You don't have to be gay to be in a homosexual relationship.
by Chan_redd

Summary

Craig was content with his life, but then he had to go and fall in love with his fake boyfriend.

A story about figuring out things that are basically glaringly obvious.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
10.

When Craig Tucker was 10 years old, two things happened which had a great impact on his life. Firstly, during a school assembly, the student body president, Wendy Testaburger, had educated them all on what the word ‘yaoi’ meant, and had then proceeded to show them examples that the Asian-American girls had drawn.

The second thing that happened to Craig was that he found out that he was apparently in a gay relationship with his friend Tweek Tweak.

“Dude what the fuck?” He had shouted as Wendy showed them picture after picture, his eyes widening as Tweek progressively wore less clothing in each art piece.

What the hell was going on?!

He was 10 years old for fuck’s sake. All he cared about at the moment was Red Racer and his pet guinea pig, Stripe. He didn’t care if he was gay or straight or anything in between.

However, everyone was convinced that he was dating Tweek, and after a frustrating meeting with the ‘PC’ Principal, he knew there was no fighting it.

And that is how, at 10 years old, Craig had gotten himself a boyfriend (and like, 100 bucks from his dad).

At first things were awkward. They were young. They hadn’t even given a thought to something as complicated as their sexuality. They were thrown into the deep end of this whole ‘boyfriends’ thing and for some reason they kept each other from drowning and by the end of his 10th year of life, Craig couldn’t even remember life before Tweek.

11.

Craig isn’t sure when it started. When the hand-holding became something that they didn’t just do in public, so others could see. When the entwined fingers stopped being stiff and awkward and instead became gentle caresses on knuckles. He wasn’t sure when he had started calling Tweek ‘babe’ and ‘honey’ even when people weren’t around to see them faking their relationship.

He wasn’t sure when they had begun to hang around at each other’s houses almost every day, and he definitely wasn’t sure when he stopped noticing these little things changing in their relationship. He had told himself that this was something that they were doing until everyone got over it and would let them break up again (with less drama, hopefully). But for some reason… Tweek liked being around him. Tweek was calmer around him, he twitched less, and his paranoia was kept somewhat at bay.

And Craig… well Craig was happy around Tweek. Whatever was broken inside of him didn’t feel as broken when Tweek was there.

“This is, ngh, this is way too much.”
The two boys were sitting on Tweek’s floor, attempting to complete their math homework so they could maybe watch a movie before Craig had to go home.

“It’s not too bad, I think we could finish it all in the next 30 minutes.” Craig said, his pencil moving across the page.

“No! “Tweek replied, sitting up and biting at his cuticles as he looked around the room, “I mean this r-relationship thing. It’s too much pressure, Craig!”

Craig frowned, “I don’t think so, we basically just hang out and get money from our parents.”

“But what if they’re expecting us to get married or something?!”

“What?” Craig finally looked up from his homework to send Tweek a confused look.

“What if the p-people in South park expect us to get, ngh, married now that we’re together?! Argh, this is so much pressure, man, I can’t do this!”

“Tweek. No one expects us to get married, we’re like, eleven. In a while the town will be over this whole yaoi thing and we can go back to normal.”

Tweek seemed to calm down a little. “Do you really think so?”

“Yeah.” And then Craig tucker did something that he only really did around Tweek; he smiled.

13.

Puberty means awkward boners and crushes and finally realizing that your fake boyfriend of three years is probably gay and you kinda sorta like braiding feathers into his silky, blonde hair. The braiding was something that his bratty little sister Tricia taught him one day when they were both bored, but no one needs to know that. Craig enjoyed it, enjoyed any excuse that allowed him to touch the soft skin at the back of Tweek’s neck, his fingers ghosting over it as he tried to keep his hard on from pressing into Tweek’s back.

“You okay?”

“Mm?”

“It’s just that you keep shuffling back, if you’re uncomfortable we could move onto my bed?” Tweek asks, turning his head to make eye contact with Craig.

“Oh, uhm. No, I’m fine, don’t worry.”

Tweek nods and goes back to playing a game on his laptop, his painted finger nails tapping away at the keys.

“I like that colour.” Craig points out, looking at the plum red nails.
“You do? I’ll keep that in mind.” Tweek replied, and Craig couldn’t tell if he was being serious. Tweek said a lot of things that confused Craig. Heck, Tweek in general confused Craig. He finishes up the last of the braids and takes his time inspecting them and making sure that they were all up to his standard.

“Hey Tweek.”

“Yes, Craig.”

“How did you know about the gay thing.”

Tweek stalled, his fingers poised above the keys as he tried to comprehend what his friend was asking. He eventually turned around and looked at Craig.

“Craig?”

Craig picked at the threads of the carpet he was sitting on uncomfortably. He immediately regretted the words as he heard them leave his mouth. This was something that had been torturing him for ages, but for some reason his brain decided to go ahead and ask Tweek this question without consulting him first.

See the thing is… Tweek had never come out and said that he was gay to Craig. But Craig felt that he was trying to in his own way. Sometimes when they were watching tv together Tweek would comment on the appearance of a male character and would then pretend like he wasn’t watching Craig’s face intently for a response. Or he’d tag Craig in posts on Facebook about people coming out to their friends and family and then kinda not explain it. And for the longest time Craig didn’t even realize that Tweek was doing these things.

But he definitely noticed the tab that was opened onto some kinky gay porn on Tweek’s laptop a few days ago when all he wanted to do was Google how old the world’s oldest Guinea pig had been. He was 14 years and 10.5 months old, by the way. And his name was Snowball.

“I’m just curious.” He answered finally.

Tweek gave him an incredulous look, but granted him an answer anyway.

“Dick got me going, pussy didn’t.”

Craig giggled, chucking a pillow from the bed at him.

“Gross, dude.”

Tweek grabbed the pillow and hit Craig, fully getting into the impromptu pillow fight.

“Aww, does the word pussy offend Mr Craig tucker.”

“It sounds sooo weird coming from you.”

Tweek tackled him onto the floor, pinning his hands above his head to stop Craig from chucking another pillow at him.

“Am I too gay to say the word ‘pussy’?” Tweek grinned down at him, straddling Craig’s waist.

It was then that Craig realized that he was still hard, and immediately placed his palms on Tweek’s
chest and shoved.

“W-what the hell, man!” Tweek shouted.

“Sorry, I just…” Craig frowned. During their impromptu fight, Tweek’s shirt sleeve had ridden up his arm a little and had exposed the small red lines criss-crossing over his wrists and the pale skin of his arm. Before he could really think about what he was doing, he was touching the cuts, running his fingertips over their raised surface.

Tweek flinched as if he had been burned and immediately moved away from Craig, pulling his sleeves roughly over his arms, covering most of his hands too. He didn’t make eye contact with Craig.

“Tweek. What is that?” Craig asked, sitting up to study his friend’s face.

“Nothing. Stupid teenage stuff I was experimenting with. I won’t do it again, so drop it.” Tweek’s voice was terse. It was a tone Craig had never heard him use.

“Are you sur-“

“I said drop it.”

And then Tweek turned his back to Craig and continued with his forgotten math homework.

And Craig accepted that explanation, and because he was a stupid teenager who was in way over his head, he didn’t question the fact that Tweek wore long sleeved shirts for the rest of the year.
“Good bye, South Park, you piece of shit town! And good bye, residents of South Park! You can all suck my dick!”

“Clyde, get your head back in the car, we’re literally moving to Denver. You’ll probably be back most weekends.”

“God damn, Token. Can’t you let a man enjoy his fake freedom?”

Token laughed, putting on a pair of shades to shield his eyes from the blinding late afternoon sun. He felt pretty elated; he was 18, starting his first year of university in a few days and he was going to live with three of his best friends. Everything was playing out like they had dreamed it when they were kids. The dream was to leave South Park and have a blast with his friends before the responsibilities of adulthood caught up with them.

“Yeah dude, Token’s right. You’ll probably be back in a few days because you’re a man child.” Craig said, sitting forward a bit from his position in one of the back seats so he could join in the conversation.

“You guys suck. Tweek, you’re glad to be out of there aren’t you?”

Tweek looked up from his phone, his eyebrows creased in a frown.

“I-I guess. I f-feel like I need to put at least a few states between me and South Park to fully be free of that place though.”

Craig, Clyde and Token all nodded solemnly.

South Park was home. It held all their childhood memories, and there were plenty of good ones, sure. They weren’t contending that. It’s just that… weird as fuck shit happened in South Park. And they were all pretty excited to get away from that town and its drama for a while. Instead, they were going to Denver where they were going to make new memories together, starting with this mini road trip in which Token drove, and they listened to clichéd road trip music and sang along at the top of their lungs (much to Tweek’s dismay).

“Hey, little guy. Are you doing okay?” Craig cooed into the cage on his lap, where Stripe no.3 skittered around happily.

“I cannot believe you brought the fucking hamster.” Clyde commented, turning to frown at the furry animal obliviously munching on a pellet.

“Guinea pig.” Craig corrected, stroking the animal’s side through the bars of the cage.

“It’s a rodent potato.”
“Rude.”

“What were you expecting him to do with it, man?” Tweek said, scooting closer to Craig so he could stroke Stripe as well, “This guinea pig is one of the only things Craig cares about. I think he treats it better than he treats himself.”

“It’s true.” Craig affirmed.

“The fucking guinea pig has an eating plan, dude.” Tweek continued.

Clyde snorted in amusement.

“Our Craig Tucker is a simple man. He enjoys watching TV shows about superheroes, and he loves two things: his guinea pig, Stripe, and his fake boyfriend, Tweek.” Clyde smirked, knowing that the last part of that statement would get a reaction out of Tweek.

“What the hell, man! That boyfriend stuff ended years ago! Why would you bring it up now? Have people been talking about it? Are the Asian girls drawing more gay pictures of us??” Tweek shouted, grabbing at his hair and pulling on it.

Craig frowned at Clyde before gently placing his hands on Tweek’s own, coaxing his fingers open so that the fine, blonde strands of hair were released from his grip.

“Clyde’s being a dick, dude. Don’t listen to him.” He said, keeping his voice low but firm so Tweek listened to him.

“O-okay.” Tweek stuttered out, closing his eyes and breathing slowly like Craig had taught him to do when they were 10. When he felt calm he opened his eyes and hit Clyde on the back of the head.

“You’re a dick.”

‘Clyde may be a dick, but he isn’t exactly wrong’ Craig thought to himself as he watched Tweek’s blonde lashes flutter on his cheeks as he slept. The boy had fallen asleep 20 minutes into the trip and currently had his head placed on Craig’s lap. Stripe and his cage had been placed on the floor by Craig’s feet and Stripe would just have to be content with that. Stripe and Tweek were just about the only two things Craig could find it in him to care about. Sure, he cared about his family, and he cared about his friends. But they were all unimportant compared to Stripe and Tweek.

The thing that Clyde didn’t know, however, was that Craig would give up Stripe and all of his predecessors for Tweek. Craig would give up anything in this world for Tweek. Tweek was his world.

Craig felt his cheeks heat up as these thoughts crossed his mind.

As a friend obviously. He would do all these things for Tweek as a friend. Because that’s all they were.

Friends.
South Park had forced them into a weird relationship when they were 10 years old that had lasted almost 6 years before they eventually announced to everyone that they had been faking the entire time.
Or at least Craig thought they were faking.

It was hard to tell with Tweek. Craig felt more comfortable with Tweek than he did with himself most days. Tweek was an extension of himself, a perfect puzzle piece that fit inside him and allowed him to feel a little more whole than he usually did.

Craig sighed.

Tweek also apparently made him sound like a cliché teen romance novel.

“Is sleeping beauty still passed out back there?” Token asked, his fingers drumming on the steering wheel lightly as he drove.

“Yeah.” Craig replied, lightly running his fingers through the stray hairs escaping from Tweek’s untidy ponytail. He’d been meaning to take Tweek to get his hair cut for ages now, since he always complained about its length and how it was always in his face. But then when he suggested going to get it cut Tweek would freak out because the thought of someone brandishing a pair of scissors so close to his throat scared the shit out of him. Maybe he should attempt to cut it for him, but then Tweek wouldn’t wear his hair in a ponytail anymore and that would suck because Craig thought that Tweek actually looked really ho-

“Clyde may be a dick-“

‘Oh thank god’ Craig thought, being dragged away from his own thoughts by the sound of Token’s voice.

“Hey!”

Token shot him an annoyed look and Clyde shut up. Token had him well trained.

“Like I was saying. Clyde may be a dick but he’s not wrong. Have you ever really thought about your feelings towards Tweek? You care about him a lot, that’s evident.”

“Well… yeah. He’s my best friend. What feelings would I have to think about?”

Token shared a look with Clyde and Craig suddenly felt like he was being left out of something vital.

“It’s not our place to get involved. You and Tweek will figure it out yourselves, hopefully.”

“Yeah” Clyde agreed, “We’re leaving South park. Hopefully things will make more sense now.”

“Is that all of the stuff?” Token asked, wiping away the sweat that had formed on his forehead as they had worked, bringing in the various boxes and other belongings they had managed to fit in his car.
“Yeah.” Craig replied, “My dad will bring the rest of it up when he comes to drop off my car.” He sat down on one of the sturdier looking boxes, allowing himself to catch a breath before he tried to organize his room.

The flat that they had found was small, but it wasn’t completely out of their parent’s budget and it was almost cosy. It felt like a home already and they hadn’t even unpacked their stuff yet. The place came already furnished so all they really had to add was their own personal touches, such as Tweek’s very expensive coffee maker which, Craig noticed, had already been set up and plugged in by its owner.

“What do you guys say to us getting a few pizzas, and some cold beers, and having ourselves an impromptu house warming party.” Token announced, looking at all the boxes surrounding them and deciding that he wanted nothing to do with the idea of unpacking today.

“Token, my man, you had me at ‘I’m buying you all pizzas because I’m a great friend.’” Clyde replied, throwing his arm over token’s shoulder.

Token sighed, but there was a hint of a smile tugging at the corners of his lips.

“Fiine. But someone will have to go out. We don’t have… well anything really, in the fridge.”

“I’ll go. I need to check out the pet store here anyway, need to make sure they carry the brand of pellets that Stripe likes.”

“Was Craig always this much of a mom?” Clyde asked, looking at his friend dumbfounded.

“Yup.” Tweek replied, not even bothering to look up as he made himself a cup of coffee.

“Wow.”

Craig scowled at both of them as he pulled on his trademark blue chullo.

“Am I getting anything else besides pizza and beer?” he asked, grabbing Token’s keys from the front table.

“Snacks.” Tweek replied, looking up to smile at Craig, “I have weed. Might as well make it a good house warming party.”

Clyde let out an enthusiastic whoop, which caused Craig to roll his eyes.

“So, what you’re telling me is that tonight is going to end with Token falling asleep as soon as he gets high, and Clyde telling us that he loves us for two straight hours? Great. Can’t wait.”

“Party pooper.”

“Love you too, honey.” Craig replied, sarcasm dripping off his words as he finally shut the door behind him.

Tweek cursed under his breath when he felt his cheeks start to burn.

8 years.
They’ve been best friends for 8 years (and fake dated for like, 6 years) and he still blushed like a schoolgirl around Craig.
He couldn’t help it though. Craig was an enigma. He was stoic, and he didn’t believe in sugar coating his thoughts, and in a world, that scared him with its ever-changing nature, and his head constantly making him paranoid about things that he knew were stupid… Craig was a constant. Craig kept him grounded with his blunt nature and his never changing habit of flipping people off. Craig had been at his side, calming him down and making him feel validated since they were 10 years old.
Craig was supportive and amazing and his best friend in the whole world and his soul mate and Tweek was madly, madly in love with him.

Tweek probably loved Craig before he even knew he was gay.

But he would never tell Craig about these feelings. Because he knew that there was no way that these feelings were returned and he loved Craig so much that the very thought of losing him made his throat close up and he felt like he couldn’t breathe and he felt like there was an invisible weight crushing his chest and robbing him of the ability to breathe and he had to force himself to start breathing slowly like Craig had taught him because he was about to have a panic attack.

He took a deep breath in through his nose.

Held it for 5 seconds.

And let it out slowly through his mouth.

Repeat x5.

Okay. Calm. He was fine.

He sighed, staring into the inky blackness of his coffee.

Tweek was selfish. He could pretend; he could continue this façade of a purely platonic relationship on his part if it meant that he never had to lose Craig.

He just wished that it didn’t feel like he had a giant, gaping wound inside of his soul.

“Tweek? You okay there, man? You’re spacing out on us.”

Token groaned, exasperation clear on his face.

“You weren’t supposed to tell him that last part, you moron.”
Tweek stared down into his coffee cup, frowning as he tried to come up with an answer.

“No, it really wasn’t that bad. I just overreacted. Like I always do when it involves Craig.”

Token’s gaze softened as he looked at his friend.

“Tweek, dude. You have to tell him eventually. You can’t keep doing this to yourself, man.”

“It’s not that easy. Craig knows I’m gay. He’s known it for like over 5 years. But I have no idea about him. as far as I’m concerned, he’s straight. And as far as I’m concerned, he doesn’t have feelings for me. I can’t risk losing him, man. My life without him would be so bleak.”

“You can’t keep doing this to yourself.”

“It’s been working pretty well so far.”

“No, it hasn’t. you’re miserable.”

Tweek was about to reply when Craig opened the door and stepped inside.

Three pairs of eyes immediately looked over to where he stood, and he stopped and stared back in confusion.

“I forgot the keys... what?”

Tweek looked at Token.

“Nothing.” Token replied.

Chapter End Notes

So i picked terrible timing to start this fic. i'm going to be out of the country in a few days and won't have access to Wifi, so after this early chapter, the next chapter will be uploaded in 2 weeks.

i'm the worst.

Anyway, we're now in the timeline where this story will take place. beautiful young adult Creek. i hope you all enjoy this chapter! Feedback is always appreciated.

Also Guinea pigs are definitely rodent potatoes
Tweek and Craig were sitting in their lounge watching reruns of some 90’s sitcom, Tweek on his 3rd cup of coffee and Craig on his second bowl of cereal. Craig hadn’t even bothered to put on a shirt (much to Tweek’s dismay) and Tweek’s trademark messy hair was tied back into a messy ponytail.

It was a nice, chilled way to spend the Saturday before classes started and their lives became a flurry of assignments and exams.

Token and Clyde had left earlier that morning to buy them some much needed groceries, as well as any stuff that they may need for their classes.

Token had always loved stationery shopping, and he got serious about it. The one and only time that Tweek went with, he almost pulled the fire alarm so that he could escape the torture of hearing Token describe (in depth) how every pen was different and how you could figure out which one was the right fit for you and your writing style.

After that trauma, Tweek couldn’t even walk into the stationery aisle in a grocery store without having flashbacks that left him breathing faster.

So, Craig would normally buy his notebooks and pens for him when he went to do his own ‘Back-to-school’ shopping.

“Do you think Stripe likes his new tank? I don’t want him to get depressed from the change.”

Craig mused, as he spooned more cereal into his mouth.

Tweek glanced at him.

“You have milk on your chin.”

Craig wiped his chin with the back of his hand, looking over at Tweek to ensure that he had gotten all of it.

Tweek nodded, and then answered his question.

“No offence, but I’m pretty sure that Stripe wouldn’t notice a change in his surroundings even if you put another guinea pig in that tank.”

“Please stop being mean to my son.”

Tweek snorted, unable to keep from smiling when he saw that Craig was attempting to fake sulk while still shovelling cereal into his mouth.

“You have to, ngh, choose. Either sulk or keep eating; you can’t do both, man.”

“I can, and I will.”

Tweek laughed again before turning back to the television set in front of them. The place had come with a small television set; however, Token had brought the television set that was in his bedroom at home as ‘no one is going to use it in my room’. This also meant that all the gaming consoles that
were attached to said TV came with.
Having rich friends had its perks.

“Did your parents say when they were going to be here?”

Craig picked up his cell phone that was the couch next to him.

“well, it’s 11 now and they said they were leaving at like 10-ish. So, they should be here in the
next hour. Why? Ya got plans?”

“I was actually gonna go see Kenny, see how he’s settled into his new place and stuff.”

Craig frowned.

“Kenny is in Denver?”

Tweek drummed his fingers on his mug, worrying at his bottom lip with his teeth and pulling at a
scab that had formed over a cut.
He winced when warm, metallic tasting blood coated his lip. He placed his mug on the coffee table
and made his way to the bathroom.

As he was walking to the bathroom, gently sucking on his lip, he replied to Craig’s question.

“Yeah, he, ngh, moved here a few weeks ago. He’s got a job and he’s saving up so that he can
afford to support Karen.” Tweek retrieved a small piece of toilet paper and used it to dab at the cut
on his lip, “He wants her to leave South Park and come stay here in Denver. Attend the local high
school and stuff.”

Craig looked at him as he walked back into the lounge.

“Are you bleeding?”

“Uh yeah, I-it’s nothing though. Just a small cut.”

There was a lull in the conversation. But Tweek knew what Craig was going to say next.

“Is he still dealing?”

the bleeding had stopped and Tweek had moved on to shredding the small, blood-stained piece of
paper into smaller squares. He knew exactly where this conversation was headed, and he knew that
this was a confrontation and Tweek HATED confrontation. Especially when it was Craig.
Especially when it was because Craig was disappointed in him.

“Y-yeah.”

Craig didn’t reply. And Tweek just knew that if he looked over at Craig, he would see Craig
looking upset because Craig hated it when he got high, especially when he got fucked on the heavy
stuff even when he told Craig that he sometimes just needed something to keep the voices quiet
the same fucking voices that provided commentary on every action and moment of his life and it
felt really nice to just not have to think about his responsibilities and the fact that sometimes when
he lay in bed at night with the lights off and everything was quiet he felt like screaming because
his body would suddenly get really hot as he thought about how everything was so futile because
why was he doing what he was doing? He was playing the part of an America high school graduate because that’s the part that he was told to play right now and how significant can he really be in a world of billions and how much can it all really mean and-

Craig was scowling.

“Don’t get mad at me, okay man? He won’t even sell me anything other than weed after you almost broke his nose last time!” Tweek said, trying to keep from screaming which is what he wanted to do.

Craig’s scowl deepened.

“I was worried about you. “

“I… I know. But you don’t always have to look after me, you know.”

Craig didn’t say anything. He stood up, placed his empty bowl in the kitchen sink and went into his room. When Tweek heard the soft click of Craig’s door he wished that Craig had slammed the door instead, because right now he had no reason to be upset with Craig. Which meant that Tweek was the bad guy in this scenario, and he hated that.

Chapter End Notes

THIS IS SO LATE PLEASE FORGIVE ME.

My holiday was good and then university hit me like a bag of anxiety inducing bricks, so i basically didn't get much time to write.
i hope those of you who have been following since day 1 enjoy this update, and to new reader: welcome! please enjoy this fanfiction that i have put out into the world.

thank you all for the support and feedback, i appreciate every single one of you.
“Hey, Kenny. Is it cool if I stop by now?”

“Yeah, man! Stan just bought pizza, so if you want any you better hurry. You know how our man Stan can eat.”

Tweek heard a muffled ‘Hey!’ in the background of the conversation and smiled to himself. He was walking towards Kenny’s place, taking slow drawn out strides to make the walk last a little longer. It’s not that he didn’t want to get to Kenny’s fast, it’s that he needed a little time to think. Tweek had waited in the lounge for almost 20 minutes before he decided to get dressed and leave the flat. He was really hoping that Craig would have left his room so that he could apologize or something.

There was no way he was going to knock on the door. It wasn’t even entirely his fault! Craig had interfered in his business back in high school and here he was again, mothering Tweek and feeling like he always had to be a babysitter.

He didn’t need a protector then and he doesn’t need one now.

He eventually found himself in front of the door to Kenny’s dingy little flat. It wasn’t great, but Tweek was really proud of Kenny for getting himself out of the future that everyone had already decided for him.

Kenny refused to turn into his parents. And once he got Karen out of there, he could make sure that she had the opportunity to not follow their parent’s path too.

Tweek brought his hand up to the splintered wooden door and knocked three times.

The door almost immediately opened and revealed Kenny, with an obviously not sober Stan at his side.

“TWEENK.”

“… Hello,”

Kenny pulled him into a hug and Tweek laughed as Stan joined the hug as well.

“I hope there’s some pizza left.” He said, when he was finally allowed to leave the threeway hug, “I could actually go for a slice.”

“Of course there is! Come inside, man, make yourself at home.”

Kenny’s flat was small, but it was neat and well organized. There was a central room, where Kenny had placed a blue, beat up couch and a few bean bags, a small kitchen with a two-plate stove and a microwave, a door led off to the bedroom and another to the small bathroom.

“I like your place, Ken.” He said, sincerely.

Kenny smiled up at him.
“it’s a shithole, but it’s my shithole.”

“Poetic, Mr McCormick.” Stan quipped, throwing himself down onto one of the bean bags in the central room. Stan’s laptop was on the floor, playing music to fill the place of an absent television set.

“Suck my dick, Mr Marsh.”

“Present it.”

“Kenneth, keep your pants on.” Tweek said, sitting down on the couch, immediately taking his shoes off and making himself at home.

Kenny and Tweek had originally become friends in high school (after a long hiatus) when Tweek needed a new dealer since his old one had moved schools. The strictly professional relationship had quickly turned into a friendship when they got high together once and started reminiscing about all the fucked up shit they did as kids. Something about Kenny was just very calming to Tweek. He seemed so in control, so trustworthy. And yet… he always seemed like he knew something that you didn’t. That he had this large worldly secret that he couldn’t share with anyone. That burdened look that Kenny had resonated with Tweek, who felt so burdened with the shit that went on in his head, shit that he was scared of telling people because he was afraid that they would all leave him and tell him that he was actually insane, that he sometimes felt like he had a huge secret that he carried on his back at all times.

“To what do I owe this pleasure, Tweek? Is this strictly business or pleasure?” Kenny said, sitting on the floor next to Stan, picking up the bong that was there and taking a lighter off the small ottoman between them. He looked up at Tweek and winked, his trademark cheeky smirk already dancing on his lips.

Tweek felt his face flush and he stuttered as he tried to reply. Kenny was like this with everyone, a huge flirt who drew you in with his charm until you believed that you were the only one he did this too, until you caught him flirting with literally everyone else.

“Let the man catch his breath first before you try to sell him drugs.” Stan said, taking the bong from Kenny and flicking lighter on. The blue-red flame danced on the edges of the purple glass of the bowel and Tweek watched it for a moment, mesmerized.

“Both.” Tweek replied.

“Good.” Kenny said, his smile growing wider as he watched Tweek reach across and take the bong from Stan.

The air around them was smoky, and Tweek couldn’t even remember why he was upset earlier this morning. Where was Craig? He should call Craig.

He didn’t know where his phone was though and didn’t want to get up to look for it. Instead he turned to look at Stan.
“What are you doing in Denver?”

“Huh? Oh, I don’t start campus until like the 23rd, so I came to fuck around here for a while. Enjoy a little bit of freedom before I get into the grind.”

“Yeah, he came to Denver to mooch off of me. Why don’t you go stay with Tweek and them? They have more money than me.”

“Because I loooooove you Keeeeneeennnny.” Stan mewled out, making kissy faces at Kenny while Kenny pretended to swat them away.

“Yeah, you love me and my free weed.” Kenny scoffed, not looking up from the little baggies that he was separating for Tweek.

Stan looked over at the bags and then at Tweek.

“I thought you were into the harder stuff.”

Tweek winced.

“I, er, I am kinda. But I can’t really buy it from Kenny.”

“Yeah, on account of the last time I sold him anything that wasn’t weed, his fake boyfriend almost fucking put me in hospital.” Kenny spat, the scowl on his face deepening as he remembered the event.

“What the fuck? Tucker kicked your ass?”

“It wasn’t that bad, man! He punched you, like, once!” Tweek exclaimed, feeling the need to protect Craig even though Craig was definitely in the wrong.

“It was a fucking cheap shot too. He surprised me right after I’d kissed you.”

“Whoa okay wait. I feel like I’m missing a lot of context here. Somebody back up and tell this story from the start.”

Tweek looked and Kenny and Kenny shrugged.

“Go ahead man. It’s not my story to tell.”

Tweek took a deep breath and began to speak.

“Well you know how sometime in high school, around 8th grade, I missed quite a bit of school?”

Stan nodded.

“Yeah, there were rumours that you moved schools for a while.”

“Well, the truth was that I was just really, really depressed man. My parents didn’t really know how to handle it and I didn’t know what was going on because I didn’t really have any idea what
depression was. So I missed a lot of school and spent a lot of time wondering why I felt so fucking shitty. My marks were dropping and I was sleeping at like erratic hours.” He paused, “Well more erratic than usual, anyway. I remember one week it just… it all became t-to much. I couldn’t get out of bed, I felt like I didn’t even have the energy to open my mouth and speak to people. My limbs felt like they weighed a ton, and everything around me was covered in this haze. I-I don’t, uhm, remember much… I just remember taking a lot of painkillers and texting Craig. I don’t even remember what the text said. I think I told him I was sorry. I don’t remember much after that, but I remember Craig carrying me to his car and then I remember being in hospital and being told to drink something. After that it was just pain and a lot of vomiting.”

Tweek didn’t look at Stan. He felt naked, exposed and raw. Like someone had just taken a knife to his face and revealed the meat and bones that made up his real self. The self that he doesn’t like others to see.

“They diagnosed me with Bipolar type 2. I’m on meds and stuff now, and I still get highs and lows, but it’s okay now, I can handle it. I just think… I think Craig feels like he has to protect me. He scared of almost losing me to a substance again I guess. Or something like that. He explained it to me once… or he tried to explain it. Craig isn’t really good with expressing his emotions.”

“Understatement of the century.” Kenny said.

“ANYWAY,” Tweek said, and Kenny rolled his eyes before putting his attention back on rolling the joint that he suddenly had in front of him, “a little after that my regular dealer moved away and I started buying from Kenny. Craig is cool with the weed but when Kenny and I started doing the ‘harder’ stuff together he wasn’t exactly happy.”

“Especially when he had to come and fetch your underage, high as fuck, emotional ass from a club at 3am.”

“Argh, for some reason, whenever I got really fucked, I’d always call Craig. And for some reason he would leave whatever he was doing to come and fetch me. Even when we came out and told everyone that we weren’t really dating and he had no reason to come, he would still drop everything.”

“Why didn’t Kenny just take you home?”

Tweek shrugged. “He took me back to his place a few times, but Craig insisted pretty early on that I call him instead. I think he was worried that Kenny was going to molest me.” He laughed, looking over at Kenny and hoping that his attempt at humour would lighten the heavy mood a little.

But Kenny wasn’t laughing. Instead, his scowl was just set deeper.

Tweek coughed.

“Well anyway, one day when Craig was getting me into bed I guess, he found some coke in my jacket pocket and he lost his shit. I made him promise that he wouldn’t confront Kenny about it, but he was still pretty angry. He blamed Kenny for my drug use even though I chose to do it. Like, I wasn’t a damn child.”

“Okay so that explains most of it, I think.” Stan mused, “except for the whole you being kissed by Kenny part.”
“Oh… uhm, uh-“

“We were waiting for Craig to arrive after a night of partying, we were high on ecstasy and I thought it would feel really nice to kiss Tweek. So I did. And then I felt Craig’s hands pull me off Tweek before his fist collided with my face.” Kenny explained, bitterly.

There was a heavy silence.

“… well that conversation sobered me up. Let’s get high again please.” Stan said.

“Happy to oblige.” Kenny replied, handing Stan the joint he had been preparing.

Tweek looked over at Kenny, somehow trying to show Kenny how sorry he was for everything with just a look and, much to his relief, Kenny sent him a small smile.

“So like… you know that Craig has like, a major fucking crush on you, right?”

Tweek squints at Stan as he tried to process his words.

“Whaaaaaat? Ngh, no way man.”

“Yeah! And I know you have a major crush on him.”

“Congrats. Everyone except Craig knows that.” Tweek mumbled.

“So. My question is,” Stan said, a smirk appearing on his face, “how are you going to jerk off to him now since you guys are flatmates. What if he hears you moan out his name while you cum?”

“WHAT?!” Tweek spluttered, his cheeks turning bright red.

Kenny burst out laughing.

“Tucker is just playing with his stupid hamster when he hears ‘Oh, Craig. Fuck me harder, daddy’ coming from the next room.”

This is then followed by both Kenny and Stan imitating what Tweek can only assume is their version of his sex voice and moaning out Craig’s name.

When they’ve both stopped they’re laughing so hard that Kenny has literal tears flowing down his cheeks.

“Firstly, fuck you guys. Secondly, WHY AM I THE BOTTOM.”

There’s a pause before Stan and Kenny both start laughing again.

“I give up.” Tweek says, throwing his arms up in mock annoyance.

Eventually they’ve stopped laughing and while chewing on some pizza, Tweek asks Stan something that he’d been meaning to ask earlier.
“Are you and Kyle going to room together?”

“Er… no. We’ve decided to branch out a little. Spend some time apart.”

Tweek sat up (a little too quickly whoa the world was spinning).

“Did you guys break up?”

There was a pause.

And then Kenny started laugh-crying again and Tweek felt like he had missed something.

“BROKE UP?” Stan shouted, working himself up to such a state that he almost fell off the bean bag.

“… yes?”

“We…” Stan breathes in, trying to compose himself, “we were never dating.”

“What? I thought, ack, that you guys were fucking since like 9th grade!”


Stan pauses.

“I mean, I sucked his dick like once.”

The rest of the evening carries on like this, the three of them talking about the past and the future. And before long it’s almost 10pm and Stan is snoring softly on the couch while Tweek and Kenny are laying next to each other on one of the bean bags.

“Craig and I got into an argument before I came here. That’s why I, ngh, came earlier than I said I would.” Tweek said softly, tracing lazy patterns through the material of Kenny’s sweater.

“Yeah? What about?” Kenny replied, his quiet voice matching Tweek’s own.

“Me coming here. Seeing you.”

“You know that he doesn’t just hate me because of the drugs thing, right?”

“What do you mean?” Tweek murmured, his eyelids feeling heavy as he looked into Kenny’s pretty eyes.

“He’s threatened by me. Because I’m not scared of my feelings for you.”

“Your feelings for me?” Tweek blinks, furrowing his brows as his fuzzy mind tries to understand what Kenny is saying.

Kenny doesn’t reply. Instead, he closes the small gap between him and Tweek and places his lips softly over Tweek’s. He pulls away, searching Tweek’s eyes for any sign of rejection or regret. He knows how stupid this is, how futile his feelings for Tweek are. Tweek has and always will be in love with Craig. But people can love more than one person, can’t they? It’s not fair that Kenny had
to stand aside and watch Tweek pine after someone who didn’t have the balls to make him theirs. So Kenny had decided that even if he got rejected, at least he had told Tweek how he felt. At least he was better than Craig in that regard.

“Tweek… I–”

And then Kenny felt the soft press of Tweek’s lips against his own.

Chapter End Notes

A little more into the mind of Tweek.

Kenny is cute.

Chapter from Craig's POV next.

Keep well, mates.
Craig was an 18-year-old male in the prime of his life, who had just spent the last 30 minutes of his Saturday afternoon having a stare down with his overweight guinea pig. Craig kept his gaze impassive and stern, determined to win this time. But his resolve crumbled when Stripe did that cute thing with his nose where it twitched like crazy and Craig felt his insides melt with cuteness.

“FINE. You win, Stripe.” He sighed, throwing up his arms in defeat as he rolled over onto his back, Stripe squeaking as he searched Craig’s bed for treats victoriously.

“I know I overreacted. I just… “Craig bit at his lip. Cursing at himself when he realised that he had picked up this particular bad habit from Tweek; he ran his tongue over the small bit mark that he had left.

“I know that Tweek doesn’t need me to mother him as much as I do. But… he scares me when he does the stupid shit he does. What if he gets some bad shit from McCormick and overdoses?” Craig feels his throat close up as he tries to keep the feeling of panic from blacking out his vision. His voice cracks as he forces himself to voice out the rest of his thought.

“What if I can’t get to him fast enough this time?”

There was a pause.

“You know, Stripe. You’re great at listening, but you’re real shit at comforting me.”

Stripe squeaked as he chewed on a bit of carrot.

There was a soft knock on the before Token poked his head through the slightly ajar door.

“Hey Craig, if you’re done conversing with your guinea pig… your parents are here.”

Craig groaned as he pushed himself up on his bed. He ran his hand over his face, rubbing at his eyes as he forced himself to stop thinking of Tweek. Yeah. Fat chance.

Tweek seemed to be all he thought of these days. And living with him probably wasn’t going to make that any better.

“I’m coming.” He said, following Token out of the room to the front door where his parents stood. They had seen the flat before, had helped the four boys make a good decision on the place and price, so really all they were doing now was appreciating the small spin the boys had put on the place with their small quirks.

“Craig!” His mom said, coming over to give him a big hug. He smiled, allowing his mom to envelope him with her motherly affection. “I’ve missed you, sweetheart.”
Craig chuckled softly. “It’s been like a day, mom. That’s not long enough for you to miss me. You’re supposed to enjoy this time without me.”

“We’d enjoy it more if we didn’t have to entertain your sister now that you’re not around. She’s bored out of her mind since you aren’t there for her to bug.” Craig’s dad interjected, pulling his son into a hug as well.

Craig grinned, relishing in the fact that Tricia was missing him. He would never get her to admit it herself.

“Is she enjoying her new room at least?”

“She said it smells like guinea pig.”

“You just can’t please some people.” Craig shrugged, before looking out the window. “is my baby here?”

“Yes. Though, I swear to god, Craig. If something else on this car breaks in the next 6 months, I’m scrapping it.”

“Dad, no! She might hear you!”

Craig’s parents had just driven up from South Park to deliver his small electric-blue car to him. The car had belonged to his aunt or something once upon a time, and was honestly such a piece of shit. But it was his first car and he couldn’t imagine driving anything else for the foreseeable future.

His mom placed a gentle hand on his shoulder. “You do know that we can afford to get you another small car, right? You’ve worked hard to get the scholarship that you have and your dad and I have both agreed that buying you a new car isn’t something that’s completely out of our budget.”

“Maybe a little later down the line? When the kind of car I have actually matters to me? Right now I just need something to get around in. And I don’t know… this car holds some sort of sentimental value.”

He tried to ignore the montage that his mind played him as soon as he said those words. A montage of all the times he has spent with Tweek in that car. There was an emergency coffee stash in that car, for fuck’s sake.

“Okay love. How do you feel about going out to eat somewhere? Your dad and I are starving.”

“Free food? Count me in.”

The meal had been a pleasant affair. They had found a nice franchise restaurant that had friendly staff and some half decent food. Around the time that they were just finishing up their meal, and Craig was downing what was left of his Soda, he noticed his parents were exchanging glances and immediately felt that something uncomfortable was about to happen.

“What?” he said, after no one said anything for a good 5 minutes. His parents exchanged glances once more.
His dad cleared his throat.

“I’m… uh, I’m gonna go outside for some air. Craig… your mother wants to talk to you about something.”

And before Craig could even process what his dad had said to him, he was walking out of the restaurant and towards the car.

“Wait, what?”

His mom looked and him uncertainly before she apparently decided that she was going to just suck it up and do whatever it was that she had set her mind to.

“Craig…”

“Oh no.”

“Your father and I realized when you left home, that we haven’t really ever given you advice on sex and sexual orientation. We assumed that you had some understanding of orientation because of your homosexual relationship with Tweek, and after finding out that you two faked it for the sake of the town, we didn’t really know how to broach the subject with you.”

Craig could feel his soul dying.

“But now we fear we have left it for too long and if we don’t rip this band aid off now, we might never do it. So, son, we want you to know that we are here for you, and we are supportive of you in these upcoming years as you explore your sexuality and who you are as a person. We love you no matter what, and we want you to know that you can speak to us about anything.”

“Oh… uhm. That’s actually… thanks, mom. That actually means a lot.”

Craig was surprised. His parents normally didn’t ever want to talk about things like sex and sexual identity. This was a nice surprise. Just not one he ever wanted to explore. Ever.

“And, we want you to know that we fully support you being gay. And if you want to use college as a place to explore feelings that you couldn’t really in a town as small as South Park, then go for it. We just ask that you’re safe and responsible. We took the liberty of buying you a few packs on condoms and leaving them in your car.”

“Oh, okay that’s… wait. Gay? Mom I’m not…”

His mom placed her hand on his, the act of endearment lost on Craig as he looked at her in puzzlement.

“Mom, what the fuck? I’m not gay.” Craig winced, “I mean… Honestly, I don’t know what I am yet.”

“We don’t care what you are, Craig. Your father and I love you very much. Even if your dad finds it a little hard to express sometimes.”
Craig smiled, his cheeks heating up at how ridiculous all of this was.

“I know mom. I love you too.”

They shared a comfortable moment of silence before Craig’s mom spoke once more.

“When are you and Tweek going to get back together, honey? I always liked the two of you together. You were so happy when you were with him. Honestly, I don’t think anyone can make you smile the way he does.”

Craig felt like someone had rammed one of the cheap metal forks that were on the table into his heart.

“Yeah… I know, mom. I know.”

His parents dropped him off at home later that afternoon after insisting that they took him out to buy a few articles of clothing as well. Craig opened the door and wasn’t surprised to see Token and Clyde deep in concentration over a COD battle. They’d bought it the other day, and honestly Craig was surprised that their friendship had survived this far after all the rounds of screaming at each other. Tweek had proposed that they hide all the knives in the house at one stage.

“Hi.” Craig greeted.

“’Sup.” Token replied, raising a hand in greeting without moving his eyes from the screen.

“Is Tweek in his room?” Craig said, slipping off his coat and putting it into the small closet next to the front door.

“Hm? I don’t think Tweek’s come home yet.” Clyde said, “Token made pasta by the way. If you haven’t eaten anything.”

“Parents took me out, don’t worry.” He frowned. “He hasn’t come back yet?”

“Nah, brah. Is he out past curfew?” Clyde replied.

Token snickered, grinning at Craig.

“Ah ha ha. You’re hilarious.”

“Thank you, thank you. I’m here every day, please tip on your way out.”

“Here’s your tip.” Craig deadpanned as he flipped him off, walking past them to get to his bedroom.

He frowned as he carried his bags to his room and dumped everything onto his bed.

Why would Tweek be at Kenny’s for this long?

Not that Craig cared. He wasn’t Tweek’s mother after all. And Tweek was an adult who was in
charge of himself.

It's just that…

Aside from the fact that Craig didn’t like Kenny because of the whole drug thing. There was something else about Kenny that made Craig uneasy. Craig couldn’t really put his finger on it, but when he saw the two of them together he got the oddest sensation in the pit of his stomach. A sensation that almost made him want to stick his fingers down his throat so that he could vomit up whatever was making him want to grab Kenny by the hood of his fucking ridiculous omnipresent, orange parka and punch him in the face again. He wanted to get rid of that gross feeling of wanting something… more.

“Hey Tweek! Craig was getting worried about you, man.” Craig heard Clyde say from the lounge followed by the sound of the front door closing.

“He, Jesus, he was?” Craig heard the sound of keys falling unceremoniously onto the glass side table they kept next to the door.

He stepped out of his room and leaned lazily on the door frame.

“I was.”

Tweek looked up and Craig saw how red his eyes were.

Ah. Well at least it was just weed. Craig could handle that.

“You need to, ngh, talk to me, man?” Tweek asked, opening the kitchen cupboards in search of a mug.

Craig didn’t really. But he figured that he may as well apologize to Tweek for earlier.

“Yeah, is that cool?”

“Y-yeah, let me just get some coffee. The stuff at Kenny’s place was vile.” Tweek pulled a face at the memory.

Craig grinned.

“Coffee snob.”

Tweek scoffed as he poured himself a cup of coffee.

“I just know what I like, man.”

A little while later they were settled in Craig’s room, with Tweek going through Craig’s laptop in search of new music, and Craig laying on his back on his bed. Thinking of why he had lied and told Tweek that he needed to speak to him.

Was he this desperate to hang out with his best friend?

He didn’t need an excuse to hang out with Tweek. So why did he feel so pressured to say something right now?
“Kenny asked me out.”

Craig felt his heart fall out of his chest. It sloshed around in his intestines, pulsating uncomfortably as he tried to move his tongue in his suddenly dry mouth.

“W-what?” He croaked out.

“Yeah.” Tweek answered. His back turned to Craig so that Craig couldn’t see just how much Tweek was falling apart. Why did he feel like he was telling Craig that he was cheating on him or something?

“I didn’t even know that Kenny was gay.”

That’s right, Craig. Try to make it sound like a normal conversation. Try to not make it sound like your chest is so tight that you feel like you just ran those stupid cross-country events that they made you run in high school.

“He’s bi.” Tweek shrugged.

“Ah.”

There was a silence.

“Well, my parents gave me condoms. If you, I don’t know… want some?”

“Jesus, Craig. What?”

“well I don’t know, I just mean… Kenny’s experienced, y’know? Don’t let him force you into anything you aren’t comfortable with doing yet.”

“Like what. Hardcore BDSM?”

“You know what I mean!”

“Sorry. Okay, Craig. I won’t let him touch me ‘down there’ unless I give him permission.”

“Shut up. I just don’t want him to be the reason you regret your first time.”

“My first ti- … Wait.” Tweek spun around in the chair to look at Craig with an incredulous expression on his pretty face.

“Craig… do you think I’m a virgin?”

Craig felt his face flush.

“Well I mean… it’s not like we had that much time considering we were in a relationship for a large portion of high school. And then it was like senior year and…” he trailed off, realizing that he had just assumed that Tweek was a virgin because he was a virgin. Had assumed that, like him, Tweek was … waiting? Craig groaned internally. Was he really that pathetic? Obviously Tweek was hooking up with people. Had you seen the guy? He looked like he just stepped off of a photoshoot, his effortless looks and amazing bone structure striking.
Argh.
Craig sounded like a helpless groupie.

Tweek studied his friend’s face. But whatever it was that he found there, he decided to keep quiet about it.

“Well, if it’s my purity you’re worried about, mom, let me tell you. That’s looooong gone. I was doing a lot more at those clubs in senior year than just dancing.”

“Gross, dude.”

Tweek laughed. But quickly sobered up and looked at Craig intently.

“Let’s hang out tomorrow? Just the two of us? I want to spend time with you before campus occupies all our time.”

“Yeah, that sounds great.”

And normally it would. But Craig didn’t know why the pain in his chest hadn’t left from the moment Tweek had told him that Kenny has asked him out. And at this point, Craig didn’t think it would ever leave.

Chapter End Notes

thank you to everyone who took the time to comment on the previous chapters. your comments mean the world to me <3

(i’ve been pretty under the weather this last week as i got my first needlestick and had to be put onto PEP. let me tell you. the side effects are ROUGH. anyway, that's why this chapter is so late! i hope it doesn't disappoint)

thank you for reading!!
Craig’s Mom is a lovely lady

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Craig leaned on the kitchen counter lazily nibbling at the piece of carrot that he had swiped from the pile Clyde was currently working on.

“I don’t get it.” He said, reaching for another piece of carrot.

“Yeah, me neither. I swear you said you were gonna help cook dinner, not just eat my ingredients.” Clyde huffed, swatting Craig’s hand away from his carrots and threateningly waving his knife in the air.

“I am helping. I’m supporting you and your cooking abilities.”

“Oh, gee. Thanks”

“Anyway. I don’t get it. I swear Tweek was… flirting with me yesterday.” Craig said, widening his eyes at Clyde in order to get his utter bewilderment at the statement across. “Like he kept touching my shoulder and saying my name a lot. I swear he fucking giggled at some point.”

“So? You and Tweek are constantly flirting. Its gross most of the time, and the other, like 1%, its kinda cute.”

“I thought he was dating Kenny though.”

Clyde sighed and turned to face Craig, his hands placed on his hips.

“Okay. So, if I heard you right when you told me this story, Tweek technically said that Kenny had asked him out. He didn’t say what his reply was.”

“Why wouldn’t he say yes! Kenny’s cute, and they’re good friends, and Kenny isn’t too much of a giant pussy to tell him how he really feels.”

“Maybe he wouldn’t say yes because he’s still stupidly waiting for you to get your head out of your ass and ask him out.”

“… Maybe.”

Clyde didn’t say anything more and went back to cutting up the various vegetables that he had in front of him. He was actually a half decent cook and had decided to make Chinese dumplings (because they were Craig’s favourite and Craig had been under the weather recently, but definitely don’t tell Craig that because he would get such a big head about it) so that the four of them could have a sit down dinner and discuss their first day of a tertiary education. Token and Tweek had afternoon classes and were only getting home in an hour or so, which meant that he had to deal with Craig and his Tweek related ramblings. Joy.

“I can’t believe you’re cooking us an entire meal dude. It’s so much effort. You’re even making veggie ones for me. I’m touched, really.”

“Well, your dumb ass doesn’t eat meat, and I felt too guilty making you eat just an empty dumpling
“Sorry, man. The only meat I eat is dick.”

“… Jesus Christ, Craig.”

“I regretted that as soon as I said it.”

“Good. Also, the only way I’m gonna get everyone to sit down and actually talk about their day is if we have a sit-down dinner. Otherwise you’d all lock yourselves in your room and I wouldn’t see you until morning.”

“God, you sound like my mother.”

“I’ll take it as a compliment. Your mother is a wonderful woman.”

“She’s okay.”

There was a short silence in which the soft tap-tap-tap of Clyde’s knife hitting the wooden chopping board was heard.

“So… what did you guys even do yesterday?”

Craig sat down at one of the stools they had next to the kitchen counter, stretching out his long legs as he watched Clyde mix all the ingredients together before heading to the fridge to retrieve the dumpling wrappers. The kid really went all out when he cooked. Craig was definitely not complaining though. Clyde’s food was amazing.

“We went to watch a horror that Tweek wanted to see. Then we got dinner and chilled at the park. Standard stuff.” Craig scratched at his head, “Except… well, he held my hand during the movie? Which he hasn’t done in a while, but I guess that it was because it was a horror movie and I know he gets freaked out easily?”

“Dude, Tweek hasn’t held my hand during a horror movie since we were, like, 12. He’s desensitised to them now. Especially after we watched so many when we were kids.”

“Right.”

“Look, find out if he’s actually dating Kenny or not. And if not, ask him out for fuck’s sake.”

Craig watched Clyde intricately fold the dumplings and place them on a floured surface.

“Did you know that Tweek’s not a virgin?”

“Craig, shut up.”

“Have I ever, ngh, told you how much I hate parties?”

“Only about ten times on the way here.”

“Well, I really hate parties.”
Craig grinned, looking over at the twitchy blonde next to him.
Sorry.
The twitchy, really attractive, blonde next to him.
God, he loved it when Tweek got dressed up.

“Well I appreciate you coming with even though you hate parties.”

“You better appreciate me.”

But Tweek was smiling, his lips curled at the corners as he took a sip from the silver hip flask in his hands. Craig knew without a doubt that there was a strong mixture of Baileys and espresso in it, because that was pretty much Tweek’s signature drink.
The flask was a birthday gift from Craig and had Tweek’s initials scrawled on the side in fancy script.
Tweek took it with him to every party, because the thought of unattended alcohol at parties freaked him out.

They were seated in the back of a cab as none of their friends had wanted to be the designated driver for the night. Token was sitting in the front seat, directing the driver to the house where the party was being held.

“How did we even get invited to this? I don’t know any one in my classes yet.” Craig said, looking over at Clyde and Token.

“What can I say? I’m a popular guy.” Clyde said, popping the non-existent collar on his V-neck t-shirt.

“… I was invited. You guys are my plus 3’s.” Token deadpanned.

“I’m still a popular guy.”

“If you say so.” Craig said, patting Clyde on the head.

After a few minutes of driving, arguing about whether zombie porn is hot or not, and Tweek freaking out about the thought of a zombie biting off his dick while giving him a blow job, they finally arrived at the house.

Craig stood on the pavement as Token sorted out the payment with the cab driver. The door to the house was wide open and there were people sitting outside, smoking and drinking out of paper cups.
Craig sighed and looked up at the night sky, a sense of calm washing over him as he watched the stars flickering, lightyears away from him, and yet so close that he felt that he could reach out a hand and grab one.

Before he could bring his left hand up to lazily trace a constellation, he felt fingers gently clasp his own. He looked over to his side, curious.

Tweek didn’t make eye contact, but even in the low lighting Craig could see the furious blush that was covering his cheeks.

He then saw Clyde, who was walking past them, raise an eyebrow at their clasped hands.

“DON’T. BE. A. PUSSY.” Clyde mouthed, grinning at Craig when he frowned at him.

Craig frowned harder and entwined his fingers with Tweek’s before pulling him into the house.
“Let’s go already.”

“O-okay?” Tweek said, confused.

Once they’re inside, Craig remembers that he, too, hates parties.

No wait.

People.

Craig hates people.

“This was a bad idea.”

“Told you so.” Tweek said, taking a swig from his flask. “want some?”

He nodded and took a swig from the flask himself, wincing at the warm feeling of alcohol flowing down his oesophagus. The bitter taste of coffee filled his senses and the underlying taste of alcohol made his tongue momentarily numb.

He wondered what the mix of alcohol and coffee would taste like on Tweek’s tongue.

Tweek leaned in close to speak into Craig’s ear, and the hairs on the back of his neck stood up in attention at the feel of his warm breath tickling his ear and neck.

“I’m gonna go talk to Kenny real quick, wanna ask him how Karen’s doing.” He said, the hand holding the flask pointing to where Kenny and Stan where standing, passing a joint back and forth between them.

Craig nodded, not even bothering to try to shout above the noise to reply. He watched Tweek walk away towards them, his eyes straying to Tweek’s ass no matter how hard he berated himself for it. Once Tweek got to where Kenny and Stan stood, Craig’s mood immediately turned sour. Why did Kenny have to hug Tweek for so long? And there was absolutely no reason for his hands to be that low on Tweek’s hips.

“Dude. You know you’re glaring at Kenny right? Like, we can all feel it. It’s… palpable.”

“I’m not glaring at him. I’m just making sure he doesn’t pull anything weird.”

“Craig… my dear, dear Craig. What you’re feeling is jealousy, my man. You want Tweek so bad that your heart has a hard on.”

Craig sighed, running his hands over his face. “Go back to your boyfriend, Broflovski.”

“Who?”

Craig nodded over to where Stan Marsh was standing, not even bothering to give a verbal answer.

“Oh, Stan’s not my boyfriend.” Kyle paused. “I sucked his dick like, once.”

“Wait what.”

Craig finally looked over at Kyle. His cheeks were rosy pink and his eyes had that glassy look to them that meant that he was fucked out of his mind.

“Man, how thrashed are you?”
Kyle threw his arm over Craig’s shoulder and the close proximity of his face to Craig’s own allowed him to smell the sharp scent of alcohol on his breath. Judging by the intensity of his breath, Kyle was very, very thrashed.

“That’s not the proper question here, mate. The question is ‘why the fuck are you not thrashed?’.”

“Good point. Take me to the alcohol, Broflovski.”

“Gladly!” Kyle steered Craig towards the kitchen, leaning on him heavily. “Hey, wanna know something?”

“I don’t know, do I?”

“Stan’s dick? Huuuuuuuge.”

“… Good lord, please tell me there’s tequila.”

“Tweek? Tweek are you in here, man?” Craig opened the bathroom door slowly, not wanting to get an eyeful of two teens fornicating like horny rabbits. Or any rodent really. When 50% of your body weight is your balls, the desire to fuck must be intense. “Token said he saw you in here a little while ago.”

The bathroom was dark. Craig grasped at the wall blindly, trying to feel for a light switch in his drunken state.

“Ah ha!” He exclaimed, flicking the switch and almost shitting himself when two bright eyes stared back at him.

“ACK, JESUS CHRIST, CRAIG.” Tweek screamed, flailing wildly and almost falling out of the bathtub that he was currently seated in.

“What are you doing in the bathtub, dude.” Craig asked, walking into the bathroom fully and closing the door after him.

Tweek bit at his cuticles, the circles under his eyes somehow looking even darker than usual. “got too loud out there, man. Too many people. C-couldn’t, ah, handle it.”

“Oh. Is it okay if I’m in here?”

Tweek looked at him in confusion. “Yeah, you know you don’t count as people.”

“Oh wow. Thanks.”

“You know what I mean!” Tweek exclaimed, hugging his knees to his chest so that Craig could join him in the bathtub. “You don’t drain me like other people do. Hanging out with you is as easy as being alone.”

Craig smiled at his best friend. His heart warming as those words resonated in his head, his brain delighting in every syllable of that sentence.

He reached out and held Tweek’s hand in his own, gently pulling Tweek towards him.

“Ngh, what are you doing??”

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“Ngh, what are you doing??”
“Shh, just come cuddle with me for a while. I’m drunk and affectionate.” Craig said, sloppily placing a finger over Tweek’s lips as he turned the blonde around. Tweek soon found himself placed between Craig’s legs, Craig’s firm chest pressing against his back.

“Where did you disappear to? I was looking for you.” Craig mumbled, wrapping his arms around Tweek, and pulling him even closer to himself. He rested his chin on Tweek’s shoulder, and tried not to make it too obvious that he was inhaling his scent feverously.

It was pretty obvious.

“Are you sniffing me?”

“… No.”

“Craigory, I can hear you.”

“Craigory?” Craig chuckled, little puffs of breath washing over Tweek’s neck and making a shiver run down his spine. “You’ve been spending too much time with Clyde.”

“Mhm, why were you looking for me?” He asked, trying to steady his breath as Craig’s steady heartbeat pulsates against his back, reminding him that Craig is so very close, and so very alive and perfect and not his.

“I just wanted to tell you that…” Craig cleared his throat, and Tweek felt him shift his position slightly. “If you and Kenny do start dating… I’ll try my best to be happy for you. I don’t like Kenny, but I love you and want you to be happy.”

Tweek felt like his heart was having its dick bitten off by a zombie porn star. I.e, not great.

Pretty shit actually.
Pretty fucking shit.

“O-oh? You’d be okay with it?”

“What? Fuck no. But I’m willing to overlook that if you’re happy.” Craig hugged him close again. “Just promise me one thing?”

“What is it?” Tweek asks quietly, glad that Craig can’t see his face, because he doesn’t know how drunk Tweek would handle that.

“Don’t ever replace me?” Craig whispers into Tweek’s skin, his voice so quiet and vulnerable that Tweek wants to scream.

“I… Craig.” Tweek makes himself turn around, so that he’s looking into Craig’s scared eyes. He brought his hands up to cup Craig’s face, his calloused hands shaking as they touched soft skin. “No one could ever occupy the space you have in my heart.”

Craig smiled shakily, leaning forward so he could rest his forehead on Tweek’s.

“That’s pretty gay, dude.”

Tweek grinned. “I’m pretty gay, dude.”

“Truuuuue.”
They sit like that for what feels like ages, but is probably only a few minutes, before Craig pulls away to look at Tweek with a weird look on his face.

“What? W-what’s wrong? Do I have something on my face? Is it a booger? Oh my god, it is, isn’t it?!”

Craig laughed, pulling Tweek’s hands away from his face before he accidentally knocked himself out with all his flailing.

“No, it’s just…” he gently brushes a wisp of hair behind Tweek’s ear, “you’re really beautiful.”

And Tweek feels like he’s trapped in a spell when he sees Craig slowly lean forward, and he can feel every beat of his heart pounding like a crazy drum solo against his chest.

“Craig…” He whispers.

“I love you. More than anyone, more than Stripe. I’d do anything for you.”

And then Craig gently touches his lips to Tweek’s cheek and the spell is broken.

Tweek swallows down the pieces of his aching heart.

“Anything except love me the way I want you to.”

“What?” Craig says, confusion painting his features.

Tweek shakes his head. “Nothing. Let’s go home, Craig.”

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Chapter End Notes

Progress in this relationship, finally.

Craigory Tucker is one of the best things I’ve seen on tumblr. Thank you, Internet, for always providing me with such joy
“Craig and I got into an argument before I came here. That’s why I, ngh, came earlier than I said I would.” Tweek said softly, tracing lazy patterns through the material of Kenny’s sweater.

“Yeah? What about?” Kenny replied, his quiet voice matching Tweek’s own.

“Me coming here. Seeing you.”

“You know that he doesn’t just hate me because of the drugs thing, right?”

“What do you mean?” Tweek murmured, his eyelids feeling heavy as he looked into Kenny’s pretty eyes.

“He’s threatened by me. Because I’m not scared of my feelings for you.”

“Your feelings for me?” Tweek blinks, furrowing his brows as his fuzzy mind tries to understand what Kenny is saying.

Kenny doesn’t reply. Instead, he closes the small gap between him and Tweek and places his lips softly over Tweek’s. He pulls away, searching Tweek’s eyes for any sign of rejection or regret. He knows how stupid this is, how futile his feelings for Tweek are. Tweek has and always will be in love with Craig. But people can love more than one person, can’t they? It’s not fair that Kenny had to stand aside and watch Tweek pine after someone who didn’t have the balls to make him theirs. So Kenny had decided that even if he got rejected, at least he had told Tweek how he felt. At least he was better than Craig in that regard.

“Tweek... I—”

And then Kenny felt the soft press of Tweek’s lips against his own.

Tweek pulled away quickly, his brain only now catching up with this entire fucked up situation.

“Kenny… I. Fuck, man. What have I done?”

Kenny licked his lips, the faint taste of coffee the only remainder of Tweek on him. He was hoping they would at least get to second base before Tweek came to his senses. Damn.

“Er… made me really really happy?” He ventured, laying down on the beanbag, interlacing his fingers together and covering his eyes with them, so that Tweek couldn’t see how red his cheeks were.

“No Kenny, I respect you too much to fuck around with your feelings like this.” Tweek was worryinglly sober and coherent for someone who had smoked as much as he had, but for some reason the drugs had helped him see the situation so much clearer. “I like you, a lot. But I need to know if this thing with Craig could ever happen.”
“Argh. Craig’s lame. What’s he got that I don’t?” But Kenny’s tone was light and teasing. This was his way of diffusing a tense situation.

“Dude, I have no idea. That bastard doesn’t even realize that we’ve been basically dating for real for years.”

“Without the sex.”

Tweek groaned. “Don’t remind me. I haven’t gotten laid in almost a year. Craig is turning me celibate.”

Kenny raised an eyebrow at Tweek, his signature smirk spreading across his face. “I could help with that if you w–”

“NOPE.”

“Lame.”

They sit in comfortable silence for a while. Somehow, even though it remains unspoken, Tweek knows that Kenny is okay with his rejection because it was really about letting Tweek know how he feels. Sometimes that’s all you need to let go of the secret that’s weighing you down. Sometimes all you need is to just vomit your feelings up onto the world and watch them flow away.

“Why don’t you just tell Craig that I asked you out?”

“What?”

“Make him jealous. He’ll have to face his feelings then.”

“You know that’s going to make him hate you more, right?”

Kenny shrugs. “I’m okay with it if its for the greater good. Maybe he’ll hate me less if I’m the reason he gets laid.”

 Token and Tweek were sitting at a table in one of their university’s overpriced coffee places. Tweek was drinking a large, black coffee and Token was drinking some fruity smoothie thing that wasn’t coffee and so Tweek had no interest in it.

“Stop pulling faces at my drink just because it isn’t coffee.”

“I wasn–”

Token raised an eyebrow.

“Fine.”

“I didn’t know that you and Kenny had become good friends again.” Token said, swirling his straw around in his yellow-pink drink.
“Huh?” Tweek looks up from the inky depths of his coffee in confusion. “What are you talking about?”

“You were talking to him at that party this weekend?”

“Oh. Kenny and I never really stopped being friends. I just stopped going out with him all the time, since you know. Kenny was kinda my party buddy, and since most of my meds can’t be taken with alcohol…”

“Okay I’m not one for beating around the metaphorical bush, so let me ask what I really want to know: Are you doing hardcore stuff with McCormick again?”

Tweek sighed before taking a large sip of his drink. Why was every single one of his friends the ‘mom friend’.

“No, I am not. If you have to know, Mother Token, –”

“Mama Token.” Token interjected.

“What?”

“I prefer Mama Token. It sounds cuddlier.”

“Er, okay, Mama Token, Kenny wanted to know how my fake date with Craig went. I’ve started calling them Fake Dates because they’re only dates to me in my sad, desperate brain.”

“Aww honey, that's okay. We all know how crazy you are over that boy.”

“You’re embracing this maternal character a bit too much.”

“So what are you gonna do about our little oblivious walnut Craig? “

Tweek shrugged, downing the rest of his coffee and wondering if another cup would mess with his mood too much today. The terrible realization that you come to when diagnosed with bipolar is that caffeine is a mood destabiliser, which means that if you consume too much of it, it messes with your mood stabilizing medication and BAM you suddenly feel the desperate need to rearrange your entire room before stopping half way because you suddenly realize that you really really HAVE to go to the store right now and buy some watercolour paints because you remembered that you’ve always wanted to start watercolour painting and this seems like a great time to do it. This obviously ended in him sitting on his floor with a blanket over his head and his knees hugged to his chest because he was so restless he could claw his skin off his face and WHY WOULDN’T HIS THOUGHTS CALM DOWN.

Tweek decided against the coffee.

“What can I do, man? I flirt with him blatantly and he still thinks I’m just being friendly.”

“Ask him out?” Token said, as if it was the simplest thing in the world.

“it’s not that simple, fucker. What if it ruins our friendship forever? I mean, Craig hasn’t even told me he’s gay.”
“He’s pretty gay. Remember when he had that huge crush on that Thomas kid?”

“Okay so that was ages ago, and no one know what that really was about. I don’t even think it was a crush. It was more like some sort of weird admiration.”

“It was a crush. He blushed like crazy whenever someone mentioned Thomas.”

Tweek had begun to twist a small section of his hair while he was speaking to Token, and now little pieces of his twisted hair stuck up almost perpendicular to his scalp.

“Well, maybe he is gay and doesn’t know it yet. That doesn’t stop him from rejecting me.”

“Maybe it’ll be the push he needs. The little nudge onto the gay train. You asking him out will remove the heterosexual blindfold covering his little gay eyes. You’ll be like the queen knighting him in gay.”

Tweek blinked.

“I’m leaving. I have a class now and also you’re making me uncomfortable. See you at home.”

Token grinned. “See you at home, Tweek!”

Craig really fucking hated the cold, and as soon as he could, he was hauling his ass out of Colorado and starting his life somewhere warmer. Maybe Tweek could come with him. Open up a cute coffee shop that they could co-run or something.

His face flushed.

If Tweek wanted to, and that’s only because Craig didn’t want to leave Tweek in South Park with his crazy parents if he left.

He sighed, taking another slow pull of the cigarette he held. He fucking hated smoking. But the burn of the acrid smoke in his lungs calmed him in its own disgusting way.

A shadow darkened the floor in front of him and Craig almost threw the cigarette away, afraid that Tweek had come home early today and was about to find him doing something that he had promised to quit months ago.

“Woah, calm down, Tucker. It’s just me.”

“Thought you were Tweek. Didn’t want him to catch me smoking.”

“Aww, you guys really are like a couple. Keeping secrets from each other and everything.”

“Fuck off.”

Kenny grinned, sitting down on the low wall that Craig had perched on, before motioning over to the cigarette that Craig was holding.

“Get your own, McCormick.” Craig grumbled, hugging his arms closer to himself and pulling at his hat. His ears were fucking freezing.
“Aww, Craigy! Sharing is caring. Come oooooon.” Kenny fluttered his eyelashes and started poking at Craig’s arm, trying to get his attention.

“Jesus, fine. If it gets you to stop annoying me.” Craig reached into his jacket pocket and retrieved the packet before handing them over to Kenny, along with a dark blue plastic lighter.

“Is dark blue your aesthetic?”

“Why are you here? Tweek’s still at campus.”

The smile dropped off of Kenny’s face and he didn’t say anything as he placed the cigarette in his mouth, his hand covering the small flame the lighter produced as he tried to light the end of it.

“Tweek said no when I asked him out.” He said, finally. His face still serious as he stared into the street in front of them, stared at people as they went about their everyday activities, carrying on with their mundane lives. “He loves you, you know.”

Craig’s response, although swift, is delivered in a voice that is cracking with emotion.

“I know.”

Kenny sets his jaw, tries to pretend like this conversation isn’t absolutely crushing him. He could die and come back a thousand times, and this pain would still trump the pain of those deaths combined.

“Then what the fuck are you planning to do about it, Tucker? Because I tried to get him to realise that he could eventually learn to love me like he loves you, but no one else exists in his world but you. You’re his sun.”

Craig lets out a shaky breath as he drops the only half smoked cigarette onto the floor, crushing it under his boot before picking it up when he remembers the many talks Tweek has given him about how gross that was and how bins exist for a reason.

Fuck. Tweek.

He finally turns to make eye contact with Kenny and that’s when Kenny sees just how red his eyes are. How long had he been crying? He brings his hands up to rub furiously at his eyes.

“I’m scared.” He finally says. His voice is soft and broken and Kenny cannot believe this, but he wants to hug Craig Motherfucking Tucker.

“Look, I get it. You’re not just admitting you like your friend. You’re admitting you like your male friend. And that’s terrifying. But you two can’t continue playing this weird game of hide and seek with your feelings for each other.”

Craig doesn’t say anything and Kenny eventually stands up, dropping his stub onto the ground and stomping it out with the heel of his worn out sneakers.

“I won’t pursue him anymore, I’ll back off. But you have to tell him how you feel.”

And then Kenny walks away, leaving Craig alone with his thoughts and the realisation that if he
doesn’t tell his best friend how he really feels soon, he might lose him forever.

Chapter End Notes

i promise that this Creek mutual pining is coming to an end soon, guys! so that we can get onto the actual plot.
Which involves angst. Much angst.
Tweek Tweak was 9 years old when he realized that he was very, very gay.

Maybe that wasn’t the correct phrasing really. Tweek didn’t so much as find out that he was gay as much as he found out that almost everyone else was straight.

“Isn’t Craig, ngh, kinda cute?” He says blatantly to Stan one day, as they sit on the bench watching the other children skating on the frozen water of Stark’s pond.

Stan looks up from his phone, and stared out at the pond, squinting at Craig as if this will somehow make Tweek’s comment straighter.

“… No?” Stan replies, “He’s a dude. Wendy’s cute, though.”

“Does it m-matter if he’s a guy?” Tweek asks, taking a long sip from his thermos, the warm coffee warming his insides almost as much as his pink cheeks. He knew that this was a weird question, a weird conversation even. But these words had been bubbling inside of him for the past few weeks now and he had to tell someone before he randomly blurted out the words ‘I think I want to explore some homosexual tendencies I might have’ when his dad asked him to pass the potatoes at the next dinner.

“Well, yeah.” Stan answered, smiling as Kyle waved at him as he skated gracefully passed them, small curls of his bright red hair visible under his green ushanka. “That’s gay, dude.”

Tweek scrunched up his nose and looked at the dark-haired boy sitting next to him, “So you’ve never thought that Kyle was cute?”

“Well I mean… I kissed him once. But! That was only so I could practice for my kiss with Wendy, so it wasn’t gay at all.” Stan added the last statement quickly, the red in his cheeks probably not only due to the cold wind that was biting their skin.

“Oh.” Tweek said quietly, thinking that if he were to ever kiss Craig Tucker, it wouldn’t be practice for anything else.

Tweek and Craig were lounging in Tweek’s lounge, Craig’s long limbs dangling off the side of the couch as they both watched the same Red Racer rerun for the 100th time. Tweek could practically recite the words off by heart at this point and he’d honestly rather watch some of the new movies that Clyde had given him, but Red Racer made Craig happy and Tweek was a sucker for anything that made Craig happy.
“Do you think we need to kiss?”

Tweek nearly inhaled his sip of coffee.

“WHAT???” He spluttered, spilling his mug of coffee on the rug where he was seated.

Craig didn’t reply, choosing to instead calmly get up and get Tweek a dishrag from the kitchen so he could mop up his mess.

“Thanks.” Tweek whispered, trying to clean up some of his mess. The rug was unsalvageable, his parents had long ago given up with trying to keep up with all of Tweek’s spills on it and had now resigned themselves to the impromptu splotchy pattern of coffee stain on the beige background.

“We’ve been fake dating for almost two years and all people have seen us do is hold hands. So, do you think we need to kiss?” Craig explains, seating himself down on the floor next to Tweek so he could make eye contact when he spoke.

Tweek hated it when he did that, mostly because Craig didn’t make eye contact with people very often and when he did it immediately felt like you had to take the situation very seriously because that’s just the way Craig was: Stoic and blunt.

Tweek felt his stomach fluttering with anticipation, the feather light brushes of butterfly wings crawling their way up his oesophagus and threatening to spill forth from his mouth onto Craig in a multicoloured torrent of gay wanting.

“P-probably… it would make this whole, ngh, dating thing more believable.”

“Okay then, tomorrow during lunch I’ll kiss you.”

And then he did something that made Tweek weak at the knees. He smiled.

xxx

The next day at lunch when Craig Tucker leaned in close to him, and he was so close that Tweek could see that faint scar on his eyebrow from when he fell off a swing when he was 3 years old and he honestly couldn’t breathe because this was it Craig Tucker was going to kiss him and he didn’t realize that he had wanted this since he was 9 years old.

And then Craig kissed his cheek and Tweek felt like he had just been punched in the stomach. But he smiled and stuttered and tried to not show his disappointment.

After all, why would Craig want to kiss him?
Before they were gay they were stupid

Chapter Summary

the 3 times craig almost kissed tweek and the who am i kidding craig is an oblivious manatee.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

14.

Tweek wakes up to the monotonous beeping of a heart monitor and to the smell of cleaning solution filling his nostrils. It takes a while for his eyes to focus in the bright white of the fluorescent lightbulbs hanging overhead so he almost misses the fact that there’s a whole other person in the room with him.

“Craig?” he tries to say, but all that really comes out is a groaned out and harshly whispered version of his name.

The boy’s head immediately shoots up from its position on Tweek’s bed and his red-rimmed eyes look at him with surprise.

“Tweek! You’re awake!” he says, his grip on Tweek’s hand tightening.

Tweek coughed, trying to train his voice into working once more. His throat felt like it had been scraped raw with sandpaper and every attempt to swallow was excruciating. That’s also around the time that his brain processes the fact that Craig is holding his hand; Craig’s long fingers entwined tightly with his own.

Craig continued to speak, his eyes looking glassy and full of unshed tears as his voice cracked with the emotion he was trying desperately to not betray.

“You were asleep for so long. Everyone said that you’d be fine, but I was still so scared. You were so still when I found you, Tweek.” He looks away from Tweek’s face as those tears he had been trying to hold back began to spill from his eyes, “I was so, so scared.”

Tweek felt his heart shatter. It was pretty much the first tangible emotion he had felt in weeks. All he remembers of the past few weeks is a hazy, grey feeling of nothingness surrounding him no matter what he tried to do to alleviate it. His forearms were scattered with his attempts to feel something, anything.

But now… now he felt like he had let down the one person who was always there for him. The one person who would drop everything and come to his house immediately just because Tweek had finally done the extremely stupid thing that his depressed brain told him was the sole solution to his plight.

“I’m sorry.” He whispers, the words louder than his previous attempt to speak but still not sounding like his normal voice.

Craig’s face swivels back to face him so quickly that Tweek almost feels dizzy watching him.
“Tweek, no, you have nothing to feel sorry for. I didn’t mean to… fuck.” He pauses, running his hands through his dark hair as he tries to collect himself.

“I didn’t mean to make you feel guilty. I … just,” he brings his chair closer to Tweek’s bedside and once again takes hold of his hand. Tweek glances down at their joined hands; he always loved the contrast of his pale skin against Craig’s own tanned skin. “Tweek,” Craig starts to speak again, his hand holding onto Tweek’s own as if this was all that was anchoring Tweek to this world. “I can’t lose you, Tweek. I don’t know if I’ll be able to carry on without you by my side.”

Tweek wanted so desperately to giggle and tell Craig that he was being dramatic, wanted to make light of the situation that was threatening to honestly suffocate him with the seriousness of it all. But he couldn’t. One look into Craig’s eyes told him that he meant every single word that he was saying. And it was absolutely ridiculous because they were only fourteen years old for fuck’s sake, but Craig was looking at him with such intensity that all Tweek could do was try not to choke on the sob that spilled out of his chest.

And then Craig was leaning over him and his thumbs were wiping away at the tears that were falling down his cheeks and Tweek’s brain had begun to short-circuit because holy fuck Craig’s face was close and this was it, they were finally going to kiss after years of pent up sexual tension which Tweek had convinced himself was one-sided, and all it took to spark the catalyst was Tweek trying to kill himself and sweet Jesus when was the last time Tweek had even brushed his teeth? Would it be rude to tell Craig to hold that thought so he could quickly run out of the room and at least rinse his mouth with some Listerine?

When Tweek feels Craig’s soft lips on his forehead, his train of thought comes to a crashing halt and the feelings of guilt and self-hate come crawling back.

15.

Tweek is sitting on his bedroom floor, extinguishing matches on his skin and reminding himself that he is definitely supposed to be more emotionally stable than this. All of the medication that he’s on (600mg of his mood stabilizer twice a day, 12 hours apart, and 40mg of his antidepressant once a day), the medication that he takes like clockwork when his alarm on his phone reminds him, it’s supposed to stop this bullshit. He’s not supposed to still be hurting himself to feel in control. What was the point of all of the fucking therapy and mind-altering drugs if he still feels the fucking same.

He drops the burnt out match on the floor, his skin red and blistered where the match head had been seconds ago. This is all wrong.

His chest feels like it’s being crushed under some invisible weight and he would scream if he wasn’t afraid of this mother running into his room thinking that he was being murdered. Instead, he tries to count to fifteen like his therapist has taught him to and imagines his lungs filling with air from his throat to his tiny alveoli.

He snaps out of his breathing exercise when he hears a knock at his bedroom door.

“Tweek?”

It’s Craig’s voice and Tweek moves faster than he has in a while, shoving the sleeves of his hoodie down his arms and gathering up the used matches to throw under his bed. He’ll hopefully
remember to throw it out before his mother cleans his room.

“Uh... yeah! Come in, Craig.”

Craig’s face appears from behind the door, his cheeks tinged with pink from the cold outside.

“Hey, man. I left my charger here.” He explains as he enters Tweek’s room, his eyes already starting their search for the cable. His eyes stop when they catch Tweek’s own.

“Are you okay, Tweek?”

His breath stops for a moment and he wonders if Craig can smell the faint smell of fire, if he somehow knew his shameful secret, if he could somehow just see it on Tweek’s face. He tugged on his sleeves, pulling the pastel pink material over his hands.

“I’m fine.” The lie fell easily from his lip, the words tasting bitter on his tongue. And he wishes he could tell Craig the truth, tell him that he’s actually really not fine and that he feels like he’s drowning and that he doesn’t know how to tell his therapist that he’s still a fucking mess. But he knows Craig. He knows that Craig will try to be his cure. Craig will try to fix him and he can’t put that on him, can’t burden him with that responsibility once more.

He already fucked up by making Craig worry about him when he stupidly tried to overdose and like fuck was he going to do anything to make Craig that sad ever again. He presses his nails into his palms, feeling the dull sting of the crescent moons being pressed into his pale skin. Craig deserved someone stable. Someone who could make him happy. Someone that... well, frankly, wasn’t Tweek.

When he looks up again, Craig is standing in front of him – his face etched with worry. He is so close that for a second Tweek cannot breathe because Craig is so tangibly there and so real and Tweek’s hands itch with their need to just touch him.

“Tweek?” He says, his voice soft and so caring that Tweek just wants to break.

“I’m fine, Craig.” He says, trying to reassure himself more than anyone else.

And then Craig’s hand his cupped around his cheek and Tweek thinks that he would be okay with dying in this exact moment if he could always see this look in Craig’s face. He is looking at Tweek as if Tweek is his entire world.

And then Craig leans forward and presses his lips to Tweek’s cheek and Tweek wants to scream until his throat bleeds.

18.

“Tweek? Are you in here dude?”

Tweek cracks his eyes open slightly. The room around him is spinning slightly and his head feels fuzzy and he just feels so fucking good man.

“Ngh, yeah I’m in here,” he replies, his tongue feeling lazy as he slowly enunciates the words.

The door cracks open as Craig pokes his head in, his eyes searching Tweek out even though he was the only person in the room. Tweek can’t help how his heart leaps in his chest, his non-sober self having absolutely no self-control when it came to how Craig makes him feel. Just the pure
unadulterated joy of seeing Craig smile when his eyes met Tweek’s. An eyebrow raised as he took in Tweek’s lanky form sprawled out in the bathtub.

“Any reason why you’re in the bathtub fully clothed?”

“Would you prefer it if I was naked?”

His red-rimmed eyes widened when he realized that his treacherous mouth had said the words that his high mind had been thinking. He felt his cheeks colouring pink as his heart started beating wildly in his chest.

But Craig just grinned and replied with an easy “maybe” before pushing Tweek’s legs aside and getting into the bathtub with him. He rested a hand on Tweek’s knee and Tweek tried desperately not to short circuit.

“Was the party getting a little overwhelming?” he asked, his voice soft and full of concern.

Tweek hummed, tentatively bringing his hand up to curl around Craig’s calf and hoping that Craig was too fucked up to really think too deeply about it.

“Yeah, but like it’s not an anxiety thing? I’m just too high for people right now.” He answered, ducking his head to hide his blush as he spoke, “That shit Kenny brought was strong.”

Craig laughed, the sound carrying in the small bathroom as his fingers traced thoughtless patterns onto Tweek’s jeans.

Tweek was definitely short-circuiting by now.

“You don’t have to wait here with me. You should go out,” he gestures vaguely at the door, “you know, enjoy yourself.”

He finally looks up and notices Craig looking at him with this extremely tender look that he just cannot place.

“I am enjoying myself.”

And then Craig is leaning closer and Tweek’s breath stops in his throat as Craig’s hand comes up to rest on his cheek. His fingers tracing soft lines on Tweek’s jaw as Tweek tries his best not to implode with need.

“You’re pretty amazing, Tweek.” He whispers, and Tweek would try to answer if he thought he was capable of words at the moment. Instead, he closes his eyes and waits.

And waits.

And waits.

And when his eyes finally flutter open, he sees Craig looking at his lips and he almost wants to scream at him to finally fucking kiss him the damn coward but that’s hypocritical because Tweek isn’t making the first move either and then Tweek clumsily reaches forward and places a kiss to Craig’s cheek and the spell was broken and Tweek hadn’t hated himself this much since he was 14.

But then Craig’s hand seeks out his own and his thumb is stroking his knuckles and Tweek thinks that he can maybe hold out for a little while longer.
ha ha, guess i'm not dead after all

Hey everyone!

i'm pretty excited about this piece. i've never really tried to delve too deep into mental health issues in my works before, so this is my little baby. i've haven't found a character that i felt i could translate my own experiences onto quite like Tweek, so i'm excited to see where this goes.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!