we blocked the noise with the sound of i need you (and for the first time i had something to lose)

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by orphan_account

Summary

Timothée doesn’t laugh time. Instead, he let out a small sob and buried his face in Armie’s chest as they wrapped themselves in blankets and wished that their summer would last longer.

“This can’t be the end,” Armie said after a while, after their breaths have slowed and Timothée’s watery eyes met his own.

“Then how come it is?”

Angst with a Happy Ending.

Notes

Gah, okay so I'm obsessed. Please be kind to me with this, I don't usually write RPF but I couldn't help myself! I've had this idea in my head since last week and I just had to write this.
Timothée rushed back into his hotel room.

He had left quite quickly, wanting to be on his own. He knew that the rest of the cast were going out for drinks but the thought of fake smiling and watching Armie call his wife when the night finally drew to a close, made his stomach turn. He didn’t want to do this anymore. He didn’t want to be someone’s second, someone’s summer romance for it only to end with the shards of winter cutting far too close to his skin. He’d had that before and he couldn’t go through it again.

He braced himself over the sink in the bathroom and took a deep breath. Breathe, breathe damn it, he thought. Stop this. Stop it. You knew what you were in for, he shook his head. He had, he had known that this would happen and he hadn’t listened to the rational part of his brain that told him, no stop it. Instead, he’d fallen head over heels for a married man and now his heart felt like it was being ripped up by the red lips of a friend who knew nothing of their relationship but seemed hell bent on cooing and awing at Armie’s his wife and home life.

His wife.

He’s married. How had he not stopped to think of that before? How had he been so blind? Had the heat of summer and love really taken him so far from reality that he had forgotten about the rest of the world? Crema had been a hazy romance, a time away from the rest of the world while they filmed. He had been Elio and Armie had been Oliver, the script had carried them away and one night, in front of the night sky and stars, they’d kissed.

During the day they filmed and at night, when it was just the two of them, a type of relationship, far beyond platonic friendship had formed. A type of relationship that was immersive and powerful and now when he thought about that time, he felt an ache in his chest. He longed for the summer nights where they’d be wrapped in each other, rolling around on their bed, kissing. Where his body ignited with fire along his spine as Armie’s hands explored his skin, like a hungry painter whose paint pallet had exploded on an empty canvas, reaching each corner, until they had no idea where one ended and the other began. He longed for the moments where they’d explore the landscape like their characters would, where they would discuss life, the things they had done and the people they missed.

He longed for the nights where he’d fall asleep in Armie’s arms and wake to that bright smile, dazed and hazy like the summer months that rolled on by. He longed for the private minutes where they would make love or just lie together, holding each other’s hands, counting the seconds down until sleep took them. He longed for the film festival and the night that followed. The desperation in Armie’s kisses and words as they made love that night, the promises of contact that had stayed through even after filming.

But now, the reality of their little bubble burst. Soon, after all the interviews and the film was released and they’d visited all the countries, hugged for cameras and kissed behind closed doors, Armie would go home to his family. His family.

God, how could he have been so stupid?

The knock on his hotel door forced him out of his mind.
“Timmy, come on open up.”

Timothée held his breath. Maybe if he pretended no one was here, Armie would just leave. He wanted to laugh at how ridiculous he was being. This had surely been the agreement from the beginning. That all this was, was a summer romance. Perhaps, it had been a silent agreement but the reality of it was no less painful. He had opened his heart and now, no matter how much he tried to close it, he couldn’t.

“Timmy, please. Let me in,” Armie’s voice came through the door. Then, with a hint of a smile in his voice, “if you don’t open the door, I will go down and get the staff to open it for me.”

Despite everything, Timothée wanted to laugh. Just like Armie to try and make him laugh. Taking a deep breath, he opened the door and let the older man in.

“Timmy, what’s wrong?” he asked, the minute the door was closed, cupping Timothée’s face. Any other time, Timothée would have turned his face into Armie’s hands and melted. But he couldn’t. Not this time. He stepped out of Armie’s hold and shook his head.

“I can’t do this anymore,” he said. His voice shook. When had he started shaking? His heart was pounding far too fast in his chest and he was a second away from breaking down like a child does when they’ve lost their favourite teddy bear. Except, he was losing something entirely different. He was losing someone he had never really had in the first place.

“Timmy, please, don’t do this,” Armie said. His eyebrows were knitted into a frown and those soft blue eyes that had caressed his body for months before, now looked at him with sadness. When he met Timothée’s eyes and saw the pain and anger and sorrow there, he could hardly handle it.

He had done that. He had been the cause of that. He tried to step closer, to hold him again, to be what he had been for months. To be his safety, his warmth. He wanted that forever, he wanted to be what Timothée needed. The desperate need to make him smile was almost too much to bear.

“Please don’t, we can work this out. I promise, we’ll work it out,” he tried to reassure the other man, “we’ll make something happen. This doesn’t have to be like this.” He was on the verge of begging. Tears clouded his vision when he saw Timothée shake his head, bite his lip as a whimper lodged its way in his throat.

He knew Timothée, he knew when he was sad, he knew what sounds he made when he was crying, when he couldn’t handle what he was feeling, he knew how to make him smile and laugh and he wanted that forever, he wanted their summer romance to last longer. To be something special, to be what it had been in the confines of filming.

“I don’t want to,” Timothée said, tears finally rolling down his cheeks. “But I have to. I don’t want to be someone’s secret anymore. I want to be someone’s first, all the time. I don’t want to have to hide this and I know that’s so selfish of me but I…I love you. And-and this is becoming too hard.”

His voice broke at ‘hard’ and his knees felt weak. Armie was there to catch him in time and he sobbed into the older man’s chest, clutching onto the body that had held him for weeks. He smelt like cologne and home and safety and Timothée didn’t know what he was going to do without him.

“You’re not my secret,” Armie whispered, stroking his back and hair, “I love you too. I’m so sorry, I’m so sorry. I know that this isn’t easy. Tell me what to do, tell me what I can do to make it better.”

Timothée shook his head, hiccupping over a sob, “I can’t do that. You know I can’t because if I do,
you and I know what the answer will be and you can’t give that to me.”

Armie was silent for a moment. He desperately held the other man closer, wanting to wrap him up in his arms forever and never let him go. The ache in his chest going *thump, thump, thump*, was growing stronger still. Now, he was begging, “I don’t know what to do, Timmy. Tell me what to do.”

“You’ve already made up your mind,” Timothée said, looking up at him, stroking Armie’s cheek, “we both know that.”

For a moment they stared at each other. And then, Armie’s lips were on Timothée’s. This wasn’t kissing in bed and laughing into each other’s mouths.

This was desire, hunger and need all rolled into one, this was desperation, the need to be close, to be tangled in the other’s body, to remove the distance between them, to force away the barriers that had been planted there the moment reality came knocking. This was tasting fire and wanting more, needing more than was possible, the clash of their mouths against the others, tasting each other like a starving man drinking water for the first time, uncontrolled, untameable.

“It’s not fair,” Timothée cried when Armie scooped him up into his arms, carrying him close like he had done for weeks, “it’s not fair, not fair.” He hit Armie’s chest a couple of times, sobbing uncontrollably, wanting to be close and at the same time, away, away from the man who made him feel things he had only ever read about in books or seen in films.

Like the one they had just filmed.

He felt like Elio losing Oliver to someone else. He wanted to laugh bitterly at the irony of the situation they were in. Elio hadn’t known that Oliver would marry another, but Timothée had known about Armie’s family, he had known and yet, he had still fallen for him.

“Shhh, shhh,” Armie whispered, kissing his forehead, his cheeks, his nose, his tears, “I’m so sorry, I’m so sorry, love.”

“No, stop it, stop it, stop it,” Timothée growled, furiously, pushing Armie away from him. “Stop pretending like this is okay. Stop pretending like everything is going to be all right. You’ll move on, forget about me. Like I never existed.”

“No, that’s not true, Timmy, that’s not –

“Yes, you will. That is what was always going to happen, you would go back to her,” Timothée snapped, tears blurring his vision, “I can’t even hate her because she’s lovely and I can’t believe we did this to her.” He reeled away from Armie, from his protective arms and his warm hold, from his eyes that seemed to see into him like no one else could.

And he couldn’t breathe. He couldn’t see, he can’t – can’t –

Then, there were arms around him. Strong and large. He could smell the cologne that Armie always wore, fell the soft linen of his shirt. A shirt that he had once worn in the morning, following their nights together. His heart thudded in his chest at the finality of it all. That this was it. That this would be the last time he would ever hold him, ever kiss him.

“Please don’t leave me,” he begged, his voice sounded so small and fragile, even as he both pushed and pulled at Armie, unsure of whether he wanted to punish him or keep him close. His attempts at hurting Armie are futile, because he only held him closer. Kissed his forehead, stroked his back. Hid his tears in Timothée’s dark locks. “Please don’t leave me, please –
Timothée knew he was being selfish. He knew he was being irrational but he was hurting and he wanted to hear what he wanted to hear, even if it was all lies.

“Okay, I won’t,” Armie whispered, picking him up and carrying him to the bed, “I won’t ever leave you. I’ll stay right here, with you. We can run away together.”

His voice broke, “we can go travelling together, do all the things that Oliver and Elio should have when they first met.” Tears rolled down his cheeks. “We can read poetry and books until morning and pretend that we know what they’re talking about.”

“Promise me,” Timothée cried. Armie thought he was beautiful. Dark locks on the pillow, cheeks red, eyes bright and wet. Absolutely beautiful.

“I promise, I promise, my love,” Armie choked on his own tears, kissing Timothée’s away, down his neck and jaw, hovering over him, wanting to keep him safe and happy and there, with him.

“Make love to me,” Timothée begged, hands clutching at Armie’s shoulders, “even if it is only for the last time. Please.”

“Are you sure?” Armie asked, a tear rolled down his nose and onto his lover’s chest, like a final pin dropping, like the clock chiming closed on their day in the sun.

“Yes,” Timothée growled, anger fuelling his actions, anger at their situation, anger at himself for not putting a stop to their relationship sooner, anger for falling for a married man. “Please, please, I love you and I want this. Do you?”

“I want to, I do. I want to keep you forever, I love you so fucking much, it hurts,” Armie said, kissing away Timothée’s tears, a growl in his voice, desperate hands on his body. “I’m so sorry, I’m so sorry baby. God, sweetheart, I’m so sorry.”

Then, they were pushing off their clothes, reddened lips mapping the others skin. Time bled into the distance, the night sprang up around them and the sounds of the city outside echoed. Music played in the background from some party and the shouts of people outside, drowned, silenced by the window, silenced by their pounding hearts, silenced by the steam building up in the room, by the heat of their bodies. It was messy and needy, mouths and hands trailing all over skin, Armie’s mouth on his, fingers playing his body like a guitar.

Opening him up slowly, gently, like it was their first time. Making sure it lased, making sure Timothée felt no pain, aside from the one in his chest. Slick fingers and then, later, Armie’s tongue, trailing down his body, leaving bitemarks, a claim, possessive. Later, Armie’s mouth on his rim, making him feel like his heart was being tugged, like his body was floating. Like they had in the grass, mirroring art. Like they had under the night sky with the moon lighting up Armie’s locks and his bright eyes.

And even later, when Armie is inside him and it felt so good, so good but it isn’t what it once was. It isn’t the promise for more and more, no this is a goodbye because it would be over soon and it was their last time and they were both crying as the bed rocked against the wall, and Timothée’s whimpers echoed around the room while growls left Armie’s mouth, possessive hands on the smaller man’s hips, because no one could never love him like Armie could, no one would ever make him feel like this, no one could ever replace this love.

Timothée felt like his heart was about to burst through his chest as his back arched and he came between them, that spot inside him being prodded and played with like it had for months on end, igniting sparks down his spine, all the way to his toes as Armie’s mouth sucked and sucked on his
I love you,” Armie choked, “I love you.” He said it as he laid kisses on Timothée’s skin, as he thrust his hips harder and faster. As he came inside the condom and kept his hips against Timothée’s ass.

“Good, good,” Timothée whimpered, clutching at the older man, “you fucking better. You’re going to leave me, you asshole. Made me fall in love with you –

Armie cut him off, kissing him. He tasted like sunshine and flowers, and all things sweet, with a tinge of desperation, fire fuelling his movements. Wanting to pour everything into the other man, for him to keep, for him to treasure because he won’t be able to. They were both trembling, a mess.

“I love you,” Armie whispered again kissing the love bites, sucking his earlobe, nipping there like he had done playfully to make Timothée laugh. “I’ll always love you. Nothing will ever change that,” Armie declared, holding him even closer.

Timothée doesn’t laugh time. Instead, he let out a small sob and buried his face in Armie’s chest as they wrapped themselves in blankets and wished that their summer would last longer.

“This can’t be the end,” Armie said after a while, after their breaths have slowed and Timothée’s watery eyes met his own.

“Then how come it is?”

Life went on.

He returned to his family and tried to move past the ache in his chest, in his bones. But no matter what he did, the pain prevailed. Every time he went to message his young lover but knew that he was being selfish, that he couldn’t have both. Not when Timothée wanted something else.

It wasn’t fair to either of them.

It had been eight weeks since he’d come home and tried to find the person he had been before Crema, before the press, before the film, before ever meeting his dark haired, bright faced lover.

“Armie,” Elizabeth called him from their living room. He stopped staring at Timothée’s picture in his phone and turned to her, trying to smile. She patted the space next to her on the sofa.

He walked over and sat down next to her. How had he done this to them? She was as beautiful as ever but looking at her, he found himself longing for someone else to be in her place. How had this happened? How had he not seen this coming?

She took his hands. “This is hard for me to say,” she said, tears in her knowing eyes, on her flawless face. “But…it needs to be – we need to talk about this.”

“About what?”

She took a deep breath. A faint smile drifted onto her lips. “Do you remember when we first met? How Tyler would say you used to smile differently? How he’d never seen you that happy before?”

He nodded, waiting with baited breath.

“You’re smiling for someone else now,” she said. A tear escaped her eye. “And I think I knew
even then, before when you first met him that he would impact your life in a big way.”

“Liz, please, don’t – don’t blame him –

“I’m not, and I’m not blaming you either,” she said, holding his hands to her chest. “I understand. We’ve loved each other for years Armie. I think I will always love you and there is a part of you that will always love me. But there’s a whole other part to you now, and it needs him. You may not want to hear this, and you may think that this is all just a phase, but I don’t want to stand in the way of you being happy. You should be happy.”

“Liz,” Armie said, his voice was wavering. He wanted to fix this, fix everything, for everyone to be happy. “Please, I can fix this, I can fix whatever you want –

“Darling,” she whispered, letting go of his hands to take his face, “you can’t fix it all. Some things aren’t meant to be. And we’re not broken. We’re not. I’m always going to be in your life, in our children’s lives, just as you are but we’ve been living in the past, love.”

“I don’t want to lose you,” he sniffed, tears rolling down his cheeks. His shoulders were shaking. Liz brought him in for a hug and rubbed his back. “I love you both,” he choked. She drew back and wiped away his tears, bringing their foreheads together.

“But you’re in love with him. We’ve had our summer, yours with him has only just begun. And it…” her voice was shaking too, “it will keep living for years to come. You need to be with the person you’re in love with openly, freely, not just the person you’ve loved for years. Go to him, Armie. Before it’s too late.”

Their muffled cries filled the silence for a moment longer, until Elizabeth wiped away his tears and smiled through hers, “and you’ll never lose me.”

“W-what are we going to do?” he asked, afraid to look her in the eye, keeping his eyes down. He had always thought that this was his forever. “About us, the marriage, the kids…I’m so sorry –

“We’ll sort it all out. I’ll go stay at my mom’s for now. Don’t worry about any of that right now,” she said gently, kissing his cheeks and forehead, “and don’t you dare apologise. Don’t.”

“I’m so sorry,” he mumbled into her shoulder anyway, holding her tightly, “I’m so sorry.”

She wrapped him in her arms and stroked the back of his head, “it’s okay. Darling, it’s okay. Everything is going to be okay.”

★

Timothée sighed, looking up at the clock. He had to leave in a couple of minutes if he wanted to get there on time. There was a party he had been invited to with some cast members on Lady Bird but the thought of leaving the comfort of his room was making him groan. He really didn’t want to go.


“Coming!” he called, getting up reluctantly to answer the door. He supposed he should go and try and forget the pain in his chest that hadn’t left.

“Timmy.”

His eyes widened upon seeing who was standing there. His heart stopped. And then restarted and
seemed to stutter as his words lodged themselves in his throat.

“Armie?”

“I had to see you,” he said, “can I come in?” He was jittery, pent up on energy and the need to do this and say this before he chickened out.

“Sure,” Timothée nodded, stepping aside. Armie walked into his room. This room was smaller than the one he had stayed in on *Call Me By Your Name*. And it wasn’t nearly as lived in as that one was.

“I’m…sorry. I know this is sudden and I just appeared out of nowhere,” Armie said, all rushed, “but I had to see you. I love you and I was stupid before. How could I leave you?”

Timothée looked up at him, confused, “you’re not making –

Armie leaned down and pressed his lips to Timothée’s briefly and then pulled back sensing he’d overstepped a line, “I – I’m sorry. I don’t know what came over me –

Timothée grabbed him by the face and pressed a messy, heated kiss on his lips and pushed his body into Armie’s hold. As if he didn’t know what was coming. That this would be just like the last time –

“It’s not,” Armie said breathlessly. Timothée realised he must’ve said part of that out loud.

“W-what?”

“It’s over, Timmy. I’m yours, if you’ll have me. Will you?”

Timothée’s smile was answer enough and then their mouths met and they fell into bed together and the night melted into the background.

End Notes

I still haven't seen the film, I'm staying away from interviews too (afraid of spoilers!). I'm gonna see it tomorrow, wish me luck, I'll probably cry through it all D:

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