t like she wanted to keep it a secret, part of her wished it was just public knowledge so that she didn’t have to worry about everyone finding out but she also knew there was a reason she had given
Henry to her mother in the first place. She wanted to be a mother of course, just not right now. For a weekend though she could do it, it had been too long and she wanted to see her son again.

She thought back to how Emily had reacted when she first told her about Henry, she had been totally supportive and encouraging, not once making JJ feel weird or dirty. Maybe all the fears JJ had were just being projected, perhaps Emily truly just wanted to be with her and if that meant there being a baby in the picture every so often then that was how it would be. While it was possible for her to just avoid Emily until Henry went back home she didn’t want to, it didn’t have to be a big deal if she didn’t make it out to be.

Henry was coming down to Virginia with her mom on the Friday and would be leaving Sunday night, as much as she loved her mom she knew that all JJ wanted really was time with her boy so she had agreed to stay out of her way until Sunday. JJ really didn’t know what she was going to do with him during those days, the part of town they lived in wasn’t exactly thriving with activities for one and a half year olds and so she supposed that she was just going to have to bring the excitement to him.

When Emily finally learnt what it was JJ had been so distracted by she couldn’t help but laugh, if she had known that was what she would have found it so much easier to comfort her as this wasn’t the big deal JJ was making it out to be. If she was being honest she hadn’t even thought about her having a kid since the night that she’d told her, it wasn’t a big deal then and it still wasn’t now. Other people who weren’t as understanding as Emily might have not been able to look past what some would call the emotional baggage JJ held but she handled it with ease, her job consisted of her having to listen to people complain 24/7 over their drinks, hearing JJ’s struggles with wanting to be a good mom but also an educated woman were frankly the only stories she’d heard and actually been touched by. Whether that was because of her affection for her, who knew but she did know that she was willing to do whatever it took to make her happy.

“She has a baby?” Luke was more shocked than Spencer had been when Spencer with JJ’s permission recalled the story of what had happened, it was him making assumptions but he thought she was just some clean cut country girl looking to rebel a little. He never would have thought she had a kid back home. With Spencer’s handy statistics about the effectiveness of birth control and condoms he quickly learnt that she could continue to be those things, getting knocked up by accident didn’t have to change that. “Shit, I didn’t see that one coming.”

“I know, neither did I. She wants me to meet him though.” Spencer explained but Luke didn’t seem as surprised as Spencer thought he would be. He was JJ’s best friend, of course she’d want him to meet her child. After everything that had happened in the past few months, nothing came as that big of a surprise anymore. Luke never thought he’d end up with Spencer, a pretty boy with an IQ higher than anyone else he’d ever known who at first his only intention with was to mess around with. If they could end up in a loving, trusting relationship when that was never meant to be the case in the first place, anything was possible. So maybe it wasn’t so shocking that JJ had her secrets, it certainly wasn’t a shock she was willing to share them and that part of herself with Spencer though.

“So you want me to come with you? If that’s okay with her.” While Spencer didn’t necessarily need Luke’s support with this, it was nice of him to offer and he wanted him around just because. He told Luke that she’d ask JJ if it was alright first, just in case she didn’t want everyone crowding around her and interrupting her time with Henry. However she ended up being okay with it, much how she wanted Spencer and Emily to meet him because they were important to her, Luke was important to Spencer and therefore he was an important part of her life.

On the Saturday JJ invited Spencer and Luke over to Emily’s apartment where she was staying while she had Henry, her dorm room was too small and besides she had to admit that the help of having
Emily around was needed. Luke could tell he was nervous as they walked up the staircase leading to the apartment, Spencer kept flexing and unflexing his fingers which by now Luke was able to identify as something he did when nervous.

“What are you so nervous about?” Luke queried once they got to the top of the staircase and started walking down the hallway, reminding himself of what room it was Emily had told them. Spencer just sighed, also unsure as to why he was so nervous. It wasn’t like he thought something bad was going to happen, everything was going to be okay and yet he still felt that sickly rumble of butterflies erupting in his stomach.

“I’ve never been around kids before, I guess I don’t want to do anything wrong.” Spencer explained the best he could without knowing himself what was really wrong, before he knew it they were stood outside Emily’s apartment and Luke had knocked on the door, giving him no chance to even remotely prepare what he was going to say and do. Instead of replying with his words, Luke reached down and took Spencer’s hand in his own, rubbing his thumb across the back of his hand. The touch was enough to calm him for the moment, a gentle reminder to bring him back to the moment instead of being stuck in his head.

Emily looked exhausted when she opened the door, hair tied back in a messy ponytail and her face clean from makeup and yet she also looked happy, a weird combination for someone who looked like they hadn’t gotten a lot of sleep. Once the door was open they could hear the babbling of who they could only assume was Henry, and then the sound of JJ talking back to him even though he had made no real understandable sentence.

“Don’t look so scared, Spencer. He’s a sweetheart.” Emily chuckled before opening the door wider and walking back inside, leaving it to Spencer and Luke to follow after her and close the door. Neither of them had been in her apartment before so as they stripped off their jackets and shoes they took a brief glance around, everything seemed pretty stereotypically Emily but there were also lots of things Spencer recognised as JJ’s. Maybe like how a lot of his possessions were ending up having a new home at Luke’s apartment, the same thing was happening here. As they walked into the living room Spencer made sure to repeat Emily’s words in his head, he was an 18 month year old child not deserving of all the panic Spencer was placing on him.

“Hey! Look who it is!” JJ sat on the couch with Henry on her lap, Spencer was oddly surprised at how much he looked like her. He had her bright blue eyes and blonde hair but there were also features that weren’t hers, it was all well and easy to imagine her having a son but to actually see him in front of you, waving his little hands around while trying to grab onto whatever was available; it was a shock to the system. JJ was glowing though, she looked more at home with Emily beside her and Henry on her lap than he’d ever seen from her before.

Henry was both rambling on and trying to wiggle his way out of JJ’s arms, wanting to explore his new surroundings. Spencer looked behind him at Luke for reassurance before sitting beside JJ on the couch, his posture up right and stiff as he tried not to get hit by the little fists being waved around. Uncomfortable was the appropriate word to describe how Spencer was feeling, you couldn’t profile a baby or try and understand it because at a year and a half they knew some words but not enough to have full conversations.

“He’s big.” Luke hadn’t been around many kids either but he was significantly less worried than Spencer was but he also wasn’t some huge fan of them either, he sort of remained on the indifferent side. He couldn’t deny though that Henry was a cute kid, he looked perfectly at home sat on top of JJ’s lap even if he would occasionally wiggle to try and escape. Luke let Emily sit down beside Spencer and so he just stayed standing, his eyes occasionally flicking to Spencer to make sure he was still okay.
“I know, mom was worried that he wouldn’t be able to walk on his own because his head’s so big.” JJ giggled and dodged Henry’s hand once again, reaching up and taking his small fist into her hand before pressing a kiss to his tiny fingers. It wasn’t easy to pretend like she didn’t miss him when he was away but she had managed with the help of people like Emily who helped distract her. Now that he was here in her arms though she wondered how she could have ever survived without him, thoughts slowly started coming back where she wondered if she was doing the right thing for him and for her, whether she should maybe go back to Pennsylvania and just be a mom full time. She knew she wouldn’t end up doing that but it still was something to think about.

The group watched as Henry managed to get out of JJ’s hold on him and instead fell onto Spencer’s lap, Emily couldn’t stop herself from laughing at the look of pure shock on Spencer face as Henry tried to climb into an upright position and in the process was just hitting Spencer gently in the stomach and on his thighs. Anyone else would have just picked him back up but Spencer just looked down at him and then at JJ expectantly, hoping she would just take him back.

“He’s a toddler, Spence. You can hold him, he won’t hurt you.” Spencer gulped after hearing JJ speak and then looked back down at Henry again who was now looking up at him with those big blue eyes. It wasn’t that he thought he was going to hurt him, he just didn’t know how he was supposed to hold him. Spencer however knew could make an educated guess, he looked back to JJ for confirmation before reaching down and hooking his hands underneath his armpits, lifting him up with ease before holding him close to his chest. Henry continued to wiggle but this time when Spencer’s curls (which he had been letting grow out per Luke’s request) tickled his nose he burst out into giggles, hands reaching out to try and grab them.

“See! It’s not so bad.” Emily laughed. While Spencer didn’t look completely natural holding Henry, he did look adorable though and maybe one day he would feel comfortable with being around kids. When she looked up at Luke he could not have been more apparent with his look of devotion, if it were to have been a cartoon he would have been standing there with hearts for eyes; that was how doting his gaze at Spencer was. Emily would have never thought Luke would be the kind to be affected by the sight of someone with a child yet here he was, but then again she wasn’t that big a fan either but when she first laid eyes on JJ with Henry her heart started to ache as well.

When Spencer met Luke’s eyes he too could almost tell exactly what he was thinking from just looking at him, it would be so easy to go into an analysis as to why some partners would their significant others more attractive when looking after a child but for some reason when he was with Luke all of his statistics went out of the window. It was like they didn’t apply to them, like they were somehow completely unique from the rest of the world because when he was with him that was what it felt like.

All he knew was that Luke was looking at him with the eyes of someone who was slowly realising that maybe they weren’t as neutral on the idea of kids as they thought they had been, and Spencer couldn’t blame him for that at all because while he’d never admit it out loud he was starting to feel the same. Whether it was because he was JJ’s child and therefore shared traits about her that Spencer loved or maybe because he’d never actually spent time around kids before so his preconceived notions were just flawed but he was slowly coming to terms with the possibility that he could learn to love being around them. Who knew, maybe one day he’d actually crave one of his own.

That day was a long way away but acknowledging its existence was a big enough step on its own.
Spencer felt bad for wondering when things were going to go wrong with him and Luke, he was used to things not going how they were planned and the good things in his life disappearing. Before Luke he’d convinced himself that the best way to avoid heartbreak was to just not get attached to things, liking things in a moderate fashion was still an okay way to live his life and it meant that when they were snatched away from him it wouldn’t be as difficult to get over it. Sometimes he wondered if it was selfish, never putting his full heart or brain into something in the fears that he’d end up hurt but not ever thinking of the other people involved. With Luke though it was different, he’d thrown himself fully into that relationship and while not a single part of himself regretted it, he couldn’t help but think about how maybe it wasn’t permanent.

28% of married couples attended the same college as their spouse, 15% attended the same high school. That was both an impossibly large and small number and Spencer didn’t know how he and Luke fit into those statistics. It wasn’t like they thought they were going to get married or anything, he just wanted to know where things were heading towards. He wasn’t the type for the casual fling, the few months of fun before inevitably breaking up but he also wasn’t sure what else there was. He adored Luke with all his heart, never had he quite felt like this around someone before and in all honestly Spencer knew he’d do just about anything for him since that was all Luke seemed to do for him but he didn’t know what they were going to end up being. What had started off as some one off hook up had grew into a stable relationship founded on mutual respect and trust, Spencer wasn’t going to be in college forever though and eventually Luke was going to want to do more with his life than just mope around town.

He didn’t even know why he was thinking so much about this, normal couples didn’t spend their time obsessing over where they were going to be the next year, they just enjoyed their time together and Spencer was doing that but he couldn’t stop himself from thinking. It was all he did, he analyzed things and studied his surroundings and there was just something telling him that he needed to think about these things. Nothing in particular had happened to prompt these thoughts, or least nothing that Spencer had consciously noticed but it was entirely possible that he had noticed but the change had been so small it wasn’t obvious. He’d gone through every conversation he’d had with Luke and even the conversations that had happened around them, searching for whatever was making him feel like this. When his mind couldn’t give him the answers he had to go to the source to try and find out what was causing this.

There was no way he was about to go through Luke’s things, he wasn’t about to actively search out a reason to question their relationship. What would he be searching for anyways? A letter with the date Luke was going to break up with him because their relationship had an expiration date? Nothing like that, but maybe something that would make him leave. Medical reasons perhaps, maybe he was going back to school somewhere else, maybe the family he didn’t talk about all that much wanted him back home for some reason. Spencer was so scared of something happening and ruining what they had and yet he was searching for it, willing to fabricate anything to validate how he was feeling.

Luke had noticed Spencer had been distant recently, not the kind of distant where he could tell there was something wrong but rather because he was just busy. He’d been having more study dates with his friend Maeve who Luke was still unfamiliar with despite Spencer singing her praises, he’d suggested that Spencer introduce them but he’d just made up some excuse about how Maeve was incredibly busy and probably didn’t have time but he’d introduce them another time. Luke tried not to question Spencer as to why he didn’t want them to meet because while he might have thought he had gotten away with his lie, Luke knew by now the little things Spencer did when he was lying. It wasn’t like Spencer had an abundance of friends he had to meet, there was JJ and that was pretty
much it, Luke had introduced him to Tara who he considered to be his closest friend who he had to admit it hurt a little that Spencer wouldn’t do the same for him.

Because he had a key Spencer was still around Luke’s apartment more than he would have been usually, his nose was usually in a book though and their conversations usually revolved around his work. It was only once they were bed, lights dimmed and the street outside acting as the perfect background music as they spoke softly to one another. So many secrets were shared into those pillows, giggles and the occasional tears as well. If something was wrong then it would be then that Spencer told him but alas he stayed quiet about it, spoke to him instead about how the Christmas holidays were coming up in a few months and he didn’t know if he would be going home to visit his mother.

Things were good still, something was a little off because they both were trying to think what the other was thinking while not actually talking to them about it but apart from that they were doing well. No one else seemed to notice the inner turmoil they were both having, JJ was always asking Spencer how they were doing before bursting into an explanation of how she and Emily were doing; he still wasn’t sure if they had made anything official between them but after Henry had come to visit it was certain that their relationship had strengthened from that. The girls back at the club also would ask about them, if Luke was there without Spencer then Elle would comment on how nowadays it felt like Luke didn’t go anywhere without his boyfriend, which wasn’t true but it was easy to see why she thought that.

Eventually though after days of going through anything and everything that had happened between them, Spencer landed on what could possibly could be what he had been looking for. He’d continued to search for something to validate his fear and he found it when he thought back to the first conversation he had with Emily about Luke, on the night she texted him to come talk about JJ with her. She had mentioned that Luke had dropped out of college even though he wasn’t that far from finishing his four year course there, this wasn’t new news to Spencer as he’d had Luke retell him what had happened which was just that he didn’t feel like he was gaining anything from being there. It just seemed like what he was supposed to be doing but it wasn’t what he wanted. What Spencer had forgotten until now was what else Emily had said.

He’d been talking about joining the army. Now, Spencer had never heard him talk about that with him so to his knowledge that wasn’t something he was planning on doing any more but what if it was? There was so much training involved with that, surely Spencer would have heard about it if that was something Luke was looking into, he wouldn’t just keep it a secret. Right? If that was something he wanted to do then who was he to tell him not to pursue it? That was exactly the type of person he was trying to avoid becoming but did that mean he was no longer aloud to feel scared? Nervous that his boyfriend was getting ready to leave without letting him know? Luke wouldn’t do something like that, Spencer was certain of it and he didn’t even know if this was happening or if once again he was making a big deal out of nothing in his head. If Spencer had learnt anything from all his worries it was that he didn’t want to be without Luke, just thinking about it made him feel sick. He had done exactly what he’d always promised himself not to, he’d gotten attached and now he was preparing himself to have his heart broken.

Now that he had something solid to place all his fears on it also made him feel like he could approach Luke about it. It could go either of two ways, one he was correct in his worries and Luke had been thinking again about joining the army and then they could have a conversation about it or he hadn’t been and the whole thing had been in his head. While Spencer hoped for the second option he prepared himself for the first, planning what he was going to say so he didn’t make Luke feel bad for thinking about him and his own future.

He approached the subject one night while they were at Carnivore, not down at the bar with the rest
of their friends but instead back up on the roof. Only they went up there now, neither were sure if that was by choice or because Emily had perhaps told the other frequent visitors that it was out of bounds or something but they appreciated it no matter what. Spencer liked the privacy it allowed them but also they were outside and technically socialising, something Luke found easy but Spencer struggled with it. If it wasn’t for JJ dragging him out to go with her to the club then there was no way he would have managed the courage to go himself. Nor would he had even wanted to go, never would it have crossed his mind that there’d be anything there for him and even now with Luke and people who he guessed he could consider his friends, he still wasn’t the biggest fan of being there.

It wasn’t anyone’s fault, they’d done nothing wrong it was just the environment. Maybe if they’d all met at the library, a chess tournament, somewhere in which Spencer felt more himself then the level of their relationships might have been different. There he went, not dealing with how his life was now and instead went into his head to think about how it could be better. It was a nasty habit, one he was trying to improve on but couldn’t quite stamp away. Besides, he was happy with now things were with them. Maybe he was a little scared of Elle and Kate still and he was painfully aware that whenever he was down there at the bar or sat at one of the tables he stuck out like a sore thumb but after how they had looked after him, it felt wrong to not appreciate them.

“Do you want to be here forever?” Spencer asked out of the blue, unable to keep himself quiet a second longer. They’d just finished a long discussion about some show they’d finished watching together, actually it was more like it was playing in the background while Spencer sat on the floor surrounded by books and Luke watched him instead of the TV. The look of confusion on Luke’s face told him he didn’t understand the question, it was a pretty broad one and out of context it didn’t make much sense. “Here, in this town.”

Luke wanted to first work out where this was coming from, it wasn’t unusual for Spencer to just ask questions out of the blue but there was something strange about how he was asking this one. Like there was something weighing behind it, if he didn’t ask it right away then he might never get to again. So instead of asking what this was about he just answered right away with his most honest answer, no point lying now.

“No, I’ll probably leave eventually. It’s not really the sort of place you want to spend the rest of your life.” Luke leant back on the couch and laid his arm against the back, his hand extending so that he could play with Spencer’s hair as he had leant his head down. He was unsure as to where else he’d want to live, it wasn’t really something he had been thinking about as he’d been focused on other things. Spencer didn’t want to stay here forever and Luke knew that, he’d listened as he talked about whether or not he should go back to Las Vegas to be with his mom once he finished college. Luke had been nothing but supportive because it wasn’t about him, if Spencer needed to go back and be with his mother then that was the important thing. Still, the idea of being that far away from Spencer wasn’t one he was keen on. “What about you?”

“I think I’ll leave, you can’t pursue much here. The average person in America is expected to move eleven times in their lives.” Spencer let out a small sigh of contentment due to the fingers running through his hair, his hair was longer than he’d ever had it before partly because he knew Luke liked it but also because it felt nice when it was played with, made him feel safe and loved. He could already picture the sort of things his mother would have to say about it if he went to visit her over the Christmas break, she’d probably end up having more problems with his hair than she would with him having a boyfriend. She always said she knew everything when it came to Spencer so he had no doubts she’d be okay with it, after all they’d been through together the last thing that would separate them would be him liking another boy.

There was clearly something else Spencer wanted to say, his nose would twitch on occasion and his jaw would clench and unclench as he decided against speaking his mind. While Luke was sure there
were plenty of things Spencer had yet to tell him, he couldn’t work out what it would be that involved moving away. It hadn’t come up in conversation before, he didn’t have Spencer’s good memory but he was certain that he’d be able to remember a conversation like that because it would have involved talking about what would happen to their relationship. A sudden and awful thought popped into Luke’s mind about how maybe Spencer was asking this because maybe he was planning on leaving sooner than expected. Then again, did Luke really have any reason to be upset about that with what he had been looking into doing?

“Can you please tell me what’s on your mind?” Spencer swallowed the lump in his throat at the tone of Luke’s voice, he didn’t sound annoyed but rather concerned, expecting the worst. Now that the moment had arrived to actually ask the question he’d been contemplating on for longer than he’d like to admit, he didn’t want to ask it. It would have been so much easier to just keep it in his head than to actually have to face the response to his words but now he’d dug himself into a hole and there was no way out than to ask Luke whether or not he was planning on leaving him any time soon. Not him per say but rather the town, but it was the same thing right?

“I was thinking about us, and how things have been really good recently…and how that really scares me.” Spencer paused while Luke sat up straighter and turned so he was facing him, wanting to pay full attention to Spencer which only got him more freaked out about was he was going to say next. He’d gone this far so now it wasn’t possible to take back anything he’d said, Luke wasn’t the kind to let things go if he knew something was wrong and that was something Spencer both admired and hatred about him. It was impossible for him to ever let things go, he thought he could fix everything and that was one day going to backfire on him.

“Why does it scare you?” Luke had a pretty good idea now what was going on in Spencer’s mind, it was easy to put the puzzle pieces together once the picture was almost completed and thankfully Spencer had done most of the work by himself. Spencer was smart, sometimes smarter than Luke wished he was because it meant he could notice things others didn’t and connect the dots invisible to everyone put him. Realistically Luke knew that Spencer wasn’t going anywhere anytime soon, which left him.

“Because I know you’re going to be leaving.” Spencer felt his throat tightening around the words, trying to stop himself from saying it because then it was real. There was no going back now, all he could do was hope that he was wrong and that this whole thing had been some huge misunderstanding. He was more willing to acknowledge the fact that he had an awful habit of seeing the worst in the situation and if there was nothing then fabricating it than to have to face the reality that Luke had something in his life that could take him away. Spencer wondered if it would hurt more if it was a person who was taking him away, at least then he’d have someone to place all his hurt onto but it was very difficult to be angry at the entire army for being something Luke wanted to be apart of. There he went again, getting ahead of himself before Luke had even said anything; was that really his fault though when nothing had been said in almost a minute?

Luke sat there silently, firstly wondering how on earth Spencer came to that conclusion even though it possibly was a correct one and secondly how he should approach this. The reason he’d dropped out of college was because it wasn’t what he wanted to do, it had felt like his time had been taken up doing something unimportant, he’d been trying to find something to fill up that void for a while now. The army was something important to his family, his father had served and while Luke never had considered himself to be all that patriotic, the idea of serving for his country in some capacity seemed important. It had the possibility of being that thing he needed to fill up that space, he couldn’t just spend the rest of his life wandering around doing nothing.

“And you think I’m just going to leave you here and forget about you?” Luke continued on Spencer’s thoughts for him, now knowing exactly why he had been so apprehensive to say his
thoughts. He couldn’t say that he blamed Spencer for being scared, he was scared to. Nothing within him wanted to leave Spencer but it wasn’t like he could take him along with him, he still had studying and a life here, friends back at his college and a life for himself he was trying to build and it would be selfish to take any part of that away. But he couldn’t stay here and wait for Spencer to finish even though he wished he could, it didn’t mean that he cared any less for him it just meant that life moved along and you had to move along with it before you got caught in the tide.

“That’s stupid, I know.” Before Spencer knew what was going on Luke had moved closer and grabbed a hold of his hands and held them within his own, pulling them in his direction so that Spencer finally looked up at from after avoiding eye contact. He felt stupid, for making this big choice Luke had to make about himself. It wasn’t fair and it made Spencer think that maybe it was a good idea if he forgot about him, maybe he’d find a nice guy who didn’t have so many issues and didn’t make all of his problems about himself.

“Yeah, it is stupid. Thinking that I’m going to forget about you, how could I?” Luke expression shifted as he felt the words on his tongue, words he hadn’t yet said before and nor felt the urge to say yet here they were. He’d never felt the need to say them because it was always implied, was there a time better than now worth saving them for though? “I love you, you’re never going to be some forgotten memory in the back of my head. I get why you’re worried because shit, I’m worried too but we’re going to be okay.”

Spencer’s head was reeling from the use of “I love you” from Luke, it wasn’t like he thought Luke didn’t love him but there was a big difference between thinking someone loved you and then knowing it. While most of him was relieved there was that tiny voice in the back of Spencer’s brain reminding him that this was exactly what he was terrified of, getting close to something, putting his whole heart in his hands and giving it to someone only to have it then broken into a million pieces. Not only did he have the fear of Luke leaving but now he had the fear of all the potential pain to come, which only made the former worse.

Instead of replying, Spencer just leant forward and buried his head into Luke’s neck, wrapping his arms around him once his hands were free. What was there to say? I don’t want you to leave me, you’ve become such a critical part of myself I don’t think I’ll like myself without you, what if you get hurt and I’m not there to look after you like you looked after me? Spencer knew logically that the ideal response would be “I love you too” but he had to protect his heart still, saying that would only make the pain worse and right now it already felt excruciating. Maybe one day when he didn’t feel like loving someone was the worst and best thing you could do, one day.
Chapter Sixteen.

Chapter Notes

I need to apologise for how long this is, it’s ungodly long and all smut. Y’all wanted a first time so you got over 11k words of a first time, oops.

WARNINGS: SMUT

Spencer tried to put aside his fears about Luke leaving, he’d been told it wasn’t going to be for a while and he hadn’t even done that much looking into it. He wasn’t going to drop what he had here and just leave, Spencer wanted to argue that he didn’t actually have that much here but he didn’t because it would only act as encouragement for Luke to leave sooner than he wanted. He didn’t want him to leave at all but slowly Spencer was coming terms with that it wouldn’t be fair to make Luke stay for the entire time Spencer knew he was going to be here, he wasn’t willing to leave for him so why did he have to be willing to stay. It wasn’t something easy to think about but at least he knew beforehand, he hoped that would at least somewhat muffle the pain when it came around.

The holidays were coming around soon, Spencer enjoyed Christmas though not as much as Halloween and it was one of those holidays that usually you spent with your family and that meant going back home to Las Vegas. Before going to college he had put some money away so that he could return home to his mother if it was ever needed, for an emergency or if he just ever really missed her. From her letters he had learnt she was doing okay, she often talked about missing him and how she wished he could be back at home with her but also how she was proud of him for pursuing his education. Even with everything that had gone on the last few months, Spencer thought about his mom everyday and missed her more and more. He’d spent so much time with her that being across the country just felt wrong, he knew it was the right thing but he couldn’t deny the feeling of having something missing.

Students were allowed a break across the Christmas holidays but Spencer knew JJ wasn’t going home for the holidays, she’d already seen Henry not that long ago and she didn’t particularly want to go back and deal with the conversations about whether or not she had a boyfriend from her conservative, Christian relatives when back here she had a girl fuck buddy verging on a full blown relationship. That would be awkward to explain over Christmas dinner, it was also because Emily didn’t have anywhere to go anyways. Her family weren’t all that supportive and she liked having Carnivore open over the Christmas break so people who didn’t have family or friends to celebrate with could come in and at least socialise a little bit. Spencer did know however that Maeve would be leaving, he’d been panicking over what to get her and everyone for that matter because he wasn’t the most rich college student in the world but still wanted to show all his friends that he cared about them even if it was with unnecessary material things.

Luke knew Spencer was debating about whether or not he should go, he’d listened to more stories about his mother than he could possibly count and while she sounded like a troubled woman she was also someone Spencer loved so incredibly much. She was intelligent and witty, had tendencies to switch her mood a lot due to her illness but Spencer never spoke of it negatively rather just as matter of fact. She was ill and there was nothing he could do about it right now, maybe one day he would be able to find a cure or aid in the help but complaining about her and the stuff they’d gone through together wouldn’t help anyone. Luke had tried to be as helpful as he could be which was to listen
and speak when wanted, Spencer didn’t need someone to tell him what he should do or what he had done wrong or right. He knew though that Spencer would end up going, with the way he spoke about her there was no way he was about to let her be alone on Christmas of all days. Luke couldn’t relate that much as much like Emily he didn’t speak to his family that much and would be staying in town for the holidays, probably being one of those loners to spend the day at Carnivore but at least now he was closer with people there so it wouldn’t just be him sat drinking whiskey alone. Kate and Elle were taking the day off, Tara was going back home to visit her dad and brother so it was going to be him, JJ and Emily together. Luke was already prepared for all the questions they were going to ask about him and Spencer because they were curious. To be fair, he had questions about them too.

Spencer stood in the shower in Luke’s apartment, letting the warm water wash over his body and cleanse him from the stresses of the day. For a while he felt a bit strange being naked in his apartment, not because of anything Luke had done but just because he didn’t really feel comfortable being naked anywhere. It had been a while since the first time they’d done anything sexual together and while they’d been getting hot and heavy still the attention had never really been on Spencer. That had been his choice, he was enjoying getting to learn Luke’s body in what could be described as in a relatively innocent way (just a lot of makeout sessions) and he didn’t mind not having the attention on him, he actually preferred it. So while being alone in the shower wasn’t a big accomplishment by any means, it got him thinking about what it would be like to perhaps not only be naked in there. The idea of being naked in front of someone was still terrifying but because it was Luke it wasn’t as terrifying, it wasn’t like he was about to walk out there butt naked but the possibility of him being comfortable enough in the future to share those parts of himself was there.

He liked showering in Luke’s apartment because he got to use all his things, the room would steam up and smell like whatever shower gel he used and he spent more time than he’d like to admit shampooing his hair because he liked having his hair played with and he could imagine it was Luke doing it because he still felt a little weird about asking him to do it. Everything felt domestic in a way Spencer didn’t think he’d ever feel around Luke when they first met, stood drying himself in the middle of his small bathroom. Luke didn’t actually have a shower despite referring it as one, for some reason there was instead only a bathtub and Spencer had found himself awkwardly standing in it crouched just a little to fit under the shower head put up as high as it could go.

There he stood in that same bathroom he sat in having his injuries cared for, now looking in the mirror at himself and his features free from scaring. It was almost as if the whole thing had never happened which Spencer was both glad for but also unsure if he wanted to forget everything that came after that, he believed everything had consequences and if that hadn’t to him then would he and Luke had become boyfriends so soon after? Would they still be in that awkward stage of not knowing what they were? It might have been easier to cope with the possibility of being alone if they weren’t anything official, but then again he wanted to be boyfriends that was the whole point.

Spencer sighed and quickly gave his hair a quick tub dry with a towel, his damp curls sticking up in every direction and looking darker than usual due to the wetness. His cheeks were slightly rosy from the warmth of the water and that slight pink tinge also affected his collarbone area and running down his chest. He never thought of himself as being that attractive, too pale and too skinny, gangly limbs with not much muscle. It wasn’t something that was detrimental to his views of himself, his intelligence and other such traits were what he valued not the things society had put in his head of what an attractive man looked like but just because he didn’t subscribe to to the idea that his appearance was supposed to be the most important thing about him; Spencer still struggled sometimes wishing he didn’t look the way he did. He found it ridiculous sometimes that Luke could sing his praises about this body, his hands cradling his hip bones as if they weren’t too sharp or wanting nothing more than to litter that pale, sometimes sickly looking skin with purpling love bites.
Maybe he was biased because he was his boyfriend after all but sometimes they’d be out walking somewhere or at Carnivore and Spencer would just stare at Luke and wonder how on earth he could be so attractive. Of course not literally because he knew those answers but after a long day and with his head resting up against Luke’s shoulder, he could look at him for years and it would feel like seconds had gone by of just studying his beauty.

His attention was drawn away from his reflection as he went to go start putting his clothes on, the pyjamas he’d brought into the bathroom with him so he didn’t have to go out in just his towel to then get changed. They consisted of a pair of socks, (mismatched of course, Luke had chuckled at the explanation Spencer gave as to why he wore them like that but did not shoot him down) some big oversized shirt he got from a thrift store with a physics joke on the front of it and a pair of plaid pyjama pants but Spencer quickly noticed that he had forgotten those. It was most likely because he had grabbed everything in a hurry because he’d started to unbutton his shirt in the bedroom as he usually did when Luke wasn’t around, only this time Luke was around and proceeded to let out a wolf whistle purely because he knew it would fluster Spencer.

The shirt was big enough so that he could manage to wear just that, it wasn’t ideal and he would have prefered more coverage despite it coming down to around the middle of his thighs but it would be okay while he walked back into the bedroom to get his bottoms. He still put his socks on though and took a last look at himself in the mirror, frowning at his thighs peeking out from below the shirt and his pale legs making him look even more tall and gangly. He knew Luke would never make fun of him for his appearance and actually only ever did the opposite but still, his experiences being even close to naked around people hadn’t been great. Spencer took a shaky breath before turning and heading out the bathroom door, leading into the bedroom.

Luke was laid out on the bed, one of the many books Spencer had left at his apartment in his hands. He had been trying to read more now that his boyfriend was around, it gave them something to talk about and he liked seeing the look on Spencer’s face when he told him that he’d read his favourite book. His shirt was nowhere to be seen which Spencer wasn’t sure he was all that glad about as it made for him to be blushing pretty heavily when he walked in and spotted him, thankfully though he looked away before Luke looked up from the book he was reading. It was probably better that way as Spencer might have died just a little if he saw the look that came across Luke’s face as his eyes trailed down his body and noticed the lack of clothes going on there.

“What are you doing?” The way Luke was touching him didn’t make Spencer uncomfortable he just couldn’t work out as to why now was the moment, Spencer didn’t think he looked all that attractive a majority of the time but at least with clothes on he could hide what he didn’t like and show what he
did, layers upon layers could act as a boundary and frankly he thought he looked best in his
cardigans even if they made him look like a librarian (Luke’s words, not his own.) Luke of course
could list off all the reasons as to why he thought Spencer looked adorable and even hot like this, the
obvious being the lack of clothes and Spencer walking around with those long legs of his out on
display.

“You look cute.” Luke said as if it were the most casual thing, his hands still worshipping Spencer’s
body despite it being covered by the shirt. By now he knew Spencer all too well and he was aware
he didn’t find himself attractive, didn’t really understand either as to why Luke would which was
truly one of, if not the most frustrating thing about their relationship in Luke’s eyes. They had a good
thing together and ever since Spencer had gained the comfortability to let Luke touch him like that, it
had been wonderful but paired with him being more vocal about the things he didn’t like about
himself. There was not a single thing that Luke disliked about him and he wanted to show him that,
Spencer was smart and must have known that by now but it wasn’t helping. “Is that a problem?”

Spencer didn’t say anything but didn’t say anything and instead just watched with narrowed eyes as
Luke leant forward and pressed a kiss to his stomach over his shirt, a gentle gesture that had his
breath stuck as if someone had their hand around his throat. One kiss was not as far as it went, a few
more were peppered across his stomach and before he knew it Luke’s hands were cupping the back
of his thighs and bringing him even closer, to the point where Spencer had to seat himself down on
his lap or the position would be too awkward. It wasn’t like this was the first time he’d sat on his lap
before, there had been times at Carnivore after a few drinks that Spencer would find himself trying to
curl up even closer to Luke to the point where he ended up on his lap but that was different. There
were people around then, Elle being one who ended up snapping a quick photo of the two of them
together but right now it was just them and the tension was immense.

“Can I take this off you?” Luke asked and Spencer felt all his blood rush to two places, one being his
cheeks as he blushed at the thought of being naked on his lap and the other place being between his
legs. When it came to things of a sexual nature he supposed they hadn’t gone as what many
considered “all the way” as he had barely become comfortable with doing sexual things with another
person. The stuff they did was usually involving their hands or mouths, not particularly adventurous
in Luke’s case but he was satisfied and for Spencer he saw what they did as going all the way. It was
almost a little insulting to think that some might think their sex life was incomplete or something
along those lines because of the things they hadn’t done yet, who was anyone else to decide the level
of what their sex life was?

“I’m not wearing any…” Spencer paused when he noticed the look on Luke’s face, the kind of look
that indicated that he already knew what he was about to say and definitely did not mind. He licked
his chapped lips before nodding his head, maybe it wasn’t a big deal to Luke being shirtless around
someone but to Spencer it was and it still remained to be a sensitive spot like a new wound, despite
the issues he had being years old. If he didn’t love Luke like the way he did then he knew he
wouldn’t be able to be exposed like that but he wanted to make him happy, it was a weird way to
show it and was questionable but it was also for him. Desensitise the difficult things and learn to
work through them, it wasn’t like he enjoyed being insecure but rather it felt like home. It wasn’t his
home though, his home was right in front of him.

The lack of clothing was not a deterrent for Luke and now that he had Spencer’s consent, he wasted
no time in taking the bottom of his shirt between his hands and lifted it upwards, Spencer lifting his
arms as well to make it easier to remove. He had not been lying about not wearing anything
underneath, he now was perched on his lap completely void of clothes apart from his mismatched
socks which made him imagine that he looked quite the strange sight if anyone from the outside
could see. Luke however was loving it, he thought Spencer looked lovely all flushed still from his
shower and his hair damp and forming loose curls. His cheeks were pink and his lips were parted,
eyes heavy with the need to know what was coming next, it was impossible to resist him when he
looked like this.

“You’re gorgeous.” Luke said before leaning forward and pressing a kiss against Spencer’s skin
finally, his head now level with Spencer’s neck which was where he decided to kiss first. Partly
because it was just there but also because he knew how much Spencer enjoyed it, the way his head
would tilt back to allow him more access and his mouth would slowly part in bliss was all just simply
stunning. It made Luke sad to think that he didn’t know just how gorgeous he was, how he looked
perfect sat there on his lap and he’d never been quite as taken aback by someone before.

“You’re just saying that.” Spencer mumbled as Luke continued to kiss his neck, tilting his head to
the side as he felt lips begin to make their way up and along his jawline. It felt impossible to keep his
eyes open anymore when he felt that sweet spot just below his jaw getting kissed, Luke’s teeth
scratching against it gently in a way that made Spencer’s nose scrunch up in pleasure. A low but
quiet groan escaped him, steadying his hands either side of Luke on the bed as he worried he might
fall over, even if there were hands placed on the small of his back keeping him still. He wasn’t
disagreeing with Luke for the sake of getting more compliments but because he truly, honestly
believed he was saying it to make him feel better. It wasn’t a bad thing, he appreciated it but it didn’t
make his statement any less true.

For once, Luke chose not to argue with Spencer about it. He knew what he saw before him and it
was beautiful, Spencer was beautiful and he deserved to feel like he was. So rather that arguing with
him he just continued his love filled assault on his skin, continuing until that well favoured place on
his jaw was reddened and would no doubt have a mark there the next day. Seeing Spencer all marked
up was something Luke would never quite get over the sight of, it fuelled the fire of his
protectiveness over the boy and having those visible that he was taken and well loved by someone
was always welcomed.

Soon enough Spencer turned his head down so he could kiss Luke on the mouth, not just sit there
receiving it all. If it was thought that he was deserving of all this love and attention then he could
only say that Luke deserved it as well, he spent so much of his time making sure that Spencer
received all that affection and praise and didn’t care at all that Spencer wasn’t always the best at
returning it. This was different though, Spencer’s hands found their way up off of the bed and
instead came up to rest hesitantly on Luke’s shoulders, long fingers digging into his lovely tanned
skin, no where near hard enough to leave marks but it oddly enough gave him confidence. Perched
on this handsome man’s lap, making out with him and holding onto him with whatever
possessiveness Spencer had within him, all while he himself was completely naked. This would be
one of the stories he ended up not telling his mom about.

The little noises Spencer made drove Luke insane in the best way possible, he sounded so innocent
and desperate and those were some of the things that had first gauged his interest. Spencer was
different than anyone else he had ever met, he was troubled and sometimes to quick for his own
brain, innocent but not in the way Luke wanted to corrupt and most importantly of all he was gentle;
he treated the people around him with such love and carefulness even if he didn’t know he was
doing so. It was cheesy and he wanted to roll his eyes even thinking this but he was kind of like
an angel, he honest to god thought that and here he had him like a marionette on his lap, desperately
waiting for him to tell him what to do or even better do it for him.

“Want to lay down?” Luke pulled away from the kiss barely just so he could ask the question,
Spencer’s initial response to the kiss being broken was to furrow his brows together and lean forward
again to continue the kiss but then he processed Luke’s words. He wasn’t a child, wasn’t some
innocent virginal flower who couldn’t handle talking about sex but he was still a little uncomfortable
with it. He of cause knew what Luke was talking about but it was more pleasant to hear something
like “Do you want to lay down so I can plough you or some violent variation of having sex.”
Because he was sat on his lap it was extremely easy to notice that his body had started to react to
everything going on, he could also feel the same thing happening to Luke beneath him which still
Spencer found insane he had something to do with.

“To do what?” Spencer had intended to sound more sexy when he spoke, sort of like how sometimes
Luke would ask him a question when they were in bed together and it would make him feel all tingly
to have to answer the filth coming out of his mouth. Ask Spencer a question about physics and he’d
give you the answer before you even finished asking him but ask him why he found it so insanely
difficult to be sexy in front of his boyfriend, then he’d freeze up and his mind would go blank. Deep
down he knew the answer was because he didn’t want to embarrass himself and he didn’t know if it
was even possible for him to be sexy, but it was better off he kept those fears tucked away.
Thankfully Luke found him endearing no matter what and just pressed another kiss to Spencer’s lips
before asking another question.

“What do you want to do?” That was an important question, a question Spencer didn’t really know
the answer to. He wanted to do something with Luke but that was as far as his head went, he didn’t
think about the details of things or crave certain acts because as long as he was with his boyfriend
then he was going to enjoy it. He didn’t want to say anything but anything was an extremely broad
word and he knew he wasn’t prepared to a majority of the things the sexual world had available but
also because of what he had been thinking about not that long ago, he had more on his mind than he
would have done on usual. Once again though he didn’t know how to word things without looking
like a blubbering mess, especially when Luke was so close to him looking so impossibly handsome.
So, for once he thanked JJ for the excessive amount she spoke about her and Emily’s adventures in
the bedroom as it finally gave him an idea.

Rather than awkwardly stumbling around with his words and ending up in the same place that he
started, Spencer leant forward and kissed Luke once more and let his hands drift down from his
shoulders to his chest where he then pushed. Not very hard at all but enough for Luke to get the
message and lay back, of course Spencer hadn’t taken into consideration that he was on his lap and
too would follow after him. He wasn’t nearly as graceful as he might have liked to be and instead
quickly had to put his hand out and prop himself up or else he would have just fallen flat on Luke,
who was finding his uncoordinated nature amusing to watch. Spencer couldn’t blame him for finding
it funny but he had been trying to be sexy and instead had been his usual clumsy self, he didn’t even
realise his lips had jutted out into a pout until Luke called his attention onto it.

“Stop pouting.” Luke found it adorable but he knew Spencer was doing it because he thought he had
screwed up in some way, here he was with this handsome man naked on top of him and all he could
do was smile because he was positively adorable at all times. It wasn’t a bad thing and he knew that
he had been trying to be all seductive but either way, he was just as enamoured by Spencer, no
matter how he acted. Spencer on the other hand wasn’t as understanding and thought it was easy for
Luke to make light of everything when he looked and acted the way he did. It came naturally to him
while Spencer had to work what felt impossibly hard.

“Don’t tell me what to do.” Spencer steadied his voice and placed his hands either side of Luke so
that he was hovering over him, looking down at the smug look on his boyfriend’s face. He was
impressed at how assertive he had made himself sound, it was nothing like he usually did which he
had to admit could be meek on occasion. This was different, it made Luke raise an eyebrow up at
him because he hadn’t heard Spencer like that before either, it was good but he could see the slight
worry in his eyes that he perhaps had overstepped a line. Before he could speak again, Spencer
yelped as Luke wrapped his arm around his waist and pulled so that he was flipped onto the bed and
then he took the chance to get on the top.
“Mhm, you’ve never had a problem with it before.” Luke had a point, one that Spencer could argue with and that left him looking up at him with his lips tightly shut. If there was anything that he had learnt about himself on these endeavors with Luke it was that he much preferred not being in charge. That way he couldn’t make a fool out of himself, besides there was something about being in a position like this where it was Luke who had all the cards that was extremely exciting to Spencer. It took some of the pressure off of him and anything that did that, well he was a fan of it. When he got no reply, Luke took that as his opportunity to lean down and kiss him once more, only when he felt Spencer’s arms begin to move as his hands went to grip his shoulders again that he reacted.

Spencer yelped once more into the kiss when he felt Luke’s hands grab a hold of his wrists and pin them to the bed, it wasn’t particularly hard and didn’t hurt in the slightest but he had not been expecting that kind of response and to say it was surprising would be an understatement. It wasn’t a bad thing though, feeling his fingers tighten around his bony wrists as he pulled away from the kiss and instead moved back down to his jaw, Spencer felt completely taken care of and like the control had been switched over which he was a fan of after his few small mishaps.

“Luke…” Spencer’s voice shook slightly as he turned his head and let himself be completely consumed by the feeling of the lips against his skin. He was a little frazzled at how this had come to be as his intentions had only to get the pants he had gotten and yet here he was naked on the bed only with his socks on with Luke on top of him like he wanted to eat him alive. By now he was used to these surprises, when they were together it always felt like that surprising things happened all the time and he had plenty of thoughts in his head as to why this happened. Hearing his name moaned out by Spencer was music to Luke’s ears no matter how cheesy it was to say so, it was easily one of his favourite sounds.

“You never told me what you wanted.” Was Luke’s reply, mumbled just beneath Spencer’s ear so he could feel the younger boy shiver beneath him. He could easily think of something he could do but because of Spencer’s lack of experience he preferred to let him call the shots on that part. If he wanted Luke to be in charge after that then that was okay but he never wanted to accidentally pressure Spencer into something he didn’t want, he was so kind that he wouldn’t put it past him to agree to something just for the sake of making Luke happy. Spencer, who had been hoping he wouldn’t be asked this again, just looked up at his boyfriend with his big brown eyes and tried his best to word his thoughts.

“Do…Do you ever want to do more than… what we do?” Spencer made sure to speak carefully, more so he didn’t making himself feel anymore embarrassed than he already did. His head turned to look at his own wrists when he felt Luke’s grip soften then disappear completely, instead propping himself up on the bed. Luke wasn’t about to lie to him about what his thoughts were, in previous relationships serious or not he’d gone further than he and Spencer had done but it wasn’t a necessity. He was content with what they did, if Spencer wanted to do something different then that was okay with him but he wanted to make sure that he wasn’t just suggesting this because he thought it was something he was supposed to do.

“Only if it’s something you want as well.” Luke frowned slightly as he moved back so he was sat on his feet, kneeling on the bed as Spencer too followed in his footsteps and sat up. The Spencer he first met would never had felt comfortable just sat naked and while he probably wasn’t the most comfortable he’d been in his whole life he was still willing to pause and hear what Luke had to say. It wasn’t an issue for Luke in the slightest, he could make an assumption as to how things would work and it wasn’t like he hadn’t been eyeing up Spencer especially now it seemed like he was wearing tighter pants all of a sudden. He was open to being intimate with him in whatever ways there were, only if he was certain Spencer wanted it. “Do you?”

For as much as Spencer enjoyed talking, he sure knew how to avoid saying certain things especially
when even with his large knowledge of language. He was just awkward, he was aware of this and talking to anyone about the fact you want them to shove something up your ass was even more awkward. It wasn’t a conversation he wanted to have even if he was also glad they were having it, it had now been too long since Luke asked the question and Spencer realised that he now looked like he didn’t want what they were vaguely speaking about even if he knew deep down he did.

“Yes.” Spencer said quickly even though he knew he would still look unsure in Luke’s eyes, it occurred to him that he didn’t know why he was so nervous about everything because this was Luke, he trusted him with everything he had and it wasn’t as a big deal as either of them had made it in their heads. Whether it was the desperation to get over the awkward bump they had hit or not Spencer wasn’t sure but he suddenly was filled with the confidence he needed move into a position so that he could crawl closer to Luke and proceed to kiss him once more. It was sweet and gentle and made up for the filth Spencer’s hands were doing when they reached down and began to play with the top of Luke’s pyjama pants.

The kiss was slow and left Luke slightly distracted at first from Spencer’s long fingers toying with the soft material of his pants, knowing full well that he wouldn’t be wearing anything underneath. At first Spencer was almost a little freaked out that he was being forward like this but he quickly pushed that thought aside, if this was really going to happen then he wasn’t going to soil the moment by thinking about how being sexy wasn’t him and he should just leave it all to Luke. Maybe it wasn’t easy for him even when he tried but that didn’t have to be the case always, that was what he told himself as he started to pull Luke’s pants down.

“Are you going to tell me what you want now?” Luke didn’t stop Spencer from undressing him, it was only fair since he had done the same thing to him. He helped pulling the pants down his legs and letting them land on the small pile of clothes now gathering on the floor. It was only now that they were both naked and finally on the same page, perhaps it didn’t take as long with his previous partners to get here but all that mattered was that Spencer was comfortable. “No dancing around anything, you need to tell me straight or else we’re going to be here forever.” That wouldn’t be such a bad thing, Spencer thought to himself.

It was as Luke spoke that Spencer took the chance to position himself back on the bed, laying on his back with his head on the pillows which were soft and slightly deflated but smelt like Luke so he was willing to deal with the slight discomfort. He felt rather exposed just laying there completely naked so he was thankful for Luke who soon followed after him, basically repeating the position they had been in not so long ago with Luke on top and Spencer peering up at him with hopeful eyes. It was difficult to focus when he was so close and so naked and he so badly wanted to reach out and touch him but Spencer did his best to focus his mind, fitting his tongue around the words.

“I want us to make love, if that phrase is still in use.” Even though he had been trying to get over his nervousness he still stumbled over his words, he didn’t want to use cruder words but also more correct words felt uncomfortable too so he went for the middle ground. Because of things like their anatomy he also knew they were probably expected to have the conversation about who went where, what went where, stuff that made all the blood that had been rushing towards take the detour again up to his cheeks. “I think I’d prefer to be the one…receiving. If that’s okay with you, I could try the other way around if that was something you would enjoy.”

“It’s okay, I prefer to be on top anyways.” Spencer ignored the flutter in his chest at the image that popped into his head of Luke mid sex, not with anyone in particular but the image alone was enough for his heart to flutter and call for him to take in a deep breath of air. Luke noticed the changes to his mannerisms and couldn’t stop himself from smirking, noticing the flush running down Spencer’s face and down to his chest. “You know all the stuff we have to do before, right?” He wished he had a camera so that he could have captured the look that came across Spencer’s face, at first it was
confusion but after a few seconds he realised what Luke meant and his features tightened.

“Do you want to do that?” Spencer asked and Luke had his own opportunity to become almost starstruck, his sweetheart of a boyfriend who before him hadn’t done anything sexual with another person was now laid naked beneath him asking if he would essentially finger him. It wasn’t the sort of thing they’d discussed before but now all Luke could think about were the moans Spencer was going to make and how undoubtedly desperate he was going to be; so yeah, he wanted to do that.

“Sure, have you ever fingered yourself before?”

“No.” Spencer replied quicker than he’d done anything in his life, he wasn’t sure why he was so flustered by the question when soon Luke would be touching him in the place in question but it was just weird. It wasn’t the sort of thing he liked talking about, he wasn’t a prude by any means it was just a weird thing in general to discuss whether or not he’d ever put something up his ass. He told himself that anyone would find it strange and he wasn’t being weirded out by the thought for nothing, oddly enough he was comforted by the knowledge that he liked Luke’s hands. They were big and he liked feeling his hand even though it was equally as big interlocked together and he liked feeling his fingers against his scalp, tangling against the roots of his hair - the one up from those things probably wasn’t imagining him fingering him but it was where Spencer’s head went.

Luke just nodded his head and proceeded to lean over to the small bedside table, opening the second drawer and rummaging around for a few seconds before pulling two things out, a condom and then a moderate sized bottle of lube. Spencer’s eyes widened at the two items and he hadn’t known they were in there in the first place, he didn’t snoop around and it had never crossed his mind to look for those things. He was glad however that they weren’t going to have the conversation about using a condom or not, while both being tested and clean he just wasn’t all that interested in that clean up and he liked to be safe.

“How long have you had those in there?” Spencer watched as Luke left the condom on the table but threw the lube beside them on the bed, it was nothing fancy but it still made his cheeks flush even darker than they already were. Luke just shrugged his shoulders before once again sitting back on his knees, reaching out to grab a hold of Spencer’s legs and tug him closer, he yelped at being moved suddenly even if it was gentle. “Do you have other things?” That got Luke’s attention as while he only had a few more condoms in the drawer, he wanted to know what on earth Spencer could be thinking of.

“What’cha have in mind?” It was impossible for Spencer to blush any harder than he already was but when Luke spread his legs open wider for better access he swore he felt himself heat up even more. A shiver ran through his body as Luke’s hand trailed up his leg, lingering on his thigh as he waited for Spencer to reply. When he got none he just chuckled and reached over for the bottle, catching his boyfriend’s scared expression out of the corner of his eye. “You need to relax, I’m not going to hurt you.”

“I know that.” Spencer mumbled before shuffling down the bed even more and spreading his legs wider so that his ass was exposed. It was another strange feeling, he couldn’t imagine he looked all that good like this but Luke didn’t seem turned off so maybe he did look somewhat hot. When it came to relaxing though Spencer wasn’t very good at that, he wanted to argue that it was just a person’s natural reflex and he would probably feel the same if someone was about to stick something up his ass which would probably be met with the phrase along the lines of “Well, why do men have prostates then?” To which Spencer would reply and tell him all about how it helped make the fluid in semen; he didn’t say any of this though as it wasn’t the most pleasant pillow talk.

Luke could tell Spencer’s mind was racing and he wasn’t going to be as relaxed as he should be
anytime soon, so he took matters into his own hands. He leant forward and kissed him, a sweet gesture that drew Spencer’s attention away from his thoughts but didn’t prepared him for the hand that swiftly was wrapped around his cock. Spencer moaned into the kiss in both shock and thankfulness as he had been starting to ache, sitting there with a hard on resting against your stomach and not touching it was not easy and definitely not fun. Luke’s hand was slow and steady, not trying to make him come but instead just help him relax by giving him something more pleasant to think about. Besides, he loved hearing the sounds Spencer made so this was also partly for him.

“Can you keep touching yourself for me?” Luke said before removing his hand from Spencer’s cock, smiling when he heard the whine that escaped his boyfriend’s pretty mouth. Surprisingly this was something Spencer thought he could do, he’d touched himself in front of Luke before per his request and it ended up being actually very hot so with a shaky hand he reached down and started to repeat the motions Luke had done on him, it was easy to imagine it was him touching him still which made it feel even better. While Spencer was mildly distracted, Luke took the opportunity to flip open the lid of the bottle and pour some onto his finger, leaving some access so that when he reached down to rub his finger against Spencer’s hole it would help make it easier for him to press his finger in.

“Oooo-kay. That feels strange.” Spencer’s nose scrunched up at the feeling of Luke’s finger rubbing small, slow circles against his hole. It wasn’t a bad feeling but it wasn’t all that great either, it sort of was just happening and he was trying to get used to that. He couldn’t recall a time where he had touched himself there and he sure as hell hadn’t let anyone else do so, however he still wanted to keep going so he swallowed his pride and tried to focus on the slow slide of his hand instead.

“What were you expecting?” Luke couldn’t stop himself from laughing, even in the position they were in Spencer somehow still managed to be the most adorable thing he’d ever laid eyes on. It was difficult to explain but everything felt so different than any other experience he’d had, this was so much more sweet and held so much more meaning. Luke didn’t feel the need to put down his previous partners but nothing had ever compared to this, it felt so right and he was more than glad to be sharing this with Spencer. He knew it was his protective streak going at it but he didn’t want to imagine his first time being with anyone else, he was so sweet and deserved to be with someone who only had his best interests at heart.

“I’ve never thought about it until now.” Hearing Luke’s chuckle made Spencer crack a smile, eyebrows furrowing slightly as thumb rubbed against the sensitive head of his cock by mistake causing him to stifle a moan. His hand slowed down significantly despite it meant to be a distraction, even if it was slightly uncomfortable part of him wanted to get used to the feeling of being touched there as it was only going to increase. Luke was watching closely to see when Spencer was actually relaxed, his shoulders dropped down and his head lulling back against the pillows. It was only once he was convinced that he was relaxed enough that he started to apply pressure, slowly at first until his finger slowly pushed inside.

An even stranger feeling, Spencer wondered to himself in a sort of distracted head space whether the human body had ever evolved in a certain way to adjust to having things go up their ass. The thought alone made him chuckle, here Luke was thinking he was going to be uncomfortable and pull a face and yet here he was giggling away. His hand moved away from his cock and fell against the soft sheets surrounding them, too busy giggling at his own thoughts to pay enough attention to keep touching himself. Luke too stopped, his finger half way up Spencer’s ass but had frozen as his attention was now his laughing wreck of a boyfriend.

“Something funny?” Luke asked, now also amused by what was going on even if he didn’t know what had sparked Spencer’s giggle fit. He just shook his head and blinked back the tears of laughter, minutes ago he would have been mortified if he had started laughing as he worried Luke might think he was doing something wrong or something that Spencer didn’t like but he didn’t even think of that
possibility now. “No, no. Please share with the group. What is it?” Luke just smiled up at Spencer, his head tilted in curiosity at what was running through the younger man’s mind.

“We must look ridiculous right now.” Spencer said through his giggles, trying to calm himself down but also just amused by the whole thing, it wasn’t actually all that funny but to him and his funny way of thinking about things he just made it so. It was meant to be an erotic, intimate moment and here he was trying desperate not to snort while laughing, they certainly did look quite a picture. Soon enough he had fought back the giggles enough to where they were gone, now he was just facing Luke who was still a little confused by his antics but so captivated by his laugh that he couldn’t help himself and leant forward to place slow kisses all across Spencer’s face. Granted, he also did this so he could distract Spencer as he started to push his finger deeper but the first reason was more romantic.

They went like that for a while, Luke was very clear that he wasn’t going to rush this part because the last thing he wanted was for Spencer to not be stretched enough and then have an uncomfortable experience because of that. They shared sweet kisses and the occasional giggle from Spencer, his cock now laying forgotten on his stomach aching steadily but he was too focused on the handsome man so close to him to pay it any attention. Luke mumbled comforting things to Spencer, letting him know he was okay and that it’d feel weird for a little while but he was going to make him feel so good, pressing a kiss to his scrunched up nose as he finally begun to press another finger inside of him.

Luke could see Spencer’s body reacting, his breathing was picking up and his already red features were just getting more and more flushed, he even looked like he was glowing due to him sweating which didn’t bother Luke in the slightest and just thought it made him look even more beautiful. This wasn’t the first time he had fingered somebody which he was thankful for because it meant he knew exactly where and how to angle his fingers to get his desired reaction from Spencer. Of course he knew he had a prostate but he’d never done anything with it before so when Luke’s two fingers pressed up against it it was like he had been shocked, his body jumping in response and his hands shooting down to the sheets to take a hard grasp onto them.

“Oh my god.” Spencer whined and Luke grinned, kissing his cheek as he slowly started to move his fingers in and out, not touching his prostate every time as to allow time for Spencer to recover but he could tell that he was slowly beginning to enjoy it. It had felt like he had gotten punched in the stomach and all the air knocked out of him, an strange analogy for something that had felt so good but it was the only way he could describe it. His legs spread open either wider by default and Luke noticed now Spencer’s body was moving down and up slightly with him, trying to fuck back against his fingers cause he needed more.

“Feels good, doesn’t it?” Luke muttered against his cheek and all Spencer could do was nod his head, his lips bright red and wet, parted sinfully in a way that made Luke want to kiss him and then do even more. It did feel good, it didn’t to begin with as he wasn’t used to the feeling and it just felt like something was up his ass, which there was but there was nothing else to it but now he couldn’t explain why but it felt so good. Maybe it was the friction, his body finally allowing himself to find it pleasurable along with the jolt he got whenever he felt his prostate being rubbed against. He had been craving more of the intimacy rather than just getting off but now he wanted both, there was nothing wrong with wanting sex how it was without having to dilute it with talk about love and other such things. “One more to be safe?”

“Go for it.” Spencer answered breathlessly, looking up at Luke with glossy brown eyes as he laid his head back against of the pillow then directed his eyes up to the ceiling. This was not how he was expecting to spend their night together but he wasn’t complaining, he wasn’t scared and he didn’t feel awkward anymore. Luke drew out this new side of him, one he hadn’t even met before and
didn’t know existed. Spencer laid there letting out the occasional heavy breath and closed his eyes and thought about how lucky he was to have him by his side, this all happening while Luke was thinking how ethereal he looked splayed out there and how badly he wanted to make him feel good.

Three fingers wasn’t the most comfortable thing in the whole world but he could manage it, mostly by thinking that he’d be sharing this important moment with Luke as soon as this part was over. Spencer never really considered himself a virgin, technically he was but it was never something he made an important part of him as a person. What he had and hadn’t done in bed was no ones business but his own and labelling something to do with his lack of experience wasn’t in his best interests, however he did value the idea of sharing his first time with someone special. That person was right here and even if deep down he was still scared that his heart was going to get broken when Luke eventually left, he wanted more than anything to give him this part of him, Spencer knew he deserved that more than anyone else ever would.

“I think…I think I’m ready now.” Luke took Spencer’s words into consideration and nodded before slowly removing his fingers, wondering if one of the reasons Spencer had gotten him to stop was because he was getting closer to a climax, he knew how to tell the signs by now and while he thought his face when coming was gorgeous he wanted to be inside him when that happened. The bottle of lube was still on the sheets beside them and Luke reached over to the bedside table where the condom still sat, being careful as he ripped it open as to make sure he didn’t accidentally rip the condom. Spencer didn’t know whether or not he should watch as Luke put it on so instead he just kept his eyes up on the ceiling, noting all the small details from the plaster that had created texture.

“Do you have a preference as to how you want to do this? You could lay on your back, stay this… whatever you want.” Luke explained and Spencer thought about the options, ideally he’d like to stay like how he was as he wanted to be able to look at Luke and kiss him, and he didn’t want to move around the bed and fumble around while getting into the correct position. He swallowed the lump in his throat and pulled himself up, no longer laying on the pillows but rather almost sat upright with his legs still spread, exposing himself.

“Like this…if that’s possible.” Spencer said and Luke once more couldn’t help but smile, his innocence was something so endearing and he felt more than lucky to be the one getting to experience his first time with him. He nodded his head and then began to position himself himself in front of Spencer, still kneeling on the bed with allowed him to keep his balance and if needed he could lean forward and steady himself with his hand, giving him the chance to look Spencer in the eye and kiss him when he undoubtedly got overwhelmed. Luke was prepared for it all, it didn’t matter if it wasn’t perfect or the most groundbreaking sex of his life because it was with Spencer and that already put it at the top.

“Are you ready?” Luke asked with a voice so soft, it was one Spencer wasn’t sure he’d ever heard before and that alone made him certain. This was his boyfriend, who suffered through hour long documentaries with him even though he didn’t understand them all that much and made him coffee in the mornings when he left for class, who looked after him when the world was cruel and loved him, honest to god love that he didn’t know was possible for him to have from someone. Spencer hadn’t said it yet but he loved him, of course he did and he wanted nothing more in that moment to spend an eternity in that moment before he replied where everything was sweet and his head was cleared finally of everything.

“Yeah.” Spencer said softly, studying Luke’s features before reaching up and gently caressing the side of his face. He was aware that to start with things wouldn’t be all that enjoyable so he choose to distract himself with something he loved, reminding himself to keep breathing and relax as much as he possibly could. At the feeling of Luke’s cock pressing up against him Spencer tensed up but quickly relaxed again, reaching his other hand out to grab at Luke’s shoulder to bring him closer and
to dig his nails into his skin as he started to feel that stretch. He was right, it wasn’t that pleasant and a definite different feeling to his fingers but he grit his teeth and sucked it up.

Luke paused at around half way in, not in any rush to get off and rather wanting to make sure Spencer hadn’t changed his mind. It wasn’t for everyone, many male couples went without having anal sex and had happy sex lives so while he knew Spencer did want this it was possible he would learn that he didn’t actually enjoy it that much. He steadied one hand on Spencer’s hip, thumb rubbing across a small scar on his hip that he already knew the story of. At this point all of Spencer’s stories had been spilled, there wasn’t an inch of his body that Luke hadn’t admired and sought additional knowledge to if he noticed a scar or mark, though he was excited to tell him that he had a freckle on his inner thigh that he was pretty sure Spencer didn’t know about.

“Everything alright?” Luke asked and Spencer nodded his head, it wasn’t anything terrible but he was rather just adjusting to the strange feeling. The night seemed to be filled with those, he was glad he was sharing them with Luke though. Although he wasn’t one hundred percent convinced, Luke decided that the best way for him to get used to the feeling would be if he just kept going, so he did at a slow pace still but only pausing again when he had bottomed out so to speak. He had been so obsessed with making sure that Spencer was doing okay than he had neglecting his own pleasure, he felt amazing around his cock and looked like sin personified laid out in front of him with his cock leaking onto his own stomach. As much as he wanted to just get things rolling, his attention was still of Spencer and not hurting him. After what felt like a few minutes but was actually one around one, Spencer nodded his head to indicate that he was okay with Luke starting to move. He could only hope that he could repeat that magic he did before again now as he knew that it would make things feel a lot better, right now it felt like he was only there for Luke’s pleasure but that didn’t last long at all.

The hand that had been lingering on his hip soon moved and instead wrapped around his cock, slowly Luke started to stroke his hand up and down along with the rhythm of his hips and Spencer practically choked on his own moan, he had always been conscious of how much sound he made but he couldn’t stop himself this time, especially when he could see as clear as day that Luke was watching himself pushing in and out of Spencer. With all the other emotions he was feeling there was no way he could fit embarrassment in there too so instead Spencer just bit his lower lip and tried to muffle a whine that was drawn out of him when Luke’s hand squeezed around the head of his cock.

It took a while for their bodies to move in union, Spencer was still cringing at his use of the phrase “make love” from before but that truly was what it felt like; he supposed cliches were around for a reason. Eventually Luke felt as though he could actually start putting some more effort into his movements, still not being rough but being less careful than he had been before. Spencer appreciated this because it had just started to feel good and while he still couldn’t describe why, having Luke on top of him and even just thinking about the simple fact they were having sex was enough to make that familiar tinge in his stomach start up.

“Oh- god.” Spencer whined and dropped his head back against the pillows, unable to keep watching anymore. It was just as he did so that he felt that shock run through him again and his reflex was to dig his nails into Luke’s shoulders and tug him closer until their chests were pulled together. He could now bury his face into the crook of his neck, hide his face and his moans as Luke realised what he had done and slowed down for a moment, positioning himself perfectly so that he would brush up against his prostate with each thrust of his hips. Luke knew he had done correctly when he felt Spencer whine against his skin and hold him even tighter, desperate to keep him as close as possible.

A sense of pride shot through Luke, he didn’t know how to explain it but there was something he
held so close to his heart about the fact that when they first met Spencer had been so nervous and disappointed in himself for engaging in something sexual with someone he had only just met that night but here they were now, sharing an intimate moment where Spencer was completely open with what he wanted and was getting over his shame. He was a different person from when they first met and that was a good thing, he was becoming more comfortable in himself and if he even had anything to do with Spencer’s growth then that was an honour above them all.

Spencer could feel himself begin to tremble slightly as he got closer and closer to orgasm, this wasn’t a common thing for him but he came to the conclusion that being stimulated in a different way was the reason for the new reaction. Everything felt incredible but in a different way than he was used to, it was more overwhelming than he was used to but he loved the knowledge that he and Luke were both in this moment of pleasure. Usually it was one at a time, someone went down on the other and then did the other way round but this felt so much more connected. Luke noticed that Spencer was shaking not soon after Spencer noticed it himself and got closer to him, swallowing his own moans back so he could hear his boyfriend’s much better.

They continued on like that for what felt like a forever but was around 15 minutes, they paused once when Luke worried that that he could feel Spencer crying but when he found out he wasn’t they continued once more. Luke didn’t expect it to be the longest sex of his life since this was Spencer’s first time, everything was new and excited and he could tell he was close from the now steady wetness dripping onto his hand and how his breath kept getting caught in his throat as he gasped out in pleasure. He could go on for longer but choose instead to do what would be best for Spencer, he didn’t want to keep fucking him once he had come as he would be far too sensitive then so he focused on the way Spencer felt around him, the way his sweat smelt and how sweet his moans were being sung into his neck.

He picked up the pace on Spencer’s cock and he immediately tensed up at the feeling, he wanted to warn Luke that he was going to come but nothing would come out so instead he just clung closer to him, legs almost coming round to wrap around his waist to keep him pressed flush against him. Once he went silent Luke knew was he was coming, slowing his hand down as to not overwhelm him as he felt Spencer come across his stomach in small streaks. It was only once he had finished his orgasm that he made sound, a long exhale and soft whimpers as Luke continued to push into him. It wasn’t long after Spencer came that Luke followed suit, kisses being pressed to his neck and then to his face as Spencer finally unburied his face.

Exhausted, Spencer’s limbs flopped down onto the bed and Luke retreated his hand off of Spencer’s cock, slowly pulling out of him and being careful not to hurt him. Once he had taken the condom off and thrown it into the bin beside the bed, Luke flopped down beside Spencer and went to pull him closer but he wiggled away before he could do so. His first thoughts were that he had hurt him somehow or ignored a signal indicating Spencer wanted to stop but those fears were put to the side when Spencer pointed down at his come streaked stomach.

“I just took a shower.” Spencer complained sleepily, his voice a soft hum as his body fought to stay in bed while his brain told him that he needed to clean up. Luke just chuckled and ran his hand through his hair, mind still racing with what they had just done. It should have been a big deal but here they were, bantering with one another as if they had done nothing at all. Eventually Spencer would talk to him about how he felt and if that wasn’t right now then that was okay, he would eventually and besides, now Luke had a nice warm shower on his mind.

“I’ll join you, dirty boy.” The nickname was clearly teasing but it still made Spencer smile bashfully and reach his tired hand over to playfully slap at Luke’s chest before he sighed and began to pull himself up. Even though Luke had been so gentle with him, he already knew that he was going to be sore the next day and was going to have to do the best acting of his life as to not let anyone know
what he had been up to; the last thing he needed was JJ to be begging for details. Luke noticed the way Spencer was walking and laughed, laying back and resting one arm above his head as he watched him wobble towards the bathroom. “You okay?”

Spencer paused at the door of the bathroom and looked back to Luke, smiling to himself before nodding his head. He found it amusing how not that long ago he had been nervous to walk out of the same bathroom in only a shirt, and before that had been worried to take his shirt off in and here he was standing naked as the day he had been born, more comfortable than he had ever been. He truly was a different person from the day they met and he liked this person far much more.

“I’ve never been better.”
“Are you sure you want to get him another drink?” Elle asked Luke, looking back over to Spencer who was practically laying on Kate’s lap with the pair of them sharing the same drunken smiles. It was New Year’s Eve, everyone was giddy with both the joy of the end of the year being here and the alcohol pumping through them. If there was anywhere to spend the last few hours of the year then Spencer and Luke both agreed it was going to be the place they met, with all of their friends who’d had the same thoughts as they’d had. Carnivore at any holiday was packed and filled with laughter and music, New Year’s was no different and even though there was still hours until the clock struck midnight the whole place was still rumbling with excitement.

“Leave him alone, he can have another.” Luke said with laugh before scurrying around Elle to head towards the bar which was currently being manned by Emily and JJ, even though JJ technically didn’t work there she might as well do because she spent all her free time there. He was frankly amazed that both she and Spencer was still excelling with their classes, JJ was still taking her scholarship seriously even if she was out having fun whenever she could and Spencer didn’t really need to lift a finger to end up top of his class. There were days when he would come back to his apartment and find him sitting in the middle of the living room with books everywhere around him and Roxy cuddled up behind him on the couch. They both worked hard, so why not let them have their free time spent doing whatever they wanted.

Elle watched as Luke made his way through the crowd before she looked back to her girlfriend, pushing her short brown hair out of the way so she could have a better look to Spencer who had fallen down onto her lap and his face was now screwed up in a wide grin. She couldn’t stop herself from thinking back to when she found Spencer back in that alley, comparing how broken and scared he was then to now where he was practically glowing with happiness, it was sappy perhaps but she knew he was stronger than a lot of people expected. As she walked over to the table they were perched at Kate looked up and shot Elle a drunken smile, she knew that Spencer had been a little scared of them both at first which seemed appropriate considering their jobs but he had recently come to realise that they were in fact, much to Elle’s detest, a pair of softies.

“Come sit!” Kate exclaimed up at Elle, her hands reaching out to try and grab her and bring her even closer. It wasn’t like they had been a long time and now had the time to be with one another, they worked together almost every day and lived in the same apartment and spent all their time together; no, Kate was just clingy. It wasn’t like Elle minded though, she rolled her eyes and then walked around the table before collapsing down beside her, throwing her arm around her just by default. “Spencer, tell Elle your joke!”

“I don’t remember it!” Spencer laughed and pulled himself up off of Kate’s lap, his hair sticking up in all different directions and in general looking a mess. He hadn’t cut it since Luke told him he liked it better when it was messy, not just combed down to his scalp which was how Spencer used to do it. He wasn’t full blown drunk like Elle had suggested, he still knew his limit and was moreso drunk off of the good company, seeing everyone else be so giggly made him react in the same way. “I know I just said it but it’s gone!” He had to speak up to be heard over the music, “There Is a Light That Never Goes Out” by The Smiths was playing and there were some people singing along and then others like him who were trying to speak over it.

Luke barely managed to get over to the bar, the whole place was vibrating with life and chatter so when he finally got to put the two glasses he had in his hands down onto the bar, it felt like a small victory. Emily was busy chatting away with a couple about god knows what so it was JJ who spotted him there and made her way over, already knowing what his order was going to be so she
picked out the required liquids as she walked. She enjoyed bartending, even if she wasn’t getting paid for it. Getting to talk to everyone and give flirty looks over to Emily, that feeling of feeling like she was apart of something special and important was one she couldn’t recreate.

“Let me guess, fruitiest drink you’ve got for Spence?” JJ asked and Luke just nodded his head with a tight smile that looked like he had stolen from Spencer, leaning against the bar as she watched JJ make the drinks, not as quickly as Emily could but he didn’t mind waiting there for a little while. The end of the year always made Luke feel a little weird, he didn’t consider himself to be an overly sentimental guy but it always made him a little emotional for some reason. He didn’t like endings and one of the biggest endings of them all was the new year, all that unknown waiting out there even when he was content where he was now. There was no way to avoid things changing and to somehow turn back the clock and make things stay how they were, when change came around he would deal with it as best he could but when things were so sweet how they were now, it just made the idea of losing all this seem too difficult to bare. “You okay?”

“Yeah, just don’t like New Year’s all that much.” Luke confessed, straightening up before looking back to the table where Spencer and the girls were sat. Kate was now trying to smooth down Spencer’s wild curls, he was beaming a bright smile at them and surprisingly wasn’t all that bothered with the fact they were touching him. He didn’t always understand his own brain and how it was okay with some people touching him and then not with others but today it had decided that he was alright. It made Luke happy to see, he truly had changed so much from the awkward boy who first walked into the club with JJ by his side, worried about who he would meet. A sudden surge of love for him made Luke even more eager to get back there so he reached for the now finished drinks and smiled once more at JJ, quickly telling her that he’d see her later before making his way back over to the table.

“Luke! Have you seen Maeve yet?” Spencer had for the first time invited Maeve to come to Carnivore, he wanted to be surrounded by his favourite people and she was one of them. She also hadn’t met any of his friends yet and most importantly hadn’t met Luke, she was more than aware that they were dating and had been surprisingly okay with it; it wasn’t as though Spencer expected her to react poorly to it but he had worried that he had been neglecting their friendship. He had gotten so caught up in what felt like a whole new world that the one he was so used to had gotten forgotten, Maeve was still so incredibly important to him and he had decided it was finally time that she got to meet the other most important person.

“I don’t know what she looks like, how would I know?” Luke smiled fondly as Spencer automatically once he had sat down leant towards him, resting his head down on his shoulder, his head fitting there perfectly. Elle and Kate were in a similar position, Elle’s arm around her and Kate’s chin resting on her shoulder as she spoke to her. Meeting Maeve was another thing that was making Luke feel a little off, he wasn’t one to get nervous like that but this was someone incredibly special to him, the last thing he wanted was to be someone she disliked as he considered Spencer a good judge of character and he wanted good people like that to like him.

Spencer just hummed softly in response, turning his head so that it was his chin resting against Luke’s shoulder, now able to look at him without having to strain his eyes. If they were alone then he would have happily just stayed like this the whole night, chatting about anything and everything and just enjoying the company of one another but since they were not alone he pulled his eyes away from the details of his boyfriend’s face and instead glanced around the club. He never thought in a million years that he would be so comfortable in a place like this, loud and flooding with people but he felt fine, like that kind of normality he’d been searching for.

Kate had begun to say something but it was at that exact moment that Spencer spotted someone completely out of place enter from the front door, she was tensed up and had her hands shoved down
into her pockets. Spencer imagined that Maeve looked like what he did upon his first time arriving at the club, unsure of her surroundings and desperately looking for her friend to keep her grounded. Without explaining where he was going, Spencer pulled himself up from his seat and awkwardly shuffled past Luke until he was out from the table they were at. Luke asked where he was going but by the time he’d finished his sentence Spencer was already making his way across the room, working out the best way to get through with interacting with the least amount of people. When he noticed the pretty brunette girl standing at the door looking out of place, he knew immediately that was Maeve.

“I know you said it was a club, but I never would have pegged you as the kind to spend your free time somewhere like here.” Maeve let out a sigh of relief at the sight of Spencer, his cheeks were flushed with a rosy glow and he was smiling, a full toothy grin that she hadn’t seen many times before. The Spencer she had known was timid, preferred the more quiet of activities and while she didn’t believe for a second that the person she knew was gone, it was strange to see this different side of him. She had heard stories, of this club and the people he had met within it, they sounded like quite the cast of characters but perhaps not exactly her cup of tea. Spencer had to agree with her, he still found his lack of nervousness strange but it was welcomed.

“I’m glad you could make it.” Spencer said in reply before bending down slightly so that he could hug her, his arms wrapping around her middle and his head slotting into the crook of her neck. They hadn’t shared that many hugs but Maeve knew he gave the best ones, they made whoever he was hugging feel so safe and comforted, as if his arms would protect them from everything bad in the world. They were warm, the pleasant smell of his clothes much more preferable to the smell of drugs and alcohol around them. “We could find somewhere quieter if you’d like? It was a lot to take in the first time I came here as well.”

Maeve once Spencer pulled away from the hug nodded her head, tucking a stray strand of her hair behind her ear before following after Spencer, he took a route around the main crowd of people which she was thankful for. It wasn’t as though crowds freaked her out, she had no issues with them but she more so didn’t want to lose Spencer within it, worried she would stick out like a sore thumb. She was wearing her usual get up of a shirt with a cardigan over top, the buttons done up all the way to the top and her nicest pair of trousers, she did debate on whether or not she should wear a skirt but quickly put that idea to the side. She heard someone call her name and when she turned to look to the bar which they were walking past, she was met with JJ who was waving to her with a bright smile. Shyly, Maeve waved back as she continued to follow Spencer to the back of the room where the stairs were.

He stepped to the side and let her walk up first, this was to be polite but also because he needed to tell Luke where they were going, and to also get Maeve a drink because she’d probably need it. Nothing too strong though, recalling a conversation they once had when a student turned up to class still drunk from the night before, Maeve had told him that she didn’t like the taste of alcohol that much or the effects it had on her body. So much like him, she’d be better off with a fruitier drink of some kind. Luke nodded his head in response to everything that Spencer said, he’d learnt by now how to follow how impossibly fast his boyfriend spoke sometimes so it wasn’t a struggle even if he was a little more drunk and sugar high than usual.

Maeve wasn’t that surprised when Spencer took her up onto the roof, he had mentioned being up there before and it did have a strangely comforting vibe to it. Especially with the sky being dark and the lights of the town shining as if radioactive, everyone awake with the excitement of seeing the fireworks and celebrating the end of another year. She waited until Spencer was also up onto the roof before he walked her over to the couch, it was colder than she would have liked but as she looked around she noticed a blanket perched on the back of the couch. It had been Luke’s idea to get one, mostly because when he and Spencer were up there it wasn’t uncommon for Spencer to fall asleep
and he didn’t want him to get cold.

“Was that your boyfriend?” She asked while pulling the blanket around her shoulders, referring to the man she’d heard Spencer talking to before he took her up to the second floor. Spencer nodded his head and sat down beside her, looking out to the view of the town then looking to her. He was more thankful than he’d like to admit to have her here with him, there were still unsolved struggles he had with sharing emotional things like that as he feared they wouldn’t fear the same or he would accidentally make them uncomfortable. The one thing that he knew was that she could have done anything and she choose to spend the last few hours of the year with him, Spencer still felt awful for neglecting their friendship but it was a relief to know that she still was his friend.

Luke came up a little later, after JJ decided to give him a little pep talk into getting Maeve to like him. He wasn’t worried about that, from what he’d heard from Spencer they were similar people and if he’d gotten Spencer to like him, would it be all that difficult to get her to feel the same? He did want her to like him though, it felt like they were back in high school and the most important thing there was to worry about was having everyone like you or the world would end. Maybe she would think he was a bad influence, trying to throw Spencer off of his academic path which was of course not his intentions at all. Deep down, Luke actually wasn’t all that confident in himself and while it was easy to fake and he started to believe it for himself, it was important to him that the people in Spencer’s life were good and kind, he wanted to be one of those people.

“Didn’t know what you wanted, so I got you the same as Spencer.” Luke announced when he walked over to the couch, placing the three drinks he had somehow managed to balance holding up the two flights of stairs down on the small table in front of them. Maeve looked up at him and smiled as her way of thanking him, before she could reach out and pick up her drink Luke had extended his hand out for her to shake, assuming that was the sort of thing he should do. “Luke, it’s um, good to finally meet you. Spencer’s always talking about you.” She felt herself blush at that, it wasn’t an uncommon thing in her life for her to receive praise as she was highly intelligent and people were aware but it was nice to know that Spencer thought her worth talking about.

“As he does with you.” Maeve smiled and turned to look to Spencer who was now leant back on the couch, trying not to look embarrassed by the fact they had both just exposed him for gushing about them to the other. He’d been lonely for most of his life so now that he actually had the opportunity to praise his friends, he couldn’t resist talking about them to his heart’s content. Luke thought it was adorable, it was then when Maeve saw the look they gave one another and the love in their eyes that she understood everything. “I’d ask you about yourself but I feel like I already know everything.” Maeve said once Luke sat down on the arm of the couch, there was room next to Spencer but this way he could see them both with ease.

They spent more time than anyone could keep track of talking, sharing stories and information, just getting to know one another in person rather from Spencer’s mouth. He sat there chiming in when he had something to say, otherwise just feeling his heart warm at how well they were getting on. He didn’t have to worry about this so much with JJ as she had Emily and wasn’t such a stranger but any worries he’d had about Maeve and Luke had vanished. It was the perfect way to end the year, no anxieties travelling over into January just love and hopefulness that the new year would bring only the best of things.

“Ass clowns and friend, can we come up?” A voice that Spencer recognised as Emily’s came from the entrance to the roof, when they all turned to look to the source of the voice they saw her top half, looking slightly sweaty from the hot crowd downstairs and from rushing around. He frowned at the strange nickname but nodded his head nonetheless, what he hadn’t known was waiting to climb up also were everyone else he considered friends. With midnight only minutes away, the decision had been made that the best place to view it would be from the roof especially since not everyone knew
about it so it wouldn’t be so crowded. Emily came up first, JJ followed afterwards then Elle and Kate, the last person being Tara who had been hanging out with Luke and Spencer at the start of the night but had wandered off at some point and had got caught up in other things.

Being raised by only his mother made Spencer have an even stronger appreciation for the women in his life, all of the ones who were now gathered around him, introducing themselves to Maeve if they hadn’t met or chatting amongst themselves were all intelligent and wonderfully brave women, who looked after him when he was scared and hurt and treated him like family. Some of them weren’t people he’d ever have met if he hadn’t let JJ drag him along to Carnivore that night months ago, he would have lived on blissfully unaware of the family he was missing out on, because that was what they were - his family. Some men would feel weird having so many women friends but if anything he was thankful for it, they were tougher than he could ever hope to be and had taught him so much.

“Scoot over.” Elle told Luke, indicating that she wanted to sit where he was. He chuckled and put his hands up defensively before getting up off of the arm rest and sat down beside Spencer, putting his arm around him to bring him closer. Spencer had no protests and instead just lay his head back down on his shoulder, glancing over to Maeve who was now talking with Emily, her hands laid flat on her legs and her face clearly portraying interest in whatever it was they were discussing. JJ had her phone in hand, waiting for the clock to strike one minute to midnight so she could begin to countdown.

“Remember when I first took you up here?” Luke whispered in Spencer’s ear once the countdown had begun, he thought back to the gross couch that had been there before and how Spencer had been so adamant to sit on it. How they sat there for hours getting to know one another, so unaware of what was to come but also deep down, knowing something was there between them. There had been so many defining moments in their relationship but Luke’s favourite was when Spencer had told him that he was happy, that was all he wanted to make him and he was going to continue doing just that. Spencer smiled at the memory and nodded once again, turning so that he was facing Luke, their noses almost touching.

“As if I could forget…eidetic memory and all.” Spencer chuckled as Luke rolled his eyes, too busy wrapped up in there little world to pay attention to anyone around them. This was the perfect end to a whirlwind of a year, completely absorbed in the pretty brown of Luke’s eyes and surrounded by the most wonderful of people. He would never quite understand how he had found himself in this situation, how he hadn’t completely messed up and ended up back alone in his dorm, that one rebellious night a distant memory in his head. He wasn’t complaining, things hadn’t been a dream but they’d been close enough for him to be waiting for the bad things to come. Not today though, today he was reveling in the good.

“I love you.” Luke said just as the countdown from ten began, even if he knew he wasn’t ready to say it back he wasn’t going to hold back. He didn’t say it to hear it in return, everything Spencer did told him that he did love him in return, he said it so that Spencer knew and had no reason to question it ever. It was as the countdown finished that Spencer leant in and kissed Luke, the fireworks in the background a faint noise compared to the pounding of his heart. He’d never had a New Year’s kiss before and he only ever wanted them with Luke, like he’d shared all his firsts with him.

Luke knew difficult decisions would meet him in the new year but he didn’t want to think about them now, all that mattered was being with Spencer and the people who loved them. Before he knew it, he was being pulled away from his boyfriend’s lips and a kiss was being pressed to his cheek. When they pulled away he saw that it was JJ who had kissed him and he watched as she then went to Spencer and kissed him on both cheeks, that toothy grin he loved so much reappearing on his face from her affectionate gesture. Maybe things were going to change but right now things were good.
Family meant a different thing to every person but everyone on that roof could agree on one thing, families like this didn’t come around often, this was something special. It couldn’t be replicated, and it might not last forever but for that moment, it was the purest love there was out there.
Chapter Eighteen.

As soon as Spencer opened his eyes, he regretted his decision. All of them actually, the drinking the night before and the lack of water or food he’d consumed after the fact, he was especially regretting the decision to sleep on the couch instead of a bed because the pain in his neck was already extraordinary. At first he was asleep on Luke, his head was laid across someone’s stomach but after hearing them groan as he moved ever so slightly it was easy determined that no, it wasn’t Luke. Spencer opened his eyes again and looked up and was met with Tara. She also looked regretful of all the parting the night before, to be fair it was New Year’s eve so it was the sort of thing to be expected; did it make her hangover any less painful? No way.

“I’m gonna puke if you keep moving.” Tara said very slowly as though she were trying to stop herself from doing what she’d just said, her head was cradled in her palm and Spencer wondered who felt the worst out of them. It wasn’t that he didn’t remember what happened last night, it was just a little fussy because of the headache and the alcohol still in his system. He remembered the cold wind as they walked home, collapsing onto the couch face first and Luke helping to get his shoes off but that was about it, he didn’t know when Tara got there or where Luke was.

Not long after laying his spinning head back down, the smell of sizzling bacon slow drifted into the room from the kitchen. It took a little while longer than it normally would for Spencer to notice it due to the hazy filter over his senses but when he did notice it Tara did at the same time. In a comedic fashion both their heads raised, their eyes still shut but following the fatty, greasy smell. Eventually the rumble in his stomach was too much and with whatever strength Spencer had within him at that moment, he pulled himself up from where he was laying and collapsed down beside the soft. Tara opened her eyes to peek down to see if he was okay but swiftly shut them once concluding that he was.

Spencer heaved himself up from off the floor and steadied himself for a few seconds on the arm of the couch, the world spinning around him like a funfair ride before it inevitably stopped. He let out a small sigh of relief before following his nose to the kitchen, his stomach still somewhat unsettled from all the fruity cocktails and such he’d happily thrown back the night before but he supposed that was the whole point of a “hangover breakfast.”

“Look at that, you survived!” Luke had always been better at holding his alcohol. He drank stronger stuff than Spencer did yet it never tried to hit him back, he hadn’t had a hangover since the first time he’d gotten fully drunk and that was quite a while ago. It was impossible to stop himself from smiling when Spencer walked in looking as though he’d just clawed his way up out of the ground, walking like said zombie over to Luke where he then leant his weight completely against him and dropped his head down to his shoulder. “Is it that bad?” Instead of getting a full cognitive response Spencer just hummed in reply and that was enough for Luke, he already knew the answer before he asked the question since Spencer had been sleeping longer than he’d ever seen him sleep before.

“I’m gonna die.” Spencer mumbled against Luke’s bare shoulder before closing his eyes, he couldn’t tell if his head was pounding because of the alcohol or because of the awful sleeping position he’d taken but either way he regretted it all. Not the night as a whole because it had been wonderful in so many ways, the dancing and the music and the love between that little homemade family. There was no point in regret though, it was a brand new year and he didn’t want it starting on a horrible note. He wasn’t even one for new years resolutions and all that stuff but a fresh start was a fresh start, even if it was definitely hyped up by quite literally everyone.

Luke just chuckled at Spencer and turned his head to kiss him on the forehead. He couldn’t quite
believe the contrast between this day and then the last new year’s day, he’d spent it alone and unsure
of what the year would bring and in some ways that still remained true. Not the loneliness, Luke
hadn’t felt alone in a long while now that Spencer was here. It made his stomach twist knowing that
there was a whole year to come where things could change, some of which were directly related to
the choices he had to make but right now everything was okay.

“You’re not going to die, you just need to eat.” Luke put down the spatula he’d been using to fuss
with the bacon and instead got a hold of Spencer by his shoulders, keeping him propped up right as
he turned to face him. It was then that he got a good look at how exhausted Spencer actually looked,
curls sticking up all over the place and the edges of his lips red raw. The dark circles under his eyes
were pretty much there always but they looked shades darker today, his heart broke a little knowing
how awful he must of felt. “Go wake Tara up, she need to eat too.”

“Did she come back home with us last night?” Spencer asked after Luke let him go, for a second he
thought he might fall down and quickly extended his hand out to grab the counter. The wave of
dizziness soon past and he let go, slowly he began walking out of the kitchen but didn’t worry about
not hearing the answer to his question- he wasn’t walking nearly fast enough.

“Her car got towed.” Luke explained as he picked up the spatula again and poked the bacon which
was sizzling away happily, Spencer just hummed once more in understanding before trudging out of
the kitchen and back into the living room where Tara was already awake. This definition of “awake”
was loose, she was sat upright scrolling on her phone but her eyes were practically closed. It wasn’t
the best start to the year but you worked with what you had. Spencer sat down next to her and Tara’s
eyes opened, blinking for a few seconds as she adjusted to the light before looking to Spencer.

She didn’t say anything, instead just gave a small smile and turned her attention back to her phone. It
was fine, Spencer really wasn’t in the mood for conversing. He instead laid his head back on the
couch and closed his eyes and enjoyed the peace of not having the word wobble around him like a
Van Gogh painting. He only opened them again when the sound of plates being put down brought
him back to the land of the living. It felt like seconds since he’d closed his eyes but considering the
eggs and toast on the plate accompanying the bacon, it had more likely been fifteen minutes.

“This will make you feel better.” Luke said before sitting himself down on the floor, with both Tara
and Spencer splayed out on the couch there wasn’t really the space for him, it was okay though since
he wasn’t the one with the pounding headaches. He watched with a fond expression as Tara dropped
her phone down and leant over to grab her plate, wincing as she too realises how poor of a decision
it was to sleep on the couch. It’s not funny but Luke can’t help but smile at the sight before him, two
people he loves very much lazily stretched out on his couch like cats, devouring the meal he made
for them as though they hadn’t eaten in a year- ignoring the stupid new year pun. “Feel like you’re
gonna die still?” Spencer’s eyes flickered up from the piece of toast and egg he’d been shoving into
his mouth and looks at Luke instead.

“Mmm.” He hums with his mouth full and this time Luke can’t help but laugh. This is the good life
and for a moment he questions why he ever thought he could just abandon it, as if life needed to be
anything more than just this? They’re still young, worrying about shit like what they’re going to do
with their lives, whether or not getting older is all its chalked up to be, maybe all they needed to
believe was that this was a good enough way to spend your life. It didn’t have to be spent curing
Cancer or on a battlefield, this was good enough.

They ate in silence, neither Spencer or Tara were in the most talkative of moods and they all just
wanted a good meal after the night before. It was domestic, Luke could easily picture himself making
breakfast for his boyfriend and their friends for well into the future. Sometimes he felt stuck in
 picturing himself how he was before Spencer walked into his life, not because he missed it or
anything but because he could see how much things had changed for the better. Quick fucks here and there, nights spent alone with his only form of company being the glass of whiskey in his hand, it didn’t feel like anything he could go back to now. Not when he’d tasted how good stuff could be when he had these people around.

“Better?” Luke asked once Tara and Spencer had finished eating. Tara proceeded to lay back down on the couch and close her eyes again only this time with a much more peaceful look and Spencer leant forward so that he was leaning on his elbows. He nodded and gave a weak smile, his stomach was no longer twisting and growling in protest of all he’d put in it before but his head still hurt and Spencer was reminded exactly why he didn’t like getting drunk.

There were no classes today which he was thankful for, even if there were he wasn’t sure if he would have been able to go in which was saying a lot for Spencer who had made it his mission to do the best he could in school. With nothing really to do, Luke made the decision for him that he should probably just rest for the day, Tara for that matter too. She could take the couch and Spencer could go sleep in bed, the bed he’d tried to pull him into the night before but he’d already made a home in the creases on the couch.

“Come on, you should sleep.” Luke pulled himself up from the floor and walked over to the couch where Spencer was hunched over. While he knew that sleeping would do nothing but good for him and would make him feel infinitely better, Spencer didn’t particularly want to sleep. That was all he had done and he didn’t want to spend the first day of the year in bed doing nothing, arguing with Luke about it was the other option and that wasn’t about to happen.

“I’ve already slept.” Spencer argued weakly before extending his hand out for Luke to grab and then pull him up. Tara’s eyes flickered open to see what was going on and when she realised that she now had the couch all to herself, she extended her legs out and let out a small groan as she stretched. She could go home, sure, but she was fine where she was and no one else had a problem with her being there. She closed her eyes once more and listened to Luke and Spencer hobble out of the room and into their bedroom, listening to their muffled voices till she eventually fell back asleep.

The bed was still unmade from when Luke had slept in it, Spencer was usually the one who made it since Luke didn’t really care about it looking neat and tidy but he didn’t have the energy to complain. Now that the bed was in sight he started reconsidering his detesting for getting more rest, a yawn rose in throat and he leant into Luke’s shoulder to muffle it- no showing weakness and all.

Luke just smiled before helping Spencer clamber into bed, he then realises that he’s still in the clothes he wore the night before but he can’t bare to get him up again when he has such a look of peace on his face as soon as his head hit the pillows. So he doesn’t he instead tucks the covers up over him and leans down to press a kiss to his forehead before turning slowly with the intentions of letting him sleep in peace.

“Where are you going?” Luke pauses at Spencer’s question and looks over his shoulder at him, his voice was so soft yet had a slight hoarseness to it which made it impossible for Luke to say no to him or refuse any of his offers. He knew what he wanted, and while he had plenty of things he could be doing that day none of them were as important as making his boyfriend happy. Before he knew it, Luke had crawled into his side of the bed and curled up behind Spencer, his arms looping around his waist and his head slotting against his shoulder.

“Nowhere, I’m not going anywhere.” Spencer noticed something behind Luke’s words, something like worry, as though he was trying to convince him of something that wasn’t true. He was too tired to ask him about it then but he kept it in the back of his head, for now Luke was here and that was all that mattered.
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