Coffee, blondes, and bets

by orphan_account

Summary

Craig meets a cute blonde
Absolute garbage insues

Notes

Fricking comment >;)))
follow my twitter for art @RubyCanSeeYou
follow my insta @ruby_rudd for updates n my face n stuff
Woah he's cute

Chapter Notes

*(* per se: the proper spelling of the often misspelled “persay/per-say” ;) )

Why do they talk about MCR for 15 minutes???

Something Craig Tucker didn’t mind?
Retail.

Something Craig Tucker didn’t mind?
Working on weekends.

Something Craig Tucker hated?
Christmas time.

fUCKING CHRISTMAS.

THERE’S GLITTER EVERY-FUCKING-WHERE.

Working at Pier 1 imports wasn’t that bad.
The extremely blue-blue apron was stupid looking, but at least it was blue. Blue was Craig’s Colour.

Discount on all the cute coffee mugs he wanted, as well as pillows; getting paid above minimum wage for standing around for 6-12 hours straight; cute customers; etc.

But being covered in glitter for 3 months out of the year made Craig want to commit mass homicide.

Working there was the difference between living on the street, hungry, and having a place to sleep and eat.

His parents, as well as money he’d been saving, were the sole reason he was able to go to college. Denver University wasn’t the best college, but it was good enough.

Craig was double majoring astro-science and film.

This meant double the work, but it was worth it.

He did film on the side of astro-science because he enjoyed it. It was also something that could get him some extra money, and was his backup for if astro-science doesn’t work out.

It was his safety-net.
And at this point, it was his only safety-net.

Craig was a very intimidating person. He didn’t really intend to come off that way, but that’s what happened. He’s very honest and straight-to-the-point. He’s a down-to-earth, no-bullshit kind of person. Sure, he was an asshole, but an asshole in a friendly way. He was determined, stubborn, strong, tall, handsome, and a huge cuddly nerd.

He was so socially awkward, and got nervous around huge crowds. He spends most of his time in his apartment he shares with 2 friends, studying, working hard, trying his best, and hopefully not failing.

Craig Tucker was also a useless homosexual.

It took him forever to come to terms with that, of course. He was still in denial to a decent extent, actually. His dad was never /homophobic/ per se*, he just unintentionally threw an agenda that being gay was not his favourite.

Of course, Craig Tucker didn’t actually care that much about what his father supported or didn’t support, it was just so subconsciously hammered into his head that he felt bad about being gay.

However, unlike a lot of people in denial of their sexuality, he didn’t try to hide it, or try to get himself to like girls, or even go so far as to fuck and date girls just to see if he’s maybe possibly just super picky (which is a lie he keeps telling himself).

He’s fucked and dated 2 girls. Both back in highschool.

Since college, he has, with the help of Wikipedia and his friends, come to the conclusion that liking dick is gay.

Craig has dated and even fucked multiple guys before, so he isn’t in /that/ much denial..

It’s just..

Uncomfortable.

He hasn’t found someone who makes him feel comfortable in his sexuality, or himself in general.

So after fucking guys all through first year, he came to the conclusion that date-fucking isn’t his forte.

I mean, he’s fucked people, and has romantic (and on rare occasions) sexual attraction to a human being, which is something his friend, Clyde, never thought was possible.

Craig had, of course, flipped Clyde off at that remark, but laughed at the fact that Craig never thought he’d have romantic (or sexual) attraction to anything, as he had never had a crush, or lust, before.

..

This year, second year, was different.

Craig wasn’t in it for understanding his sexuality. He was in it for his degrees. He majored in
things he actually really liked.

So as Craig found himself wandering into a small coffee shop to study, he was there to study. Not fuck off watching youtube, or to doodle aliens in his book for half an hour, or to hit on people, or to have deep conversations with strangers.

He entered, the warmth, and smell of coffee, hitting him like a dump truck. It was calming, and much more comfortable than outside. Computer bag and text books in tow.

The place was rather empty. An older man here, a woman in her 30s there, you know, the usual stuff.

Craig walked up to order, standing behind an ordering college dweller. She had long golden-blonde almost red hair, and was talking to one of the baristas as if they’d known each other since they were in utero.

“Bye, Stan!” she started for the door.


Craig turned his attention to the person in front of him.

“Hey! U-uh what can I g-get you?” The barista asks, smiling. He’s short, and thin. He looks to be around 18, maybe a little older. Definitely a college student. You can see the “aaaaaa I’m failing science history because I got drunk instead of studying” in his stance, as well as the dark circles under his eyes. His messy blonde hair receives a twitchy tug from its owner. Craig reads the nametag. ‘Tweek’

Is that his actual name? I hope that’s not his actual name. That should be considered child abuse to name your kid that.

Craig looks to the barista’s sparkly eyes. They’re a sea-green. It matches his hair and pale completion well, but clashes with the purple apron he’s wearing.

Craig forces himself to tear his gaze away from the absolute dream-boat to look at the menu.

“I’ll have a,” he scans the menu as quickly as possible, as to not agitate this ‘Tweek’ kid. “Caramel mocha, please,” his emotionless voice matched his emotionless face.

“What size?”

“Uh, medium?”

“Okay! Anything e-else? We have homemade pastries, Kyle’s actually making some right now,” He motions to an averaged height boy (which makes him look a lot taller compared to ‘Tweek’), who looks to be the same age as the noiret, and who has extremely curly red hair. ‘His hair is curly enough to have its own gravitational pull’ would probably be what Clyde would deduct. Craig, knowing that’s impossible, and stupid, did not think that. The boy’s hair looked like it had just had a hat pulled off, and that probably was the case. The boy was, indeed, putting some mixed-berry looking sauce onto pieces of pastry dough.

Craig looked at the menu once more to see if any of the pastries were to his liking. He bit the inside of his cheek, swallowing a nervous “ahaha sorry I-I’m taking up too much of your time,”.

Craig didn’t want to come off as weak. His stance showed he was fairly confident, as did his voice. His mind was screaming, though. He took a deep breath.
“Can I have a blueberry muffin,” his nasally voice made the word ‘muffin’ sound so weird. Just a small influx in his voice, which forced Tweek to use all his willpower not to gush.

“U-uh sure!” He looked to the ‘Stan’ guy from earlier, and exchanged nods. “That will be $7.75,” Tweek walked to the coffee machine and Stan worked on getting the muffin.

Craig fumbled with his wallet and pulled out a 5 dollar bill, two 1 dollar bills, and 3 quarters. He placed them on the counter rather stiffly.

‘Tweek’ handed him the coffee and bagged pastry.

“Thanks,” Craig said, trying not to sound too much like an asshole, and found a table in a corner, setting down his computer and books.

He opened the computer and absentmindedly opened word, and opened one of his textbooks as he thought about the barista.

He was cute. Kinda twitchy, but Craig had seen worse. The way the boy behind the counter had smiled so genuinely and Craig had made his heart do a backflip. ‘Tweek’ must really like his job.

Craig hears ‘Stan’, ‘Tweek’ and ‘Kyle’ chattering. They call each other by those names, which causes the now typing boy to make a mental note to think of them as those names factually.

Stan helps Kyle with the pastries and Tweek starts cleaning tables.

Tweek starts at the other side of the room, which Craig does not notice. Tweek had done this on purpose, as to not seem like he totally wanted to start a conversation, and to give him more time to think about what he’d say. Craig stops typing once in a while to look at the open textbook, before continuing to type.

Once Tweek reaches the monotone boy’s table, he takes a deep breath as does something he never does, start an actual conversation with a stranger. He talks to customers all the time, but that’s just second nature, the “hey, how may I help you?” spiel was nothing he was afraid of. But this raven-haired stranger, who already seemed like a pretty tough guy, made him fear he’d be snapped at for engaging in conversation.

“What are y-you working on?”

“My thesis statement on super novas,” The stranger says, not looking away from his computer.

“Oh cool, you majoring in space stuff?”

“Yup. Film, too,”

“Oh cool. That’s hard work. A sciency thing on its own is tough, but to do film on top of that? Sheesh, I’d probably die from stress in the first week,” Tweek said sheepishly, sparing a small smile.

This made Craig laugh. Laugh.

He never laughs.

Never.

But that made him chuckle. How could it not? The was Tweek had said everything with an
obvious tone of not truly understanding what he was really talking about. He made it sound so childish. It was adorable.

Tweek’s face heated up. The stranger’s laugh made his stomach all fluttery.

“Haha, yea, it’s tough, but it’s what makes me happy,” the boy pulled his focus from his computer and took a sip of his coffee. He looked at Tweek and smiled wholeheartedly.

Craig’s brain was screaming about how cute the blonde was, but he kept that to his brain. “What are you majoring?” He prodded.

“Uh, Music theory,” he stated before adding on “well, that’s a major thing but uh, technically business,”

“Oh cool,”

“Yea, I want to take over this place as soon as possible,”

“Oh wow, dude, nice,” Craig smiled at the now blushing Tweek.

“Uh, wow, I didn’t even uhm, catch your name,”

“Craig. Craig ‘Space Man’ Tucker,” He said rather enthusiastically.

Tweek snorted lightly, “Well alright, ‘Space Man’, what’s your favourite colour?” Tweek had completely forgotten about cleaning the table, and Craig had forgotten about his thesis statement.

“Blue, duh,” he points to his attire. His blue hat, his blue wind breaker, his blue sneakers, “But green is a close second,” he winks at Tweek.

It takes Tweek a few moments to realize the taller male was talking about Tweek’s eyes. He blushed furiously and laughed.

A moment of awkward silence before “So is your name actually ‘Tweek’?”

“Y-yea, and it gets even worse,”

“Uh oh,” Craig whispered,

“My last name is Tweak,”

Craig smiles and giggles confusedly,

“You, I know, right?” Tweek comments off of Craig’s visual response. “Tweek with 2 E’s and then Tweak with an E and an A,” he giggles lightheartedly.

“That should be borderline child abuse,” Craig jokes.

“Yea for real,”

“But it’s super cute, it’s like,, your Quirk,”

“My Quirk?”

“Yea, yea,” it dawns on him, “oh uh, I’m weird in this way where I categorize things weird and think of things weird,”
Tweek nods, listening.

“And so a Quirk (with a capital letter, mind you,) is one of those category things,” Craig explains.

“So my Quirk is my name?”

“Well you can have multiple Quirks, of course,” Craig retorts sheepishly, “Like one of my friend has lots of Quirks. He pours milk before is cereal, for one. Uhm, he plays football as like, a serious thing, not just for fun,” Craig shrugs, slightly flustered.

“Oh! That makes sense! I do that sort of thing sometimes, too. Like how I ask myself dumb stuff like whether they’d probably like one scoop of ice cream or two,” He giggles, watching Craig’s eyes light up at the thought that he’s not the only weirdo. They both smile.

“But seriously, is it like, a special thing to have multiple Quirks?”

“Uhm, kind of? It means you’re either have a super well rounded personality, or you are very eccentric,”

“Oh,”

“You have um, multiple Quirks,” Craig swallows dryly.

“Oh?”

“Y-yea, you’re very Twitchy,” the way he pronounces ‘twitchy’ makes Tweek note that it would probably be capitalized, too.

“Oh, uh yea,” he says, sort of ashamed.

“That’s not a bad thing. It’s cute. It makes you stand out. It also must make finding a partner harder, huh?”

“Y-yea actually,” Tweek says rather surprised.

“Makes sense. Lots of people don’t give people a chance just because of something dumb like that. I don’t mind the Twitch,”

“Oh,” Tweek makes an embarrassed smile, “Yea I’ve been drinking coffee basically my whole life, I addicted to it, that’s what makes me so Twitchy,” Tweek admits. “My dad runs a coffee house back in my home town. He, uh, made me work there constantly. I almost flunked school because of it,”

“Woah, dude,”

“haha, yea, we actually sell some of his coffee here. Mostly because it was part of the deal of him letting me run this place here. I lowered the price of all of his homemade blends, though. They taste like shit,”

“Wow,” Craig giggles, “That’s… interesting,” Craig can’t find a word to use other than interesting.

“Yea,,”

“So what’s your favourite band?”
“Uhh, it’s embarrassing!” Tweek panics.

“That’s okay,” Craig replies calmly, soothing Tweek, “Mine is probably Gorillaz, or maybe Fall Out Boy,”

Tweek lights up at hearing ‘Fall Out Boy’ escape the raven haired boy’s lips.

“… My Chemical Romance,” Tweek admits.

“Oh, I love them. What’s your favourite album?” Craig asks as if it isn’t super embarrassing to unironically like emo bands when they’re in college and should be done with their ‘emo phase’. This makes Tweek feel oddly calm.

“Uh,, Three Cheers For Sweet Revenge, or Conventional Weapons,”


“What’s your favourite song by them?”


“Duuuuddee, Mine are Teenagers, Kill All Your Friends, Sleep, and Helena,”

They gushed about My Chemical Romance’s music, how it saved their lives, how upset they were when MCR broke up, and then Tweek said something very specific.

“aaaa yea, I was so upset,” Craig admits.

“I was hysterical. I yelled at my friend something along the lines of,” he uses air quotes, “I’ll never get to see Gerard’s cute ass again!!” He quietly feigns the hysteria which had originally gone with that sentence, way back when.

This makes Craig very curious. He had never taken Tweek to be interested in boy butts. And of course, it could have been a completely straight thing, but he was so unsure. He decides he wants to try to milk more info by saying “yea, his butt was too cute,”

“I used to watch videos of their concerts on youtube and,, Tweek pauses to blush, “The way they got /so into the music/, was so hot??”

Now it was Craig’s turn to blush. “Y-yea, hahaha,”

“Like that sounds super dumb, but seriously, they got so in the moment, it was so fucking cute. They could be talking about how they want to rape children or shoot up a school and I’d still-,” he was cut off by a very memorized Craig,

“Suck their dicks?”

“No- argh- kind of? Ack- Yes?”

They laughed, thoroughly embarrassed. Craig still didn’t get exactly what he wanted to hear, so he said it himself.

“I’m so gay for Gerard- well I’m gay just in general, but like,,, G E R A R D,” he puts his hand on
Tweek’s face while saying ‘Gerard’ in a very specific manor.

“That’s gay,” Tweek responded, breathily.

This made Craig laugh.

Stan and Kyle giggle at the two flustered losers.

“I bet they’ll be together by December,” Kyle prods.

“No way, not until May, they’ll both just sit there stuck in this weird situation where they are both in love with each other, but it takes them forever to tell each other,”

“I’ll bet you 30 bucks,”

Tweek wyd ft. Lots of Bunny

Chapter Summary

Lot's of Bunny because????
I told y'all this was slow-burn and didn't focus completely on Creek
I think chapter 4 or 5 will have some Stan/Wendy/Kyle shit because I'm soft and weak for that ship.
Tweek stop being weird.
It's just a crush ffs

Chapter Notes

I didn't realize how much I loved the Bunny ship???
This is so pure I love

Something Craig Tucker could Handle?
Rude customers.
Something Craig Tucker could Handle?
The store being full of people.
Something Craig Tucker could Handle?
Working all Saturday.
Something Craig Tucker could Handle?
Sleepless nights.
Something Craig Tucker couldn’t Handle, however, was Tweek.
Just the thought of him made him feel weird.
So squirmy.
So slimy.
Sinful.
Ugh.
Craig passed out at 3am, after working until midnight, and pacing around for an hour and a half.
As time creeped closer and closer to Christmas, Pier 1 Imports got more and more customers. This of course was expected, but it needed to be highlighted.
Tweek hated this.

Why did his face heat up every time he thought about a certain raven-haired boy.

Why did he want to choke this boy and stab him?

Was that normal??

He begrudgingly got out of the bed he probably didn’t need.

He didn’t sleep often enough for his bed to even be a worthwhile investment.

He pulled on his work clothes and trotted off to his class, 6am.

The lecture ended at 7:30, giving the blonde enough time to walk to work at a brisk pace. He opened, closed, managed, and worked the coffee machine, yet he was hesitant to take the role of “Boss”.

Maybe that was because of his parents constantly talking him down, or the fact he just wasn’t very confident. He’d probably mess up…

His dad would /kill/ him if he messed up.

He started his duties of cleaning out the coffee machine, starting up the heater, sweeping, etc.

At approximately 9am, the little bell on the door chimed. Stan walked in and gave a small smile to Tweek before going about his chores.

Kyle arrived at 9:30, pulling off his hat and running a hand through his hair. He started up on his chores and chatted with the others.

Tweek hoped to get out of College as soon as possible, so he could run this place full time. He wanted to open around 6:30 and close at midnight. These were smart hours for being on the college campus.

It was just after his lunch break, or around 1:30 when his mind slipped to Craig.

Would he be coming today? Would he talk with Tweek again? Does Craig hate him?

As time passed, it seemed antagonizingly slow.

Tweek kept having mini panic attacks, thoughts starting with What would happen if Craig came, which slowly turned into What if Craig hated him?

Before he knew it, it was 9pm. Closing time.

He was always the first to arrive, and the last to leave. He waved his coworkers goodbye and finished cleaning off the tables.

His phone buzzed, startling him.

‘Incoming call from: Kenny’
He hated phone calls, but this must be important.

“Heyyyyy,” The voice on the other end said. “So Buttercup is at the store, he wanted to know if you needed any groceries,”

“Uh, don’t let him forget we need paper towel and milk, but no, I don’t have any personal requests, thank you,”

“You sure?”

“Positive,”

“Alright,” the boy on the other end sighed, tiredly. Tweek could tell his roommate was repositioning himself.

“How was your day?” Tweek inquired, slightly worried. Kenny always worried Tweek. Even though it was all completely plutonic, Tweek didn’t want his roommate dying.

“Busy as ever. You know how the holidays are,” you could hear his smile.

“Haha, yea, Hell.”

“Exactly,” there was a mutual silence. “You leaving yet? Buttercup tells me there was something bothering you last night. He could hear you pacing, like, more than usual,”

“Oh, yea, okay,” Tweek said shyly. He never really kept secrets from his roommates, they never really kept secrets from him. Sure, Kenny was an absolute tease, and a horndog, but when it came down to it, he was a real sweet guy who’d been through a lot.

“Hey, don’t worry, you aren’t the only one who has to talk tonight, I’ve got some shit to lay on you guys, too,”

This made Tweek feel better about this.

“Alright, I’m leaving, I’m leaving, I’ll be there in half an hour,”

“k, boo,” Kenny teased, “Byyyeee,,” the call ended.

Tweek hurriedly finished cleaning and made sure to lock the door and turn the heater off, and turn the lights off, and lock the door again, before heading to the bus stop.

“So uhm, I’ll spill first,” The orange parka wearing roommate said, “I’m working on getting Karen into my custody,”

“Aw, Ken, that’s so great!” Butters exclaimed, already having talked about it to some extent with him before.

“Yea, yea. I have to go to a hearing, make a statement for the court, Butters will have to come, too, blah, blah, but I think I can do it,” Kenny says with determination dripping in his voice, he smiles and looks at Tweek, “now it’s your turn to spill,”

“Oh, uhm, I met this boy at work, he’s really nice, I’m just a clingy ass who expects him to come back every day. He didn’t today and that made me overthink shit. That’s why I was pacing all night,”
Butters makes a slight “oh” and smiles at Tweek sheepishly.

“I’m sure he’ll come back soon,” Butters said, trying to keep things positive. That was Butters for you, always trying to keep things happy. Butters was such a good kid. His parents were so abusive in a way that makes Tweek’s guts twist. They were trying their best, but in all the wrong ways. Which led to Butters ending up in a mental hospital from May to November. His parents backed off just enough to give him breathing room for the last year until college. As soon as he graduated, he and Kenny made a break for it. To Denver. They had both been working their asses off to afford it, and college.

The two of them had taken out a student loan, and Kenny worked his ass off 24/7 just to pay it off on-time. They barely managed, but they managed.

Tweek was generous enough to pay for rent on the apartment. He was working a pretty nice job with a flexible enough pay.

They weren’t quite impoverish, but it wasn’t the best way to live. College sucks the life out of you, and having to constantly work just to have school kick your butt? I don’t know how Kenny can manage.

Kenny was somewhat of an enigma, he was super impressive. All three of them were, though none of them thought very highly of themselves.

Kenny was born into welfare leaches with no ambition to live. Kenny was born with a shit head older brother who did anything for money, and who always had Kenny’s back. They were rather distant, but closeness wasn’t necessary. Kenny was gifted with a younger sister when he was in 4th grade. Karen. She was too good for this world.

Kenny went out of his way to make sure she was well fed and clothed.

Poor guy was even more of a job slut than his brother.

The age gap between his older brother and him was enough for them to be distant, but Karen wasn’t even acknowledged by him until she was two.

Thusly, Kenny was Karen’s only source of warmth, love, and income. She was an absolute saint. So kind, and patient, and thoughtful. Always setting high goals for herself, always helping her friends.

Unfortunately for Kenny, being able to keep his sweet little Karen pure, he had to commit a lot of sin.

Being 14 sucks when you really need a job. None of the shops in town were hiring, after being scolded by the mayor. This made Kenny take drastic measures. Mowing lawns doesn’t pay enough, but sucking dick behind the school and selling drugs sure did.

He was basically the school “Slut”. He hated that title, but that’s just how it went. He was the guy you came to when you needed weed or to be sucked like a lolly-pop.

This caused him to be,,,

/Extremely good/ at anything sexual. Which caused him to come off as a horndog, and he was to an extent, but this was something that, surprisingly enough, attracted Butters to Kenny.

Sounds really out of character, doesn’t it? It is. But sometimes that’s how shit goes.
Kenny used humor and flirting as a coping mechanism all his life.

Butters completely destroyed him.

Butters broke Kenny down into small pieces he could work with, and did just that. Slowly he built Kenny back up, taping and gluing him back.

Kenny turned into a completely different person than he had been.

He used to be so cold and unfeeling when he wasn’t hitting on you and offering to suck your dick for a nickel. He wouldn’t play by the rules, and got in trouble far too often.

Now he was so thoughtful and kind. He was still a sarcastic, flirty asshole, but he knew people’s boundaries. He respected people’s boundaries. He helps calm Tweek down during panic attacks all the time. He helps calm Butters out of his bouts of PTSD and anxiety. He’s really rounded out as a person.

Kenny still sells weed, but let’s face it, he deserves the weed, and it’s one of the most profitable jobs he has.

All three of them smoke it from time to time, though Tweek would never admit it.

They’ll giggle and play halo all night, eating taco bell and cuddling. It’s extremely therapeutic. They all swear as soon as they turn 21 they’re getting their weed cards, so they can stop feeling so worrisome about someone finding out.

Soon enough, Tweek said his goodnights and headed off to bed.

This left Butters and Kenny.

“So, Buttercup, how was your day?”

“Uh, good. Yours was stressful, as always?”

Kenny nodded.

A tired silence filled the room.

“So you in the mood tonight or..”

“Ah, jeez, Ken, I’m pretty tired, and so are you. You remember what happened the other night? You /passed out/, I don’t want that to happen again,” Kenny chuckled and shook his head at his boyfriend.

“Oh, okay, babe, I get it, I’m gonna go take a quick shower,” He got up and gave his boyfriend a peck before entering their room.

Butters entered the bedroom after he heard the water start.

He pulled off his sneakers and opened the closet.

He grabbed a pair of black skinny jeans and some graphic T that had an easily forgettable pattern on it. He placed they clothes on his nightstand for tomorrow. The water stopped as he pulled his shirt off.

AhFreedom.jpg
He stretched out his arms and back before unbuttoning his jeans, throwing his garments in the corner full of worn clothes.

Kenny walks out of the bathroom connected to their bedroom with wet hair and baggy sweatpants.

Kenny has a sleeve of tattoos on his left arm, and a few on his back, but one stands out, the handwritten “Butters” on his right wrist. This always made Butters smile and look to his left wrist where “Kenny” is written in his handwriting. Kenny’s handwriting isn’t that good, but it’s the thought that counts. Butters’ handwriting was very bubbly and curly. This always made Kenny very mushy inside.

How did he manage to get such a cutie? He’d never know.

Kenny eyes his boyfriend, noting the X tattoo above his right knee. He still didn’t know what it meant. Butters said he’d tell him when he was ready, and Kenny wasn’t about to rush his boyfriend into talking about something that must be horribly personal. His eyes continue up Butters’ body, noting his cute blue boxers, the was his stomach and chest were built just looked so... odd. He’d seen it in so many alt music videos. Thin, with some muscle, and some skinny fat. Just enough skinny fat to squish. The Perfect Amount.

His eyes trailed to Butters’ neck and shoulders, where you could see the beginning of his first tattoo. It was a bunch of sunflowers on his shoulder and left shoulder-blade.

The boys were both built similarly, spare for Kenny being thinner, and more muscular, as well as a bit shorter. Both built with the whole “Skinny edgy fag” sort of body type. No washboard abs, no tan skin, or body builder physique like in the playboy mags.

Kenny was 5’8 and Butters was 6’0

This wasn’t a massive difference, but enough for it to be adorable when Kenny would use his hardcore parkour skills to reach a cup in the cupboard above the kitchen counter, or how he had to get slightly on his tiptoes to kiss his boyfriend.

It was these little details that made dating Kenny so good and pure.

Then there’s the Sin.

They were always so sneaky and quiet, as to not disturb the probably awake Tweek.

Every time they had sex, or kissed, or woke up in each other’s arms, Butters fell in love with Kenny all over again. He was very sappy in this regard, but also decently shy about it.

They both walked to the bed.

Kenny flopped in, tiredly, meanwhile Butters got in very quietly and methodically.

He pulled the sheets overtop of him and this gave Kenny the chance to rest his head on the taller boy’s stomach. Butters ran his hands through Kenny’s hair, humming. Kenny fell asleep this way on my occasions. Once he could hear his small boyfriend’s small snore, he pulled the strawberry-blonde up next to him, and cradled him in between his arm and chest. Butters gave a content sigh before dozing off.
Some Tweek and Craig fluff because I'm soft

Chapter Summary

??

Chapter Notes

Let me know of spelling mistakes n shit
I suck at proof reading ://

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Why was it that every time Craig decided he wanted to write a script, it was about an Alien, or at least had an Alien in it.

Craig Tucker sat at his desk in his small room, spinning his chair, wishing he’d had fresh Ideas. This prompted him to stand of suddenly and take a deep breath.

He was going Out.

No where in particular, just Out.

He put on a dark blue long-sleeve button-up shirt. Not super Fancy but Nice. He put on what smelled and looked like his cleanest, and Nicest pair of skinny jeans. He put on his red converse High-tops and shoved his phone in his back pocket.

He exited the room with pride.

“Ooo, what’s up with you?” Token inquires from the toaster.

“I’m going Out. I need Ideas,”

“Ah,”

Craig found himself at the library, then the coffee shop.

He walked nonchalantly up to order. When Tweek saw who it was, he beamed and practically ran to the register, tripping on a very bored Stan and Kyle.

“What’ll it be this time?”

“Hm, I think I’ll play it safe and go with a caramel mocha, again, oops, I’m basic,” he shrugged at a giggling Tweek.

“Alright that’ll be 4.75, please,”
Tucker fumbled with the debit card in his phone case, sliding it on the credit machine.

Tweek smiles at me and shoots Stan a glare, causing Stan to begrudgingly make him his coffee.

“Here’s your coffee, you weeb,” Stan grunts. Tweek feigns a gasp,

“How dare you be rude to a customer,” Tweek scolds. Craig giggles.

Stan gives a joking sneer.

Tall boye slowly make his way to a table and opens his book.

It’s some dumb trashy teen novel.

But it’s soooo good (Apparently).

Tweek cleans tables like last time and eventually makes his way to Craig.

“Heyyy, mind if I s-sit?”

“Be my guest,” Craig says, not looking away from his book.

“What are you r-reading?”

“Some dumb novel for a class I have,” he lied.

“Oh, huh,”

Silence..

Tweek just kind of sits there awkwardly. Stan and Kyle laugh at them from the other side of the room when they aren’t helping customers.

“What's with the fancy shirt?”

“Oh yea, shit I completely forgot,”

“Hm?”

“Dammit, here I go again accidentally falling into the same routine again, this is why my scripts are dull,”

“Dude, what??”

“Oh, uhm, huh,” Craig sat there, befuddled. Why was he here again? Why was he wearing nice clothes?

OH YEA

“When do you get off work?”

“U-uh,” Tweek swallows hard, he knows where this is going and he’s not sure if he likes it.. “In like, 30 minutes, w-why?”

“We should go do something, like see a play, or run through a park naked or something stupid like that,”
“W-What?!?”

“Yea, dude, I need Ideas to write scripts. Right now everything is so boring. Let’s like, go to a frat house or something,”

“Uhm,,”

“There’s a skate park a few blocks down,” Kyle suggests, suddenly.

“Oh GUYS, don’t tell him about that place,” Tweek pouts, embarrassed.

Craig’s eyes light up, “Actually that’s perfect,”

“Gah! You want to go /there/? At /night/?”

“Yea, it should be fine,” Craig shrugs.

“What if we get shanked or something., or drugged, or raped, ACH! That’s too much pressure,”

“Hey, hey, It’s gonna be okay, I’m not going down without a fight,” he says very calmingly.

Tweek took a deep breath, “Are you sure?” He sounded so weak, it was so cute and sad.

“Positive,” Craig smiled reassuringly at the blonde.

“O-okay fine,,”

“Hah, sweet!”

“You suck,” Tweek jokes as he gets back to work.

“.. “You’re super s-sure we’re safe r-right?”

“Don’t worry, Tweek, it’s Fine. I’ve been to worse places. It’s not as bad as you think,”

They approach the concrete park. A group of kids from ages 15 to 25 are sitting on a bench smoking and talking. Two of them are skateboarding and one of them is on his BMX bike.

Unlike the streetlights. Which were a yellow-orange, these were the blue/white lights. Tucker jogged to the beam of one of the lights, “Oh no! Tweek save me! I’m being abducted by Aliens!!”

Tweek giggles, “Oh no!!” he runs over to Craig and firmly grabs his hand, ‘pulling his out of the laser beam’. “You’re such a child,” Tweek snickers.

“What can I say, I’m just that cool,” Craig smiles and runs onto one of the half pipe things. It’s a pretty steep drop, so he runs very fast. Tweek giggles at how childish Craig was acting.

Craig was doing this mostly to show that it wasn’t a bad place and trying to set a lighthearted mood.

It was working.

Tweek ran in after him and they practically had to climb out.

Out of the corner of both boys’ eyes they see the Cool Kids pointing and snickering.
When they notice that the boys are looking at them, one of the girl’s shout “Relationship goals!”

The two of them look at each other and laugh. A light flush of pink dusting their faces. They shake it off and continue to run around the park and the surrounding area.

“Ah, stop, I’m gonna faint,” Tweek shouts lightheartedly as he plops himself on the ground, breathing heavily.

Craig pants as he walks over to Tweek. “You alright?” he asks. He practically towers over Tweek and decides that’s Not a Good Idea, so he Sits Down.

“Y-yea, just tired,” they both sit there panting for a few minutes.

“I haven’t run like that since 9th grade;”

“Wowza, I don’t think I’ve ever run like that;”

They giggle.

Craig glances at his watch. “Oh god, it’s late;”

“Oh yea it is,, uh,”

“My place is right over there,” he points behind him at a distant apartment complex. “I’d rather keep you the night than have you walk or drive home this late;”

Tweek had to admit, Craig was right, but aaagh it would be so awkward??!!?!?!??!!

“Uhm, I don’t really have a ch-oic, do I?”

“Nope,” he stands up and holds out his hand. Tweek happily obliges and stands with the help of The Hand.

They walk along the sidewalk to the taller boy’s apartment.

They walk up the stairs and Craig swiftly pulls out the key, unlocks the door, and the key disappears just as fast as it had appeared.

“Welcome to my humble dwellings,” Craig holds out a hand gesturing at this unholy sight.

A messy, small apartment, with Clyde and Token playing halo in their underwear (no homo tho). Tweek snickers.

“Oooo Craig gettin’ laid tonight??” Clyde teases.

“Haha, you wish,”

“Yes, I do. I care about your relationship status, if you haven’t noticed,” Clyde remarks.

Craig shuts the door front behind them and gives the Grand Tour.

“Toilets over there, Clyde’s room, Token’s room, my room,” He points to the appropriate door for each name he lists off.

“Come over here and introduce us to your boyfriend,”
“He’s not my boyfriend!”

“MMHHHMNN,” Clyde and Token say simultaneously.

Tweek is flustered but sits down next to Clyde. He looks like a skinny neckbeard. AKA a college ‘dude bro’ student. Doritos, mountain dew, the whole thing. It’s quite sad.

“Welp nerds, this is Tweek, he works at a coffee shop and I forced him to go to the skate park with me for Fresh Ideas,”

“Hm, noice,” he doesn’t look away from the TV screen, “I’m Clyde, but you can call me daddy,” Clyde jokes. Craig throws a pillow at him.

“I’m Token,” he elbows Clyde, hard.

“Ow asshole! Oh god aaa I’m dead!” he huffs angrily. A wholehearted laugh from Token.

“Welp, you guys should like, sleep,” Craig suggests.

“Hmmm, naw,”

“No, come on, Clyde, let’s give them their space to fuck,” Token jokes at the two begrudgingly lock themselves in their rooms like the hermits they are.

Craig rolls his eyes at the snide remark and leads Tweek to his bedroom.

“My personal humble dwellings, make yourself comfortable,” he motions to the bed. “I’ll sleep on the couch,”

This was such a sweet and respectful thing. Giving Tweek his space. It was really nice. It made Tweek feel Safe.

“Uh, ack- thank you, Craig.”

“No problem,” he pulled his shirt off and threw it into his dirty clothes bin. “Well, night, if you need anything, I’m right over here,” he says as he turns the light off and leaves the door open, grabbing a blanket and a pillow. Craig hunkers down on the couch when he hears a “oh gosh, he’s too nice,” which makes him smile. He falls asleep rather quick. Tweek does not.

He feels lonely and scared. He pulls himself out of bed and watches Craig sleep, contemplating waking him. Eventually Tweek admits defeat and heads back to Craig’s room. He grabs a bunch of the covers and cuddles them, pretending like it’s someone who loves him.

He falls asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Grr
Y’all are too nice
<33
Expect another chapter on Friday ;)
It's Stan/Wendy/Kyle so if you aren't into that ship, or polyamory in general it's not a
huge plot point and you can probs skip
It just helps the story???
Idk
Later on they get help from Kenny and Butters and that one will be important so if you
don't read this next chapter you might be confused but you do you, boo <3

Follow my instgram @ruby_rudd ;))
Chapter Summary

I went to motherfucking Ikea and got slapped with this idea so ?????
AKJANSFDKJASN
this was super cute I never realized how cute this ship was ????

Chapter Notes

oops the 13 y/o and the old dad landlord thing is a self insert

See the end of the chapter for more notes

By the time Stan and Kyle got of work on Tuesday, they were tired, but their partner insisted they go to ikea to go furniture shopping.

You see, Wendy had just gotten her holiday bonus, and decided they needed a bigger bed. They did, but the boys were willing to sardine themselves for a while longer.

So here they were, being dragged into Ikea, to look for a king sized bed and mattress.

Wendy had gone through many phases with her hair. In 5\textsuperscript{th} grade she cut it into a sleek bob, in 7\textsuperscript{th} grade she had shaved most of it off. In 9\textsuperscript{th} grade she dyed it pink. After that she experimented with hair dye until 11\textsuperscript{th} grade when she finally let it be.

In her first year of college, she cut off 6 inches to donate to a wig donation, and her hair was still growing back to its original length. It was, silky, straight, sleek, a calm shade of black, and went down to the small of her back.

That description sounds like the opposite of her boyfriends, but that’s getting off track.

“Come oooonn, we NEED a bigger bed,”

“No, we DON’T,” Stan and Wendy bickered as Kyle giggled at the two raven haired loves of his life.

Kyle remembers back to elementary and middle school, when it was such an odd love triangle. Stan and Kyle had both dated Wendy on separate occasions, and Stan had the biggest crush on Kyle for the longest time. Which now that Kyle thinks on it, that makes a lot of the shit Stan and himself had done back in the day really embarrassing. He must’ve been practically torturing Stan all those years.

Stan had only gotten up the courage to come out to Kyle in 10\textsuperscript{th} grade, and it wasn’t until the spring dance that Stan told Kyle he was in love with him. They were together without officially telling anybody all summer. They officially announced their relationship at the 11\textsuperscript{th} grade winter
dance.

When 12th grade came around Wendy had come up to them and told them she liked them both. A bunch of weird and embarrassing shit Kyle didn’t like thinking about for the sake of his sanity. Eventually they worked it out.

Wendy was in the law school program at Denver University. Stan was taking US History and some teaching stuff. He was going to be a history teacher’s assistant. Kyle was all over anything and everything literature. He wanted to be a standup comedian, too. He got to Denver on a basketball scholarship, and played for the team. He was on TV sometimes! It was so cool for his partners to get to have a somewhat famous significant other.

The smell of plastic and factory made evil hit them in a wave with the warmth of the store. Stan continued to protest that they didn’t need a new bed. Wendy wasn’t having any of his shit.

“Hello, welcome to Ikea, how may I help you today?” A blonde haired girl with blue tips on her slanted bob. Her voice was deeper, but kind. She was of medium stature, and was a bit on the thicker side. Not fat, not chubby. Just a bulkier build.

“Oh hi, we need a new bed, and mattress,” Wendy said in her most polite voice possible.

“Oh right this way,” She led us across the store. “So what size are you looking for?”

“King, please, in the name of God, KING,” Wendy pleaded. This made the blonde laugh.

“What size is your current bed?”

“Full.”

“Oh my, 3 people in a full sized bed? I couldn’t even begin to imagine sharing a full size with my girlfriend,” She chatted.

This caught the 3 of them off guard. Usually people were less than supportive of their polyamorous relationship. Hell, everyone except Kyle’s family basically shunned them out of their lives.

Wendy laughed at the girl’s comment. “Yea we had to sardine in there for long enough, I will not stand for it anymore,” The girl snorted as they walked.

“Well here’s the bed frames, over here to the king sizes,” she led them.

She showed them a bunch of different ones, and after much consideration, they finally went with a dark oak bed. Small head board, slightly larger head board, which was curved slightly. It was sturdy, and that’s what they were looking for.

Now they were led slightly off to the side, into a separate room, where there were too many mattresses to count.

“Now what are you looking for? Spring, soft coil, memory foam, water, or one of the ones that moves?” she listed off a few basic models, and the pros and cons of them. “The spring will either suck for the first week, then become heaven, or just be a shitty rock. The soft coil is usually a safe bet. Memory foam is something some swear by, and everyone else thinks their crazy. Some of them are cooling, too, if that’s your thing. They are sometimes a bit too stiff, or too squishy,” they walked farther down the row, “Water beds are nice for sleeping on. Not much else. I would NOT suggest it for anyone with an active sex life. There was water everywhere..” the last sentence was said as if she was about to tell you a war tale from ‘Nam. Wendy laughed a little too hard at that.
“Oh my, we definitely don’t need that experience under our belt,” she snickered.

“Didn’t think so,” they walked farther. “These are the super expensive machines that you probably shouldn’t trust. Everyone who has bought them has praised them heavily, but I don’t trust them,” She narrowed her eyes, “When robots take over, I don’t want my bed to be one of them..”

“Can we look at the spring and soft coil ones?” Wendy inquired.

“Oh sure, lets head back over there,” they walked back the other way and allowed them to throw themselves on the beds. Eventually they all laid on the second one in the third row. They looked at each other, then looked to the lady.

“This one,” they all said in unison. The 4 of them giggled about this as she led them over to the check stand.

The lady filled out the forms and placed their order.

“The mattress and frame should both arrive on Saturday. If you need anything don’t be afraid to call Ikea,” she waves them off and they head back to their apartment.

Their apartment was just off campus, which was cheaper. The rented it from a nice older guy with his rather androgynous 13 year old daughter. They were great land lords. The kid came and chille with them sometimes. She was so down to earth and mature. She made great company.

They plopped down on the couch and Stan turned on the TV. After skimming channels, he finally got to spongebob. Of course that’s what he’d choose.

Kyle pulled off his shoes and curled up on the couch next to Stan, sighing.

“I’m worn the fuck out,”

“Me too, dude,” Stan said, relaxing into the couch.

Wendy snickered and wandered to the kitchen. We have leftover pizza and ramen. What’ll it be, boys?” she said loudly.

“Pizza,” Stan called out.

“Uggghhhh I’m tired of pizza and ramen. Can you make me a PB&J?” Kyle whined.

“Ugghh fine, but only because you didn’t throw a fit at Ikea,” she let out a breathy sigh, readjusting her hair out of her face, “And because you have a cute butt,”

“What can I say, I work out,” Kyle’s wink was almost audible. This caused Wendy to chuckle.

Stan poked he red haired boyfriend and over pronounced a “T H I C C,”

This made Kyle shove his face into Stan’s arm, laughing.

Wendy brought them their food, and she munched on a bagel.

“Aww you should’ve told me we still had bagels,” Kyle whines.
“Ugh, you Jews and your bagels,” She jokes.

Kyle sticks his tongue out at her and take another bite of his PB&J.

After they collectively finish eating, Kyle shoots Stan a warning glare, already knowing what the raven haired boy is tempted to do. “I sweat to got, Stan, if you put your greasy fingers in my hair, I’ll fucking kill you,”

“Allright, alright,” Stan shoots up from the sofa with his hands in the air in defense. He takes their dishes into the kitchen and washed his hands before dashing back to where his boyfriend sits.

Kyle lays down, resting his head on the taller boy’s lap.

Stan snickers happily as he pats the redhead’s jew-fro. The product he’d been using made his curls a lot softer and less tangled, which was a bonus for everyone in this relationship. Stan enjoyed playing with his springy curls.

Wendy looked on at her two adorable, soft boys. She snuck a picture of them before uploading it to Instagram with the caption “My boys look good tonight” Red and Nicole, some friends from her hometown, commented sweet things.

Of course Cartman would try and ruin it by commenting “Gay jew boys with no balls”, Wendy shot back a sassy “At least I can keep a steady relationship”, this put Cartman back into his place. Satisfied, she put her phone and declared it to be time to cuddle in their tiny bed.

Wendy’s two cuddle bugs crawled into bed and she followed suite. She changed into a cute night blouse and poofy shorts that matched her top. Kyle pulled off his shirt and jeans, crawling into bed with his dark green briefs, which Wendy adored for the fact that they showed off his cute butt very well. Stan just threw off his shirt, being the lazy butt head he was. She loved him regardless of his gross tendencies that drove her insane.

She crawled in between her cuddle boys and Stan pulled the covers over them. They curled up comfortably and fell asleep with no problem.

Chapter End Notes

T H I C C

Jew jokes feed my inner J E W
I'm gonna turn into Danny Sexbang If I'm not careful tbh

-Ruby_Rudd (Kyle Rudd, the Jew)

Also next chapter is Creek bcuz :DD

Might start updatin this on Wednesdays too because I love???!?
Studying with the bois

Chapter Summary

Craig needs help studying last minute and Tweek falls asleep on top of him
AKA Kenny ships it

Chapter Notes

???!!?!?!?!
I made Kenny strawberry-blonde because ?!?!?!!! his hair colour is a bit different than most of the blondes in SP and I wanted that to be apparent ;)
I called him a brunette in a previous chapter, so that was revised and edited
<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Craig’s usual routine of flipping off Clyde while looking for something to eat, running to class, and hardly being able to pay attention to the lesson ensued.

When Tweek saw the disheveled boy walk in, he was curious and worried.

“What happened to you??”

“School, falling behind, not sleeping enough,” he listed off tiredly before going to sit down, typing on his computer furiously. Tweek cleaned off all the other empty tables before reaching Craig’s, as always.

“A-Are you going to be okay?”

“I think, but then again,” He glanced at his project, then to his wrist watch, then back to his project, “This is due at 11:30 and I’m only a quarter of the way done,”

“Oof, that’s no good,”

“Mhm,”

It fell silent as the sun went down, and as it came closer and closer to closing time, Craig got more and more stressed.

“Hey, let’s go to my place and finish that up,” Tweek suggests.

“I-I,” Craig stopped to ponder, what did he have to lose? “Sure, just as long as you Help Me, dweeb,” Craig joked.

Craig stuck around while Tweek closed up shop. They walked out in the frosty night, 4 blocks down, 2 blocks left.
“Don’t mind the mess,” Tweek said, slightly flustered, realizing the current state of discord that was his apartment, didn’t make a good first impression.

Craig walked over to the couch and promptly plopped himself down, booting up his laptop and continuing on his project.

“Any way I can help..?”

“There is a textbook in my computer bag, in the main pocket. It’s got a galaxy on it. Get it out for me please,” Craig said, not looking away from his typing. Tweek haphazardly pulled out the textbook and sat next to Craig.

“N-now what?”

“Flip to page 206,”

Tweek fiddled around with it for a long enough period of time he started sweating nervously “Ack, sorry,”

“No, you’re good, dude,” Craig said with a hint of cheer in his tone.

Once Tweek finally found the page he looked to Craig.

“Paragraph 2, read it to me, please,”

“The polarity of a dying star is so large, it was scale entire planets, proving to be quite a monster,” Tweek began, he had no clue what any of this meant. Maybe one day Craig could teach him? “The mass of a dying star is also very large, as is it’s density,”

Craig typed as Tweek droned on about something he was unknowledgeable of. This was all practically gibberish to him, but he read it with such a smooth voice. The rich voice was like heaven singing in Craig’s ears. He felt absolutely blessed to be in the presence of Tweek.

They were both interrupted, however, by a whistle from behind them. A familiar voice to Tweek, one that /sounded/ impoverish and over-worked.

“Wow, Tweetie, you were starting to sound like your dad there for a second,”

“AgH- Really??” Tweek turned his head to look at the strawberry-blonde boy.


“Oh that’s Craig, I’m helping him with his project that’s due in an hour,”

“Oh damn, I’ll leave you to it, then,” Kenny says as he turns on his heels, headed towards his bedroom.

Craig continued to type furiously.

“U-uh do you want me to keep reading..?”

“I think I got all that I needed, thank you, Tweek,” He tried his very best to sound as sincere as possible, as to not alert the blonde to overthink the situation. 
Tweek started to doze off, which was unusual for him.

“Fuck, finally finished,” Craig had broken the silence that beckoned Tweek.

“Did you turn it in?”

“Working on it, aaaaaanndddd Done!”

“Yay,” Tweek said quietly, feigning rejoice.

Craig flashed Tweek a thankful smile.

Craig continued to type away, working on another project due soon as Tweek fell asleep on his shoulder. Eventually, the silence got to Craig and he shut off his laptop. He glanced at the sleeping Tweek. The glance turned into a stare. He looked over every feature of the smaller boy.

The way his nose twitched ever so slightly, and the light freckles on his nose and cheeks. The way he looked peaceful, as opposed to worried and twitchy. The way his cheeks were dusted with a nice pink colour. The way he nuzzled into Craig every so often. The way his hair framed his face. The way his face was structured. The way his lips looked so cracked and chewed up, and how Craig wanted to be the one who made his lips that way as opposed to Tweek.

Wait-

What-

What the fuck?

Why would Craig think such a thing. A blush spread across his face just thinking about that.

He sighed and fell asleep, with Tweek leaning into him, in an upright sitting position.

How graceful.


Waking up after a few stressful, sleepless nights, in an unknown location is kind of worrying, until he sees a familiar blonde.

“O-oh you’re awake!” He smiles, “Did you sleep okay?”

“As best as you can on someone else’s couch after 48 hours of stress,”

This made Tweek giggle and smile apologetically. “U-uhm we’re making breakfast, so..”

“Aw fuck yea, you guys didn’t have to feed me,”

“Well of course we did,”

“I appreciate it!” Craig smiled and stretched. He stood up and got his first good look at the apartment. Tweek sat down on the couch and fiddled with the TV. He wandered close to the kitchen to see a guy in a white tank top and orange sweatpants cooking eggs and bacon, he had golden blonde hair with a good bit of red in it. He was shorter than Craig. Anyway, he was sneaking glances at the boy sitting on the counter top, who had blonde hair also. Was this just a big clan of blondes, huh?
“Craig,” A voice said loudly, to get his attention.

“Yea?”

He turned to where he heard the voice.

“Come sit with me and watch TV,” Tweek pouted. Craig rolled his eyes and plopped down next to him.

Boring no name cartoons and the smell of good food.

It felt a lot like home.

This was Nice.

Craig could get used to this.

And he Will...

“Breakfast~!” they both scrambled to the kitchen.

Once the boys are situated with our meal they all wonder to the sofa and eat, with cartoons as nice background droning.

“Uh, you’re… Craig.. right?” the strawberry blonde asks.

“Yup.” The noiret pops the ‘P’.

“I’m Kenny, and that’s Butters,” He points to his boyfriend.

“Coolio,” Craig scarfs down his food.

“So uh, what are you majoring it?” Kenny said between bites.

“Astronomy/Astro physics, you?”

“I don’t really know, actually, Just a broad range of shit. Honestly as long as you have a paper that says you can bullshit your way through the best years of your life, you get good jobs.”

Craig nodded and looked to Butters. “What about you?”

“O-ooh uhm I’m gonna be a child therapist,”

“Sounds interesting,”

“Yea it’s real great! Getting to help kids through things their parents couldn’t bother to tell them is real nice to think about,” he smiles.

“It’s so perfect for you, Buttercup, you’re so pure and innocent you fit right in with the kiddies,”

“Haha, yea, I guess,” he snuggled in his boyfriends embrace munching on his bacon.

“So..” Craig interrupts the 3 minutes of silently eating and watching TV, “What are your guy’s stories? Like how did you guys end up here?”

“What do you mean?” Butters asks, befuddled.
“Well like, no matter how uneventful your life may seem to you, to others it’s really interesting, and I really really like making films.” He explains, going a little too fast and sounding a little too enthused, “so I want to know how did you guys all end up here where you are right now,” he eyes them curiously awaiting an answer before adding “L-like if you don’t mind telling me, ahaha,” he laughs nervously, “I didn’t mean to make it sound that creepy,”

“No, no, it’s fine I get it,” Kenny says it in a way that Craig can tell the ‘get it’ part wasn’t capitalized, which makes his head spin a bit. “Well, we all actually uh,” he looks to Butters and then to Tweek, “We all came from the same small shitty mountain town, South Park,” he looks at Craig and smiles. “It’s really just that simple, we just kinda all made a last minute pack when we realized we were all going to Denver Uni that we’d live together, it’s just easier,”

“Oh cool,” he looked back down to his plate and pondered for a moment, “Yea that would make a cute film, I might do that eventually, if you don’t mind,”

“Not at all! As long as you name it Kenny is the Best ,” Kenny joked.

Craig rolled his eyes and chuckled before returning to his food.

Butters was shocked-

No not shocked-

Butters was thoughtfully surprised (and a bit worried) at how chipper Kenny was. Especially saying how tired and overworked the poor strawberry-blonde was. Butters was so thankful for how Kenny could tough it out and work through anything. He could never be like that, he was too nice and pacifistic, and he would absolutely fall apart upon stress and sleep deprivation. He was so lucky to have a strong boyfriend.

Eventually Craig decided he should probably leave.

“I look forward to seeing you sitting on my couch again,” Kenny said, giggling. “Let’s face it, you’ll be back a lot,”

Craig smiled sheepishly, “Yea probably, oops,” He shrugged and said his goodbyes.

Kenny already knew how this was going to play out, he might just have to take a day off to assess the damage of how deep Tweek was in.

Kenny was ready for this shit to go down.

Chapter End Notes

I'm working on the outline for the next few chapters and plan on finishing at least two tomorrow :00
updates on the group chat too!
Work and adventures

Chapter Summary

I didn't mean for the beginning to seem like a filler????
Oops???
I just really like focusing on little details

Chapter Notes

This seems short??? Soz

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Working is something that no one really liked, but everyone had to do it.

For Craig, it was the same mindless bullshit. He was okay with that. That’s how most of his life has been, so this isn’t really any different. Different people, same problems. Different item numbers, same solutions.

For Kyle, it was the task and thought of having to work the rest of his life to pay for things that helped him get to work and work properly that made him hate working. He was, however, rather thankful that he was lucky enough to work side-by-side with his beloved partner and an old friendly face from their quaint mountain town.

For Stan, work was rather depressing. Everything was rather depressing. Just the thought that he had to spend his whole life chasing things that make him happy. Of course, his therapist would beg to differ, but there was nothing in his life he enjoyed that he hadn’t had to chase. He had to chase his love life, college, job. Just living on its own was boring and sad to him. Living and working with his partner- or even just having a partner (let alone two)- was a blessing. He was not happy that he had to chase his love life, but he was overjoyed that he had a love life.

For Kenny, it was just a part of what he had to do to survive. It always has been. Living off of welfare almost his whole life had given him a determination to rise up from the hell he was born in. He lived the husband’s American Dream. Working to provide for his family. Of course that meant more long grueling hours of fixing cars and building houses, rather than working as an accounting firm or something, but it was all worth it to see his boyfriend’s smile as they would go out and buy him jewelry and such.

For Wendy, it was rather boring, but it paid the bills. Simple as that. It was better than starving in a box. She worked in public services. She was a 911 operator. Her ability to keep calm, empathize, and respond quickly made her perfect for the job. It wasn’t a very fun job, but at the end of the day, she knows she’s just saved a life, if not multiple. She was looking forward to being a lawyer, but for now, this was good enough.

Butters worked at Walmart. He didn’t really mind. It warranted good stories. Minimum wage can sometimes go a long way. His job mostly paid for the food, while most of Kenny’s went to their
student loans. Butters spent most of his time at work stocking shelves and trying not to laugh at people who kept asking for the same dumb shit that didn’t exist. The discount was pretty great. Buying cheap and shitty clothes and food and other doo-dads was a major bonus.

For Tweek, it was wonderful. He was away from his parents most of the time, getting to make most of his own business decisions, getting to hire who he wanted, budget however he wanted, schedule however he wanted. It was magical. Yea sure the whole working the rest of your life thing wasn’t ideal, but t least he was able to do something he enjoyed with people he enjoyed.

Craig left work unenthusiastically, and it wasn’t until he turned onto a familiar street, that his face dawned a smile.

He walked into the café and was hit with that familiar scent and warmth. This place had turned into his favourite place. It made his stomach all fluttery and he didn’t know why. He usually hated that feeling but this was different.

Tweek got up, rather begrudgingly and scurried off to class, and then to work. He hadn’t felt this fluttery feeling since high school. He had become much less of an anxious person as he left his parents coffee shop, and therapy had helped a tremendous amount. It would always get worse as the day progressed, but by the time he went to bed, he would feel so giggly and happy. This was so confusing for him.

Of course both boys are absolute idiots and never even thought about what caused these feelings.

When Tweek finally gathered up the courage, he asked his work mates.

“S-so, how did you guys actually get together? L-like, I know it happened gradually, but how did you guys know you liked each other?”

“Uh,” Stan giggled and pondered, fiddling with the dirtied white rag he’d been using to clean the counter. He looked to Kyle, “Well I guess we just started noticing that butterfly feeling when we would hang out. It was less of a ‘aw cool I get to hang out with my best friend’ and more of an ‘oh god he is so cute what do I do’ ,” he chuckled.

“Yea I guess that’s the best way to explain it. Just having noticed little details about him that ‘just friends’ probably shouldn’t have noticed, or obsessed over for such a long time,” Kyle added, smiling at the noiret.

“Huh, o-okay I guess that makes sense,” Tweek looked to the floor rather dumbfounded.

Stan and Kyle both looked to Tweek, then to each other, and smirked. They both knew something Tweek was too dense to notice.

They all went about their business until a certain tall space cadet walked through the door, at the same time as always. He ordered the same caramel mocha and sat at the same table. Pulled out the same chapter, and started typing, just like every other time.

Today, Tweek must’ve been feeling brave, because as soon as he saw Craig sitting and typing, he trotted over to the taller boy.
“Hey, Craig!” He smiled

Kyle glanced from the coffee machine and laughed quietly with Stan.

“Hey, Tweek,” Craig said, looking up at Tweek, granting him a small smile, before returning to his computer.

This smile made Tweek’s heart do a few backflips before jumping off a cliff.

“C-can I-,” he was cut off with a firm

“Yes.”

This caught Tweek off slightly, but he sat nevertheless.

“U-uh so how are you?” Tweek sheepishly made small talk.

“Mn,” was Craig’s answer. Which left Tweek to internally scream. Why was he sitting here? Why did he come up to Craig so suddenly?

“Uhm.. what are you working on?”

“A script,” Craig’s eyebrows raised.

“Oh c-cool! What about?”


“Oh cool,”

“Yea,”

More uncomfortable silence..

“Uh so uhm,” Tweek cleared his throat and looked intently at Craig, “Do you want to go somewhere with me after work?”

“What,” Craig’s head shot up and he frantically searched Tweek’s eyes, a blush spreading across his face.

“Y-ya know, like, we should go do something, uh, give you more film ideas?” A blush spread across his face as he stumbled with his words.

“Uh, sure. What do you want to do?”

“Kenny had something he wanted to show us something outside of town,”

“Ooo sounds spooky. I’m in,” Craig said, returning to his laptop, absentmindedly writing something dumb and sappy in the word document he had open.

“Sweet. Uh, well I should probably get back to work, but uh, don’t leave,” he giggled sheepishly, a smile creeping onto his face.

“Okay,” Craig said smiling. Tweek quickly rushed back to his counter. Kyle and Stan stifled a laugh.

“That was smooth,” Kyle joked.
“Aargh, I didn’t mean for it to sound like that,” Tweek gawked, a blush returning to his face.

Stan rolled his eyes and mouthed something that make Kyle laugh a bit too hard. Tweek rolled his eyes and tried to go about the rest of his evening.

The usual of waving Stan and Kyle goodnight as they left, locking up shop, turning out the lights, etc.

He strided up to the noiret, whom was still typing away.

“Let’s go.” He chirps, confidently.

Craig looks up from his laptop and quickly shuts it off, tucking it into its bag. He stands and follows the shorter boy out the store.

Tweek fiddles with his phone until an old beat-up Toyota pulls up in front of them. Inside is two familiar blondes. A smile forms on Tweek’s lips as he leads Craig into the car.

“Glad to see Craig is joining us! I think he’ll like this,” Kenny chides, speeding off.

They drove for an uncomfortable amount of heart beats. This left Craig feeling rather nauseous. He never really traveled for long periods of time. It made him somewhat uncomfortable.

Eventually, the windows projected less concrete, until they found themselves driving through small suburbs. This helped Craig calm himself. His mind wandered to families and children and such.

The radio hummed unfamiliar tunes. At that point, a tune Craig had listened to far too many times. A certain Troye Sivian song.

“We are runnin’ so fast, and we never look back~”

Craig hummed and quietly sang along.

“Try stayin’ up late, but we both are lightweights, and we get off our face; too easy~”

He liked this song. He really liked this song. Tweek glanced over at a smiling Craig and giggled as his sang quietly.

“You don’t have to say I love you, just say I love you~”

Tweek was mesmerized by the boy sat next to him. He couldn’t really hear anything more than a murmur, but it was enough.

Kenny snuck a few looks at his rear-view mirror and snickered at the boys.

It was past sunset when Kenny started to slow.

Eventually they stopped by a park. It was at the edge of an old run-down neighbourhood that was unfamiliar to the group. Kenny excitedly led them out and a little ways passed the playground, where a thicket of aspen and oak trees were settled. There was one oak tree, however, that was bigger than the rest. It was mostly smoothed down and had a huge burrow under the roots, which were exposed.

The strawberry-blonde crawled in and led the other three inside. It was rather big.

“Woah,” Tweek chirped.
“Yea,” Kenny replied, cheerfully.

They all collectively looked around before Craig asked

“What are we doing here?”

“It’s so cool, isn’t it?”

“How did you even find this place;”

“I like roaming. Some neighbourhood kids told me about it. There’s a cult that takes place in here.” he smirks, “seventh graders,” he snorts.

“Huh,”

Tweek lays down and takes in the sight. “This is pretty cool,”

“Was it worth showing you?”

“Yea,” Tweek admits.

“Let’s go out to dinner now,” Kenny says, as if trying to change the subject from something touchy. “There’s a good Chinese restaurant near here, If you guys are interested,” he leads.

“Yea I’m down,“

“I could go for Chinese,”

“Sounds good,”

Craig was now seated next to the twitchy blonde as Kenny and Butters cuddled like the gross couple they were. The place had a very American Diner vibe with a Chinese spin. Craig’s mind surged with ideas. He looked to his menu as a waiter walked up to them.

They ordered, and we munching on their food when Kenny prodded.

“So, Craig, you got a boyfriend?” he said with his mouth full, pointing at the noiret, smirking.

“I-is it really that obvious I’m gay?”

“Yea kind of,” Kenny chuckled.

They both laughed, “no I don’t have a boyfriend,” Craig shook his head and took another bite.

“Awe too bad, you’re a catch,” Butters elbowed his boyfriend and gawked. Kenny put his hands up in surrender “I’m just sayin!”

Craig rolled his eyes and smiled. “Eh, no one else seems to think so,”

“Awe they don’t know what they’re missing out on,” Kenny chirps.

“Whatsoever you say, man,”

Kenny dropped Craig off at his apartment complex and ran his right hand through his hair as he drives the three of them home. He steals glances at Tweek, who’s staring out the window,
distantly.

They settle themselves in bed for the night, Tweek immediately falling into a deep, dreamless sleep.

Kenny sits on the edge of his bed as Butters pulls the covers over himself.

“Something wrong?” Butters inquires.

“Mm no,” Kenny says absentmindedly. “God I’m tired,” Butters giggles at him as he pulls himself into bed. “Tweek likes Craig, you know, right?”

“Oh, yea, duh. I think Craig likes him back,”

“Me too,” Kenny sneaks his arm around the taller boy’s waist and they fall into a peaceful sleep.

Chapter End Notes

  aaagaanagaahagagagaah
  sorry this is up so late
  I fucked everything up with school and I'm in too deep so I'm fucking busy as hell
Tweek finds out where Craig works

Chapter Summary

I don't think the pacing is the best but I just finished this an hour ago so here ???

Chapter Notes

I'm literally 13 why am I talking so much about resumes
what the f r i c c e
also the ending is ?? on crack basically???
it's cute and funny
also ???
The slow burn is real
Like I don't think they're gonna get together until chapter 19 hahahaha oops

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Pier 1 Imports wasn’t the worst place to work, but it was rather embarrassing. No one wants to chat with their mom and say “Ye a I work at Pier 1 Imports,” or have a stranger, or a professor, or anybody really ask where you work and say any of the following:

- Dominoes
- Pier 1 Imports
- Walmart
- Hot Topic
- No-name gas station
- Grocery outlet
- Burlington’s
- Subway
- Starbucks
- Library

Not that Craig hated any of those places per se, but those weren’t jobs you should be proud of having. Those are broke college student and worthless human trash places to work. Craig was hoping to work at a CD and record store near Tweek’s café, but they’d never hire someone who’d only worked at two other establishments. They weren’t fucking around. They don’t want inexperienced assholes. Craig can respect that, but it was certainly an inconvenience.

Craig planned to quit after The New Year. He’d been working there for over a year, and he was god damned tired of being covered in glitter.

He figured that having a job for over a year was enough time to be considered “Stable”, which definitely looks good on a resume.

He’d probably shoot for Hot Topic next. As much as he hated adding to the edgy stereotype, he
fucking loved Hot Topic, and would love getting an employee discount. They have the world’s best skinny jeans and band tees. Don’t make fun of him.

Something he dreaded about making new friends was the possibility of them coming into Pier 1 Imports and seeing him at the counter.

Unfortunately for him, that exact fear came true on December 8th.

Kenny decided that with his holiday bonus of $600, it should be used on two things. Those two things being presents and bills. $300 to bills, $300 for presents. The strawberry-blonde being as charitable as he is, split up that 300 with his roommates. Tweek decided that coffee mugs and throw pillows were a great idea for presents.

The wind whipped at Tweek’s face, the cold biting his skin. He entered the forever glitter-stained alternative-vibe’d shop, the warmth and smell of warm vanilla filled his lungs. As he saw an employee (short auburn hair, probably about 16) on his left, he went right to avoid the “HI HOW CAN I HELP YOU? LET ME GET INTO YOUR FACE AND MAKE YOU UNCOMFORTABLE” spiel. He glanced around nervously until the mugs caught his eye. He flocked over towards the shelf full of different shaped, coloured, and themed mugs. He saw this as a perfect opportunity to get some mugs for the café, as well as for a Christmas gift.

After deep pondering, he decided to go with an owl shaped mug for Kenny, knowing the taller boy stayed up just as late as the twitchy blonde did, and picked out a few differing styled and shaped mugs for the café. He might as well start small and ask his workmates to chip in on the mug collecting.

He meandered over to the other side of the store, where sofas, bedding, pillows, and other, softer, living items were. He chose a flower shaped throw pillow, matched with a square one which had the design of the flower pillow on it, almost immediately. They just popped out as perfect for Butters, with his fascination with all things flora.

With his chosen items in tow, he scooted his way over to the back of the store, where the checkout desk was. He was so busy making sure he had everything and wasn’t going to drop anything that he didn’t even pay attention to the person standing behind the desk. He carefully placed everything down on the counter and recovered from the stress of holding so many fragile items, then finally looking up at the figure behind the desk. To his surprised, a semi-panicked Craig was behind the counter.

“Uh,” The raven hair’s voice faltered, “Hi, Tweek,” he smiled, or rather grimaced, awkwardly at the blonde.

“Oh hi, Craig. I- uh- I didn’t know you worked here,”

“That was the plan,” Craig sighed.

“Wow. Um, just, wow. You must’ve been pretty desperate to pick up a job at the king of glitter,” Tweek joked.

“Yup,” he popped the P.

Craig stared at Tweek as he busied his hands with wrapping the mugs in paper and placing them in
a bag.

“So, uh, what are you doing here?”

“Uh, buying Christmas presents?” Tweek stated, unsurely.

“Oh.” Realization struck his features, “OH! It’s December. I didn’t even realize that,” he laughed at himself, or the cruelty of his life, in a rather desperate, tired way.

Tweek snickered at the noiret, knowing all too well what that felt like to realize what the date was. Craig scanned the throw pillows and placed them in a separate bag as he wheezed.

“God I hate this world sometimes,”

“Who doesn’t, man,” Tweek sympathizes.

Craig pulls himself out of the self-hatred, tired, unwillingness to live stupor, and puts on his best retail posture and voice “Cash or credit?”

“Cash,” Tweek pulls out his wallet and starts fiddling with the bills inside.

“That’ll be $150.56,”

Tweek hurriedly hands him a 100, a 50, and a crumpled dollar. Usually he does this in a very panicked way, but being around Craig calmed him down quite a bit.

Craig’s eyes flick to where his hands are working as he puts the bills in the register and pulls out 44 cents, recounting to make sure he pulled out the right amount. He handed Tweek his change before looking back to the blonde.

“Uh, I get off at 7, do you wanna hang out?”

“Well I have a lecture at 7:30,” Tweek states, “You’re welcome to come along, if that’s your kind of thing,” he says, half jokingly.

“Yea sure, might as well. I like lecture halls, they help get me in the mood to study, and I have a bit of homework to do anyways,”

Tweek is slightly taken aback by Craig’s willingness to tag along with him, even if it meant just being in each other’s company as they busied themselves with school work.

“Uh well shit, what time is it?”

Craig glances at his wrist watch, “Six o’ three,”

“Uhm alright, I’m gonna take these home,” he glances to the bags he grabs, “and then I’ll swing back around here and we can walk to the lecture hall?”

“Sounds like a plan,” Craig smiles and waves the blonde off before dealing with the next customer. After that, things go pretty dead and he sighs in relief that Tweek didn’t make fun of him or anything. He doesn’t really know why he’s so embarrassed about working there, but he just was.

Time ticked by incredibly slow until finally, his replacement arrived. He took off the stupid blue apron and grabbed his bag, heading towards the front door. He waited out in the cold for a few minutes before he sees Tweek. The blonde waves and Craig nonchalantly walks to meet Tweek
halfway. They meander over to the lecture hall and seat themselves up at the very top, way in the back of the room.

Tweek pulls out his notebook and doodles for the remaining time before the lecture starts. Craig pulls his laptop out of his bag and begins typing away. The soft murmurs of students and the ticking of the keyboard next to him calm the twitchy blonde.

‘Calm’ was usually not in the vocabulary of describing Tweek, but today it was. This would worry Tweek if he wasn’t so busy trying to figure out why he was feeling all warm and fuzzy inside.

Craig was writing a script instead of doing his homework (If you could even call it homework). He wasn’t 100% sure why, but inspiration struck him and he couldn’t help but write it all down before he inevitably forgot. This script was to an idea of an alien and a human exploring the world, as the human showed the alien all of the foreign earth-stuff. The alien was clueless, innocent, and therefore, adorable. Just writing the aliens lines made a smile creep across Craig’s face.

He never actually paid attention to what the lecture was about, but the voice of an older man droned on. Craig was too focused to really realize the man was talking.

Tweek furiously scribbled down notes as the teacher went at a pace that was a tad bit too fast for Tweek. Business is hard, man.

After 2 hours of this tedious process, the lecture was finally over. Tweek grabbed Craig’s wrist to get his attention, “Come on, man, let’s go,”

Craig shot out of his thoughts and quickly shut off his laptop and followed Tweek.

Following someone else with no hesitation was something Craig was rather good at. His chill personality allowed him to roll along with almost anything, with little to no anxiety. Especially with friends. He followed Tweek, not even questioning where they were going or if Craig should follow.

Tweek didn’t mind that Craig was just nonchalantly tagging along. He enjoyed the taller boy’s company, and he was pretty sure his roommates were alright with Craig being in their presence. Tweek hoped his roommates would grow to become as fond of Craig as he was.

They arrived at Tweek’s apartment and he instantly collapsed on the couch, groaning. Craig giggled at the disheveled boy opposite of his position.

A very tired looking Kenny emerged from the open door to his and his partner’s room, curiously. “Oh, Craig, hi,” he grinned and dragged himself into the living space. “Fancy seeing you here,” the unshaven strawberry-blondie sported an oversized, crumpled, Pink Floyd shirt and, from what Craig could tell, dark blue boxers. He ran a hand through his messy hair and glanced over at the golden-blondie on the couch and snickered.

“Yea, I kinda didn’t really pay attention and followed this dweeb home,” he points to Tweek and shrugs. “I can leave if you want,”

“Naw man, Tweek isn’t very entertaining when he’s like this,”

Craig rolled his eyes and pulled out his phone, texting Token that he was working late. He scrolled through tumblr and took a seat next to Tweek, whom was pulling himself together. Kenny snickered at the sight before him, then wandered to the kitchen, pulling out three apple juice boxes and bringing them over to the other two young men. Craig peeked up from his phone and eyed the
juice boxes curiously. Kenny, seemingly reading the noiret’s mind, chirped “I dunno man, I forgot my fake ID and I was thirsty, so I bought these,” he shrugs and punctures his juice box.

Craig haphazardly drinks his juice while squinting at Kenny.

Kenny is either oblivious to Craig’s stare, or is letting Craig stare. Knowing the overworked boy, you can assume the latter.

Craig pays close attention to Kenny’s smile, his tired eyes, disheveled hair, overall messy appearance; the guy looked like shit.

To compensate for Craig’s staring, he pipes up, “What the fuck happened to you?” amusement written allover his face.

“Aw man, working constantly takes a toll on you. I had a huge test in one of my classes, too. It was 1/3 our semester grade. I was up all-night studying,” He explains, sucking down his juice box in between sentences.

“Ah, hard workin’ man,” Craig winks, “So that’s what Butters likes about you,” he jokes, Kenny laughs and shakes his head,

“Aw, man, now you’re just making assumptions,” he puts on his best ‘I am triggered’ act “If you’re gonna make assumptions you might as well leave you b i g g o t,” he spits out sarcastically. They both laugh.

Tweek sits up eyeing the lone juice box next to him. He hastily grabs it and gulps it down.

“Wait, Craig?” Tweek inquires, meekly.

“Yea?”

“Are you staying the night, oooor are you walking home in the dark?”

“I’ll probably just walk home,”

“Aw man, it’s not safe out there,” he eyes the window behind them to see the cold, dark, unforgiving campus grounds.

“Dude, it’s not a big deal, my apartment isn’t far, I’m not gonna get stabbed on campus,” he spoke softly.

“Aw, I don’t know, I’ve heard so many stories of bad shit happening on campus,” His voice is weary.

“It’ll be fine,”

“Please, just stay here the night, please?”

Craig eyed Tweek begrudgingly before sighing in defeat, “Fine,”

“Thank you,” Tweek sounds like a mother getting her child to promise something dumb and sentimental. But with Tweek’s scared, doe eyes, Craig is defenseless.

Kenny smirks at the two boys as Tweek fiddles with the buttons of his shirt, complaining about something the strawberry-blonde couldn’t even begin to comprehend. The door opens, and a tired Butters creeps in, shutting the door behind him. His eyes fall on Tweek and Craig bickering, then to
his lovely boyfriend. He smiles at the shorter boy and strolls over.

“Hey babe, how was work?” Kenny asks, his voice sweet like honey.

“Busy, but not terrible, how about you, Ken?”

“Draining.”

Butters giggles sympathetically at his boyfriend. Though he is decently worried for the overworked boy.

“God, I can’t wait for the day you don’t have to work constantly for us to keep on our feet,” Butters sighs.

“Ugh, yea, that’ll be great,” Kenny groans, but quickly adds “But for now, this is necessary for us to get a high education, so we don’t have to work our asses off constantly, and I couldn’t have it any other way,” he gushes, sending a loving gaze in the taller boy’s direction. Kenny doesn’t want Butters to feel guilty, which is something his parents were very good at ramming into his head that it was always his fault.

“Well, I’m beat, I’m headed to bed,” Butters admits and makes a beeline for the bedroom.

Kenny watches Butters enter their bedroom before his attention falls back to Craig and Tweek.

Craig and Tweek are bickering about how nice Tweek would look if he combed the mane that was his hair. Tweek would shoot back a “You’d look better without that hat, but I guess neither of us can get what we want,” he scoffs and crosses his arms, dramatically.

They both stop and gawk at the ‘neither of us get what we want’. It rings through their minds and their faces flush.

“Whatever, dum-dum,” Craig flips Tweek off, hoping to change the subject.

Kenny had to use all his strength not to laugh hysterically at how stupidly in love they are for each other.

After a good moment of awkward silence, Kenny steps in like a good dad would, “So, Craig, what’s your favourite TV show?”

“Uhhhh, I don’t watch a lot of TV anymore. Red Racer will forever be close to my heart, but I think it’d have to be Spongebob,” he ponders. “I’ll never grow up, and it’s full of a bunch of really dirty jokes that went right over my head as a kid,” He winks at Kenny. The disheveled boy nods.

“That’s respectable,”

Tweek eyes the two of them and realizes that Kenny is basically saving his ass from the awkward tension. He makes a mental note to thank Kenny later.

“Uh, what’s dinner?” Tweek prods.

“Aw man, I got off work half an hour ago, I’m no house wife, fend for yourself,” Kenny states, rather defensively.

Tweek rolls his eyes and makes his way to the kitchen, looking in the fridge, then the cupboard.

“Uhhhh, we have frozen waffles, carrots, pretzel crisps, peanut butter, and some tomato soup,”
Tweek says aloud.

Craig rolls off the couch and joins Tweek in the kitchen. Kenny tiptoes behind them to get a better view.

“Well, let’s think,” Craig starts to run Tweek through their situation, “We can have peanut butter waffles with carrots and pretzel crisps on the side, or if you have the stuff we can make grilled cheese with tomato soup,”

“Oh, we don’t have bread,” Tweek trails off, looking to the spot on the counter where the bread usually sat.

“Well alright, then let’s go with the first one,” they work together and successfully make something worth eating. Kenny eyes their food curiously before grabbing a handful of pretzel crisps and calling it a night.

“Sleep well, losers,” he shuts the bedroom door behind him and crawls into bed next to his sleeping boyfriend. He looks at the sleeping beauty, a love bound smile cracking onto his face. He curls up next to Butters and quickly falls into a shallow sleep.

Once finished with their “Dinner” Tweek and Craig decide that 10pm is late enough for them to get to sleep. This time, however, Craig doesn’t sleep on the sofa. He complained it was lumpy and uncomfortable and Tweek laughed understandably. He invited Craig to sleep in his bed with him and crawls into bed after Craig.

Tweek mentally cheers at the fact he has a full-sized bed and not a twin, otherwise the two of them would not fit. It was still kind of tight, and Craig had to spoon Tweek, to both their displeasure. It was extremely awkward, laying there in the dark, being spooned by someone you could sort-of call your friend.

Craig understood how weird this must be, thusly whispering “No Homo,” in Tweek’s ear. Tweek had to push Craig away so he could laugh without hitting the taller male.

After a good laugh Tweek crawled back into Craig’s arms and whispered, “Night, dude. No Homo tho,” and they fell asleep in good spirits.

Chapter End Notes

aaa
I’m working on the next chapter tonight and the chapter after that on sunday
I need to have some to upload for if I have no ideas or I’m busy or something fricc

Follow my insta @ruby_rudd
hnnngg
Dissasociation is scary

Chapter Summary

??
I was gonna have something else happen but it got edgy real fast
then I added on like a half chapter worth of stuff to go along with my original plan
so you get a weird salad of ideas + some edge + a long chapter

Chapter Notes

I'm adding 5 more chapters to this because I like to suffer
and because I've got lots of ideas OwO
Ilu guys!!!
Wednesday's update will be a lil intermission so I can catch up on writing oops
don't worry, it'll be short but juicy
Lot's of Kenny and Kyle and Stan shipping Craig and Tweek
>;DDD

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Something weird?
The way Craig had been feeling recently.
This overwhelming, sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach. The tightness in his chest. The way
his fingers twitched, and his eyes darted every which way.
He had felt like this on occasion, but this was constant, and he hated it so much.
His heart knew exactly what was going on, but he didn’t.
He’s so dense sometimes.
Clyde and Token are somehow less dense than Craig. Their smirks and mutual chuckles make
Craig so confused as he paces back and forth ranting for the fifth time this week that he feels
weird.
He had been talking non-stop about a certain blonde, and his roommates were beginning to
brainstorm ways they could make this work out.
Should they tell Craig that he’s crushing hardcore for Tweek? Should they leave it alone? Should
they push them together?
Such difficult decisions..
Craig went along with his days as usual, working, going to class, going to the café.

He ordered his drink and sat down at his table, opened his laptop, did his school work. His lovely Tweek soon sat across the table from him, smiling contently at the noiret. As Craig typed away about some space thing that Tweek wouldn’t even begin to understand, his soft eyes scanned every little detail of Craig. From his worn-out hat (and the strands of hair sticking out), to the way his mouth curled, and the way his nose twitched. How his eyes scanned the screen intently, how his fingers typed away so nonchalantly. The way he tapped his foot, the way his brows knit together in concentration, the way he was so oblivious to Tweek’s gaze.

All of it. It was all so overwhelming for Tweek. It made him lightheaded, but he couldn’t look away. He felt so sick, but so happy. So calm, so safe. It was nice, feeling genuinely calm and collected.

“What are you working on?” Tweek asked absentmindedly, tearing his gaze from Craig’s features.

“Uh,” Craig looked up to see the blonde sitting across the table from him, “Sorry I zoned out, uh I’m working on this thesis statement for a persuasive speech I have to give on Friday,”

“Oh,” he said in an almost whisper. “Do you want to go do something again after I get off work?” he swallowed, “I’m closing early tonight so,” he trailed off.

“Um, sure, Clyde, Token and I were going to binge watch Death note, but we can do something else if you want,”

“Uh, no, that sounds fine,” He smiles, “I’ve wanted to watch that, but never really got around to it,”

“Sweet,” Craig said, zoning back into his computer. Tweek saw this as his cue to get back to work.

“They’re basically eye fucking each other,” Stan groaned.

“I know right? It’s fucking killing me, they need to just get together already,” Kyle snorted.

“Naw, that Craig guy is too stupid to realize, and Tweek would never admit it to himself,”

“Shit dude, are we gonna have to be master match makers?”

“Dude, I think so,”

“Sick,”

“Sick,”

Stan and Kyle laughed as they worked, Kyle swiftly handing the cup of coffee in his hand to the customer on the other side of the counter.

“So, I bet $10 that we have to get them together,”

“I bet $20 that they’ll figure it out,” Kyle sighed.

“Man, you believe too much in dumb luck,”

“It’s called fate, and shut up, man, I’m a sucker for romance,”
“Whatever, Jew,”

Kyle stuck his tongue out in protest to Stan’s remark, the two giggled and help the next customer.

7:30 rolled around and Tweek was locking up. He glanced over at Craig, whom was typing away like a busy bee. Tweek smiled and turned on the alarm system.

“Come on, Craig, I’m ready to go,” Tweek chirped. After receiving no sign that Craig heard him, he strolled over to the taller boy. “Craig~” he tapped the Chullo wearing boy.

“W-what??” Craig turned to him.

“Time to go, silly,”

“Oh,” he packed his shit and led Tweek to his apartment.

Tweek kept worrying about everything and it was beginning to annoy the noiret.

“For the last time, no ones going to come out of a dark alley to stab you, you’re going to be fine, it’s just two more blocks,”

“Ack! But what if-,” he was cut off by Craig firmly grabbing his hand. That glued his mouth shut, as he tried to hide his blush. Craig sighed as they finally reached their destination. The light blush on Craig’s face would (thankfully) go unnoticed by Tweek.

As soon as Craig makes it into their apartment room he drops all his things on the ground and joins Token on the sofa. Tweek haphazardly joins the two.

“So where’s Clyde?”

“Football practice ran a bit long, he’s on his way right now,” Token says, glancing up from his phone to see Tweek. He raises an eyebrow, cuing for Tweek to explain rather apologetically,

“Oh, Craig invited me.. Death Note, right?”

“Mhnm, Clyde kept whining about it and about how he didn’t want to watch it alone,”

“Oo,”

Token smirked, “Nice to see Craig has made an actual friend, that’s rather out of character,” he elbows his friend.

“Aw, fuck off, mate,” Craig laughed, begrudgingly.

“Yea, he’s a pain in the butt to put up with, though,” Tweek winked, “You might have to pay me, your 30 day free trial is almost up,” he joked. Token laughed and Craig feigned offence.

The three boys quarreled for a good while before Clyde crashed the party. They all huddled around the TV and watched the (hot garbage) Netflix series.

After the second episode, Tweek became disinterested and scrolled through his phone until about halfway through the third episode. He whispered over to Craig “Dude it’s getting late, I gotta go home,”
“You want me to walk you?”

“Please,” Tweek said meekly.

Craig got up and waved his friends goodbye.

Craig immediately grabbed Tweek’s hand before they even left the building. Tweek was left to internally scream as they walked through campus. The campus was nice. It was kind of like a really fancy park with subway and taco bell at every other corner.

Craig sung their intertwined hands back and forth as they walked through the blistering cold of night. Nothing to guide them except for instinct and the soft orange glow of the streetlights. The streetlights always reminded Craig of something from when he was 13, and this forever made him queasy whenever he was around streetlights (which was often).

“C-craig?”

“Yea?”

“How are you so calm all the time?”

“I dunno, man, I guess it’s just that I know nothing in the world is safe, and that I trust that the world will keep me alive for however long it sees fit. If I die tomorrow, then it was meant to be that way, no reason to be worried about that,” he shrugged.

“Wow, that’s… really sad..”

“No one would really miss me anyway, dude. I’m a pawn. Pawns are meant to be played and bossed around and lost. I’m pretty average. I’m expendable. Factory made,” He sighed. He doesn’t really understand why that’s such a hard concept for other people, but jesus Christ other people sure do worry about his philosophies a lot.

“I don’t think you’re average!” Tweek exclaimed. Craig looked at him confused. “Man, you’re so different than everyone else, you speak your mind, and you aren’t afraid to call bullshit. Not many people are that way anymore..” Tweek trailed of, flustered.

“Wow, that’s real sweet, Tweek. I- god I’m bad at taking compliments? Sorry? Ugh,” He scratched the back of his neck and coughed. “You’re really nice, man. That- uh, that means a lot,” he cracked an awkward grin. Tweek was really good at catching Craig off guard, and he was beginning to hate that.

They could see Tweek’s apartment complex when Craig started to disassociate. Everything went blurry and he felt like he was going to throw up. His walking turned more clumsy and his mind wandered. He heard something that sounded like a girl screaming and he was snapped out of his horrific stupor by a sharp tug on his arm.

“Craig??”

Craig whimpered and stared at Tweek.

“Craig are you okay??? Craig??”

A squeak and a cough came out of Craig. A violent cough that only made Tweek worry more. Tweek sat Craig down on one of the benches that were scattered around everywhere.
“Craig, are you okay?” He stared intently in Craig’s eyes, which searched Tweek’s face frantically.

“I-,” Craig’s voice cracked, “Sorry, uh, I-I’m fine,” his voice faltered and shook as if he was on the verge of a mental breakdown.

“O-okay, we’re going to go to my place, it’s right over there,” Tweek pointed in a direction that Craig wasn’t paying attention to. His mind kept wandering and he kept trying to pull himself back to earth. “C-craig? Is that okay?” Tweek made sure to put the emphases on ‘okay’ which definitely made Craig feel better. He nodded and desperately grasped Tweek’s hand, holding it firmly.

A choked sob left Craig and Tweek sped their pace.

He rushed the taller boy up to the apartment and instantly to his room. He sat Craig on his bed and grabbed the essentials. Water, a blanket, and a stuffed duck. He wrapped Craig in the blanket and haphazardly wrapped his arms around Craig.

“Craig, are you okay?”

Craig coughed and nodded, “I’m sorry, uh this doesn’t really happen often, uh, s-sorry,” The noiret explained, embarrassed with himself.

“What’s going on?”

“I- uh, it’s a Dissociative thing. My mind, uh, dissociates and I kind of fade in and out of reality, I-I don’t really know why it happened right now but- uhm, sorry,” he shivers.

“Craig, have you been sleeping very well?”

“Uhm, no, I’ve been having shallow, nightmare riddled sleep for the past week,”

“Have you been eating and drinking water?”

“Mhm,”

“Have you been more stressed lately?”

“Kind of,”

“Do you have, like, anemia, or like, diabetes or something?”

“Uh, no,” he stifled a laugh.

“Okay, okay, okay,” Tweek mumbled, reassuring himself more than Craig. “Do you have medication you take?”

“Uh, anti-depressants?”

“Have you been taking them?”

“Yes,”

“Are you sure?”

“Mhm,”

“P-promise?”
“I promise, Tweek,” the blonde’s face flushes at the saying of his name. Just the way the noiret’s nasally voice pronounces it makes Tweek’s head spin.

Tweek rubs Craig’s arm reassuringly as he presses his body against the taller boy’s back.

“Craig?”

“Yea?”

“Are you Okay? Do you want to talk about something? Do you- do you want to like, cry or, scream, or something?”

“Kind of want to scream and cry, but I think I’m alright, honest,” Craig admits.

“Deep breaths,” Tweek whispers to the raven-haired boy, as he calms his own heart rate.

Craig rocks back and forth softly for a while. “I was going to walk back home but I don’t think you’d let me, now, would you?” he asks, almost rhetorically.

“Mmm nope, you’re staying here where you’re not going to get stabbed,”

Time passes as Craig concentrates attentively at his heartbeat, clamoring to pay attention to anything that will keep him In The Moment.

“Are you hungry, Craig?” Tweek opts to use the taller’s name, trying to keep him In The Moment.

“N-no,”

Tweek hands him the glass of water and makes sure he takes small sips. Tweek does some simple breathing exercises with Craig and eventually pulls the covers over the two of them.

Though Tweek is smaller, he gets to be the big spoon, and he pulls of the Chullo runs his hands through Craig’s messy hair. He can’t help but crack a content smile, as he hears Craig snore softly in his arms. There’s something so satisfying about helping someone you care about.

He quickly texted Clyde that Craig had a little mishap and is staying the night.

Tweek finds himself pining to kiss the top of Craig’s head. It’s just a parent thing-y.

No homo, right?

Okay maybe a little homo.. but if Craig were awake, he wouldn’t be complaining.

A small, shy kiss was planted on the top of Craig’s head, and Tweek snuggled up to the sleeping boy and soon dozed off to dreamland.

The kiss was definitely totally 100% plutonic. No doubt.

At least.. that’s what Tweek told himself..

No homo, though.
Craig was awoken at 5:30 in a dark room by a very much shirtless Tweek. The blonde shook Craig into a conscious state.

“Hey,” Tweek spoke softly, “Time to get up, I’ll walk you home, I’ve gotta go to class,”

With a mumble from the sleepy noiret and a good minute of understanding why he was sleeping in Tweek’s bed, he got up and stretched himself out of his drowsy state.

Tweek pulled on a green button down shirt that made his sea-green eyes pop. Craig looked the blonde up and down and noticed an inconsistency.

“You buttoned your shirt wrong,” Craig points out, a distant drowsiness in his voice.

“Hng?”

Craig walked up to the shorter boy and fixed his buttons for him. Tweek’s heart stopped and a blush spread all the way to his ears, he cracked a self-conscious smile and thanked Star Boy.

His mind turned from embarrassment to confusion at the “Star Boy” thing, but the confusion turned to satisfaction. He liked that nickname. It fit Craig well.

Tweek walked with Star Boy, hand in hand back to his apartment complex. Tweek waved him goodbye and ran off to class.

“Soos, what happened last night?” Clyde teased.

“I dunno, I stayed at his place,” Craig shrugged, looking through the fridge for something edible.

“Mmhhmm,” Token stifled a laugh, Clyde needed to drop the subject.

“Clyde leave him alone,” Token warned.

“Aw what? And miss his chance to tell us what he did to his boyfriend~?” he sounded like a stuck up 12 year old school girl.

“What??” Craig turned on his heels to face Clyde, confusion written all over the noiret’s face.

“Yea, you know, your ~boyfriend~, ”

“He’s not my boyfriend?”

“Likely story,”

“Clyde leave him alone,”

“Aw, come on, the evidence is all right there,”

“Like the way he kept staring at Tweek last night?” Token joked.

“Awe, I was NOT staring at him,” Craig protested, a blush spreading across his face.

“Suuuurrreee,” Clyde and Token drawled out in unison.

“I wasn’t!!”

“Whatever you say, man,” Token joked.
“Fuck you guys, I’ve got to go to class, Bye.” Craig stomped off like a pouting child. He didn’t have class for an hour but he’d do anything to get out of that torture. He fiddled with his hat and walked around campus until it was class time.

2pm rolled around and he happily trotted off to work. Today was pay day and he was fucking ready.

He pulled on the obnoxiously coloured apron and worked at the check stand. He went on break at 4:30 and checked his phone

~

Coffee Boy: hey you’re usually at the café by now, what’s the holdup, dude-a-roo?

Craigo: Oh I’m working today I don’t get off till 6

Coffee Boy: oh

Coffee Boy: you’ll still come visit me once you’re done right? :(<

Craigo: yea sure

Coffee Boy: oh wait

Craigo: hm?

Coffee Boy: can you get some mugs, idc what they look like, I just need m u g s

Coffee Boy: for the café OwO

Coffee Boy: I’ll pay you back!

Craigo: uh sure thing

Craigo: gtg

Coffee Boy: bye!!

~

After the 5pm rush Craig was real tired, but happy to get his money at the end of his shift. He got 4 mugs (Because 4 is a Very Safe Number) and got a sick discount.

Happy with how the day was going, he skipped over to the café, and walked in with a spring in his step.

“You’re awful cheerful today,” Tweek noted.

“Yea, I got 50% off on these, so don’t pay me back,” He handed Tweek the mugs. Tweek inspected them to make sure they would work well enough, he handed them to Kyle and looked back at Star Boy.

“Thank you, Craig,” he said with a sincere tone. A smile perking on his face.

“No problem,” Craig returned the smile. “You know my usual,” He winks and Tweek nods,
looking over to Stan who rolls his eyes and starts on his coffee.

“You can go sit down, I’ll bring your coffee to you,”

“Alright,” he trots off to his usual seat. He pulls out his laptop and instead of going to his usual research sites, or pulling out a textbook and opening a word document, he opens WebMD and reddit.

He puts in his symptoms and gets results like “Medication side effect” or “Anemia” but he knows it’s not those. He switches to the reddit tab.

/re/health

*Hey, WebMD has failed me yet again, so I’m turning here.*

*Lightheadedness, butterflies in my stomach, being really happy for no reason, actually genuinely enjoying life for once, feeling dizzy, tightness in my chest.*

*I’m eating and drinking water and I’m healthy and blah blah blah*

*What the fuck is wrong with me??*

Within a few minutes he gets a couple of responses, some are jokes, but one stands out,

*Sounds like you’re in love, buddy.*

Then another one pops up,

*You’re crushing on someone*

And another and another, all saying the same thing. But, they aren’t true.. right?

He refused to believe it, there’s no one he could be crushing on, right? Yea, definitely no one. Maybe it was just some dumb medication side effect or something of the sort. He closed the reddit tab and took his eyes off his computer to see a dazed Tweek resting his cheek on his hand, looking at him softly. Craig is startled.

“How long have you been staring at me?”

“Uhh, I sat down like two minutes ago,”

“Oh,”

“Here’s your coffee, dum dum,” he pushes the cup of coffee towards the Chullo wearing fiend.

Craig giggles and they make small talk for a while.

Time flies as Craig writes more of the script he’s been working on and chats with Tweek.

“Hey, Craig?”

“Yea?”

“So, Butters, Kenny, and I are going on a roadtrip this weekend, you wanna tag along?”

“Where to?”
“Montana, there’s a meteor shower Saturday night,”
“Count me in,”
“Great, we leave at 2pm on Friday, okay?”
“Yea, you’ll have to pick me up from work but I’m down,”
“Sweet,”
“Sweet,”

Chapter End Notes

Writing a fanfic over winter break!
Need help choosing a ship
do the poll below!! <33
http://www.strawpoll.me/14600561
It's friends to lovers and full of roses and sappy babes
It was a cold Wednesday afternoon when it happened.

Kenny had been asking for a day off for almost a week before he finally got it. He would usually be working at the Diner at the edge of town, where all the truckers would stop for food and lodging.

Thank God, Mary Kate was looking for some extra hours and happily took his evening shift as a waiter. He took this much needed break (though he did work all day before now) to “Catch up with Stan and Kyle” as he had told his boyfriend.

He stood off to the side of the counter, as Kyle and Stan worked behind it. They chat for quite a while, as Tweek handled the customers, until the door opened and in came a figure that Kenny had become familiar with. He glanced over at the blonde previously mentioned, watching as a smile spread across the boy’s face.

“Hey, Craig,” The blonde chirped. Kenny gave Stan and Kyle a ‘this is an everyday occurrence?’ look. The two snickered and nodded at him.

“Hey, Tweek,” He greeted, “You know my usual,” he winked at the blonde and fiddled with his wallet. They exchanged coffee, money, and awkward smiles. Craig waddled off to his usual table and Tweek went about cleaning off tables, slowly making his way over to the typing Craig.

Kenny, Stan, and Kyle all giggled at the love birds in the corner as they plotted to get them together.

“I bet you 5 bucks Craig will ask him out,” Stan remarked as he worked the coffee machine.

“I bet you 10 bucks Tweek will ask out Craig,”

“Ooo, tenacious,” Kenny exclaims. “I bet 10 bucks we have to get them together,” the three giggle as they bet.

“Oh my God!” Kyle stifled a yell.
“What?” Stan darted his attention to his boyfriend, who was on watch duty.

“Tweek is totally flirting with Craig.”

“Oh my God, he is,” Kenny laughed, “Shit dude, Craig is totally a huge dumbass, he hasn’t even looked up from his laptop in like, five minutes,” he guesses.

“Duuuddee,”

“Duuuuddee,”

The three schemed more and more about the two.

“Wait is Tweek even into guys?” Stan ponders.

“Yea, he had a boyfriend for the first two months of the third quarter last year,” Kenny chimes.

“How did we never know about this?”

“He likes to keep his social life and his private life separate,” the strawberry-blondie shrugs. He glances back to the love birds and cocks an eyebrow “Do they usually ask each other to hang out after Tweek gets off work?”

“Yea they’ve spent almost every night doing shit together,”

“Wow,”

“Yea,”

“That’s pretty suspicious to me..” Kenny mumbles.

“Yea, for real,” The raven haired boy chuckles as he hands a customer their coffee.

“Well, boys, how is this going to go?”

“If they aren’t together by mid-January, we can step in,” Kyle chides.

“No, Christmas,” Stan argues.

“No, mid-January, you can’t force love, give them time, Stan,”

“Christmas!!”

“I think Kyle’s right with this one,” Stan shoots the strawberry-blondie a glare, “Sorry man,” he holds his arms up in surrender.

Kyle smiles, satisfied, “Thank you, Kenny,”

“Yea yea, whatever, dude,”

They spent the rest of the evening making bets and plotting the future of Craig and Tweek’s relationship. Kenny slowly pieced together how he wanted to nudge them in each other’s directions.
He knew what he must do, and at the end of the day, he and Butters plotted and read through more legal documents.

Chapter End Notes

NEXT CHAPTER WILL BE SUPER FUCKING LONG
5000+ WORDS
WOWOWOWOW
Roadtripping

Chapter Summary

Roadtrips kind of suck, but Craig has lots of questions, so it's alright.

Chapter Notes

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
I'm uploading this within the last 6 minutes of Friday oops
I was like 600 words below my limit jesus christ almighty
soz!!
I got really sick half way through the day and stopped writing to lay down and watch
south park like a lazy cuck

TRIGGER WARNING!!!!! THERE ARE SOME MILD HOMOPHOBIC SLURS
NEAR THE BEGINNING
NOTHING TOO HARSH!!
JUST WANT TO BE SAFE!
<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

 Wake up<
.
.
.

Craig pulls himself out of bed. His warm saving grace.

His bare feet touch the cold floor, and any chance of falling back to sleep is thrown out the
window.

After cursing the temperature for a good minute, he clumped over to his dresser, pulling out black
skinny jeans, his white NASA shirt that he got in Huston, and black ankle socks. Ankle socks,
jeans, shirt, black converse hightops. In that order.

He pulled out a scarf, throwing it carelessly in the general direction of his bed. Groaning, he
walked over to his closet, pulling out a yellow duffel bag. He shoved similar attire into the duffel
bag. 2 days worth of clothes, extra clothes, swim suit (just in case!), toiletries, a (secretly very super
special) blanket, a book about space, phone charger, and finally, a notebook.

Setting the duffel down on his bed, Craig walked over to the door, where his jacket was hanging on
the knob. Pulling his jacket on, walking back over to his bed where his hat was and shoving that on
unkempt jet black hair, and finally sitting down on his bed.

He went over the list of things he had, making sure they were all reasonable and making sure he had everything.

He was forgetting something…

Oh yes!

His star map!!

He jumped up and ran to his closet, rummaging around till his hands fell upon a familiar book laying on the ground. Snatching it up, he shoved it into the duffel as well. He checked his phone to see a text from His Coffee Bean.

~

Coffee Bean: hey!

Coffee Bean: you up yet?

Star Boy: yea

Star Boy: anything that I wouldn’t think of that I should pack??

Coffee Bean: a good attitude

Coffee Bean: other than that no not really

Star Boy: oh haha very funny

Coffee Bean: OH!

Star Boy: ?

Coffee Bean: a smile!!

Coffee Bean: you don’t smile enough!!

Star Boy: >:P

Coffee Bean: pick u up @ 1:30 k?

Star Boy: works for me

Coffee Bean: ttyl

~

Setting his phone down, Craig shook his head and smiled like the flustered idiot he was.

Exiting his dark room, Star Boy tip-toed his way into the kitchen, making himself a bowl of froot loops. He plopped himself on the sofa and ate quietly when Clyde emerged from his room.

“Dude, what the fuck are you doing up at 5:30?” Clyde whined.
“Uh, work,” Craig said between spoonful’s of the sugary breakfast food.

“Ugh,” Clyde groaned, pouring himself a bowl of cereal. He plopped down next to Craig and they shoved the confectionery into their mouths in silence.

“Don’t wine just because you don’t get all morning to brood alone,”

“You usually don’t get up until 6:30!” Clyde defends.

“Well I had to pack, so I got up early,” Craig shrugged.

“Wait, why?”

“Oh yea, I forgot to tell you guys, huh,”

“What??”

“I’m going roadtripping with Kenny, Butters, and Tweek,” Craig states nonchalantly.

“Frick,” Clyde shoves more cereal into his mouth.

“Hey, no swearing on my Good Christian sofa,” Craig jokes.

“What??” Clyde stifles a laugh.

Cereal is finished, and Craig and Clyde bro talk for a while.

“Wait, so you mean you’ve NEVER pulled an all nighter?” Craig said in disbelief.

“Nope, not successfully,”

“I don’t know whether I should be jealous or thankful..”

“Probably jealous, I’ve failed so many tests because I couldn’t stay awake to study,” Clyde laughs, “It’s pretty sucky,”

“Naaawww, sounds wonderful,”

“Whatever, my man,”

“Ugh I should probably go,”

“Hey, uh,”

“Yea?”

“Text me when you stop for the night, please?” Clyde smiles sincerely, “Last thing we need is you ending up dead just because I couldn’t keep track of you, Tricia would murder me,”

“Yea, sure thing,” Craig sighs, walking out the door with his duffel and his scarf around his neck.

Work fucking blows.

More Christmas shoppers coming in and Craig having to use his retail voice, asking customers how their day is going as if he gives a shit.
Sweaty, stuffy, standing, disgusting shade of blue apron.

Nothing out of the ordinary.

He looks at the clock, desperately, only to find out that what seems like weeks has only been a few hours. Fucking 9:30.

His feet were starting to hurt when his 11:30 break finally came. He sat outside where the temperature was normal, and the air wasn’t full of glitter. Messing with his Chullo absentmindedly until his break ended.

The most annoying customer had to have been this bitch named Cheryl. She was a basic bitch 30-something soccer mom. One of those customers who thinks she’s of a higher status than everyone else. Blatant disrespectful commentary. She was bitching about how there was a decoration that was in the store a week ago, but was no longer there. Craig was used to this sort of thing, so he looked it up on the computer, using her description of the item as a guide. After informing her that they did not carry, nor did they ever carry that decoration. She was just saying a bunch of petty shit that Craig heard all the time, it was just incredibly annoying.

It got a lot worse when she noticed a certain patch on Craig’s worn out jacket. That jacket had been through so much with him. The first patch he got was a NASA one. The second was an Apollo 11 patch. Then an MCR patch. The left sleeve and left front side was covered in patches, some big, some small, some worn out, and some newer. The newest one (that Kenny gave him??) was a homosexual pride flag. Craig hadn’t even really paid it any mind. He wasn’t embarrassed, or scared, or disappointed that he was homosexual. That’s just how he was. He had completely forgotten he even had the patch on his jacket.

Unfortunately, the flag hadn’t gone unnoticed by Cheryl. She started bitching about how he was just some stupid homosexual. About the stupid gay kids these days and how they were ruining America. She continued on and on, other customers taking notice and giving her disappointed, disgusted, and disbelieving looks.

“You god damn millennials and your stupid faggot culture. You fucking faggot, no wonder you can’t find the item, you’re just some stupid homosexual. You’re probably some bleeding heart libtard, too.” She slurred. This didn’t really bother Craig, it was just getting too noisy, and she was becoming a little to rowdy. A coworker stepped in and threatened to call security if she didn’t leave. Finally, she left, not without throwing a fit and a few more slurs.

Before he knew it, his shift was over.

The tall boy pulled off the eyesore that was his apron, and grabbed his shit, heading outside.

Sitting on the curb, poking the ground. A car pulled up, full of familiar faces. Craig smiled and hauled himself into the car. Settling in the backseat, next to Tweek. No words were exchanged, just smiles. The car cragged itself onto the highway, and they were long gone.

A ridge of snow peaked mountains was crossed in an hour and a half, leaving them probably only 2 hours or so of daylight. The boys went from excited and interested in the sights to slumped down, bored and uncomfortable out of their minds. Kenny and Butters’ hands tangled together over the
centre console.

The mountains turned to dainty hills that hurt to look at for a long while. Their curves and twists and edges made Craig fidget uncomfortably.

Gravel and dead grass covered hills that became rather boring to watch. Tweek sighed softly and turned back to his book, “Love, Aubrey”. The radio in the front seat, that Butters had to change the station of every 20 minutes because the static would get louder than the actual music, was just background gibberish that added to the sound of cars on the highway. He glanced over beside him to see a very bored and uncomfortable looking Craig staring out the window. A smile crawled on his face as he looked at the boy with his brows furrowed in angry boredom.

As the sun set, the hills soon turned to plains.

Eventually they found themselves surrounded by flat land; dry and cold. Mountains and hills on the horizon. Snow on some of the distant peaks. The sun was gone before they knew it, and the four boys found themselves driving past no name towns until Kenny suddenly pulled off the highway, pulled up to some worn out looking motel and turned off the car.

“We’re staying here for tonight, boys, I’m too fucking tired to keep driving,” he sighed and chuckled. They pulled their tired bodies out of the car, bringing only the essentials with them.

They headed to the small building labeled “Office”. Kenny talked with the lady at the from desk (who’s name was Margret, if Tweek remembered correctly) and they were instructed to go to room 6. She handed the strawberry-blondie a key and they bared the harsh cold once more to get to their room.

The room wasn’t very nice looking, which left Tweek a little uncomfortable, but after double checking for bed bugs and dead bodies, he decided it would have to work for the night.

The two beds took up 3/4 of the room, but they weren’t here for anything other than sleeping, so it didn’t really matter much. Kenny and Butters tossed their shit on the farthest bed, leaving Craig and Tweek for the other bed. Craig had been asleep in the car for almost a full hour, and was rather groggy. He tossed his blanket onto the bed, used the restroom, then crawled into the hopefully not disease ridden bed.

Tweek very haphazardly crawled in on the opposite side. The scruffy sheets making him think twice about the safety of this bed. Craig slept at the very edge of the bed, laying on his stomach, leaving his arm to hang off the bed. Tweek shuddered at the thought of letting a limb dangle out of the bed. Something could grab him, and he wasn’t about to take that chance.

He could hear Butters snoring softly on the other side of their tiny motel room. He opened his eyes to see Kenny pacing around. Tweek giggled, relating to the pacing boy.

“You need to sleep too, Kenny,”

“Yea I know, I’m just- ugh never mind,” he sighed and got in bed, turning out the light.

“Goodnight, Tweek,”

“Night,” Tweek squeaked out. Left to tremble in fear in the dark room. He could tell Kenny was already asleep, before he even dozed off. He probably only got about 4 hours of sleep. And this wasn’t very quality sleep, either, but it’d have to do.
He awoke to the room still very dark, but the light over the “kitchen” (if you could call it that) sink on. He pulled his sore body out of the uncomfortable bed and looked to the “kitchen” to see Butters sitting on the counter, staring at the floor.

Tweek’s frail figure shifted from the rough, matted carpet, onto the off-white laminate of the “kitchen”. Butters looked up to see his roommate and smiled meekly. Tweek walked over to the coffee machine and started making himself a much needed pot of coffee. Butters watched Tweek closely with soft, gray eyes.

Tweek poured the coffee into the grossly off-white mug and hoped on the counter next to Butters, sipping his coffee quietly.

“How’d you sleep?” Butters asked quietly.

“Like garbage,”

“Yea me too,” Butters smiled.

The two chattered about the drive and how uncomfortable the car was, in a hushed tone, until there was stirring from one of the beds. Butters paid it no mind, but Tweek looked over as he sipped his coffee. He watched as Craig rose from bed.

He grumbled and rubbed his sore neck as he wandered into the “kitchen”.

“Morning,” Craig croaked, clearing his throat. He pulled a bottle of water out of the fridge and took a few good sips before screwing the lid and setting it off to the side. “What time is it?” he whispered.

“4:15,” Tweek mumbled, gaze not faltering from Craig.

The noiret messed with his hat and the hair hiding under it.

After a few minutes of painful silence, Butters pulled himself off the counter and woke his partner from sleep.

Once the four of them had collected their things, and Kenny returned the key to the front office, they piled in the car.

“Denny’s?” Kenny asked aloud.

“Denny’s.”

Sitting there, munching on mediocre breakfast food, at 4:45. The four boys scarfed their eggs, bacon, French toast, pancakes, or whatever it was they had on their plates, washing it down with mediocre coffee and orange juice. No one spoke, leaving sounds of silverware on ceramic plates, tired boys mumbling and cutting eggs, and bacon crunching.

The restaurant’s decor looked old and worn, leaving most of the pigment faded. The waitress was nothing special, just some tired looking lady in her 40s.

The black and white checkered floor looked older than the earth itself. Scuffs, stains, cracks, and discoloration. Red booth seats that were uncomfortable and off-colour. A juke-box played some song that no one knew, nor paid attention to. The waitress walking over to pour them more coffee
or juice every so often.

The bags under her eyes, the wrinkles on her face, her dark red hair pulled up into a messy bun, with some strands sticking out, kind of curly, by her ears. Her yellow dress was an absolute eyesore compared to everything else around them.

The sound of someone in the kitchen, a tap dripping, and the scuffing on shoes on the rough floor.

The absolute mediocrity of the restaurant, in every aspect, made Craig feel quite at home. He felt the mediocrity of his personality, looks, voice, interests, and talents matched the venue. Tweek would beg to differ.

Looking out the window at the pitch-black streets. An emptiness brought unto the boys.

As it drizzled, Tweek sank deeper and deeper into his seat. The mediocrity of this place was enough to remind him that most of the world was cracked sidewalks and faded colours. Worn out dreams, and tired mothers.

Craig stole multiple glances at the blonde drowned in thought.

“What did you do for your third birthday, Tweek?” Craig asked, monotone voice breaking the silence like an ear piercing screech.

“Uh, what?” Tweek’s voice cracked.

“What did you do for your third birthday?”

“Oh, I dunno, probably had a birthday party?”

“Huh, what about you, Kenny?”

“Uh, ate pizza at this shitty pizza place in that shit town I used to live in, with my older brother, and no one else,”

“That’s sad, dude,”

“Yea, my childhood was sad, dude,” He chuckled.

Tweek listened closely to his friends voices, as he ate.

“What about you, Butters?”

“Uhm, I think it was a duck themed birthday party, pretty dumb. My cousins showed up. They weren’t very nice,” he took a bite of toast, “What about you?”

“It was Toy Story themed,” he laughed, “It was the only birthday that had an actual theme, the rest of them were just inviting kids over that I didn’t really know that well, we’d play videogames and watch movies,”

“Wow, your life is just as mediocre as your voice,” Kenny chirps.

“Yea, basically every aspect of me is mediocre,” he snickers. “So, Tweek, what was your favourite cereal when you were a kid?”
“Cinnamon Toast Crunch,” He states firmly, “Shit, dude, I wanna cry now, I haven’t had Cinnamon Toast Crunch in actual years,” he laughs at himself.

“Wow, that’s really fucking sad, we’re going to take you to a Golden Coral or some shit and get you some Cinnamon Toast Crunch,” Craig laughs. “Butters, what’s your childhood favourite cereal?”

“Mmmm, probably Rice Chex,”

“You lead a sad life, full of dull flavour,”

“Yea, haha, I wasn’t really allowed to eat much of the super sugary stuff,”

“Sounds like you had pretty sucky parents,”

“Yea, something like that,” he giggled.

“Alright, Kenny, what was your favourite childhood cereal?”

“Damn, I didn’t get much cereal as a kid but maybe Reeses Puffs?”

“That’s respectable,” Craig nods his head. “Tweek, if you had to change your name, what would your name be?”

“That’s easy, Luca,” he said proudly, “What? You think the kid named Tweek Tweak isn’t going to think about a secondary alias at least once?” he addresses the skeptical look Craig was giving him.

“What would your name be, Kenny?”

“Probably Cameron,” he shoved food in his mouth and pondered a bit, “Or Colton, I dunno,” Colton would make a lot of sense. Colton means “From the coal” like a coal mine (which sucks). It would ring with some heart shattering symbolism.

“Hm. What about you, Butters?”

“Oh gosh, uh, Ken calls me Ryan sometimes so, I guess that,”

“It means ‘little king’, it’s cute,” Kenny protested.

“What about you, Craig?”

“Maybe Owen, or Mason? I’m not sure,” he took another bite of the bland food. “Alright, do you usually follow your heart or your head?” Craig asks, playing with the rest of the food on his plate.

“Oh, usually my head, there’s not many situations in my life at the moment where emotion is a big deal,” Kenny mumbles, taking a bite of his toast.

“Well, probably my heart, I’m lucky enough to not need to use my head constantly,” He winks at the strawberry-blonde sitting next to him. The boy smiles and snorts, taking another bite of food.

“Hm, I do use my brain quite a bit with the café, but definitely my heart,” Tweek chirps. “I’d take a wild guess and say that you follow your head, Craig,”

“Yea, no shit, I have no heart,” he laughs.
Back on the road, the four boys are left sleepy and uncomfortable.

“How much longer?” Tweek whines.

“Probably like, 2 hours? Not that long, dude,” Kenny can only guess at this point, relying purely on skill to get them to their destination.

“What the fuck is eggnog? Like, everyone talks about it, but what even is it??” Tweek asks loudly.

“You’ve never had eggnog???” Kenny couldn’t believe he had staved his friend of true flavour and holiday bliss.

“No! I don’t even understand what it is,”

“Well I have no clue what it is but it’s damn good,”

“Dude, we’re gonna have to get you some eggnog,” Craig sighs, “You’ve led a sad, sad, Life, Tweekers,”

With that the boys go quiet, content with that being the end of the conversation. Tweek squirms in his seat.

“What’s the best alcohol to spike eggnog with??” Butters catechized.

“Uh, depends what you’re trying to accomplish. Cognac and Rum have a nice flavour, if you’re after taste. If you’re looking to get fucking schnockered then I’d suggest Cognac and Bourbon,” Kenny shrugs, his knowledge on drinking a bit concerning for his age, but no one’s denying that alcohol is a normal thing for them.

“Personally, I’d go with bourbon alone, but if you want to fuck hard and not remember your first name, try it with Rum, Cognac, AND Bourbon. That’s sure to get you fucked up,” Craig chides.

Kenny laughs, “Yea no shit! I don’t think I’ve got the balls to try it with all three, jesus, that takes guts,”

“How much longer?” Butters inquires softly for the tenth time in the last hour.

“An hour and a half at most, we’re almost to Helena,” Kenny sighs at the impatient boy seated next to him.

“I’m bored,”

“We all are, babe,” the Nordic-blue eyed boy giggled.

“Uh, I’ve got more questions, if you guys want to pass the time,” Craig chides.
“Actually, yea, that’s a good idea,” Tweek replies. A few nods from the front seat allow Craig the ability to ask as many embarrassing questions as he so desires.

“Alright, in general, everyone should answer, but technically, you don’t have to. You can just say ‘pass’ and we’ll move on,” Craig warns.

“Fair enough,” Butters acknowledges.

“Alright, we’re jumping right in. What was a Life experience that forever changed the way you looked at the world?”

“Moving out,” Kenny hums.

“Yea, moving out,” Butters repeats.

“Agh,” Tweek grumbles “I don’t really want to go into detail but in the end I got to run the café so I guess it worked out.” Tweek simplifies the memory, sparing his friends of the painful details. Lot’s of yelling and police investigations, shady business and drugs, deals and promises.

“Cool, and mine is probably the day I was told that I could actually be an astronaut, or at least work in that field of study. Everyone told me I was just dreaming and that I’d settle for a desk job or something,” Craig smiled.

“Awe, that’s cute!” Tweek giggled. Craig blushed a bit and stammered at his words.

“Uh, what type of relationship did you have with your parents?” Craig looked out the window awaiting his friend’s answers.

“Uh, we don’t really like talking about Butters’ home life, but I might as well fill you in,” Kenny gave a quick glance to his boyfriend for reassurance. “His parents loved him in some sick twisted way, leaving a lot of room for mostly verbal abuse and negligence, um,” he squeezed his boyfriend’s hand over the centre console, “Yea, that sucked. My home life wasn’t much better. White Trash to the highest degree. Poor. Parents did a lot of drugs. Abuse. It’s whatever though. I’m pretty sure I’m getting my little sister out of that hellhole pretty soon, which is great,”

“Dude, that sucks. For both of you. I’m sorry. Like, real sorry,” Craig felt bad for having to bring up something like that.

“It’s fine, man, it was about time for you to know, anyway,” Kenny shrugged.

Craig looked at Tweek and gave a nod.

“My parents, they.. huh.. how do I say this without making it sound like I was subject to some holocaust shit..” Tweek thought aloud, “My parents didn’t really pay attention to me, and shoved coffee down my throat, to the point where I was so god damn addicted I couldn’t function without it. I was young and dumb though, so it’s not like I was veal. More shit went down, and I wasn’t allowed around my parents for like, a year, until they got things settled out legally. I was in an addiction centre from all the coffee and um.. ack! Well that’s not important, I’m here now, my parents aren’t in jail, and I’m not addicted to coffee and what they put in it!” Tweek stammered, finishing his sentence triumphantly, a determination in his sea green eyes.

“Damn dude, you guys had shit Lives. I’m sorry, like for real. Dude,” Craig didn’t really know what else to say, “My home Life was full of flipping each other off and Pretending to Hate each other. We were pretty tight, though,” Craig explained, hoping to lift the mood. “Alriiigghhht, lets go with a more light hearted question.. Favourite childhood memory?”
“Oh! I’ve got a good one!” Kenny pipes in, Butters sinks in his seat a little, already knowing where this is going. “This one time me and my group of friends fucking watched Satan and Jesus battle it out, it was fucking sick, dude!” Butters covers his face with his hand, snorting.

“Duuuuddee, sick!”

“I know right?! Satan was all like ‘BOOM’ and Jesus was all ‘KABLAM’ it was WILD!”

After they stopped laughing, Butters chirped, “Mine would probably be the time in 8th grade when Eric Cartman’s science fair project fucking exploded. He CRIED. C R I E D. It was beautiful. He was such a douche,” Butters sighed, laughing at the memory of that manipulative asshole crying for his mom.

“I remember that!” Tweek laughed, “There was forever a stain on the ceiling, I think some sixth graders made it a cult meeting spot once we got to 9th grade.” Tweek recalled.

“Wow.” Craig was left speechless.

“Mine is probably the night Stan Marsh and Kyle Brovloski got together- er- rather- what led to them getting together.. it was beautiful. They both styled their hair, so they already looked super cool, and they wore these dark teal suits? They looked so nice! The colour made their brown eyes pop. But basically, someone spiked the punch, and everyone was falling apart by 9pm. It became pretty desolate, as everyone had begun to go off on their own. So they were stumbling around like idiots, and Stan fucking tripped on Kyle, their faces smashed together,” Tweek had to stop to laugh, “And- and basically they’re sitting on the floor, Kyle with a bloody nose, and Stan a busted lip, and Kyle just starts fuckin gushing about Stan?? Like it was so out of nowhere? But Stan got all blushy about it and they were giggly idiots. Kyle pointed out the fleck of baby blue in Stan’s deep brown eyes?? And Stan’s face- he turned ruby red-,” again Tweek paused to laugh, as the other three held in their laughter, “And they just spent 15 minutes bleeding on the floor reminiscing about childhood as the DJ continued to blast obnoxious music- THEN A SLOW SONG CAME ON,” Tweek shrieked, causing everyone to laugh.

“Dude, I was getting laid, but damn, I wish I got to see that,” Kenny laughed.

“I actually didn’t remember this night very much, and neither did they, I just remembered it like, last week., But anyway, they fucking pull each other up off the ground and slow dance- or attempt to slow dance, anyway- and then they fucking fall over, laughing their asses off, they leave, and I never really got to see, but from what they’ve told me, I’m pretty sure they fucked, and didn’t talk about it for like, two weeks. After they finally talked about it, they got together, but it took for-fucking-ever, saying as they’d been best friends since 3rd grade,” Tweek rambles, as the other three laugh.

More questions, more funny answers, until before they knew it, they were finally in some small town in the middle of nowhere.

No mountains, hills, or anything, to block their view of the sky. The sun was still in the sky, and the meteor shower wasn’t until late, so they decided that the bowling place at the edge of town was a good bet.

It was all a blur of laughing and Tweek’s head spinning. Dark room, colourful flashing lights, the sound of pins being knocked down, arcade games in the distance. The smell of really crappy pizza that you’d eat anyway, no matter how much the cheese smelled like feet.

His stomach churned, his head spin, his vision blurred, he could feel his body moving, but he
didn’t really have control over it anymore. It was a total out of body experience.


His head spun as Butters would swing his arm, releasing the ball, he would jump up and cheer when he got a Spare. When Kenny would try to do some fancy wrist flick and end up getting a Gutter Ball.

But most importantly, when Craig would strut up to the line and swing his arm like a champion.

All Tweek could really remember was being sweaty and disoriented; face flushed in embarrassment, though no one really noticed. He remembered the way Craig swung his hips to the blaring music.

That’s what made his head spin, and his heart beat out of his chest.

The way Craig would smile at him, the way Craig cocked his hips as he swung the bowling ball.

..

Tweek returned to his body around 10:36.

They were out in some field, off some dirt road, laying in the damp grass, huddled in blankets and jackets, staring at the stars.

He looked at Craig the way Craig looked at stars. With hope and purity, and true admiration. He was entranced with Star Boy. A glimmer in Tweek’s eye. He felt so happy.

The stars in Craig’s eyes was enough to make Tweek melt, and the smile, and the way Craig was so excited and talkative, like a child. Talking about a toy they’ve been wanting for so long, and finally getting that toy for Christmas.

Tweek couldn’t really understand everything that Craig was saying, but you bet he was listening to every word.

Kenny pulled out two cases of beer at 11:41.

So now the four boys were cold, tired, and tipsy.

“I’ve got more Questions,”

“Fuck yea,” Kenny replied.

“Wow, Craig, you’re really good at asking questions..”

“Haha, yea, I guess,” He shrugged off his blush, “First question: Most embarrassing phase of your Life?”

“My whole life is an embarrassing phase,” Kenny joked. Butters shot him a glare as he choked back a laugh. “Alright, in all seriousness, probably the time I was experimenting with hair gel,” he started.

“Oh god-,” Butters mumbled, stifling a laugh.

“I looked like an anime character half the time, and the rest of the time I just looked like some shitty John Travolta wannabe,” he snorted. “God, those were the days.”
“Dude, yea, you looked like such a dork,” Butters giggled. “Mine would be anytime before 8th grade, honestly. I was way too innocent? Now I’m just Pure, but I usually know what’s up. Back then, though, I was super easy to manipulate. I was practically play-doh,” the warm honey eyed boy sighed.

“Mine would be the time I wore a bright pink jacket and called myself cool. The colour fucking hurts my brain to think about,” Tweek snickers.

Craig stares at his star map, then to the stars, “Mine would be the time I called myself straight,” he winced, “Yea.. that was, quite the time of my Life,”

“Oof,” Kenny murmured.

“What did your Past relationship Teach you?”

“Uh, ‘relationship’, that I need to chill the fuck out and settle down. Not that it was really a real relationship but whatever,” Kenny shrugged.

“Uh, that not everyone can be trusted,” Butters chimes.

“That I’m more confused than I originally thought I was,” Tweek stammered, referring to his rather perplexing sexuality.

“I know that Feeling,” Craig laughs light heartedly.

“Don’t we all?” Kenny admits, they all have a good laugh.

“For real. Mine would probably be that there is no way to sneakily have shower sex,” Craig states, slightly embarrassed, but that’s how it is.

Kenny laughs at the thought of that sad attempt and how horribly it must’ve backfired.

“What do you lie about most?”

“That I’m straight,” Butters clears his throat.

“That I’m not overworked and scared,”

“That I’m not fucked up and insecure,”

“That I don’t Feel emotion,”

“Damn that got deep real quick,” Tweek sighed.

“Too edgy for me,” Kenny chimed.

“What makes you Feel Alive?”

“Kenny,”

“Butters,”

“Aweee, you two are so cuutteee!” Tweek gushes at the two flustered boys. “I’d have to say that I haven’t found it yet, but I think I’m pretty close..” Tweek says, dropping hints that Butters and Kenny pick up on. The two smirk.
“The night sky. It's so big and dark. It helps put me back in my place. I’m just a cluster of cells Living as one. It kinda leaves a big ball of Void in my chest but... I dunno;” he sighs loudly, “It’s full of mystery, helps remind me that not all hope is lost, not everything has been done, there’s still more out there for me, I guess,” Craig scrunches his nose.

“Woah! Look!”

“Dude! There’s so many of them;”

“Look at them go!!”

Stars in Craig’s eyes that make Tweek’s head spin.

Craig looks at Tweek and smiles. The blonde melts. He’s so helpless.

The boys ogle at the shooting stars as they soon run out of beer.

They fall asleep wrapped around each other, out in a field, in the middle of nowhere.

Kenny gets them up early, they eat at a local café, face the 14 hour drive.

It was worth it, though.

They take a short cut, opting to go south instead of west, towards Helena, cutting at least an hour off their drive.

Craig gets dropped off at his apartment complex and waves his friends goodbye.

Clyde pesters him about his hangover and Token interrogates him, making sure he’s alright.

Craig waddles off to bed and passes out immediately.

He’s lucky enough to not have to face his thoughts and the butterfly feeling he gets whenever he thinks about one of his friends.

Unfortunately, that means that Tweek will spend the next 18 hours pacing around, crying about Craig.

He wants so badly to be mad at his Craig, but he just can’t bring himself to hate the noiret. He blames stress, downs some cough medicine, and is out like a light. Left in some form of hell.

Feeling the sweat, the blush, clammy hands, swaying hips, smiles, stars.

Tweek is in deep, but he’s too stupid to admit it.

Chapter End Notes

Craig is a useless homosexual and I love him

I was originally going to add more to the bowling but !!
I ran out of time!!
I'm so sorry for the late upload!
Monday's chapter will be Kyle and Stan (And some Wendy ;0) watching movies and celebrating Hanukkah!!

<3
Hanukkah and Sappy Stan

Chapter Summary

Some Stan and Kyle ft. a very exhausted Wendy
Tickling, movies, and Stan loving his partner's features.

Chapter Notes

This is kind of short soz
I'm not fluent in Hebrew, but I can speak a few phrases ehh
I'm Jewish in faith but my family doesn't really do anything so??
I've spent lots of time at a friend of mine who's family is very Jewish lmao
I know what I'm talkin bout boi B^))

Kyle being in Denver during Hanukkah?

Surprising.

What’s not surprising?

His mother was rather displeased with this situation.

As Mrs. Brovloski talked Kyle’s ear off over telephone, Stan sat on the kitchen counter and snickered at the red head.

Usually, Kyle would head back to South Park for Hanukkah, but he had to be at the University first thing Monday morning to take a test that he had been absent for.

As Kyle promised, he’d be home for the last two days of Hanukkah, but he’d just have to put up with his mother gibbering on the other end of the line each night until then.

“Okay, goodnight, mom. Yep, don’t worry. Yea. Yes ma’am. Alright mom, I love you, too, goodnight,” he put his cellphone down on the counter and sighed dramatically.

“Now you know how I feel at the end of every day,” Stan winked.

“Oh shut it. What movie should we watch?”

“I dunno, we’ll just have to see,” Stan shrugged and pulled himself off the counter. “Shouldn’t we light another candle on the menorah?”

“Oh, yea, we should,” Kyle giggles and the two turn to the small dining table situated adjacent to the kitchen counter. A small menorah is sitting thoughtfully in the centre of the table. Kyle, being
the little shit he is, never really paid too much attention to his beliefs, nor the traditions and practices that took place during most of the holiday’s he had experienced.

It hadn’t been until he was 16 that he realized if he kept that up, Hanukkah, as well as many of the other Jewish holiday’s he celebrated, would be lost upon him and his offspring. His mother lectured him until he finally took up Hebrew and actually paid attention to what was going on.

Stan absolutely loved Hanukkah, as well as Passover and Rosh Hashanah. They were so foreign to him. And Judaism not being super mainstream, made it’s traditions and practices rather mysterious.

The raven haired boy pulled a lighter out of one of the drawers and handed it to his dearly beloved.

Kyle eyed his taller boy and smiled mischievously. Hesitant, he spoke a short prayer in tongue that Stan had heard a million times, but couldn’t comprehend, and lit the Menorah.

“Barukh ata Adonai Eloheinu, melekh ha’olam, asher kid’shanu b’mitzvotav v’tzivanu l’hadlik ner shel Hanukkah,”

Stan recalled having to hold back snickers the first Hanukkah he shared with Kyle. Hebrew was such a strange language. Having matured quite a bit since then, he stood respectfully and smiled lightly as his boyfriend continued speaking a foreign tongue.

The red head leaned into his lamp post boyfriend and snickered. “Maoz tzur y’shuati; l’cha naeh l’shabeach,” he sang softly.

Stan, having heard this song a million times already, had picked up a few words, but incoherently mumbled the rest of the song. “Tikon beit t’filati,” he sang along.

“v’sham todah n’zabeach,” Kyle sang softly as his boyfriend mumbled. His fingers intertwined with the noiret’s as he continued to the second verse, “L’eit tachin matbeach; mitzar hamnabeach; Az egmor b’shir mizmor; chanukat hamizbeach; Az egmor b’shir mizmor; chanukat hamizbeach,”

Usually, you would eat oily food and enjoy wine, but that wasn’t happening this year. They were too busy and tired. But Kyle promised that he would continue on with at least some of the traditions he grew up with, and at least they had a Menorah.

Turning off all the lights and curling up on the couch with a blanket and popcorn, the two boys scrolled through Netflix until happening upon a decent movie.

Terrance and Phillip.

They recall watching all their movies and buying as much of their merchandise as they could.

“I don’t think we’ve watched Terrance and Phillip in at least 5 years,” Kyle states sheepishly.

“I haven’t watched them since, like, 5th grade. Dude, we totally have to watch all their movies,”

“Fuck yea,”

And thusly, that’s exactly what they did.

Halfway through the first Terrance and Phillip movie, Asses of Fire 1, Kyle whispered to Stan “This fucking sucks,”

“Yea,”
And the two continued on their movie binge.

*Asses of Fire 5: Annihilation of Queef* was one of the more tolerable ones, the red head thought. Stan on the other hand preferred *Asses of Fire 7: A Bowel Movement to be Reckoned With* but they could both agree that the movies weren’t that good.

The fifth movie in, Stan’s arm snaked around Kyle’s waist and the red head scooched closer. Eventually Kyle was laying on top of the taller boy, half asleep, and slowly suffocating in blankets.

Stan ran a hand through curly red hair that smelled like coconuts and hibiscus. Short, bountiful curls that made the noiret melt. Kyle’s hair was such a wonderful thing. One of the most defining features between the three lovers.

Both Stan and Wendy having straight, black hair, And Stan and Kyle both having brown eyes. This made Kyle’s curly bright red hair one of the polysquad’s most prominent features.

Of course, they each had their own little visual quirk. Like Stan’s fleck of “French Blue 285” blue in his caramel eyes. Or how Wendy’s pine-green eyes had had hickory brown near the pupil.

Kyle’s warm chestnut eyes would search Stan and Wendy’s every feature for little quirks.

The dimples in Wendy’s smile, or the way her hair would get a bit wavy during the summer evenings when she wouldn’t dry her hair after a shower. The way Stan’s eyes got all squinty when he smiled, or the way his top second left tooth was a little wonky and left a small gap between it and the front tooth. The way Wendy’s eyes glossed over when she was angry, or the way Stan’s lip quivered when he got nervous. How Wendy’s lips were sculpted, or how Stan’s pointer fingers curled outwards, towards the other fingers.

Stan’s favourite feature of the ginger would certainly have to be the freckles he’d accumulated over the years. The most prominent ones speckled his shoulders and his nose, though his body was covered in dark, lone speckles.

Wendy’s favourite feature of Kyle was the way his back was sculpted. There was just something about his shoulder blades and the way the muscles on his back flexed that made her fall apart.

Stan and Kyle could both agree on Wendy’s hair (especially the way it got wavy in the summer) was her best physical feature. Her wet, wavy hair in the unbearable humidity made the boys a little dizzy.

Wendy couldn’t deny the way Stan’s eyes got all squinty when he smiled made her so overjoyed. Though the lip quiver had to be a close second.

Kyle absolutely adored Stan’s eyes. The little fleck of blue made him want to happy-cry. And the way the jet-black haired boy’s eyes got all sparkly when he was passionate about something made the ginger’s throat tighten.

Stan was snapped out of his thoughts when he felt a jab at his ribs. He stifled a laugh. Another jab to his ribs.

Kyle began to furiously tickle the heterochromiac’s sides, leaving him defenselessly laughing.

“AA! Stop!!! AHAHA STOP IT!” Stan yelled as he laughed hysterically.
“Never!” Kyle giggled until a firm hand started to tickle his neck, causing him to squeal. “AAAA NO THAT TICKLES AA!!” He wheezed.

“No!” Stan yelled playfully as the two made a ruckus.

Stan muffled a laugh as the red head had laughed hard enough he couldn’t breathe. He stopped so he didn’t fucking kill his boyfriend.

After finally regaining his strength and catching his breath, Kyle playfully cursed Stan and curled back up on top of him.

Kyle fell asleep on top of a very drowsy Stan. The TV blasting stupid fart jokes in the background as Stan eyed his partner, a smile forming upon his lips. He was so lucky to have not one amazing person he’d known forever, but two amazing people he’d known forever. Eventually, the bleary eyed boy fell into a tranquil sleep, cradling the shorter boy in his arms.

Wendy crawled into their apartment room quietly, dropping her book bag and purse on the floor. She sneaked into the living room to see her boyfriends passed out on the sofa.

The peaceful boys were so precious.

She kissed the top of their heads and crawled into the bed that now seemed so big and lonely.

A hard day working at the campus library had her worn out, and she fell asleep almost instantly.

Chapter End Notes

I’m soft and tired do not hurt me please

I had way too much fun writing this chapter
When Clyde dragged his cynical roommate to some frat party on the other side of the campus, the last thing they could expect was to see Tweek there. But that’s how it went down because God is a huge asshole.

Craig pulled on a black leather jacket and slicked his hair back after the amber eyed quarterback finally convinced him to tag along. Clyde was going for the bitches, Craig was going for free booze. Oh joy.

The floor was sticky, the music hurt his ears, the smell of vodka and regret rather pungent, but free booze was free booze.

Craig was already regretting his choice in outfit, but it was too late to do anything about it.

Some seniors were running this frat party outside of their small, rented house, right across the street from the campus property line.

After a few shots of really cheap patronne, Craig grabbed a bottle of beer and headed out to the back yard. It was quieter out there, he sat on the little porch and a blonde sat down next to him, though he didn’t pay that much mind. Sipping his Corona-Light and taking deep breaths of the crisp, cold, midnight air.

“You’re not wearing your hat,” Tweek notes, startling the ever loving shit out of Craig, “Your hair looks nice,” he says softly, smiling at the ground, sipping some off brand canned beer.

“Jesus Christ! You scared the shit out of me!”

“Sorry,” Tweek says absentmindedly, still looking at the ground.

“What are you doing here?”

“Drinking, why?”

“This doesn’t seem like your scene,”
“It doesn’t seem like yours either,”
“Clyde brought me,”
“Kenny brought me,”
“Oh,”
“Oh,” Tweek repeats.

Craig eyes Tweek suspiciously until his eyes fall on something sparkling.

“D-do you have a nose ring?”

“Yea, a septum piercing, I got it last year,”

“Dude how did I never notice,”

“I kind of try to draw as little attention to it as possible,”

“Was it a mistake?”

“Sort of,” Tweek cracks an ashamed smile.

“Dude, I got two lip piercings, you’ve got nothing to be ashamed of,”

“Wait, you’re fucking joking, right?”

“No, dude for real, awe shit I think I might have them with me,” his hands fiddled in the pockets of his jacket, pulling out two black half-rings and wincing as he slid them into the discreet holes in his lips. He looked edgy as hell.

“Duuuuudeee, snake bite! Sick!”

Craig laughs, a blush forming across his face, “I haven’t fucking put these on since I last wore this jacket,”

“When was that?”

“Last February,”

“Dude,”

“Dude,”

They laugh and drink beer.

Tweek is slowly scooting closer and closer to Craig, but the noiret didn’t mind.

Tweek turns to look at the back door, after hearing some cheers.

“They probably got weed, or coke or something,” Craig utters.

“Yea probably. Wait here a minute,” he pulls himself up and goes inside, returning a few minutes later with a blunt and two more beers.

He hands the beers to a very curious Craig as the blonde pulls a lighter out of his back pocket and
lights up. Taking a long drag before grabbing his beer from Star Boy’s hand.

“Woah, you smoke?”

“Mostly weed, and not very often, but yea. Do you?” he holds out the blunt, inviting his friend to take it.

“Uh, I dunno man. I’ve smoked it before, but I don’t really go chasing after it. If it’s in my path,” he starts as he grabs the blunt and takes a drag, “I’m not going to pass up the opportunity,” he takes a good long drag before passing it back to the blonde. He fiddles with the uncomfortable lip piercings.

People walk in and out sometimes. Chilling on the patio or running around the small, fenced yard; in the dark.

“You seem like you’ve had more weed than you’re letting on,”

“Yea. I spent like 6 months back in junior year of highschool high as a kite,”

“Why?”

“More distraction, less depression. Or at least that’s how it was supposed to go, I guess. I just laid in bed, either sobbing my eyes out or so numb I couldn’t even tell if I was alive anymore,”

“Oh, sorry I asked,”

“No, no, it’s fine, as soon as I got sober, I avoided it for a few years. Eventually I got my hands on it again, and it just, it was so much more fun than it used to be. I wanted to keep it that way. So getting high can be a treat and not a coping mechanism,” he explains, taking drags and sips of beer between sentences.

Tweek looks at Craig’s hands and notices patches of lighter skin, in star patterns. As if the skin had been bleached in the shape of stars.

“Woah, what’s up with your star hands?”

“Oh! White ink tattoos. They make your skin a bit lighter. I got a bunch of stars,” He pulls up his sleeves to reveal more stars.

“Dude! That’s so cute,” Tweek gushed.

Craig cracked a flustered smile, a ruby blush filling his cheeks.

Eventually Tweek scooted close enough that he was leaning on Craig, leaving both of them a little embarrassed, but Tweek was a bit too intoxicated to care.

“Dude, I’m getting more beer, I’ll be right back,” Tweek said, shattering the awkward silence. He shot up and darted to the inside.

A few minutes pass, no big deal, but after about 6 minutes, Craig starts to get worried. At 9 minutes he breaks, and heads in to check on his friend.
Some big jerky looking jock is flirting the blonde. Obviously Tweek is rather uncomfortable and keeps trying to escape, to no avail.

Craig darts for them and glares hard at the guy.

“Hey buddy, fuck off,” Craig sneers.

“And who the fuck do you think you are?”

“His boyfriend, now fuck off before I kick your ass,”

“Ugh whatever, he’s not even that hot anyway,” The jock scoffs and struts off.

An angry heat rushes to Craig’s face as he wraps his arm around Tweek and escorts him back to the safety of the back porch.

Craig stutters on his words, trying to explain what just happened but Tweek stops him from saying anything.

“Thank you, ‘boyfriend’,” Tweek smirks and giggles, a blush spreading to his face as he mocks Craig.

“KNFGH- I panicked,”

“It’s better than whatever else could’ve happened,” Tweek shrugged. He hands Craig a much needed beer as they get shit faced.

“So.. it’s almost Christmas. What will you be doing for the holiday’s, Tweekers?” Craig focuses hard on his Pronunciation.

Pro-nun-SEE-a-shun

“Uh, probably sitting at home with my roommates, whom also have shit parents that they don’t want to go see,” Tweek shrugs.

“Do you want to come meet my parents?” Craigblurts.

“W-what?” A hard blush crosses the blonde’s face as his wide eyes search Craig’s blushing face for answers.

“I didn’t mean for it to sound like that- ahaha, jeez. Like, come with me to visit my family for the holiday. Since you have nothing else to do, ya know,” Craig explains coyly.

“Yea, sure, that- uh- that sounds nice,” Tweek trails off as he stares at the ground, blushing like mad. “God, I’m a bit too drunk, ugh,”

“Same,” Craig laughs uncontrollably. “I’m going to regret this tomorrow,” He gestures to the beer he’s sipping.

“Same here, good thing it’s break, otherwise I’d be in hell tomorrow,” Tweek laughs uneasily.

Craig realizes his arm is still tightly wrapped around Tweek’s waist, and his face burns. He wants to curl up in a ball and scream.
The rest of the night is sort of a blur, but Tweek falls asleep on Craig and Craig carries him all the way across campus to the sleeping boy’s apartment, drops him off, and crashes as soon as his head hits his pillow.

It was weird, not getting up to go to class or to go to the café.

Tweek, having been in a tight schedule most of the year, was left to wander his apartment like a ghost at 5 in the morning.

Kenny got up at 6 and quickly scurried off to work, bidding Tweek farewell.

Bored, the blonde plopped down on the couch and watched spongebob. Eventually, Butters awoke and joined the coffee addict in his spongebob binging.

It was cold. Tweek’s dark grey tee-shirt and eggplant briefs weren’t enough to keep is frail figure warm, but he was too sore to go change.

~

Star Boy: hey

Star Boy: did you sleep okay?

Tweekers: yea

Star Boy: that’s good

Star Boy: did Kenny get home okay?

Tweekers: yup

Tweekers: hungover as hell but he’s alright

Star Boy: nice

Star Boy: so I’m going to my parents for the entire weekend, so you’ll want to pack accordingly

Tweekers: alright

Star Boy: I’ll pick you up Friday evening

Star Boy: around 6

Star Boy: is that alright?

Tweekers: yup

Tweekers: what are your parents like?

Star Boy: they’re real sweet
Star Boy: I’m sure they’ll adore you

Tweekers: great

~

After an hour of sitting there, too sore and tired to move, he pulled himself off the sofa and took a much needed shower.

“Tweek,”

“Damn. That name is uh..”

“Shit,”

“Yea,” she snorted.
A golden blonde in a green blouse stirs a pot, whilst Tricia grabs something from the fridge.

“Oh! Craig!” The woman exclaims and embraces the boy. He smiles smugly and gives her a good pat on the back.

He’s decently taller than her, and they don’t look anything alike, but Tweek assumed that Craig must take after his dad.

“Oh! You brought a friend!”

“I’m Tweek,” he swallowed hard, trying to get himself to not feel so uncomfortable.

“It’s so nice to have you here! I’m Laura,” she shakes his frail hand. He smiles awkwardly before Craig takes his hand and leads him to the basement.

The basement gives off a very “Bro Cave” vibe. A foosball table, a ping-pong table, sports stuff on the walls. A rather tall, beer-bellied redhead is seated on a plush sofa.

Craig plops down next to him, leaving Tweek to stand off to the side awkwardly.

“Ah, son, nice to have you home,” he gives his son a pat on the back, “And who is this?” he looks over at Tweek.

“That’s my friend, Tweek,”

“ ‘Friend’ ?”

“Ugh, Dad,”

“Sorry, sorry,” he reaches his hand out for a handshake, “Nice to meet you, Tweek. I’m Tom,”

“Hi,” Tweek squeaks.

Thomas’s appearance is not what Tweek was expecting at all. Craig looks nothing like the rest of his family. Slightly darker skin, more almond shaped eyes, dark hair.. it wasn’t adding up.

They were called to dinner and Tricia talked Tweek’s ear off.

Finally, Craig dragged Tweek to his room.

Tweek was left to sit on the noiret’s bed in awe.

The cynical, cold hearted, asshole that was Craig Tucker, had space themed bedsheets, glowing stars on his ceiling, a lego moon landing set on his dresser, and all sorts of other childish space themed knick knacks.

“Wow.. it’s so..”

“Cute?”

“Mhm,”

“You bet your ass it is,” Craig scoffs.

“It seems so.. out of character..” Tweek sighs.

Craig sits next to him and says in a hushed tone “Maybe you don’t know my character, then..”
“Maybe I want to,”

They curl up next to each other and slowly drift off.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter, as well as the next two chapters, were originally one chapter.
Fucking rip
Craig is embarrassed and Tweek is in love

Chapter Summary

hhHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Chapter Notes

??

I just wanna say that Tweek's little "KNHF-"s are like peridot noises??
Just a little snort from the back of the throat
when he gets caught off guard

hh

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There Craig was.

Arm wrapped around Tweek’s waist, staring at the blonde as he snored softly.

Craig’s cerulean blue eyes studied every detail of his sleeping friend. From the messy (dirty) blonde hair to the way his nose twitched every-so-often. How Tweek’s freckles dotted his face like the stars on the ceiling.

The noiret’s heart pounded in his chest as he tried to fall asleep. Staring at the sleeping figure under his arm wasn’t helping his bout of insomnia.

Holding Tweek as he slept felt rather unnerving. He was so frail and boney, Craig worried he’d crush the poor boy.

Tweek shifted slightly, pulling Star Boy from his thoughts.

The blonde’s hand lie next to his face, and his lips curled up ever so slightly. He was curled up peacefully in the divot it Craig’s bed, that had been made over many years of use.

Their legs interweaved messily as Craig ran his hand through Tweek’s hair. The blonde shifts slightly but continues to snore softly.

Fuck his hair is so god damn soft. A smile crawls onto Craig’s face as he looks at the coffee addict. His peaceful face sooths the noiret into a rather drowsy state.

Without any higher brain function, Craig gives the sleeping boy a quick peck on the cheek before nuzzling up against the back of Tweek’s neck, falling asleep against the soft haired boy.
Tweek awoke, feeling more refreshed than ever. A big smile plastered on his face. He nuzzled into the crook of Craig’s neck in glee.

The room was rather dark, though clouded white light shone softly through the window.

He lay there a while, just enjoying his friend’s company, enjoying the feeling of a protective arm wrapped around his waist.

No homo..?

Eventually, the hand in his hair which had been stagnant for some time, began to run through his soft hair.

“Morning, sunshine,” Craig cooed as he felt a smile on his neck. Tweek puled away and sat up, rubbing any sleep out of his eyes.

“Morning, how’d you sleep?”

“Pretty alright,” Craig half lied. “You?”

“I’ve never slept better in my life,” he smiled gleefully and the noiret.

Tweek bounced downstairs while Craig tiredly followed behind him.

“Good morning, you two!” Laura chirped.

Craig and Tweek sat quietly on the sofa watching cartoons, bodies intertwined comfortably, when Laura ran up to the two of them, plopping herself next to them carrying a big scrapbook. Tricia soon followed with a similar book, though it was a good bit smaller.

Tweek was instantly intrigued, looking over to the taller boy, who’s face turned bright red. Craig hid his face in his hands and groaned, “Mooooom noooooo,”

“Mom yes!” Laura stated with a passion as she opened the first book. She placed it onto Tweek’s lap, leaving him to giggle at the sights.

A baby book.

Craig’s baby book.

A small, peacefully sleeping baby, that couldn’t have been more than a month old. A light tuft of black hair, a yellow jumper. Peacefully sleeping on white cotton sheets.

Tweek cautiously turned the page, revealing a collage of pictures of a smiling baby Craig laying on
his stomach in his parent’s bed. Baby blue jumper; his tiny hands firmly grasped a pale yellow blanket. His little smile and almond shaped eyes warmed Tweek’s heart.

“Awww,”

“Mmmnnkfhjn,” Craig grumbled into his hands.

The blonde turned the page again to see a slightly older, but still very much a baby Craig laying on the floor playing with a tabby cat. All of the pictures were on different days, but one of the jumpers stood out to Tweek. A yellow one covered in ducks. He stifled a laugh.

Page after page.

Standing up on his own for the first time, walking for the first time, all of it.

Then he reached the jackpot. A page full of angry, and crying baby Craigs.

A particular photo was of the noiret protesting against the forced consumption of baby food.

A page of his first birthday. He looked so cute and happy.

A page of his happily playing with the bubbles in the bath tub.

All of a sudden he was 3 years old, Laura chimed “I lost the camera,”.

An all bundled up Craig playing in the snowy street. Making a snowman. Sitting in a sled as his father pulled it around. You could practically hear the squeals of delight.

Pictures of him in a rain coat and a familiar blue chullo that at the time of the picture was far too big on him, with a small backpack on, ready for his first day of preschool.

That turned kindergarten, then to first grade, then second grade.

Far too many of those pictures after preschool had a small, seemingly innocent little Craig, flipping the bird to the camera.

At this point, Tweek could guess that was kind of a family thing, but it was still so weird to look at.

A very bored looking 3rd grade Craig, then a 4th grade Craig featuring a guinea pig.

“Oh! Stripe! I completely forgot about Stripe!” Tricia exclaimed, snapping Craig out of his hands to look at the photos.

“The original Stripe!” Craig exclaimed.

“She!!”

“She!!”

Tweek giggled at the siblings as he flipped the pages.

A very awkward looking 6th grader, 7th grader, 8th grader.

The unfortunate 9th and 10th grade, with his lime green braces. Acne and homework.

A few pictures of the noiret with Clyde and Token. The three of them after Clyde’s football game,
or some of them running around in their swim trunks on the front lawn.

Craig in his handsome baseball uniform, up to bat, swinging for gold.

Craig with some cute brunette, both in uncomfortable looking tuxes, probably for some school dance.

Craig in his highschool graduation robe-thing.

And a whole page of Craig asleep on the sofa, most of them he’s wearing a dirtied baseball uniform, suggesting he’d crash on the couch after big games.

Tricia handed Tweek the smaller book, which was filled with mostly middle school Craig.

In a white dress shirt, with black slacks, and a tight, red silk vest. He looked rather uncomfortable.

And a bunch of crazy shenanigans with Clyde and Token.

Going exploring through the woods, going snowboarding, swimming, going canoeing, cooking(?).

A series of photos of the three of them looking tired as hell, playing with legos (and looking far too old to be doing so), and jumping around Craig’s bedroom.

Tricia and Laura scurry off to the kitchen to marinate tomorrow night’s dinner.

Tweek looks through the book for a while before closing it and placing it on the coffee table.

“You’re cute,” Tweek nudges Craig.

“Oh, fuck off,”

“I guess I’ll have to take you to my parent’s place some time so I can be embarrassed, too. Even things out, right?”

“That’d be nice..”

.

The two of them ran around through the street, sliding in the snow, and throwing snowballs at each other until Tricia called them in for dinner.

They all sat at the table and chatted as they munched.

“So, Tweek, what are you majoring in?” Tom asks.

“Business. I run a coffee shop,”

“That’s nice,” he takes another bite of mashed potatoes, “How’d you meet Craig?”

“Coffee shop,” Tweek winked and smiled.

.

The two of them lay in bed, Tweek curled up against the noiret petting his soft hair.
“Goodnight, Craig,”
“Goodnight,”
.
Tweek stared at the taller boy with soft eyes.
The way Craig always had his arm snaked around Tweek’s waist, the way his hair glimmered in
the light of the ceiling stars, the way his soft lips parted ever so slightly.
Tweek’s chest tightened.
Why was it like this?
Why was he like this?
Why did it hurt so much to be around his friend?
Ugh.
He fell into a nauseous sleep and awoke blabbering and sobbing.
“Tweek? Tweek are you alright?” Craig held the sobbing boy in the dark room. “Shhh, shh,
Tweek, you’re safe, everything is alright, shh,” Craig rubbed circles into the blonde’s back as he
hiccupped. “Tweek? Pay attention to my heartbeat, try to mimic that,” the noiret spoke softly.
“Deep breaths, it’s alright, shh, deep breaths,”
Tweek slowly but surely calmed down and got his breathing in check thanks to Craig. Tweek dried
his eyes and hugged the noiret tightly.
“Do you want to talk about it?”
Tweek shook his head.
“Alright. You’re safe, everything is going to be just fine, I promise,” Craig cradled the fragile boy
in his lap. “Tweek?”
“Hmng?”
“What’s your favourite instrument?”
“Hmng I-I dunno, uh, piano?” Tweek mumbles.
“Do you play piano?”
Tweek nods.
“Dude that’s super cool,”
“Thanks,” Tweek muffles into Craig’s neck.
“Tweek?”
“Yea?”
“I’m going to get up now,”
“Oh,” Tweek scurries off of Craig’s lap and sits on the bed, eying the noiret curiously.

Craig darts for his closet, disappearing inside for a moment before emerging with a sweater. He sits back on the bed and hands Tweek the sweater. “Put it on,”

“What...?”

“Put the sweater on, I want to see it on you!”

Tweek cautiously obliges, pulling off is Fall Out Boy tee shirt, pulling on the sweater which is slightly too big on him. Craig gasps, causing the blonde to look up at him inquisitively.

“I knew it’d look good on you,” he smiles.

A perplexed blush crawls onto Tweek’s face, “Uh.. thanks?”.  

“I want you to keep that,”

“W-what?”

“Yea, Christmas present,”

“O-oh,”

Craig kind of wanted to kiss Tweek kind of sort of maybe really badly.

Craig bit his lip and forced back a scream.

“I’m going to hug you now,”

“Wha-,”

Craig pulled the blonde onto his lap and hid his blush in the crook of Tweek’s neck.

Tweek giggled, “You’re really bad with emotions, aren’t you?”

“Mnhm,”

A few minutes of calm silence before Tweek decided to break it.

“So you went to prom with a boy?”

“Mnhm,”

“Did you like him?”

“Mnhm,”

“That’s cool,”

“Mnhm,”

“Craig?”

“Mnhm?”

“Robots aren’t going to take over the world tomorrow, right?”
“No sir, they aren’t,”

“No problem,”

“Craig?”

“Yea?”

“Are you okay?”

“No,”

“Me neither,” he coughed, “Craig?”

“Yea?”

“What product do you use in your hair?”

“Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, head & shoulders??”

“Your hair smells nice,”

Craig swallowed hard, “Thanks,”

“Yea,”

“I fuckin hated highschool,”

“Me too,”

“Everyone was just so mean? Rumors, drama? For no reason?? It was so stupid,” Craig ranted.

“Yea,” Tweek’s voice cracks, “There was this one girl, uh, fuck, Annie? I think that’s her name.. Uh, we suddenly got really close for no reason? And someone on the football team got her pregnant, she kept it. In 11th grade. We didn’t really talk much after that but she named him Reiley, and he was real sweet, golden blonde hair, I wonder what they’re up to,”

“I knew this girl, Addison, and her little sister Sadie. Red-Brown hair, small freckles, they had pale blue eyes and they fuckin loved horses. Their mom was like… 17 when she had Addison? I have no clue what I’d do if I had a kid back in highschool,”

“Probably cry,”

“Yea,” Craig laughs.

“If I ever had a kid back in highschool, I’d probably name then either Shawn or Kelsey,”

“Aw, that’s cute. I’d do Sydney, or maybe Devin? I’m not sure,”
“So your parents were huge coffee monsters, right?”

“So your parents were huge coffee monsters, right?”

“Yea,”

“Damn, they had the perfect opportunity to name you Adrian,”

“What??”

“Adrian, it means rich or dark, like coffee?”

“Oh my god, dude, that would’ve been perfect,” Tweek laughs.

“Craig?”

“Yea?”

“I’m scared,”

“Of what?”

“Being an adult,”

“Me too, dude. What’s so scary about it?”

“Politics, n’ taxes, n’ stuff,” Tweek mumbles.

“Yea, I don’t even know if I have to guts to ever really vote? It just seems scary,”

“Yea,”

“Yea,”

“Who was your first love?”

“Adam Schuler, he was pretty cute, that was in the 3rd grade though, in highschool it was this kid who was far too cool for school, Zach Keiner. He was.. Hot, like, shit, really hot. We were so gross together, everyone fuckin hated us because we were ALWAYS on top of each other,”

Tweek snickered, “That’s fucking adorable,”

“I’ve since narrowed my taste, but they were definitely a start,”

“Narrowed your taste?”

“Adam was a red head and Zach was a brunette, I’m more into blondes,”

“Oh, really?” heat rose to Tweek’s cheeks slightly as he grinned at the big nerd.

“Yea man, there’s just something about blondes, I’m fuckin weak for them,”

Tweek giggled at him. “I don’t really know what I like that much,”

“I’m sure you’ll find the perfect one eventually. I don’t understand how they haven’t come along yet. You’re so wonderful, I don’t get how you aren’t already taken,” Craig mumbles, blushing.
Tweek mumbles “I think I found him,” but Craig didn’t hear that.

“Craig?”

“Yea?”

“Let’s go to sleep,”

“Okay,”

They curled under the covers, Craig’s arm slinking around Tweek’s waist in the way he always does. This is nice, but they both still want to kiss each other, and Craig is still too dumb to realize he’s in love.

---

The morning of Christmas Eve, and all through the house, not a creature was stirring, except for Tweek and Craig.

“Tweeeeeeetroit,” Craig groaned.

“Craaaaaaaaiigg get off me,”

“Tweeeeeeeenoise on my eeeeeeexclaeeemmeeeek,”

“Whaaaaaaatttt,”

“Merry Christmas,”

“Merry Christmas, now get off me, you wanker,” the noiret had laid on top of the blonde, which was slowly killing him. Tweek shoved the taller boy off of him.

Craig fell off the fucking bed with an “OOF,” and Tweek laughed at him as he rolled out of bed.

Tweek stretched and remembered last night. He tugged at the coffee coloured sweater, which was really comfy, and pulled Craig off the floor.

Craig spent far too long staring at the blonde, up and down, before finally landing on his eyes.

“Yea, that sweater looks really fucking cute on you,” Craig gushed, a big dorky smile on his lips.

“Knfgk- thanks,” Tweek snorts, looking down at the floor, flustered.

“It really brings out your eyes,” Craig continues, bringing heat to Tweek’s cheeks.

Craig’s fingers intertwine with Tweek’s and they venture outside, walking along the sidewalk, swinging their interlocked hands.

“Thanks,”

“For what?” Tweek inquires.

“Just- Thanks,”
“You’re welcome,” Tweek leans into Craig and they wander the streets at the crack of dawn, heading back before anyone notices they awoke.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sappy

Christmas chapter next yee

The end of the next chapter also has a lot of detail in it because !! I really wanted to be thorough.
It isn't sex but there is sexual tension and not a lot of clothing
Craig opens his eyes to see bleary white light shining in through the window. The soft snoring beside him reminds him of his situation.

He looks over the soft features of the blonde. He looks so peaceful.

The noiret softly crawls out of bed, making sure not to disturb the sleeping boy. He runs a hand through his messy jet-black hair and scours his dresser drawers.

He pulls out a soft, lightweight, golden yellow shirt that has a small black threaded pattern of Saturn on the chest pocket, black skinny jeans, baby blue wool socks, and orange briefs.

Shower Time, baby.

Craig liked keeping the lights off when he showered.

Hot water hit his back, in the dark, steamy room.

Shower Time was Nice. It was Quiet, it was Calm.

Soft towel.

Soft clothes.

Wet hair.

Sleeping blonde in his bed.

This was Nice.

Craig sat down next to Tweek, looking over the peaceful boy.

“Tweek~” he cooed softly, squeezing the blonde’s arm, “Tweeeek~”.

??

!! mention of previous self harm!!
nothing serious!! just scars!!
Stay safe <3
“Mnnm,” He shifted.

“TWEEEEEEK~” Craig groaned.

“Mnnmmmmnm,” the smaller boy awoke, rubbing his eyes, “Whaaaat?”

“Morningggg.”

“Morningggg.” Tweek whined, crawling onto Craig’s lap. He shoves his face into the noiret’s collarbone, running his hands into wet hair. “You smell nice,” Tweek mumbles, staring off into space.

Craig’s breath hitched in his throat, “You sleep alright?” worry in his voice.

“After I fell back to sleep yea, slept like a baby,”

“That’s good,”

“Yea,”

“Do you want to go downstairs now?”

“Can we just stay like this a little while longer?”

“Y-yea, we can do that,” Craig smiles.

This is Nice.

Tweek sat on the counter drinking coffee as Laura talked his ear off.

Craig and Tricia went out for some last minute shopping.

“So what did you get for Craig?”

“Uh,”

“He likes rings,” Laura winked, “He really likes rings,”

“Oh, um, maybe I’ll get him a ring then,”

“Just get him something Important,” Laura spoke softly. Tweek noticed the way she pronounced ‘important’.

“Hm,”

“Why don’t you tell him?”

“What?”

“That you love him,”

Tweek turned ruby red, cracking a flustered smile, “I-I don’t know,” he looks down at his coffee. “Is it that obvious?” He whispers.

“Yea, hun. He’s a little, uh, Dense. He doesn’t realize it yet, but he likes you too,” she smiles and
continues cutting vegetables.

“When should I tell him?”

“When you’re ready,”

“Yea, but like-,”

She cut him off, “Not on a holiday, not drunk, not at a fancy restaurant, not on a date,” she warns. “Don’t make it artificial. Make it more spontaneous. No date, no planning, nothing fancy,”

“O-oh,”

“Thoughtful, simple, sappy,”

Tweek smirked, “Thank you,”

“I’m always here to help,” she smiles.

.

Soon enough Tricia and Craig were at the dinner table wrapping presents while Tweek and Laura reluctantly stayed in the kitchen.

Tweek kicked his feet impatiently as he sipped his coffee and chatted with Laura as she prepared dinner.

“What is that?”

“Brown sugar honey ham,”

“Oh, yum,”

“Indeed,”

Tweek smiled as he listened to the siblings chatter in the other room, yelling at each other and laughing as the sound of paper folding muffled their words.

“NO!”

“YES!”

“NO!!”

“YES!!!!!”

Craig squealed and giggled as Tricia yelled at him, laughing her ass off “YES YOU DO!!”

“NO I DON’T!” Craig yelled as he laughed.

“YOU TOTALLY DO! YOU’RE BLUSHING! YOU CAN’T LIE TO YOUR LITTLE SISTER!!”

“AAAAaaAAAAaAAAAaAAA AHAHHAHAHAH STO OOP-“

Tweek snickered at the two as he wondered what they were talking about.

.”
“How about you three go out and play in the snow before dinner?” Laura suggested— or well-ordered nicely. Craig and Tricia knew that was not a suggestion, that was an order.

“Yea, alright, alright,” Tricia sighed and threw her coat on.

Tweek and Craig exchanged a glance before pulling their coats on and trudging out into the snowy wonderland.

Tricia was the first to throw a snow ball at Craig. At first, Tweek seemed shocked, then he scooped up and ball of snow and threw it onto the tall boy, laughing and running away.

A full on war ensued.

Dinner was pretty good. Roasted ham, green bean casserole, and candied yams.

Everyone collectively munched on their food contently.

Jokes and chatter.

Tricia complaining about some girl at school that sounded like a huge bitch, and Tom talking about work buddies.

Dark room, glowing ceiling stars.

Craig traced up Tweek’s back, outlining his shoulder blades and rib cage. Tweek shivered at the feeling of Craig’s hands on his bare back. Outlining the blonde’s back turned into running his hands onto Tweek’s neck, across his shoulders, and down his arms. Craig’s hands slithered along, eventually finding thin, cold hands, and wrapping his digits over the shaky hands.

Craig poked every freckle, and outlined (almost) every inch of Tweek’s body. Noticing every quirk and imperfection, and Craig was loving it.

This was so new and weird to Tweek, but he wasn’t complaining. No one had ever given him this much attention before. Every time he’d say something about how “Weird it looks” Craig would shake his head and mumble “No it’s perfect”, leaving Tweek to blush and avoid eye contact. Every time Craig would compliment Tweek, the blonde would fall just a bit deeper in love.

Along this weird journey, Craig would notice scars and Tweek would tell how he got them.

So far, the scar count was at 7 (Not including a few acne scars on his back).

One on the back of his left shoulder (from a rope snapping, grazing across his skin), one on the outside of his right bicep (from getting snagged on something), four on his knees (from falling various times throughout his life), and a patch of scar tissue on his right elbow (from scraping it up on a sidewalk in 8th grade).

Tweek’s hands are covered with small scars from random things, such as getting cut on wire, or getting burned.

Tweek hid his left forearm from Craig for as long as possible, until it was snatched up and closely inspected. The inside of his left forearm was riddled with self-made scars. Tweek began to fidget
and panic before Craig looked up at him, twinkles in his eyes, and took off the black watch that Craig always wore on his left wrist to reveal similar scars, and lifted up his orange briefs to reveal many more scars along his thighs. Tweek sighed in relief and smiled ashamed and apologetically.

“Four years,” Craig croaked.

“Three in May,” Tweek replied.

Craig continued exploring the short boy’s body. Noting scars on his shins.

“I used to bike a lot through thickets of forest. Brambles split me open a lot,” he chuckled.

A scar on the right side of his chin, and a scar on his right cheek.

Scar just below the left clavicle. “Got the shit kicked out of me, he had a knife. I was fine, just a little shaken, but I got that to prove for it.”

Prominent hip bones that looked like they were made just to be held onto. Craig swallowed hard and moved on.

Overall, Tweek was uncomfortably thin and practically hairless.

Craig’s turn.

Craig’s body was speckled with dark freckles, the circular ones that were really prominent, and covered in acne scars.

Craig was Thin, but not quite Boney. Tweek was Boney, Craig was Thin.

He had a somewhat more masculine build, with more muscle. Slightly broader shoulders, a more muscular back, and a prominent hipline.

On that hipline, right above his briefs, was a lone freckle that made Tweek swallow hard and quickly take his mind off the dizzying detail.

Tweek’s thin fingers felt up and down the noiret’s body.

Under his belly-button black hairs that trickled under the elastic of his briefs.

Scar tissue on both elbows, both knees, some light ones on his shins.

Two sleek black rings around his left bicep, varying in width. One to match on his left middle finger. In the same sleek, black inked style as the rings on his left arm, there was a small star on his foot.

“I fucking love these white ink tattoos,” Tweek pointed to the stars and such on Craig’s hands and forearms.

“I wish they were glow-in-the-dark,”

“Fuck that’d be amazing,”
His limbs were fucking L O N G.

“You fucking lamppost,”

“Well fuck you too, short-ass,”

Tweek stuck his tongue out in objection.

Continuing on the totally-not-awkward-body-touching-extravaganza, Tweek ran his hands down Craig’s back, looking glumly at the peppering of acne scars. “Wow puberty fucking kicked your ass,”

“Yea, it hurt a shit ton,”

“Thank god we’re adults now,”

“For real,” Craig sighed.

Breathing on the back of Tweek’s neck as Craig doodled stars and planets and asteroids on the frail boy’s back in black body marker.

“Your back is my canvas, and you are a work of art I am enhancing,”

Tweek snorted lightly as he giggled.

After a good 15 minutes of doodling, Craig called it a night.

The two lay down, and Craig’s arm snaked around Tweek’s waist, pulling him closer. Craig fell asleep, leaving Tweek to scream silently for a good while before passing out.

Christmas morning.

It’s not as full of wonder and joy as it was when they were kids, but it was still really fun.

Opening each other’s gifts, smiling and laughing.

Tom and Laura got started on breakfast, leaving Tricia and the boys with their opened gifts.

Tricia sat around all her gifts, some clothes (From mom, mostly), two books (From mom and grandma), a target gift card (From Tweek), really nice coloured pencils (From Craig), $100 (From grandma), and a PS4 game (From dad).

Craig got a book about world war II (From dad), a PS4 game (Also from dad), a hand knit scarf (From grandma), $100 (From grandma), a bracelet and two sparkly rings (From mom and Tricia), and more of the wool socks he really likes (From mom).

Tweek got $50 and a pat on the back from Laura and Tom, respectively.

Wrapping paper everywhere.
“This isn’t half bad,” Tricia remarks.

“You’re welcome,” Craig states briskly.

“Thank you,” the strawberry-blonde rolls her eyes.

“Now help me put this bracelet on,”

Tricia snickers and helps the struggling noiret.

.

Breakfast is some of that ham they had last night seared in a pan, eggs, and hashbrowns.

They delightfully munch and chatter.

“So, Craig, what are you two going to do the rest of the break?”

“Uh, probably run around public parks naked and drunk, why?”

Mom rolled her eyes, Tricia tried so hard not to laugh (but failed), and Dad chuckled. “Very funny, smart ass,”

“Nah, we’re probably going to go our separate ways, he’ll do whatever the fuck he wants and I’ll probably just play halo with Clyde,”

“Predictable. What about you, Tweek?”

“Mn, I’m not sure, maybe I’ll go visit my parents or something. ..Go watch a movie, perhaps? I don’t really have any plans,”

“I’m sure you’ll figure something out,”

.

“That bracelet looks really good on you,”

“Thanks,”

“It’s sparkly, like your eyes,” Tweek gushes.

“Eheh, thanks,” Craig looks around the room nervously, heat rushing to his face.

“I’m sorry I didn’t get you anything,”

“It’s fine dude, I don’t need anything,”

“Oh, come on, there’s got to be something you want,”

“Eh, not really, dude don’t worry about it,”

An idea popped into Tweek’s head, “Well I know something fun we can do,”

“What?”

“Just trust me. I’ll need to book it, but we can go… Wednesday?”
“Yea that works for me, just tell me what to wear and what to bring,”

Tweek smiled. This was going to be really fucking fun.

A long bus ride later and Craig walked Tweek to his apartment complex. The blonde gave Craig a quick hug and quickly went inside, leaving Craig to walk to his apartment. The snow flurried as the wind nipped at his cheeks.

Tired eyes scoured the snow as he meandered home.

He could only wonder what Tweek had planned for him.

He fiddled with his rings and trudged through the white hell.

Chapter End Notes

I love
“We did it,”
“We did it,” the strawberry-blonde sniffled, tears brimming in his eyes. They finally did it.

Chapter Notes

MWAHAHAAHAHAH Ah S U F F E R
FSDJKANSDUIJ
I fuckign love writing bunny shit aaa
some important plot at the end for those of you who don't give a fuck about bunny fluff!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Eggs sizzled in a pan as Butters cut fruit, eyeing the eggs every so often to make sure they’re cooking correctly. The winter sun poked out of the clouds, illuminating the room softly. A delicate smile on the blonde’s face, as he hummed softly. The only reason he knew it was Christmas was because Kenny was still softly snoring in the other room.

High waisted jean shorts hiding under an oversized periwinkle tee shirt that draped over his figure, sliding off his shoulder, revealing soft freckles.

Rinsing berries in the sink, scrambling eggs, cutting apples, pears, and nectarines.

The soft pitter patter of feet from the other room alert Butters that the love of his life is awake.

Arms snake around his waist as the shorter boy nuzzles his face into Butters’ back.

“How’d you sleep?” the taller boy asks, continuing to cut fruit.

“Mmmmmmnmmhhmnn,”

Butters snickers, “Babe,”

“Mhnmnhmnhmnhmnmmnmnn,”

“Babe,”
“I loooovee youuuu,”

“Babe, sit down,”

“Yes, sir,” Kenny says sleepily, pulling himself onto a clear spot on the counter.

Butters pulls two plates out of the cupboard above him and sections the scrambled eggs onto the plates. The blonde glances at the oven timer before turning his attention to his boyfriend.

“Merry Christmas,” he hums, feeding the shorter boy a slice of apple.

“Oh, is that why I got the day off?”

Butters laughs under his breath at the worrying state his boyfriend is in. “How are you holding up?”

“Uh, I probably wouldn’t be without you,” he winks as he’s fed another slice of apple, “You’re my glue,”

Butters places a soft kiss onto his charming boyfriend’s chapped lips, “I love you,” he coos.


“Butter Braid, Strawberry and cream cheese,”

A gasp, “Dude! Where did you find those?”

“Some girl scouts were selling them,”

“Fuck, man, I haven’t had Butter Braids since, like, 5th grade,”

“Yea, I saw them and couldn’t resist, I bought half the flavours,”

“You’re the best,” the shorter boy grins as he bumps his nose against the freckled nose of his beloved.

“Something like that,” he plants another soft kiss.

“Fuck this is really good,”

“Glad you like it,”

“Fuck, this is the best Christmas ever, isn’t that sad?”

“Yea, we don’t even have a tree, or gifts, or anything,”

“Well, I got you a gift,” Kenny trails off mischievously.

“You didn’t..”

“Yup,” he winks.

“Shit, I didn’t really get you anything special,”
“That’s alright, babe, I don’t need anything special."

“But you deserve something special."

“Aw, shush, lemme go get it,” the strawberry-blonde shuffles back into their room, returning with a small, brown, square box with a red stick-on bow on the top. He hands it haphazardly to Butters, who eyes the box, and then his boyfriend.

“You better not be anything expensive- because you already bust your ass just so we can go to college, and eat, and not live in a dumpster,”

“Just open it,”

The blonde sighs, opening the box. A small aquamarine gem on a thin sterling silver ring. “Oh gosh, it’s so pretty,”

“It’s your birthstone, too,”

“I was about to say that,” he eyed the ring, “It’s wonderful, thank you so much,”

“No problem, baby boy,”

“How much did it cost??”

“$135,”

“Jesus Christ on a cross,”

“Don’t worry about it,”

“Well, let’s go get your gift,” The blonde winked, standing up and taking the shorter boy by the hand, leading him to their room. He kneels to the ground, digging under the bed before pulling out a letter and a bottle. “Really nice lavender lotion,” he hands the bottle to Kenny, “Aaand, oh I dunno, it’s pretty insignificant, but uh, here,” he overdramatized, handing the letter to him.

This letter was obviously not from Butters. The address was typed out, as was the name, and it looked way more important.

Kenny’s heart sank, fearing the worst. He looked up at his boyfriend, “Babe, what it-,” he was cut off,

“Babe, open it,”

“MmmnmhMmmmmmnMmphmm,”

He opened the letter and his eyes went wide, a huge smile cracking onto his face.

“Read it out loud,”

“Dear Mr. McCormick and Mr. Stotch, Fuck that sounds fancy, blah blah blah, the jury has overviewed your case, and deemed that indeed, you two should rightfully be in possession of a certain Karen May McCormick, and social workers have deemed your living conditions to be suitable to raise this child, blah blah blah,”

“We did it,”
“We did it,” the strawberry-blonde sniffled, tears brimming in his eyes. They finally did it.

The two boys cuddled in bed for far too long.

“So my parents invited me to their place for new years,”

“No way,” Tweek gawked.

“Yea way,”

“The fucking nerve of those people,” Tweek shook his head, taking a drag of his cigarette.

“They make me fucking sick,” Kenny snarled.

“I think I want to go,”

“Are you serious?” Tweek asked, wide eyed.

“Yea, they invited me. I haven’t been there since they kicked me out a week before I turned 18. They called me a faggot and told me to go die. If they invited me, then I’d assume they want to make amends,”

“I don’t think that’s how it works, but I’m going with you,” Kenny snakes his arm around Butters’ waist, cigarette on his chapped lips.

The pavement they sat on was damp, and it was fucking freezing outside, but that wasn’t going to stop them from having a smoke.

Originally, the plan was to smoke weed, but Butters had a drug test next week, so they decided against it.

“I was thinking of visiting my family before new years, too, actually,” Tweek admit. “I think I’ll bring Craig along, he makes good company,”

“Sure dude, don’t forget to bring a condom,” Kenny laughs.

Tweek snorts and blushes, turning away, “Shut up, dude,”

“He didn’t really strike me as your type,” Butters considered.

“Yea, well, I don’t really know my type,” Tweek sighs.

“He seems like a real genuine guy,” Kenny murmurs, “I think you two would make an excellent couple,” he reassures the shorter boy, taking another drag.

“Thanks,”

A comfortable silence ensues for just a few moments.

“I’m a little scared to go back home, honestly,” the tallest of the three winces.
“Me too,” Kenny states, staring off into space, cigarette in between his fingers.

“Dido,” Tweek scans their surroundings.

Another small silence.

“Well fuck, let’s make this cost effective. Me n’ Leo have to go get Karen on new years day, Leo’s parents want him home on new years eve, and you want to go see your parents,” Kenny directs at Tweek, though the statement was more of him thinking out loud than really talking to someone. Butters giggles quietly, blushing at the nickname. “Let’s all pile in the truck the day before new years eve, I’ll drop you and Craig off. Me n’ Leo can fuck around until then, catch up with whoever’s left in town, then chill with his parents till new years day. As soon as 7am rolls around we’re picking up Karen and getting the fuck out of there,”

“Yea that can work,” Tweek mumbles.

“Then it’s settled,” Kenny sighs. “Babe you sure you’re up for it? We don’t have to if you’re not comfortable,” he rubs his boyfriend’s back comfortingly.

“No, no, I need to do this, I’m ready to do this,” he states.

“Okay, but if you ever need to back out, just tell me,” Kenny plants a kiss on the taller boy’s cheek, “Being an adult doesn’t mean just being brave, it means knowing your weaknesses, too,”

“I know, dear,” he takes a long drag of what’s left of his cig.

“I love you, Buttercup,”

“I love you too,” he grins.

Tweek looks on at the two, and makes a mental note.

Chapter End Notes

Follow my Twitter @RubyCanSeeYou and my Instagram @ruby_rudd

hhh

<33

next chapter you'll get to see Tweek's plan unfold i pROMISE
Craig woke up to his cell phone screaming.

He squinted at the bright screen to see an incoming call from a certain ‘Tweekers’. He accepted the call and put it up to his ear.

“What?” the groggy noirret croaked.

“Oh, did I wake you? Shit I’m sorry;”

“Dude, it’s 5:30, of course you woke me,” he laughed, “It’s fine dude. What’s up?”

“Oh well, I just wanted to let you know about what we’re doing today;”

“Oh, sweet,” Craig sat up and rubbed his eyes as he listened to the blonde.

“Okay, well, I’m trying to keep it somewhat a secret, but, it isn’t a fancy dinner or anything, it’s at a mall, it’s kind of crafty, so don’t wear your best clothes. I’ll pick you up at nine so we can fuck around the mall for a while. If you bring your camera, we can probably film stuff, if you wanna, I dunno,” he trailed off, biting back a smile.

“Sweet, okay, well I guess I might as well get ready, since I’m definitely not going back to sleep now. Anything else I should know about?”

Tweek bit back what he wanted to say, “Uh, no, just, bring a smile,”

“Alright, see you then,”

And thus, Craig’s day started a little early.
Shower, procrastinate looking for clothes by laying on his bed in his underwear staring at the ceiling, Clyde jumping on his bed till he gets up, eating breakfast, finally getting dressed, and laying back on his bed, procrastinating.

Black high-waisted skinny jeans and a white shirt (which hardly fit his torso) with the school logo on it, Brown combat boots, NASA jacket, chullo hat; Messy hair hidden under his hat that always drove his mom crazy.

He scrolled through tumblr, looking at Gorillaz fanart (and some Life Is Strange fanart too). He looked at the time, 9:03. Fuck.

He jumped up from his bed, scurried to his closet, pulling out a small military-green backpack, shoving an extra shirt and his camera in there, threw it on his back, and shot Tweek a text.

~

Star Boy: Ready when you are
Tweekers: I’m almost there!
Star Boy: sweet

~

Craig walked out the door, into the hallway thing, feeling the crisp, cold, air. Walking down the crumbling cement steps and out into the parking lot.

Distracted by his phone, the noiret didn’t see Tweek walk up.

“Hey, Ready to go?”

Craig looked up from his phone to see something that made his chest tighten and his face heat up, “Yea, let’s go,”

They walked in silence for a few minutes, while Craig gathered up the courage to say something.

“You look nice,” the taller boy finally admit.

Tweek smiled and fidgeted with the hem of his skirt, “Thanks, I dunno, it just uh, felt right? To wear, I mean,”

“Yea, it looks good on you,”

Mid-thigh length flowy black skirt with shoulder straps, a green knit sweater, thick dark grey stockings, and black wedges.

They walked along the sidewalks towards some old mall at the edge of town.

The two wandered through the practically empty mall, running around, chasing each other. Craig had his camera out, and he’d film as they ran.

They talked about random things and walked through stores, with no real purpose.
“Okay, let’s go,” Tweek grabbed Craig’s hand and led him through the mall. Craig still had no idea what they were doing.

They passed stores of all kind, toy stores, candy stores, clothing stores of all ages, sexes, and styles, makeup stores, etc. Literally anything and everything.

They walked into a store that had lots of paintings done by kids in the front windows. A nice lady at the front desk greeted Tweek. Curly golden hair, probably around their age, in a red polo shirt and black leggings.

“Hey, Tweek!” She chirped.

“Hey, Bebe,”

“Is this the boy you were telling me about?”

“Yup, that’s Craig, this is his Christmas present,”

“Awe, that’s great, let me get you guys started,”

The interior was filled with all sorts of art supplies, as well as more canvases filled with colour. She led them to one of the picnic tables that was set, and ran off, returning with two white canvases. She ran off a second time and returned with oil paint tubes and two mixing plates.

“Go wild. Lemme know if you need anything,” she walked off.

Craig looked at the blonde boy sitting on the other side of the table, who was already pouring paint onto a mixing plate. The shorter boy met the taller’s gaze. He smiled nervously, “I thought it’d be nice to just, go wild, ya know? I come here once and a while and just paint whatever,”

“I have like, zero experience with paint,”

“That’s alright, you don’t need to be good to have fun,”

Craig cautiously poured paint onto his mixing plate, grabbed a brush that was situated on the middle of the table and carefully began to paint.

“What are you painting?” Craig eyed Tweek’s canvas.

“A field of flowers, you?”

“Uh, I think it’s space, but it’s not turning out quite how I’d like it,” he giggled.

“Welcome to the painting experience,” Tweek laughed, “You’ll get better over time,”

“I have questions I could ask if you want,”

“Yea, that’d be nice,”

“Alright, If you could do Anything for the Rest Of Your Life, what would it be?”

“Like, as a career or something?”
“Yea I guess,”

“Uh, definitely barista. Florist is a close second, though. You?”

“Astronaut exploring space!” Craig shouted enthusiastically. Tweek giggled as they painted.

“Okay, What makes you Feel: Super Loved?”

“Someone who listens and understands my boundaries and shortcomings, honestly,” Tweek shrugs.

“Yea that makes sense. Probably someone who’ll stay up all night taking about nothing or everything with me,” Craig smiled, admittingly a little embarrassed. “Are you more Afraid of Death, or Not Really Living,”

“Shit, that’s a deep question, dude,”

The noiret shrugs, “I read these on some website and basically memorized them, I’m just reading off the list,”

“Well, probably just not really living. Like, what happens after you die??? Is it just nothingness? Are you still conscious? Do you go to heaven or hell? Do you wake up in someone else’s body???”

“I think dying would be worse, I’m not really afraid of being conscious in nothingness,” Craig eyes his painting, deciding it needs more purple, “If you only had one year to live, what would you do?”

“Travel the world, do a bunch of crazy things, like go cliff diving or bungee jumping. Stuff that I’d normally be to afraid to do,”

“Dude that’d be super fun,”

“Yea,”

“I’d try to get myself into the book of world records for something, then I’d really go down in history,” Craig laughed. “What’s something you’ve always wanted to do or have?”

“A tree house,”

“An apocalypse,”

“Dude,” Tweek laughed, “That’s fucked up,”

Craig shrugged. “What is a relationship deal breaker for you?”

“Someone who constantly puts me in uncomfortable situations with no regard to my feelings,”

“Sounds personal,”

“Yea,”

“Someone who leaves their fucking legos all over the god damn floor,”

Tweek laughed until he couldn’t breathe, “Sounds personal,” he joked.

“He was a god damn menace with no regard for my feet,” Craig pouted. “What would you do if your parents didn’t like your partner,”

“Tell them to deal with it,”
“Tell them to fuck off,” they snickered. “What’s an Ideal Weekend for you?”

“Like, doing each other’s nails, and watching mean girls in our pajamas,”

“That sounds fucking wonderful,”

“It is,”

“Going exploring on Saturday, and laying in bed all Sunday,”

“Niiice,”

“Mhm, who can you talk to about Anything?”

“Probably Kenny and Butters. They’re good listeners, and are always good moral support,”

“Yea, those guys are really nice?? It’s so good that you have good roommates. Mine would probably be my roommates,” he laughed. “They’re funny, and they’re always there when I need them, ya know?” Craig shrugs.

“Yea, that makes sense,”

“What kind of parent do you think you’d be?”

“A terrible one,” Tweek laughed, “I’m not really good with kids, they freak me out,”

“I’m magic with kids. Like, they’re always so calm around me?? It’s fucking weird. But I’d probably teach my kids swear words first, just so they walk into kindergarten like ‘fuck this, fuck you, I hate all of you cock suckers’,” the noiret giggled, “I’m a terrible influence,”

“Your kids would constantly be in so much trouble,”

“Yup. What do you do when you’re angry?”

“Have a melt down,” Tweek snickered, “I’m terrible at dealing with anything and everything except coffee,”

“That’s really fucking sad, dude,”

“Yea, well, that’s me,” Tweek shrugs as he paints more orange poppies.

“Hnm, I don’t really know what I do when I’m mad, either sulk in my room like an edgy teenager that just got told they can’t go to the Fall Out Boy concert, or yell. Kind of depends who pisses me off,”

“It’s not a phase mom! Why can’t I go to the Fall Out Boy concert? All my friends get to go!” Tweek mocks what Craig described. They both laughed.

“Yea basically. What’s a Dream you’ve had but Never Told Anybody?”

“I had this dream I was uh,” Tweek covered his mouth with his and as he giggled, a shameful heat rising to his face, “That I was married to Hugh Jackman. We had like, four little kids running around and lived somewhere in Australia or something,”

“Dude, I’d kill to be married to Hugh Jackman,”
“He’s so hot,”

“Definitely,” Craig snorted, “There is no dream that could beat that, but I have a lot of dreams where I meet aliens and shit. Next question, What annoys you the Most about people?”

“Having no regard for the aftermath of their actions, or no regard to history,”

“People who think they’re better than you for literally no reason,”

“That’s a good one,”

“What do you want people to feel when their around you?”

“Safe, I guess,”

“Mm, happy..? Or calm. What’s the best part about your life?”

“Having friends, a stable career, and people like you,” Tweek said absentmindedly, adding the finishing touches to his masterpiece.

“Getting to learn about space, and go into that career field. Did you ever judge someone for the dark secrets they told you?”

“Well, I think you kind of judge people whether you mean to or not, but not heavily. I mean, as long as it’s not something like they killed someone, I don’t judge very hard,”

“I’ve kind of judged people super hard on accident, but usually they were bad news anyway. Do you believe in fate, or destiny?”

“Uh, kind of. I feel like we each sort of have, like, a rough outline of what path we’re going to follow, and that it’s shaped from our life experiences over time, and that somethings were fated to happen. But I’m not hardcore superstitious or anything,”

“I totally believe. I didn’t used to, but shit just kept aligning properly for certain things to happen. So I guess some things are fated to happen, and those things help lead you to your destiny. It sounds dumb, but some things just seem too perfect to be coincidental,”

“Well, that’s cool, dude. I think I’m done with my painting,”

“I’m almost done.. just need to put the final touches,”

Tweek looked over at a blob of dark blue and purple, with some yellow/white stars and a green planet. “Woah, that’s pretty cool,”

“It looks like something you’d do in 5th grade, for an art walk or some shit,”

“Yea kind of, but it’s cute! And imaginative,”

“Thanks,” Craig looked up to see Tweek’s painting. A field of yellow and orange poppies. “I really like how you put some red in there for highlight and contrast,”

“Oh, thanks,” Tweek smiled.

“Should we take these home? Or have them displayed here?”

“Either works fine. I think I’m going to hang mine in the café,”
“That would look nice,”

“Yea,”

“I think I’m going to leave mine here. You’ve gotta take me back here sometime, so we can both get better,”

“That would be really fun,”

“Yea,”

“Thanks for this. This was a great Christmas present,”

“You’re welcome, Star Boy,”

Craig cracked a smile. ‘Star Boy’. Huh, it had a nice ring to it.

Satisfied with how their day went, Tweek and Craig proudly meandered back to the Campus.

Snow drizzled from the sky as they walked.

“So when does the café open back up?”

“The 4th,” Tweek eyed the sidewalk they stepped across. “Oh, I almost forgot, shit,”

“What?” Craig looked at the blonde.

“So Kenny and Butters need to go back to our home town for new years, so they can get Kenny’s sister, so they invited us to come along, so we can see my parents. I mean, we don’t have to, but we can, if you want,”

“Yea, if you’re sure you’re comfortable with that,”

“Yup!”

“Alright then,”

“I’ll text you timing after Kenny and I work it out,”

“Okay,”

The snow falls heavier, and the two find them selves running. Craig (practically chases) Tweek to his apartment complex, waving farewell, and meandering across campus to his apartment complex. Finally, a two story, run down, brick apartment complex, full of all sorts of college kids, with cracked cement stairs, is right in front of him. He cautiously walks up the crumbling steps, looks out of the parking lot, grabs his key, and let’s himself into his apartment, thankful for the warmth it held.

Darkness flooded the sky as Craig curled up on the sofa and laughed along with Clyde and Token, laughing at how terrible Clyde was at Call Of Duty, and him yelling at his friends.

On the other side of campus, Kenny, Butters, and Tweek, converse on timing, and the logistics of
having Karen in the apartment with them.

As soon as the clock strikes nine, Tweek crawls into bed and sleeps softly, content with how the day went.

It wasn’t a date, right? Just to guys being dudes..

Craig was still oblivious to his feelings towards his blonde friend, and the blonde’s feelings towards him.

The noiret was in deep, but he was too senseless to realize what was slowly happening to him and his friend.

Craig’s next question was going to be if Tweek believed in Soulmates.

Tweek would’ve said yes.

Chapter End Notes

The chapters are slowly going to get longer and edgier because I love drama.
;D

Don't forget to comment >;)))
Your comments fucking make my day tbh
Insta @ruby_rudd
Twitter @RubyCanSeeYou
New Years Disasters

Chapter Summary

Peacefully, she fell asleep, and for once, she wasn't cold.

Chapter Notes

The pacing didn't work out quite how I wanted but oh well.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I love when people are like, ‘If your friends jumped off a bridge, would you jump too?’ Like uh, I’m the friend jumping off the bridge,” Craig stated, exasperated, while Tweek looked intently at the noiret as he talked. The two sipped Tea and Coffee, respectively, and chatted while they waited for Kenny to get off work. Butters in his bedroom, packing.

Tweek giggled as the noiret continued on, passionately, about anything and everything.

“Beautiful things happen when you believe in puppies,”

“Where did that come from?”

“My heart,”

“Are you okay,”

“I don’t know,”

Tweek snickered, “You worry me,”

“Awe, come on, saying really random shit is real fun, play along,”

“I just thought about my anxieties and it's like my mind hand-touched a hot memory-stove,”

“It’s my dream to have my name said by harrison ford,”

“I’m too sensitive for life,”

“I’ve got one foot in hell, and another in a hello kitty roller skate,”

“I think I’m subconsciously trying to ruin my own life,”

“My personality is gay and fucked up,”

“So there are about 23 of us crammed in the back of a Toyota minivan careening down the highway and the driver is probably on his 3rd spliff,”

“I think that you are amazing, and I mean that in a completely platonic–unless you don’t want it to
be platonic because I could make that happen right now–sort of way,”

“What?”

“What?”

“What are you guys doing?” Butters interrupts.

“Saying random shit that comes to mind,”

“Oh, well in that case, I have a lot of shit to say,”

“Spew your nonsense,” Craig enthuses.

“You can’t make art, because you are art,” Butters said as he sat down on the sofa next to Tweek.

“I was like, sure, I’ll have a drink or two to end the night early. Next thing I know there’s a ton of dudes in my house, and like, 3 gallons of wine. I can't do anything in moderation,” Craig laughed.

“I can’t believe I’m sitting in space jail with you of all people,” Tweek choked back a laugh.

“I’m so hungry. I want bread. I want to swim in a pool of baguette,” Butters snickered.

“‘A pool of baguette’,” Craig repeated.

“‘A pool of baguette’,” Tweek repeated, laughing at the terrible grammar.

“I think I made a mistake,” Butters muttered.

“I feel like a child but I look like an adult and I think it throws a lot of people off,” Craig sipped his tea.

“Do you think horses have weird dreams?” Tweek inquired.

“Don’t you hate it when you're in relationship but the other person doesn't know,” Butters bit back a laugh.

Craig took a deep breath, “Of course I’m pro-gay, I didn't practice this much to stay an amateur gay,”

“This pool is almost as big as my self-esteem issues,” Tweek snorted.

“God, I sure hope it’s a pool of baguette,” Butters said, sounding almost serious.

Tweek lost it, laughing hysterically.

This was an interesting situation for Kenny to walk in on, but after a moment of observing, he blurted, “I’m the mom friend, but in a really dysfunctional way. Like, ‘You’re gonna get sick if you stay out in the cold like this! Here, have some weed, you won’t feel as cold.’”

They all had a good laugh.

“30 minute drive through a snowy mountain pass, sweet,” Kenny smirked, voice dripping sarcasm.

“It can’t be that bad,” Butters reasoned.
“Hopefully not. I have no patience for weather induced traffic,”

“You’ll live,”

“Hopefully,” Kenny lamented. Butters rolled his eyes at the strawberry-blonde.

“Just text us if shit hits the fan,” Butters warns.

“Thanks. I think this will work out. Let me know how shit goes for you,” Tweek shrugs.

“We will. Good luck,”

“You too, dude,” the old worn down pickup drives off.

Tweek turns on his heels, to face his house, and takes a deep breath.

Craig looks over, concerned, “You alright?”

“Yea, I just fucking hate this place,” he sighs. “Too many memories of shittier times, man. It’s better now than it used to be. I- uh, I guess I’ll have to fill you in on all the drama,”

“You don’t have to if you’re not comfortable with it, Tweek,”

The way Craig’s nasally voice pronounces the blonde’s name, it makes a tingle run up Tweek’s spine. “Yea,”

Cryptic, Craig thought.

Their feet pitter-pattered on the smooth concrete steps to the front door, and a hesitant, but firm knock on the door was made. Tweek stepped back slightly. The two stood there, the blistering winter winds whipping at them and their luggage.

Steps can be heard from inside, eventually the door opens, a man with a rather long nose, and curly cinnamon coloured hair answered the door. He invited them inside and led them to the kitchen, where the smell of a fresh pot of coffee washed over the boys.

“How has school been?” the soft voice of the light brown haired woman unloading the dishwasher asked her son.

“Uh, good, I guess. I mean, I’m not failing, at least,”

“Well that’s..” she hesitates, looking for the right wording, “..good,”

“So, son,” The disgustingly melodic voice of the curly haired man chimes, “Who’d you bring along with you?” he eyes Craig as if he were some sort of alien specimen in area 51.

“Oh, that’s Craig, we’re uh, roommates,” he lies, “He had nothing better to do, so he tagged along,”

“Well it’s nice to meet you, Craig,” he shakes the noiret’s hand, “I’m Richard, and my wife,” he gestures over to the homely housewife, “Veronica,”
She waves her hand, giving Craig a small smile.

The four sat at the dinner table, eating baked chicken, with rice, on the side: being peas and carrots. They all munched in an uncomfortable silence.

“So, Tweek, your ADD seems to have calmed down quite a bit,” the hazel eyed man stated calmly.

Tweek sighed irritably, “I do not have, nor ever had, ADD. That was caffeine and meth,” he growled, “And if you blame my twitchy behavior on ADD one more time, I’ll never fucking talk to you again. You two know what you did, and you can’t blame it on god damn ADD,” he glared at his parents.

“Now, Tweek, you don’t need to be all fussy,” his mother warned, softly.

“Whatever,” Tweek shoved peas and carrots in his mouth, holding back strong words.

The two curled up in Tweek’s childhood bed.

Craig didn’t even bother asking Tweek to elaborate on what had been said at dinner. There was no point. He knew all he needed to know.

“Goodnight, Star Boy,” Tweek whispered.

“Night, Coffee Bean,”

New years eve was never a big deal in South Park. No one really went out of their way to do much more than drink like there was no tomorrow.

Butters and Kenny roamed around town, trying to keep themselves busy for as long as possible, wanting to spent as little time as humanly possible at the Stotch’s house.

Eventually, they worked up the courage to give a hardy knock to the door. Mrs. Stotch opened the door, a smile cracking onto her face, she hugged her son, as well as giving one of those half hugs to Kenny. She let them in, apologizing for having dinner without them.

“No, no it’s fine, sorry we got here so late,” Kenny said softly.

He hated their guts. Leo’s parents were the absolute scum of the earth in Kenny’s eyes. They went up to bed, not bothering to interact with Mr. Stotch. They didn’t want to deal with the drama at that hour.

Drifting off into a slightly uneasy sleep.
Breakfast with the Stotch’s made Kenny want to scream. They acted like they hadn’t kicked their son out and called him an ungodly faggot. Butters was rather pleased that everyone acted like nothing happened. It saved him from the drama, at least till evening.

They chatted about how hard college was, and about what they planned for the future. Other than Mr. Stotch acting a bit obtuse, and Kenny seething with anger, all was well. Butters never let go of the strawberry-blondie, and there was no conflict with that. Kenny clinged to Butters for dear life, afraid of what might happen if he let Butters out of his sight.

Sitting on the couch watching news in silence. Dumb stories about political stuff, stories about celebrities, stories about weather catastrophes. The usual.

No one talked. They all sat in uncomfortable silence.

“So, you said you had a roommate?” Mrs. Stotch couldn’t handle the silence.

“Yea, remember Tweek?” Butters voice was soft, and frankly a bit on edge.

“Oh yes, the Tweak boy,”

“Yea, he’s our roommate,”

“Oh huh. Didn’t he have an, um, substance issue?”

“More like his parents did,” Butters scoffed.

“Oh, okay,” She obviously didn’t understand what that was supposed to mean, but Butters didn’t feel like explaining it.

Eventually, the two boys retreated to Leo’s room, and stayed there until dinner.

“Why did you invite me home?” Butters broke the deafening silence with a bit of poison in his tone.

“I wanted to make amends,”

“I don’t really think I want to forgive you,” Butters said bluntly, “I don’t think I really should forgive you,” he picks at his food, still not bothering to make eye contact with his father.

“Butters,” Mr. Stotch sighed, trying his best to swallow his anger.
"I don’t think,” Butters raises his voice slightly, “I’m supposed to forgive you,” he looks up to glare at his father, “I don’t think you deserve forgiveness.”

Kenny clung tightly to his boyfriend, feeling rather uneasy as to how the Stotch’s would respond to their son’s boldness.

“Butters, can’t we all just put this aside and go back to being a normal family?” Mrs. Stotch practically pleads.

“You’ve been a hypocrite, mentally abusive, physically abusive, emotionally abusive, bigoted, close-minded,” the blonde lists out, voice getting colder and louder with each item listed. “Fuck-you should be paying for my therapy- and you just invite me over, pretend nothing happened, and beg me to forgive you so we can be normal? After all you’ve done to me? No!”

Butters wanted to forgive them so this could be over with, but therapy, as well as Kenny, had taught him that forgiving his parents is not the best thing for him. Forgiveness is important, but when you’ve been forgiving them your whole life, and they ask for your forgiveness, it’s best to stay no. No more manipulation. No more abuse.

“You don’t deserve my forgiveness. I’m done being manipulated,”

“Then please get your things and leave,” Mr. Stotch growled.

“Bye,”

The blonde sighed heavily, head in his hands, in the passenger seat.

“Shh, baby boy, you did the right thing,” Kenny whispers, rubbing Leo’s back softly.

“I know, it just hurts,” he squeaked out, hot tears spilling out of his honey eyes. “I want to forgive them so badly, just so things can go back to the way they were,”

“I know, baby, I know,” the strawberry blonde consoled, solemnly. “I’m so proud of you. Baby boy, I’m so proud of you. You’re so strong and brave,”

Butters sobbed softly in the passenger seat as Kenny whispered sweet nothings to him.

The worn-down Toyota pick-up pulls up to the eyesore of a house that Kenny had grown up in. He knocked on the door softly, smiling when he heard the soft pitter-pattering of feet heading towards the door. The door opened, and a small, smiling girl jumped into Kenny’s arms. She pulled the boys inside and ran to her room to grab her things.

Kenny gave his mother a small hug, and his father a firm hand shake.

“I’m sorry it has to be like this,”

“It’s for the best,” the redhead sighs. “Take good care of her, and get your education. Don’t end up like me and your father,”

“I won’t,”

“I know you won’t,” the redhead smiles.
The pitter-patter of feet can be heard once again, and the small, tawny haired girl dashes towards the two college students. Butters gladly took the small satchel she held in her small hands, smiling at her.

Giving her parents big hugs, and promising to visit them soon, she followed her older brother out to the car.

She watched as the worn-down house faded off into the distance as the car drove towards the highway. She watched the trees and mountains slowly soften out into a large valley. Soon enough, she found herself in the bustle of Denver streets, and eventually right up next to the college. Her surroundings were unfamiliar, but for the first time in a long while, she wasn’t afraid.

She found herself laying on a pull-out couch, cuddled up in between her brother, and one of the kindest people in her life.

Peacefully, she fell asleep, and for once, she wasn’t cold.

Chapter End Notes

I didn't mention Tweek and Craig at the end because it didn't really fit the ending format, but Ken n Leo picked them up and dropped them off lmao
“The Outtakes”

Chapter Summary

"Bro,"
"Bro,"

Chapter Notes

This was super fun to write
I'm currently under a lot of stress
Sorry if this fell short, y'all

Lots of spastic time shifts??
The first bit is from during the holiday season.
A lot of these were concepts for chapters that I couldn't really work out.
The last two bits are from current time hhh

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What the actual fuck are you doing?” Stan spat, holding back a laugh.

“I’m counting how many werewolf erotica novels there are, and reading the blurbs sexually,” the curly redhead giggled.

“I’m disowning you,”

“Yea, that’s fair,” Kyle shrugs.

Stan rolled his eyes and wandered off, scanning the shelves for anything interesting, whilst trying to find his girlfriend.

Wendy read over the blurb of two different books, comparing the two, in the fiction section. When the boy in the brown Carhart jacket’s eyes landed on the jet-black haired girl, he speed-walked to her.

“Whatcha looking at?” Stan asked, looking over her shoulder to see the books.

“I’m trying to decide which one I should get,” she showed both books to the tall boy, “This one is about wizards, this one is about a sci-fi dystopian future,” she gestured to each book accordingly.

“Sweetheart, you can get both,”

“Yea but they’re both like $25 each,”

“That’s alright, I’m not getting anything, and I’m not sure if Kyle is either,”

“Are you sure it’s alright?”
“Wendy,” he raised an eyebrow, scolding her.

“Fine, I’ll get them both,” she sighs, defeated. Stan smiles at her and they both meander back to the gross romance novel section where Kyle looks at a book with an absolutely mortified look.

Stan gives him a quizzical look. Kyle looks up at Stan with the most disgusted and surprised face, handing the taller boy the book.

Stan reads over the blurb, disgust creeping it’s way onto his face.

“Dude,”

“I know, right?” Kyle’s voice cracked.

“What?” Wendy asks, snatching the book out of the raven haired boys hands. She read over the blurb. “Oh jesus,”

“I want to bleach my eyes now,” Stan cringed.

“Same,” the redhead laughed.

“I want to know how someone actually published this and put their name on it,”

“I strive to have that much confidence,” Stan scoffed.

“This is disgusting,” Wendy put the book back on the shelf.

“Let’s pretend we never read that,” Kyle grimaced.

“Agreed,” The noiret sighed.

“You can’t ruin Chrismukkah. It’s got twice the resistance of any normal holiday,” Stan nagged, pulling at Wendy’s sleeve.

“What,” the redhead asked, absolutely befuddled.

“No stop,” Wendy shook her head.

“Chrismukkah,” Stan cheered.

“I want a divorce,” Kyle said dramatically.

“You can’t divorce me if you never married me,” Stan reasons.

“Well then let’s get married so I can divorce you. Let’s have some kids while we’re at it. I’ll take them with me because of how terrible your ideas are,” the ginger giggles.

“Sometimes I wonder why I’m still dating you guys,” Wendy sighs, thoroughly disappointed in Stan’s shenanigans.

“Because you love us,” the noiret chirped, placing a kiss onto Wendy’s cheek.

“Yea,” she smiled, voice cracking in defeat.

Kyle snickered as the three wandered around their hometown, snow softly falling onto them. “We
should probably head back soon, mom’ll kill me if we’re late for dinner;”

“Ugh, but it’s so nice being back here,”

“Let’s at least head back in that direction, I don’t want your mom to murder you,” Wendy snickered.

“I told you!” Stan exclaimed.

“Oh shut up, help them,” Wendy scoffed.

Stan begrudgingly helped Kyle, Butters, and Kenny shove the new mattress into the polysquad's room. Using their manly strength, they managed to get it onto the new bed frame that definitely didn’t take 2 hours to understand the instructions. They plopped themselves onto their hard work, catching their breath.

“This is comfy,” Butters exclaims.

“Yea, and unnecessary,” Stan pouted.

“Oh, shut up, you,” Wendy glared and plopped down as well. “Shit, this is even more comfy than it was at the store;”

“Mmmmmmmnnngggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh,” Kyle groaned in agreement.

“You promised us food for our hard work,” Kenny sat up to look at Wendy.

“Yea, yea, yea, it’s in the oven,”

“Thank god, I’m so hungry,” Butters sighed, smiling.

“Dude I’ve missed having you guys over,” Stan blubbered.

“Yea,” Kyle says softly, still catching his breath.

“Working all the fucking time, and being busy with school kind of ruined all our free time,” Kenny says, apologetically.

“Yea man, I get it. We should totally spend more time together, though,” the noiret suggests.

“Yea, we should,” Butters blurts.

“We can smoke weed and get all sappy, and be all nostalgic together,” Stan smiles widely at the thought.

“I’m down,”

“Yea,”

“Yea,”
The oven chimes and Wendy darts out of the room.

"Dinner’s ready!"

"Awe fuck yea," Kenny exclaims.


"What type of conversation are you having??"

"I’m talking to Kyle," he whispers.

"Oohhh,"

Stan returned to his phone conversation, leaving Wendy to listen in confusion.

"Remember that one time I got high and called Hamlet The Fresh Prince of Denmark?"

Stan’s phone conversations are weird..


"Do you think we can leave if we say we’re getting coffee and offer to get them a coffee?" Stan whispered to Kyle.

"I hope so," he whispered back.

The cafeteria table was tired of listening to what this kid had to say about the stock market, the murder of cows, and how those tied into 9/11.

"Yo, we’re getting coffee, you want one?"

"Uh yea sure, venti latte. As I was saying, since jet fuel can’t melt steal beams, what melted them? That’s where the cows come in-“ was all they heard as the two hightailed it right the fuck out of there.

"That guy is fucking terrifying," Stan sighed in relief as they made their way out of the commons.

"He was about to give me an existential crisis," the curly haired boy shook his head and leaned into Stan.

.. 

"Ugh, I have the stupid science class that’s required for some fucking reason in 45 minutes," Stan cursed.
“Well, we still have time.. you wanna..?”

Stan pondered it for a bit, wanting to maintain his self-control and say no, “Hnng, Fuck Yea,” he kissed the ginger and they ran for their apartment.

“So you want to tell me why you were 15 minutes late to class?” Wendy glanced accusingly at Stan.

“Uhhhhhhhhhh,”

“Stan,” she prodded.

“I tried to say no, but,”

“But?”

“We have no self-control,” Kyle admit, holding back a laugh.

“You two are insufferable,”

“You’re just mad because you weren’t here to get in on the action,”

“Yea,”

“Well, we can make it up to you,” Stan shrugged, shit eating grin on his face.

Wendy sighed, “I want to be mad at you, I want to so badly, but I can’t. Let’s do this,”

“Who left an ice cube on the floor to melt? My sock if WET, someone’s gonna have to PAY,” Kenny yelled. Butters busted out laughing in the other room.

New brown leggings, new black snow boots, new pink coat, new blue sweater underneath, new wool socks, new undergarments. Fresh snow, fresh soft hair, fresh clean skin.

Karen never really thought she’d get the chance to feel reborn like this.

She ran around, chasing Butters through the fresh snow as it softly fell from the sky.

Kenny looked on, happily.

A deep breath in, and out.

God, he’s missed his little sister so much.

So how does he show his love for her?

By throwing a snowball.
Dead centre.
In her face.
She squeals and chases him, throwing snowballs at him.
This is nice.
This is really nice.

“So how are you liking your new school?” the blonde prods as he stirs the macaroni & cheese.

“It’s really fancy looking. Some of the kids look super expensive, but some kids look like they live in a box on the street,”

“Is that a good thing?”

“Oh, it’s not a negative thing, I guess. Diversity. I’m not the poorest looking kid there,” Karen smiles.

“That’s good. How are you liking your teachers?”

“Uh, for the most part they aren’t that bad. Mrs. Anderson is really rude, and um, kind of dumb? Like, she never really thinks about anything. She just yells at people and tells us to turn to page five,”

“Oh, yea, there’s a lot of teachers like that,”

“Mr. Werner was the best, though!! He’s like, the dad who talks you through stuff, and teaches in a really fun way. He’s super down to earth, and he’s super real with us,”

“Oh? I can’t wait to meet him,”

“I think he’ll like you a lot,” Karen kicks her feet as she sat on the counter, looking at the macaroni.

“Leo?”

“Mhm?”

“Is Kenny okay? Like, he’s not killing himself trying to make ends meet, right?”

“He’s under a lot of pressure, and I’ll admit, it’s not really healthy, but no, he’s not killing himself working. We both do have to work very hard at our jobs to make ends meet, but at the end of the day, we’re both happy and healthy. Don’t you worry,” he boops her nose and grants a reassuring smile.

“Okay, good. He worries me sometimes,”

“He worries me, too,” Butters giggles, “But he’s one tough cookie, he can get through anything.
And we get to be his support team,” he winks.

“Yay!”

“Could you get some bowls for us? The macaroni is ready,”

“Sweet,”

“Sweet,”

“Bro, bro, your hand looks heavy, let me hold it for you,” Clyde giggles as they trot through campus, sore and tired from football practice.

“Bro,” Token giggles.

“Bro,”

“No homo, tho,”

“No homo,” their fingers intertwine. “How’s your girlfriend?”

“Oh, she’s good. Super busy, but good,”

“I still don’t know how you managed to snag Bebe, I’m jealous,”

“You should be. I have no clue how I got her, but she’s mine and I’m going to cherish the time we have together,”

“That’s really gross,”

“Bro,”

“Bro,”

“Sorry, we’re all out of bitter revenge right now, so it’s tea or nothing,” Clyde says, trying to keep a serious tone.

“Awe, damn, guess I’ll be having tea. Green, please,” Craig plays along.

“And Token?”

“Uh, that berry tea that you made for me last Saturday. That was fucking magical,”

“The power of good taste in disposable bags of herbs flows through my veins,” Clyde chides, getting started on their drinks.

Steamy mugs of goodness are delivered to Clyde’s roommates, as he joins them on the couch.
Judge Judy plays on the TV, though the volume is low, and their busy chattering.

“Token, I swear to god, if your grades are better than a B-, I’m going to call the police,” Craig groans.

Token scrolls through his phone, pulling up his grades. “A-, B+, A, B, B+,”

“I hate you so much,”

“I don’t understand why I’m not constantly surrounded by babes, I play football, I have nice hair, a decent smile, I admit a meme page, I don’t act like a perv or a total fuckboy.. what am I doing wrong???”

“Maybe you’re secretly gay and you don’t know it,” Token suggests.

“No, that’s Craig,”

“No, I’m fully gay. I strut my homosexuality like a fucking Peacock, there is no secret to this super power,” Craig demands.

“Huh,”

“Well man, I dunno, maybe you need to go flirt,” Token shrugs.

“I just want to not be single for once,”

“Good luck with that,” Craig snorts.

“Hey fuck you man, fuck you and your secret boyfriend,”

“First of all, don’t talk about him like that, second of all, he’s not my secret boyfriend,”

“Oh? Are you admitting you aren’t single,”

“I am not dating Tweek,”

“Not yet,” Clyde giggles.

“Fuck you guys,”

“No, fuck Tweek,”

“Not funny,” Craig rolls his eyes.

“Very funny,” Token nods approvingly.
“Ya know, Craig, you’re kind of annoying,” Kenny admits.

“I’m ‘Kind of annoying’? ‘Kind of’? Excuse me? Excuse you, I’m fully annoying. I am VERY annoying. There is nothing half-assed, half-hearted, or ‘kind-of’ about it,” Craig protests, insulted.

“Alright man, just making sure you’re aware,”

“Fuck you,” Craig says, half-heartedly.

“Yea, whatever,” the strawberry-blond sighs, amused. “You’re funny, I’m glad Tweek pulled you into our circle,”

“Yeet,”

“Yeet,”

“What are you fellas talking about?”

“Yeet,”

“I?????????”

“Yeet,”

“Dude, are you okay? You look like shit?” Craig asks, concerned. “Or- well, more shitty than you already do,” he winks.

“Yea man, I’m just having an existential crisis,”

“Dude, that’s not really an okay thing,”

Tweek shrugs, “Eh, having an existential crisis is just a normal Tuesday thing for me,”

“Dude, it’s Thursday,”

“It’s Thurday??? Oh GOD I HAVE SO MANY THINGS TO DO AAAAAAAA,”

“I will help you, but only because you’re my friend,”

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA,”

“I SWEAR I HAVEN’T WORN A PAIR OF MY OWN UNDERWEAR IN OVER A YEAR THERE IS JUST SO MUCH FUCKING UNDERWEAR IN THIS HOUSEHOLD GODDAMN,”

Butters laughed his ass off as Karen sighed, shaking her head.
“DO I EVEN OWN UNDERWEAR ANYMORE???”

“Babe, calm down,”

“DO I EVEN OWN UNDERWEAR ANYMORE?? OH MY G O D DID THEY ALL MAGICALLY DISAPPEAR?? WAS TWEEN RIGHT ABOUT THE UNDERPANTS GNOMES??”

“Babe, your underwear are in the wash, chill,”

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA HOW CAN I CHILL??”

“By not yelling?”

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA,”

“Now you just sound like Tweek,”

“I’M GOING TO BED NOW,”

“Love you, babe,”

“LOVE YOU TOO,”

“Should I be concerned?” Karen looks up at Butters.

“I don’t even know,”

“Should I ask?”

“No,”

“Huh,” she stares off, puzzled, before returning to her homework. “Can you help me with this? This question as so many grammatical errors that I can’t even tell what they want me to do,”

“Yea, what lesson?”

“Graphing quadrilaterals, I think?”

“Yuck,”

“Indeed,”

.

“PUT THAT BACK WHERE IT CAME FROM OR SO HELP ME GOD I WILL RIP YOUR ARM OFF,” Kyle screamed at Stan, who was holding a chocolate bar the size of his torso.

“BUT WE COULD LIVE OFF THIS FOR W E E K S,”

“N O,”

“YE S,”
“You two are absolutely insufferable,” Wendy pinched the bridge of her nose in shame.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHH,”

“Dude, where the fuck is Craig?”

“With Tweek,”

“Jesus Christ, and they still aren’t fucking yet?”

“Nope,” Token sighed, sipping his hot chocolate.

“They are ruining everything,”

“You’re just jealous,”

“yEA I AM,”

“I really fucking like skittles, man,” Craig explained, shoving seven bags of the colourful candy onto the grocery belt.

“You’re paying for that yourself,” Tweek stared wide eyed at all that candy.

“Yea, I figured,”

“Man, do you ever just want to scream and then drown?” Tweek sighs.

“Yea,” Craig laughs.

“Yea,” Tweek repeats.

“Yea,” Craig repeats.

“Yea,”

“Nice conversation,”

“Yea,” Tweek repeats.

“I’m so high on sugar right now,” Craig laughed hysterically.
“This was a terrible idea,”
“Man, you never stopped me,”
“God forgive me,”

“Kenny?”
“Yea?”
“I think I’m in love,”
“I know, dude,”
“How?”
“I can see the look in your eyes every time Craig talks,”
“Hnnnnnggggggg,”
“You should just tell him,”
“Uggghhhhh, I’m going to sleep,”
“Night dude,”
“Night,”

“Bro,” Clyde said over the phone.
“Bro,” Token repeat.
“I might have burnt the noodles,”
“Clyde, how the actual fuck can you burn noodles?”
“I forgot to put in water,”
“How can you forget to put in the water??”
“I dunno, man! Just don’t forget to buy more noodles on your way back,”
“Yea yea yea,”
“Shush,”
Chapter End Notes

??? There's almost no plot but it was still over 2000 words
how the fUCK

The next chapter will make more sense, I promise
“Tweek?” a tired voice asked.
“Craig?” this was not what Tweek was expecting.
“I can’t sleep,”
“Me neither,”
“Can you open the front door?”

Tweek lay, restless.
Staring at the ceiling, with his hands folded over his abdomen. His eyes scanned the dull ceiling mindlessly, the deafening silence screamed in his ears.

He was jerked out of his living-dead state with the sound of his phone ringing. His heart beat loudly in his ears, adrenaline pumping. He took a few deep breaths to calm him, and answered the phone, hesitantly.

“Tweek?” a tired voice asked.
“Craig?” this was not what Tweek was expecting.
“I can’t sleep,”
“Me neither,”
“Can you open the front door?”
“Wh-at..”
“Open the door,” the noiret repeated.

Tweek numbly pulled himself out of the warm sheets of his bed, bare feet hitting the cruffy floor. He clomped out of his room, wincing at the cold wood floor of the main room. He walked over to
the front door, opening it cautiously. To his surprise, a very disheveled Craig Tucker smiled at the short boy.

“I-I, sorry, I didn’t really know what else to do. I figured you’d be awake.. so I.. came here,” he explained in an apologetic, hushed tone.

Tweek squinted through the dark to see sparkly cerulean eyes, a fuzzy warmth crawling into his chest and stomach. “No, it’s fine, come in,” the blonde stepped aside, inviting Star Boy into the dark room. This was an interesting turn of events, but Tweek didn’t mind at all.

They walked into Tweek’s room, softly shutting the door behind them. Tweek noticed the backpack Craig carried, eyeing it carefully.

Craig plopped himself on Tweek’s bed, rather timidly. Tweek crawled back under the now cold sheets, looking to the mysterious boy who sat at the end of his bed, staring at the ground. Craig looked up at the pale boy, eyeing him softly. After a moment of hesitation and concentration, Craig pushed his sloppily tied shoes off his feet, pulling his knees up to his chest.

“Craig, are you okay?”

“I don’t know,” the taller boy murmured into his knees.

“Do you.. want to talk about it?”

“I-,” he sighed in frustration, trying to gather his thoughts. “Do you ever just feel like some monster Stole all your Insides while you weren’t Paying Attention, and then you’re just left with a Static-y Void? Like, Liquid Negativity?” he started, running his hand through his messy black hair that Tweek was so fond of. “Because I just kind of, opened my eyes, and I was just- Empty,”

“That happens to me a lot, you’re not alone,”

“It just- it sucks- so much. I Hate It,” Craig grumbles, swallowing hard. “I- I Didn’t Know What To Do, I Needed to Clear My Head, so I just.. Walked.. A-and I ended up Here,”

Tweek nodded. He was (understandingly) taken aback, having never heard Craig spill his heart so much, and sound so.. emotional. He sounded human for once, and he was spilling out everything to Tweek. As much as Tweek felt honored, he was rather worried. He didn’t really know what to do, all he could manage to say was “I’m glad you’re here,” voice soft, feeling all warm and fuzzy again.

“Me too. You make the Void go away,” Craig smiled bittersweetly. He looked at the other boy, his sparkly blue eyes meeting Tweek’s sea-green ones.

Tweek couldn’t breathe, but for once, it wasn’t out of panic. He smiled widely at the cute boy at the end of his bed.

Tweek’s smile was infectious, and the cynical lamppost found himself smiling back.

Tweek fiddled with the buttons of his night shirt (the lavender one with gray cats on it, not the green one with yellow cats on it) which Craig found absolutely Adorable.

Craig’s Gorillaz shirt was all wrinkled, but Coffee Bean didn’t mind. Craig was wearing the black skinny jeans with the rips in them that made Tweek light headed, and grey socks. Something twinkly under Craig’s nose.
After closer inspection, Tweek identified it as a… silver nose ring?

“Dude?”

“Yea?”

“Are you wearing a nose ring?”

“O-oh, yea, we had been talking about piercings, and I saw it at Hot Topic and Couldn’t Resist,” the noirret smiles bashfully.

“It’s cute,”

Tweek panicked for a split second at his choice in wording, before seeing Craig’s reaction, which made everything worth it.

“Thanks,” Craig said, slightly taken aback, and certainly flattered, a light blush dusting his cheeks. He looked away nervously, eyes landing on his backpack, sitting next to his shoes. He bent down and reached inside, pulling out a book that (from what Tweek could see in the dim light) was about space.

“This is the updated version of the First book about Space that I got. My grandma had given it to me for my 8\textsuperscript{th} birthday. I’ve been obsessed with Space ever since,” Craig gushes, quietly. “It’s got a lot of really pretty pictures that re-“ Craig stops himself, “Well, uh, they’re pretty, and I wanted to show them to you,” he pulled his phone out of his back pocket, turning on the flashlight feature.

Tweek scooted over next to the noirret, eyeing the book curiously. Tweek was a little confused as to what the taller boy had stumbled on (or avoided) in his wording, but he dropped it and paid attention to the book, and Craig’s soft, nasally voice, as he gushed about stars and nebulas. Craig would point at the pictures in the light of his phone, reading what went along with the many photos, then going on and on about something related to the picture that he learned, or loved, or thought was neat.

The pictures were pretty, but none even close to rival Craig’s beauty, Tweek thought. None of the galaxies on the pages could compete with the starry-eyed space boy.

“Billions upon billions of galaxies! All so unique! All so far away! So many different shapes, like the irregulars, or the ellipticals, or the famous spiral! So many different stars, and planets. So many different colours..” Craig said so enthusiastically. “The heart of The Milky Way is 600 light-years wide! And it’s got Supernovas, and billions of stars, and it’s speculated that in the very centre, there’s a black hole,”

“W-wouldn’t that mean we’re slowly getting sucked in?” Tweek shivered at the thought.

“It’s possible, but it seems, at least so far, that it’s stable, so it’s not like it’s going to suck us in within our lifetime,” Craig reassured his friend, opting to snuggle closer to him. “Look, these are baby stars, the centre of The Milky Way is so harsh, scientists didn’t even think stars could form, but these little guys were spotted in 2009, all less than a million years old, wrapped in gas and dust,”

“They’re so.. vibrant,”

“Yea, that’s partly because of the filtering and lighting used to make it more visible, but yea, they look like they’d fit right into the 90s,”
Tweek snickered, “Yea,”

Craig turned the page. “Dude!,” he gasped. “These are Magellanic Clouds. They were originally thought to be tangled up in our galaxy’s gravity, but recent studies suggest they’re just passing by,”

“Passing by?”

“Yea, like, they’re going their own way in the big abyss of space, and we’re going ours. They’re just walking on the other side of the sidewalk,” Craig metaphorized.

“Oh, woah,”

“They contain a shit ton of Supernovas, too, which are so colourful and bright. Oh and over here,” he points to the other page, “This is the Tarantula Nebula, and that picture right there is a.. nursery of sorts. It’s like this nice little cluster for stars to form,”

“Woah, it’s so vibrant,”

“Yea,”

“Woah, what’s that?” Tweek pointed to the first image of the next page.

“Oh! These are the neighbours! That’s Andromeda, she’s the biggest, two and a half times bigger, and is a beautiful spiral galaxy. She emits a lot of super-hot gas, thought to be due to neutron stars, or black holes. This one down here, she’s my favourite,” Craig gushed, pointing to the bottom of the page, “That’s the Triangulum Galaxy. She’s the third biggest, and supposedly, she follows Andromeda around. She’s a really cool pin-wheel shape. In this picture she’s got a nice purple-blue-pink hue, which is why she’s my favourite, and in this ultraviolet infrared image it shows she has a lot of new stars in the centre, that’s what all the blue is. And you see some of those really big red ones at the end? Those are stars that are dying. That one over there looks like it might even be a Red Giant. Those ones go out with a big boom,” Craig explained, full of passion. Tweek might not really understand what Craig was talking about, but it was still cool, and seeing Craig happy, made Tweek happy. The noiret flipped the page, getting even more hyped at what he saw. “This is a (digitally enhanced) picture of The Heart of The Milky Way. That’s Sagittarius A, it’s the supermassive black hole we’re supposedly orbiting. That’s the Pistol Star, it’s the brightest known star in the galaxy. And this is a Binary star, it’s either got a neutron star, or a black hole orbiting it,”

“Dude, that Pistol Star looks so weird,”

“I know, right?” Craig giggled, smiling widely at Tweek. “Sometimes galaxies collide, and when they do..” he flipped the page, “This happens! Over millions of years, of course. The Mice are pretty cool, with their tails and all. ARP 194 would probably be the album cover if I was a musician, because of it’s colours n shit. The Antennae looks so fucking cool, too,”

“What’s your favourite planet in our solar system?” Craig asked, impishly.

“Uh, Saturn, I guess,”

“Then let me tell you about it,” Craig smiled widely, ”Firstly, a note, the Cassini mission took some fucking amazing pictures, so most of these on this page are actually from that, but anyway,” he clears his throat, “So it’s a gas planet, though I sure you knew that already. It’s got a thin, gaseous atmosphere, the thick outer layer made of liquid hydrogen and helium, the inner layer of
liquid metallic hydrogen and helium, and the core, made of rock and ice. The A ring was the first ring to be discovered. Then there’s that really cool looking gap in between. B ring is the widest. Then there’s C and D ring, which are thin, and are usually just called C ring, since there’s no significant difference between them. It has a lot of cool storms, too. It’s got 62 moons, a 10.6 hour day, one year is 29.4 Earth-Years, and it’s 870 million miles from the sun. Look at the polar lights! It’s got a strong magnetic field, so it has some pent up energy, and clashes with the atmosphere, making an aurora,” Craig turns the page.

“Woah,”

“Yea, that’s Saturn from behind. Marvelous, isn’t it?”

“Dude, that’s so fucking cool,”

Craig giggled, “Yea, it’s pretty sick,”

“What’s YOUR favourite planet?”

“Ooh, toughy. Jupiter looks the coolest, but Neptune will always have a special place in my heart,”

“You really like blue, huh?”

“Yea,” Craig snickered. “Did you know Uranus has black rings?”

“What? I thought it was just one thin red ring,”

“Nope, it’s got black rings,”

“Dude,”

“Yea, crazy?”

“Yea,”

.

“Nebulas!!! Cat’s Eye, Red Rectangle, Egg, Butterfly, Eskimo,”

“Holy shit, those are really cool,”

“Which one’s your favourite?”

“Cat’s Eye, it looks to complicated to be natural, dude,”

“Haha, yea, it’s rad. Mine’s the Eskimo. It looks almost like a blank canvas; it makes me want to draw on it,”

“You should,”

“Maybe I will,”

.

“So neutron stars are these big bad giants?”

“Neutron stars are really small, actually. Only about 6 miles across. But they’re super dense, and they’re created from Supernovas,”
“That’s really fucking small, compared to 600 million light years or whatever the fuck,”

“Yea. They’re small and feisty, kinda like you,” Craig winked.

“Don’t test me, lamppost,”

“Try me, shorty,”

“Dude, I’d name my kids shit like Apollo, Astrid, Nova, Lyra, Luna, Castor. Shit like that. Just so they can be named after shit I already love, and I’d just get to love them even more for that.”

“That’s super cute,”

“It’s true, though. I have no self control,”

“You are the most fucking sappy person I’ve ever met, it’s so unexpected and disgusting. You’re lucky you’re cute,” Tweek swore.

Craig stuck his tongue out in protest and they laughed at each other.

Watching the starry-eyed Craig talk about Supernovas and Star Clusters might be the most wonderful thing Tweek has ever done. Craig’s smile, his voice, the twinkle in his eyes, all of it, made Tweek’s heart melt even more.

They fell asleep on each other, with Craig’s arm snaking around Tweek’s waist, blankets and limbs tangled.

God Tweek was so in love.

It’s fucking disgusting.

Chapter End Notes

oof I'm tired
It took an hour and a half to put in all those links and no one's going to even go to the websites lmfao rip
hhhh
none of the pictures or information is mine, they belong to NASA, National Geographic, the USA government, whatever the fuck. I got all this info from SPACE: A Visual Encyclopedia
why the fucketh did I link a bunch of it?
Because I Fucking Love Space
Skippy

Chapter Summary

The one where I can't write well

Chapter Notes

It's vvv skippy
Soz

This all happens between Saturday 1/6/2018 and Monday 1/8/2018 btw

The shit the boys say in German and French is important ;))) and also poorly translated
I'm shit at German and I used google translate for French oops

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Your mullet looks stupid,”

“Excuse you,” Kenny feigned offence.

“It smells nice, though,” Karen giggled.

“Frick you, hater,”

“Frick you, too, dorkus,”

“Owie my feelings,”

“Hhh,”

“I love you,”

“Love you too, big bro,”

.

“It’s so not okay that he can just say horrible things like that and get away with it,” Wendy ranted.

“And the way he treats his job is absolutely despicable,” Kyle snarled.

Stan rolled his eyes, reaching for the remote. He searched through channels as the two continued to rant about some news guy. This is why they don’t watch the news.
“And do you see the way he’s dressed? It’s like he has no regard for his pride,”

“And how he called Keller a fat ox? Horrifying,”

“He’s atrocious, I don’t even know how he hasn’t lost his job,”

“We should protest against him,”

“ALRIGHT IMMA STOP Y’ALL THERE,” Stan yelled. “THE LAST THING WE NEED IS YOU TWO PROTESTING, THAT ALWAYS LEADS TO SOMEONE GETTING BAILED OUT OF JAIL,”

“But it’s absolutely awful, and shouldn’t be-,” Kyle tried to reason,

“SWEETHEART, DROP IT,” Stan objected, “The only thing you guys need to be passionate about is each other,”


“We love you,” Kyle laughed.

“Love you, too,” The noiret snickered at his determined partners.

.

“Dude, you write poetry?”

“I kind of picked it up along the way,” Craig admit, rather embarrassed. “It’s dumb, I’m no good,”

“Nonsense, you can’t be that bad,” Tweek reasoned. “I think it’s cute,”

“Whatever, dude, whatever,” Craig changed the subject.

.

~

Cregg: Dude
Cregg: hELP
Virgin: what
Cregg: tweek is wearing eyeliner and I don’t know how to feel
Virgin: hot
Virgin: dude
Virgin: play it cool
Virgin: give him lil compliments along the way
Virgin: also try not to stare too much
Virgin: it makes people uncomfortable
Cregg: hhhhhhhhhhhhh
Cregg: clyde if I die today, you and token get all my shit
Virgin: fuck yea
Cregg: except for my art stuff
Cregg: tricia gets all my art stuff
Virgin: noted

~
Tweek fiddled with his coffee mug, glancing over at the counter occasionally, making sure Stan and Kyle didn’t need his help.

“You, um, look nice today,”

Tweek looked up at Craig, who was avoiding eye contact.

“You’re really good at eyeliner, you should teach Tricia sometime,”

“Oh, thanks!” Tweek smiled, happily, “Yea, I guess it’s a gift, I have no clue how I can do it, but I’d be willing to help her out,” he giggled and kicked his feet under the table.

Craig typed away at his computer, peeking to see Tweek every now and then.

“So, what’s up? Tell me about life. You’re too quiet,” Craig murmured, trying to break the unbearable awkward silence.

“Oh, well, Karen stared school, she’s liking it so far, Butters and Kenny’s anniversary is coming up in a few weeks, I have another person applying to work here,” he paused, thinking, “Um, I think that’s it. What about you?”

“Clyde’s trying to get a girlfriend, I turn 20 on the 19th. Clyde and Token are thinking of living in the dorms next year, because it’s cheaper and they’re no longer afraid of the campus. Um, I’ve got a test coming up, and I’m writing a script for a film I want to enter into the summer film festival, and I’m chilling with you,”

“Oh cool,” the blonde replied coolly.

“How are you?”

Tweek stared at his coffee, “Um, good, I guess,”

“Are you sure? You’re a lot more melancholy than usual,”

“I’m tired, and I’ve got a lot on my mind, sorry. I’m actually pretty great, I guess I’m just kind of drifting off into thought. How are you?” he smiled, looking up at the noiret.
“Eh, tired. Is there… anything you want to talk about?”

“Uhm, not really, I just,” he paused, collecting his thoughts, “Once I get off work, do you want to walk with me? I guess, um, you’d just be following me wherever we end up, but,”

“Yea, that’d be nice. Escape the monotony,”

“Huh,”

“What?”

“Now that I think of it, you end up at my place a lot, don’t you?”

“Yea, haha, It’s nice, your bed is super comfortable,”

“Oh, I thought you’d kind of hate crashing at my place so often,”

“Naw, it’s a nice escape from Clyde and Token. They’re fun, but they can be a little.. boisterous,”

“Ah,”

“Your bunch is much more tame,” he looked up from his laptop and smiled.

“God they are so in love,”

“Tweek called me the other night and told me that he’s got a huge crush on him, and not to mess it up,” Kyle giggled.

“And you didn’t tell me??”

“Sorry, guess it slipped my mind,” he shrugged apologetically.

“You suck,”

“Indeed,” Kyle giggles.

“Oh, fuck off,” Stan teasingly shoves the redhead.

“Give it back!” a young girl yells, giggling, as the pitter-patter of her small feet can be heard through the door.

“Never!” a tired boy yells back, the clomping of his boots lead Craig to believe he’s being chased.

Tweek sighs, unlocking and opening the door. Inside, Kenny is running for his life, carrying a piece of paper, as the small brunette chases after him. His baggy clothes look wrinkled and worn out, sweatpants draping over his hips. Karen looks better dressed, with newer, better fitting clothes. It’s easy to tell who Kenny puts first when it comes to spending money.

Craig snickers as they enter, shutting the door behind him, and basking in the wonderful warmth of
Tweek’s apartment.

Karen tackles her older brother, them both falling to the floor, laughing. Butters snickers at them from afar.

“Oh, Tweek! You brought Craig along. How are you both?” Butters greets them warmly, walking towards them.

“Work was busy, nice to be home,” Tweek sighed, smiling at the tall blonde.

“Ditto,” Craig snorted.

“Craig staying the night?”

“Might as well, this is practically his home now,” Tweek jokes.

“For real, I think I’ve spent more time here in the past month than I have at the apartment that I pay for,” Craig snickers.

“Well, it’s always nice to have you around,” Butters smiles, wandering to the kitchen.

“Honey?” Kenny inquires loud enough to get Butters’ attention, pushing Karen as they giggle and roll around the floor.

“Yea, dear?”

“What’s the plan for dinner?”

“Leftover chicken with steamed broccoli and Hawaiian rolls,”

“Sweet, when do we start?”

Leo giggled, “Now if you want,”

“Yay!”


“Yea, dude, guinea pigs were my thing, I fucking loved them,”

“You? Mr. Broody douchebag? Had a soft spot for guinea pigs?”

Craig’s eyes shifted, slightly flustered, “Well, when you put it that way..” Craig ran a hand under his hat, “Everyone has a soft spot, I guess. I never really thought it was a big deal,”

“It’s just so.. Cute. You’re so full of surprises,” Tweek gushed. “Tell me another surprising thing about you!!”

“Uhh, I can play ukulele? I mean, I can kind of play ukulele, I’m not great at it.. and I haven’t played it in a long time.. but yea,”

“I can play piano,”

“Dude, I suck at piano. There was just something about it.. I could never get the notes and melodies right,” He laughed.
“Music is hard,”

“But fun,”

“Yea,”

Tweek lay tangled in blankets, staring at the ceiling, talking instead of sleeping. “What’s your favourite place in the whole world?”

“Oh, to go to?”

“No, just to look at, or think about,”


“Some flowery meadow, probably somewhere in Missouri,”

“What languages do you speak?”

“Um, I’m not really fluent in any language, but I know bits and pieces of different languages. I know a decent bit of French, though,” Craig shrugged, “What about you?”

“Oh, French? Fancy~. Um, I know a surprising amount of Mongolian.. uh, don’t ask. I speak German, though,”


“Long story,”

Craig giggled. “I don’t think I even know what Mongolian sounds like..”

“It sounds really weird when you take it in the context of Mongols invading China,”

They laughed.

Conversation dulled down, and it seemed like they were going to drift off to sleep.

“Dude, I tried to teach myself Italian when I was like, 9,” Craig blurt out.

“What?”

“Yea, like, I thought it sounded cool or whatever, so I tried to teach myself Italian. I completely forgot like half of what I learned, so now I just know like.. two swears, and a few sentences of random bullshit. Like.. Fottuto idiota,”

“What does that mean?”

“Fucking idiot,” Craig snickered.

Tweek laughed, “That’s pathetic,”

“Yea,“

“Speak French, loser,”

“Je suis terrible à ce,” he stuttered, “Um, Je pense que tu es vraiment jolie. Ne me déteste pas, mais
je pense que je veux t'embrasser,” he didn’t sound great, and his pronunciation needed work, but it still mesmerized the boy laying next to him.

“Woah, you’re really good,”

“Haha, I need more practice,”

“What did you say?”

“Oh,” Craig caught his fatal flaw, “Um, I don’t even really know,” he lied.

“Oh, too bad, it sounded cute,”

“How about you speak some German?”

The coarseness that was the German language, up against Tweek’s soft voice, made for a spine tingling combination. “Ihre Augen sind schön,” he blushed slightly, turning to look at the tall boy. “Ich denke dass du süß bist,” the way the words rolled of his tongue, left Craig staring doe-eyed at the blonde.

“Woah, that sounds really cool. Say some more,”

“Ich bin so froh, dass du das nicht verstehst. Um, Lieber, kannst du nicht sehen, dass ich dich liebe?”

“That’s so cool,”

“Thanks,”

A good silence fell upon the two boys.

“Tweek?”

“Yea?”

“How are classes?”

“Oh, boring, but not too bad. You?”

“Kind of overwhelming,”

“Yea. How are your grades?”

“Oh, they’re fine. I just get sucked in to this world of equations and formulas, and like, it makes it seem like everything in life can be solved in a mathematical equation,”

“That sounds sad,”

“Yea, and the worst part is,” he swallowed hard, “That I like it. It makes sense. Like, more sense than human emotions,”

“Woah,”

“Yea, It’s weird,”
January meant that there was a lot less glitter at Pier 1 Imports, or at least until Valentine’s day.

Not that any of this really mattered anymore, Craig had already given his 2 weeks’ notice, and had already applied to Hot Topic.

Only a week or so until he’d be working at edge lord central..

This made Craig rather pleased.

He hated how ecstatic he was about working there, but there was just so much to look forward to. Even though he’d be working minimum wage, it’d be worth it.

$8.30 at Hot Topic with employee discount > $11.30 Pier 1 Imports with employee discount.

“What the fuck is this? It tastes like bleach,”

“It’s called vodka, Clyde. And- how the fuck do you know what bleach tastes like?” Craig sighs.

“Oh,”

“I swear to god,”

“You guys are fucking insane,” Token giggles.

“I got some chick’s number today,” Clyde changed the subject, sipping on his shot glass very tentatively.

“Woah, who?”

“Her name’s Sasha. She’s pretty cute. 7.5 at least,” he shrugs.

“Damn, good luck,”

“Don’t ask her anything stupid, last time you asked for nudes after she was telling you about how her dog died,” Craig sighed.

“Yea, yea, yea,” the Amber-eyed boy reassures his friends that he isn’t going to fuck up his chance.

Craig and Token both took a shot, leaving Clyde to daintily sip on his.
Stan: oh my
Wendlll: what
Stan: I think I figured out who’s been using all your bubble bath..
Wendlll: oh?
Stan: Kyle
Wendlll: oh
Stan: blasting fall out boy
Wendlll: oh
Stan: nose-deep in bubbles
Wendlll: I stg you better take pictures
Stan: I did, don’t worry

Ginger: oops
Ginger: I’ll buy more bubble bath
Wendlll: you better
Stan: he’s so cute when he’s naked and covered in bubbles
Ginger: ;) you aren’t too bad looking yourself
Stan: ;)
Wendlll: god dammit
Wendlll: I’m always working when you guys are ;))))))
Stan: don’t hate the player, hate the game
Wendlll: >:'^((
Ginger: :'^(((
Wendlll: <333
Ginger: <333
Stan: <333
~
“Wait, Craig?”

“Yea?”

“You said you were having a bit of trouble escaping the monotony?”

“Yea?”

“I planned a bunch of random activities this week, so make sure you get your homework done within your free-time. Evenings are going to be full of fun stuff,”

“Oh, that’s rather bold of you,”

“You’re helping me out of my shell,”

“Goodnight, Tweek,”

“Goodnight,” Tweek waved as he watched the noiret walk back towards his apartment. Tweek unlocked the door and sighed, tiredly.

The warmth of the apartment, as well as the smell of something cooking, made Tweek feel so calm and at home. He sat down on the couch next to Karen and peeked over to see what she was drawing.

“So when are you going to tell him?”

“W-what?”

“When are you going to tell Craig. When are you going to tell him you love him?”

“Oh, um, uh,”

“He obviously likes you back,” She smirks, “And if you don’t tell him, Stan, Kyle, and Kenny plan to push you two together,”

“What if he says no?”

“He won’t,”

“I hope you’re right,”

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter is SUPER LONG
LIKE F U C K 4000+ WORDS AAA

Friday's chapter will be p long too
At least 3000 words
Craig took a nice warm shower, washing off all the sweat and daily S i n that clogged his pores.

Writing this was Pain
the beginning bit was a lil self indulgent thing I did late monday night oops
akladfsndks I had to take out like 500 words worth of content because it just didn't Fit
oops it was a lil too smutty
so the word count is down to 3775 but that's a fuck ton so I hope it will suffice

“Staaaaaan?” Kyle whined meekly.
“Yeeaaaa?”
“Come chat with me, I’m gonna take a bath,” his pathetic voice whimpered.
Wendy’s bubble bath, steamy water, fluffy towel, boyfriend to talk to. Sweet.
Kyle curled up under the water, leaving the bubbles to cover him like a blanket.
“You’re absolutely pathetic,” Stan snickered.
“I’m tired,” the redhead explained. “And stressed, ugghhhhh,”
“So what’s up?”
“Ike is a straight A student,”
“Congrats, your little brother is officially smarter than you,” the noiret joked.
Kyle stuck his tongue out in protest, “Mr. Nelson, my social studies professor, was super hyper today, we talked about slavery and how it affected social prejudice. We watched magic school bus in the dumb health class they’re making me take. I packed Wendy’s lunch this morning, and put a little sticky note in it that told her I loved her and appreciated her hard work, she called me and thanked me, and was all sappy. God I love her. What happened with you?” he sunk into the warm water even further, smiling at his boyfriend sleepily.
“Well we analyzed Sleepy Hollow, which was kind of boring. Uh, the art class I’m taking was super fun, we used oil pastels. US History was really interesting today, we delved into some stuff that we never did in high school. Tomorrow I’m got a public speaking class, and a teaching
administration thing,” he ran his hand through the redhead’s curly hair. “Baby boy, are you okay?”

“Yea, I just- I’m really tired,”

“I love you,”

“I love you, too. When does Wendy get home?”

“Half an hour, love,”

“Good, I want you guys to snuggle me to death,”

Stan giggled, “We will,”

Tuesday.

Craig woke up to his alarm, and begrudgingly pulled himself out of his warm sheets. He cursed his clean clothes for being so cold.

He fixed himself a bowl of cereal, and watched Clyde suck at Call Of Duty.

“I’m usually better than this, I swear!”

“Mhm,” Craig rolled his eyes.

Craig reminded himself that Tweek had planned a whole week of fun stuff that awaited him at the end of the day, so with a spring in his step, he scurried off to class.

Having 3 classes almost back-to-back was kind of a blessing, but also a curse. Getting it all over with in a small amount of time was amazing, but not having a decent break in between them was extremely draining. After lunch he trudged off campus to a small outlet mall, which was way too far away from campus to be worth the effort. Only a few more days at that shithole.

He rushed over to his 4pm class. Why did his favourite class always have to be at the end of the day? He always had to start his favourite class in a bad mood. Luckily, the class was really fun, so even though it required a lot of studying, and lots of essays, it was worth it.

6pm rolled around and his legs were numb from sitting for so long, but he trudged through the snow off to the café.

The weather forecast predicted a huge blizzard, and the university had already sent out an email stating that if there indeed was a blizzard on the way, that school would be closed until further notice. This would be a huge plus if it wasn’t a major pain in the ass. The power might get knocked out, and they’d all be left in the dark with 9 papers due next Tuesday and no food in the fridge.

All he could do was hope that if there was a blizzard, it’d mean the rest of the winter would be mild. Of course, whoever or whatever controlled the weather didn’t give a shit as to what Craig Tucker, some nobody college student, wanted.
Craig walked into the café, the bitter cold dancing with the warmth of the inside. The smell of coffee, strong. Craig never really liked coffee all that much, though he did drink a considerable amount, but he grew to love the smell of it. This café sure was special. He looked to the counter to see the blonde boy smiling at him, as well as Kyle and Stan glancing at each other and smirking. He put that aside though, got his coffee, and sat at his usual table.

Textbook out, laptop out. Study time. Just like the first time he walked into the establishment, though now he was drinking his Caramel Mocha out of a Mug. A white Mug with Flowers on it.

Tweek cleaned off tables before sitting down today.

“Hey,”

“Hey,” Craig echoed, grinning toothily.

Craig’s smile seemed almost unnatural, saying as how he was never one to really express emotion, but it sure was adorable. It was one of those dorky smiles you get when you talk to your crush, or when you see a puppy, or when a kitten meows. His twinkly cerulean eyes swam with admiration.

“You almost ready to go?”

“Yea, whenever you’re ready,” Craig glanced at the time on the corner of his screen. 6:30.

Usually, the café would close at 9pm, but after Kyle and Stan nagging, and Tweek getting a school schedule change, he started closing earlier, around 7-8. It was tentative, but that didn’t matter.

Tweek, Stan, and Kyle all cleaned up as quickly as they could. Stan and Kyle waved as they started their journey through the heavy-falling snow.

Tweek and Craig giggled as they chatted, Tweek doing the usual nightly routine of cleaning up and locking up.

Textbooks and laptop tucked carefully into their designated backpack. Hands held tightly. Braving through the wind and snow together.

“So where are we going?”

“The trampoline place,”

“The one with the foam pit?”

“Yea,”

“Sick,”

Walking on salted sidewalks through the storm, cold biting at their noses, and wind rosy-ing their cheeks.

The building was, in of itself, rather cool, but all the energy and body heat made it a more comfortable temperature.

Pulling off their boots, hat, and coats, the two tucked them away with Craig’s bag, and ran around the place like children.
The floor and walls were covered in trampolines, it was heaven on earth. The two carelessly bounced around for a few minutes. The way Tweek’s hair bounced, and got in his face, was absolutely adorable; and the way Tweek would look at the ground as he bounced, then look up at Craig and smile, made the raven-haired boy’s heart backflip.

Eventually, they decided to go to the dodgeball corner, and ended up on opposite sides. They threw dodgeballs at each other, laughing and screaming.

Messy hair and sweaty bodies scurried over to the foam pit, doing flips and stupid looking jumps, and Tweek not being able to crawl out of the foam. It sucked him in and Craig had to pull him out.

The two laughed and bounced around.

“I came here once as a kid,” Craig explained, between bounces.

“Lucky, I didn’t even know this existed till college,”

“How’d you find it?”

“Kenny was chilling with this kid he sold weed to, and in return the kid would show him the sights of the city,” he giggled.

“Ah, weed is always behind the fun things in life,”

“Always,”

The two sat at the entrance, next to their stuff, catching their breath.

“That was a lot of fun,” Craig looked at Tweek, with his hair being much messier than it usually is, and his shiny skin. They both looked gross and sweaty, but it was so much fun. “Like, dude, thank you,”

Tweek giggled nervously, “No problem, get ready for tomorrow,” he winked and smiled impishly at the noiret.

“OooOoOoforeshadowing.”

They pulled on their shoes, and coats, and hat, grabbing Craig’s bag, and off they went. Facing the cold, snow and wind. It was kind of a pain in the ass, but they didn’t mind much. Tweek walked Craig to his apartment, waving him goodbye. Craig had, of course, worried about the shorter boy walking home in the snow and the dark all alone, but Tweek assured him he was alright, and reluctantly, the noiret let him go.

Craig took a nice warm shower, washing off all the sweat and daily S i n that clogged his pores. He curled into bed and fell asleep peacefully.
Wednesday.

“G’morning,” a soft voice, sweet like honey, cooed over the phone.

“’Mornin’,” Craig sat up, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes.

“Just wanted to let you know we’re going swimming today, so you should pack a swim suit and a towel,” you could hear the smile through his voice.

“Okay. Dude, I’m still really sleepy, so I’m talking out of my ass here, but like, I’m really proud of you. You’re being a lot bolder and more independent than when I first met you,” he babbled nonsensically, sleep heavy in his voice. “Like, I know you aren’t going to give yourself much credit, but I’m really proud. You’re capable of so much more than you think, and you’re so strong and brave. I’m so proud of you, my guy,”

“Craig,”

“Yea?”

“Go to sleep,” He snickers, shaking his head.

“Alright, love you, g’night,” he slurs before hanging up and falling back to sleep.

Tweek was flattered, a bit worried about how out of character that was, but flattered. He wondered if Craig meant everything that he said. He wondered if the “Love you” was a reflex, or was coming from a place of sleepy truth. Either way, Tweek blushed and rolled around in his bed, squealing.

He really hoped he’d get to hear Craig say “I love you” more often.

He liked the way it sounded coming from the noiret, and he really liked the noiret.

.

Stan and Kyle giggled at Tweek as he made a fool of himself, trying to make small talk with Star Boy.

“They are so hopelessly in love,”

“Tweek told me that Craig said ‘love you’ on their phone conversation at 4:30 this morning,” Stan giggled.

“No way!”

“Yea, he fell right back to sleep after that, so I’m pretty sure it was sub-conscious,”

“I sure hope they figure things out before we have to,”

“For real,” Stan snorted, giving the redhead a peck on the cheek.

.

“Come on, it’s not a big deal,” Craig giggled.

“No! I’m going to change in the stall,”
“Pussy,”

“Whatever!!” Tweek shouted, flustered.

Winter clothes turned to swim trunks, and a very resentful Tweek. Out into the unbearably humid pool hall.

Craig jumps in, and beckons Tweek to follow.

“Agh! Fine,” Tweek jumps in after him, albeit substantially more elegantly, swimming up to the surface and sticking his tongue out at the noiret.

“Frick you,”

“Frick you, too,”

They swam around, chasing each other playfully.

The water wasn’t that ugly turquoise colour you see in cartoons, it was a crisp #2e6688 blue. The water was much cooler than the air, not cold, not uncomfortably chilly, just cool.

“Race you to the other side of the deep end,” Craig smirks impishly.

Tweek turns to look at the other wall, seeing how far it was away from the wall he was currently clinging to. “Sure, ready set go,” he splashed underwater and pushed off the wall.

“Not fair,” Craig pushes off the wall, swimming as fast as he could, trying his best to catch up to the blonde. Unfortunately, the combination of Tweek’s time advantage, and the fact that Craig hasn’t been swimming in forever, ruled out the noiret’s destiny from the beginning.

Tweek smiled toothily. “Loser,”

“Cheater,”

“Yea, whatever. You’re just jealous,”

“Am not,”

“Are so,”

“Fricker,”

The two swam around, doing flips under the water, swimming to touch the bottom of the pool, and splashing each other.

Craig swam down to the bottom of the pool, and reality cracked. His focus changed, like he had blinders on, and he could only pay attention to his surroundings. He was stuck in his own head, like he was trying to narrate it.

The black tiles that ran along the pool, over to the shallow end, blurred in Craig’s vision. He liked the way the slick black tile looked. It was smooth, but not shiny, just the way he liked it. There was no friction when he ran his fingers over the cool material, nor did it make any noise. The off-white cement behind it was much rougher. As his lungs burned for air, he pushed off the bottom, breaching the surface and gasping for air.

There was a string of triangular flags, colours switching from blue to white in a 1:1 pattern, that
differentiated the shallow end from the deep end.

Craig glanced over at the shallow end, which was overflowing with screaming children and tired mothers. The string of buoys being the only thing that kept the little ones on that side of the pool.

There weren’t many others in the deep end, just one or two, but they never interfered with Tweek and Craig, leaving those people to be just as meaningless as a coloured canvas.

This is the time where Craig wished he could hear songs in his head, so it could play over the moment like a film.

Craig’s wet hair falling into his face, and the way the muscles on his back moved when he swam, made Tweek smile like he was seeing his spouse walk down the isle on their wedding day.

Tweek swam around, aimlessly, his mind filtering out all the shrieks of children, making the moment sound utterly silent.

Tweek’s hair was pulled out of his face with a hair tie and some sparkly bobby pins, which Craig found him to look darling in.

“I’m tired,” Tweek whined as the two floated on their backs.

“Me too,”

“And really hungry,”

“I know a place to eat,”

“Sweet,”

The two scurried out of the pool, changed back into clothes (not before Craig taunted Tweek for being a prude), and Craig led Tweek down streets unfamiliar to the shorter boy.

Their wet hair made walking through the blizzard-esque weather agonizing, but neither of them complained.

Craig led the blond into a restaurant, then looked back at him and smiled.

“Five Guys,”

“OoOoOo,”

They ordered, got their drinks, and some peanuts, and sat down.

They munched on peanuts and chatted.

“I’ve never been here before,” Tweek admit.

“You’re been living under a rock, you heathen. This place is absolute heaven,”

“I can tell, they have complimentary peanuts,”

The two giggled. Their food was called, and they munched happily on the warm, wonderful, comfort food.

Fanta and Lemonade washed down Little Bacon Cheeseburgers and fries.
“This is really good,”
“I thought you’d like it,”
“Thanks for paying,”
“Well you paid for the pool thing so I thought I’d reciprocate,” Craig shrugged.

Tweek once again dropped Craig off at his apartment, before trekking it to his own, waving goodbye.

Tweek lay in bed, restless. Was that a date? Or was it just a friendly no-homo dinner? These questions were killing him.

Craig on the other hand, sighed as Clyde tried to explain how it wasn’t his fault that he accidentally broke the heating system. Token called a few people, trying to get someone to come out tonight to repair it, but no luck.

“Welp, boys, we’re going to have to be cold until tomorrow afternoon,”

“Oops?” Clyde shrugged apologetically.

“Did you even get to third base?”

Clyde mumbled incoherently.

“Did you even get to third base?” Token repeated, tone harshening.

“No,”

“So, you broke the heater and didn’t even get to third base,”

“No, but she said she’d call me tomorrow,”

“And what are the chances that’s actually going to happen?”

“Slim,” Clyde hummed, looking at the ground.

“Yea,” Token sighed.

“Sorry,”

“Yea, whatever, just don’t start crying,”

The 1am call that Tweek lives for didn’t go as planned that night, but it went a lot better than planned.

“Hey, the heater broke at my place,”

“I’m already on my way,”

Craig snickered, he didn’t really know what Tweek was doing, but he wasn’t complaining.
The noiret quietly let Tweek in, and the two curled up under the blankets together.

“Your hair smells like chlorine,”

“My hair loves to trap in chlorine for as long as possible,”

Craig’s arm snaked around Tweek’s waist, and the blonde snuggled into Craig’s chest as the two huddled for warmth. Star Boy used his free hand to run it through Tweek’s messy hair.

Feeling the smaller boy’s chest expand and contract, with his soft heartbeat pitter-pattering up against Craig’s torso was one of the weirdest experiences the noiret had ever experienced. Yea, he’s been in relationships before, but spooning had never been quite like this. Something about Tweek’s hair, and the way he felt so small under Craig’s arm, and the way he shivered like a chihuahua, snuggling close to the taller boy like his life depended on it.

Words threatened to spill from Craig’s lips, but with a sharp inhale, and a suppressed exhale, he gave the softly snoring Tweek a kiss on the head, and drifted off into peaceful sleep.

Tweek’s frail hands clung to Craig’s ‘Brand New’ band tee as the two snored softly.

At some point in the early morning, Tweek awoke, and after taking a moment to survey his surroundings, he looked up at the peacefully sleeping boy with messy jade-black hair. His heart swelled with feelings. God, he loved this boy so much he wanted to cry.

Thursday

The cluster of classes he hated so much, lunch, work, 4pm class, café.

The snow just kept getting worse, and the Blizzard was supposed to his sometime late Friday night. Craig groaned as he trudged through the wind and snow.

The café was almost as warm as Tweek’s smile.

Warm coffee slid down Craig’s throat as he typed up more nonsense that Tweek didn’t understand, but loved anyway.

Stan and Kyle walked over. “So, Tweek, the interview for the new guy is next Wednesday, right?” Kyle asked.

“Yup, that’s the plan. You two better be on your best behavior,”

“We will,” Kyle snickers.

“So we still on for that huge movie night on the 26th?” Stan clears his throat.

“Yea, what movie are we watching?”

“Not sure yet, but you’re crashing for the night whether you like it or not,”
“Yea, yea, yea,” Tweek rolled his eyes.

“Don’t forget, you can bring a plus one,” Kyle winked, smirking as he gestured over to Craig.

“Go home, you two,”

“See you tomorrow,” they chimed before braving the cold.

“You ready to go?” Tweek turned to look at Craig.

“Yea, let me just save this,”


“An arcade?”

“Well, yea! I thought it’d be fun,”

“This is really cool,”

The two messed around, playing all sorts of games, new ones, old ones, ones they knew, and ones that were unfamiliar to them.

Buttons and joysticks greasy with sweat and pizza from previous uses didn’t stop these two from having fun. The sound of coins going into their slots, people of all ages laughing and screaming, and all sorts of game over, game start, and shooting sounds, filled the air. The 80s looking carpet was a nice touch.

“Woah, over here,” Craig beckoned the blonde into a side room, that had a small group of tweens gathered around a DDR machine.

“DDR? Really?”

“Yea! Let’s play!”

“No, I’m terrible at dancing,” Tweek whined self-consciously.

“It’s not even really dancing, dude, it’s just moving your feet around,”

“Ugh, fine, but those kids have to leave first,”

The two stood around, watching the kids play. Some of them were pretty good, which surprised Craig. When he was a cool tween playing DDR he fucking sucked at it. He was awful, but that didn’t ever really matter. He had fun, his friends had fun, and they could all laugh about it.

Eventually, the kids left, scurrying off in their little clique, and Tweek and Craig finally had DDR for themselves.

They chose an easy song and tip-tapped their hearts out, laughing at each other.

Slowly the songs got harder as they went on. The challenge was what made it fun.

The longer this went on, the more Craig correlated dancing with sex. Messy hair, sweat, panting, and being tired afterwards. It’s like.. sex, for prudes.

Anyways, after far too long of this, Tweek begged to be done, barely being able to communicate
this through him gasping for breath. They sat down and caught their breath.

Tweek ran a hand through his messy hair, feeling the sweat on his scalp. He regret glancing over to Craig.

Craig was just too pretty (and hot) to look at when Tweek’s mind was all hazy from over-exertion and wheezing for air.

Craig’s messy hair, and sweaty face, he chuckled as he gasped.

“Dude, that was intense,”

“For real,” Tweek swallowed.

“Let’s go to DQ,”

“Yea that works,”

They collected themselves and ran through the harsh snow over to the magical Dairy Queen.

After getting their food, they scarfed down their food. Turkey BLT and a caramel sundae for Craig, Crispy Chicken sandwich and Royal Reese’s Brownie Blizzard for Tweek. The two shared the fries, of course.

.“

“That was really good,”

“Dude I’m so fucking tired,”

“Can I crash at your place, I don’t think my feet will carry me home,”

“Sure,” Tweek laughed.

.

Craig went straight to the shower, leaving Tweek to chat with his roommates.

“So, what did you two do this evening?” Kenny asked.

“Went to an arcade, then to DQ,”

“Nice. So, Tweek, when?”

“Can you not,”

“When are you going to tell him?” Kenny whined.

“I dunno, soon, really soon, like, tomorrow. I planned to do it tomorrow but, uh, I-I dunno,” he mumbled.

“Sooner rather than later, sweetheart,” Butters chimed.

“I know, I just- I’m trying to figure it out, and I don’t want to mess it up,”

“You’ll do just fine,” Butters smiled. “Now go take a shower,”
After showers were had, and sweaty clothes were replaced with clean ones, the two curled up into bed.

“This week has been fun,”

“Tomorrow is the best one,”

“Can’t wait,”

“I hope so..” Tweek was hesitant, but noticing the way Craig smiled and looked at him when he spoke, made him believe that maybe this might actually work out. “Craig?”

“Yea?”

“Would you ever hate me?”

“No. You’re too nice, and funny, and cute. I’d never hate you. Even if you tried to kill me I’d still like you,” he smiled.

“Okay, good,”

“Why?”

“No reason,”

“Goodnight, Tweekers,”

“Goodnight, Star Boy,”

Chapter End Notes

ow oof my fingers

FRIDAY
Chapter Summary

Oh, Miss Believer

The noiret’s movements slow, as he dances softer, “Oh, Miss Believer,” he maneuvers the shorter boy to look at him, “My Pretty Weeper,” he boops the delicately freckled nose of the emaciated boy before twirling him around, “Your Twisted Thoughts, are like Snow on the Rooftops, please, Take My Hand, we’re in Foreign Land, as we Travel through Snow, Together We Go,”

Chapter Notes

Oh Miss Believer is by Twenty One Pilots and I'm not claiming ownership for it !!!!
This is short and poorly paced and I Hate It, but then again, My Little Pony has shitty pacing throughout most of the episodes, and it's still on-air, soooo...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Craig awoke alone in Tweek’s bed. He got up and looked out the window to see snow softly falling.

Maybe that blizzard wasn’t on its way..

Or maybe it was waiting to strike when he least expected it..

“Hey, Craig, before you go,” Butters trailed off as Craig walked to the door. He stopped and turned to face the blonde.

“Yea?”

“I want you to really think about Tweek, then think about your roommates, then compare those feelings towards those different people, okay? Can you do that?”

“Uh, what?”

“You know what I said, just do it, please,” he urged.

“Uh, okay…”

“I’ll see you tonight,” he turned on his heels and headed into his bedroom.

Craig stood there, befuddled, then shaking it off and leaving. He sprinted back to his apartment for a quick bowl of cereal and his bag.

All day long his mind was occupied with what Butters had said.
What could he possibly have been talking about?

Why did he say “See you tonight”?

His mind was too focused on Butters’ words to pay attention to the rest of the world.

He took a deep breath and shoved those questions aside. He pondered Butters’ words.

So, Clyde, BFF #1, stupid, funny, good company, always getting Craig into trouble, gets annoying, has flaws that Craig absolutely can’t stand.

Token, BFF #2, smart, funny, calm, swell to be all philosophical with at 2am, gets annoying.

Tweek, ???, pretty, funny, charming company, worrisome, caring, kissable, somehow never annoying, they spend so much time together and yet it still seems like not enough.

Craig spends most of the day toiling with the idea that he shows a lot of the same admiration for Tweek as he did for previous lovers. Eventually, he starts to add 2 and 2 together.

He been in love with Tweek this whole time.

And it’s been obvious this whole time.

Oh god.

.

He waved Pier 1 Imports the middle finger as he left, finally free from The Glitter Hellhole forever.

His heart raced as he realized he’d need to talk to Tweek today.

.

As cloudy day turned into night, he walked to the café a bit faster than usual.

The temperature was dropping rapidly, and Craig didn’t like it. It was ominous, and made him a bit panicky.

The sidewalk had enough salt to kill a man, and it crackled under his feet as snow landed on his Chulo. The wind from yesterday was gone, thankfully, but Craig knew it’d come back around to annoy him more.

.

Tweek smiled warmly at the noiret as he opened the door tentatively. He handed the taller boy his coffee and watched as the starry-eyed boy sat down and plinked away at his computer.

Tweek sat down and twiddled his thumbs shyly.

“So, what are we doing tonight?” Craig asked, raising an eyebrow, still looking at the computer screen.

“Oh, um, nothing really, just, uh, well, you’ll see,” he stammered.

“Alright,”
Craig was masking his emotions, like always. These emotions were nervous and flustered, and he didn’t want to make a fool of himself.

He distracted himself with his studying and hoped for a miracle.

Tweek’s eyelashes fluttered as snow fell softly into his blonde hair, a smile creeping its way onto his chapped lips.

Even in the dark, Tweek was stunning to look at.

Craig wanted to say something, but he also didn’t want to stutter like an idiot. He grabbed Tweek’s hand and looked away, avoiding confrontation.

Tweek smiled and looked at the ground, flustered. Even the bitter cold couldn’t stop them from loving each other too much.

“So where are you taking me?” Craig choked out, still avoiding eye contact.

“I found this secluded spot on campus that I really like,” Tweek explained vaguely, trudging through the snow as they stray off the beaten path.

Love.. really is blind, isn’t it?

Craig took in the sight of the silhouettes of trees and bushes all covered in snow and shrouded in darkness.

Finally, they reached the spot. Tweek stopped in his tracks, humming a tune softly.

“Here we are,”

It wasn’t anything special, some trees and bushes all shaped to make it a secluded cove, where no snow touched the ground.

The blonde broke away from Craig’s grasp, sitting under a tree, leaning his back against it.

“It’s kind of too cold to enjoy it, but it’s nice,”

“Yea,” Craig echoed.

The two fell silent for an eternity.

“Craig?”

“Tweek?”

“Come sit with me,”

“Okay,” the noiret complied, curling up under the tree next to him.

The blonde hummed a tune that was rather familiar, and fitting, to the situation, Craig smiled, remembering the song fondly.

“Oh, Miss Believer, my Pretty Sleeper, your Twisted Mind, are like Snow On The Road,” the noiret sings sappily, his infectiously dorky smile making Tweek smile and sing along.
“Your Shaking Shoulders, prove that It’s Colder inside Your Head, than the Winter Of Dead,” they sing together.

“I will tell you, I Love You, but the Muffs on your Ears, will cater your Fears,” Tweek croons, leaning up against the taller boy.

“My nose and feet are Running as we start to Travel Through Snow, Together We Go,” Craig intertwines his hand with the blonde and swings their arms around.

“Together we go,” Tweek melodies.

Craig stood, and pulled the blonde up after him and they danced around joyfully.

“We get colder as we get older, we will walk so much slower,” they chant together, smiling and laughing.

The noiret’s movements slow, as he dances softer, “Oh, Miss Believer,” he maneuvers the shorter boy to look at him, “My Pretty Weeper,” he boops the delicately freckled nose of the emaciated boy before twirling him around, “Your Twisted Thoughts, are like Snow on the Rooftops, please, Take My Hand, we’re in Foreign Land, as we Travel through Snow, Together We Go,”

“Together we go,”

They move closer together, doing a sort of slow dance, harmonizing “We get colder as we get older, we will walk so much slower,”

They hum along the ending tune, Tweek’s head resting on Craig’s shoulder as they shuffled around in circles.

“Craig?” he stammered.

“Hm?”

“I love you,”

“I love you, too,” he whispered.

The winds came in and left them frozen, craving the warmth of home.

They scurried off to Tweek’s place, which was closer, as the wind and snow pounded.

The blizzard was here, but somehow, neither of them were afraid.

Chapter End Notes

God save me
Fluff

Chapter Summary

“I was gone for five minutes,"

“I made a Pillow Fort,"

“FIVE MINUTES,"

“It’s really cozy,"

“I WENT TO GET WATER AND I COME BACK TO THIS,” Tweek gestures to the scene in front of him. He’s not actually mad, honestly you’d have to be a monster to be mad. Craig had a cute, innocent look on his face, and his childish actions just added to that cuteness. He’s curled up under a pile of pillows, a rather sorry excuse for a ‘Pillow Fort’. “You’re unbelievable,”

“Shut up and come make out with me in my Pillow Fort,"

The blonde did not waste any time, and dove into the pile of pillows.

Chapter Notes

a shorty but a goody

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You guys are just in time for dinner,” Butters chirps softly, motioning for Tweek and Craig to sit down at the table, where two plates had been set out for them.

Karen kicked her feet and giggled with Kenny as they poked at their food.

The two boys separated and sat down, scooping their particular amount of each food item set before them.

“So, how was your evening?” Butters prodded, voice hinting at his ulterior motive.

“Cold, but decent,” Craig mumbled.

“It was nice,” Tweek smiled bashfully at his peas, avoiding eye contact.

“Mhmm,” Leo smirked, “So, anything interesting happen?”

“You’re just trying to milk out all the details, aren’t you?” Craig accuses.

“Maayyybeee,”

“Well I think we’re a thing now,” the noiret states blankly.
Tweek mumbles and fidgets uncomfortably, heat rising to his face.

“Congrats,”

“Yea, yea,” Craig rolls his eyes.

Karen smiles giddily, “I knew it’d work out!”

After a painfully long dinner, the two trudged to Tweek’s room.

“You two behave yourselves,” Kenny teases.

Craig grumbles and flips the strawberry-blonde off, slamming the door behind him.

Tweek curls up in his bed, snuggling under the covers. His breathing is soft, and he looks rather peaceful, save for the blush on his face. Craig sits at the edge of the bed, going through his phone, letting Clyde know that he’s safe, and checking the weather forecast.

The wind scrapes against the window, making a spine chilling sound. Eventually, Craig throws his phone aside and curls up behind Tweek, arm snaking around the smaller figure’s waist.

Tweek rolled over to snuggle into Craig’s chest.

The noiret planted a kiss on the blonde’s forehead, Tweek jumped at his opportunity. He propped his small figure up on his elbows and shoved his lips against Craig’s.

Craig was at first, shocked, not knowing what to do, but soon closed his eyes and kissed back.

Tweek’s lips where chapped, feeling like sandpaper against the cerulean eyed boy’s, but he didn’t care.

The blonde rested his body on top of Craig, leaving his hands to tangle into jade-black hair. The owner of such hair rested his hands on Tweek’s waist and on the small of his back, one hand ducked under the hem of the worn out white shirt he wore.

The kiss lasted an eternity, and Craig liked it that way, but eventually, Tweek pulled away. He pulled himself off of the noiret and looked at Craig wide eyed.

“I-I’m-“ Tweek stuttered out.

Craig sat up and pushed his lips onto Tweek’s “No need, let’s go to sleep,”

“I love you,”

“I love you, too,”

Tweek curled up into the taller boy’s chest and snored softly.

This happened fast..

Craig liked it that way, though.

With a deep breath, and a kiss on the smaller boy’s cheek, Craig held the blonde close and slipped into a comatose state with a small smile on his face.
“Sweetheart~” Craig cooed softly, shaking the smaller boy’s shoulder.

“Mhnm,” the boy stirred, eyes fluttering open to see the noiret crack a grin.

“Time to get up,”

Tweek’s heart skipped a beat, he reminded himself that they were now.. dating? At least, that’s what it seemed to be. “‘Morning,” Tweek smiled and kissed the noiret’s nose.

The two scurried out of Tweek’s room and plopped down on the sofa. Karen sat there watching cartoon network, a bowl of oatmeal in her lap.

Leo trotted out of his room and into the kitchen, sneaking a glance at the love birds. He smiled, remembering the earlier days of his and Kenny’s relationship, fondly.

He cut up a good bit of fruit, and put it into a big snack bowl. He carried the snack bowl into the living area, placing it on the small coffee table.

“You two want anything?” He asked, looking to the boys entangled on the couch.

Craig shook his head and grabbed a handful of fruit.

“You sure? I made peach oatmeal,”

Tweek’s eyes sparkled, “Please,”

“Mhm,” the honey eyed boy giggled, retreating back to the kitchen.

“Should we go to your place?”

“Look outside, Craig snickered, looking up from his phone.

Tweek opened the blind to see the blizzard raging, “Oh,"

“Yea,”

“Let’s watch a movie,”

“Yea, that’s sounds like a good idea,”

Tweek pulls out a scratched up Del laptop from under his bed and boots it up. He loads Netflix and curls up next to Craig.

“Netflix fucking took Lilo and Stitch off and I’m genuinely angry right now,”
“We could watch Moana,”

“...Yea that’s close enough,”

The noiret cradled the blonde close, and kept whispering sweet nothings to the boy, making him blush like mad. Tweek wanted to kiss him again, but was rather hesitant, afraid he’d mess it up somehow.

Tweek nuzzled the taller boy, who snickered and nuzzled back.

“Chéri?” Craig purrs before realizing how dumb he sounds, biting his lip and cocking his head back.

Tweek giggles at the blushing boy and strikes. His hand cradles the cerulean eyed boy’s cheek as the thin boy’s lips rammed against Craig’s.

Craig blinked, a little taken aback, but melted into it. His hand snuck up Tweek’s shirt and rested on the small of his back.

Tweek’s hands tangled back into black hair, as he smiled and continued to kiss the flustered boy.

The kiss probably lasted a few minutes, but it only felt like seconds, and Craig couldn’t help but feel disappointed when it ended.

Tweek pulled a box out from under his bed, reaching a hand into it and pulling out flower crowns of various colours.

Craig snickered and sat on the floor next to the blonde, intertwining one of his hands with the other boy’s.

After a bit of pondering, the sorter boy decided that the red roses would look best on the noiret, and he pulled it over Craig’s hair, making sure it looked nice, and intertwining his fingers back with the blue-eyed boy. He gave the taller boy a peck on the cheek before returning to his pondering of flower crowns.

Craig eyed the box of flower crowns, plucking a stand of peach roses, and placing it on Tweek’s messy blonde hair.

The blonde smiled and started to examine Craig’s hand, nervously.

“Honey?”

No response, just deep concentration.

“Babe?”

“Craig, what are we?”
“Uh, dating, I guess?”
“I, uh, It just- I dunno, it sounds weird.”
“What does?”
“Like, calling you my boyfriend, I guess?”
“You get used to it,”
“I-I guess, it’s just different,” he explains.
“I think you’ll come to like it,” he winks.
Tweek giggles, “You’re too much,”
Craig pecks the blonde’s chapped lips, “Damn, you really need chapstick,”
“Oh, yea, I keep forgetting,”
“I’ll get you some,”
“Thanks,”

Every time Craig uses a pet name, Tweek falls deeper and deeper in love with him, which is a fuck ton, like damn.

“I was gone for five minutes,”
“I made a Pillow Fort,”
“FIVE MINUTES,”
“It’s really cozy,”
“I WENT TO GET WATER AND I COME BACK TO T H I S,” Tweek gestures to the scene in front of him. He’s not actually mad, honestly you’d have to be a monster to be mad. Craig had a cute, innocent look on his face, and his childish actions just added to that cuteness. He’s curled up under a pile of pillows, a rather sorry excuse for a ‘Pillow Fort’. “You’re unbelievably,”
“Shut up and come make out with me in my Pillow Fort,”
The blonde did not waste any time, and dove into the pile of pillows.

The honeymoon phase, they call it.
Not being able to keep their hands off each other, but that’s just the type of person Tweek is in
He’s clingy, and craves that sort of attention and admiration.
Craig absolutely adores it.

After Tweek falls asleep on top of the noiret, he sighs, texting Clyde that yet again he’ll be crashing at Tweek’s. He blames the snow, but that’s not the real reason.

The blonde’s soft snoring lulls Craig into dreamland.

Chapter End Notes

wednesday's chapter is going to be a huge jumbled mess
i refuse to go out with a bang

friday will be the first chapter of The Five Love Languages (the sequel to this)
I refuse to stop stories
I'm going to continue writing that until I have a good ending or get tired of writing this trash
And they all lived happily ever after blah blah blah

Chapter Summary

"You owe me $20," Kyle smirked
"How about.. 20 kisses?" Stan tried to bargain.
"No, $20,"
"$15 and 20 kisses?"
"Mmm, deal," Kyle rolled his eyes.

Chapter Notes

kfjdsn ewdosljf
I FELL ASLEEP BEFORE I COULD UPLOAD THIS AHHAHAHAHAHA

“You wanna go on a Date?”
“What?” Tweek face painted with a look of befuddlement.
“Like, let’s go on a Date, like Olive Garden or some shit,”
“Um,”
“Dude, we technically went on them all the time,“
“I mean, you’re not wrong…”
“Olive Garden?”
“Olive Garden..”
“Sweet, when is your schedule open?”
“Uh, I guess tonight,”
“Sweet, well I guess I have to make it dramatic, so I’m going home. You don’t need to dress to impress, it’s Olive Garden, and I Know You,” he chuckles. “I’ll pick you up in an hour,“
“Yea, yea, go,” Tweek smiles, waving him off.
Oh the pressure..
The panic set in:

What if Craig was lying and he wanted Tweek to look nice?

What if he showed up looking like shit and Craig looked nice? What if he showed up looking nice and Craig looked like shit?
It just got worse and worse the more he thought about it.

He crawled out of his room and wandered into the kitchen.

“Hey,” Butters soft voice chimes.

“Hey,”

“You okay?”

“Overthinking,”

“Take a seat,”

Tweek pulled himself onto the countertop.

“What’s up?”

“Just overthinking what I’m supposed to do,”

“Like what?”

“I’m supposed to dress normal, but I don’t know if that’s a loaded objective,”

“Well, it probably isn’t, but dress however you like. Whatever makes you comfortable,”

“Yea, I guess. I just get too into my own head,”

“That’s for sure,”

“Thanks,”

“Anytime,”

.

“You look nice,”

“I’m wearing what I was wearing earlier,”

“Doesn’t mean you don’t look nice,”

Tweek giggled, “You’re too much,”

.

“Breadsticks,”

“Breadsticks,”

“Dude, I’m not even that hungry,”

“Me neither,”
“Guess this will be a cheap date, then,”

“Fuck yea,”

.

After knowing on breadsticks for half an hour, they leave a 20 on the table and sneak out, hoping not to be confronted for wasting time.

The two trudge through the snow, all 2 feet of it, huddling close together.

“My place is closer,”

“Yea, I just want to sleep,” Tweek groans.

Craig giggles at the tired blonde, who has wind blowing through his hair.

.

“Long time no see,” Token eyes the snow-covered boys.

“How’ve you guys been holding up?”

“Barely,” Clyde yells from the kitchen. “We’re almost out of food!”

“There’s plenty of food,” Token justifies.

“Nothing!” Clyde complains before stomping off to his room.

“Well, I don’t give a fuck what you guys do, I’m going to sleep,” Tweek declares, stumbling off to Craig’s room.

Token and Craig both giggle at the blonde.

“Feisty, isn’t he?” the charcoal-eyed boy snickers.

“For real,” Craig rolls his cerulean eyes. “We went to Olive Garden and shoved breadsticks in our mouths for 30 minutes before deciding we weren’t hungry. We snuck out, leaving a 20. It was his idea,”

“You guys really are stupid, aren’t you? I don’t know what you’d be doing without me,”

“Living on the streets,”

“Something like that,”

.

Ukulele strings were plucked mercilessly as Craig mumbled, “Wise men say, only fools rush in, but I can’t help falling in love with you,”

“You’re really good at that,”

“Not really, but thanks,”

“No, you’ve got the whole Tyler Joseph aesthetic going for you, it’s really cute,”
“Daww,"

“Well, thank you for serenading me, I feel blessed, but I’m going to fall asleep now,” Tweek snickered, kissing the noiret on the cheek before practically throwing himself against the pillow.

The blonde snored softly as Craig daydreamed.

His daydreaming came to a halt as he realized he had 3 big film projects that he hadn’t even planned.

He curled up next to Tweek and screamed internally till sleep swallowed him.

.

“Wake up losers, we’re going to Taco Bell,” Clyde shook Craig’s shoulder.

“For breakfast?”

“It’s 1 in the afternoon,”

“Oh,” Craig deadpanned. “Yea, give me a minute,”

“Hurry, I’m hungry,”

“You’re always hungry,”

.

“Truly a meal for the gods,” Tweek rolls his eyes.

“Indeed, Mexican toxic waste, my favourite,” Token says sarcastically.

“Soo, what’s up with you two?” Clyde eyed Tweek and Craig.

“Uhhhhh,”

“How the fuck do we-“ Tweek whispered, being cut off with a kiss, which he gladly returned.

“Awwww,” Token cooed.

“I knew it! That’s $10, Token, you owe me!” Clyde stated enthusiastically.

“Yea, whatever,” The charcoal eyed boy smiled and shook his head.

“You guys are embarrassing,” Tweek sighed.

“Yea, they’re a handful,” Craig glared at his friends, flashing them a toothy grin, returning to his toxic waste food.
Once all of the snow from the blizzard was cleared up, and school was opened again, Tweek returned back to the coffee shop, doing his usual routine.

It wasn’t until Craig came in that things got interesting.

Craig came in rather late, and didn’t have his laptop, nor his textbooks with him.

“Ready to go?” Craig walked over to the blonde, snaking his arm around the smaller boy’s waist.

“Uh, almost?”

“Good, we’re going out,”

“Where? And why?”

“Grocery store,”

Tweek snorted, “Wow, what a fun time,”

“Yeet, baby,”

They exchanged a peck on the lips and Craig released the blonde from his protective death grip, allowing the boy to finish cleaning up.

Craig looked over to the counter, where Stan and Kyle were playfully arguing.

"You owe me $20," Kyle smirked

"How about.. 20 kisses?" Stan tried to bargain.

"No, $20,"

"$15 and 20 kisses?"

"Mmm, deal," Kyle rolled his eyes.

“Did you guys.. bet on me and Tweek,”

“Mayyybeeeeee,” Stan smirked.

“You guys are too much,”

“We couldn’t help ourselves, you two were so perfect from the beginning,” Kyle shrugged.

“Did Kenny really give you a list of shit to pick up for him?”

“Well, I asked how I could Help make sure he doesn’t die by the time he’s 26, and he asked if I could pick up groceries. In return I get to spend the night, so it’s not all Bad, I guess,” Craig shrugged, looking over the list and scanning the shelves.
Tweek rolled his eyes, “You don’t have to do that,”

“I Want to,”

The blonde giggled, “You’re too much,”

“Naw, I’m just enough,”

The two giggled and teased each other as they sat on the couch.

“Yes you did,”

“You have no proof!”

“I don’t need any proof!” Craig giggled, tickling the blonde’s sides, causing him to laugh hysterically.

Kenny and Butters look on from afar, snickering.

“We were just like that,”

“We’re still like that,” Butters snorts.

“Yea, true,”

“They’re adorable,”

“I knew they’d get together,”

“Yea, it was pretty much destined to be,”

“Fuck, Stan and Kyle are gonna kick my ass,”

“That’s what you get for not believing,”

“Yea whatever, let’s get dinner started,”

“Good idea,”

A quick peck on the lips before the two got started.
Chapter Summary

YEET

IT'S HERE BITCHES

GET READY FOR Tweek-Centric Angst

http://archiveofourown.org/works/13424280/chapters/30763692

Works inspired by this The Five Love Languages by orphan_account

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