By The Firelight's Glow
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Summary

Timmy invites Armie and his family to spend Christmas and his birthday with him at his cousin's cabin in upstate NY, but a snow storm keeps Elizabeth and the kids from getting there, leaving Timmy and Armie alone for several days for the first time in months. After a night of drinking and reminiscing, Timmy makes a confession that leads to a change in his relationship with Armie.

Notes

This is my very first fic in this fandom! I've written a handful of other fics for other fandoms, but it's been several years, and this is my first time posting on this site. So I hope it's not terrible. This chapter is kinda long because I couldn't find a good place to break it, but the subsequent chapters won't be as long.

This was originally meant to be happy and fluffy (and short!), but these boys had other ideas, so prepare for the angst!

This is all fiction. I don't know the real Armie or Timmy, and I mean no disrespect to them as people.

Also, I live in the south and my experience with cabins in winter in upstate NY is exactly zero, so if anything in that regard doesn't seem realistic, I apologize.

This hasn't been beta'd, so all mistakes are my own. Comments are appreciated!
Chapter 1

The front door of the cabin swung open with a bang as Timmy and Armie hurried to get out of the swirling snowstorm that had kicked up in the last few miles of their drive. They tumbled inside and quickly closed the door, brushing the fluffy flakes from their hair and coats as they moved further into the dark cabin.

Timmy found the light switch for the main room and flipped it on. The room flooded instantly with soft light. He smiled warmly at the sight that greeted him. In the corner of the room stood a seven-foot-tall Christmas tree, fully decked out with lights and decorations, and a full train set circling the base. There were twinkling lights hung in the windows, stockings above the fireplace and a huge lighted wreath hung on the brick above it. Garland wound around the railings of the staircase and hung above doorways.

Armie let out a slow whistle as he looked around. “Damn, your cousin sure went all out! It looks like something out of a Christmas catalogue in here.”

Timmy chuckled as he started removing his coat and boots. “Yeah, he really gets into decorating for Christmas. The irony being he isn’t even here to enjoy it this year. He’s been with his wife’s family in Boston for the last two weeks.”

“Well, I’m glad he went through the trouble. I know Harper and Ford will love it, whenever they get here.” He followed Tim’s lead and started shedding his outer layers and moving more into the room to get more comfortable.

Timmy had invited the whole Hammer clan to join him for Christmas and his birthday in his cousin’s cabin in upstate New York. It had been years since he had been there, and when his cousin mentioned that he wouldn’t be occupying it for Christmas this year like usual, Timmy asked if he could use it instead. It had been like stars aligning for both he and Armie to have a break in their various shooting schedules at the same time, and during the holidays no less. They hadn’t been able to spend any real time together in months, so Timmy suggested they all spend the holidays together and catch up. Armie had agreed on the spot.

Since Armie had already been in NYC for a couple of meetings for potential projects, he and Timmy decided to just drive up together from there, and Elizabeth and the kids would fly out from California and meet them a couple days before Christmas. But then their flight got canceled because of the incoming snowstorm, and no one knew how long it would take for them to actually get there.

Timmy dropped down onto the large sectional couch in front of the fireplace and let his head fall back with a thud, eyes closing in exhaustion. He wanted nothing more than to just fall asleep right there, even though it was barely 5 pm and they hadn’t even moved their bags to the bedrooms yet. The cushion next to him dipped as Armie joined him with a sigh. They sat there in companionable silence for a few minutes before Timmy began to shiver.

“Where does Jeff keep the firewood?”

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“Jeff’s a woodshed out around back,” Timmy answered, moving to get up and make his way outside.

“I got it, you can stay here and crash for a few. I’ll get the fire started, then we can consider our food options.” Armie quickly got up and headed toward the back door before Timmy could protest. He let
his eyes slip closed again, grateful for the chance to release some of his body’s tension.

He must have fallen asleep, because the next time he opened his eyes, there was a full fire roaring in the hearth and there were some truly amazing smells emanating from the kitchen. Slowly, he pushed himself off the couch and went to find Armie.

“Hey sleeping beauty,” Armie grinned at him, holding a bottle of wine as he reached into one of the cabinets to find a pair of glasses.

He smiled and let out a small yawn. “Hey. How long was I out?” He grabbed the glasses from Armie and set them on the small table in the dining area where plates and silverware were already laid out.

“About an hour or so. I took the time to look around and get acquainted with the place and figured I’d just make us some dinner, since Jeff was nice enough to stock the fridge for us. Oh, and I put your stuff in the bedroom for you. Are you sure you don’t want to take the master? It’s your cousin’s cabin, we’re just crashing.”

“Nah man, it’s totally fine. I don’t need a huge bedroom for just myself. There’s four of you, so it’s only fair you guys take it. And you’re not crashing; I invited you here.” Timmy grabbed some of the food and started bringing it over to the table as Armie opened the wine. “Thanks for all this. I guess I was really worn out from the trip.”

Armie shrugged and smirked teasingly at him. “You don’t say! I honestly couldn’t tell from all the snoring.”

Timmy shoulder-checked him as he walked over to his chair. “Shut up, I do not snore!” he said indignantly.

“Ha! I beg to differ! It’s ok to admit it, Tim. It’s honestly kind of cute.” Armie poured them both a glass of wine and sat down opposite Timmy, his eyes shining with fondness.

Timmy glared at him with mock annoyance for a few seconds and muttered a quiet, “Yeah, whatever”, before his expression changed to one of relief at the sight of all the delicious food in front of him. He hadn’t had any lunch, and as if on cue, his stomach let out a long rumble, echoing loudly through the room.

Armie chuckled and nodded at the food. “Eat up, string bean. You’re going to need your stamina in order to keep up with the kids once they get here.” He stabbed his own fork into his food and began eating with enthusiasm.

They ate and chatted about their upcoming projects, Armie regaled Timmy with tales of his adventures in fatherhood, “Every age just gets better than the last, I swear!”, and Timmy described in painful detail the epic tragedy that was his dating life. “It’s like every time I think I’m getting somewhere, they pull out some crazy shit that makes me seriously consider becoming a monk.” He put his head in his hands and sighed dramatically.

Armie snorted and let out a loud guffaw. “Dear God, it can’t be that bad!”

Timmy scoffed and said, “Oh yeah? One person wanted to mummify me, and another told me it’d be hot if I dressed up as a clown. A CLOWN, Armie! Those things are terrifying!” he gesticulated wildly as he spoke.

Armie lost it at that and howled, doubling over and holding his stomach as he gasped for air. After he
finally composed himself enough to speak again, he wheezed out, “I didn’t realize you had a thing about clowns. I’ll have to remember that.” He quickly dodged the napkin that Timmy attempted to throw in his general direction, missing completely due to his more-than-slightly inebriated state.

They’d gone through two bottles of wine and were halfway through the third already. As Armie’s bellowing laugher subsided into more quiet hiccups, Timmy became more somber when he said, “Honestly though, you don’t know how lucky you are to be settled down with someone amazing already. Dating is a nightmare these days.”

At the sudden change in tone, Armie forced himself to stop giggling and leaned forward in his chair, eyes searching Timmy’s face. When he spoke next, the teasing was gone from his voice, replaced instead with genuine affection. “Hey listen, sometimes it’s hard for people to accept something so amazing can be real. And you, Timmy,” he paused, waited for Timmy to lift his eyes to meet his gaze, “you are amazing. And the person who finally realizes that is going to be the luckiest person on the planet.”

Timmy felt his face flush as Armie stared into his eyes, the intensity he found there becoming too much after a few seconds and he broke the gaze, clearing his throat loudly and getting up abruptly. “Ok, enough of this maudlin shit, let’s break out the good stuff and get this party started right.” He silently pleaded for Armie to allow the change of subject and not push further.

Armie watched him silently for a few seconds before nodding and breaking out into a grin. The “good stuff” was the bottle of Bowmore 25-year-old scotch whiskey that Tim’s father had given to him as an early Christmas present. Timmy insisted on cleaning up while Armie retrieved the bottle and poured them each a glass, retreating into the living room to sit in front of the fire.

Once Timmy was done putting the extra food away and rinsing off the dishes, he made his way out to find Armie. He found him lying on the floor in front of the couch, cushioned by throw pillows from the armchairs and covered by a wool blanket. He sat down on one of the pillows beside him and grabbed a corner of the blanket as he got comfortable. Just then, Armie’s phone buzzed in his pocket. He looked at the screen and picked up immediately and put it on speaker phone. “Hey babe, I’ve got you on speaker. Timmy is here with me. Any luck getting a flight out?”

Elizabeth sighed loudly on the other end of the line. “No, the storm is supposed to last into tomorrow and they’ve grounded all the flights to the east coast at least until then. And since it’ll be Christmas Eve, everything is booked solid. We may not be able to get out there for a couple of days.” Armie could hear the tension in her voice. He knew Christmas was an important time to her, with years of family traditions responsible for many of her most treasured memories. After Armie had already agreed to the plan to spend the holidays with Timmy and they had everything planned, he’d confessed that she hadn’t been overly thrilled with changing their yearly plan of spending it with their families, but she had relented because she knew how hard it was for them to get time off at the same time. But now it seemed like the prospect of not even getting to spend Christmas with Armie at all might be a bit too much for even her understanding nature.

Timmy frowned and shifted closer to Armie so he could speak into the phone. “I’m so sorry, Liz. I didn’t mean for this to be such a huge thing for you to get here.”

“Timmy, sweetie, it’s ok, don’t worry about it. We’re used to it by now.” He could tell she was trying to sound reassuring, but the exhaustion was evident in her voice.

Armie shifted the phone back to him as he asked, “How are the kids holding up?”

“Ford’s out cold in his stroller but Harper’s endless supply of energy never ceases to amaze me.” Elizabeth let out a sigh. “She’s made several new friends with the other kids who are stranded here.
At least she hasn’t thrown a huge fit. Yet.”

Armie laughed at his wife’s description, and Timmy imagined cute little Harper running up to strangers and charming them into talking to her. She had the ability to make anyone do whatever she wanted, himself included. “Well, for your sake as well as the rest of the airport, I hope it stays that way. Give them both a big hug and kiss from me and tell them I love them,” Armie said, still smiling.

“I will. How’s the cabin?”

“It’s beautiful! The kids are going to absolutely love it. And it’s only 10 miles from the nearest ski resort, so maybe we can head out there one day before we head back. We just finished dinner and Timmy’s breaking out the scotch his dad gave him.” He smirked at Timmy and nodded over to where he had put his glass on the table beside the couch. Timmy retrieved it and began lightly swirling the liquid in the glass.

They could hear a little of the tension fade as she chuckled lightly. “Well you two better not get into too much trouble while we’re not there. There’s only so much damage control I can do from a thousand miles away.”

Armie smirked at Timmy mischievously as he replied, “I can make no such promises.” Timmy broke out in a grin to rival Armie’s and raised one eyebrow. “Hey babe, I gotta go, but I love you and hope you get here as soon as you can.”

He could practically hear her roll her eyes as she said, “Yeah yeah, go enjoy yourselves. But Timmy, I expect him to be in one piece when I get there!”

“Yes, ma’am!” Timmy called into the phone with a giggle.

They were still smiling as the line went dead, and Armie put his phone back in his pocket, grabbing his own glass and raising it in a salute. “Well, it looks like it might just be you and me for a couple of days. So, here’s to catching up and enjoying the peace and quiet in this gorgeous place before the chaos ensues.” Timmy beamed at him as he raised his own glass and clinked it with Armie’s, both of them taking a healthy swig of the drink and settling in further under the blanket.

“Man, my dad has good taste in whiskey!” Tim exclaimed as he picked up the bottle and inspected the label.

“Fuck yeah, he does. And it’s not cheap, either. You’ll have to tell him thanks for me as well.” Armie took another small sip before putting his glass down and stretching onto his side, the pillow under his elbow as he gazed at the blazing fire.

Timmy nodded silently as he mirrored Armie’s position. They laid in relaxing silence for a few minutes, just enjoying the quiet of the evening and being in each other’s company again after so long.

After a while, Armie started grinning, and when Timmy noticed, he asked, “What are you thinking about?”

Armie just shook his head, still smiling, and said, “I’m just remembering Crema. Man, that was such an amazing summer. I don’t think I’ll ever have another experience quite like that again.”

Timmy returned his smile and agreed, “Yeah, I know what you mean. It was like the stars aligned to make it this perfect moment in time for all of us. I’ve enjoyed working on most of my projects so far, but that was…something else entirely. A little piece of heaven.”
Armie hummed in agreement, taking another sip of his drink. “Hey, you remember the time Luca got so frustrated and shooed us off set while he was setting up the scene and we got bored and ended up jumping in that makeshift pool with our clothes on?”

Timmy let out a giggle as he recalled the incident. “Yes! Oh my God, and when we got back and he saw us, you could actually SEE the steam coming out of his ears!”

“Yeah, I don’t think the wardrobe department was very happy with us that day, either,” Armie chuckled.

They went on reminiscing about their days shooting in Crema for a long while, recalling funny anecdotes and gushing about each other’s performance. Both of them were well on their way to being drunk after having a second, then a third glass of whiskey.

“Remember when we were shooting the first kiss scene and I accidentally kneed you in the nuts when I moved to get on top of you?” Timmy choked out between hiccupping laughs.

Armie mock-glared at him and said, “Yeah, well you’re going to be the one to explain to Elizabeth why we can’t have any more kids.”

Timmy completely lost it then, falling over sideways and cackling. Armie playfully hit him on the leg before letting loose his own set of giggles.

Timmy was glad he could laugh about it now, but at the time it had been rather traumatizing for him. He remembered how Armie had doubled over in the grass and he’d immediately jumped up in horror. After a minute, Armie had recovered and assured him he was fine. But Timmy, plagued with self-doubt, couldn’t let it go and spent the next hour being so apologetic and mortified that he’d almost had a panic attack before Armie finally had enough and wrestled him to the ground and pinned him with his full weight, saying, “If you don’t stop apologizing over this, I actually will get mad at you. It was an accident and I’m fine. Harper does more damage that than on a regular basis. There’s no need to freak out. Got it?” He’d held Timmy’s face firmly in his hands and stared hard into his eyes until the younger boy’s breathing evened out and he finally nodded in acceptance. With a gentle squeeze to his knee, Armie had let him up. As they’d walked back to set, Timmy playfully shoved Armie, then took off running as Armie chased him around the berm. And just like that, they were back to normal.

As their laughter died down, Armie took his last sip of scotch and stretched out on his back, looking up at the twinkling lights above him. He was quiet for a minute before he said softly, “Do you have any regrets?”

Timmy looked over at him in question. “You mean about Crema?” he asked. Armie nodded. He gazed at Armie thoughtfully for a moment while he considered whether to tell the truth. The abundance of alcohol in his system was making his usual self-control over his true feelings for Armie slip. He’d decided before they left Crema to push down the feelings he’d started developing due to some serious character bleed and just try to maintain a close friendship with Armie. It had worked, mostly, and his friendship with Armie only grew deeper and more precious to him over the years. But then there were those few moments, moments like this, where the right circumstances just happened to allow those pesky deeper feelings to bubble up to the surface and threaten to ruin everything.

Armie must have seen the internal struggle warring on Timmy’s face, because he gently said, “Clearly you regret something. What is it?”
Timmy snapped out of his thoughts and looked down at the floor as he mumbled, “It’s stupid, never mind.”

Armie sat back up and brought his hand to Timmy’s chin, making him look back up at him. “Hey, you know you can tell me anything, right? I promise I won’t think it’s stupid. Was it something about your performance? Because I gotta tell you man, there’s absolutely nothing you should regret about that.” He smiled warmly at Timmy as he spoke.

Timmy felt his face warm at the compliment about his performance. Even though Armie had said countless times during the press tour how amazing he had been as Elio, Timmy still had a hard time believing it. He shook his head and said, “No, it’s nothing like that. It’s…” he paused, taking a deep breath and blowing it out again. He looked hard into Armie’s eyes, trying to determine how sincere the other man was. When he finally spoke again, it was just above a whisper. “I just regret that I never got to really kiss you.” As soon as he said it, he slammed his eyes shut, as if bracing for a punch to the face. He could feel his face flushing, and he hoped if Armie noticed he could blame it on the amount of alcohol he’d consumed.

After several seconds of stunned silence, Armie let out a surprised laugh. “Timmy, either I’m missing something, or you have a terrible memory. Practically all we did was kiss for the better part of two months. Or was that actually your evil twin?” he joked, trying to ease the tension.

Timmy sighed and opened his eyes, frustration evident in his expression. “See, I told you it was stupid.” He tried to turn away and get up, but a large hand gripped his leg and held him in place.

“Hey, I’m sorry. I’m not trying to make fun. I just don’t understand. We did kiss…a lot. So obviously I am missing something,” he said gently, encouraging Timmy to explain further.

Timmy stared at the hand slowly rubbing circles on his legs as he answered, “Yeah, but that was as Elio and Oliver. I never got to kiss you, as Armie, without the pretense of acting. I just…I’ve always kinda wondered if it would be different.” He tried to keep his breathing steady as he slowly looked up into Armie’s eyes to gauge his reaction. What he found was not at all what he’d been expecting. He thought he’d find confusion, anger, disgust, or worst of all, pity. But Armie’s expression remained surprisingly neutral as he seemed to consider Timmy’s words thoroughly.

After a minute, Armie just said, “Oh,” as he let out a breath he’d been holding. Timmy waited a beat to see if there was more, but when he sensed that was the only reaction he was going to get, he leaned his head back against the couch and closed his eyes in embarrassment. “Just forgot I ever said anything. It doesn’t matter anyway.”

Armie didn’t answer, and as the silence drew on between them, Timmy wished he could just melt into the floor. After a few agonizing minutes, Timmy couldn’t take it anymore and he slowly opened his eyes and chanced a look in Armie’s direction. He was shocked to find Armie staring straight back at him, the same blank expression on his face.

Timmy was trying to figure out what to say to make this less awkward when suddenly Armie moved toward him. He wasn’t sure what he thought was going to happen, but the last thing he ever expected was for Armie to bring his face inches from Timmy’s, breathing slowly and deeply for a couple of beats before ever-so-gently pressing his lips to Tim’s.

Timmy was so shocked he couldn’t move, couldn’t breathe. His eyes slipped slowly shut as his brain tried to process what was happening. It wasn’t until several seconds later when he felt Armie’s tongue tenderly lick at his lips, seeking entrance, that he forced himself to breathe and opened his mouth, Armie’s tongue immediately finding his. He felt Armie bring his hand up to cup the back of
his head, his fingers gently playing with his curls as he tilted his head slightly and deepened the kiss. Timmy let out a soft whimper as he finally let himself melt fully into the wet heat of Armie’s mouth.

They kissed languidly for several minutes, tongues lightly stroking each other and Armie’s hand running soothingly from Timmy’s hair down his back, then up again. Timmy shut off the part of his brain that was screaming for answers and just let himself enjoy the feeling of Armie soft and warm against him. An overwhelming feeling of safety and serenity surrounded him as they moved their mouths together in a slow rhythm. It was so much better than he could have ever imagined, and he was almost convinced that nothing could ever top the feeling of Armie kissing him tenderly like this.

That is, until the energy between them seemed to change suddenly as Armie caught Tim’s lower lip with his teeth and bit down, hard. The jolt of electricity that went through Timmy caused him to gasp loudly and grasp onto Armie’s shoulders and pull him closer. He shifted and turned his body so that his legs were spread on either side of Armie’s as he leaned back further, half pulling the other man on top of him. Armie followed without protest, settling in between Tim’s legs and firmly pressing his weight on him as they continued to explore each other’s mouths.

Somewhere in the back of Timmy’s mind, he registered how different this kiss was from all the others he’d shared with Armie before. Oliver kissed with playfulness and confidence, but also with a hint of protectiveness and reverence for Elio. Armie, on the other hand, had started with a more casual energy, like he enjoyed kissing for the sake of it and not a means to an end. But then when things began to get more heated, it was like flipping a switch, and he kissed with passion and determination. The hand on the back of his neck became more frantic in its roaming and he used more teeth and tongue as his body arched into Timmy’s.

Timmy began to feel himself growing hard, and with Armie pressed against him tightly, there was no way he didn’t notice it, too. His brain came back online as he registered that this maybe wasn’t just an innocent kiss between friends anymore. More than anything, he wanted to keep going, to keep Armie pressed against him as long as possible. But he couldn’t ignore the fact that they were both fairly drunk and he didn’t want to do anything they’d regret in the morning. His friendship with Armie was too important to him to screw up with one drunken mistake, even if his body was aching to have Armie touch him. With all the restraint he could muster in his current state, he slowly pulled back from Armie’s embrace and took several shaky breaths before meeting his eyes.

Armie’s pupils were completely blown and his lips red and shiny. His expression morphed from full blown lust to confusion and the tiniest hint of frustration as he stared back at Timmy. They stayed like that for several seconds, just staring silently at each other as they tried to catch their breath.

Finally, Timmy cleared his throat, and that seemed to break the spell. Armie moved off him and leaned back against the pillows, tension evident in his shoulders and back. Still, he said nothing, just stared into the fireplace for a long minute.

Timmy tried to read his expression, but Armie was a master of hiding his feelings when he wanted to, and clearly this was one of those times. Completely at a loss for what to do or say, he finally decided that nothing was going to be resolved right then. He took a deep breath in and said, “I think...I’m going to go to bed.” At first Armie didn’t respond or even acknowledge that he’d heard him, but when Timmy lingered for a few beats, he finally turned his head to look at him and nodded slowly, the same blank expression from earlier on his face once again.

Sighing, Timmy pushed himself up and walked toward the bedroom, turning to look back at Armie one last time. He was still just sitting on the floor, staring into the fireplace. Timmy wondered if this would ruin their friendship for good, or if it was something they could talk through and get over. Either way, he knew it wouldn’t be tonight. He turned around and walked into his bedroom, closing the door silently behind him.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Timmy tries to figure out how to talk to Armie about their kiss. Armie is really good at denial.

Chapter Notes

So here's where it starts getting angsty! You've been warned!

Thank you for all the amazing comments in the first chapter! It's been a while since I've been in a fandom properly so this was a lovely welcome. :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Timmy awoke the next morning, he felt a dull headache throbbing behind his eyes. He groaned as memories of the night before came flooding back. The drinking, the reminiscing and teasing, Armie kissing him. He didn’t know what it meant, if it even meant anything. He’d drunkenly confessed about regretting not kissing Armie in Crema, but even in his wildest dreams he never thought Armie would kiss him like that. His mind started running through questions in quick succession. Had Armie been just trying to appease him? Had he felt a weird sense of obligation to help Timmy realize his fantasy? Had he enjoyed it as much as Timmy had? Were things going to be awkward between them now? So many questions and zero answers. He pulled the blanket over his head in frustration and tried to decide what to do next. First, he should deal with the hangover. He’d be much better suited to face Armie if he didn’t feel like death warmed over.

He reluctantly left the comfortable warmth of his bed in search of some aspirin. Once he’d downed the pills, he pulled on a pair of sweatpants and a sweater and hesitantly opened his bedroom door, bracing for whatever came next.

The smell of coffee and bacon immediately filled his nose as he began walking down the hall toward the kitchen. He could hear pans clattering and Armie muttering a soft, “Fuck” as he rounded the corner. He found Armie rubbing his knee and glaring at a partially open cabinet door, which he must have run into while bringing the food over to the table.

Timmy watched Armie quietly for a minute, a small affectionate smile on his face. Finally, he coughed lightly to announce his presence. Armie snapped up at the sound and turned around to face Timmy. His face broke out in a grin as he said, almost too cheerfully, “Hey, good morning! I made breakfast,” he gestured to the plates of food on the table. Armie had gone all out. There were eggs, pancakes, bacon, sausages, toast, even fruit. Timmy stared wide-eyed at the array of food.

“Jesus, you didn’t have to do all this.” He moved over to the table and took a seat, eyeing Armie carefully as he brought over their mugs of coffee. He wasn’t sure what to make of this gesture.

“Eh, it’s no big deal. I figured you’d be hungry, and I’m so used to making breakfast for the kids in the morning, it’s practically become second nature at this point.” He took a seat across from Timmy
and began shoveling food into his mouth eagerly.

Timmy continued looking at him for another few seconds, before saying, “Well, thanks,” and picking up his fork.

They ate mostly in silence; the only sounds were Armie’s contented moans as he ate and the scraping of their forks against the plates. Timmy kept glancing at Armie, who had a goofy grin on his face and seemed completely oblivious to Timmy’s staring. If Armie felt any unease about what had happened the previous night, he certainly wasn’t acting like it. Timmy wondered if he even remembered, or if perhaps he’d simply dreamt the whole thing.

When he was done, Armie leaned back in his chair and announced, “Well, I’m officially stuffed.” He rubbed his stomach in a soothing motion as if to emphasize his statement. He still had an absurdly wide grin on his face, and Timmy couldn’t take it anymore.

“How are you this cheerful right now?” Timmy’s headache had mostly subsided, but he still felt mildly hungover, and after the way they left things last night, he didn’t know what to make of Armie’s current mood.

Smile still plastered on his face, Armie responded innocently, “What do you mean?”

Timmy gaped at him for a moment, thoroughly confused by his attitude. Armie was acting like he hadn’t had his tongue in Timmy’s mouth for several minutes last night. He debated confronting Armie right then about what that kiss meant, but ultimately decided he wasn’t feeling up to it just yet. He needed to be at full strength for that conversation. So instead he went with the safer option. “I mean, how are you not hungover, at all? You had even more to drink than I did.”

Armie chuckled, “Ah yes, but I have years of experience under my belt. I’ve built up a tolerance and know all the best cures.” His grin turned mischievous and he actually winked.

Timmy almost choked on his piece of toast. If he didn’t feel so out of it, he would have been instantly turned on. He let out a small cough as he recovered and said, “Well, you’ll have to teach me your ways, because I’m feeling pretty miserable right now.”

Armie’s smirk softened into a gentle smile of understanding and empathy, as if he were remembering his own experiences in overindulgence in his younger days. “Why don’t we just have a quiet day in today? It’s not like we can really go anywhere with the storm still going on, anyway. I have a few scripts I wanted to read over, and you can go rest for a while.”

Even though Timmy really wanted to talk about last night, he was thoroughly exhausted and the thought of sleeping for another few hours was too tempting to turn down. He nodded gratefully and started to clear the plates from the table, but Armie just swatted his hands away. “I got this, you go and rest.” He wanted to protest, but Armie was already up and stacking the empty plates on top of each other as he moved back into the kitchen.

Timmy muttered a quick, “Thanks,” as he made his way back to his bedroom and faceplanted into the bed, falling asleep almost immediately.

When he awoke again, still in the same position he initially fell in, he felt a lot better, at least physically. He fumbled for his phone to check the time. Just passed eleven. He decided really needed a shower before anything else, so he made his way down the hall to the guest bathroom. He showered quickly and put on a pair of jeans and a long sleeve t-shirt, brushed his teeth and freshened up a bit before finally making his way back into the living room where he found Armie draped over one of the armchairs, halfway through a script.
Armie looked up when he saw Timmy come into the room. “Hey you. How do you feel?”

Timmy smiled sheepishly at him, saying, “Much better now, thanks. I guess I just needed to sleep it off.”

Armie nodded knowingly, watching him for another minute before finally turning back to his script, making notes in the margins as he read through.

Timmy carefully sat on the couch, sneaking glances at Armie every few seconds, trying to decide how to broach the topic of what had happened the night before. Armie seemed not to even notice, totally engrossed in the script he was reading. After a few minutes of internal debate, he still didn’t have any idea what to say. He sighed softly and stretched out on the couch, deciding that maybe now wasn’t the best time to bring it up. Instead, he decided to catch up on responding to a bunch of emails and texts that he’d gotten behind on.

He lasted about 20 minutes before he couldn’t take it any longer and randomly blurted out, “So are we going to talk about what happened last night?”

Armie’s head shot up and turned to him in surprise, seemingly having forgotten Tim was even still in the room. His eyes flashed with a hint of panic for barely a second before he carefully switched his expression to one of calm indifference. He took a deep breath as he asked, “Do we need to?”

Timmy really shouldn’t have been surprised by this reaction. He knew Armie well enough by now to know avoidance was usually his go-to when dealing with uncomfortable topics. He’d loved getting to work with Armie and going to those incredibly raw and intimate places with him for their roles, but he had seen firsthand how difficult it was for Armie to actually talk about his own emotions. Luca had had the magic touch to somehow get him to let down his walls and just feel, but Timmy was no Luca, and he felt way out of his depth here. This wasn’t a role they were trying to delve into, this was his life, both of their lives. And that was a far scarier thing to dissect. He looked at Armie for several seconds, not sure how to respond. There was a silent, barely-there pleading in both Armie’s voice and his expression that made Timmy falter in his quest for answers. Finally, he made the decision not to push it. “No, I guess not,” he said, letting out a long breath.

Armie held his gaze for a long minute before asking, “We good?” His expression made it clear he just wanted to move on and forget the whole thing.

Good? Hardly, but he’d been repressing his feelings for so long now, he should be used to it by now. Not wanting to make things any more awkward, Timmy managed a tight smile and nodded, saying, “Yeah, we’re good. You can go back to your script.”

Armie returned the same tight smile and slowly broke his gaze away before picking the script up again.

Things managed to go back to relative normal for the rest of the afternoon. After Armie had finished going through the scripts he’d brought, they decided to watch a movie on Timmy’s laptop. It was a buddy comedy, and they sat together on the couch eating pistachios and laughing at the absurdity of the characters.

Seeing as it was Christmas Eve, Armie decided to make a nice dinner for them. As it was roasting in the oven, he Facetimed with Elizabeth and the kids. Timmy slipped away to call his own parents and wish them a Merry Christmas. They eventually met up again in the kitchen, Armie finishing preparing the food and Timmy setting the table and putting on some soft music.

As they sat down at the table, Armie came up behind Timmy and leaned over him to pour some wine.
into his empty glass. Timmy could feel his body heat, could smell his shampoo and aftershave. He stopped breathing, focusing only on the warmth of Armie’s body so close to him. Armie’s arm brushed his shoulder as he pulled back, and a shiver ran down Timmy’s back. This was, taken objectively, a totally innocent touch, especially considering how physically intimate they’d had to be while filming. But somehow even this slightest touch, which had happened countless times over the course of their friendship, now lit his skin on fire.

Impulsively, before Armie could pull away completely, Timmy grabbed his wrist and held him in place. Armie didn’t say anything, just looked at him in confusion. Timmy wanted to say something, do *something*, but then he remembered their conversation, or rather their lack of conversation, from earlier. He remembered Armie’s pleading eyes. After a few seconds, Timmy let go of his wrist and turned back to the table, eyes in his lap as he murmured quietly, “Sorry, never mind.”

He heard Armie clear his throat as he moved back to his side of the table, pouring his own glass of wine and sitting down. When he finally looked up from his lap, Armie had a small smile on his face, just looking at him. “What?” he asked.

“Nothing. Just…Merry Christmas, dude.” His smile got bigger as he raised his glass toward Timmy. A peace offering.

Timmy raised his own glass to Armie’s and returned his smile. “Merry Christmas, Armie.”

They ate in comfortable silence for several minutes before Timmy finally asked, “So when are Elizabeth and the kids getting here? The storm is mostly gone now, the airports should be opening soon, if they aren’t already.”

Armie looked down at his plate for a minute before answering. “Yeah, about that. They aren’t going to make it.”

Timmy almost choked on his piece of roast. “What? Why not? What happened? Is everyone ok?” His mind frantically ran through about six different scenarios why they wouldn’t be coming, none of them good.

“Everyone’s fine. Well, the kids are exhausted and cranky, but given they’ve been in an airport for over 24 hours, that’s only to be expected. No, it’s Elizabeth’s mom. She was already upset that we weren’t going there as we always do, and when she talked to her this morning and found out about the storm and them being stuck for possibly days, her mom insisted they just fly to Denver instead as usual. Liz was too tired and stressed to argue with her, so she agreed. She was in the process of changing her ticket when I called.”

Timmy tried to process all this information, and the implications of being alone with Armie for several more days, but the thing his mind got stuck on surprised him. “Wait, so she didn’t even tell you before she changed her plans?” He felt indignant on his behalf.

Armie sighed. “She said she knew it would lead to a big argument and she didn’t have the energy for it. She said if we weren’t going to be together on Christmas anyway, then at least she’d get to spend it with her family. I mean, I get it, but it still sucks. Now I won’t get to see her or the kids until after New Year’s, which is not at all what I wanted.”

Without thinking, Timmy instinctively reached across the table and grabbed Armie’s hand in his. “I’m so sorry, man. I never meant for this to become the disaster that it has. If…and if you want to fly back and meet her in Denver so you can all be together, I totally understand.”

“What? No, that’s not…I’m not leaving, Timmy. Honestly, I’d much rather be here with you then
there with her mother. I love my in-laws, but sometimes they can be…intense.” He gave a humorless smirk.

Timmy couldn’t help but still feel guilty. “I just don’t want this to be a big thing between you guys. I never meant to mess with your family traditions. I’m sorry.”

He looked down at his near-empty plate and closed his eyes. He’d had a rather long and exhausting year. After working almost non-stop, doing promo for one project while simultaneously filming another, he’d finally gotten a much-needed break right before the holidays. He hadn’t wanted to do the big family celebration or the crazy party they normally threw for his birthday, he’d just wanted a bit of time out in nature with his best friend and his amazing family. Maybe he’d been selfish to ask them to change their long-standing plans, but Armie had agreed so quickly that he hadn’t thought much of it at the time. Now he could see that his genius idea had just messed everything up.

“Hey, look at me,” Armie said with a firmness he hadn’t been expecting. He steeled himself and met Armie’s gaze. “None of this is your fault. You didn’t know there was going to be a big storm that prevented them from getting here. And I wanted to come. She’s very much into her traditions, but for me, they get stale after so many years. I go along with it for her sake and for the kids, but when you invited us here, I wasn’t going to pass it up for another year of the same baking cookies and singing carols and family drama that happens every year. You have absolutely nothing to be sorry for, ok?” He’d started rubbing his thumb along the inside of Timmy’s wrist in soothing circles as he spoke, and Timmy stopped breathing.

Unable to form words at the moment, he simply nodded, forced himself to relax and let out his breath. He tried for a shaky smile, which Armie returned with his own. He slowly extracted his hand from Armie’s, using it to grab his wine glass and take a long sip.

They went back to finishing up their meal in relative silence. When Armie put his fork down, he asked, “So since it’s just going to be us, what is there to do around here entertainment-wise? Liz had all the games for the kids. I mostly just brought my clothes and the few scripts to read over.”

Timmy thought for a minute. “Well, when the weather clears up, we can hit the ski slopes that are real close to here. I think Jeff has some games stashed somewhere. I have a bunch of movies on my computer. I dunno,” he shrugged, “I was mostly figuring on hanging out and having the kids be our entertainment.” He grinned, remembering how Harper could keep an entire group of grown men captivated by her charms.

Armie laughed at that. “Yeah, they certainly keep life interesting. Well, I’m sure we’ll figure out something to keep us occupied.” He stood up and started clearing the table, Timmy getting up as well to help him.

They did the dishes together, Armie washing and Timmy drying. Every time their hands brushed together as Armie handed him a dish, an electric shock went through Timmy’s body and straight to his cock. By the time they finished, he was fully hard and so tense he felt like he was going to snap any minute. He placed his hands on the counter by the sink and forced himself to take deep breaths to calm himself down.

Apparently Armie noticed the tension in his back because after he’d dried his hands on the dishtowel, he came up behind Timmy and slowly began rubbing his shoulders, murmuring, “You’re way too young to be this wound up, Timmy. You’re about to be 23, not 53, and you’re supposed to be on vacation. What could possibly have you this stressed out?”

The sensation of Armie touching him and his apparent obliviousness was too much, and Timmy finally snapped. He wrenched away from Armie like he’d been burned and swung around to face
him. “Are you kidding?” he asked incredulously.

Armie dropped his hands and stared at him in confusion. “What?”

“What? What?!” Timmy sighed, frustration giving way to resignation. He knew Armie didn’t want to talk about this, but he couldn’t stand it anymore. This was a conversation they needed to have, no matter how it changed things between them. “I can’t do this. I need to know what that was about. Last night.”

Armie looked away from Timmy’s eyes and took a deep breath. “I thought we decided not to talk about it. That we were fine.”

Timmy rolled his eyes in annoyance. “Yeah, well I lied. I thought I could shove it down and pretend it didn’t happen, because you so clearly wanted that.” He points a finger accusingly at Armie. “But I’m not like you. You can’t just kiss me like that and then expect us to go back to being buddies. It doesn’t work like that.”

Armie shoved his hands in his pockets and stiffened. “Like what? We’ve kissed tons of times before, this was no different.” His face was a carefully constructed mask of coolness.

Timmy let out a strangled laugh. “Really? No difference? The other times it was acting, this time it most definitely wasn’t. There were no cameras, no script, no crew. Just you and me. You can’t honestly tell me it was just another kiss.”

Armie’s face remained unchanged as he said, “I don’t know what you want me to say.”

Timmy just stared at him in disbelief. It couldn’t have been just him, right? Had he imagined this all in his head, this thing between them that had been lingering under the surface for years? No, he’d seen Armie’s face when he’d pulled away last night. Had seen the desire and heat that matched his own. He’d felt the passion and longing in the way he’d kissed that was definitely not the way you kiss a friend. They’d been carefully dancing around their explosive chemistry for years, careful not to push it too far and risk losing the amazing friendship they’d built. But last night had finally been the misstep that had blown everything up in their faces. There was no going back now. Was Armie really that far into denial that he didn’t recognize it?

Carefully, he took a step toward Armie, gauging how far he could push this. “I just want you to be honest,” he said slowly, like talking to a frightened child.

Armie huffed and crossed his arms in front of his chest as he replied, “I am being honest. You said you regretted not getting to kiss me, so I kissed you. End of story.” His tone was flat and emotionless.

Timmy was trying to be patient, but Armie was not making it easy. “Oh, so when I pulled you on top of me and you all but started dry humping me, that was all just in the name of friendship, too, huh?”

Armie apparently reached his limit and snapped. “Look, we were drunk! We got caught up in the moment. Stop looking for something that wasn’t there.” His words stung Timmy into silence for a few beats. Finally, his face softened, and he softly said, “Just…please let it go.”

Timmy knew he should drop it, should just accept what Armie was telling him and force himself to move on. But the slight tremble in Armie’s voice was just enough for him to think that maybe, just maybe, he was actually right about this, and if he didn’t push Armie now, they’d never resolve this. “I don’t believe you,” he said evenly. When Armie just narrowed his eyes at him, he continued, “I know you felt me getting hard. There was no way you couldn’t have. If it was just like all the other
times, you would have laughed and teased me for being so easily turned on. But you kept going.” He met Armie’s gaze with his own narrowed eyes. “What would you have done if I hadn’t pulled away? Would you have stopped it?”

Armie had backed up and was now flush against the counter, gripping the edge for dear life. The desperation was back in his eyes. “Why are you pushing this? It didn’t mean anything. We’re friends. Why do we need to analyze this to death?!” He was shouting, and his deep voice reverberated through the room and into Timmy’s soul.

Timmy was losing the battle to stay calm. He knew Armie struggled with discussing heavy stuff, unless he was high, but action? That he would respond to. Without giving himself enough time to talk himself out of it, he lunged forward and attacked Armie’s mouth with his own, using Armie being trapped against the counter to his advantage.

Using Armie’s shocked gasp to gain entrance to his mouth, he licked and sucked and nipped at Armie’s lips, tongue, teeth, anything he could reach. Armie initially resisted, trying to squirm away and free himself, but Timmy kept up the onslaught until Armie’s body finally seemed to give in and respond. He brought his hands around to Timmy’s back and neck and gave as well as he got.

This was nothing like their last kiss, which had been at first slow and tender then turning passionate. This was like two titans clashing in a war to the death, teeth gnashing and hair grabbing and bodies pushing into each other hard and angry.

When he absolutely had to break free or risk passing out from lack of air, Timmy pushed off of Armie with force, stepping back several feet. He surveyed the man in front of him to assess the damage. Armie looked completely wrecked, hair sticking up, lips red and swollen, pupils blown, chest heaving. And he was rock hard. Timmy wished he felt relieved to see him so obviously turned on, but he didn’t. Still gulping in air, he said quietly, “Don’t tell me,” deep breath, “it didn’t mean anything.”

Armie’s face looked pained, stricken almost, like Timmy had just dug a knife into his chest and told him it was for his own good. Maybe that’s exactly what he’d done.

Neither one of them said anything for several minutes as they both struggled to get their breathing under control. Timmy could see Armie clenching and unclenching his fists at his side, and he briefly wondered if Armie was going to hit him. Finally, without saying a word, Armie pushed away from the counter and past Timmy without looking at him, roughly grabbing his coat from the coat rack and shoving his feet into his boots before storming out the front door.

Timmy let out a breath he’d been holding and slid down against the side of the counter, hugged his knees to his chest, and began to cry.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry to leave it on such a downer. Unfortunately it’s only going to get worse before it gets better. I’ve written about half of the next chapter, but I’m having some issues with trying to resolve this huge ball of angst, so it might take me a couple days to update again.

Thanks again for reading!
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

The boys finally talk about their feelings, and more angst ensues.

Chapter Notes

Sooooo this is most definitely turning out to be longer than I originally intended. And way more angsty. But that's what makes it all the more satisfying in the end, right? ;)

This chapter is kinda short but the next one will be a bit longer as they deal with the aftermath of "the talk".

Thank you again for all the amazing comments and kudos so far! I'm really glad people are enjoying this story. :) 

Timmy didn’t know how long he had stayed in that position. Long after the wracking sobs had stopped, he just sat and stared blankly, his mind running over the last few hours on an endless loop. He’d pushed too hard, poked too deep into the places Armie was clearly unwilling to go, and now everything was ruined. He didn’t know if they could fix it this time. They’d had other stupid fights before, but nothing like this. He couldn’t see a way out of this that didn’t lead to heartbreak for everyone involved.

Eventually, the chill in the air became too great and he forced himself up in order to put more wood on the fire. He sat down on the pillows that were still on the floor from the previous night and just stared into the swirling orange and red flames as he absorbed their heat.

He must have drifted off at some point because the sound of the front door opening and closing behind him startled him awake. He didn’t dare turn around to look at Armie, afraid of what he might find if he did. He closed his eyes in a silent prayer and listened as he heard Armie removing his boots and coat, then the sound of soft footsteps came closer until he could almost feel Armie standing there above him.

Armie didn’t speak, just simply sat down next to Timmy and faced the fire, reaching out his hands to warm them after being out in the cold for so long. Timmy opened his eyes and blinked up at Armie, but Armie didn’t look back at him. They sat like that for long minutes, each lost in his own thoughts, afraid to be the first to break the silence.
After what seemed like hours but was probably only minutes, Armie’s voice broke the silence. “You do this thing with your hands, when you get nervous or overwhelmed. You curl and uncurl your fingers slowly, digging your nails into your palms. Or when you’re deep in thought, you run your thumb across your bottom lip slowly. When you’re excited, you literally cannot stop yourself from bouncing. And when you’re upset, you curl your whole body in on itself, making yourself into this tight ball of angst. You have three distinct laughs. There’s the one where you’re uncomfortable with praise and being self-deprecating that you do during public appearances. Then there’s your ‘I’m bored but I was taught to be polite’ laugh that you sometimes use during work functions when you’re forced to mingle and network when you’d rather be dancing. But your real laugh, the one very few people ever hear, is like sunshine exploding all over the sky on a rainy day, blinding, mesmerizing… beautiful.” Timmy had slowly turned to look at him as he spoke, but Armie’s gazed remained fixed straight ahead. He takes a deep breath before continuing. “It occurred to me at some point that I don’t know these things about any of my other friends. I figured it was because we spent so much time together filming and then the press tour, just us, that this type of close intimacy was bound to happen, and it was just normal, our normal, and screw everyone else.”

Timmy tried to keep his breathing steady as he listened. He had so many emotions wrestling with each other, each one trying to come to the surface and overwhelm the others; fear, relief, love, guilt, hope. He remained silent as he sensed Armie had more to say.

Armie closed his eyes and spoke again, even softer now. “I lied before. I didn’t kiss you because I was drunk. I wasn’t even that drunk. I mean, my inhibitions may have been lowered, but I knew what I was doing. I just…”, he paused, searching for the right words, “When you told me you’d wanted to kiss me, not Oliver but me, something finally snapped in me, something that’s been there for a long time and felt right, and I gave in to something I hadn’t realized I wanted so badly until you spoke it out loud.” At this, he finally turned to face Timmy, looking straight through his eyes and into his soul. “Of course it meant something. It meant everything.”

Timmy let out a breath he’d been holding and couldn’t stop the tears from welling up behind his eyes. He wanted to hold Armie, to kiss him, love him, but he was frozen to the spot, unable to move except to force air into his lungs shakily.

Armie’s eyes looked down at Timmy’s hand on the floor between them and carefully picked it up in his own, bringing it to his mouth in a chaste kiss. Timmy’s mouth opened slightly in a ragged sigh as he sensed what was coming next.

Armie brought their joined hands down to his chest, spreading Timmy’s palm above his heart where he could feel the rapid heartbeat beneath his several layers of clothing. “But…it can’t,” Armie’s voice was a strangled sob. “I’m married. I’m… I’m so sorry, Timmy.”

Timmy closed his eyes tightly, willing the tears not to fall. “I know,” he whispered. When he opened his eyes, he looked at Armie, understanding and acceptance in his eyes. “I know,” he said
again, curling his long fingers into Armie’s sweater tightly and finally letting the tears come.

Armie moved his free hand up to Timmy’s face and wiped away the tears with a tender swipe of his thumb. He pulled Timmy to him, letting him rest his head in the crook of his shoulder and neck. Timmy let himself curl into Armie as he felt Armie’s hand rubbing soothingly down his back. He let himself cry softly for several minutes as Armie continued to comfort him, placing soft kisses in his hair and still holding his hand to his chest.

Finally, when the tears subsided, Timmy summoned the courage to speak. “I shouldn’t have pushed you. I should have just let it go. I didn’t mean for it to go this far.”

He felt Armie sigh. “No, you were right to. You know I’m not good at…this. I never learned to be open with my feelings like you, and it’s fucking terrifying. But you were right. I couldn’t just pretend like it didn’t happen. It’s not fair to either of us. I’m sorry my impulsive nature got us into this mess.”

Timmy raised his head to look into Armie’s eyes. “You have nothing to apologize for. That kiss was one of the best moments of my life, and if that’s the only one I ever get, I will treasure it forever. I don’t regret it, and I don’t want you to, either.” His eyes bore into Armie’s, trying to convey all the love he felt into one look.

He could see the moment Armie accepted his words. Armie brought his forehead to Timmy’s and they breathed together for several beats before he whispered, “I could never regret kissing you.” After a few more seconds, Armie slowly moved his chin forward and touched their lips together softly. It was barely a kiss, just a hint of lips ghosting across each other, but that slight touch was enough to convey the magnitude of their love for each other.

When Armie pulled back, Timmy took in a shaky breath and lifted his eyes to Armie's. Neither of them spoke, instead letting their eyes say everything they needed to express. After a few seconds, Armie scooted down to lie down on the pillow and stretched out his hand to Timmy in a clear invitation. Timmy went willingly, placing his head gently on Armie’s chest right above his heart and curing his body along Armie’s side. Armie reached down to grab the blanket and tossed it over both of them as they lay together by the warmth of the fire, one of Armie’s hands clutching Timmy’s over his stomach and the other curled around his shoulder. Timmy listened to the steady sound of Armie’s heartbeat under his ear for a long time until exhaustion finally overtook him, and he fell asleep in Armie’s embrace.
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

It's Christmas morning. Armie gets a phone call from Elizabeth, and Timmy calls Pauline for some much needed advice.

Chapter Notes

Hi! Happy New Year! Sorry for not updating sooner. Life and work has been a little crazy the past week, and I was also struggling with a teeny bit of writer's block. Hopefully I will have more updates this weekend as things calm down a little.

I honestly don't know how many chapters this thing will have. I had this idea for like 3 chapters originally, but then these boys are just too fun to write and I seem to have gotten a wee bit carried away. I know where I want the story to go, but I'm an angsty bitch and getting there has been proving more difficult than I originally expected. There's still lots more angst to come, but I hope it will all be worth it at the end.

Also, I don't speak a lick of French, so I mostly stayed away from writing it during Timmy's phone call with Pauline. If the few words I did include were wrong in any way, please feel free to correct me.

Thank you again for all the wonderful comments on this fic so far!

The first thing Timmy was aware of when he awoke was some kind of buzzing sound coming from the table behind him. He was too comfortable and warm to find out where it was coming from. After several seconds, the buzzing stopped, and Timmy sighed in relief and snuggled farther into the warmth of his pillow. It took him another several seconds to realize that his pillow was breathing. He cracked one eye open and tried to reorient himself. Once he took in the sight of Armie laying underneath him, everything from the previous night came flooding back to him. Armie had basically confessed that he’d felt the same way Timmy did, but he was committed to his marriage and his family.

And Timmy couldn’t even blame him for it. He loved Elizabeth and the kids; they were great and had instantly welcomed him into their family during filming. They didn’t deserve him coming in and trying to break up their perfect life. That was the last thing he had intended to do. But he also couldn’t stop how he felt about Armie and knowing that Armie felt the same just made it all the more complicated. Burying your feelings was a lot easier when you had absolutely no reason to think those feelings were reciprocated.

Suddenly, the buzzing noise returned, pulling Timmy from his thoughts, and he figured out that it
must be Armie’s phone on the table beside the couch. He tried to carefully extract himself from Armie’s grip in order to reach for it, but Armie’s arm instantly tightened around his shoulder and back, essentially holding him in place against his chest. He looked up and noticed Armie’s eyes were still closed and his breathing was even. He seemed to be still asleep. He briefly wondered if Armie’s sleep brain realized it was him and not his wife that he was holding so tightly to him.

Not wanting to wake him just yet, Timmy let himself relax back into Armie’s embrace and tried to figure out where they would go from here. Obviously, they couldn’t go back to where they were before the confessions and the kiss. But it didn’t seem like there was much hope for anything to progress between them. So where did that leave them?

Before he had a chance to wrap his head around a possible answer, Armie’s phone went off for the third time. He groaned quietly and whispered, “Armie, your phone keeps buzzing.” No response. He tried again, his whisper a little more forceful, but still Armie didn’t move. The phone stopped buzzing, but he knew it was only a matter of time before it went off again. Finally, he reached his hand over to grab Armie’s, which had been laying right next to his on his abdomen, and gently shook it to try to wake him. It took three tries, but finally he heard Armie suck in a deep breath and begin to stir.

The arm that had been wrapped around him slowly began moving up and down his back in a soothing motion, and Timmy shivered at the touch. He slowly looked up into Armie’s eyes and saw that they were open and peering back at him. “Hey,” Armie said with a small smile, voice scratchy from sleep.

“Hi,” Timmy said timidly. He wasn’t sure how Armie would react to waking up to Timmy draped all over him, but he wasn’t pulling away in guilt or disgust, so he took that as a positive sign.

Armie yawned widely and turned over the hand Timmy had been shaking so that they could fit together palm to palm. “How long have you been up?” he asked softly.

Timmy swallowed a lump in his throat as the feeling of Armie’s hand in his spread warmth through his whole body. “Just a few minutes. Your phone’s gone off three times already. I figured you’d probably want to deal with it.”

Armie sighed quietly and nodded. “Yeah, I guess I probably should. Thanks.” After one last rub down Timmy’s back, he removed the arm that had been holding Timmy and ran it through his hair. Timmy immediately sat up so Armie could reach back for his phone.

Once Armie had grabbed it, he looked at it for a minute before slowly dropping the phone into his
lap. “Listen, Timmy, what I said last night, I didn’t---” He was cut off by the phone going off once again in his lap. This time, Timmy could see Elizabeth’s picture flash across the screen as she was trying to video call him.

He looked down at the floor, unable to meet Armie’s eyes. “Don’t worry about it, man.” He raised his head but still didn’t look directly at Armie. Gesturing to the phone, he said, “You really should get that. She’s just going to keep calling.”

With another sigh, Armie grabbed the phone and pushed the button to accept the call. “Hey E,” he said, his voice filled with exhaustion.

“Husband! Where have you been? I’ve been calling you!” She sounded half worried, half annoyed.

Armie stifled another yawn as he answered, “Sorry, I had my phone on silent and I was sleeping. What’s going on?”

Timmy could hear her huff through the screen. “Well, it’s Christmas morning and since you aren’t here, I thought we could at least video chat while the kids opened their presents. They’re really sad you aren’t with them today.”

Right, today was Christmas. In all the craziness of the past couple of days, Timmy had totally forgotten. Armie stiffened next to him, and when he looked over, he saw Armie’s jaw clenched tight. “Elizabeth, you know how badly I feel that I’m not with you guys, but you were the one who decided to go to Denver instead of trying to get a flight here like we planned.” He could hear the tension in Armie’s voice.

Elizabeth sighed and said, “I know, I know. We talked about this already and I told you why. Can you just humor me and do this for the kids? It’s Christmas and they want to see their father.”

Armie rubbed his hand across his face and into his hair, making it stick up in several places. “Sure, yeah, of course. Put them on.”

There was a shuffling sound as Elizabeth handed the phone over to Harper and then her smiling face appeared on the screen. “Daddy!!” she exclaimed excitedly as she bounced up and down, shaking the camera all over as she did.
“Hey angel! Merry Christmas!” Armie’s voice had lost all traces of exhaustion and stress as he spoke to his daughter. “I’m so sorry I’m not with you guys but I want to see all the wonderful gifts that Santa brought you!” His smile was blinding, and Timmy’s heart clenched at how sweet he was with her.

“I got sooo many presents, Daddy! I was a good girl this year!” She ran over to where the Christmas tree was and pointed the phone at the mountain of presents underneath. “See?!” In the background they could see Ford sitting on the ground playing with the train set that went around the base of the tree.

Armie chuckled and replied, “Of course you were! You’re the best little girl in the world. Why don’t you go pick out one of the presents and see what you got.”

Timmy had been watching quietly from beside Armie, smiling fondly at their interaction. But it suddenly occurred to him that maybe he shouldn’t be a part of this moment. He loved Armie’s kids dearly, but as much as he felt like a part of their family, he wasn’t. And after the events of the past 48 hours, he thought maybe continuing to blur the lines wasn’t the best idea. He needed to put some distance between them to try and salvage what he could of their friendship, before the tension and longing swallowed them both whole.

He swiftly got to his feet and started to head out of the room. He quickly glanced back at Armie and saw him looking back at him with a questioning gaze, but before Armie could say anything, Timmy heard Harper yell excitedly through the phone, “Watch me, Daddy!” Armie held his gaze for another second before turning his attention back to his daughter. Timmy quickly ducked down the hall and into his bedroom, closing the door quietly and dropping down onto the bed.

He didn’t know what to do. He and Armie were still going to be alone for several days and he felt like he might go crazy. He decided to call Pauline. She always had a way of talking him off the ledge. He pulled out his phone and pressed the button for her number and waited. On the fourth ring, she answered the call with a cheery, “Bonjour, petit frère! How’s the cabin with the Hammer clan?”

Timmy sighed and said, “Actually, it’s just me and Armie. Elizabeth couldn’t get a flight out and she ended up in Denver with her parents.”

“Oh, well that’s too bad. But at least it gives you two some time to catch up properly.”

Timmy closed his eyes and bit the inside of his cheek. “Yeah, well I’m not too sure it’s a good thing.”
“What do you mean, what’s wrong?” Her voice shifted into concerned sister mode, and he knew he could trust her to talk some sense into him.

He let out a long breath and tried to decide where to start. “It’s just…Armie and me…things got a little complicated the other night. I don’t know what to do.”

As he’d been talking to her, he could hear people laughing and singing in the background. She must be at some sort of Christmas party. At his last statement, he heard a bit of rustling, then the closing of a door, silencing the sound of the other voices. “Timothée Hal Chalamet, tell me everything.”

He took a deep breath and began recounting the last few days, from the drunken confession, the kiss, the fight, to Armie’s declaration and falling asleep together last night. When he was finally done, Pauline was quiet for a long time before she let out a low whistle. “Oh boy, you’re in some deep shit there, babe.”

Timmy pressed the heel of his hand into his eyes and groaned, “I know, Pauline! That’s why I’m calling you. You always know what to do. What do I do?!” He was starting to feel the panic of the whole situation set in.

She paused briefly before answering. “I…don’t really know what to tell you this time, T. There is really no easy answer here.”

Timmy’s breathing started to pick up in speed and he felt himself getting lightheaded. “I know! I can’t believe I let this happen. I opened my big mouth and ruined everything, and now I don’t know if we can even still keep being friends after this. It’s all a giant mess and I can’t fix it!” By the end of his rant he was starting to hyperventilate, and he had to grab onto the edge of the bed for support so he didn’t fall over.

“Timmy, chéri, slow down and breathe.” Timmy gulped air into his lungs and tried to calm himself down. After several minutes of Pauline talking him through his panic attack, he finally calmed down enough for his breathing to regulate back to normal. “There you go, it’s ok,” she said in a soothing tone. When she was satisfied he wouldn’t start spiraling again, she continued, “Now listen to me, you didn’t ruin anything. He’s the one who kissed you and made this into the mess it is. Just because you said you’d wanted to kiss him didn’t mean he had to go and act on it. That’s on him. But he’s also the one with the wife and kids that he has to answer to. Unfortunately, there isn’t much else you can do at this point. Clearly you both have feelings for each other, but he has to be the one to do something about it. And if he’s not willing to give up his current situation,” she took a deep breath, “then you’re going to need to try to move on.”
Timmy was gripping the phone so tightly his hand was beginning to ache. “I know,” he breathed. “I just don’t want to lose him as a friend.”

He could hear the sympathy in her voice when she said, “Sometimes you have to lose something to gain something even better.”

At that, Timmy felt the tears that had been welling up in his eyes begin to trickle down his face. “Thanks, Pauline. I knew you were the right person to call.” He sniffled softly as he wiped at his eyes.

“Oh Timmy, I’m so sorry you’re going through this. I wish I had a magical solution for you.”

He smiled softly through his tears and said, “It’s ok. You really did help. And you’re right, it’s not up to me at this point. Maybe accepting that will make it easier to let go.”

Timmy thanked her once again and told her to go back to her party, that he’d be fine. After a slight hesitation and telling him to call her whenever he needed, she hung up and Timmy fell back on the bed.

He stayed like that for a long time, until his stomach started rumbling and he remembered that he hadn’t eaten yet. Just as he was about to get up and go see about finding food, he heard a soft knock at his door. “Timmy?” came Armie’s quiet voice.

He let out a slow breath as he got up and crossed the room to open the door. He found Armie standing there with his phone still on the video call. “Hey, the kids wanted to wish you a Merry Christmas, if you’re up for it.” Armie gave him a small smile as he nodded his head toward the phone in his hand.

Timmy could never say no to Armie’s kids, so he reached out to take the phone from Armie. Harper’s sweet face appeared on the screen and she screeched out a loud, “Timmy!!!” He could see Ford sitting a few feet behind her playing with a set of Legos he must have gotten as a Christmas present. At the sound of his name, Ford got up and toddled over to where Harper was and sat down beside her, poking his face into the frame and grinning. Timmy’s heart clenched at seeing Armie’s beautiful children so happy to talk to him. He briefly wondered if they’d ever be able to be in the same room again after all this.
“Hey beautiful!” he said to Harper as she rocked back in forth in her place on the floor. “How was your Christmas? Did Santa bring you lots of cool toys?”

“Yes! I got a doll and some coloring books and lots of cute dresses!” He listened as she ratted off her list of presents for several minutes, interjecting “oohs” and “ahhs” and feeling his heart swell at the pure happiness that Christmas morning brings to children.

After a while she started to get fidgety and he heard Elizabeth in the background saying it was time to go. He blew her a kiss through the screen and said one last “Merry Christmas” before handing the phone back to Armie, who had been watching their interaction from the hallway.

As Armie was wrapping up his phone call with the kids and Elizabeth came back on the screen, Timmy scooted past him down the hall to the kitchen to find something to eat. He looked in the fridge and found some leftover pancakes and bacon from the previous morning. He grabbed a couple of each and started eating them, not even bothering to warm them up.

He heard Armie saying goodbye to Elizabeth and then hanging up the call, making his way into the kitchen to join him. His heart started racing at the inevitable awkwardness and tension he knew was coming, and after his panic attack while talking to Pauline earlier, he didn’t know if he could stand it. He immediately decided that he needed to put some physical space between him and Armie today, to give himself a chance to clear his head. As Armie came into the room and over to where Timmy was standing, Timmy wordlessly offered him the plate of pancakes and Armie grabbed one with a quiet, “Thanks.”

Both of them stood there eating in the quiet for a couple of minutes before Armie broke the silence. “Timmy…” he started, but Timmy cut him off before he could continue.

“I think I’m going to go walk around for a bit. Now that the weather’s cleared up, I might go skating on the lake a couple miles from here.” He didn’t look at Armie, but he could feel Armie’s eyes boring into him.

At first Armie didn’t say anything, just cleared his throat quietly. Finally, he said, “You want some company. I haven’t been skating in ages. Might be fun.”

Timmy turned to look at Armie then, just a brief glance before he looked down at his hands that were clasped in front of him. “Nah, that’s ok. I think I just need to be alone for a little while. Feel the cold air on my face and not be stuck inside again.” He tried to keep his tone light, not let the intense emotions he was feeling spill out.
Armie nodded slowly, a slight frown creasing his features. “Ok. It’s just…” he paused, shifted his weight to his other foot, “It is Christmas, and everything. Are you sure you want to spend it alone?”

_I am alone_, he thought. For a split second, he allowed himself to indulge in his dream of spending Christmas Day with Armie, just the two of them, talking, laughing, kissing, exchanging gifts by the fire and making love on the soft blanket on the floor as the snow fell softly outside. It was a beautiful fantasy, but that was all it was. No matter what they might feel for each other, Armie was married, and that seemed unlikely to change. The thought of being so close to him and not being able to touch after everything they’d experienced the last few days was just too painful to process.

He shook the thought away and said, “Yeah, I just…I just need some time right now.” He looked up at Armie, silently imploring him to understand how painful this was and to let him go.

Armie stared back at him, eyes sad but understanding. “Do we…?” he started, before taking a step forward and turning so that he was standing directly in front of Timmy, “Should we talk about this?” His eyes were slightly red, and the tiniest hint of wetness was beginning to form at the corners.

Timmy dropped his eyes and said quietly, “I’m not sure what else there is to say.”

Armie ran a hand across his face slowly before moving even closer to Timmy and putting both hands on Timmy’s arms, bracketing him. He waited until Timmy finally brought his eyes back up to meet his. “Are we going to be ok?”

Timmy let out a long breath, not sure how to answer him. He was feeling so overwhelmed with emotion right now, and Armie standing so close to him and touching him wasn’t helping. He said the only thing he could think of that wasn’t a total lie. “I hope we will be,” he whispered.

The wetness in Armie’s eyes grew into full-on tears at Timmy’s statement, and he clenched his jaw as he nodded again and dropped his hands, moving aside so that Timmy could walk past him.

Timmy took a deep breath and began to move toward the front door. Just as he passed Armie, he felt Armie’s fingers gently encircle his wrist. Timmy paused, closed his eyes and took several steadying breaths, willing himself not to breakdown. Neither of them spoke, and after a few seconds, Armie’s fingers released their grip and Timmy summoned every bit of his willpower to keep moving past him and out into the cold winter morning.
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Timmy goes skating in an effort to clear his head. And a chance encounter at a cafe brings some much needed perspective.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Timmy let out the breath he’d been holding once he closed the door behind him and started making his way out to the storage shed. He knew his cousin had some old skates in there, and he might as well put them to good use. He grabbed the skates and started walking down the path that would lead him to the small lake where he and his family used to go skating when they would visit his cousin’s family.

It was a little less than two miles, and the brisk winter air felt refreshing on his face. He loved the cold, mostly because it gave him an excuse to wrap himself up under a pile of soft, warm fabric. It was a beautiful day, fresh powdery snow on the ground and the sun shining brightly, with only a hint of wispy clouds scattered across the blue sky.

The walk gave him some time to try to mull over his current situation and what to do now. Could he be ok with just being Armie’s friend, now that he knew they both wanted more? He’d successfully forced down his feelings for Armie in the past, but the idea of trying to do that again given everything that had happened seemed impossible. He knew he didn’t want to lose Armie, but he wasn’t sure how much his heart could take.

A part of him almost wished Armie had never kissed him, had never given him reason to hope for something more when it’s not possible. But the much bigger part of him knew that what he’d said to Armie had been true. He didn’t regret it, no matter how painful the end result was. He knew Armie felt the same way he did, and even though there wasn’t anything he could do about it, there was a part of him that cherished knowing that what they had was real.

As he reached the frozen lake, Timmy saw that several families had had the same idea he had. He sat down on one of the benches that had been put in several years earlier and watched a family as they skated around the perimeter of the lake. The children twirled around the ice, giggling as they went, their parents following close behind as they held hands and looked on with delight.

His thoughts wandered to Armie’s family. He wondered if they ever went ice skating together, if Harper even knew how. He tried to picture them being out there, all bundled up in their jackets as
they glided along the ice. He could see Harper out there twirling and jumping, then coming back to hold Ford’s hand as he tried not to fall over. But every time he tried to picture Armie, the hand he was holding wasn’t Elizabeth’s, it was his own.

He felt the sting of tears beginning to form at the corners of his eyes, so he shook away the image and began lacing up his skates. As he made his way onto the ice, one little girl skated past him and gave him a huge smile and a wave. He waved back and chuckled as she almost lost her footing but caught herself at the last minute. As he watched the other families being so happy and carefree, Timmy decided that his dilemma with Armie could wait. He wanted to enjoy himself today.

He put in his headphones, which thankfully had been in his jacket pocket that he’d grabbed quickly as he’d left the cabin. He put on his favorite hip hop playlist and pushed off the edge of the lake in earnest. He let the physical exertion of skating around on the ice distract his mind, and soon he felt himself relaxing and welcoming the feel of the bracing wind blowing through his hair as he made his way around the lake.

He stayed out there for a couple of hours, until most of the other families had left and there were only a young couple and a middle-aged man left. The cold was beginning to get to him and his legs were pretty tired, so he decided to try to seek somewhere to rest and warm up before he headed back to the cabin.

He’d passed a little café on the road just before the arriving at the lake, so he decided to see if they were open. They were, and there were several other patrons sitting in booths and at the counter when he arrived. He sat in the corner booth and ordered a coffee and a warm muffin to take the edge off of the cold seeping into his bones.

He thought about calling Armie, just to check in, but then decided against it. They both needed some space right now. He’d left the car keys at the cabin, so if Armie needed something, he had a way to get around. He tried to check his email, but the internet signal was so weak that he couldn’t get anything to load.

The waitress brought him his coffee and muffin after a few minutes, both of which he devoured with enthusiasm. When he was finished, he tried to decide whether to head back to the cabin and face Armie. It was going on three o’clock and if he stayed out much longer, it would be getting dark before he got back.

He closed his eyes briefly as he tried to summon the energy to get up. Just as he was steeling himself to leave the cozy warmth of his booth, he heard a soft voice coming from directly in front of him say, “Excuse me?”
He popped his eyes open to see a woman who looked to be in her mid-sixties standing in front of his booth. She had long grey hair that had been swept up into a bun and she had piercing blue eyes. They reminded him of Armie’s. Her coat was threadbare, and her gloves had tiny holes in them near the fingertips. She smiled warmly at him and said, “I couldn’t help but notice you sitting alone over here, and I thought you might want some company.”

Timmy realized that she must also be alone and just wanted someone to talk to. He returned her smile and gestured for her to sit down. “Sure, that would be nice. I’m Timothée.” He held out his hand and she shook it.

“Nice to meet you Timothée. I’m Faith. Are you from around here?” she asked as she took off her gloves and rubbed her hands along her pant legs.

“I’m actually from the city. My cousin has a cabin up here he wasn’t going to be using so I decided to get away for the holidays,” Timmy answered.

She smiled again and said, “That sounds lovely! Sometimes it’s nice to get away from the hustle and bustle and just enjoy the peace and quiet for a bit. I lived in the city for 20 years before I moved up here to be closer to my brother.”

“Oh yeah? I love the city, it will always be home to me. But yeah, it is nice to be able to enjoy things at a slower pace sometimes.” He figured he might be talking to Faith for a bit, so he motioned to the waitress for another coffee. “So, are you and your brother close?”

Faith lowered her eyes to the table and nodded slowly. “We were. He died 3 months ago from lung cancer.”

Timmy instantly felt like an asshole for bringing up a subject that was still clearly painful for her. He reached his hand across the table and grasped her fingers with his. “I’m so sorry, Faith. I’m sure that had to be so hard for you.”

She squeezed his fingers and said softly, “Yes, it was. He fought hard for several years, but it eventually spread and then he was gone. This is my first Christmas without him. Even when I lived in the city, we always spent Christmas together. Our parents died when we were in our early twenties, so it’s just been the two of us for so long.”

Timmy’s heart broke for her. He was unsure of what to say to make her feel better. “He sounds like he was a really great guy. Do you…” he paused, trying to gauge what her reaction would be, “would you like to tell me about him?”
Faith raised her eyes and met Timmy’s with a mixture of sadness and gratitude. She nodded slightly and then began telling Timmy all about her brother and how they were inseparable as kids, hardly ever fighting. He was older by a little over a year and always looked out for her. When their parents died, their bond only became stronger.

She spent close to an hour regaling Timmy with stories of her brother, from their childhood up through the last year of his life. Timmy was genuinely interested in what she was saying. Faith was a rather fascinating person herself. She’d grown up during the women’s rights movement and had been involved in the protests and rallies, and she was one of only 8 women in her class to graduate from medical school.

At some point they had ordered more coffee and a couple of sandwiches to eat as they talked. Eventually, Faith paused and looked at Timmy, saying, “Goodness, I’ve been rambling on here for ages. What about you, Timothée? Why were you sitting here all alone on Christmas? I can’t imagine a nice, handsome young man like you doesn’t have someone special in your life you would want to spend the holidays with.” She smiled sweetly and patted his arm.

Timmy debated whether to tell Faith about his current romantic woes. She was technically a stranger, albeit a very nice one, and although she didn’t seem to recognize him at all, he wasn’t sure if he should take the risk. In the end, he decided that since she had been so candid and forthcoming with her life story, he should return the favor. Still, he opted to stay gender-neutral in his descriptions, just in case.

“I…do have someone special in my life, but the situation is rather complicated and I’m not sure there’s a way we can ever be together.” She looked at him patiently in a silent urge to go on. He started telling her all about his situation as she listened intently, nodding every so often in understanding and sympathy.

When he finished explaining his saga, she blew out a long breath and said, “Well, that certainly is one heck of a pickle you’re in.”

Timmy sighed and let out a humorless chuckle. “Yeah.”

She looked at him carefully and said, “This person seems to really care very deeply about you, despite the obstacles of your being together. Do they know how you really feel for them?”

Timmy looked at her in confusion. “Of course they do. I mean we’ve kissed twice, and I was the
one who pushed them to talk about what it meant.”

She smiled at him patiently, “From what you told me, it seems like you were more focused on finding out what they felt for you instead of making your own feelings about the kiss clear.”

Timmy gaped at her. “There’s no way he doesn’t know how I feel about him. I’ve been head over heels in love with him for years, and I’m completely incapable of hiding my feelings, especially around him. He has to know.” The words all came out in a rush, and it took him several seconds to realize his slip of the tongue. His eyes went wide with panic when he thought maybe he’d just fucked everything up completely.

Faith didn’t even bat an eye when she replied, “But have you actually told him, in so many words? Sometimes we think we’re being clear with our emotions, but things tend to get lost in translation. Especially between men.”

Timmy willed himself to calm down when it was clear she wasn’t going to freak out about the fact he was talking about a guy. He silently thanked the universe for sending him someone so accepting to talk to. “I…” he started, then stopped and really considered her words. “I guess I haven’t, no.” He dropped his eyes into his lap and huffed out a breath.

He felt her hand grab his in a comforting gesture. “Maybe he seems like he isn’t willing to fight to be with you because he doesn’t know what there is to truly fight for. You need to tell him how you feel. Really spell it out for him so there’s no confusion. That’s the only way you’ll both know for sure what you stand to lose.” Timmy raised his eyes slowly to meet hers. She gave him a small smile and rubbed the back of his hand with her thumb.

He couldn’t believe how fortunate he was to have stumbled into this café today and have this chance encounter with someone so amazing. Luck of the universe, indeed. He could feel the tears welling up in his eyes as he whispered an emotional, “Thank you.”

“Of course, sweetheart.” She scooted closer to him and pulled him into a tight hug as he let the tears roll down his cheeks.

They stayed like that for several minutes before Timmy finally looked up at the clock and noticed that it was almost nine o’clock. The café would be closing shortly, and he still had to walk back to the cabin.
“I really should get going. I’ve got a long walk back and it’s already so late,” he said, sniffling lightly.

“Oh no, you’re not walking back all by yourself this late at night. I’ll drive you home. Come on.” Faith went to put her gloves back on as Timmy pulled out some bills from his wallet to pay for the food. She tried to pay for her portion of the meal, but he wouldn’t have any of it. She thanked him profusely as they made their way out to her car.

They sat in a comfortable silence as they drove, Timmy going over everything Faith had said in his head as they quickly approached the cabin, and Armie. When Faith pulled to a stop in front of the cabin, she turned to him and said, “It was so lovely to meet you, Timothée. I wish you luck with your special guy.” She winked at him and grinned.

Timmy chuckled and smiled back at her. “Actually, my friends call me Timmy. I’m so thankful that you came over to my table and talked to me. You may have just changed my life.”

“The feeling’s mutual,” she replied. “Merry Christmas…Timmy.” There were tears in both of their eyes. They quickly exchanged contact information, and she told him next time he came up to the cabin he should give her a call. He promised he would and gave her a tight hug before stepping out of the car and walking up to the cabin.

He stopped at the front door and turned back to wave as Faith pulled away. He took a deep breath and steeled himself for whatever waited for him on the other side of the door.

He slowly opened the front door and was met by mostly darkness, the only light coming from the fireplace. He removed his boots and jacket and set the skates he’d been carrying around down next to his boots on the small rug. As he walked farther into the room, he could see that Armie had made dinner for them. There were still two plates of food sitting at the dining room table, both completely untouched. His heart clenched at the thought of Armie going through all that trouble and him not even being here to appreciate it.

As he finally walked fully into the living area, he found Armie sprawled out on the couch fast asleep, several empty cans of beer and a half-empty bottle of whiskey littering the floor beneath him.

Timmy immediately felt guilty for walking out earlier and not even considering how it would affect Armie. Clearly this whole situation was hurting Armie just as much as it was hurting him, and he’d been too wrapped up in his own anguish to notice.
He quietly walked over to the couch, picked up the empty cans and bottle from the floor, then gently draped a blanket over Armie to keep him warm. He placed a kiss on Armie’s forehead softly and whispered a quiet, “I’m so sorry.” He brought the cans into the kitchen, wrapped up the food that Armie had made, then went and grabbed a bottle of Aspirin and a glass of water and placed both on the table beside the couch. He knew Armie would need them when he woke up.

He thought about what Faith had said to him. He needed to talk to Armie. He didn’t know if it would change anything, but she was right, they both deserved to know what they were fighting for. Armie had found a way to tell him how he felt, now it was Timmy’s turn. And he had an idea of how to make it truly count. With one last look at Armie’s sleeping form on the couch, he turned and headed down the hall to his room. He grabbed his laptop, opened it, and got to work.

Chapter End Notes

So uhhh, I don't even know what to say about this chapter. This whole section of the story was supposed to be like...1/8th this length, but it just kind of spiraled into this completely different thing than I intended. I almost cut out the entire cafe scene, but I just fell in love with Faith and couldn't bear to get rid of it. It's a good way to give Timmy some outside perspective and to also not have him be completely alone on Christmas. I hope you guys are able to enjoy it as much as I do.

I promise next chapter will get back to the boys and they will actually talk to each other, lol.

Thanks for sticking with me through this crazy emotional journey. There is light at the end of the tunnel, I swear!
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Timmy and Armie have a fun day together, the boys talk and Timmy finally tells Armie how he feels.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the slight delay in posting. But in my defense, I was completely distracted by Timmy in that freaking HARNESS at the Golden Globes.

There's a bit of angst in this one, but I decided I needed to lighten it up a bit before things truly ramp up, so there's also a healthy dose of fluff and some good old fashion sexual tension in this chapter. I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Timmy awoke with a start as his phone buzzed next to him. It was a text message from his cousin asking how things were going at the cabin. The sky his window was just beginning to turn a light shade of pink as the sun was peeking out over the horizon. Jeff always was an early riser and seemed to forget that not everyone awoke with the sun. He shot off a quick reply of “Everything’s fine here,” not wanting to get into the crazy details this early in the morning. Besides, he hoped that after he and Armie talked, things would be fine, or at least as good as they could be.

After his discussion with Faith last night, Timmy had finally come to a conclusion about what he needed to do. He’d stayed up most of the night working on just the right way to convey to Armie just how much he felt for him. He knew it most likely would do nothing to change their situation, but if they were going to move forward at all, he needed to tell Armie everything and let the chips fall as they may.

Timmy quickly got out of the bed and went to check to see if Armie was awake. When he reached the living room, he found Armie still asleep on the couch, now on his back and clutching the blanket that Timmy had put over him. The fire had long since gone out and he could feel the morning chill starting to seep into the room. He quickly grabbed another couple of logs that Armie must have brought in last night and restarted the fire.

Once he was satisfied that Armie wouldn’t get too cold, he decided to take a fast shower and freshen up. He dressed quickly and then began surveying the contents of the refrigerator. There were still some eggs left, so he decided to make them some omelets; spinach for Armie and ham for himself. He grabbed a couple of pieces of bread and toasted them, spreading butter and raspberry jam on top.
He grabbed the last two pieces of bacon from the other morning and warmed them up, putting both on Armie’s plate.

When the food was ready, Timmy quietly walked over to the couch and knelt down in front of it, placing a hand lightly on Armie’s arm and rubbing slowly. His other hand held the plate of food, and he hoped maybe the scent would aid in waking him.

A few seconds later, Armie inhaled sharply and shot up. He blinked rapidly and started looking around furiously, trying to get a bearing on his surroundings. Eventually his gaze fell on Timmy kneeling in front of him and he froze. “Timmy?” he croaked out. “You came back?” The clear sound of relief in his voice shattered Timmy’s heart. Did Armie really think he wouldn’t have come back?

He forced down the lump in his throat and managed a small smile. “Of course I did. You can’t get rid of me that easily,” he tried to put some humor in his tone, but there was a slight quiver in his voice that he couldn’t quite cover up. In an effort to redirect the conversation, he brought the hand holding the plate of food directly into Armie’s line of sight and said, “Here, eat this. I’m sure you must be hungry.” He thought back to the untouched plate of food he found last night and the several empty beer cans. He knew first hand that massive amount of alcohol on an empty stomach was a bitch the next morning.

Armie blinked at him a couple more times as he tried to take in what Timmy was saying. Finally, he slowly reached for the food and gave a quiet, “Thanks,” as he began eating the food hungrily.

Timmy stood up and went to grab his own plate, which he’d left on the kitchen table. When he returned, he motioned to the aspirin and the water beside Armie and when Armie turned to look, he grunted thankfully. He took a breath between bites and said, “I thought I was supposed to be the hangover expert here. Are you trying to take over my title?” He was clearly teasing, and Timmy had never been so relieved to be getting ribbed by anyone in his life. Maybe this really would be ok after all.

“Well, since you were clearly down for the count, I figured the position was open,” he shot back with a mischievous grin. Then he said, softer, “I did learn from the best.”

Armie snorted in amusement, then immediately brought his hand up to his head in a clear sign of pain. He set his plate on this lap and reached over to grab two aspirin and the glass of water, drinking almost the entire glass in one huge swig.

The both finished their food quietly, then Timmy got up and took their plates back into the kitchen.
When he returned, he hesitated for a few seconds before finally gathering his courage to speak. “Listen, Armie, about yesterday…”

But Armie cut him off by reaching a hand over and placing it on Timmy’s arm. “Do you think we can leave the heavy shit for later, when I don’t feel like I’ve been hit by a bus?” He half-smiled, half-grimaced, clearly trying for levity, but Timmy could hear the underlying layer of exhaustion in his tone.

Timmy felt a sharp pang of guilt for essentially being the cause for all of this, for putting Armie in the position where he felt the need to get smashed in the first place. He let out a long breath. “Of course, yeah,” he nodded. His skin tingled where Armie’s hand was still on his arm and he tried not to focus on it. “Do you want to go back to sleep for a bit?”

Armie shook his head. “Nah, I’m awake now. Can we just…I don’t know, hang out? Watch a movie or something?”

Timmy offered a small smile. “Yeah, that sounds nice. What do you want to watch?”

Armie picked out a movie and they watched together on Timmy’s laptop, both seated on the couch, but far enough away as not to touch each other. Timmy couldn’t help but sneak glances at Armie the whole time, only half paying attention to what was going on in the story. He also couldn’t help noticing the way Armie ever so slowly inched his way closer to Timmy’s side as the movie progressed. They still weren’t touching, but it was as if Armie was being subconsciously drawn to Timmy’s warmth inch by inch. He even tested his theory once, getting up to get a drink of water and then purposefully sitting a little further away when he returned. Armie didn’t move for several minutes. Just as he was beginning to think he had imagined the whole thing, Armie stretched and scooted around for a minute to change position, finally settling back in even closer than before Timmy had gotten up.

Their thighs were mere millimeters away from each other now, and Timmy struggled to control his breathing. He closed his eyes and tried to will himself to concentrate on whatever was happening on the screen. He only lasted about three minutes because Armie shifted again and the hand that was closest to Timmy lightly brushed over Timmy’s knee, causing Timmy to involuntarily shiver at the contact.

If Armie noticed his reaction, he didn’t say anything. It had barely been a graze, then the hand was gone. Timmy let out a low breath and flexed his fingers in his lap. It had probably been an accident, he thought. But a moment later, the hand returned, this time very deliberately settling lightly just above his knee. It took all of Timmy’s willpower not to look down at Armie’s hand on his leg. He resolutely kept staring at the computer screen and tried not to move a muscle.
Armie kept his eyes on the screen as well. Timmy could feel the heat radiating off Armie’s body and he felt like he might suffocate. Was this how it was going to be every time Armie touched him from now on? He thought he might genuinely go insane. Just as the thought entered his head, Armie started rubbing tiny circles on the inside of his thigh with his thumb. It was a gesture that he’d done on more than one occasion in the past, usually to calm Timmy down when he was starting to freak out about something. But now it felt different. It felt like hope. If Armie could touch him like this after everything that happened the last few days, maybe things between them weren’t as impossible as he thought.

Timmy felt a wave of courage surge through him as he drew a deep breath, holding it as he slowly, tentatively, slid the hand that was in his lap over to his leg, gently covering Armie’s hand as it rested there.

Armie didn’t move, didn’t look at him, just kept watching the movie like nothing had happened. Timmy finally exhaled and tried to keep from shaking. After a few minutes, Armie slowly turned his hand over and laced their fingers together. Timmy’s eyes slid shut as he tried to remain as still as possible. He didn’t dare to hope that this meant what he wanted it to, but somewhere in the back of his mind he knew that no matter what, they would somehow be ok. They would figure this out, together. The relief of knowing that made him want to cry.

They stayed like that for the rest of the movie, hands clasped tightly as they watched. Once the credits began to roll, Armie shifted toward Timmy slightly, but kept his hand in Timmy’s on his leg.

Timmy could feel Armie’s eyes on him and he slowly turned his head to meet his gaze. They both stayed silent for several seconds, neither wanting to break the spell they were under. Just as Timmy started to open his mouth to speak, Armie’s phone started ringing in his pocket. Armie gave an apologetic look and slowly withdrew his hand from Timmy’s to reach for the phone. He pulled it out and saw Elizabeth’s name flashing on the screen.

He met Timmy’s eyes again and said, “Hey sorry, I gotta take this.” Timmy swallowed and gave a small nod as Armie picked up the phone. “Hey,” he answered the call and started to walk out to the front porch, obviously wanting some privacy.

Timmy braced both of his arms on his legs and tried to calm down. He’d been hard for the last half hour and hoped to hell that Armie hadn’t noticed. He ran a hand through his hair and decided that he needed to deal with it before Armie got back. He decided to take his second shower of the day and jerked himself quickly and roughly, desperately needing to release the tension that simply holding Armie’s hand had caused. He came forcefully with a muffled cry on his lips and the mental image of Armie’s large, smooth hands covering his whole body.
Once he had recovered, he towed off quickly and dressed, drying his curls as best he could before going back into the living room. Armie wasn’t there, and as he peered out the kitchen window, he could still see him out on the front porch, phone to his ear. His back and shoulders looked tense and he was pacing back and forth as he spoke. Timmy hoped everything was ok.

He went back to sit on the couch and shut off his computer. He decided to read some emails while he waited for Armie to come back. After another twenty minutes, he heard the front door of the cabin swing open and Armie stepped back inside. Timmy looked up at the sound. As Armie came back toward the couch, Timmy noticed that his jaw was clenched and the hand that wasn’t holding his phone was balled into a fist. Part of him wanting to ask if everything was ok, but another part of him knew that it was none of his business, and Armie would tell him if he wanted to.

He waited for Armie to say something. When he didn’t, he got up from the couch and moved toward him slowly. But before he could reach him, Armie abruptly asked, “Do you want to go skiing? You said there was a place close to here, right?”

Timmy stopped in his tracks, thrown off by the sudden, seemingly random, question. “Uhh…yeah. It’s not too far.” He looked at Armie carefully. “Are you sure you’re up to it? You were feeling pretty miserable earlier.”

Armie looked away and flexed the muscles in his jaw quickly before answering, “Yeah, I’m feeling better now. I think I’ve just been stuck in this cabin for too many days, I’m going a little stir crazy. I need to get out and do something.” He looked back at Timmy as he said, “If you want to.”

Timmy could hear the unspoken “please” in Armie’s voice, so he nodded quickly and said, “Yeah, sure, that sounds fun. Let me just get my stuff and we’ll go.” Armie returned his nod and they both went to get into warmer clothes to go outside.

Timmy drove them to the nearby ski resort. Armie didn’t say much as they drove, only asking a couple of questions about the resort and if Timmy had been before. He’d been there a couple of times, but it had been several years since the last time and he didn’t really remember much. They reached the resort and they got set up with all their gear. Once they were ready, Timmy decided he better start out on the easier slopes. He wasn’t exactly a pro at this and as tempted as he was to try the harder ones to impress Armie, he knew he most likely would end up face down in the snow, or worse.

Armie graciously stayed with him on the easier slopes for a while, even though it was clear that he was itching to try the harder ones. Eventually Timmy insisted that he go ahead without him. “Really Armie, I appreciate you hanging back with me, but I know you want to do the bigger ones. I would join you, but uh, I don’t want to die today,” he chuckled self-deprecatingly and rubbed the back of his neck.
Armie looked at him with a worried expression for a second before asking, “Are you sure, man? I don’t want to just abandon you here.”

Timmy sighed in fake exasperation and said, “I’m fine. I’m a big boy, I can take care of myself. Go, enjoy yourself!” He picked up a handful of snow and playfully threw it in Armie’s direction.

Armie quickly dodged the ball of snow and grinned widely at Timmy, eyes full of mischief. “Oh, now you’re just asking for it.” He swiftly bent down and packed a ball of snow into his hand before hurling it at Timmy, hitting him square in the chest. Timmy was so stunned he didn’t even have time to retaliate before another snowball hit his left leg.

Armie was doubled over with laughter at this point, and Timmy took the opportunity to scoop up his own handful of snow and aimed at Armie again. This time it struck its mark, right on the side of Armie’s face. Armie froze mid-laugh and slowly turned to face Timmy, eyes flashing with warning. “Oh, so you want to play rough?” For a second Timmy thought maybe he’d gone too far and Armie was actually mad, but then he saw a slight smirk on Armie’s lips seconds before Armie lunged at him. He managed to barely move out of the way before Armie could grab him, but he only made it a few feet before his boot got caught in the snow and he started to tumble, accidentally catching Armie’s leg on the way down and they both landed with a thud in a pile of fluffy snow, Armie sprawled half on top of Timmy.

They were both laughing hysterically until Armie accidentally kneed Timmy in the balls as he was trying to get up. Timmy curled up in pain and Armie couldn’t help but laugh even harder. “I’m so sorry,” he managed to wheeze out between his huge belly-laughs. “Does that make us even now?” Timmy shoved his arm hard and he fell over onto his back in the snow, still giggling.

“Fuck you,” Timmy muttered, but it lacked any real anger. Once Armie had managed to get his fits of laughter down to just a few minor chuckles, he leaned up on his elbow and peered down at Timmy, who was still laying prone in the snow.

“Seriously dude, are you ok?” He was still smiling but there was genuine concern in his voice.

Timmy nodded and said in a pinched voice, “Yeah, just give me a second, I’ll be fine.” He closed his eyes for a few seconds, then opened them again to find Armie still hovering close above him. He stared up into Armie’s face and suddenly forgot why he was supposed to be in pain. All he could think about was how Armie’s golden hair was hanging down so beautifully from his face as he leaned over Timmy. Bits of ice still clung to it from where Timmy had hit him with the snowball.
Before he could stop himself, Timmy reached up and brushed the ice out of Armie’s hair and smoothed it back. He could have sworn he felt Armie lean into the touch before he slowly pulled his hand away. They looked at each other in silence for a few seconds, just breathing together as they lay in the cold, wet snow. Finally, Timmy moved to sit up, causing Armie to move back to give him room. Armie got to his feet first and pulled Timmy up by the hand.

“You good?” he asked, brushing a bit of snow off of Timmy’s shoulders and arms.

Timmy nodded and said, “Yeah, I’m fine. Go ahead up the mountain. I think I’m done skiing for the day. I’m going to head inside and grab some coffee and maybe something to eat. Just meet me in there when you’re done.” He finished brushing himself off and started to walk toward the resort building.


Timmy returned the smile in earnest. “No problem, man.” He swayed on his feet and rubbed the back of his neck in a nervous gesture before he finally turned back toward the building and made his way inside.

Armie stayed out on the slopes for another couple of hours. It was just coming up on dusk when he finally made his way into the small café in the resort to find Timmy. Timmy had struck up a conversation with the couple sitting next to him when Armie appeared and sat down across from him. “Hey!” he said, smiling widely.

Timmy smiled back at him. “Hey, how was it?”

“Dude, it was amazing. Nothing beats the adrenaline rush of hurling yourself down a mountain at dangerously high speeds.” He was practically glowing with excitement.

“I think our daredevil skills are at vastly different levels, but I’m glad you had a good time,” Timmy teased. He gestured toward the couple he’d been talking to and said to Armie, “This is Jerry and Linda. They’re here for their anniversary.” The couple, who looked to be about in their late 40’s, waved at Armie and smiled.

“Hi, I’m Armie,” Armie stuck out his hand and shook both of theirs. The couple smiled warmly at him. They all chatted for a few more minutes until Linda yawned widely.
“Well, we should get going,” Linda said, rubbing her husband’s arm affectionately before getting up from her chair. “It was great talking to you, Timothée, and nice to meet you, Armie.”

Jerry stood also and took his wife’s hand as they began to walk toward the main part of the resort. “See you guys around,” he gave a small wave as they turned the corner.

The boys decided to eat dinner in the café. They talked as they ate; Timmy telling Armie about his conversation with Jerry and Linda, and Armie giving him all the highlights of his runs on the slopes.

It was dark when they got back to the cabin, but it was still pretty early in the evening. After they removed all their outerwear and shoes, Armie grabbed a couple of beers and brought them over to the couch, motioning for Timmy to join him. Armie set about starting the fire back up so they could get warm.

Timmy hesitated for a second, suddenly feeling apprehensive about his plan. They’d had such a great day together, he almost didn’t want to do anything to mess up their current energy. But he knew if he chickened out, he’d regret it. He told Armie he’d be right there and ducked into his room to get what he needed.

When he returned, he took a seat on the couch next to Armie and steeled himself for what came next. But before he had a chance to say anything, Armie spoke first. “So, Elizabeth wants me to fly out to Denver to meet her and the kids tomorrow.”

All the thoughts flew right out of Timmy’s head at Armie’s statement. He opened his mouth and closed it silently, not sure how to respond. “What…why?” was all he could manage.

Armie sighed, “She’s upset that I missed Christmas with the kids and I’m not scheduled to go back there until the 3rd. She insists that we need to spend New Year’s together. She’s already been looking into changing my flight.”

Timmy just stared at him wordlessly. He didn’t know what to say. The thought of Armie having to leave so soon was devastating. He’d just started to have hope for whatever this thing was between them, then reality came crashing back and he knew it was over. He gave a resigned sigh and cast his eyes down into his lap as he said softly, “I get it. She just wants to be with her husband. I don’t blame her. It’s ok if you have to go.”
Armie gave a humorless snort. “What she wants is the picture-perfect husband who does what she says and goes where she wants and doesn’t step out of line.”

Timmy looked up at him in surprise. He’d never heard Armie say anything negative about Elizabeth before, aside from a minor comment about wishing she didn’t put so much of their lives on social media. This seemed to be a much bigger issue, one that Armie had never even hinted at before. He still didn’t know how to respond. In the end, he went with, “Have you ever talked to her about it?” He knew he was treading on dangerous territory here, but if Armie needed to talk, he would try to listen and be as objective as he could be.

Armie sighed again and said, “I’ve tried a couple times, but sometimes it’s just easier to go along with what she says because she’s so smart and knows what she’s talking about most of the time. I know I wouldn’t be half the man I am now without her influence. I know I wouldn’t be half the man I am now without her influence. But there are times I can’t help but feel like I’m just a Ken doll that she dresses up and parades around whenever and wherever it suits her. And when I want to do something for myself, like being here with you, it’s this big fucking deal.”

Timmy looked over at Armie and could see how conflicted he was. He knew he loved Elizabeth, but he also knew how hard he’d tried to be his own person after growing up with a name that came with a legacy and a lot of baggage. He hadn’t wanted anything to do with the family business and had worked hard to carve his own path in life, even when it strained his familial relationships. The thought that his marriage was making him lose that fierce individuality was frustrating.

Still, he knew how much Armie loved his family and would do anything for them. Despite it going against everything he wanted, he quietly suggested, “Well maybe you should go meet her and try to work through it. You guys love each other, I’m sure you can find some sort of compromise.”

Armie looked at Timmy with resolve and said, “Timmy, I’m not leaving you, especially not on your fucking birthday. I’m constantly compromising what I want. And I do it because I love my family and I know you can’t have everything all the time. But I asked for one thing, one fucking thing, to spend the holidays with you, and she changed the plan at the last minute. It sucks that she’s not here, but that was her decision, not mine. I’m not giving up my time with you. It’s…” He paused, looking directly into Timmy’s eyes, “You’re too important.” His voice trembled slightly as he spoke, eyes shining with a hint of wetness in the corners.

Timmy took a few shuddering breaths, willing his own tears not to spill out. He knew this was his moment. It was now or never.

“Armie,” he breathed. He saw Armie’s eyes flit from his eyes to his lips for the briefest of seconds before finding his eyes once again. Suddenly he forgot how to speak.
Armie didn’t say anything, just waited for Timmy to continue. Timmy swallowed and cleared his throat, willing his vocal chords to work. He closed his eyes and took a steadying breath before he spoke. “Look, I’m…I’m not good with speeches or whatever. I ramble and go off topic and half of what I say doesn’t make any sense. But…there’s some things I need you to know. And I don’t know how to say them because they’re so big and all-encompassing and this is too huge to mess up.” He stopped suddenly when he felt Armie’s hand land firmly on his leg, squeezing tightly as he’s done so many times before to calm and reassure him.

He looked up at Armie’s face, the picture of patience and kindness, silently telling him it’s ok to continue. He tried to calm his breathing and started again, slower. “The things you said to me the other night…I don’t even know where to begin to tell you what that meant to me. And I know,” he paused again, willing his voice not to tremble, “I know nothing can happen. I understand. I’m not trying to pressure you or screw with your marriage or anything, I swear. But…I just need you to know. This is not just a crush, or something purely physical, it’s…” He swallowed, looking directly into Armie’s eyes. “Armie, I’m so in love with you and you deserve to know that. You deserve to know that you’re the sun in my sky and the rainbow after the storm.” He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a small flash drive. “It’s all here. Just…watch this and you’ll understand.” He handed the flash drive to Armie, who now had one lone tear running down his cheek.

Timmy placed both of his hands on either side of Armie’s face and brought his lips gently to his forehead in a tender kiss. He wiped the tear away from Armie’s face with his thumb and whispered, “You are so much more than a Ken doll. You are everything. Never let anyone convince you otherwise.” Armie closed his eyes and Timmy moved to kiss his cheek lightly before releasing his face and moving to stand up.

Before he could take a step, he felt Armie grab his hand and squeeze tightly. He turned back to look at him, trying to keep the tears in his eyes in check until he could be alone. When Armie spoke, he was barely audible, just a hint of a whisper as he said, “Thank you,” on the edge of a broken sob. Timmy couldn’t stop the tears then, and he let them fall freely. He couldn’t speak, just squeezed Armie’s hand again before finally turning and making his way to his bedroom as he began to sob in earnest.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry to leave it on kind of a downer...again. There's still a bit of angst to go, but we're finally making our way to having these boys find a bit of happiness. Next chapter will be the one and only chapter from Armie's POV. We will find out what is on the flash drive, but I felt it would be too weird to have Timmy sitting there watching it with him in order for it to be from his POV, so we will finally get a little bit of what's going on in Armie's head, finally.

Thank you so much for all the love this fic has gotten. It is beyond appreciated! <3
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Armie watches the flash drive Timmy gave him, which takes him back to their time in Crema and the beginnings of their relationship, as seen through Timmy's eyes. And Armie finally makes a decision.

Chapter Notes

We're finally coming to the end of the angst-fest! I can't promise there won't be more in the future, but it won't be nearly as bad as it was in earlier chapters. Thank you guys SO MUCH for sticking with me and continuing to read and comment. It means so much to me that this has been so well received. I'm thinking I probably have about another 3 chapters left, but that could always change.

So technically this chapter is from Armie's POV, but the bulk of the chapter is actually describing what is on the flash drive Timmy gave him, so it actually becomes more of Timmy's POV within Armie's, if that makes any sense, lol. I tried to make it clear where Timmy would be "speaking" vs Armie's inner thoughts about what he was seeing/hearing. Hopefully it isn't too confusing to follow. It's also currently almost 3 a.m., so I apologize if there's any random mistakes that I missed. :)

Armie took a few shaky breaths as he watched Timmy retreat down the hall to his bedroom. He stared at the small flash drive in his hand as everything that had happened since they'd arrived at the cabin ran through his head.

He was so emotionally exhausted from everything. Between kissing Timmy, their big fight which lead to him confessing how he really felt for Timmy, spending Christmas Day alone and being terrified that he’d fucked things up beyond repair, then Elizabeth being upset with him for not being with her...he didn’t even know how to begin to process it all. Then there was Timmy, pouring his heart out to him just a few minutes ago, making it virtually impossible for Armie not to ache to touch him.  *God, he thought, how did everything get so complicated in a matter of days?*

But if he was being honest with himself, it had been going on for far longer than a few days. He’d been harboring these feelings for Timmy for some time now, but he very deliberately kept them shoved into a corner of his mind that he never let himself go near. He couldn’t examine what they really meant because doing so would unravel everything he’s built for himself for the last decade. But then came Timmy’s drunken confession, and all of Armie’s carefully constructed walls came crashing down around him as he gave in to his own desire.
And then when he desperately tried to throw the walls back up and cram his feelings back in their safe box, Timmy simply would not let him. And Armie had to admit that part of him was grateful for that. It had been so exhausting trying to keep himself in check constantly for years. Timmy’s stubbornness had given him a sort of freedom and permission to be honest with himself and just feel, without constraints or conditions, very much like Luca had done when they were filming. The feeling was intoxicating, like the best kind of drug.

But he remembered what it was like when he’d been allowed to indulge in the high for too long and then it suddenly got ripped away, leaving him desperate and broken when filming ended. And he knew it would only be worse this time around. They only had a few more days together alone in this cabin, then they both had to back to their respective lives on opposite coasts.

But he couldn’t think about that yet. He shook the thought away as he rubbed his thumb over the flash drive slowly. Timmy’s computer was still out, so he booted it back up and took a deep breath before plugging the flash drive into to the correct slot.

A folder popped up with a video file in it titled “For Armie”. He sucked in another slow breath before he clicked on the file and began to watch.

The screen remained black for several seconds as the first strains of a soft piano piece began to play. Armie knew he recognized it, but he couldn’t quite place it. After a few seconds, it hit him like a sledgehammer. It was Bach’s Prelude in C Major. It was their piece.

He instantly remembered the night during filming where they had hung around the villa long after everyone had already left for the day. It had been maybe two weeks into filming and they had already become very close. It had been storming outside and they hadn’t been in any hurry to bike back to their apartments in the rain, so they’d wandered around the villa for a while, chatting and laughing and discussing the next day’s scenes.

When they’d made their way toward the piano, Armie had nodded toward it and asked Timmy if he would play something for him. Timmy had scoffed at first, saying he really only knew the pieces that he had to play for the movie, and Armie had heard him play those a hundred times throughout the weeks of rehearsals and shooting. But Armie had pressed a bit, saying he knew Timmy had played a bit when he was younger and must know some other pieces. Timmy thought for a second, then gave a slow, shy smile. He sat down at the piano and slowly began to play the Bach piece. As he played, Armie had slowly moved to stand behind him, closing his eyes as he listened, transfixed by the beautiful music Timmy was making.

When Timmy had finished, Armie had opened his eyes to find Timmy staring at him. Armie had
“You play so well.”

Timmy had smiled back shyly and said, “Eh, it was pretty easy. I think I learned that when I was in middle school.” He’d paused and chewed on his lower lip for a few seconds before continuing. “I could teach it to you, if you want.”

Timmy had scooted over on the piano bench in an invitation, and after a few seconds, Armie had gently sat down beside him. Timmy had then taken Armie’s hands in his and placed his fingers on the correct piano keys to begin the piece. “Here, it goes like this.” Timmy had pressed his own fingers on top of Armie’s on the keys, moving both of their hands gently together as the chords in the piece changed. They’d sat like that, side by side with Timmy guiding Armie’s hands, for what felt like an eternity. It had been the first moment that Armie began to suspect his feelings toward Timmy went beyond simple friendship. Apparently, it had meant something special to Timmy as well.

Armie swallowed the lump in his throat and tried to focus on watching the video. After a few seconds, a picture appeared on the screen. It was of the two of them from their first day together in Crema. They were each holding a cup of gelato in their hands, both cups brought together in a “cheers” gesture as they both smiled widely into the camera. Armie remembered taking the picture and thinking that if every day was like that one, it would be the best summer he’d ever had.

Suddenly, the volume of the music lowered slightly, and the sound of Timmy’s soft voice emanated from the speakers.

“I finally got to meet Armie today. He’s so much bigger in person! He burst into my piano lesson and engulfed me in a huge hug. Once I finished my lesson, we spent the afternoon riding our bikes around Crema and I showed him where things were. He seems like a really cool guy, very laid back and super easy to talk to. I can already tell we’re going to get along well. Given what our roles require, I think I got very lucky with him.

It took Armie a minute to realize that this was an excerpt from Timmy’s journal that he’d kept while they were filming in Crema. He’d been aware that Timmy had kept one, but he never thought he’d be privy to its contents. His breathing hitched, and he leaned forward on the couch, gripping the edge tightly as he continued to watch.

The picture changed to one of the two of them standing out in the backyard area of the villa. It must have been taken by one of the crew members while they had been waiting for the shot to be ready. Timmy was shirtless and in shorts, leaning his head on Armie’s shoulder, his eyes closed. Armie’s hand was resting casually around Timmy’s waist, holding him up. He’d never seen the picture before, but it perfectly exemplified the casual intimacy that they’d had with each other almost from day one.
Today was ridiculously hot, one of the few days so far it didn’t rain at all. I had to be barefoot in the scene we were shooting, but the bottoms of my feet kept getting burned from walking on the scorching grass. Armie actually offered to let me stand on his feet, said his daughter does it all the time. I don’t think I’ve ever been more jealous of a 1 year old. She’s a very lucky girl. I ended up taking him up on the offer, and it felt amazing. Not only to give my feet a reprieve from the heat, but to be that close to Armie without the pretext of acting was exhilarating. I know I shouldn’t feel this way, but he’s so damn perfect that I can’t seem to stop myself. I’m sure it’s just a bit of character bleed and it’ll go away once filming ends.

Another picture of them popped onto the screen, this one he recognized as one Timmy took one night at Armie’s apartment when they were hanging out and watching movies together. It was the first time they’d gotten stoned together. Both of their eyes were bloodshot. Armie was looking into the camera, and Timmy had a dopey grin on his face as he stared at the side of Armie’s face, his fingers splayed open in his patented peace sign.

Tonight, Armie and I smoked a joint at his apartment. It had been his idea, but I figured it might be nice to blow off some steam. I usually get hyper and crazy when I’m high. But with Armie...I dunno. I felt like I was floating. He just makes me feel so safe and loved, like I can do anything, and he won’t think I’m stupid or immature. Most people don’t take me seriously because of my young age, but Armie’s never been like that with me. We laid on his floor for hours and talked about all sorts of deep shit. There’s so much more to him than his looks. I wish more people saw that. Though he is really fucking dreamy. I definitely wouldn’t say no to kissing him for real. Fuck, maybe I’m still a little high.

The next picture was the two of them sitting on the bed in Elio’s room, heads leaned close together, obviously in the middle of discussing something to do with the scene they were about the shoot. Armie’s hand was resting on Timmy’s thigh and Timmy was staring down at it, a bit of awe in his expression.

We started the “midnight” scene tonight. Fuck, I was so nervous. It’s one thing to kiss someone on screen, but something entirely different to be completely naked and physically vulnerable with them in front of so many people. I’ve never done this before, and neither has Armie. But despite his earlier hesitations, he seems to be totally on board now and has taken charge with making sure I’m comfortable. I don’t think I could make it through this with anyone else. He knows exactly what to say to keep me calm and present in the moment. It’s like he knows what I need before I do. The character bleed is only getting worse and I’m finding it very difficult to distinguish where Elio ends and I begin. God, I’m so fucked.

Armie felt the sting of tears in his eyes as he continued to watch, taking shallow breaths as his heartbeat raced in his chest. He briefly closed his eyes, trying to calm himself.
When he looked back at the screen, the photo changed once again to a close-up shot of them lying down on Elio’s bed, Timmy’s head pillowed on Armie’s chest as he slept peacefully, Armie looking down at the top of Timmy’s head in obvious affection. Armie remembered taking the picture. It had been like 3 a.m. and there had been an issue with getting the lighting right for the shot. Timmy had started yawning with increasing frequency, so Armie told him he could just lay on him and sleep for a few minutes while they waited. Timmy had looked so beautiful with his dark curls draped over Armie’s chest that Armie couldn’t help himself, he had to capture the moment. When he’d showed Timmy the picture later, Timmy had blushed and stammered something indiscernible before they were called back to the set.

There are certain moments in your life that you just know will stay with you forever. I had one of those moments today. I had such a hard time finding the right emotional through line for Elio in the second part of the peach scene. The first part went surprisingly smoothly, considering everyone’s trepidation around it initially. But the second part is so tricky to get right because the emotion is so nuanced, and I just couldn’t find it. I either did too much or not enough. We did so many takes that I wanted to scream. But Armie...God, Armie, he was amazing. Just when I thought I was about to lose my mind, he simply grabbed my face with both hands and just...held me. We stayed there for so long, just breathing together. He didn’t even need to say anything, I just knew. I’ve never felt so intimately connected to anyone before in my life. It’s like our souls are intertwined somehow. It’s so pure and beautiful, but it also scares me because...what happens when all this is over?

Armie couldn’t hold back the choked sob that forced its way out of his throat. The pure, raw emotions that Timmy had for him were so staggering. He was literally cutting himself open and baring his soul for Armie. His heart simultaneously swelled and broke into a thousand pieces.

As the next picture appeared on the screen, Armie’s breath caught in his throat. He recognized it instantly. It was from the last day of filming, on the streets of Bergamo. They had just finished the last shot of the film, and both of them were incredibly emotional. Armie had Timmy’s face in his hands as his kissed his forehead tenderly. Timmy’s face was turned slightly toward the camera and he had a look of pure anguish on his face as he gripped Armie tightly to him, tears streaming down both cheeks. Luca had taken the picture and had sent it to both of them after they’d returned home, the caption underneath it had read, “Never forget the pure magic you two captured during this summer. It’s something that only comes around once or twice in a lifetime, if you’re lucky. Nurture it, and each other.”

When Timmy’s voice came through once again, it was laced with such raw emotion that Armie had to hold his breath as he listened.

I can’t believe it’s over. I don’t know what to do now. I don’t even know who I am anymore. I don’t know how to exist without this, without him. He’s leaving, he’s taking a part of my heart and my soul back to LA with him, and there’s nothing I can do about it. His life, his family is waiting for him. I’m just some kid who stupidly fell in love with the one person he shouldn’t have. But I don’t know how to stop loving him, if it’s even possible. Hopefully one day it won’t hurt as much.
Tears were slipping down the side of Armie’s face as the last picture came up. It was another one he’d never seen before, and his heart ached as he looked at it. The two of them were curled around each other sleeping peacefully on Armie’s couch in his house in LA. It must have been taken when Timmy stayed there for a few weeks while he was filming Beautiful Boy. He wondered who had taken the picture. Surely it wasn’t Elizabeth. Timmy’s head was nestled between Armie’s neck and shoulder and Armie’s face was turned into Timmy’s mess of curls. One of Armie’s arms was curled protectively around Timmy’s shoulder and back, and his other hand was gripping Timmy’s lightly as it rested on his chest. It was a perfect mirror of their position from a couple nights ago as they had slept by the fire. No journal entry accompanied the picture this time, the video simply lingered on the image of the two of them entwined in each other’s arms, two souls forever connected, as the music came to an end and the video slowly faded to black.

Armie gulped air into his lungs as he tried to process everything he’d just seen and heard. He was so overwhelmed with emotion and he didn’t know what to do. He knew he loved Timmy, was in love with him. He’d slowly come to terms with that over the last couple of days, no longer able to deny what had become increasingly obvious. But he also loved Elizabeth and adored his family. He was proud of the life they built together, even if it wasn’t always perfect. He knew no marriage was.

But the way he felt when he was with Timmy…he’d never felt like that with anyone else, including Elizabeth. He couldn’t explain what it was exactly, it was just something that he felt in his very core that made him feel more alive than he ever had been. It was like finally finding the last piece of a puzzle that had been incomplete for his whole life. He didn’t know if he was willing to let that feeling go.

He knew he had to make a choice, one that he could never go back from. Timmy had said that he wasn’t trying to change Armie’s mind or pressure him, but there was no denying the intensity of his love for Armie. He knew that kind of thing didn’t come along very often. He’d be an idiot to dismiss it so quickly, especially when he felt the same way for Timmy.

He slowly closed Timmy’s laptop and turned to face the fire as he considered what to do. He closed his eyes and ran a hand over his face and into his hair. He knew there was no easy answer here. He could do nothing, just continue on in his marriage as he had been and work to recapture the happiness he and Elizabeth once had. But it would break Timmy’s heart, as well as his own. But choosing to be with Timmy meant fracturing his family, his whole life, possibly his career. And Timmy was still so young. It wasn’t something he even thought about in their friendship, but being in a relationship with someone a decade younger was not something to take lightly. They were in vastly different places in their lives, as well as their careers. Timmy was just starting out; his star was on the rise and he was in high demand. Armie was much more settled, had kids to take care of, wasn’t worried about “making it”. The reality of their lives were worlds apart. It could be a total disaster trying to bring them together.

He sat there for several hours, just staring into the fire and thinking, his mind combing over every
possible detail of his situation. This wasn’t something he could be impulsive about, and he needed to be sure. No matter what he decided, hearts would be broken, and lives would be changed forever.

In the end, he realized it wasn’t even a decision he needed to make. It had been decided long ago, he just hadn’t recognized it until now. He knew what he wanted. He’d always known. Now he just had to go get it.

Chapter End Notes

I have to admit, I had a LOT of fun writing this chapter and coming up with the different pictures and journal entries from their time in Crema. It was fun to weave in bits of stories that they’ve told before in interviews with things I could just totally imagine would happen with those two. I know Timmy has talked about keeping a journal in an interview before, but I don't know if that was before or after CMBYN, so I'm just pretending he had one during the filming of it for the sake of this story.

I considered leaving the ending a bit more ambiguous about what Armie's final decision was, but let's be real, we all knew what he was going to decide from the get-go, lol.

Next chapter goes back to Timmy's POV, and we finally get into some sexy times! ;)

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

The boys finally give into their desire and have an intensely passionate night together.

Chapter Notes

So we've finally gotten out of the crazy mess of angst and into some fun sexy times! This chapter is basically all smut, lol. There will be a bit more angst in future chapters as the boys deal with the prospect of what comes next, but for now, I hope you enjoy them being happy and in love and finally giving into their primal desires after so much pent up tension. :)

As always, thank you for the amazing comments and love this fic has been getting! This fandom is truly awesome! :D

Timmy woke suddenly to a banging noise. He'd fallen asleep in an awkward half-sitting, half-laying position, and his back was aching. The banging had stopped, and he looked around quickly to see the clock on his nightstand read 11:40 pm. He hadn't meant to fall asleep, holding out a sliver of hope that Armie would come find him after he watched the video. He sighed, realizing that it Armie must have made his choice, and he wasn't it.

The banging returned, and Timmy realize that it was someone knocking on his door. He took a deep breath and slowly crawled out of his bed and made his way across the room to the door. He braced himself as he reached for the doorknob and gently twisted it, opening the door to find Armie standing before him.

He squinted into the darkness to try to make out Armie's facial expression. The only light was a soft flickering coming from around the corner of the hallway that must have been from the fire still going. From what he could make out, Armie's eyes were slightly puffy and his lower lip looked like he'd been chewing on it. Timmy said nothing as he stepped aside just slightly in an invitation for Armie to come in.

Armie moved into the room and turned to close the door with a soft ‘click’. When he turned back to Timmy, he stayed silent for several seconds, just staring at him intensely. Timmy couldn't read his expression and was too terrified to speak first. He waited, holding his breath until Armie finally broke the silence. “I can’t…” he started.
Before Armie could continue, Timmy immediately broke down and began rambling, closing his eyes in mortification. “Oh God, Armie, I’m so sorry. I never meant for any of this to happen. Of course you can’t do anything. I wasn’t trying to make things worse or…or…or mess up your marriage, I swear. I’m such an idiot, I’m sorry.” He stopped suddenly when he felt Armie’s hand on his cheek and his eyes sprang open.

“Timmy, stop.” Armie’s thumb slowly stroked his jaw and Timmy sucked in a sharp breath. “I can’t…deny how much I want this anymore.”

Before Timmy had time to register what Armie’s words actually meant, he felt the hand on his cheek move to the back of his head and pull his face to Armie’s in a rough and passionate kiss. Once his brain finally caught up, he exhaled into Armie’s mouth and began kissing him back eagerly. He reached his hand around Armie’s back and pulled the older man closer to him as they ravaged each other’s mouths.

After a couple of minutes, Armie began walking them back over to the bed, mouths still connected and hands roaming all over each other’s bodies as they went. Timmy blindly followed Armie’s lead as he walked backwards, letting out a soft grunt as the backs of his legs hit the mattress. He reluctantly parted from Armie’s mouth and sat down on the bed, opening his legs to let Armie step into the space between them. He pushed Armie’s shirt up his torso, then began placing small kisses along the exposed skin, starting with his belly button and then making his way up his stomach and chest, pausing at each nipple to lightly suck and tease them with his tongue. Armie arched into his touch and let out a quiet gasp as Timmy released his nipple with a wet ‘pop’.

Timmy looked up at him in awe, not entirely believing that this was happening. He’d been wanting this for so long, never letting himself believe he could ever have it. He kept his eyes trained on Armie’s as he reached down and pulled his own shirt over his head and scooted up farther onto the bed, waiting for Armie to follow him. Armie held his gaze for a few more seconds before finally lifting his shirt off the rest of the way and slowly crawling onto the bed and on top of Timmy.

They resumed kissing for several minutes, Timmy enjoying the solid weight of Armie on top of him as they moved against each other. When he felt Armie reaching for the waistband of his pants, Timmy’s brain kicked into overdrive and registered the full weight of what was about to happen. As much as he wanted to just give in to the hazy fog of desire, he needed to be sure. He summoned every ounce of willpower he had left and reluctantly pulled away from Armie’s mouth and reached down between them to still Armie’s hand. He looked deeply into Armie’s eyes and asked, “Are…are you sure? There’s no going back from this.”

Armie held his eyes for several seconds before closing his hand over Timmy’s and bringing it to rest on Armie’s chest over his heart. Timmy could feel the rapid pulsing beneath Armie’s soft skin. “This,” he pressed Timmy’s hand tighter against his heart, “has been yours for a long time now. I just needed your strength and courage to help me realize it. I don’t want to go back.”
Timmy’s answering grin was blinding. He clutched his hand tightly over Armie’s chest and brought their lips together in another passionate kiss. After another minute, he slowly dragged Armie’s hand back down to the waistband of his pants and shifted his hips up, giving Armie room to pull them down and off. Once Timmy’s pants were gone, Armie pulled back to admire the newly uncovered skin. He slithered down Timmy’s slender body, trailing soft kisses along his smooth skin as he went. Timmy shivered at the sensation and couldn’t help but let out a barely audible moan.

When Armie reached Timmy’s hip, he began sucking a little mark into Timmy’s pale skin right above his hipbone. Timmy arched his back and began panting quietly, running his hands down and into Armie’s silky hair. He looked down just as Armie looked up at him, and they held each other’s gaze for a few seconds before Armie moved his head the slightest bit lower and licked a slow, torturous streak up the length of Timmy’s hard cock. Timmy’s moan was louder this time, his hands tightening in Armie’s hair as he began to lose his composure.

Armie smirked at Timmy’s reaction and without warning, dipped his head and took as much of Timmy’s cock in his mouth as he could. Timmy slammed his eyes closed in ecstasy and used all the strength he had left to keep himself from thrusting upwards into Armie’s mouth. For all the times they had to pretend to do this during filming, nothing could compare to the actual sensation of the smooth, wet heat of Armie’s mouth enclosed around him, sucking and licking and teasing.

Armie continued his ministrations for several minutes as Timmy writhed underneath him. Finally, he pulled off with a sinful sounding ‘pop’ and looked back up at Timmy. Timmy’s pupils were completely blown with lust, his curly hair sticking up everywhere from his thrashing movements against the pillow. His lips were red from being chewed on, and his entire body was flushed. Armie rubbed his thighs soothingly before slowly getting up and removing his own pants and boxers. Timmy whimpered at the sight of Armie’s enormous erection jutting out from his perfect body and held out his hand to bring Armie back onto the bed.

As Armie gingerly laid back down on top of him, the feeling of skin against skin was almost too much for Timmy. He began impatiently rutting against Armie in order to seek the friction he so desperately needed. He spread his legs wider and pulled Armie’s body flush against him. Not a part of them wasn’t touching and it felt amazing. They rocked together like that for several minutes, each enjoying the pleasure of the sweet friction their bodies were creating as they moved against each other.

But Timmy needed more. Needed to feel like he was Armie’s, in every way. They’d already given each other their hearts, now under the haze of lust and desire, he wanted Armie to claim his body as his own. He moved his face so that his mouth was right under his ear, and he whispered, “I need you inside me. Now.”
He felt the shiver that ran through Armie’s whole body at his words, and Armie moved his face back enough to look him straight in the eyes, his unspoken question clear in his expression. Timmy stared back, silently reassuring him just how much he needed this.

Once he saw Armie’s expression change to one of agreement, he deliberately reached over to the nightstand and opened the top drawer. He fished around for a minute before finally pulling a condom and a bottle of lube out of the drawer. Armie let out a surprised laugh and asked, “Had you been planning to get a little action on this trip, Timmy?” He grinned widely at Timmy as he teased him.

Timmy playfully shoved his arm and couldn’t stop his smile as he replied, “Shut up, asshole. They aren’t even mine. I found them when I was looking for tissues the other night.”

At this, Armie’s grin grew even wider and one eyebrow shot up comically high. “Oh really? And why exactly were you in need of tissues, hmm?” He had a mischievous gleam in his eye.

Timmy gave his most exaggerated eye-roll and explained, “Because the cold was making my nose run. Get your mind out of the gutter, old man.” He teasingly pinched Armie’s ass as he spoke.

Armie’s answering laugh rumbled through his chest and Timmy could feel the reverberations all over his body. “I’d say given our current condition, my mind is exactly where it needs to be.” He winked and moved his head to Timmy’s shoulder and gently nipped at the skin around his collarbone.

Timmy hummed in agreement as he arched into Armie’s mouth and said in a husky voice, “You may have a point there.” He quickly shoved the lube and condom at Armie with a grunt as he quickly grew impatient to have Armie’s long, hard cock inside him.

Armie popped the cap off the lube and slicked up his fingers, rubbing them together to warm them up before reaching down with his other hand to pull Timmy’s thighs farther apart. He knelt in the open space and brought his slick fingers down to Timmy’s entrance, tracing tiny circles around the opening. Once he made sure the rim was nice and wet, he gradually pushed one finger in and waited.

Timmy’s breath caught in his throat as he felt Armie’s finger inside him. He let out a breathy, “Fuuuuuuuck.” It took all of his strength not to come right then. But he somehow managed to calm himself down enough to relax his inner muscles around Armie’s finger. He gave a small nod to Armie, who then began very slowly moving his finger in and out of Timmy as he prepared him. Once his one finger was sliding in and out easily, he added a second and repeated the process. When he added the third finger, Timmy gripped the sheets for dear life as he felt shockwaves of
pleasure course through him as Armie’s finger brushed past his prostate. He let out a choked sob and whimpered, “There, do that again.”

Armie aimed his fingers at the spot he’d hit previously, and Timmy began convulsing on the bed. “Oh God, oh yes, Jesus fuck!” Timmy kept up the string of profanities as Armie began scissoring his fingers and stretching him wider. At some point he switched to French and began babbling things Armie didn’t know the actual translation of, but he could guess the general sentiment.

Armie was so transfixed by how Timmy was responding to him, he actually had to pause what he was doing and just stare at him in awe. Timmy raised his head with a frustrated grunt and breathlessly asked, “What, why’d you stop?” His chest was heaving with the effort to breathe and his voice was rough with want.

Armie blinked a couple of times and shook his head to bring himself back to the present moment. “Sorry, I uh…” he grinned sheepishly, “I didn’t realize how hot it would be to hear you swearing in French like that. I just…needed a minute.”

Timmy let out an amused chuckle and he unclenched one fist from the sheets to tangle it in Armie’s hair, pulling him roughly to his mouth in a bruising kiss. As his mouth parted from Armie’s, he smiled and conceded, “I guess that’s a pretty good reason.” He could feel Armie’s matching smile against his lips as they kissed again, this time slower but just as intensely.

Timmy finally broke the kiss and panted into Armie’s open mouth, “I’m ready. Need you now.” Armie didn’t need to be told twice. He grabbed the condom with the hand not covered in lube and used his teeth to carefully tear the package open.

Timmy took the condom out of the package and rolled it carefully onto Armie’s cock, staring straight into Armie’s eyes the whole time. The intensity he felt in that moment was like nothing he’d ever experienced before. He knew no matter what happened from here on out, this was the moment he would return to when he needed reassurance of the depth of their love for each other. He reached his hand up to rest on the back of Armie’s neck and gingerly played with short hairs there. “I love you, Armie,” he whispered, moving his hand to cup Armie’s cheek and gently stroke his face with his thumb.

Armie closed his eyes at the touch, and when he opened them again, Timmy could see a hint of wetness in the corners. Armie didn’t speak, simply laced his fingers through Timmy’s and brought their joined hands to his lips in a chaste kiss. He then used his other hand to shift Timmy’s hips up further, and Timmy wrapped his legs tightly around Armie’s waist as he positioned himself at Timmy’s entrance.
Armie moved forward slowly, careful not to hurt Timmy as the tip of his cock breached his body. Timmy sucked in a sharp breath and Armie moved to pull back, but Timmy used his legs to hold him where he was as he breathed through the pain. Armie looked at him in concern and stayed completely still until Timmy choked out, “Move, please. Need to feel you.”

Armie hesitated for another minute before Timmy shifted under him and let out a small gasp of pleasure. That was all Armie needed to hear and he began shallowly thrusting into Timmy at a languid pace. After a couple minutes, Timmy had fully adjusted to Armie’s massive length and began to crave more. He let out a small whine and began pushing his hips up to meet Armie’s in an effort to get more friction. When he couldn’t take the torturously slow pace any longer, he looked straight into Armie’s eyes. “I’m not going to break, I promise. Now. Fuck. Me,” he demanded. He dug his heel into Armie’s ass in emphasis and bucked his hips up hard.

Armie’s answering growl sent a shiver straight to his dick and Timmy could see the exact moment in Armie’s eyes when he switched from being the tender, considerate lover to being completely consumed by his own lust and need for pleasure. Armie began thrusting deep and hard, snapping his hips at a punishing speed.

Timmy couldn’t do anything but hold on for dear life as he moaned and grunted and gasped in pleasure at being completely filled with Armie. He always knew sex with Armie would be amazing, but he didn’t realize how completely overwhelming it would be. He’d dreamed about this moment for so long and now that it was finally a reality, all of his emotions came exploding out of him as he began sobbing and babbling incoherently into Armie’s neck as Armie continued to pound into him. He lost all sense of time and just gave himself over fully to the all-consuming feeling of Armie surrounding him completely, inside and out. It was pure bliss, and he never wanted it to end.

Somewhere in the back of his mind, Timmy became aware of Armie’s hand reaching between them and stroking him firmly in time with his thrusts. He didn’t even know what he was saying anymore, between his strangled sobs and ragged breathing, all he could concentrate on was not passing out from pleasure. He suddenly became aware of Armie’s face hovering just inches from his own as he panted heavily. Timmy was having a hard time keeping his eyes open as the waves of intense rapture crashed over him as Armie hit his prostate on almost every thrust.

As if out of a dream, he could faintly hear Armie’s voice speaking to him. “It’s ok, Timmy. Let it go. I’ve got you. Come for me.” One more stroke of Armie’s hand on his dick was all it took, and he came with such intensity that he had to bite down on Armie’s shoulder to keep from screaming himself hoarse.

Timmy hadn’t even stopped shuddering from his aftershocks when he suddenly felt Armie go stiff and heard him cry out his name as he came hard inside him. Armie’s arms gave out and he collapsed with a thud onto Timmy. Timmy was so spent that he couldn’t even muster the energy to care. They were both panting heavily as they slowly came back to themselves.
Finally, Armie pushed himself off of Timmy and rolled onto his side next to him, pulling out of Timmy as gently as he could. He pushed Timmy’s sweaty curls off his forehead and leaned in to kiss him there. “I love you, too,” he breathed against his temple.

Hearing those words finally broke Timmy out of his stupor and he looked up at Armie with pure adoration shining in his eyes. Neither of them spoke for several minutes, content to just lie there together and bask in the afterglow of their passion.

Eventually Armie got up and disposed of the condom and got a towel to clean them both up as Timmy sank into the bed, thoroughly fucked and ready to pass out. When Armie crawled back into the bed, Timmy sleepily curled up on his side next to him and laid his head on his chest. Just as he was about to drift off to sleep, he heard Armie’s voice. “Hey Timmy,” he called softly.

The only thing Timmy could muster was a quiet, “Hmm?” mumbled against his chest.

“Happy birthday,” he could hear the smile in Armie’s voice as he spoke. He blinked open one eye and looked over to where the alarm clock was and saw that it was 12:27 am, officially making it his birthday.

Timmy smiled lazily and gathered every bit of energy he had left to lift his face to Armie’s in a sweet, slow kiss before settling back on his chest and falling into a deep, peaceful sleep.
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Timmy receives more hot birthday sex.

Chapter Notes

So uh, I know I said the boys would finally talk about things in this chapter, but I may have gotten a bit carried away with more hot birthday smut for Timmy in the beginning, and it ended up getting ridiculously long. So I'm breaking the chapters up a bit more. The next chapter will be very dialogue-heavy as they do finally break down their situation and discuss where things go next. But for now, enjoy more sexytimes with a slight dash of angst to keep things interesting. ;)

Your comments give me life and I appreciate every single one of you still reading! <3

The first thing Timmy was aware of when he was pulled into consciousness was an overwhelming feeling of warmth and security. He kept his eyes closed as his brain shook off the fog of sleep and he realized what exactly the warmth that surrounded him was. Armie. He remembered Armie coming to him late the previous night and finally giving into their physical need for one another after holding back for so long.

He’d half-convinced himself that it had been a dream, but the feeling of Armie’s solid body firmly pressed against him now was very real. They must have shifted positions during the night, because now Armie was behind Timmy in a spooning position, his chest plastered tightly to Timmy’s back and arm slung protectively over his waist, his hand resting lightly on Timmy’s stomach.

Timmy smiled lazily as he let the full weight of this moment settle in his mind. It wasn’t the first time he’d woken up next to Armie, but it was the first time that he wasn’t overcome with the feeling of longing for something he thought he’d never truly have. In this moment, all he felt was the quiet contentment of knowing Armie loved him and wanted to be with him.

Timmy wanted nothing more than to melt further into Armie’s embrace and stay there forever. He shifted ever so slightly backward to press even closer to Armie’s warm skin. The sound of Armie’s sleep-rough voice and the tickle of his breath against the back of his neck startled him when Armie murmured, “Thank God you’re finally awake. I was starting to get impatient.”
Before he even had a chance to respond, Armie’s heat disappeared from his back suddenly. Timmy started to let out a disappointed whine but was cut off by Armie’s hand firmly pressing against his hip to turn him onto his back as Armie effortlessly made his way down Timmy’s body in one swift movement. Timmy barely had a moment to process what was happening before Armie ducked his head and fully engulfed Timmy’s half-hard cock in the wet heat of his mouth.

Timmy hissed in surprise and unconsciously tried to buck his hips up, but Armie’s strong hands spread across his hips kept him from getting too far. Timmy slammed his head back into the pillow and squeezed his eyes shut as Armie began sucking him softly. He was fully hard now and very much on board with letting Armie do whatever the hell he pleased.

Once he managed to get his breathing under control, Timmy raised his head to look down at the glorious sight before him. Armie in between his legs, hair sticking up in several places, cheeks red with arousal, lips stretched sinfully around his cock, eyes closed in concentration. It was without a doubt the hottest thing Timmy had ever seen.

Timmy couldn’t stop his hands from reaching up and tangling in Armie’s hair as Armie continued to bob up and down along his length. Armie’s eyes popped open and looked up to meet Timmy’s. They stared at each other for a long minute in silent understanding before Armie finally broke the eye contact and turned all his attention back to making Timmy writhe in pleasure beneath him.

It only took a few minutes of Armie’s efforts before Timmy was shaking with the effort to keep his hips still. He was sweating and gasping for air as he moaned out his pleasure for Armie to hear. When Armie started suckling the head of Timmy’s cock, dragging his tongue slowly along the slit, Timmy’s hands tightened in Armie’s hair and Armie smirked. He must have known Timmy was close because he very deliberately lifted his eyes and stared right into Timmy’s as he used just a hint of teeth to scrape along the underside of his cock. That was all it took for Timmy to completely lose it. He arched his back violently and cried out, coming in long, pulsing spurts down Armie’s throat as Armie continued to lick and suck and swallow around him.

Timmy collapsed back onto the bed in a boneless heap, hands going slack and falling to his sides as he desperately tried to gulp air back into his lungs. He was only faintly aware of Armie finally releasing his cock from his mouth and crawling back up Timmy’s body to lay on his side next to him.

Timmy felt Armie’s hand lightly stroke his cheek as he asked, “You ok there, Timmy?” He could clearly hear the amusement in his tone. He tried to formulate a response, but all he could manage was an unintelligible, “Nngghh,” as he tried to bring his heartbeat back to a normal level.

Armie chuckled beside him and decided, “I’m going to take that as a ‘yes’, then.” Part of Timmy wanted to smack him for sounding so damn smug, but then the small portion of his brain that was
still functioning helpfully supplied that he’d just gotten a mind-blowing orgasm out of the deal, so he decided to let Armie enjoy his moment.

After several minutes of fighting for breath as Armie continued to soothingly caress his face and arms, Timmy finally managed to crack his eyes open and glance over at Armie, asking, “Where…in the hell…did you learn…how to do…that?”

Timmy knew Armie had only had one other experience with a boy before, a drunken encounter with a friend of his when he was 17. They’d been at a party and had ended up giving each other handjobs in one of the upstairs bedrooms. His friend had ended up confessing to his parents afterward, then they’d called Armie’s parents, who’d put the fear of God in him if he ever did something like that again. As far as Timmy knew, Armie had never done anything else even remotely sexual with another guy until they’d filmed Call Me By Your Name. But the expert-level blowjob he’d just received made him wonder.

Given his earlier bravado, the last thing Timmy expected was to see Armie actually blush at his question. “I may have done some, uh, research, you know, when we were filming the movie.”

Timmy’s brain was still caught in a post-orgasmic haze, so he just dumbly repeated, “Research?”

Armie cleared his throat and shifted slightly next to him. “Yeah, um, about technique and whatever. How to make it good for your partner. I figured it would be good to know.”

Timmy choked out a surprised giggle before he could stop himself. Armie blushed even harder and looked down at the sheets. “I just…look, I was curious, ok? And I figured if there was ever a time to learn about that kind of thing, that was it. Getting to know my character and all that.” He shrugged his shoulders heavily and kept his eyes down.

Timmy instantly felt bad for laughing and he brought his hand up to Armie’s chin, tilting it upward and forcing Armie to meet his gaze. “Hey, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to embarrass you. Honestly, whatever the reason, I’m incredibly grateful for the end result.” He smirked suggestively and pulled Armie’s face to his in a brief kiss, just enough to faintly taste the last hints of himself on Armie’s lips. “Seriously, that was insanely hot. Just…yeah, thank you,” he breathed the last words directly into Armie’s mouth before closing his lips over Armie’s once more. They kissed slowly for a minute before Timmy had to pull away, still slightly out of breath.

Armie’s smile returned and he rubbed his nose tenderly against Timmy’s as he replied, “Anytime.”
Timmy suddenly realized that he’d completely forgotten about Armie’s needs. “Hey, do you want me to…?” he trailed off as he started moving his hand down Armie’s body, but Armie just grabbed Tim’s wandering hand in his own and linked their fingers together.

“Nah man, I’m good. That was just for you, birthday boy.” Armie kissed the side of Timmy’s face and then scooted down into a more comfortable position on his back, pulling Timmy to lay his head on Armie’s chest as he also lay on his back. Timmy hummed in contentment and went willingly, staring up at the ceiling and basking in his blissed-out state.

“I don’t think I’ve ever had a birthday blowjob before,” Timmy mused, relishing the sensation of Armie’s fingers sliding through his damp curls and lightly massaging his scalp.

Armie chuckled softly and replied, “Such a shame. I’m glad I was able to fix that for you.”

They laid there quietly together for several more minutes, each of them lost in their own thoughts. Finally, Timmy began to feel the sweat drying on his skin, and after their exertions both the previous night and just now, he felt pretty gross. “I think I’m gonna hop in the shower.” He twisted his body to face Armie and grinned. “You wanna join me?” He playfully nipped at Armie’s collarbone, then seductively licked over the spot.

Armie’s eyes widened for a split second before he looked away. He hesitated, finally responding, “Uh, I don’t think so. I’d love to, but…” he paused, clearly unsure how to proceed. “I really need to make a phone call.” His eyes finally moved back to meet Timmy’s, the apology clear in both his expression and tone.

The words crashed over Timmy like a bucket of ice water being thrown over his head. In an instant, their happy, cozy bubble burst wide open and reality swept back in. He drew a quick breath and turned back around so Armie couldn’t see his hurt expression. “Right, of course. Take your time.” As much as he tried, he couldn’t keep the slight tremble out of his voice. He didn’t wait for Armie to respond before suddenly jumping out of the bed and practically running out of the room and down the hall to the bathroom.

Once he shut the door behind him, Timmy let out a few shaky breaths and tried to hold back the tears that were already collecting in the corners of his eyes. Once he steadied himself, he climbed into the shower and turned the water on, making it as scorching hot as he could stand. He stepped under the spray and tried to let the intense heat washing over him distract him.

It didn’t work, and his mind instantly started racing. He’d had an amazing night with Armie, and waking up next to him and receiving that glorious blowjob had been more surreal than he could have
imagined. Being alone together in this cabin was nothing short of spectacular, but it wasn’t real, just a precious stolen moment of time where they could pretend nothing else existed. He knew he had no right to be upset with Armie for needing to deal with things. The reality of the situation was that Armie was still married, still had two kids to consider, had a career, a whole life Timmy wasn’t a part of. They lived on opposite coasts and almost never had matching schedules. They hadn’t talked about any of this last night. They’d let their physical need for each other take over, and now Timmy had no idea where they went from here. Armie had said he didn’t want to go back, but what exactly did that mean to him? Was he really prepared to give up his whole life to be with Timmy? Was Timmy prepared to actually let him do that? So many questions, and he had zero answers.

After a couple of minutes of just standing with his head bowed under the cascade of water, Timmy heard the bathroom door crack open. He inhaled sharply but said nothing. Timmy kept completely still as he felt the cool air swirl around him as Armie pulled open the glass door to the shower and quietly stepped in behind him.

Timmy kept his back turned to Armie and let his head fall forward even more under the scalding water, hair falling in front of his face and dripping steadily onto the shower floor beneath him. He felt Armie’s naked body slide against his back and his arms snake around his torso as Armie pulled him into a gentle embrace.

Timmy stiffened in Armie’s arms but couldn’t stop the small sigh that escaped his lips at the feeling of Armie’s smooth, wet skin sliding against his. Armie stayed quiet as he began rubbing his hands up and down Timmy’s chest and stomach slowly. Timmy could feel the beginnings of Armie’s hard-on against his lower back and he bit his lip in order to stifle the moan that was bubbling up in his throat.

Timmy swallowed and finally lifted his head far enough so that the water wasn’t sliding down his face anymore. He cleared his throat quietly and somehow managed to keep his voice steady as he asked, “I thought you had a phone call to make?” He still didn’t dare turn around, not sure he could take seeing Armie’s face when he felt so vulnerable.

Armie’s hands tightened around Timmy’s middle and he took a half-step closer, bending his head to bring his lips right behind Timmy’s ear. “Fuck it,” he breathed, “It can wait. Right now, the only place I need to be is right here. With you.” Armie turned his head slightly to press a light kiss into Timmy’s dripping curls.

Timmy couldn’t take it anymore and he turned around in Armie’s arms, slowly dragging his eyes up to finally meet Armie’s gaze. His voice was barely a whisper when he spoke. “Really?”

Instead of answering, Armie moved one hand from around Timmy’s waist and brought it up to Timmy’s face, gently tucking the curls that had fallen into his eyes back behind his ear. He cupped
Timmy’s face and stroked his cheek with his thumb for a few seconds before bringing their mouths together in a tender kiss.

It wasn’t the same intensely passionate kiss from the previous night, but somehow Timmy felt this one even deeper in his soul. The way Armie had looked at him before leaning in, like Timmy held his entire world in his hand, and the way his hand on Timmy’s back pressed Timmy to him possessively, he knew that this was as close to a promise as he could expect right now.

Timmy finally relaxed and melted into the kiss, bringing his hands up to the back of Armie’s neck to keep himself steady. Their wet lips slipped languidly against each other as the tip of Armie’s tongue sought out Timmy’s in his mouth. Timmy moaned softly as their tongues connected and he could feel himself getting hard against Armie’s thigh.

After another minute, Armie pulled back just slightly, leaning his forehead against Timmy’s and breathing out, “Fuck yes,” into the space between them. Timmy didn’t know if that was an answer to his earlier question or just a reaction to their kiss, but he didn’t really care either way. Armie’s presence in that moment was all the answer he needed.

Timmy tilted his head up to look at Armie’s face. He had meant to actually say something, but he got distracted by a rivulet of water running down the side of Armie’s cheek. Without thinking, he leaned in and chased the drop with the tip of his tongue, licking a slow stripe up Armie’s face and into his hairline. He felt Armie shudder against him and he pulled back again, finding Armie’s lust-blown pupils staring back at him.

Timmy knew they really needed to talk, that nothing was ever going to be resolved if they kept ignoring it in favor of physical pleasure. But as he stared into Armie’s eyes in that moment, all he could concentrate on was the feel of Armie’s slick skin against his. Armie must have had the same thought, because he looked down between them at their matching erections and brought a hand between them to wrap around both of their lengths tightly.

Timmy let out a gasp at the sensation of Armie’s huge, strong hand wrapped around both of them, their cocks rubbing together and creating the sweet friction they both craved. Armie began working them slowly, twisting slightly on the upstroke. Timmy’s breath started picking up and he felt like his knees might give out. Armie seemed to sense Timmy’s unsteadiness as he quickly maneuvered them so that Timmy’s back was pressed against cool glass of the shower wall and one of Armie’s thighs gently nudged between Timmy’s, holding him up.

Timmy let his head fall back against the glass with a thud as he arched into Armie’s grip. He choked out, “God…Armie…fuck,” in between gulps of air as Armie sped up his strokes. Timmy had the irresistible urge to taste Armie then, so he carefully leaned his head up again and latched his lips to the side of Armie’s neck, sucking hard at the skin right below his pulse point. Armie grunted
appreciatively and tilted his head to the side to give Timmy better access.

Timmy continued sucking and licking up Armie’s neck until he reached his ear. He gently tugged the bottom of Armie’s earlobe between his teeth, earning him a low moan from Armie.

Armie had moved his other hand to Timmy’s waist, where he now had his fingers digging in to Timmy’s skin so hard it would definitely leave a mark. Timmy snaked one of his own hands around Armie’s back and down slowly down to his ass, grabbing one cheek roughly as he panted out his pleasure into Armie’s ear. Above him, he heard Armie gasp out, “Oh God, you’re going to kill me.”

Timmy smirked and replied, “Nah, I don’t think so,” he paused, kneading Armie’s ass gentler now, before continuing, “At least not yet.” He bit into the soft skin where Armie’s shoulder met his neck, then ran his tongue over the mark to soothe the pain.

“Jesus, fuck,” Armie hissed out as his forehead fell to Timmy’s shoulder, eyes closed as he tried to concentrate on keeping his rhythm steady. Soon they were both so far gone they couldn’t do much more than just hang on as they approached the edge.

Timmy shoved his face into Armie’s neck, panting heavily as he felt the first wave of his orgasm building up. Armie tightened his grip just slightly and flicked his thumb over the head of Timmy’s dick on his next stroke, and that was all it took. Timmy cried out Armie’s name as he dug his nails into Armie’s back and came in hot spurts over Armie’s hand, shooting white streaks all the way up his chest.

Armie’s hand stuttered slightly as he took in the sight of Timmy coming completely undone before him, but he quickly recovered and resumed his frantic stroking until he, too, was coming hard between them, mixing his seed with Timmy’s on Timmy’s chest and stomach.

As Timmy began to come back to himself, he quickly reached for Armie’s come-covered hand and brought it to his lips, sucking each digit into his mouth one by one and swirling his tongue over them to lick them clean. He then raised his eyes to Armie’s and gave his best innocent looking grin.

Armie just gaped at him wide-eyed for several seconds before swallowing audibly. When he regained the ability to speak, he finally choked out, “Fucking hell, Timmy, your mouth should be illegal.”

Timmy just batted his eyes and replied, “But then I couldn’t do this,” as he surged forward and
pressed his mouth firmly to Armie’s, letting Armie taste both of them still on his tongue. Armie
growled low in his throat as he staggered backward a little to pull them both back under the cascade
of water from the shower head.

When he finally broke the kiss, Armie muttered, “Jesus, you really are trying to kill me, aren’t you?”
Timmy just chuckled and nuzzled his face into Armie’s neck again. They stayed holding each other
for another few seconds before Armie finally suggested, “Come on, let’s get you cleaned up for
real,” as he pulled Timmy further under the water and grabbed the bar of soap on the shower ledge.

Timmy went willingly and let Armie wash him, running his soapy hands all over Timmy’s body as
he made sure every part of Timmy’s body got clean. When Armie was done, Timmy was more than
eager to return the favor. They continued to caress and kiss each other until the water started to run
cold.

When they finally stepped out of the shower, Timmy was shivering. Armie grabbed a couple of
towels from the cabinet and wrapped Timmy in one while tucking the other loosely around his own
waist. They dried off quickly and just as they were about to step back out into the hall, Timmy’s
stomach began to rumble. Armie couldn’t help but laugh. “Come on you, I’ll make us some
breakfast.”

They both stopped in their respective bedrooms first to put some clothes on, then they met back in
the kitchen. Armie had gotten there first and was already beginning to make the last of the pancake
mix when Timmy strolled in and hopped up on the counter to watch Armie cook. Every time Armie
walked passed him, one of them felt the need to reach out and touch the other briefly. Armie’s hand
lightly gripping Timmy’s knee, Timmy’s foot rubbing against Armie’s leg, their hands brushing
together on the counter. Every hint of contact made Timmy’s heart race in his chest, and he was in
heaven.

Armie finished making the pancakes and they devoured them quickly. Once they were finished
eating, Armie inquired, “So what do you want to do today? It’s your birthday, so we can do
whatever you want.”

Timmy considered his options for a minute before he replied, “We should just stay in and spend the
day in bed together.” He hadn’t meant just for sex, though he would definitely not say no to more of
that.

Armie let out an amused snort and raised one eyebrow. “Really, that’s all you want to do for the
whole day? You don’t want to go out and do something crazy and fun to celebrate?”
Timmy looked straight into Armie’s eyes as he reached across the table to grasp Armie’s hand in his. “Honestly? The only place I want to be right now is here. With you,” he echoed Armie’s words from earlier and hoped Armie understood the depths of their meaning. He watched Armie’s expression soften and immediately knew that he did.

“Ok,” Armie replied quietly. “Just…give me one minute, and I’m all yours.” Timmy nodded and watched Armie walk over to the couch to grab his phone, where he must have left it earlier. Armie sent off a quick text before turning the phone completely off and returning to stand beside Timmy, who was still sitting at the table. Armie reached out his hand and offered, “Lead the way.”

Timmy couldn’t stop the huge smile that spread across his entire face as he took hold of Armie’s outstretched hand and led them back in the direction of his bedroom silently. The only sound came from the bedroom door closing with a soft ‘click’ behind them.
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

The boys finally talk about their feelings and the future of their relationship.

Chapter Notes

So here we FINALLY have the boys talking about everything and coming to terms with the change in their relationship. This was kind of a monster to write because it's SO much dialogue and not much else, and I haven't even covered everything here because I think it would just be too much to try to hash out in one conversation. It's already a super long chapter as it is, but I felt they really needed to get at least some things out in the open, and I wanted to give Armie the space he needed to explain his side of things. So I tried to tackle the biggest issues first and they will discuss the other potential obstacles as needed in future chapters.

I'm actually really proud of this chapter because, despite not much happening action-wise, I think it flows really well and the conversation feels natural, at least to me. I'm not the best at dialogue usually so I'm happy that this turned out as well as it did. I hope you guys feel the same. It got a little angrier in places than I originally intended, but then these boys just kind of lend themselves to that sometimes, lol. I promise it's not too bad.

Also, I apologize for the emotional whiplash that happens several times in this chapter, lol. But honestly, real conversations sometimes take these crazy turns, and I felt it important to include little moments of levity and playfulness among all the heavy stuff they were discussing. It's a wild ride but I hope you enjoy it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Timmy pulled Armie over to the bed and gently pushed him to lie down on his back on top of the blanket. He reached down and grabbed the hem of Armie’s shirt and tugged up, waiting until Armie leaned back up enough for him to peel it off his body. Timmy then pulled off his own shirt and climbed on top of Armie, resting his cheek on Armie’s chest and nestling one of his legs between Armie’s as he curled into him further. Timmy sighed contentedly as Armie’s arms circled around his waist and his hands clasped together at Timmy’s lower back to hold him there.

Timmy closed his eyes and breathed in Armie’s scent, trying to memorize it. He’d been so overwhelmed last night, and he’d been taken by surprise this morning, he hadn’t yet been able to fully appreciate and catalogue all the little things that were just pure Armie. He listened to the rhythmic pulsing of Armie’s heartbeat, savoring the way his chest rose and fell under his cheek with every breath. They remained like that for what felt like hours, simply enjoying the feeling of being safe and happy in each other’s arms.
Timmy had almost drifted off when he felt Armie lean down slightly to place a soft kiss in his mess of curls. Timmy’s mouth broke out in a lazy smile and he turned his face further into Armie’s chest and pursed his lips into the patch of hair covering Armie’s soft skin underneath. He let the tip of his tongue sneak past his lips in order to get a tiny taste of the salty sweat that had begun forming where their bodies were connected. He felt Armie’s hands tighten ever-so-slightly on his back at the contact, and his smile morphed into a full-on grin as he turned his head back to the side to settle back into his original position.

He closed his eyes again and his mind began to wander. As amazing as it felt to just lie there with Armie and forget everything else, he knew that they were only delaying the inevitable. They were going to have to face reality eventually, and they really needed to talk about what all of this meant going forward.

His mind swirled with all the things he wanted to ask but didn’t know how. He thought back to the last time he tried to get Armie to talk about his feelings, and the ensuing fight that had led to Timmy forcefully kissing Armie and Armie storming out. He definitely didn’t want a repeat of that. But they’d come such a long way in just a few days, he hoped maybe Armie would be more willing to be fully open and honest with him now. Still, he couldn’t help but worry that trying to dissect this would end up ruining everything. He began absentmindedly tracing small circles on Armie’s abdomen with his finger as his anxiety level started to rise.

“I can hear you thinking from here, Tim,” Armie’s deep voice cut through Timmy’s thoughts and startled him.

Once he recovered, he mumbled a quiet, “Sorry,” a sudden feeling of self-consciousness washing over him. His finger ceased its motions on Armie’s skin, but he couldn’t bring himself to look up. He was afraid if he saw Armie’s face right now, he’d lose his nerve, and he knew he needed to do this.

“It’s fine, man. What’s on your mind?” Timmy could hear the genuine concern in Armie’s voice and decided it was now or never.

Timmy took a deep breath and let it out slowly before speaking. “I just…what changed your mind? About us?”

Timmy felt Armie unclasp his hands around his waist as he began running one hand up and down the length of his back in a comforting motion. There was no answer for several seconds, and Timmy was beginning to wonder if he was going to respond at all when Armie finally replied, “It wasn’t so much that I changed my mind, really. More like…” he paused, seemingly to find the right words, “I guess I just finally accepted what’s been true for a really long time. You’re not the only one who started feeling things back in Crema. All that time we spent alone together, in that gorgeous place,
Timmy couldn’t help the small smile that crept over his face when Armie said he’d been having these feelings as long as he had. He heard Armie sigh as he continued, “But over the years I’ve gotten really good at compartmentalizing things or rationalizing them away. So I convinced myself that it wasn’t real, that it was just the influence of being sequestered away in that magical town and I was experiencing a crazy case of character bleed. I pushed it away and when we finished filming, I thought everything would be fine. I thought I would go back to my life and we would slowly drift apart just like every other co-star I’ve worked with over the years.” He paused, taking several long breaths. “But something happened to me in Crema. I can’t explain it, but I came back so fundamentally changed from that experience that I didn’t even know what my ‘normal’ life was anymore. All I knew was that being there, being with you, and Luca, was the most free and real version of myself I had ever been, and the thought of losing that terrified me. I realized how much I needed you in my life, how I couldn’t imagine a life where you weren’t there for every major moment of it. And that terrified me, too.”

Timmy could already hear the pain in Armie’s voice, but he needed to push just a little bit further. He resumed tracing his fingers over lightly Armie’s stomach as he asked, “So then why did you kiss me?”

He felt Armie’s shuddering breath as much as he heard it. “I think…part of me had just been waiting for an excuse to give in to what I really wanted, so when you said you wanted to kiss me, something just snapped, and I finally let go. But I didn’t expect it to affect me the way it did. I spent hours that night after you went to sleep just staring into the fire and trying to understand what had happened. That kiss awoke something in me that had always been there, but I never let myself think about because it was too big, too scary. I don’t think I fully understood the true depth of my feelings for you until that moment, and I wasn’t at all prepared to deal with it.”

Timmy let out a sigh in understanding and remarked, “That’s why you freaked out when I tried to talk to you about it.”

“Yeah. It was just too overwhelming to think about. I didn’t know what to do, so I just tried to ignore it and hoped we could just move on. Our friendship means so much to me that I didn’t want this to come between us. But I know that wasn’t fair to you. I just…I didn’t even know exactly what you were feeling, and obviously there are some pretty serious obstacles to all of this. I just thought it’d be easier to accept the reality of things and try not to let it ruin what we had.” He stopped to take a deep breath, his hand massaging Timmy’s bicep for a few seconds before continuing to rub up and down his back.

“But God, when I watched that video, Timmy…I don’t think I’ve ever felt so intimately connected to someone before in my life. The fact that you shared something so personal with me, baring your heart and soul in such a beautiful way, I knew this was not just a passing thing, for either of us. It’s
unlike anything I’ve ever had with anyone, and I knew I couldn’t ignore it or explain it away anymore, no matter what the consequences may be.” He stopped once more, and when he spoke again, his voice was quieter, more reverent. “If I’m being honest, I think no matter what, all roads would’ve led us here eventually. What we have goes beyond friends or lovers. I think we’re like Oliver and Elio in that way. I think our souls were fated to collide, and all my efforts to fight against it were always going to be useless. I just needed time to accept it. It wasn’t really even a choice.”

Timmy’s eyes had been brimming with tears as Armie had been speaking, and as he finished, the first fat drop streaked down his face and onto Armie’s chest beneath him. Armie must have felt the wetness hit him because he pulled Timmy higher up on his body and began placing kisses all around his head and in his hair. The loving gesture shattered Timmy’s last bit of self-control, and he finally let everything he was feeling come bubbling out of him in a rush. He snuffled loudly and let out a broken sob against Armie’s shoulder. Armie attempted to soothe him, murmuring softly in his ear, “Hey, shh, it’s ok, Timmy. It’s ok. I’m right here.” Armie brought both his hands up to tangle in Timmy’s hair as he continued kissing his forehead and temple. Timmy still couldn’t meet Armie’s eyes, the crashing wave of emotions he was feeling overwhelming him completely. All he could do was cling to Armie desperately as he cried quietly against his shoulder, trying to let the weight of Armie’s words sink in.

When he managed to calm himself enough that the tears stopped, Timmy hesitantly raised his head up to look at Armie’s face. He stared into Armie’s eyes for several seconds, still unable to form words. Armie’s hands came up to cup his cheeks and his thumbs swiped away the wet streaks that were still staining his face. “I love you so much, Tim. More than I ever thought was possible.”

Before his emotions could get the better of him again, Timmy surged up and collided with Armie’s mouth in a crushing kiss. He poured every ounce of love, passionate, desperation and want into it that he could, and Armie met his intensity with equal amounts of his own. They clung to each other like drowning men to a raft, Armie’s hands shoved deep into Timmy’s curls, pulling tightly, Timmy’s whole body seeming to wrap around Armie’s as he tried to pull him impossibly closer, almost as if trying to morph them together into one body.

One of Armie’s hands eventually slid from Timmy’s hair to lightly skim down Timmy’s arm and side, causing Timmy to let out a surprised hiccupping laugh when he reached a particularly sensitive spot above his waist. He broke away from the kiss as he gasped for air, a streak of red creeping up his face.

Armie wasted no time in responding to this new development. “Oh, did I find your ticklish spot, Timmy?” he teased, and before Timmy had a chance to move away, Armie’s fingers were digging into his sides mercilessly.

Timmy doubled over and tried to squirm his way out of Armie’s grasp, but the older man was too strong and soon Armie had flipped them over and was hovering above Timmy as he thrashed and
giggled on the mattress, trying to cover his sides to defend himself. “Ahh! Stop! Armie, oh God, please! I mean it!” But Armie was too fast and grabbed both of Timmy’s hands in one of his and pinned them above Timmy’s head on the bed and continued the attack. After a few seconds, Timmy couldn’t handle it anymore and he plead through his fits of laughter, “Ok, ok! Uncle, UNCLE! Please!” Armie finally relented, but he kept Timmy’s hands above his head for another few seconds as he planted a big, wet kiss on Timmy’s cheek before finally releasing him and collapsing back onto the bed with a thud.

Still giggling and gasping for breath, Timmy shifted so that he was laying perpendicular to Armie, head on Armie’s stomach and feet hanging off the side of the bed. He reached for Armie’s hand and began twisting and untwisting their fingers, turning Armie’s hands over and back in his own, constantly playing and caressing as his breathing slowed back to normal.

After they both were calm again, Timmy stared at the ceiling and tried to gather his courage for the topic he knew they still needed to discuss. Finally, he took a deep breath and asked, “So, what happens now? With us, going forward? I mean, you are still married.”

Armie let out a long sigh and gripped Timmy’s fingers in his. “I honestly don’t know. I mean, obviously I have to talk to Elizabeth. Things between us have been…off lately. Like we’re not on the same wavelength anymore or something. I don’t know. In truth, it’s been that way since I got back from Italy. It’s like whatever changed in me there, she wasn’t willing or able to change with me, and we’ve been slowly moving down different paths ever since.”

Timmy had to admit he was shocked to hear this. He always thought Armie and Elizabeth were this picture-perfect couple with two beautiful children and an idyllic life. He’d never even heard them argue. And aside from the other night, Armie had never let on that things were anything less than perfect with his marriage. “I…I had no idea. You never said anything.”

Armie let out a humorless chuckle. “Well, I was hoping things would eventually work themselves out and we’d find a way to come back together. But…the more I try to branch out and grow, it’s like she tries to keep bringing me back to what we used to be. And I’m just not that guy anymore. I don’t know how to be who she needs me to be.” He paused, running a hand through his hair. “When we met, I was just a kid. I was 19 and a total fuckup. She was a bit more conventional and straight laced, but also mature and patient. She helped me get on a good path in my life and I’ll forever be grateful to her for that. We found happiness in each other and it was great, for a long time. It was like we were able to teach each other things and grow together. And then Harper came along, and Ford, and I’ve never felt more love in my life than when I look at them.”

Timmy smiled and squeezed Armie’s hand, turning his head so he could see Armie’s face. “You’re an amazing father. I think part of why I fell in love with you was because of how great you are with them.”
Armie returned his smile and brought their joined hands to his lips in an affectionate kiss. “They make it easy. I’ve learned so much about life and love from being a parent. It’s been the most rewarding experience of my life. But Liz and I,” he hesitated, sighing sadly, “it’s like we’re trapped in this bubble where we’re both trying to break out and grow, but we want to go in completely different directions. And I think the longer we trying to push through it together, the more we’re going to destroy the good we once had. We’ve just outgrown each other.”

Timmy couldn’t stop the feeling of relief that coursed through him when he realized what Armie was saying, but the immediate stab of guilt that followed overshadowed his momentary happiness. He pushed up on his elbow so he could turn and face Armie more directly, his face twisted in anguish. “I’m so sorry, Armie. I really do love Elizabeth and your kids, and I never wanted to break up your family.” He could feel his chest tighten painfully at the thought of Armie’s kids having to deal with their parents’ divorce and learning their dad had a much younger male lover. It sounded like a trashy nighttime soap opera.

Armie brought a hand up to Timmy’s face and made sure Timmy was looking into his eyes before he spoke, “Hey, listen to me, the problems in my marriage are not your fault, in any way. We’d still have these same issues even if I hadn’t fallen in love with you. If anything, you’ve reminded me what being truly happy is, and that I haven’t really felt that with Liz for a while now. And it wouldn’t be fair to either of us to go on like this.”

Timmy closed his eyes and nodded slowly, trying to let Armie’s words wash over him and melt away some of his guilt. He knew Armie choosing to end his marriage was a huge decision, one he wouldn’t have made lightly. Rationally, he understood that he hadn’t done anything wrong, but he still couldn’t completely shake the feeling of being a homewrecker. He opened his eyes and searched Armie’s before he spoke again. “Are…are you going to tell her about us? About what happened between us here?” He was terrified of the answer, but he needed to know.

Armie sighed again and sounded defeated when he replied, “I think I have to. It’s not fair to her to lie. Plus, I think she suspects something’s going on, anyway.”

At that, Timmy sat straight up as his eyes widened in horror and he squeaked out a high-pitched, “What?! How do you know?”

“I don’t, not for sure. She’s never come right out and said anything. It’s just this vibe I get from her sometimes. She has this look she gets sometimes when I talk about you, or when I’m texting with you and forget to pay attention to her, she has this particular tone she uses that makes me think she believes there’s more going on between us. I didn’t put too much stock into it before because I convinced myself it meant nothing and she could think what she wanted as long as she didn’t try to mess with our friendship, but now…well I have a feeling she won’t be entirely surprised when I tell
her. I think that’s maybe part of the reason she was so insistent that I come meet her in Denver instead of staying here.” Armie looked down at the bed guiltily and mumbled, “I guess she had a right to be worried after all.”

Timmy was too caught up in his own distress to properly acknowledge Armie’s last statement. His mind was a jumbled mess and all he could think to ask was, “Why didn’t she ever say anything to you, or me, if that’s what she really thought?”

Armie just shrugged and guessed, “Probably because she knew if I ever acted on it, I’d tell her. And since I hadn’t said anything in all this time, she must have figured I never would. She’s too worried about keeping up appearances to risk a fight over something that may or may not ever happen. I think she figured as long as I was still with her, she could put up with it.”

Timmy took a minute to process everything before he started to panic again. “Oh God, all this time I thought we were all so close and that she loved me like a brother and now? Now you’re telling me she’s always thought I was just trying to steal you away from her? She’s going to hate me when you tell her about us.” He hid his face in his hands and began to hyperventilate.

Armie sat up as well and scooted closer to Timmy’s hunched over form, gently peeling his hands away from his face and replacing them with his own. He pulled Timmy’s face to be directly in front of his own, but Timmy refused to meet his eyes. “Timmy, please don’t do this. She does adore you. She’s always thought of you as part of our family, from the very beginning. I don’t think she’s ever thought you were trying to steal me from her. She knows that’s not who you are. Besides, I’m an adult and I make my own decisions. I think if anything, she’ll hate me, not you. I kissed you, I made the decision to go further. This is not on you. I need you to believe that.” Armie ducked his head down so that he was in Timmy’s direct eye-line. “Please,” he begged, and Timmy reluctantly dragged his tear-filled eyes up to meet Armie’s.

Timmy gave a short nod and sniffled quietly as Armie pulled him into a hug and rubbed his back to calm him. Once Timmy had settled, he pulled back from Armie’s embrace and chuckled wryly, “Man, I’m a complete mess. I’ve had two emotional breakdowns in like 20 minutes. Are you really sure you want to deal with all of this?” He shook his head and gave a self-deprecating half-smirk. He’d meant for it to come out as a joke, but in all honesty, he was petrified of the actual answer.

Armie answered with a real chuckle and ran a hand soothingly through Timmy’s hair. “Listen, if you can deal with the baggage of my broken marriage and raising two kids, I think I can deal with a little bit of emotional instability every now and then.” Armie’s smile was warm and full of affection, and Timmy couldn’t help the burst of happiness that ran through him at Armie’s words.

The smile that broke out on Timmy’s face was nothing short of blinding as he agreed, “Ok then, deal. Seal it with a kiss?” He wiggled his eyebrows suggestively.
Armie let out a full belly laugh at that and leaned in to capture Timmy’s lips with his own, both of them still laughing as they met. They kissed playfully for long minutes, nipping at each other’s lips and teasing each other with their roaming tongues.

The sound of Timmy’s phone buzzing from the nightstand pulled them out of their gleeful moment. Timmy moved to grab his phone as Armie attached his lips to Timmy’s neck, effectively distracting him. Timmy giggled and attempted to swat him away as he returned to his task, snatching the phone quickly and bringing it in front of his face. The laughter instantly died on his lips as he saw the name flashing across the screen. Elizabeth. “Oh shit,” he breathed, and Armie immediately sat up and looked over to see what was wrong. “Why would she be calling me?” His eyes widened with panic once more and he tried to keep his breathing under control.

Armie closed his eyes as the realization hit him. “Fuck, I turned my phone off after I texted her that I wasn’t leaving. She’s probably freaking out because she tried to call me and it’s going straight to voicemail.” He opened his eyes and met Timmy’s fear-stricken ones. “You don’t have to answer. I’ll call her back from my cell in a few minutes.”

Timmy looked down at the still-buzzing phone and considered for a second, “No, if I don’t answer either, she’ll definitely know something is going on.” He took a slow, shuddering breath as he hit the “accept” button on his phone and tried to keep his voice steady as he answered the call. “Hey Liz!” He hoped to hell she couldn’t hear the slight tremble in his tone. He thanked all the deities he could think of that she hadn’t tried to video call him.

“Oh, thank God! Timmy! Happy birthday, baby! How are you?” Elizabeth’s voice sounded cheery enough, but Timmy could clearly hear the hint of concern and annoyance that was lurking underneath.

He managed to sputter out, “Uh, oh yeah, thank you! I’m...I’m good, thanks.” He turned to Armie with an “I don’t know what the fuck to do” look, and Armie just shrugged and motioned for him to keep talking. “Uhh, so what’s up?” His attempt at sounding nonchalant was laughable, but Elizabeth didn’t comment on it, so he tried to just go with it.

“Is Armie with you? I’ve been trying to call him, but it keeps going to straight to voicemail and I really need to speak with him.” The annoyance in her voice came out a bit stronger then and he knew there was no getting out of this. He met Armie’s eyes again in silent apology and replied, “Uhh yeah, he’s here. Just a second.” He wordlessly handed the phone to Armie and swallowed as Armie took it from his hand and brought it to his ear.

“Hey, it’s me,” Armie spoke into the phone with little emotion.
Timmy could hear Elizabeth’s raised voice loud and clear through the phone as she began ranting, “Jesus, where the fuck have you been? I’ve been calling for over an hour and all I get is your fucking voicemail! What, you think one text saying you’re just going to stay there is enough and that we shouldn’t even talk about it?!” Armie quickly climbed off the bed and made his way out of the room, throwing an apologetic look Timmy’s way before he rounded the corner. Timmy could still hear her angry tone emanating from the phone as he left, though he couldn’t make out the exact words anymore.

Timmy collapsed back onto the bed with a shaky breath and tried not to freak out. Armie would handle this. It was out of his control and he just had to trust Armie. He took several deep breaths and tried not to have another panic attack. He decided to sit patiently and wait until Armie came back, but after about 10 minutes, he couldn’t take it anymore and he quickly pulled on a shirt before hesitantly stepping out into the hall to try to find Armie.

He peeked into Armie’s room, but he wasn’t in there. He then made his way out to the living room, but that was also empty. When he turned to look in the kitchen, he could see through the windows that Armie was outside on the front porch, pacing back and forth, Timmy’s phone still in his hand. Timmy let out a breath and sat down on the couch to wait.

After about another 10 minutes, the front door finally opened and Armie came trudging in. He shook off the coat he’d thrown on haphazardly, as he’d still been shirtless when he’d left Timmy’s room. Timmy stood up and immediately went to him, concern etched in his features. “Did…did you tell her?”

Armie shook his head and replied, “No, I think that’s a conversation we really need to have in person.” Timmy let out a breath he’d been holding and nodded in understanding. “But I did tell her I wasn’t leaving to fly out to Denver today, and after much back and forth about it, she finally let it go. I did have to agree to leave on the 1st, though, which is still a couple of days earlier than I’d planned. But at least I get to spend New Year’s Eve with you.” He smiled and took a step toward Timmy, bringing him into a loose hug as Timmy leaned against him.

“Was she mad?” Timmy hated how vulnerable he sounded, but he couldn’t help it.

Armie hesitated for a minute before answering. “She…wasn’t thrilled. But she knows how much this trip meant to you, and to me, and when I explained that the only reason we weren’t all together this whole time was because she made the decision not to wait for a flight out here, she seemed to finally relent. She wasn’t happy about it, but hopefully there won’t be any more fights about it now.”
Timmy breathed deeply as he clung to Armie’s shoulder. After a few seconds, he tentatively lifted his head to look at Armie. “I’m...I’m sorry that you guys are going through this. But...I’m also really glad that you’re staying, and that I get to start the New Year with you.” He smiled shyly and nuzzled his head into Armie’s chest.

Armie chuckled as he responded, “Me too, babe, me too.”

Timmy’s head shot up and he grinned widely. “You called me ‘babe’,” he teased.

Armie’s grin matched Timmy’s as he acknowledged, “Yeah, I guess I did. Is that ok?”

Timmy pretended to seriously think about it for a minute before breaking out into a smile again, leaning up to press his lips just below Armie’s ear and whispering, “Fuck yes.” He gently sucked Armie’s earlobe between his teeth and tugged lightly for a few seconds before releasing it. When he pulled back to look at Armie’s face again, he could see the spark of desire shining in his eyes. Knowing he could turn Armie on so easily was an intoxicating feeling. He was going to enjoy this for all it was worth. He gave his best innocent grin as he suggested, “You know, I think I changed my mind. I do want to go out. Get some fresh air, all that jazz.”

Armie’s frustrated groan sent a shiver down Timmy’s spine and made his dick twitch, but he was having too much fun to give in. “Oh, you are such a little tease!” he complained. When Timmy just swayed back and forth and shot him a “who me?” look, Armie groaned again and relented. “Ok fine, where do you want to go?”

The twinkle in Timmy’s eye matched the giddy feeling in his chest as he answered, “You’ll see. Get dressed and meet me in the car in 20 minutes.” He winked at Armie before turning around and bounding back to his room to change and get himself ready, Armie’s amused laughter following him the whole way.

Chapter End Notes

So remember when I said a couple chapters back that I maybe had 3 more chapters planned? Yeah, clearly that's not happening, lol. I'm having so much fun writing these two, so I'm just letting the story take me where it wants at this point. I do know how I want it to end, but I keep getting inspired to add little things here and there along the way. I'm actually really excited for the next chapter because I have a very fun and sexy idea of how the boys will be spending Timmy's birthday evening. ;)

As always, THANK YOU for all the amazing comments and kudos! I'm having a blast writing this and I'm so very happy that you guys seem to be enjoying reading it! <3
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Timmy brings Armie on a cute date for his birthday, and after a bit of teasing, things take a naughty turn. ;)

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the slight delay in getting this update posted. This chapter kind of kicked my ass because, though I knew what I wanted to happen, I had a bitch of a time trying to find the right balance of cute and sexy but not overly sappy and unrealistic. I'm hoping I managed to find the happy medium.

Also, my original plan for this chapter was to include the entire rest of their evening, but uhhh...that quickly took a turn as I started writing. After one teasing line from Armie (you'll know the one), this chapter quickly morphed into something else entirely that I honestly never saw coming, lol. But I had a lot of fun writing it, so I hope you'll enjoy the small detour. ;)

And to be completely honest, after being frustrated and blocked for days, when I finally got to the end of the chapter and saw where it had gone, I was beyond thrilled. I honestly think the last section of this chapter might be my absolute favorite part of this entire fic so far. I don't even know where it came from, but I'm quite proud of it.

Lastly, you guys really have no idea how truly appreciative I am for all of your amazing comments and love for this fic. This started as a way to cheer myself up after going through a rather painful thing with a friend, and I figured it would maybe be 2-3 chapters full of fluff, lol. Clearly it's become so much more than that, and the fact that people are still here and reading and enjoying it is amazing to me. THANK YOU! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Timmy was already in the driver's seat with the heat on when Armie came trudging out the door to meet him. Armie opened the passenger side door and slid in beside Timmy. “Ok, so what’s the plan?” he asked as he got situated.

“Mmmm, nope, you’ll just have to wait until we get there.” Timmy looked over at Armie and grinned.

Armie rolled his eyes but couldn’t help the smirk that formed at the corner of his mouth. “Fine, fine. Have it your way.”
Timmy leaned over and planted a closed-mouth kiss on Armie’s lips before putting the car in drive and starting down the road. “I think you’ll enjoy it. And if not, I can think of a few ways to make it up to you,” he shot Armie a quick glance, wiggling his eyebrows suggestively.

“Hmm, well when you put it like that, I already hate it,” Armie’s tone was teasing, but Timmy could hear the distinct note of heat underneath and it made him squirm in his seat. He almost abandoned his plan and pulled over right there, not even caring how desperate that would make him look. But after taking a few deep breaths and shooting Armie another crooked smile, he calmed himself down and turned his attention back to the road.

They rode in comfortable silence the rest of the way, one of Timmy’s hands dropping from the steering wheel to grasp Armie’s on the seat between them. Armie mouth turned up in a small smile and he began rubbing small circles on the back of Timmy’s hand with his thumb as they both continued looking straight ahead.

Once they had reached their destination, Timmy parked the car and motioned in front of them. “Uh, we’re here.” He looked over at Armie, who had an unreadable expression on his face. Timmy, suddenly unsure, began to ramble, “So, uh, the other day when I mentioned this, you said you hadn’t done this in a while and I actually had a lot of fun and I just thought maybe you might want to actually do this together while we have the chance.” He stopped, looking back out at the frozen lake he’d come to on Christmas, and started rubbing the back of his neck nervously. Armie still hadn’t said anything or changed his expression, so he added, “It’s stupid, we don’t have to go. We can do something else, or just go back to the cabin, or…”

Armie’s warm hand on his shoulder cut him off before he could finish his thought. He hesitantly slid his eyes back to Armie and was shocked to find a look he could only describe as pure adoration on his face. “You honestly want to spend today going ice skating with me?” Armie asked, a bit of awe in his voice.

Timmy didn’t know how to respond, still unsure of exactly what Armie was thinking, so he simply nodded slowly. Armie’s smile widened so much that Timmy could clearly see the crinkles by his eyes. “Fuck, you’re adorable,” Armie breathed, before moving his hand up into Timmy’s curls and pulling their faces together for a quick kiss. When he pulled back, Armie said, “Ok then, let’s go skating.” He was still smiling fondly, making Timmy break out into his own grin.

“Really?” Timmy asked, unable to contain his excitement.

“Yeah, it does sound like fun,” Armie answered. “Only…” he stopped to consider, “I don’t have any skates.”
Timmy had already thought of that and explained, “Don’t worry, I found a pair of my uncle’s old skates from when he used to play hockey years ago. He’s 6’3”, so I’m hoping they will work.”

They got out of the car and Timmy grabbed the skates that he’d stashed in the trunk, and they made their way over to the lake. There was only one other older couple there, so they weren’t worried about being recognized or hassled. They sat on the bench as they laced up their skates. Luckily, Timmy’s uncle’s skates fit Armie well enough, though they were a little snug. Armie assured him they’d be fine for one day.

Just as Armie was getting ready to walk out onto the ice, Timmy grabbed his hand and spoke softly, “I have a bit of a confession to make.”

Armie turned to face him and smirked, teasing, “Let me guess, you’re actually a terrible skater and you really only brought me out here so you could do unspeakable things to me in a semi-public setting?” He made a mock-scandalized face before quickly adding, lower, “Because I’d be ok with that.” He arched one eyebrow and winked.

Timmy blushed furiously and hit Armie in the arm in exasperation. “No! Jesus!” He paused a beat as he considered Armie’s suggestion, then added quietly, almost to himself, “Although that’s not a half-bad idea…” He trailed off as he imagined all the sinful things he wanted to do to Armie, though most of them involved being naked, and as they were currently surrounded by snow and ice, he didn’t think it would this would be the best place.

Armie laughed loudly as he noticed Timmy’s glazed over look. “Oh my God, you’re totally considering it now! Fuck, I always knew you’d be into some kinky shit, but public sex? I honestly didn’t think you’d have it in you!” He laughed even louder when Timmy shot him an annoyed glare at being caught out. Finally, he tried to stifle his laughter as he relented, “Ok, ok, sorry. What’s your confession?”

Timmy’s expression turned wistful as he thought back to a couple days ago. He turned to look at the lake in front of them. “When I was here the other day, there were all these families skating around and having a great time, just enjoying spending time together on Christmas. And I just…I couldn’t help imagining that it was us. Skating with your kids, holding hands as we went around, being a real family.” He paused, looking down at his lap. “I just really want that, you know? I want the whole package, with you. It probably sounds dumb or something, but yeah.” He kept his head down as he finished, suddenly embarrassed by his own extreme sappiness.

He felt Armie scoot closer to him on the bench, his body warmth seeping into his side. Armie’s voice was quiet when he finally spoke. “That doesn’t sound dumb at all. It actually sounds really
nice. We’ll have to bring the kids out here with us sometime. I’m sure they’d love it.” Armie squeezed Timmy’s knee quickly and moved to stand in front of him, waiting until Timmy looked up at him before continuing. “In the meantime, would you settle for just me?” He held out his hand, waiting.

Timmy just looked at him for several seconds, trying to comprehend how someone as amazing as Armie could possibly want to be with him. He didn’t know what he did to deserve the kind of love and compassion Armie gave him, but he wasn’t about to take it for granted. He reached his hand out to take hold of Armie’s as Armie pulled him up, and they made their way to the ice.

They skated together for a long while, holding onto each other as they went. Once the other couple left, smiling fondly at them and giving a slight wave, Armie pulled Timmy to him in a tight embrace as he kissed him deeply. When they pulled back, both slightly breathless, Timmy smiled and asked, “What was that for?”

Armie returned his smile and shrugged. “No reason, I just wanted to. And because I can, now.” Timmy knew exactly what Armie meant. After years of holding back from their desires for each other, it felt truly amazing to just let go and be able to touch and kiss like this. Now that he knew what it was like to really be with Armie, in every way, he never wanted to stop.

Timmy leaned into Armie’s embrace once more, turning his face to press soft, open-mouth kisses to Armie’s neck as Armie’s hands circled his waist and held them together tightly. He slowly reached his hands around Armie’s body to cup his ass, squeezing lightly.

Armie shuddered against him and spoke lowly, right into Timmy’s ear. “You know I was only joking earlier about the public sex thing, right?” he murmured, mostly in amusement but there was a clear warning present in his tone as well. But Timmy ignored him and continued kissing Armie’s neck and throat, swiping his tongue out to taste the hint of salt from the sweat that had begun to form there. He shoved his hands under Armie’s sweater and shirt to find the warmth of his body underneath. Armie sucked in a sharp breath at the contact of Timmy’s icy hands on his bare skin. He let out a low growl as Timmy began rubbing slow circles on his lower back, just above the waistband of his pants. “Are you trying to drive me crazy?” he hissed, as Timmy reached his ear and bit down a little harder than necessary.

Timmy hummed thoughtfully and replied, “Maybe. What are you going to do about it?” He pulled back so Armie could see the pure wanton desire in his eyes.

Armie, clearly shocked by his sudden boldness, simply stared at him for a few seconds with his mouth hanging slightly open. When he finally recovered, he narrowed his eyes, letting his voice drop to its lowest register as he said, “When we get back to the cabin, you’re going to regret being such a fucking tease.” His pupils were blown wide and his cheeks were flushed with more than just
Timmy reveled in seeing Armie like this, so turned on and with an almost animalistic hunger for him. He suddenly didn’t give a shit about skating anymore. He gave a wicked grin and countered, “Why wait?” as he broke away from Armie’s grasp and began furiously rushing toward the edge of the lake to where they’d left their shoes.

Armie caught up to him just as he was shoving his feet back into his boots. “Jesus fuck, Tim!” he half-laughed, half-panted as he shed his skates in record time and yanked on his own boots, not even bothering to lace them up.

Timmy hardly waited until Armie’s second boot was all the way on before he forcefully grabbed Armie’s hand and started dragging him back toward the car. He threw the skates into the backseat and shoved Armie into the passenger side as he immediately climbed in after him, Armie letting out an “Ooof” as he settled on his lap before quickly pulling the door closed.

Once he turned back to Armie, Timmy crashed their mouths together in a passionate kiss as he began grinding his hips down into Armie’s lap. He could feel Armie already hard and straining against his pants beneath him, and suddenly he didn’t care where they were, he couldn’t wait one more minute to have Armie in his mouth. With one last nip to Armie’s bottom lip, he broke from the kiss and slid off Armie’s lap to kneel on the car floor.

Armie groaned loudly at the loss of contact, still a bit lightheaded from Timmy’s sudden ambush, but when he came back to himself and looked down at the sight of Timmy in front of him, his eyes widened comically. “Timmy,” he hissed, “are you serious right now?” He quickly glanced in every direction to make sure no one else was around.

Timmy shrugged and gave a half-smirk. “It was your idea. I’m just taking you up on the suggestion.”

Armie’s face blushed bright pink as he sputtered, “I was kidding! I didn’t actually think you’d take me seriously!”

Timmy could hear the panic in his voice. Logically, he knew Armie was right. Not only were they somewhere they could be seen, which would be bad enough, but if they were recognized, it would be disastrous. As far as everyone knew, Armie was happily married and they were both straight, and this was not the kind of scandal that people easily recovered from. He’d never even really considered public sex as something he’d be into in the first place. Still, he couldn’t deny how, ever since Armie had mentioned it earlier, he’d been incredibly turned on by the idea. He decided to test
just how serious Armie had been.

“So,” he said casually, as he placed his hand over Armie’s hard cock, rubbing him lightly through his pants, “you don’t want me to suck you off right here, then? Because your dick clearly says otherwise.” He made a point of arching his eyebrow and looking down, squeezing Armie’s cock as it twitched underneath his hand.

Armie made a choking sound before he finally ground out, “Fuck, you are going to be the death of me, you know that?” He let his head fall back against the headrest with a thud as he closed his eyes and took in several deep breaths.

Timmy smirked and asked, “Should I take that as a yes?” He slowly started to unzip Armie’s pants, but he waited to go any further until he was sure Armie was truly on board. He could clearly see that Armie was turned on by this, despite his protestations, but he would never do anything they weren’t both fully comfortable with.

Instead of a verbal answer, Armie simply angled his head back down to meet Timmy’s eyes, just staring for several seconds, before he purposefully buried his hands into Timmy’s hair and gently pulled his head closer to his groin, angling his hips up slightly.

Timmy took that as the clear invitation it was and reached his hand into Armie’s underwear, gently pulling him out through the slit. As much as he would have loved to take the time to properly worship Armie’s gorgeously thick cock, he knew he needed to be fast. So he wasted no time in opening his mouth wide and immediately taking in as much of Armie’s length as he could.

Armie’s hands tightened in his hair almost painfully as Timmy’s wet heat engulfed him, then relaxed slightly as Timmy began to move his mouth up and down in a steady rhythm. Timmy wrapped his hand around the base to stroke where his mouth couldn’t quite reach. He heard Armie moaning above him, which only spurred him on more. He pulled back so that just the head was in his mouth and he sucked, hard. Armie keened and bucked his hips up sharply, gasping out a breathy “Fuck!” in the process. Luckily Timmy moved back enough so he didn’t choke, but he moved his free hand to Armie’s hip and pressed him firmly back into the seat as he began to tease the head of his cock with his tongue, dragging it slowly over the slit and tasting the copious amounts of precome leaking from it.

Timmy could tell Armie was already close to the edge by the way his breathing had become quick and shallow and by the increasing number of expletives spilling from his lips as Timmy continued to lick and suck like his life depended on it. When he could feel Armie starting to tense beneath him, he slid back down the length of his cock as far as he could and hollowed out his cheeks, running his tongue along the underside as he went.
Timmy felt Armie tug sharply on his hair, a clear warning, but he stayed where he was so he could savor the warm, slightly bitter taste of Armie’s come as it spilled thickly down his throat. Armie choked out a broken sob when Timmy continued to suck him gently as he rode out the waves as his orgasm. As Timmy finally pulled off, he felt a tiny bit of come smear against his bottom lip. He looked up at Armie seductively from beneath his long eyelashes, and very deliberately swiped his tongue over his lips to clean the sticky mess, leaving them wet and glistening.

Armie, looking completely wrecked, let out a desperate whine in the back of his throat. “You… lips…illegal,” he managed to gasp out as he tried to calm his racing heartbeat.

Timmy grinned at him as he tucked Armie’s softening cock back into his underwear and zipped up his pants. “Don’t act like you don’t love them,” he retorted. He carefully got off his knees and climbed back onto Armie, sitting sideways over one of Armie’s thighs with his legs swung over his lap. He leaned his head on Armie’s chest and moved one hand up to play with the collar of Armie’s sweater, fingers teasing the edge of the fabric and lightly brushing Armie’s collarbone underneath.

Armie snorted and conceded, “I would never, especially when you use them for such…pleasurable purposes. You’re very talented.” Armie swiveled his head down so he could look at Timmy as he gave a satisfied smile.

Timmy’s answering smile was blinding, and he grabbed Armie’s chin between his thumb and forefinger and brought their mouths together in a languid kiss. They lost themselves in the comforting sensation of their mouths moving slowly together for several minutes before Armie finally pulled back and murmured, “As much as I love kissing you and would gladly do it all night, we really should go.” He tossed a quick glance out the window to reiterate that someone could still come and see them. Luck had been on their side so far, but they knew better than to test it longer than necessary.

Timmy nodded quickly and replied, “Right, yeah,” as he nimbly opened the passenger side door and climbed off Armie, hurrying around to the driver’s side. He got in and turned on the car, blasting the heat as he began to really feel the cold seeping in.

The sun was hanging low in the sky as they pulled away from the lake and started back. Just as they turned on the main road back to the cabin, another car passed them and turned down the path to go down to the lake. Timmy looked over at Armie, who returned his gaze, and it took all of two seconds before they both broke down in a fit of giggles. Timmy had to fight to keep his eyes on the road as hysteria set in, realizing just how close they came to being caught. “Shit, I can’t believe I actually just did that!” he gasped in disbelief.
“Me either, dude. Of the two of us, I thought I was the reckless, impulsive one, not you,” Armie managed when his laughter subsided a bit.

When Timmy finally calmed down, he looked back over at Armie, who was looking thoughtfully out the windshield. There was a bit of apprehension in his voice when he managed to ask, “You’re not mad, are you?”

Armie turned his head to face Timmy as a fond smile spread across his lips. “No, I’m not mad.” He reached one hand over to snake into Timmy’s hair, massaging his head soothingly. “It’s actually fascinating to see you like this. The way you took charge like that…it’s incredibly sexy.” His smile morphed into a wicked smirk.

Timmy ducked his head and blushed, but he couldn’t help the grin that broke out on his face. “What can I say, you bring out the reckless side of me.” He shrugged, trying for cool and casual, but it came off a bit more self-conscious than he’d hoped.

Armie chuckled and replied, “I love that you feel comfortable enough with me to really let go and take what you want.” He paused for a minute, his face turning more pensive as he continued, “But, we should probably try to be more careful. You know, at least for now, until…” he trailed off, not wanting to specify the thing they both knew he was referring to.

Timmy felt guilt and shame instantly flare in his chest and he tightened his grip on the steering wheel. “Yeah, of course. You’re right. I wasn’t thinking. It was stupid and risky. I…I’m sorry.” He kept his eyes trained on the road in front of him, unable to meet Armie’s eyes.

Timmy felt Armie’s fingers rubbing the back of his neck and shoulder as he spoke softly, “You don’t need to apologize. You gave me the chance to stop you, and I chose not to take it. Trust me, I want this just as much as you do. I just…I need a little time to get my life figured out so we can truly be together, in the way we both deserve to be. You mean too much to me to fuck this up before we’ve even started properly. Ok?” He pressed his fingers tighter into the back of Timmy’s neck, silently urging Timmy to look at him.

When Timmy hesitantly turned to meet his eyes finally, the sight of Armie’s warm smile and eyes full of love did wonders to melt away his apprehensions and he nodded slowly. “Yeah, ok,” he breathed, once again wondering how he got so lucky to have found someone so amazing. Knowing that Armie was committed to making this work made the prospect of having to wait a little longer for them to be together for real much more bearable.

As Timmy continued to drive, he felt Armie’s hand move from the back of his neck to his cheek as
the back of Armie’s knuckles caressed him gently. Timmy nuzzled into the touch for a few seconds, then turned his head slightly to press a light kiss against his fingers, meeting Armie’s eyes briefly as they smiled affectionately at each other.

After another minute, Armie cleared his throat and said, “Hey, I have an idea.” Timmy glanced at him with a raised eyebrow, waiting for him to continue. “We’re almost out of food back at the cabin. We should find a store and grab some stuff. You can pick out whatever you want, and I’ll cook a nice dinner for you.”

Timmy grinned and replied, “Mmm, I do love me a man who likes to cook. It’s hot.” He wiggled his eyebrows as Armie laughed beside him. “Sounds amazing. I’m in.” He quickly turned around and headed back toward where the main grocery store was located.

They reached the store just as the sun was dipping below the horizon and the western sky turned from a brilliant shade of pink and orange to a deeper purple hue. Timmy stepped out of the car and stopped to appreciate the immense beauty surrounding him. The expanse of pure white covering the ground and topping the tree branches in the distance, the evening sky above him that looked more like a painting than the real thing, with the first twinkling stars beginning to appear as night descended around them.

When he was in the city, he never really noticed these things as there was so much else going on around him, distracting him. But being out here, away from the skyscrapers and traffic and tourists, it was almost impossible not to be moved by the quiet splendor of the wintry scene he now found himself in.

“Hey Timmy, you coming or what?” he heard Armie call to him from across the top of the car. He turned toward Armie’s voice and stopped dead as he took in the breathtaking sight before him. Armie, leaning casually across the hood of the car, arms outstretched and hands clasped together in front of him, head bowed slightly as he waited for an answer.

Timmy swallowed and tried to focus on what Armie had asked him, but he was unable to shake away his thoughts. He had always known Armie was gorgeous, there had been no denying that, but in this light, at that angle, he was so striking that Timmy couldn’t do anything but openly stare at him in awe. In that moment, he truly understood the meaning of the phrase “so beautiful it hurts”. His chest physically ached with the overwhelming sensation of love he had for this man, not just because of his obvious handsomeness, but more because of the true beauty that radiated from deep within his soul. He realized then that this was it for him. Armie had been right. They were soulmates, and no one else would ever come close to touching what they had together.

Just as he began to get his bearings back enough to answer Armie, he felt the first flurry of snow hit the side of his nose, tickling him slightly. He turned his head up to the sky and smiled in pure joy as
the soft flakes continued to fall around him. There was something magical about this night, he could feel it.

“Timmy?” he heard Armie call again, and he slowly turned back to him, still grinning.

“Yeah. Yeah, let’s go,” he answered as he hurried over to Armie and they walked side by side, hands brushing lightly against each other as they made their way inside.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter WILL be the rest of Timmy’s birthday evening, I promise, lol. I didn’t mean for this one day to take like 4 chapters, but I can’t seem to stop myself. It’s already part way written, so I can tease that there will be yummy food, the return of a friendly face, a sensual surprise from Armie, and more sexy birthday smut! ;)

Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

The boys go shopping, and Timmy runs into a friendly face. Armie cooks a romantic dinner for Timmy's birthday.

Chapter Notes

Hi. So umm...I lied. Or well, not really LIED, more like...I honestly cannot control myself and this one chapter that was supposed to be the rest of Timmy's birthday evening ended up being over 10,000 words, so I'm splitting it into two chapters to save it from being a gigantic monster. BUT! I have the entire thing written and I'm posting both chapters at once, so you don't have to wait to see how their night ends. The first part is mostly light and fluffy, so enjoy! :D

On a personal note: As of this chapter (or well, technically NEXT chapter, but I'm counting them as one for this purpose), this is officially the longest thing I've ever written in any fandom. I'm honestly shocked at what this story has turned into for me as a writer. It's taken on a personal significance that I never saw coming when I started it. I probably sound like a broken record by now, but truly, it's incredibly gratifying to see how much people are enjoying this story. Every one of your comments makes my day infinitely brighter. THANK YOU! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Ok, so what are you thinking for dinner?” Armie asked Timmy as they made their way through the aisles of the store, Armie occasionally grabbing things to add to their cart to stock up for the rest of their trip.

Timmy considered for a minute. “Hmm, I think I want to go back to Italy,” he said with a glint in his eye. He moved down the aisle and reached for a package of penne pasta. As he walked back toward Armie, he suggested, “How about a little chicken penne Florentine?”

He remembered back to their first real meal together in Crema. They’d gone out to one of the local restaurants and Timmy had ordered chicken penne Florentine. He’d enjoyed it so much, making quiet moaning sounds as he chewed, that Armie had insisted on trying it as well. He’d taken one bite and totally understood why Timmy was in heaven. Armie had immediately abandoned his own spaghetti meal and began stealing bites from Timmy’s plate until Timmy had jokingly threatened to stab him with his fork. They’d ordered another helping and split it evenly between them, and by the time they left the restaurant two hours later, they were overly stuffed but incredibly satisfied.
Armie chuckled, clearly recalling the memory as well. “I’ll give it my best shot, but I highly doubt it’ll be anywhere near as good as in Italy. Go grab the rest of the ingredients and I’ll finish grabbing the other stuff we’ll need for the next few days.”

Timmy rushed off and just as he was turning the corner to the next aisle, he accidentally bumped into someone, the basket full of groceries they were holding dropping to the ground. “Oh, I’m so sorry, excuse me!” Timmy spluttered, before he noticed who it was he’d run into. “Wait, Faith?!”

Faith looked up and smiled widely as recognition dawned on her face. “Oh, Timmy! How nice to see you again!” She pulled him into a tight hug.

“You, too!” he exclaimed. “Here, let me help you with that,” he said as he bent down to pick up her basket from the floor. “Sorry again, I wasn’t paying attention.”

“It’s all right, I’m fine and so are my groceries.” Her face grew serious as she asked, “How are you? Any better than the other night?”

A slight blush began creeping up Timmy’s face as he replied, “Uh yeah. Actually, I…” He was cut off by Armie suddenly rounding the corner and almost knocking into the two of them standing there.

“Oh good, I found you. Do you want sausage or bacon for breakfast? Or both?” Armie asked him, holding up packages of each of the breakfast foods, seeming not to notice Faith at all.

“Uh…both?” Timmy responded. Beside him, Timmy could see Faith looking Armie up and down as she assessed the man Timmy had told her about.

“Perfect,” Armie said, and as he turned to walk back down the aisle, he seemed to notice he was being stared at. He looked back and forth between Timmy and Faith, a question in his eyes, but said nothing.

Timmy cleared his throat and quickly made introductions. “Oh, uh yeah, this is Faith. We met the other night while I was…out.” He cringed internally, remembering the state he’d found Armie in when he’d returned home that night, a renewed sense of guilt creeping up on him for leaving him alone on Christmas day. “Faith, this,” he gestured with his hand, “is Armie.”

Armie held out his hand and smiled widely, charming as always. “It’s nice to meet you, Faith. I’m
so glad you were able to keep Timmy company when I couldn’t.” Armie’s words held no sign of bitterness, but Timmy still felt a pang in his chest when he heard them.

Faith took his hand and shook it firmly. “Well, it was really more the other way around. He graciously kept me from wallowing in my own loneliness. Timmy’s a great kid. It was a pleasure getting to talk with him.” She smiled warmly at Timmy as she spoke.

Timmy ducked his head self-consciously as Armie replied, “Yes, he’s very special. I’m so happy others are starting to appreciate how amazing his is.” Armie’s smile was so tender that Timmy was tempted to lean in and kiss him right there, but at the last second, he remembered where they were and held himself back. “Well,” Armie cleared his throat, “I’ll let you guys talk.” He turned to Timmy, “I’ll meet you at the checkout, ok?” Timmy nodded and watched him as he walked away from them and into the next aisle, not-so-subtly admiring the way his ass looked in his tight pants.

The sound of Faith clearing her throat brought him back to the present, “So,” she started, clearly amused, “I’m guessing you two worked things out between you, then?” She raised one eyebrow and made a point of noticing Timmy’s glazed over look.

Timmy’s face flushed bright red again, but he was unable to stop the grin spreading widely over his features. “Uh, yeah, we…we did.” He scratched the back of his neck nervously. “We still have some issues to work through, but I think we’re going to be ok. We both want to be together, so we’re going to really try to make it work.”

Her answering smile was affectionate and warm. “I’m so happy for you, Timmy. He seems like a lovely man, and he clearly adores you. The way he looks at you…whew! I’d love for someone to look at me that way. I’m sure you will be very happy together.” She pulled him into another hug and whispered in his ear, “Go get ‘em, tiger!” as she pulled back and winked at him.

Timmy laughed despite himself and nodded quickly, giving her hands a quick squeeze in thanks as he turned around to follow where Armie had gone. He took two steps before he stopped himself, turning back to her and leaning in to kiss her cheek. “I honestly can’t thank you enough,” he said, his voice shaking with emotion.

“It’s my pleasure, dear,” Faith insisted. “Go, be happy in love. You deserve it.”

Timmy managed a watery smile as he gave a small wave and finally turned to go. He took a few breaths to collect himself before remembering he still needed to collect the other ingredients for the dinner Armie was making him. He quickly searched the aisles for what he needed, then went to the checkout lanes to find Armie waiting for him. They combined all their items together, and Armie
insisted on paying for everything as they reached the cashier.

As they exited the store, Timmy saw the snow was coming down much heavier now. He started toward the car when Armie suddenly muttered, “Shit, I forgot something.” Timmy turned to him, eyebrows raised in question, but Armie just said, “Here, take the stuff to the car, I’ll go back and grab it real quick. I’ll be right out.”

Timmy nodded and grabbed the cart from Armie as he made his way out to the car, packing the bags into the trunk quickly before sliding into the car and turning it on, putting the heat on full-blast as he waited.

A few minutes later, he saw Armie coming out of the store, with Faith following directly behind him. He watched as she leaned up to whisper something in his ear, which caused Armie to look at her and nod, a serious expression on his face. She smiled and patted his arm gently before walking away, presumably to wherever her car was parked. Armie then made his way over to their car. He opened the backseat and placed the bag he was carrying on the floor, then quickly climbed into the passenger seat.

When Armie was situated, Timmy turned to him and asked, “What was that all about?” He tilted his chin in the direction of where Armie and Faith had been standing.

Armie furrowed his brow. “Huh? Oh, she was behind me in the checkout line. She was just saying goodbye. She seems like a sweet lady.”

Timmy narrowed his eyes as he replied carefully, “Yes, she is.” He could tell there was something else, something Armie wasn’t telling him.

Armie just looked at him expectantly and asked, “Are you ready to go? I’m already starving, and it’ll take me a bit to get the food ready.” He obviously wasn’t going to say anything else about what Faith had said to him.

Timmy eyed him for another beat before letting out a breath. He trusted Armie, as well as Faith, so he decided that whatever it was, he didn’t need to know. He reached a hand over to wrap around Armie’s as he answered, “Yeah, I’m ready.” He pulled out of the parking lot and started back toward the cabin.

When they got back, Armie jumped out of the car and grabbed the bag from the backseat and an
armload of the other bags from the trunk as Timmy hurried to unlock the door, the snow coming down in sheets of white around them. Once everything was inside, they quickly shrugged off their jackets and brushed the fluffy flakes from their hair and shoulders.

“Ok, I need like 45 minutes to get everything ready. Why don’t you go call your parents or something while I’m cooking? I’m sure you have like 100 birthday text messages to answer by now.” Armie motioned with his chin in the direction of the bedroom.

Timmy quirked an eyebrow and tilted his head in confusion. “Are you trying to get rid of me already?” He was trying to sound amused, but he couldn’t keep the tiny hint of worry from slipping into his question.

Armie smiled fondly and answered, “Of course not, you dork. I just…I want to get everything ready before you come back out.” He shrugged casually, but Timmy could see a hint of shyness in his expression. It was so endearing, it made Timmy’s heart clench. “Oh, and you should change into something nicer,” Armie added as he made his way into the kitchen to set down the bags.

At that, Timmy frowned slightly. “Uhh, what for? It’s just you and me, Armie. I didn’t pack anything fancy for this trip.”

Armie sighed in fake exasperation. “Just…humor me, ok? Just put on the nicest thing you have with you. I know it’s just us, but since I can’t take you out on a proper date right now, I want it to at least feel like one.” He began taking the groceries out of the bags and gathering the things he needed to cook their dinner on one side of the counter.

Timmy felt his heart stutter for a moment as he watched Armie moving around the kitchen. A real date? Their adventure to the lake earlier had been fun and amazingly hot, but it had just been a spontaneous idea to get them out for a bit to forget about the harsh realities that lie outside of their cozy world they’d made for themselves in this cabin. But this felt different. Intentional. Like Armie had put real thought into making this nice and special for him.

Timmy swallowed the lump in his throat and agreed, “Ok, I’ll try to find something that’ll work.” He couldn’t keep the emotion out of his tone, but Armie didn’t even seem to notice as he busied himself with the meal preparations. He took another minute to just silently stare at Armie before finally tearing himself away and heading to his bedroom.

Timmy hadn’t checked his phone all day, wanting to just stay in the moment with Armie, and Armie had been right, there were tons of “happy birthday” texts, notifications from his various social media accounts, and a handful of missed calls from his family and a couple of his closest friends. He
quickly answered the texts first, and returned the phone call to his parents, careful not to go into too many details about his trip until he and Armie had a chance to talk about what to tell or not tell their families and friends.

Pauline had called him, too, but he opted to just text her back, not sure he should get into everything with her just yet. But it was all in vain because a minute after he sent the text, she called him back anyway. “Hey,” he answered quickly. “Listen, before you ask, things with Armie have… progressed.” He waited to hear her reaction before explaining further.

He heard Pauline let out a slow breath before she tentatively asked, “Are you happy?”

Timmy closed his eyes as a lazy smile spread over his whole face. “Very,” he breathed, and he immediately had to yank the phone away from his face as the piercing sound of Pauline’s excited shriek rang in his ears. When his eardrums stopped ringing, he brought the phone back to his face and laughed in amusement, “Ok, ok, calm down! Listen, you can’t tell anyone yet, not even Mom and Dad. I mean it.” He tried to make his voice sound serious, but he was too happy to be very convincing.

When Pauline calmed down, she answered, “Of course, chérie, your secret is safe with me,” the smile still audible in her voice. She paused a moment before adding, quieter, “But what about his wife?”

Timmy sighed, he really didn’t want to do this right now. He didn’t want to think about Liz or their crazy nomadic lives or that they live on opposite sides of the country. He just wanted to be happy and enjoy this night with Armie. “I promise I will explain everything to you once I get home. We haven’t even figured everything out for ourselves yet. It’s barely been 24 hours. But, let’s just say that things haven’t exactly been smooth sailing with them lately. We love each other and want to be together, and he seems prepared to do what it takes to make it work.”

Pauline let out an answering sigh, “Ok, Timmy. Just…be careful. I love you and want you to be happy, always. I have no doubt Armie loves you, I’ve always seen it in his eyes. I just hope it’s enough. You deserve the world, petit frère.”

The affection in her tone made Timmy start to tear up. “Merci, Pauline. I promise, I am happy. I never knew I could love someone this much, you know? I can’t even describe it.”

“Oh God, you’re going to turn into a lovesick puppy now, aren’t you?” Pauline teased.
Timmy couldn’t even pretend to care about her ribbing as he answered honestly, “Yeah, basically.” He laughed at his own sappiness.

Pauline laughed at his candidness. “Well, it looks good on you, kid. I can’t wait to hear all the juicy details once you get back.” Timmy could hear her smirk and rolled his eyes.

“Yeah, yeah, we’ll see about all that. Thanks for calling, sis. I’ll talk to you later.” They said their goodbyes and Timmy looked at the clock. He only had about 15 minutes left to waste before going back out to find Armie.

He dug through closet where he’d hung his clothes trying to find something that would qualify as “nice” to wear. He found a pair of black skinny jeans that he knew looked really good on him, but most of his tops were bulky sweatshirts or casual tees.

Timmy noticed some of his cousin’s clothes still hanging at the far end of the closet. He remembered they were roughly the same size, his cousin being a little wider in the shoulders than him but still rather slender. He quickly looked through the clothes and found a gorgeous long sleeve sapphire blue dress shirt. Timmy’s eyes lit up and he pulled the shirt from the hanger, trying it on carefully. It hung a little loose on him and the sleeves were a little long, but he figured once he tucked it into his jeans and rolled up the sleeves, it would be fine.

He dressed quickly, stopping to style his hair a bit in the mirror before leaving the room. The cabin was mostly dark as he stepped out into the hallway. He saw the flicker of flames coming from the fireplace and the twinkle of the Christmas lights shining as he rounded the corner. When he turned toward the kitchen and dining area, his breath caught in his throat.

Armie stood hunched over the table, lighting the second of two tall candles placed in the center. He was dressed in a deep burgundy button down top and a pair of sleek tan slacks. As he turned to stand up straight, Timmy could see that he had shaved the bit of stubble that had been starting to grow in, and his blue eyes sparkled brilliantly in the candlelight. This was the second time tonight that Timmy had been stunned by Armie’s effortless beauty.

Armie’s smile when he noticed Timmy standing there was nothing short of dazzling. “Hey, you,” he breathed as he walked over to Timmy. “You look amazing,” he said as he eyed Timmy’s outfit. His hands came up to frame Timmy’s face, stroking his cheeks tenderly with his thumbs for a moment before pulling him in for a sweet kiss. Timmy smiled into the kiss and opened his mouth to let Armie’s tongue lick into him briefly before Armie pulled back. “Dinner is served,” he said with a breathless chuckle, sliding a hand down Timmy’s arm to grab his hand, gently pulling him toward the table.
Timmy followed him silently, still trying to process the sight before him. Armie had gone all out. The table was set with what must have been his cousin’s nicest china, the food looked like it came straight from a cooking magazine, the wine in their glasses was dark and inviting, the candles in the middle of the table giving the whole scene a warm, dreamlike glow.

When Armie pulled the chair out for him, Timmy couldn’t stop the nervous giggle that escaped his lips. This whole thing felt so surreal, he literally had to pinch himself on the arm to make sure this wasn’t some crazy fever dream he’d cooked up while he was high. Armie arched his eyebrow in amusement, clearing his throat and tilting his head exaggeratedly toward the chair, finally prompting Timmy to sit as Armie scooted the chair underneath him.

Armie made his way to the other side of the table and sat down, picking up his wine glass and raising it in a toast. “To you, Timmy. Happy birthday.”

Timmy’s face flushed with warmth as he raised his wine glass in one hand and reached across the table to take Armie’s hand with the other. He rubbed small circles into the inside of Armie’s wrist with his thumb as he answered, “To us. I can’t imagine a better birthday present than being here with you. Thank you, for doing all of this. For...for everything.” He looked down at his plate shyly, feeling suddenly overwhelmed.

Armie gripped Timmy’s hand tightly in his. “If I can make you even half as happy as you make me, it will be more than worth it. I hope to keep trying for as long as you’ll let me.” The sincerity in his voice made Timmy look back up and into his eyes.

He suddenly had a vision of them 10 years from now, laying in bed on a lazy Sunday morning, sharing slow kisses from under the blanket, Timmy giggling softly as Armie’s scratchy beard tickles against his cheek, the muffled sounds of Harper and Ford arguing over the last of the orange juice wafting in from down the hall. They share a look and Armie rolls his eyes dramatically, rolling on top of Timmy and twisting their fingers together, their matching rings making a soft clinking sound as they collide. They share a passionate kiss for a moment before Armie reluctantly pushes himself up, pulling Timmy up with him. “Come on, time for another thrilling day in the Hammer-Chalamet household.” Timmy smiles as he can’t imagine anywhere else he’d rather be.

Timmy’s eyes shone brightly with tears at the thought of getting to have that life with Armie. He swallowed thickly as he brought the glass to his lips and took a sip of the wine, Armie doing the same. “Dig in,” Armie said as he motioned for him to eat.

Timmy took a bite of his meal and groaned with pleasure. “Oh God, this is so good!” he exclaimed.
Armie chuckled and ducked his head. “Yeah? I know it’s not as good as in Crema…” he started, but Timmy cut him off with a wave of his hand.

“No, it’s better. *You* made it, for *me*. Nothing can ever beat that in my book.” Timmy let all the emotion he was feeling ring clear in his voice. Armie smiled brightly and nodded, gathering another bite of food onto his fork.

They ate their meal quietly, occasionally commenting on the food or asking for more. They held hands in the middle of the table throughout, fingers intertwined, neither one wanting to break the contact. When Timmy was a little more than halfway done with his meal, he shifted his leg forward under the table to brush his foot lightly against Armie’s. He saw Armie grin slowly into his food as he moved his foot to rest more firmly against Timmy’s. They stayed like that until Armie got up to pour them each a second glass of wine.

When they were finished, Timmy was more than ready to move things into the bedroom. Seeing Armie go full romantic on him had turned him on way more than he had anticipated, and he could feel himself starting to get hard as he watched Armie finish his last few bites of pasta, imagining all the other delicious ways Armie could use his gorgeous mouth. He waited just long enough for Armie to finish clearing the plates and putting all the food away before he practically launched himself at Armie, his long limbs scrambling for purchase as he tried to climb Armie like a tree.

Armie stumbled backward, a surprised laugh erupting from his lips as they went tumbling into the back of the couch. Luckily Armie regained his balance and they remained upright, and Timmy used Armie being caught off guard to his advantage, attaching his lips to Armie’s neck just above the collar of his shirt. He sucked at the skin there, not caring if he left a mark. He heard Armie moan softly and his hands found their way into Timmy’s hair. When Timmy finally pulled back, he purposefully eyed Armie up and down, letting his lust show plainly on his face. “Mmm, you look so fucking hot in that outfit. But right now, I’m only interested in seeing what it looks like as a pile on the floor,” he said heatedly, hands flying up to start undoing the buttons on Armie’s shirt.

He only got three buttons open before Armie’s arms dropped to grab Timmy’s hands, pulling them away gently as he laughed, “Whoa, hey, hold on a second there, Romeo. There’s plenty of time for that later, trust me.” He grinned mischievously but continued to try to extract himself from Timmy’s grasp. “But first, there’s something else I really want to do. If you think you can control yourself for another little while, that is,” he added amusedly.

Timmy whined and sighed dramatically, but he reluctantly let go of Armie and moved back a couple steps. “Fiiiinne,” he grumbled. “I don’t know what could possibly be better than sex right now, but whatever. What’s your idea?”

Armie chuckled at his petulance and pushed himself away from the couch, moving around behind
Tim and placing his hands on his shoulders as he whispered in his ear, “Close your eyes.”

Timmy turned his head to give Armie a skeptical look, but when he saw that Armie wasn’t joking, he let out a breath and indulged him, closing his eyes tightly and waiting to see just what Armie had in store for him now.

Timmy felt Armie move away from him and heard him walking toward the front door. The footsteps stopped, then there was a minute where he heard nothing, then the footsteps started again as Armie made his way back over to him. The sudden feeling of fabric moving over his face startled him so much he actually jumped. He heard Armie chuckling quietly beside him as he tried to settle him with one warm hand on his waist. “Shh, it’s ok. It’s just me.”

Timmy felt the fabric, which he guessed was one of Armie’s scarves, being tied into a makeshift blindfold around the back of his head. He suddenly started to panic a little, not being able to see what was happening. “Armie, what’s going on? What are you doing?” He could hear the anxiety in his voice making it higher than usual.

When Armie had the scarf tied securely over Timmy’s eyes, making sure he couldn’t see anything, he circled both of his arms around Timmy’s waist to rest comfortingly on his stomach, moving close behind him and holding him to his body tightly. He dipped his head to press his mouth directly behind Timmy’s ear as he spoke. “I want to show you how much I love you. Do you trust me?” He could hear the trepidation in Armie’s question, waiting to move forward until Timmy gave him the permission he sought.

Did he trust Armie? He’d never been more certain of anything in his entire life. He’d walk straight into the depths of hell if Armie told him it would be ok. He took a deep breath, blowing it out slowly before answering, his voice a ghost of a whisper on his exhale, “Yes.”

He turned his face toward Armie and blindly sought Armie’s mouth with his own. He felt them connect and he parted his lips to let the tip of his tongue swipe slowly against Armie’s. Armie welcomed his tongue with his own and they enjoyed the soft, wet heat of each other’s mouths for several long minutes. Timmy could feel Armie’s cock start to harden behind him as it pressed tightly against his ass, felt his own hard on straining uncomfortably against his jeans, and he had half a mind to just drop to his knees right there and get on with it. But he couldn’t deny that his curiosity had been sufficiently piqued, what with the blindfold and all, so after one more probing lick into Armie’s mouth, he moved his head back and murmured darkly, “If you don’t want me to bend you over and fuck you right here, you might want to continue with your plan.”

He heard Armie groan low in his throat behind him, his hips unconsciously hitching forward to press even harder into Timmy, before he planted a gentle kiss on Timmy’s shoulder and moved away again. “Right, yes. Ok, it’ll take me a few minutes to get everything set up. Just…stay here and
don’t move.” With that, Timmy heard him move down the hall and into one of the bedrooms, leaving him alone to ponder just what the hell Armie was up to.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry to break it there, but at least you don’t have to wait to find out what Armie has planned! I hope you enjoyed the return of Faith. I loved her character so much, and when I saw an opportunity to bring her back for a minute, I jumped at it. Also, I am not a cook by any means, so I literally had to Google some good Italian meals to pick something Timmy might want for his birthday dinner. It looked pretty good to me, so I went with it, lol.

Next chapter is a doozy, fair warning!
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Armie has a sensual surprise for Timmy's birthday evening. Hot, emotionally charged sexy times ensue. ;)

Chapter Notes

Ok, so this chapter is A LOT. And still suuuuper long because I'm wordy as fuck, lol. The two main things that happen in this one are things I had been planning from the very beginning of writing this fic. I wanted to explore the dichotomy of intense sensual physical pleasure and the emotional intimacy that goes along with sex, and the varying reactions people have to each. There's a lot of intense emotions in this one, so consider yourself warned!

Timmy obediently stayed right where Armie left him, though it was killing him not to know what was going on. He took several deep breaths to try to calm himself down and get his painful erection under control. It was several minutes before he heard Armie move back into the room. He must have taken his shoes off because now he could only hear the soft padding of his feet on the hardwood floor.

Timmy heard the footsteps stop on the other side of the couch in front of him, and what sounded like some kind of cloth being laid down on the ground. He heard more muffled sounds coming from the ground, unable to decipher what Armie might be doing, then he heard Armie stand up again and walk toward the kitchen. A bit of rustling through a plastic bag, a small sound of triumph from Armie a few seconds later, then the quiet sound of footfalls as Armie came back and stood behind him again.

“Ok, I need you to come around the other side of the couch. I’ll guide you.” Armie’s soft voice came from his left side, followed by the firm press of his hand against his back as he gently pushed Timmy to follow where he was leading him. He reached out blindly and Armie caught his other hand in his as they slowly made their way around to the front of the couch. He could feel the heat of the fire on his already flushed face, making the first drops of sweat spring up above his lips. He quickly licked them away and waited for further instruction.

But Armie stayed silent as he brought his hands up to the front of Timmy’s shirt. He rubbed his palms slowly up and down Timmy’s chest a few times before moving up to undo the top buttons. Timmy felt his breathing hitch as Armie began slowly, tantalizingly undressing him.
had undone all of the buttons on his shirt, he gently pulled up to untuck it from his pants, sliding it off his body in one easy motion.

Next Armie popped the button on his jeans and slid the zipper down, but unfortunately for Timmy, he didn’t touch him where he desperately wanted him to. He felt Armie’s hands on either side of his waist as he gently pushed the tight material down his legs. Timmy couldn’t stop the small gasp that escaped his lips as his cock was freed from its tight prison, only held back now by his loose-fitting boxers. Those were quickly tugged down as well, Armie’s hand skimming up the side of his bare thighs making Timmy shiver and breathe heavily.

Armie grabbed Timmy’s hands and placed them on his own shoulders, instructing, “Step out of your clothes, use me for balance.” He did as he was directed, pulling his pants and underwear the rest of the way down his legs and kicking them off to the side as he clung to Armie to keep from falling over.

“Very good,” he heard Armie murmur as he removed Timmy’s hands from him and moved back. He stood completely still as he felt Armie walking in a slow circle around him, presumably looking over his now completely naked body. He felt goosebumps raise on his flesh at the thought of being stared at so intently. Armie stopped just off to his right and spoke lowly, voice full of awe, “God, Timmy, you really have no idea just how stunning you are. So much, soft, smooth skin everywhere.” He leaned in to press his mouth to Timmy’s collarbone, dragging his tongue along the indent.

Timmy’s face was burning hot and he moaned at the feel of Armie’s tongue on his scorching skin. “Fuck, Armie, please just touch me,” he practically begged, his hands clenching and unclenching at his sides. He was so hard it hurt, and he didn’t know how much more of this torture he could stand.

Armie shushed him and ran his hands soothingly up and down his arms. “Shh, it’s ok. I’m going to make you feel so good, I promise.”

Timmy let out a desperate whine before he could stop himself, digging his nails into his palms, hoping the pain would distract him.

Armie kissed his cheek tenderly before grabbing one of his hands. “Ok, take two steps forward.” Timmy followed his instruction eagerly. He felt what he guessed was a soft blanket underneath his toes. “Good, now you’re going to lay down on your front. Hold onto me, I’ll guide you down.” Timmy let Armie’s hands steady him as he first knelt, then laid down across the soft material. When he went to put his head down, he found a towel that had been rolled into the shape of a circle with an open area for his face to rest. He placed his head on it gently and waited.
He didn’t hear anything at all for several seconds and was beginning to wonder if Armie was even still there when he finally heard the quiet snick of a bottle cap being opened. His mind raced with questions as he continued to wait for Armie to do something. *Was that lube he was opening? Was Armie going to just fuck him here on the floor?* He was so turned on at that point he didn’t care where they did it, he just wanted Armie inside him now. *But why the blindfold?* He was about to start asking Armie all this when he felt a warm hand pull his left arm out away from his body, then the right, then his legs so he ended up spread-eagle on the blanket.

“Just breath and relax,” he heard Armie say quietly above him. He tried to do what Armie said but the longer he lay there, open and exposed like that, the more uneasy he felt. He finally felt Armie kneel between his legs and heard a small squelching sound. He assumed it was the lube, and he mentally prepared himself for Armie’s fingers to find their way to his opening.

Much to his surprise, what he felt instead was Armie’s warm, slick hands pressing firmly into the back of his shoulders, rubbing and kneading the muscles there with a steady pressure. *This* was what Armie had planned? A sensual back massage? He had to admit, he hadn’t seen that one coming. Between the candlelit dinner and now this, Armie was just full of surprises tonight. Timmy let out a slow breath and tried to relax into Armie’s touch.

He heard Armie chuckle lowly above him. “Dude, were you really that worried about what I was going to do?” he asked, clearly entertained by Timmy’s reaction.

Timmy couldn’t help but laugh a little at himself as he turned his head to the side, out of the cocoon of the towel, replying, “Well, you took your fucking sweet time with it and I was so keyed up I was about to explode, so yeah, kinda.” He went to turn his face back into the towel when he realized something. “Hey Armie?” Armie hummed above him in response. “If I have my head in this towel, do I really still need the blindfold?” He didn’t necessarily mind it, but he didn’t really see the point. He couldn’t see anything with his face down anyway.

Armie moved his hands to focus on a particularly tough spot below his left shoulder blade as he answered, “Just go with it. Let your other senses take over for the one you can’t use right now. It’s not the same if you can just turn your head and be able to see. Trust me, it feels amazing if you just give into it.” He finally released the knot in his shoulder and began sliding over to his bicep.

Timmy muttered a doubtful, “Ok, whatever,” but turned his face back into the towel and tried to do as Armie said. He breathed deeply for several seconds and tried to focus on what Armie was doing, how good it felt to have his strong hands touching him in such an intimate way without it being sexual.

He focused on the way Armie’s fingers gripped him tightly, but not painfully, as they massaged the tension from his body. He tried to imagine the muscles in his body giving way under Armie’s
incessant squeezing. The tips of his fingers began to tingle as he allowed himself to be swept up in the pleasure Armie was bringing him.

Armie had been right about his other senses taking over. Not only was his sense of touch heightened to an insane degree, the sensation of Armie’s hands moving expertly across his body both relaxing him and simultaneously lighting his skin on fire, but he began to notice the smallest sounds he hadn’t payed attention to before. The fire crackling steadily in the fireplace, the sound of Armie’s heavy breathing above him as he worked, the rapid beat of his own heartbeat reverberating in his ears. He could smell the sweet scent of coconut from what he’d figured out must be the massage oil Armie was using. The salty tang from the sweat dripping slowly from his damp hair down his face and onto his lips was sharper than he remembered it being before.

As Armie continued to thoroughly massage each part of his body, the sensations he felt began to overwhelm him. His mind switched off as he gave himself over fully to just pure feeling. Armie was everything, everywhere, all around him, inside him. He felt like he was burning from the inside out, his blood boiling with the fire Armie was igniting deep within him.

Once Armie finished moving down his arms and legs, giving each one plenty of attention and care, he finally, finally settled over the place Timmy had been aching for him to touch for what felt like years. By that point, Timmy was rock hard again and leaking steadily onto the blanket beneath him, chest heaving and face burning with arousal, but he didn’t dare move for fear that Armie would stop his glorious ministrations all over his body.

The first touch of Armie’s firm hand on his ass made Timmy moan in pleasure, and he heard Armie let out a soft snort in response. “Is this what you want, baby?” he teased lightly. Timmy couldn’t even find it in himself to care how desperate he sounded when he whimpered and nodded his head into the towel furiously.

Armie snorted again, louder this time, and began kneading the tender flesh of Timmy’s ass gently. Timmy couldn’t take it anymore and shoved his hips upward and more firmly into Armie’s grasp. “So needy,” Armie chastised lightly, but his tone was full of affection. He gripped Timmy’s cheeks harder and began pulling them apart bit by bit.

When Timmy felt the first touch of Armie’s warm, wet tongue at his entrance, he practically jumped out of his skin and let out a high-pitched mewling sound. “Oh fuck, yes, please God yes, fuck fuck fuck,” he babbled unashamedly.

He felt more than heard Armie’s answering chuckle as his hot breath ghosted across his oversensitive skin. Armie wasted no time in diving back in, licking a couple of wet circles around his hole then moving down over his balls. He sucked each one into his mouth quickly before releasing them, flattening his tongue and tracing a thick streak back up to his entrance. Timmy gripped the blanket
below him tightly, wrapping it around his fingers as he tried not to completely lose his mind at the feeling of Armie’s mouth in his most sensitive area.

Armie’s tongue gently lapped at him for a few minutes before starting to push more earnestly past the first ring of muscle. Timmy keened and pushed back into Armie’s mouth, forcing his tongue deeper inside himself as he moaned and gasped in pleasure. His dick was leaking heavily now, and it took everything in him not to reach down and touch himself. His whole body was on fire and he could do nothing but surrender to the all-encompassing sensation of Armie bringing him to new heights of ecstasy with every swipe of his tongue.

Armie must have continued like that for a while, but Timmy was too far gone to register time. It could have been minutes or hours, he didn’t know, but his mind snapped back into focus when Armie slid the first slick finger inside him alongside his tongue. He let out a sob, so desperate for release his whole body was shaking. He was covered in a sheen of sweat all over, the moisture mixing with the massage oil as it pooled at the small of his back.

When the second finger joined the first, all of Timmy’s self-control evaporated and he began begging in earnest. “Nnnnn, God, Armie please let me come. Fuck, I can’t take it anymore, please. Too much, I can’t. Please. Please!” He was on the edge of tears as he babbled.

A few seconds later, Timmy felt Armie move his head back, though his fingers remained, sliding in and out of him in a steady rhythm. Another minute and the fingers also disappeared, and suddenly he felt Armie’s body heat radiating from just above his left shoulder. Timmy was still making small whining noises and desperately trying to control his breathing so he didn’t pass out. He shivered violently as he felt Armie’s breath hitting right above his ear. “It’s ok, Timmy. I got you. I’m going to turn you over now, ok?” he spoke soothingly, like trying to calm a frightened animal.

Timmy couldn’t seem to make his vocal chords work, so he settled for nodding his head violently instead. He felt Armie gently pry his hands away from the death grip he had on the blanket, calmly moving Timmy’s arms back close to his body before doing the same to his legs. The hand on his hip nudged firmly, signaling for Timmy to roll over, which he only barely managed to do, since all the muscles in his body seemed to weigh 100 pounds each at that moment.

Once he was on his back, he let Armie maneuver him as he saw fit, too strung out to put up any real resistance. Armie spread his legs and bent his knees up slightly, positioning himself between them once again. Timmy could feel the gobs of precome already pooling on his stomach as his dick continued to leak like a sieve. He heard another flick of a bottle being opened and more liquid being squeezed out. Another desperate whimper escaped his lips as he felt Armie’s freshly drenched fingers once again at his entrance. They entered him easily and Armie began gently pushing them apart, scissoring and stretching him as he moved them in and out steadily.
Timmy was just about to start begging again when suddenly he felt the first blissful touch of Armie’s other hand as it wrapped around his aching cock. It sent a jolt of pleasure so intense that Timmy cried out, his voice cracking and shaking as the sound pierced the room.

Armie started fisting him slowly, causing Timmy to resume rambling nonsense as he inched closer and closer to his climax. He knew it wouldn’t take much more, his whole body humming with sensation overload. Both of Armie’s hands began moving at a faster pace and he instantly felt he was teetering right at the edge of the cliff, ready to tumble over into oblivion any second.

Just as Timmy felt the tensing in his balls start, signaling the point of no return, the hand on his cock disappeared. Timmy let out a whine so loud and desperate sounding that in any other circumstance would be highly embarrassing, but right now he didn’t give a single fuck. But he was instantly shocked into silence when a hand came up and swiftly removed the scarf from around his head, light flooding into his eyes for the first time in what felt like years.

Everything was blurry and the sudden sting of light made his eyes water. He blinked several times and when his eyes finally managed to focus, what he saw was like a vision out of a dream. Armie, cheeks red and eyes shimmering as they reflected the glow of the firelight, hair flopping over his face as he hovered over Timmy, a soft smile on his swollen, shiny lips. “There you are,” Armie breathed, his smile widening as he locked eyes with Timmy.

They held each other’s gaze for several seconds, each of them breathing heavily as they silently watched the emotions play out on the other’s face. Finally, Armie reached his hand back down and wrapped it back around Timmy’s length, causing Timmy to unconsciously close his eyes in ecstasy.

“Look at me, Timmy. I want to see you,” Armie instructed. Timmy’s eyes popped open at his words, unable to deny him anything. He saw Armie nod at him in approval as he continued to work his cock as well as his hole. Armie leaned down and kissed his lips softly before pulling back and adding a third finger inside him, and that was all it took. Timmy’s whole body tensed as his orgasm crashed over him in a powerful wave. His eyes never left Armie’s as he opened his mouth in a silent scream, his body shuddering with the force of his release. The only thing he could hear was the blood pumping furiously in his ears, and the edges of his vision went blurry. The only thing still in focus was Armie’s face, eyes wide with awe as he watched Timmy lose himself in pure bliss.

When he came back to himself, Armie was stretched out on his side next to him, fingers lazily dragging through the streaks of come on his stomach and chest. Timmy sluggishly turned his head to look at Armie, and as they made eye contact, Armie brought his fingers up to his mouth, sucking them in and licking them clean, a wicked glint in his eyes.

Timmy groaned low in his throat, knowing this was payback for Timmy doing the same thing to Armie earlier. Armie broke out into an amused grin around his fingers as he saw Timmy realize
what he was doing. “You’re not the only one who can be a tease, you know,” he chuckled. Timmy wanted to smack him, but he couldn’t seem to move his arms, so he settled for a mock-glare.

“Yeah, yeah,” he rolled his eyes. He stared at the ceiling for another minute before summoning all of his remaining strength to start to reach down toward Armie’s crotch. After several tries, he managed to get the button open and slide down the zipper, but Armie stilled his movements before he could reach inside.

“It’s ok, Timmy, I can finish myself off. I know that was intense and you’re exhausted.” He brought Timmy’s hand up to his lips and pressed a light kiss to the backs of his knuckles.

Timmy furrowed his brow and shuffled onto his side to more fully face Armie. “No, I want you inside me.”

Armie’s face clouded over with concern as he asked, “Are you sure? You really don’t have to do that. I honestly don’t mind just jerking off. We have plenty of time to do that later.”

Timmy couldn’t stop the nagging thought that they really didn’t have that much time, at least not yet. They still had a couple more days together, sure, but after that, their future was still a big question mark. He couldn’t stand the thought of not having Armie inside him as much as he possibly could while they still had time. “I…I just need to feel you. Please.” He reached up to stroke Armie’s face, his need and desire showing plainly on his face.

Armie swallowed audibly and nodded. “Ok.” He looked deeply into Timmy’s eyes. “Ok,” he said again, as if convincing himself that if this is what Timmy needed, he was powerless to deny him. He looked around briefly before remarking, “I didn’t bring any condoms out here. We’ll need to move to the bedroom.”

Timmy nodded and began to pull himself up, his muscles still not fully cooperating with him. He managed to get into a kneeling position after a minute, focusing all his energy into trying to push up enough to stand.

Armie, who was already standing, reached a hand down to assist in pulling him up. Timmy grabbed it gratefully and was hoisted to his feet. Armie steadied him by holding onto his shoulders as he found his balance. “Are you ok to walk?” he asked, genuine concern apparent in his voice.

Timmy nodded slowly, but as he went to take a step, his legs turned to jelly and he started crashing
back to the floor. Luckily, Armie caught him under his arms at the last second. “Whoa, hey, ok. I got you.” He pulled Timmy back up and hugged him tightly. “Ok, here just let me…” he trailed off as he reached one hand down behind Timmy’s knees and draped the other across his shoulders and lifted him up into his arms.

Timmy was surprised at how easily Armie just scooped him up like that. He was also surprised at how much he enjoyed it. He’d never understood the desire to feel small and fragile that so many people seemed to want to project onto him because of his naturally slender frame. But being in Armie’s arms was something else entirely. He felt secure, safe…loved. He couldn’t stop himself when he let out a dreamy sigh and swooned, “My hero!” He was mostly teasing, but a small part of him truly meant it.

Armie huffed out a laugh as he started walking them toward the bedroom, Timmy hanging onto him tightly. As he reached the bed, he laid Timmy down gently before murmuring, “I left the lube in the other room, I’ll be right back.”

Timmy watched him disappear quickly down the hall as he scooted further up on the bed so he could rest his head on the pillows. Armie returned a minute later, lube in hand, and he shut the door quietly before making his way back to the bed.

Timmy stopped to really look at him fully for the first time since the scarf had been removed from his eyes. The sleeves of his shirt had been rolled up, probably so they wouldn’t get full of oil as he was massaging him, and his pants were still unzipped and hanging open, his underwear-clad cock making a noticeable bulge right above the open V of the material. He looked sexy as sin, and Timmy could feel his cock give a twitch as it attempted to come back to life.

Armie tossed the lube on the bed and began taking off his clothes. Timmy bit his lip as he watched Armie uncover more and more of his gloriously golden skin, his firm muscles stretching and flexing as he removed each item of clothing. When he finally slid his underwear down and off, freeing his beautiful cock, Timmy’s mouth began to water in anticipation of feeling Armie filling him up with it.

By the time Armie knelt between Timmy’s legs on the bed, Timmy was already half hard again and was taking deep, steady breaths to keep himself calm. He flopped a hand over to the nightstand to try to get a condom out, but he couldn’t seem to control his muscles enough to actually get the drawer open.

“Need a little help there?” Armie teased him, eyebrow quirked in amusement.

Timmy threw an annoyed glare in his direction, griping, “Don’t mock, it’s your fault I’m in this
condition in the first place.”

Armie barked out a laugh and reached over him to open the drawer, easily snatching a condom out of the box and closing it again. “You’re right,” he admitted, “my sincerest apologies.” He winked and quickly kissed Timmy’s forehead before moving back to settle on his knees. He started to tear the condom package open when he suddenly stopped, his face turning serious as he looked back up at Timmy. He placed a hand gently on Timmy’s knee as he asked, “Are you sure you want to do this right now? All jokes aside, I want to be sure you’re ok and you can enjoy this. It’s ok if you’re not up for it.”

Timmy considered him carefully for a moment before answering. He was struck by how selfless and considerate of a lover Armie was, consistently worried about taking care of his partner’s needs above his own. He knew he shouldn’t really be surprised; Armie was a natural caretaker in other areas of his life, too. He just never stopped to consider that it would carry over into his sex life as well, though it made perfect sense for that to be the case.

Timmy reached for one of Armie’s hands, grabbing it and dragging it to rest on his now fully hard cock as an answer. “I’d say I’m definitely up for it,” he joked, but he let his face fall into a more thoughtful expression as he tugged Armie up to be face to face with him again. “Seriously, I want this. I need this. I need you, always.” He held Armie’s face with both hands and pulled him in for a kiss, sweet and full of love. When he pulled back, he looked into Armie’s eyes and added, “Just… go slow.” He smiled when Armie swallowed thickly and nodded, understanding in his eyes.

Armie leaned back in for another brief kiss before moving back into position. He finished opening the condom package and carefully rolled it on. He grabbed the lube and poured a generous amount on his dick, spreading it down his length with one hand. He then used the slick hand to gently probe at Timmy’s entrance, making sure it was still open enough to accommodate him without hurting Timmy.

When he was satisfied Timmy was stretched enough, he looked up at Timmy, who gave a short nod and opened his legs wider. Armie leaned up on his knees and hooked Timmy’s legs around his waist as he lined himself up with Timmy’s hole.

Timmy gasped lightly as the head of Armie’s cock pushed past the first ring of muscle easily and slid deeper into him. Armie stayed still for a few seconds before pulling back out and sliding in again, slowly and gently. His thrusts started out shallow, only about half of his length pushing in before he pulled out so just the tip was inside. After a few minutes, Armie pushed further and finally buried himself to the hilt inside Timmy.

Feeling Armie completely filling him made Timmy whimper quietly. He thought about how perfectly they fit together, like each of them was shaped exactly to match the other in every way. He
never knew he could feel so complete with someone the way he felt with Armie. It was the best kind of high he’d ever experienced.

Timmy reached up slowly to wipe a drop of sweat from Armie’s temple and cupped his face tenderly. Armie looked down at him and smiled, covering Timmy’s hand with his own and bringing them both to his lips. Armie rolled his hips in an unhurried rhythm, allowing them to draw out the divine pleasure of being joined together so fully a bit longer.

When Armie leaned his body down to cover Timmy’s more fully, Timmy sighed contentedly. Armie bowed his head to place soft, open-mouthed kisses all over Timmy’s stomach, chest, sides, arms…anywhere his mouth could reach. Timmy ran his hands down Armie’s sweaty back to pull him closer, wanting to feel every inch of him pressed against his own body.

Armie’s deep, languid thrusts felt amazing and so intimate, Timmy began to feel his emotions bubble up from inside him. When he felt Armie’s hot breath ghost across the smoothness of his stomach, he realized Armie was whispering something into his skin. He couldn’t make out the words, but he soon understood that it didn’t even matter what Armie was saying. The tender caresses, kissing all over his body, the way his hips rolled so gently into him, the whispering…this wasn’t just love, it was worship.

The realization of the power behind what they shared hit Timmy like a freight train, emotions crashing over him in constant waves, sending him reeling. He didn’t even realize he was crying until he threw an arm over his face after one particularly deep thrust and when he pulled it away, he noticed it was wet. He let out a small sob then as his intense feelings took over his whole being.

Armie’s head instantly shot up and he looked at him with fear in his eyes. “Oh God, Timmy, what’s wrong? Am I hurting you?” He moved to pull out, but Timmy grabbed his arm to stop him.

Timmy was suddenly unable to form words, the intense emotion causing a lump in his throat and making his head swim. He shook his head quickly, hoping Armie would be satisfied and keep going.

But Armie’s worried face remained, unsure how to react to seeing Timmy like this. “What is it?” he asked again, staying very still until he was assured everything was ok.

Timmy gasped for breath as he tried to speak through his tears, “I…I don’t…know. I just…got so…overwhelmed. So many emotions. I can’t…can’t stop crying. I don’t know what’s…what’s wrong with…with me. Please don’t…don’t stop.” He pleaded with his eyes for Armie to keep going, not wanting this ill-timed emotional breakdown to ruin this moment for them.
Relief instantly flooded Armie’s face as he smiled knowingly down at him. He leaned up to brush his lips over Timmy’s forehead as he reassured him, “It’s ok. This can happen sometimes after getting a massage. It’s just an intense emotional release, it’s actually a pretty normal response. Just try to ride it out. You’re safe with me.” He peppered feather-light kisses all over Timmy’s face as he resumed slowly pushing into him.

As Armie continued to soothe him, Timmy let go and gave into the feelings he was experiencing. He wasn’t sure when loving Armie had become something he needed, something he felt he would die without, but that was all he could think of in that moment. Like there was no longer a Timmy without Armie. And that thought terrified him, because what if he lost him? What if this didn’t end up working out? What if Armie changed his mind and didn’t leave his wife, and Timmy was left broken and alone?

His spiraling thoughts were interrupted by the now audible sound of Armie whispering against his shoulder. When he finally heard what Armie was chanting, all his fears were immediately dispelled. Over and over again, he could hear the words, “I love you so much, I need you, I adore you, you’re so beautiful,” spilling from Armie’s lips like a prayer.

Timmy’s heart stuttered as he let Armie’s words wash over him. He turned his head to look at Armie hovering close above him. “Armie,” he whispered, so soft Armie didn’t hear him at first, lost in his own trance. “Armie,” he murmured a bit louder, and when Armie registered his voice and angled his face to meet Timmy’s eyes, he looked like he was just as emotionally wrecked as Timmy was. “Kiss me,” Timmy demanded, needing the distraction of Armie’s lips on his to keep him from becoming overwhelmed again.

Armie acquiesced eagerly, lips meeting Timmy’s firmly, parting immediately as his tongue licked into Timmy’s mouth with fervor. Timmy caressed Armie’s tongue with his own, sucking softly as their mouths slid together. Armie reached down to grab Timmy’s hips, and without breaking the kiss, he hitched Timmy up a little higher against him, the new angle sending an electric shock straight to Timmy’s cock as Armie brushed past his prostate.

Timmy moaned loudly into the kiss as Armie began thrusting a bit harder. He reached for Armie’s hand by his head and linked their fingers together as they rocked together, both of them so close to their climax. Armie only pulled back from their kiss when it became necessary to breathe, but his face remained only inches from Timmy’s as they locked eyes.

Timmy squeezed Armie’s fingers and lifted his hips up to meet Armie’s deep thrusts, his emotions subsiding enough that his body finally remembered the physical pleasure he’d been seeking.
Armie kept his eyes trained on Timmy’s as he reached down with his free hand to wrap tightly around Timmy’s cock. Timmy hissed at the touch, his skin already so sensitive it was just this side of painful. Armie thrust all the way in once more, and Timmy could see the exact moment he tipped over the edge, his eyes going glassy, his teeth biting into his lower lip hard as he tensed above him and shuddered out his release deep into Timmy’s body.

Timmy watched in awe as Armie rode out his pleasure, thought he’d never seen a more gorgeous image in his life. Once Armie stopped trembling from the aftershocks of his orgasm, he resumed stroking Timmy’s cock in his firm grip. Timmy leaned his face up the tiniest bit and breathed, “I love you, Armie,” directly into Armie’s mouth just as the first wave of his orgasm hit him. It wasn’t nearly as intense as his first one earlier that evening, but somehow this one was even more satisfying. Feeling so intimately connected to Armie in that moment, like their very souls were touching...he would trade all the mind-blowing orgasms in the world if he could always feel like this.

Timmy felt another tear escape his eye and roll down the side of his face as Armie whispered in answer, “I love you, too,” their lips connecting once more in a sweet, unhurried kiss.

Eventually, Armie rolled to the side and off of Timmy, pulling out of him slowly and tossing the condom in the trash can by the bed. Both of them were completely spent, but Armie reached down to grab his boxers and used them to clean them both up the best he could before tossing them back over the side of the bed.

Timmy rolled onto his side to face Armie, looking deep into his eyes. “I don’t ever want this to end,” he confessed.

Armie smiled tenderly and replied, “Me, either.” He brushed a few sweaty curls off of Timmy’s forehead, tucking them behind his ear.

Timmy felt the emotion welling back up in him when he whispered, “I can’t lose you now. Not after all this. I won’t survive it.” He tried to blink back his tears, but he could feel them stinging the edges of his eyes as he turned his face down toward the mattress.

Armie stroked his face as he assured him, “You’re not going to lose me, ever. I can’t promise much else right now, but I can promise you that.” He grasped Timmy’s chin lightly and tilted it back up so Timmy would look at him. “We will figure this out, together. For now, let’s just get some sleep, ok?”

Timmy lifted his eyes slowly to meet Armie’s, desperately wanting to believe his words. When he
saw all the love and compassion reflected in Armie’s gaze, he nodded and attempted a small smile. Armie leaned forward and pressed a light kiss to the edge of his nose and pulled him in closer, wrapping his arms around him more fully. Timmy snuggled into the comforting warmth of Armie’s chest and closed his eyes, letting out a deep breath as he settled in to try to sleep.

Armie pulled the blanket up around them and pressed his face deep into Timmy’s soft curls, breathing him in fully. The last thing Timmy heard as he drifted off to sleep was Armie’s whispered, “You are the best thing to ever happen to me, Timmy. I’m never letting you go.” Timmy smiled sleepily and allowed the feeling of contentedness Armie’s words brought him lull him into unconsciousness.

Chapter End Notes

Soooo, what did you guys think of Armie's birthday surprise? I gotta say, I'd kill for a chance to have Armie's strong hands working my body over like that... ;)

It is actually a thing for people to have intense emotional reactions after receiving a massage, especially when one is already stressed, and given all the emotional upheaval Timmy's dealt with in the few days leading up to this, it made perfect sense to me that he'd react that way, especially while Armie made sweet, sweet love to him, lol.

Also, I realize that Timmy kinda goes back and forth several times in these 2 chapters with his feelings of doubt/security in his relationship with Armie, even after Armie reassures him more than once that he's in it for real. He goes from telling Faith/Pauline how it's all going to be fine to letting his doubts get the best of him other times. Speaking as someone who's dealt with anxiety most of my life (and Timmy himself has mentioned he has suffered as well), it's pretty standard to continue having doubts about people's true commitment to you even after being told multiple times that it's real. You WANT to take what people say at face value and trust them, but it sometimes can take a really long time to truly believe it when your anxiety is doing its best to convince you otherwise. So if Timmy seems kinda all over the place with trusting Armie not to leave him, it's because he is. Anxiety is a bitch.

Going forward, I probably won't go into *as much* detail of their remaining days at the cabin. I feel like the chapters up until now were the main setup to the emotional arc of the story, and most of the rest can be told in more of a general way. Obviously they still need to have some conversations about their lives moving forward, and there will still be more fluffy fun and hot sexy times, but I'm not sure there will be any more 6,000 word chapters, lol. But who knows? I can't seem to stop writing this pairing, so I'm just going with it at this point. Thanks for sticking with me! <3
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Timmy discovers a new kink and the boys exchange Christmas gifts.

Chapter Notes

This is a bit of a bonus chapter. I'd originally planned to have this gift exchange happen a little earlier in the story, but as I was writing, I couldn't seem to find a good way to put it in without it interrupting the flow of the main action. But I did want to include it somewhere, since they realistically WOULD have gotten gifts for each other even before getting together, so to paraphrase what Armie says in this chapter, better late than never, lol.

Also, the first half of this chapter was inspired by my love of possessive Armie and constantly horny Timmy. I've been rewatching a bunch of interviews from the promo tour lately (I miss them!), and these two clearly can't take their hands off each other, so I'm simply taking advantage of that in my writing, lol. Hope you enjoy! <3

There was something soft and warm traveling across Timmy’s face as he was coaxed out of his dream and into the waking world. As he slowly came out of his fog, he faintly registered that someone was leaving small, delicate kisses along his forehead and down the side of his face. He instinctively turned into the touch as he breathed out a small sigh.

“Tiiimmy,” he heard a whisper by his left ear. He ignored it and tried to settle back into a state of sleep. “Tiiiiiiiiimmmmmyyyyyy,” the voice came again, a little louder and higher-pitched. He grunted in protestation, wanting to remain comfortably snuggled into his warm blankets for as long as possible. He turned into the pillow and willed the voice to go away and let him sleep.

There was a snort of laughter behind him. “I know you’re not exactly a morning person, but it’s almost noon, dude.” Armie was clearly entertained by Timmy’s grumpiness.

Timmy blinked one eye open and found Armie grinning at him fondly. “Don’t want to get up. ‘m tired,” he answered petulantly.

Armie’s grin widened as he leaned forward and once again began peppering kisses along Timmy’s face. “Come on, I made you breakfast and everything.” As Armie moved back again, he produced
a plate of food in front of Timmy’s face in an effort to tempt him to get up.

Timmy breathed in deeply and couldn’t deny the food looked and smelled delicious. As if to accentuate the point, his stomach rumbled loudly as he was reminded just how hungry he was after last night’s exertions. He looked up at Armie in a pout and sighed, flopping over onto his back dramatically. “Ok fine, if I must,” he tried to sound put out, but he couldn’t hide his grin as he scooched his body up to lean against the headboard.

Armie climbed up the bed beside him, carefully balancing the plate in his hand and settling it on Timmy’s blanket-covered lap once he got comfortable. “Here, you must be starving,” he commented.

Timmy nodded gratefully and speared a piece of egg with his fork with enthusiasm. “Yes, thank you. This looks amazing! But you really didn’t have to do all this. It’s not my birthday anymore, you don’t have to go out of your way to spoil me.” He looked over at Armie and added quickly, “Not that I don’t appreciate it, because I do!” He gave a nervous smile, hoping he didn’t seem ungrateful for all the attention and care Armie continued to shower him with.

Armie just shrugged and put him arm around Timmy’s shoulder, pulling him to lean slightly against him. “I know I don’t have to, I wanted to. I enjoy doing things for others, especially those I love.”

Timmy turned to look at him, a goofy grin slowly spreading across his whole face. “I don’t think I’ll ever get tired of hearing you say that.” If he were a cartoon character, there would be literal hearts in his eyes as he gazed at the man of his dreams sitting next to him on the bed.

Armie broke out in a grin of his own as he asked, “What, that I love you?” Timmy nodded. “Well, that’s good, because I plan to say it every day for as long as you’ll let me.” He leaned in and planted a short, close-mouthed kiss on Timmy’s smiling mouth.

When Armie pulled back, Timmy playfully chastised him, “Mmmmm, try again,” as he leaned back in for another kiss, this time instantly opening his mouth and letting his tongue run along the seam of Armie’s closed lips. Armie smiled against him and he parted his lips quickly to let Timmy’s tongue explore for a bit, finally deepening the kiss as his own tongue got in on the action. After another minute, Timmy finally pulled back with a loud, wet smack. He beamed at Armie with sparkling eyes. “Much better.” He giggled happily and turned back to his food, taking a huge bite.

Armie laughed and ruffled his hand through Timmy’s curls, digging his fingers in and scratching his scalp lightly. Timmy practically purred and leaned into the touch as he chewed a piece of bacon.
When Timmy was done eating, he put the plate over on the nightstand and moved to lean more fully on Armie. “What should we do today?” he asked as he linked one of Armie’s hands with his and moved them to rest on his stomach.

“I don’t know, I hadn’t given it much thought. This is pretty nice,” Armie commented, leaning his face against Timmy’s hair and inhaling deeply.

“Mmm,” Timmy agreed. He was suddenly very aware that he was naked and Armie was not, and he decided he should fix that. He sat up and turned around, unceremoniously shoving Armie’s shirt up his torso as he complained, “You’re wearing too many clothes. Off.” He barely waited until Armie leaned up from the headboard to yank the shirt over his head. He then moved swiftly down Armie’s body to pull at the waist of his sweatpants. “Now these,” Timmy commanded, and Armie lifted his hips enough so that he could tug them down and off as well.

Armie smirked at him as he made his way back up the bed to return to his original position. “You’re so bossy in the mornings,” he teased good-naturedly. When Timmy settled back onto his chest, he leaned down to whisper directly into his ear. “It’s hot.”

A shiver went down Timmy’s spine and a small moan escaped his lips. “Mmmm, good to know.” He was torn between being slightly shocked and incredibly turned on at Armie’s apparent submissive side. He couldn’t help imagining all the ways he’d love to boss Armie around. He briefly wondered just how much Armie would let him get away with. He certainly intended to find out.

Armie ran his hands up and down Timmy’s sides a few times before finally settling on his waist as they lay together quietly for several minutes. But after a while, Timmy’s bladder was full to the point he couldn’t ignore it anymore, and he groaned in frustration and reluctantly slid off Armie as he finally pulled himself out of the bed.

“Gotta piss, be right back.” Armie nodded at him and he turned and practically sprinted down the hall to the bathroom. He relieved himself quickly and as he passed by the mirror on the way out, he caught sight of himself and stopped.

His hair was a mess, unruly curls flopping all over the place. And his eyes had deep, dark circles underneath them. But what really caught his attention was the dark purple mark right above his collarbone. He brushed his fingers over it and shivered. It didn’t hurt, but it was clear that it had been made by teeth. Armie’s teeth. Armie had marked him. He didn’t even remember feeling him doing it, but the undeniable evidence was staring back at him.
The spark of arousal that shot through him at seeing the bruise shocked him. He’d had hickeys before, had made a few of his own on others, as well. But this was the first time he’d really considered the pure possessive aspect of it. Armie had claimed him, made it visibly known that Timmy was his. The thought of it made Timmy instantly hard. He suddenly wanted Armie’s marks all over his body, so there was never any doubt where he belonged.

He made his way back to the bedroom, images of Armie pinning him to the bed and having his way with him flooding his brain with desire. But when he walked through the door, the room was empty. He stood there with a puzzled look for a beat. Just as he was about to turn around and go back out, Armie came breezing through the door holding a small package wrapped in silver wrapping paper.

Timmy just watched curiously as Armie walked past him and sat on the side of the bed, holding the package in his lap. When Armie looked back up and saw Timmy’s obvious erection jutting out from his body, he arched one eyebrow and smirked. “You really are insatiable, aren’t you?” he meant it to be teasing, but Timmy could hear the heat behind his words. It just made him harder.

“Well, I happened to notice this,” he pointed at the mark on his shoulder, “in the mirror, and now I can’t stop thinking about you covering my whole body with these,” he stated matter-of-factly. Armie’s eyes flicked down to where Timmy was pointing, and his mouth opened slightly in surprise as he got a good look at the bruise he’d made on Timmy’s body. Timmy couldn’t wait any longer to have that mouth on him again.

Timmy moved lightning fast across the room and straddled Armie’s lap on the bed, the package in Armie’s hand dropping somewhere to the right of them on the mattress, momentarily forgotten.

Timmy attacked Armie’s mouth with ferocity, all tongue and teeth and fiery heat. “Jesus fuck,” Armie gasped into his mouth as Timmy began writhing up and down on him.

Timmy could feel Armie getting hard beneath him as he continued to undulate his body, small grunts of pleasure coming from Armie’s lips as they kept licking and biting at each other’s mouth. He shifted slightly so their cocks could line up and rub together as he moved. He finally tore his mouth from Armie’s and tilted his head back, using one hand on the back of Armie’s head to push Armie’s face closer to the exposed skin of his neck in a clear invitation.

Timmy felt Armie shudder against him as he looked up into Timmy’s eyes and asked, “This is really what you want? Me to mark you, make you mine?” The possessiveness behind Armie’s gaze set Timmy’s whole body on fire.
“Nnnnggh, fuck yes!” he moaned, grasping desperately at Armie’s hair as he started to lose control. Armie took one more beat to stare hungrily at Timmy, needy and frantic above him, before diving in and attaching his lips to Timmy’s neck and biting down hard. Timmy cried out in a mix of pleasure and pain and thrust his hips into Armie more forcefully. Armie’s hands traveled down from Timmy’s back to his hips, where he splayed his fingers wide and dug hard into the soft flesh. Timmy instantly knew there would be bruises there as well. He growled loudly in encouragement as felt himself quickly approaching the edge.

It only took another few rolls of his hips before he was coming all over Armie’s stomach, gasping and grunting as he rode out his climax. Armie followed a minute later, clutching Timmy’s ass and forcefully pulling his body flush against his as he continued to bite and suck along Timmy’s neck and shoulder.

When Armie finally detached his lips from Timmy, he fell back on the bed in exhaustion, Timmy following and crashing down on top of him, too sated to care about the come smearing and cooling between them.

Armie chest was heaving as he tried to draw in deep breaths. “Dear God, I’m going to have my work cut out for me to keep up with your crazy libido,” he joked breathlessly. “It’s been a long time since I’ve had this much sex in a row. Not that I’m complaining, of course,” he added with a smirk.

Timmy smiled in satisfaction into Armie’s chest and placed an open-mouthed kiss to one of his nipples. “Well, you better get on it then. I’m in my sexual prime, and a boy has needs,” he retorted.

Armie snorted a laugh. “Clearly. First blowjobs in the car, now biting? Who knew you had so many hidden kinks?” he mused.

“Hmm, I bet you have your fair share as well, Mr. Knots-Are-Man’s-Oldest-Tool.” Timmy loved this back and forth they’d always had. It was easy, comfortable.

“Oh, you have no idea,” Armie threw back as he reached to pinch Timmy’s ass.

Timmy cackled and squirmed away from his hand, but he remained splayed out on top of Armie as they both came down from their release. He turned his head to lay on his cheek and noticed something sparkling in the light streaming in from the window. It was the package Armie had brought in with him earlier. “What is that?”
Armie was too tired to look as he grunted out “What?”

Timmy raised his head and brought his hand up to physically turn Armie’s face to where the small silver wrapped box was laying on the bed. “That.”

Armie gave a sly smile, like he had a really amazing secret. “Ah yes, that, is your Christmas present. With everything else that’s happened the last few days, I never got a chance to give it to you. I figured a few days late is better than never.”

Timmy broke out into a huge grin and climbed off Armie to sit up on the bed. “Fuck, I forgot all about Christmas presents. Hold on, I have one for you, too!” He scrambled off the bed and went over to his duffle bag, tearing through it until he triumphantly produced a rectangular gift wrapped in shiny green paper and brought it over to the bed. On his way he grabbed a towel from the floor and used it to wipe himself off, then handed it to Armie, who quickly did the same.

They exchanged gifts and Armie unwrapped his while Timmy watched him, wanting to see his reaction. When Armie removed the paper, he found a box of his favorite cigars and a framed photograph of him, Harper and Ford. Timmy had taken it the previous summer in New York when Armie had been performing on Broadway. They’d spent Armie’s last few days in the city together, and one day they’d taken the kids to a park while Elizabeth was having a shopping day with a few friends. In the picture, Armie is laying in the grass, his wide smile crinkling the corners of his eyes, while Harper and Ford lay on either side of him, their heads pillowed on his belly as they giggled at something Armie had said. Timmy had been so enamored with the sight, he’d just had to capture it. He’d never shown it to Armie before this, and judging by the look on Armie’s face now as he stared at the picture, he felt the same.

Armie turned to look slowly at Timmy, tears shimmering in his eyes. “I know it isn’t much, but…” Timmy started, but Armie cut him off with a hand lovingly cupping his cheek.

“No, it’s…” he stopped to rein in his emotions. “It’s perfect, Tim. Thank you.” Armie sniffled and brought their faces together in a tender kiss. When he broke away, Armie motioned to Timmy’s lap where he was still holding his gift.

“Timmy carefully undid the wrapping paper away to find a black jewelry box underneath. He slowly lifted the lid and discovered a thin silver chain link bracelet inside, a singular round pendant dangling from the middle with a star etched into the front and the initials “TC” on the back. It was obviously expensive. Timmy gasped when he saw it. “Armie, this is beautiful,” he breathed. Armie smiled at Timmy’s reaction and went to remove it from the box to put it on his wrist. “Why the star?” Timmy asked as he held out his hand.
Armie rubbed the inside of Timmy’s wrist with his thumb for a minute before wrapping the bracelet around him. “It’s not just any star, it’s the north star. And it’s because you are by far the brightest star in the sky, and soon everyone is going to realize that. Your light brings hope and love to everyone around you, and the world is just waiting to fall at your feet.” He paused to smile at Timmy with pride. “But also,” he fastened the clasp on the bracelet, “I chose this because no matter how long we go without seeing each other or how far apart we are, you are my true north. My guiding light leading me to where I need to be.”

Timmy looked down in awe at the silver pendant shining brightly in the light against his pale wrist. He ran his fingers over the star like it was the most precious thing he’d ever touched. “But…you bought this before we…before all this happened between us. Why?” He looked back at Armie and was unable to hide the emotion on his face.

Armie shrugged slightly and dipped his head. “It’s always been true. No matter what form our relationship takes, that will never change.”

Timmy brought his hands to either side of Armie’s face and stroked lightly. “I don’t know what I did to deserve you,” he whispered as he brought his lips first to Armie’s forehead, then down to kiss his eyelids, then finally finding his mouth.

They held each other and kissed softly for several long minutes before Armie finally laid them back down on the bed, his solid body covering Timmy’s. But neither one pushed to go any farther in that moment, both perfectly content to just lay together and enjoy the simple joy of kissing the one they loved.

As Timmy looked up at Armie above him, saw all the love and devotion on his face, he finally allowed himself a moment to believe that everything would be ok. He didn’t know what would happen next week, next month, next year. But as Armie kissed him deeply, their fingers linked tightly together, the only thing he could see was the two of them, in love and happy together. Nothing else mattered.
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

Timmy and Armie have a perfect winter day together as they continue to enjoy this new aspect of their relationship.

Chapter Notes

This is basically 100% soft fluffy schmoop, but it was a lot of fun to write, lol. And there's a little bit of smut thrown in for good measure. :) And the tiniest blink-and-you'll-miss-it hint of angst that will be delved into further in another chapter. Basically, these boys are enjoying their honeymoon phase but are aware their current perfect bubble can't last forever, so they're making the best of it before life goes crazy.

Again, thank you for all the wonderful kudos and comments. They truly give me life! And to those who are simply reading along/lurking, I appreciate all of you as well! I did that for a looooong time, so I get it. Just know that I acknowledge that you are there and I hope you are enjoying reading this as much as I am enjoying writing it. <3

This story is quickly winding down, which makes me both incredibly sad (because it's been a blast to write and I never want to stop) and also kinda relieved (knowing I can actually complete something this massive). I'm thinking this will have either 2 or 3 more chapters (for real this time!), depending on how wordy I get in the next chapter, lol. I know the main thing I want to cover, I'm just still trying to decide how much of the rest of their time together I want to go explain in detail or just give a general overview, so it might end up being 2 chapters, not entirely sure yet. After that, there will one more chapter, a flash-forward or epilogue of sorts. So again, THANK YOU for following this story and I hope you enjoy the last few chapters.

Armie finally convinced Timmy to leave the bedroom after recovering from their long, passionate make-out session. Timmy had been fine with staying in bed all day, but Armie said how beautiful it was outside and suggested they go for a walk together. Timmy couldn’t deny that sounded nice, so they got bundled up, Armie wrapping the scarf he’d blindfolded Timmy with the previous night around Timmy’s neck with a wink and an innocent, “To keep that delicate neck of yours warm.” Timmy spluttered and nearly came in his pants, vowing to get Armie back for that later.

They found an old hiking trail leading into the woods behind the cabin and followed it for a while until they came to a large clearing near a small stream. They decided to take a break and enjoy the lovely scene for a bit. Armie wiped the snow off an old tree trunk and sat down carefully, motioning for Timmy to come sit on his lap.
They sat together quietly for a few minutes, enjoying the rippling sound of the stream as it ran steadily over the rocks. Even through all the layers of clothing they both had on, Timmy could still feel the comforting warmth from Armie’s body heat radiating off him. He rested his head on Armie’s shoulder and Armie wrapped his hands around Timmy’s middle, holding him tightly. Timmy breathed in deeply and tried to memorize everything about that moment. The feeling of Armie’s arms surrounding him, making him feel safe and warm and loved. The cold air stinging his face slightly but making him feel refreshed and alive. Armie’s solid, reassuring weight beneath him, supporting Timmy’s own as if it were the most natural thing in the world for him. He wanted to keep this feeling with him always.

Suddenly, they heard a rustling sound above them, and then there was a shower of snow being dumped on their heads, making Timmy jump so high he almost knocked them both off the trunk. Armie caught them just before Timmy hit the ground, and they both looked around frantically to figure out what the hell had happened. After another few seconds, they saw a squirrel leaping from the tree branch above them to another one to their right and scurrying away, causing more snow to pour down from the trees around them.

They both looked at each other in stunned silence for a beat, their heads covered in white fluffy powder, before bursting out laughing. Timmy doubled over, holding his sides as he howled. “Jesus, I think I just peed myself! Because of a fucking squirrel!” His eyes began to water as he wheezed for air.

Armie just laughed harder and had to sit back on the tree trunk so he didn’t fall over. Once he finally calmed down, he got up and walked over to Timmy, brushing the icy flakes from Timmy’s hat and jacket. “Dude, I had no idea just how much of a skittish horse you really are,” he commented, still smiling. When Timmy looked up at him with pitiful eyes and pouty lips, he quickly added, “Don’t worry, I think it’s adorable.” He gave him a peck on the forehead as he finished brushing Timmy then himself off.

Before Armie could move away, Timmy grabbed his jacket and pulled him into a hug and murmured into his chest, “Yeah, you better.” He looked up and smiled shyly, then nuzzled his head into Armie’s neck affectionately, making Armie laugh again.

“God, you’re such a goof! Come on, let’s head back.” He broke away from the embrace and grabbed Timmy’s hand as they began the trek back to the cabin, walking hand in hand the whole way.

When they reached the cabin, Timmy suddenly turned to Armie with an excited look on his face. “Armie! Let’s build a snowman!”

Armie barked out a surprised laugh. “What?! Are you serious?”
Timmy bounced on his toes. “Why not? I’ve never actually made one before.”

Armie eyed Timmy doubtfully. “Really? All the years in New York and France and you’ve never made a snowman? How does that even happen?”

Timmy shrugged. “I dunno. Just one of those things I never got around to doing, I guess.” He gave his best puppy dog eyes and stuck his bottom lip out. “Come on, it’ll be fun!” he insisted.

Armie snorted. “I beg to differ, it will be cold, and wet.”

Timmy, never one to give up easily, moved his face to be right by Armie’s ear and whispered, “Please? I promise I’ll make it worth your while later.” He took Armie’s earlobe between his teeth and tugged lightly before releasing it.

“Damn it, you play dirty,” Armie breathed. “Fine, we’ll build a freaking snowman,” he huffed, but as Timmy’s face broke out in a grin so wide it practically reached his ears, his expression softened into one of pure affection.

Timmy ran off to start getting started and Armie trailed after him leisurely. By the time Armie caught up to him, Timmy was already kneeling down to gather and pack the snow. When Armie just stood there staring down at him, Timmy looked up. “What? Don’t tell me you already changed your mind.” He quirked his lips up in a small smirk.

Armie just shook his head and reached down to pull Timmy back up. Timmy looked at him in confusion but stood up so they were face to face. “Promise me something, Tim,” Armie’s tone was more of a plea than a command.

Timmy answered automatically, “Anything.”

“Promise me you won’t ever lose the pure joy and childlike wonder you exude wherever you go. The world needs it. I need it.” Armie’s words were sweet, but his tone was serious, almost sad. Timmy could tell he was honestly worried about this.

“I promise,” he answered honestly. He reached up to pull Armie’s face to his, rubbing their noses
together softly before meeting Armie’s lips with his in a gentle kiss. He smiled as he pulled back, playfully nipping at Armie’s chin. “Now, come on, this snowman isn’t going to build itself.” He bent back down and returned to his task of packing the snow into a tight ball.

Armie smiled in response and joined him. Together they managed to make a halfway decent looking snowman. Timmy did most of the work, Armie content to mostly watch with amusement until Timmy needed help getting the pieces of the body piled on top each other.

When they got it put together, Timmy stood back to look at the finished product. “Hmmm, it’s missing something.” He considered for a moment before breaking out into a mischievous grin. He looked directly at Armie as he slowly unwound the scarf from around his neck, very deliberately brushing his fingers over the marks Armie had left there earlier. He held Armie’s gaze and winked as he bit his lower lip seductively, watching Armie’s eyes flash with heat before moving to tie the scarf around the snowman. “There, perfect.”

Armie moved to stand close behind him and bent down to speak low into his ear. “You know you’re going to pay for that, right?”

Timmy felt the heat of Armie’s breath on the back of his neck and he shivered. He kept his voice steady as he answered, “Hmm, maybe.” He paused, then added, “If you can catch me,” before he took off in a sprint.

“Oh, you motherfucker!” Armie laughed as he took off after him. Timmy was quick and light on his feet, but Armie had strength and his long stride in his favor, and after a couple minutes, he caught up with Timmy, wrapping his hands around his torso and tackling him to the ground.

Timmy giggled and managed to put up a decent fight, rolling them back and forth in the powdery snow. But Armie’s height and weight advantage eventually won out and he finally got Timmy pinned down beneath him, his solid weight pressing Timmy deeper into the frozen ground. They were both breathing heavy and grinning.

“Here we are again,” Armie mused, referencing their snowball fight a couple days prior at the ski lodge. “You know, last time we were in this position, I had to do everything in my power not to kiss you like I wanted to.”

Timmy looked up at him with shining eyes. He thought about how much had happened in just a couple of days. How different things were between them. Yet for all the changes, some things remained exactly the same as they’d always been. Like this, Armie on top of him, pinning him down like he had so many times before. Timmy relaxed his body and let the feeling of being under
Armie’s solid weight bring him to a calm, peaceful place like it always had. But he realized one very important detail about their current position had changed. “Well, there’s nothing stopping you from kissing me now,” he returned with a quirk of his lips.

Armie seemed to consider Timmy’s words, carefully brushing a wet curl out of Timmy’s eyes. A slow smile crept onto his face. “You’re absolutely right.” He leaned down and captured Timmy’s lips in a scorching kiss.

Timmy immediately parted his lips for Armie’s insistent tongue and met it with his own, licking and sucking as he melted into their kiss. Armie moved a hand to Timmy’s neck and put just a bit of pressure, making Timmy growl and bite his lip. Timmy bucked his hips up experimentally, seeking some kind of friction. Armie answered with a grind of his own, and Timmy wrapped a leg around Armie’s to pull him closer.

They continued like that for several long minutes, kissing hotly and grinding into each other on the frozen ground. Just as things were getting truly hot and heavy, Timmy began shivering uncontrollably, but unfortunately not from arousal. His clothes were drenched from laying in the snow for so long, and the cold was beginning to seep into his body uncomfortably. Armie must have noticed because he slowed their kissing, eventually breaking away completely. Timmy wanted him to keep going, cold be damned, but Armie gazed down at him and reluctantly suggested that they go inside lest Timmy get sick from the cold.

Once inside, they decided to take advantage of the jacuzzi bathtub in the master bathroom to warm up. Armie filled the tub with steaming water and turned on the jets as Timmy peeled his freezing, soaked clothes from his body. When the tub was full, they both climbed in, Armie sitting against the side and Timmy settling in between his open legs. They let the heat of the water bring their body temperatures back up to normal and the pulsing pressure of the jets relax their muscles.

Eventually, Armie reached over to turn off the jets and the water settled around them. He grabbed the body wash and loofah he’d set on the ledge and began washing Timmy’s body. “Mmmm, that feels nice,” Timmy purred as his head fell forward and he basked in the feeling of Armie taking care of him.

Timmy felt the loofah gently raking over his neck and back, before it dipped suspiciously lower. It rubbed over his backside a few times but was quickly replaced by Armie’s bare hands as they squeezed and pulled his cheeks apart slowly. He felt Armie lean forward against his back, his hot breath hitting his now-warm skin just seconds before Armie’s tongue licked a long, wet stripe from the top of his spine up to his hairline. He closed his eyes and tried to remain calm. “Armie,” Timmy warned, his breath hitching a little, “Don’t start something you don’t intend to finish.” He could feel himself starting to get hard as Armie continued moving his large hands over his ass under the water.
Armie’s nose nuzzled into the soft curls at the back of Timmy’s head. “Why exactly do you think I don’t intend to finish?” he asked as he gave one more squeeze to Timmy’s ass cheeks before sliding his hands forward over Timmy’s hips and thighs, eventually smoothing over his legs spread out in front of them. Timmy held his breath as Armie’s hands lingered just above his knee for a minute, before they slowly inched back and inward, his skilled fingers of one hand wrapping around the base of Timmy’s cock while the other began gently playing with his balls.

Timmy exhaled shakily and dropped his head back onto Armie’s shoulder as Armie began to stroke him lazily. He closed his eyes and soaked up the feeling of Armie bringing him pleasure.

After another minute, Armie’s hips hitched forward a tiny bit and Timmy could feel the very distinct line of Armie’s hard cock pressing against his lower back. Armie started stroking him a bit faster and tighter then, causing Timmy to start panting lightly, eyes still squeezed shut. He felt Armie start rocking his hips forward in a more intentional rhythm, obviously seeking more friction on his own dick as he worked Timmy’s with his hands.

Timmy blinked his eyes open and tilted his head a bit more so he could see Armie’s face. Armie’s lips were slightly parted and his brows were furrowed in concentration. A bead of sweat formed at his hairline and slowly rolled down his temple and cheek, stopping at his jawline briefly before finally dripping into the tub. Suddenly, Timmy needed to taste him. He reached a hand up and back to cup the side of Armie’s face, turning it toward his and pulling them together so they met in a clash of lips and teeth and tongue.

They panted heavily into each other’s mouths as they chased their quickly approaching climaxes, and soon Timmy was shaking and spurting his release into the water as Armie swallowed his moans and whimpers deep in his throat.

Armie kept stroking him through it for another minute, all the while continuing to rock into Timmy’s back. Once Timmy caught his breath, he gently pushed Armie’s hand away from his oversensitive cock and turned himself around to face Armie, kneeling carefully in the “V” of his legs. He met Armie’s eyes as he reached down and grasped Armie’s swollen cock in his hand, tugging firmly and quickly. Armie’s eyes slammed shut, mouth falling open as a deep moan rumbled out of him. It only took another few strokes before Armie was coming, too, one hand squeezing the side of the tub, the other digging into Timmy’s thigh.

When Armie opened his eyes again, Timmy leaned up on his knees to bring their lips together once again. This kiss was far less frantic, more soothing than desperate. When they pulled apart, Timmy turned back around and settled with his back to Armie once again, leaning heavily against him as their heartbeats returned to normal. He rubbed his hands along the length of Armie’s long legs on either side of him. “I guess I’m not the only one who can’t get enough, huh?” he joked breathlessly.
He expected Armie to have a witty comeback or a sarcastic remark to his ribbing, so when he simply answered, “Guess not,” voice low and completely sincere, Timmy paused his movements and turned to look back at Armie.

Their eyes met and a silent understanding passed between them then. They both clearly needed each other in the same way. Armie had been so amazing at taking care of Timmy in every way, and Timmy had greedily let him, but he could see now that Armie had needs of his own, and not just physical ones. In that moment, Timmy promised himself that he’d do everything in his power to make sure Armie was cared for in the same loving way he had been.

They climbed out of the tub, physically sated but in desperate need of food. They decided to go easy for dinner and just used some of the leftover chicken to make sandwiches while Armie chopped up some vegetables and made soup.

Once they were fed and happy, they decided to curl up on the couch and watch a movie, Timmy’s head resting in Armie’s lap. Timmy must have fallen asleep at some point, because suddenly he was being roused by Armie’s hand stroking his hair and his deep voice calling to him softly. He blinked his eyes open to see Armie’s smiling face hovering above him. “Come on, let’s go to bed,” Armie suggested. Timmy nodded and stretched his back before rolling off the couch and making his way into the bedroom.

Timmy stripped his clothes off and crawled into the bed, collapsing heavily onto the mattress and burrowing under the blanket. He felt the dip of Armie climbing in behind him and a second later Armie’s arm circling around his middle and pulling him backward into him. He smiled and hummed in contentment as Armie’s warmth surrounded him.

“Goodnight, Timmy,” Armie whispered into his hair.

“Mmm, night,” Timmy answered sleepily. His last thought was that he couldn’t wait until he could do this every night for the rest of his life. And however long it took for that to be his reality, it would be completely worth the wait.
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

The end of the boys' trip is quickly approaching, and Armie's self-worth issues finally surface as the reality of their situation closes in on him.

Chapter Notes

I'm SO SORRY for the long break in updating. I went on vacation, figuring I'd get lots of time to write, then my computer decided to give me the black screen of death 2 days into my trip and I had no way to get at my word doc. Luckily I was able to continue writing on an app on my phone but had to wait until I got home to retrieve the existing file from the computer and merge the two together. But, I am back and now have everything on my backup computer, so I will hopefully be able to update much quicker from here on out.

So uh...I really hope you guys enjoyed the sickly sweet fluff of the last several chapters, because shit starts to get real in this one. I apologize ahead of time. This has been by far the most difficult chapter for me to write, because I hate confrontation in real life and writing it isn't much fun, either. I had to get into a weird headspace and dig into some of my own personal shit for this one. I rewrote it like 6 times because it never felt right, and even now I'm not sure if it makes any sense or is good at all, but I don't think it's going to get any better at this point, so I'm just posting it and letting it go. I hope it doesn't seem too out of the blue. I tried to drop little hints last chapter that maybe something like this would be coming, as Armie really understands how much he needs Timmy but is also scared of what that might mean for both of them, but it was incredibly hard to do from Timmy's POV. So I dunno. I tried. It might completely suck, just a fair warning.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next two days flew by in a blur of cuddling, sex, domestic bliss, silly bantering, and more sex. They both silently agreed to not think or talk about the quickly approaching end of their holiday together. Instead, they decided to focus on the present moment, and each other.

They spent most of their time in or around the cabin, and the one time they had to venture out in public - to the local pharmacy to buy more condoms - Armie had to keep playfully swatting Timmy’s hands away from him because Timmy wouldn’t stop touching him. Timmy knew it was risky to act that way in public, even if there were only two other people around at the time and neither one of them were paying the slightest bit of attention to them, but he simply couldn’t help it. They’d always been very physically affectionate with each other, much more than most males who were supposedly only platonic friends, but now it was on a whole different level. It’s like he was magnetically drawn to Armie somehow, and not touching him would go against his very nature. He couldn’t even imagine what it would be like to not be able to touch Armie like this when they were in New York
or L.A. and being watched constantly. He shook the thought from his head and grinned when he saw Armie grab the largest box of condoms from the shelf. He idly wondered just how many of them they’d be able to use in their remaining time together.

The result ended up impressing even him. True to his word, Timmy kept Armie very busy as they continued to find new ways and positions to bring each other physical pleasure. Timmy discovered the spot on Armie’s inner thigh that made Armie moan obscenities when Timmy licked over it, and Armie found out how much Timmy loved it when Armie played with his hair as he came down from his orgasm. They alternated between sweet lovemaking and fucking their brains out in turn, with both ways satisfying them equally.

After a bit of discussion, they decided to officially move Timmy’s things into the master bedroom for the last few nights. Timmy had worried Armie would feel uncomfortable about it, seeing as how he’d originally planned to use it with his family, but when they considered the extra space and convenience of having the bathroom attached (for easier cleanup), it made the most sense and they agreed.

As soon as Timmy had finished dragging his bag into the bigger room, Armie had pinned him against the back of the door and proceeded to hoist Timmy’s legs up and around his waist as he fucked him fast and deep, Timmy clutching at Armie’s back and leaving crescent shaped marks in the skin there.

When they weren’t engaging in a round of marathon sex, they found other, quieter ways to enjoy each other’s company. Timmy had started a particularly interesting book just before leaving for their trip and had brought it with him, and thinking Armie would also enjoy it, he suggested they take turns reading it out loud to each other. Armie had found the idea intriguing, so they spent an afternoon cuddled up on the couch, passing the book back and forth and getting lost in the story.

When they’d finished, Armie had another idea. He’d been pretty excited about one of the scripts he’d read a few days before, and he asked Timmy if he wanted to run lines with him to get him more familiar with the material. Timmy was thrilled to get another chance to see Armie in “actor mode”, as he called it. It brought him back to Crema, to their movie, to the start of all of this. They went through the script, Armie making notes about the role he wanted to audition for, Timmy watching him in awe at how naturally he embodied the character. He knew Armie sometimes doubted his ability as an actor, but Timmy could clearly see the subtle complexities he brought to every role he took on which set him apart from most other actors. He hoped someday the rest of the world would be able to see it, too.

Timmy had insisted on making them dinner one night, which resulted in a badly burned lasagna and a pouting Timmy. Armie tried to make him feel better by eating it anyway and pretending to enjoy it, then when he finished, he sucked Timmy off right there at the dining table for good measure. Timmy forgot all about the lasagna after that.
When Armie slipped coming in the door with armful of firewood and banged his shoulder hard into the frame, Timmy quickly found a bag of ice to put on it, and in an effort to distract Armie from the pain, decided to put on some music and dance for him. It quickly turned into more of a slow striptease as he started removing pieces of clothing one by one as Armie watched, transfixed by Timmy’s gently swaying body. Once he finally got down to just his underwear, he paused, winking at Armie and making like he wasn’t going to go any further. Armie’s good arm shot out and yanked Timmy by the waistband of his boxer-briefs, causing Timmy to tumble into his lap. Armie kissed him hungrily until they were both gasping for air, the ice on his shoulder melting quickly on his heated skin.

And when Armie drove into him hard and fast later, Timmy on his knees and his ass in the air, their grunts and moans mixing with the sound of their flesh slapping together and echoing throughout the room, all Timmy could think about was how beautiful the music their bodies made as they moved together in unison sounded. This was his new favorite song, and he wanted to play it on repeat forever.

As dawn broke on New Year’s Eve, the sliver of orange light streaming through the open curtains woke Timmy and he stretched slowly in Armie’s arms. Armie didn’t stir at Timmy’s movements, and as Timmy’s eyes focused more fully, he took the opportunity to really look at Armie laying asleep beside him. In the morning light, he seemed so young, so serene. His chiseled jaw seemed softer somehow. The lines by his eyes were smoothed out and his long lashes dusted the delicate skin about his cheeks.

Timmy wanted to memorize everything about his face, knowing today was the last day in probably quite a while they’d be able to be like this. He’d put off thinking about it as long as he could, but the undeniable fact was that tomorrow Armie was flying back to be with his family, and Timmy would have to wait until Armie was able to sort things out with Elizabeth before they could resume their relationship in any real way. He wanted to spend every waking moment of their last day together connected in every way, so while they were apart, he had something to hold onto.

As Timmy continued to examine Armie’s face, he suddenly saw his brow crease slightly and his breath pick up speed a bit. He could see his eyes moving rapidly underneath his still closed lids. He must have been dreaming. Timmy lifted a hand to gently smooth over his features, running it over his forehead and down the side of his face, and he heard Armie’s quiet sigh as his features settled back into a peaceful expression and he drifted back into a deeper sleep.

Timmy didn’t know how long he stayed awake just gazing at Armie as he slept, but sometime later Armie’s eyes finally blinked open slowly and connected with Timmy’s. “Hi,” Armie croaked out, voice rough with sleep.
“Hi,” Timmy smiled.

Armie looked past him to the clock on the nightstand. It was just after 8. “How long have you been awake?”

Timmy shrugged. “I dunno, a while.”

“Yes, what have you been thinking about?” Armie’s eyes slid closed again as he shifted a bit closer to Timmy and settled his hand over Timmy’s own on his chest.

“How much I want to feel you moving inside me,” Timmy said plainly, as if he was answering the question ‘What do you want for dinner?’.

Armie’s eyes snapped open again and they stared at each other silently for a minute before Timmy simply turned over and pushed his ass back into Armie’s crotch, clearly signaling what he wanted.

He felt Armie place a soft, closed-mouth kiss to his shoulder before he moved away briefly. He heard the rustling of the condom box and the snick of the lube being opened. Armie didn’t say anything, just simply reached his now slick hand down and used one finger to rub over Timmy’s opening.

Timmy let out a sigh as Armie’s first finger breached him, already growing hard as he thought about how good it felt to have any part of Armie’s body inside him. Armie wasted no time in adding more fingers, scissoring them as he placed more gentle kisses to Timmy’s back and shoulders.

When he heard the condom package being opened, Timmy took a deep breath and waited. The first push of Armie’s cock forced the breath he’d been holding out and he reached back to pull Armie’s hips flush against him as Armie bottomed out. Armie stayed still for a few seconds, just breathing into the back of Timmy’s hair, before finally moving his hips back and then in again. Timmy closed his eyes and released his hold on Armie’s hip, allowing Armie to set his own pace. After a few thrusts, Armie’s arm came around Timmy’s chest and his fingers linked with Timmy’s as he held their bodies tightly together.

Timmy was so wrapped up in his own pleasure that he almost missed the subtle way Armie’s breath hitched and his hips faltered slightly. The way Armie was clutching onto him for dear life, like he was afraid Timmy would float away any second. Or the barely audible sounds he was making that Timmy thought sounded a lot like small sobs.
Dread suddenly filled his whole being as Armie continued to roll his hips deep into him, a bit faster and more frantic now. He could tell something was definitely off, but he had no idea what it was or what caused it. He couldn’t bring himself to turn around and look at Armie’s face, too afraid of what he might find there. But as Armie wrapped his hand around Timmy’s length and began to stroke him to completion, his movements erratic and uncoordinated as he pushed into Timmy desperately, it felt a lot like goodbye.

He felt tears welling up in his eyes as his orgasm hit him suddenly, shooting his release over Armie’s hand and onto the mattress in long spurts. Another few seconds of frantic thrusting and Armie tensed behind him, hugging Timmy to him so tightly Timmy could barely breathe.

As Armie finally eased his vise-like grip, Timmy took several deep breaths and tried to blink away the tears, unable to say anything while his mind tried to understand what was going on. For all the times they’d had sex in the last few days, it had never felt like that before. He went through a myriad of emotions in about 30 seconds, unable to settle on one before the next took over. He stayed facing away from Armie until Armie had pulled out and disposed of the condom, bringing a towel out of the bathroom and reaching around to clean up the mess on the bed.

When Timmy deemed himself calm enough, he finally turned around to look at Armie, but he was surprised to find no signs of distress on Armie’s face at all. No sad smile or furrowed brow or teary eyes, no indication whatsoever that anything was out of the ordinary. Instead, his expression was completely neutral. Timmy stared hard at him, looking for some kind of sign as to what Armie was thinking, but Armie just blinked at him and said nothing.

After several long seconds, Armie finally suggested they take a shower, and unable to come up with a good reason to disagree, Timmy nodded and they got up and went into the bathroom.

Once they got showered and dressed, Armie’s behavior went back to normal, as far as Timmy could tell. They ate breakfast and joked with each other, Armie teasing Timmy about how he held his fork like a two-year-old as he shoveled cereal into his mouth. Timmy felt the tension he’d been experiencing all morning beginning to subside, and he convinced himself he’d been worried for nothing.

Armie had some last-minute arrangements to make for his trip to Denver, so Timmy decided to read through a bunch of emails he’d been ignoring. They sat stretched out on opposite ends of the couch with their legs twisted together in the middle, Timmy running his feet along Armie’s calves and Armie reaching down every so often to rub Timmy’s ankle.

When Armie got up a while later to chop up some vegetables to make them salads for lunch, Timmy
felt the urge to follow him, needing to be close to him at all times. He knew he was being extra clingy, but he couldn’t stop himself.

He sidled up behind Armie and snaked his hands around his waist to rest flat on his stomach, his forehead resting in between Armie’s shoulder blades. Armie stiffened a bit in his hold and he warned him, “You know, it’s probably not the best idea to do that while I’m holding a sharp knife.”

Timmy sighed and lifted his head so he could see Armie’s hands, then he slowly reached out and covered the hand Armie was holding the knife in with his own, gently prying the offending object out of Armie’s grasp and setting it down on the counter, safely out of the way. “There, now there’s no danger in me doing this,” he murmured as he began mouthing at the back of Armie’s neck right below his hairline. He moved his other hand back to Armie’s stomach and ran both of them up and down the length of Armie’s front, deftly sliding under his shirt to feel the firm muscles underneath.

“What are you doing?” Armie asked, a hint of exasperation in his voice. He was still tense in Timmy’s hold, but he didn’t move away or tell Timmy to stop.

“Well, it occurred to me that we haven’t had sex in like…” Timmy counted the time in his head quickly, “four hours, and that’s far too long in my opinion. So we should fix that.” He pinched one of Armie’s nipples and nipped at his shoulder.

Armie didn’t respond, and as Timmy moved to turn him around to face him, he wouldn’t meet Timmy’s eyes. Timmy moved in to kiss him, but Armie’s lips were lifeless against his. Timmy instantly moved back and peered up at Armie in a mix of confusion and hurt. “Ok, what is going on with you?”

Armie just shrugged, eyes still trained on the floor. “Can’t a guy just not be in the mood? We can’t all be the Energizer Sex Bunny like you.” He tried to crack a small smile to lighten the mood. Timmy almost would have believed his excuse, except for the slight cracking in his voice as he spoke, and the fact that he still wouldn’t meet his eyes.

He considered Armie for another beat before he kept digging. “No, there’s something else going on. You’ve been acting weird all day. What’s the matter?” His fears were returning with a vengeance and he was beginning to feel the familiar hints of panic rise up in his throat.

Timmy could actually see the walls go up behind Armie’s eyes when he finally met Timmy’s gaze and replied coolly, “Nothing, everything’s fine. Let’s just eat lunch and enjoy the day, ok?” He moved to turn back around and continue chopping but Timmy crowded into his space and pushed him against the counter, preventing the movement. Timmy braced his arms on either side of Armie’s...
body, effectively trapping him.

“I don’t think so, you’re clearly upset about something and I don’t know why you won’t just talk to me about it. I thought we’d moved past this.” He couldn’t help but sound a little hurt that after everything they’d been through, Armie couldn’t trust him to help whatever the problem was.

Armie clenched his jaw and said nothing for several seconds, but when it was clear Timmy wasn’t going to move out of his way until he spoke, he finally gave in. His whole body slumped into the counter behind him and he blew out a long breath. When he spoke, his voice was barely above a whisper. “I just…I’m not sure if this is a good idea.”

Timmy felt ice run through his veins. He steeled himself and asked, “If what is a good idea?”

Armie hesitantly met Timmy’s eyes. “This, us.”

Timmy suddenly couldn’t move, couldn’t think, couldn’t breathe. Time stopped and everything seemed to go fuzzy. Somewhere in his brain he registered the hint of wetness at the edges of Armie’s eyes, but he was too focused on his own tears springing up behind his lids to give them much thought. “Why?” he choked out, voice wavering. “Are you having second thoughts about leaving Elizabeth? Do you want to try to fix things with her?” He blinked and a lone tear slipped over his lower lid and traced a wet line down his face.

Armie shook his head. “No, it’s not that. I know I can’t go back to that life now, not after everything that’s happened. That is one decision I’m sure of. I know it isn’t right with her, and it hasn’t been for a long time.”

Timmy felt confusion and frustration rise up in him. “Well then what’s the problem? Do you…do you not love me?” His voice betrayed his fear and hurt, and his chin began to quiver. It was moments like these he really wished he could reign in his emotions better.

Armie’s eyes widened immediately and he reached both his hands up to frame Timmy’s face, holding him firmly and looking deep into his eyes. “Of course I love you! God, Timmy, I love you so much, I want you so much, sometimes I can’t even breathe. Please never, ever doubt that! There’s nothing I wouldn’t do for you. That’s why,” he paused to gather himself, “That’s why we shouldn’t be together.”

Timmy shook his head, Armie’s words not making any sense to him. “I don’t…I don’t understand,”
he admitted, trying not to have a full-on breakdown in the middle of the kitchen. “What are you talking about?”

Armie sighed, let his hands fall from Timmy’s face as he ran them through his hair. “This isn’t fair to you. To make you wait for God knows how long until I can settle things with my marriage. To put your life on hold. To...to ask you to risk your career over this. You’re just getting started, Timmy. Look at how much has changed for you in just the past year! The world is falling at your feet and this,” he motioned between them, “this could ruin everything for you.”

Timmy stared at him in utter disbelief. “What about you? You’d be risking your career as well! Or is that what this is actually about? You decided it’s not worth it to give up the cushy lifestyle with the big house and the fancy toys? That you’d rather throw this amazing thing we have away than to risk people knowing that their perfect, hetero matinee idol leading man actually likes fucking boys occasionally.” He knew it was a low blow, and not even remotely true, but he was reeling from Armie’s words and he was striking out in any way he knew how.

Armie clenched his fist at his side and narrowed his eyes. “That’s not fair. You know that’s not it. I’ve come to terms with the fact that I’m not going to be headlining any huge blockbusters. It’s not even what I want anymore. I finally found my footing doing challenging things and working with great directors and fuck them if they have a problem with where I stick my dick. I’m sure I’ll be fine in the indie world. This isn’t about me.”

Timmy was starting to shake from gripping the counter so hard, so he dropped his arms and took a couple steps back. He lowered his head and whispered, “Why are you doing this?” The tears were coming full force now, and he sniffled lightly as he waited for Armie to reply.

Armie paused for a minute before he tentatively took a step toward Timmy, starting to reach out to touch him but stopping himself at the last second. “I’m so sorry. But you’re still so young and your career is just taking off and I don’t want you to wake up in ten years and resent me, resent us, for fucking everything up. You’re the actor of your generation and I would never forgive myself if I got in the way of the world seeing that.”

In an instant, Timmy went from devastated to seething. His head snapped up and he glared at Armie so hard he thought he might pop a blood vessel. “What the fuck, Armie?! My age has never been an issue before now! Don’t you dare treat me like I’m just some kid who doesn’t know what he wants. I know exactly what I want, and what I’m willing to risk to have it.” He was shouting and his chest was heaving with the energy it took to breathe. His hands were clenched into tight fists and for one brief second, he almost considered punching Armie. But he was never particularly fond of violence as a way to solve arguments, and he didn’t think it would do much good at this point, anyway.
Armie instantly stepped back, obviously shocked by Timmy’s sudden angry outburst. He set his jaw and replied calmly, “Tim, you’re 23. Do you know what I was doing when I was 23?” He looked pleadingly at Timmy, trying to get him to understand. “I was fucking *getting married* because I thought Elizabeth was the one for me. And look how well that turned out,” he scoffed.

Timmy snorted humorlessly and shot back, “So this *is* about you! Unbelievable!” He shook his head and stepped back into Armie’s face. “Armie, just because you chose a path for yourself at 23 that didn’t turn out the way you wanted doesn’t mean that it was necessarily wrong at the time. And even if you truly believe it was, that still has nothing to do with us. I’m not you. We’re different people with different experiences informing our decisions. You can’t possibly know what effect my choices will or won’t have on my life ten or twenty years down the line, or how I will feel about it. But what I feel *right now* is that I want this, because I love you and you love me and it’s fucking worth it to try. Please, don’t talk yourself out of being happy.” He knew he was close to begging at that point, but he was desperate.

But Armie wasn’t convinced. He closed his eyes and breathed deeply, looking down at his feet. “I can’t be happy knowing that being with me will end up hurting you.”

Pure rage flooded Timmy’s system again as he shouted, “What happened to ‘you’re my soulmate’ and ‘I’m never letting you go’?! You promised we’d get through this together! Was it all just a big act? A lie you told so you could get laid while your wife fucked off to Denver? You truly must be an *amazing* actor because you had me totally fooled,” he spat. He knew his words stung Armie deeply, his face contorting painfully like he’d been slapped. But Timmy was too livid to apologize. “Why would you even start this if this is how you felt?! Why would you make me believe we could be happy and then rip it away?! You say you don’t want to hurt me? Well, you’re fucking *killing me* right now!” His voice cracked as his despair took hold and he furiously gasped for air.

Armie’s whole body folded in on itself as he reacted to Timmy’s pain, tears threatening to spill down his face any second. “I…I really wanted to believe that I could make you happy. Because you make me so happy. I finally accepted how much I needed you and made a choice to pursue this, and I wanted to believe that was it, that everything else would just magically work itself out because we were meant to be.”

“But I *was* happy, *we* were happy! What could have possibly happened since fucking *yesterday* to make you think otherwise?” Timmy still didn’t understand where all this was coming from, unable to fathom why Armie was suddenly so adamant things wouldn’t work out when he’d been so reassuring before.

Armie blew out a long breath. He looked totally defeated. “Nothing happened, at least not yet. And yeah, we’ve been happy. So happy that sometimes I can’t believe it’s real. But that’s the point, this *isn’t* real. We’ve been in this perfect bubble, just the two of us, and I’ve loved every minute of it. I never thought I could have something so perfect and right with someone. But the truth of being
together outside of this cabin is so much more complicated than we wanted to admit before. I know myself, I know what will happen when we get back to our lives and shit gets hard. I’ll fuck it up, because I fuck up every good thing in my life. The one exception being my kids, but they’re still young, so I guess the jury’s still out on that one.” He gave a mirthless half-smile before continuing. “And you’ll put up with my shit because you’re too forgiving to give up on anyone, even if they deserve it. Tim, you’re like this amazing beacon of light in the darkness, but I’m afraid that being with me will eventually extinguish your brilliant flame. I love you too much to let that happen.”

“I know myself?! For fuck’s sake, Armie, you’re not actually Oliver! This isn’t a goddamn movie! This is real, and you telling yourself it’s not is just bullshit. And so is this crazy self-sacrificing crap. Acting like I’m so much better than you, that I deserve more. Christ, Armie! How are you this blind to your own worth?!” He was shaking so hard now that he thought his legs might actually give out from under him.

“Timmy, please…” Armie made to grab his arm to support him, but Timmy wrenched away from his grasp and tumbled backwards a few steps, finally finding his footing and steadying himself.

“No, don’t you fucking touch me!” he cried out. Armie stopped dead in his tracks, tears finally spilling down his cheeks.

Timmy took a deep breath and pitched his voice lower, his tone biting. “You don’t get to shatter me and then try to act like you’re doing me this huge favor. You’re using me as an excuse because you’re too scared to let yourself be happy. Someone convinced you a long time ago that you didn’t deserve it, and now you’re ruining the best thing either of us could have had because you can’t accept that someone might actually love you the way you should be loved.” He saw the pure devastation on Armie’s face at his words and knew he'd hit the nail on the head. But knowing the reason why didn’t ease his pain in the slightest.

Timmy turned to leave the room, wanting to hide away and pretend the last ten minutes never happened. Armie’s soft cry echoed behind him. “I’m so sorry. I never meant for any of this to happen. I never wanted to hurt you.”

Timmy stopped, clamped his eyes shut in an effort to stop the constant flow of tears. After a couple of breaths, he finally managed to choke out, “Too late,” without turning around. He finally willed himself to move forward again, not stopping until he reached the bedroom and closed the door behind him with finality. He fell onto his side on the bed and hugged his knees to his chest tightly as he finally let his sobs take over his whole body.

Chapter End Notes
I'M SORRY!! I know it was mean to leave it there, but it was getting way too long, so this seemed the most logical place to break it.

The next chapter will also be pretty rough, but I promise it WILL be resolved. And it's almost entirely written already, so it should be up in another day or so. I originally had their big conversation going MUCH differently, more in the vein of their calm talk about Elizabeth, but in the end I decided the stakes were a bit higher here and the writing should reflect that. So instead you get angst and drama and tears, lol.

I really hope Armie's characterization here made sense. I almost wrote this chapter from his POV because it was so hard to not have it feel like a complete 180 from how he's been acting in previous chapters, but ultimately I decided it worked better to put the reader squarely in Timmy's shoes of also being totally confused as to where this was coming from. Armie's self-doubt issues have been there all along, he just managed to hide them really well until he couldn't ignore the reality of their situation anymore. Or at least HIS version of reality, where he thinks he's never good enough and everyone else is amazing compared to him. Timmy's version is quite different, and as you will see in the next chapter, he has to take some pretty extreme measures for Armie to understand that.

THANK YOU for continuing to read and give this fic so much love. It means the world to me. <3
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Armie continues to be stubborn, but Timmy makes a drastic decision to force him to let go of his insecurities about their relationship.

Chapter Notes

There's definitely still a healthy dose of angst in this one, just a warning. Also, Timmy makes a major power play here that *might* warrant a slight warning for angry/dominant sex. Somehow I managed to venture into a wee bit of D/s territory without really meaning to (which I've never written before, nor ever thought I *would*), but the situation warranted it, so I went with it and did my best to convey the complexities of what Armie needs here and how Timmy chooses to go about giving it to him. But I want to stress that while the start of this is rather aggressive, the sex in this chapter is 100% consensual. It's just very emotionally charged, not all of which is positive.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Timmy cried until his body was so exhausted that all he could do was lay on the bed and stare blankly out the window. He didn’t know how long he stayed like that, but sometime later he heard the bedroom door creak open and Armie’s footsteps making their way to the bed. There was a pause of several seconds before Armie finally climbed onto the bed behind him, careful not to touch him. Timmy didn’t turn around or speak, totally unable to do anything but lay there in a near catatonic state.

Armie stayed silent for several minutes, the only sound in the room was their shallow breathing. When he finally broke the silence, his voice was rough. “Timmy, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to ruin our last day together. Please, just…talk to me. Please.”

Timmy just continued staring out the window. He didn’t know what else to say that would get through to Armie, so he said nothing.

Armie gave a heavy sigh at Timmy’s continued silence. “I really wish you could understand. You are so precious to me. It’s like, the longer we’re together like this, the harder I fall for you. Seeing you so happy, so vibrant and full of life, and knowing I’m even a tiny part of the reason why, it’s exhilarating. I want nothing more than to make you smile every day for the rest of our lives. But I think if we do this, if we decide to be together and it backfires, if it keeps you from reaching your full potential, you’re going to wake up one day and realize you wasted your life with a mediocre actor...
with poor impulse control, and it wasn’t worth what you gave up. And I can’t bear the thought of being just a mistake to you.” Armie tentatively placed a hand on Timmy’s shoulder.

“So what, you’re just pre-emptively breaking my heart to save time then, is that it?” Timmy asked flatly. He was so tired, so weary of Armie’s constant need to control things, to always do the “right” thing, when it usually meant he ended up suffering because of it.

Armie sighed softly again behind him. “I hate this, too, believe me. I want to be with you so much. It kills me to think that I won’t get to kiss you and touch you everyday because you are the only one I want by my side through all this shit. But when you’re on stage accepting that Oscar, which you will win, you’ll understand why this was for the best.”

Timmy’s complete exhaustion was immediately replaced by the sudden adrenaline rush that coursed through his body as his anger was instantly reawakened. He wasn’t about to let Armie’s misplaced need to protect him at the expense of his own wants and needs be the thing that kept them from their happy ending. He whipped his head around to face Armie, who was laying on his side, one arm propped up on his elbow, head resting on his open palm. “Fuck you! I’m a grown ass man, and you don’t get to make that call,” he growled. He moved so fast, Armie was caught completely off guard when Timmy was suddenly on top of him, straddling his waist, knocking Armie’s arm out from under him so he was flat on his back.

Armie looked up at him in alarm and choked out, “What are you doing?!”

“Making my own goddamn decision, asshole,” he shot back. He roughly reached behind him and found the waistband of Armie’s pants and shoved his hand inside without warning. He gave a couple hard tugs on Armie’s cock.

Armie seemed to catch on to what Timmy was up to as he tried to argue, “Timmy, I really don’t think sex right now is going to solve any---” But he was cut off by Timmy’s other hand coming down hard and covering his mouth with force, effectively silencing him.

“No, you had your turn. It’s my turn now. And I’m taking what I want. And giving you what you need.” He held his hand over Armie’s mouth for another few seconds, watching Armie’s eyes widen in shock at Timmy’s sudden aggressiveness. He finally pulled back his hand and returned to stroking Armie.

Armie was stunned into silence for several seconds, just letting Timmy work his magic, and soon he was fully hard. His breathing started picking up speed as Timmy continued to fist him in a tight grip. He looked up at Timmy and stuttered, “Oh-oh yeah? And what-what is that?”
Timmy stilled his hand for a moment to stare directly into Armie’s eyes, making sure Armie heard him loud and clear. “I’m letting you off the hook, giving you permission to not be the one always in control, always taking care of everyone else. It’s my turn to take care of you. And you’re going to fucking let me.” He resumed jerking Armie behind him, watching his eyes for his reaction.

Armie’s face was a mixture of pain and longing, and it broke Timmy’s heart to see how hard it was for him to let someone else take the reins. He was still angry at Armie’s attempt to end things, but he also now understood where it was coming from and knew he needed to get Armie to surrender to him in order to fix this.

“I am?” Armie breathed, a desperate plea tumbling from his lips.

Timmy squeezed his thighs tighter around Armie’s hips and ground out a definitive, “Yes!” He shifted his weight to the side a bit so he didn’t have to reach as far behind himself to jerk Armie. “You clearly need this, you’ve just assumed the role of ‘protector’ for so long, you don’t even remember how to ask for someone to do the same for you. So fuck it, I’m taking control because your warped sense of self is making you doubt how much I truly need this, too. So here, I will fucking show you!” He was shouting again, but more out of exasperation than anger now.

Armie’s eyes went wide again as Timmy finished his tirade. Timmy could see the war going on in his head, and he hoped to hell Armie would just let go and let him do this, for both of their sakes.

A few seconds later, Armie’s hands slowly started to creep up toward Timmy’s hips. Timmy wasn’t sure if it was to stop him or to pull him closer, but Timmy wasn’t taking any chances. He immediately let go of Armie’s cock and used both hands to grab Armie’s wrists, leaning down and using his full weight to pin them back to the bed. “No touching,” he growled. “We’re doing this my way.” He knew this was risky, that it could make things worse and Armie could retreat even farther into his black hole of self-doubt and he might never get him back. But it was the only thing he could think of to get through to him, so he had to try.

Timmy felt Armie’s muscles tense beneath him as he struggled against Timmy’s hold, and he saw a sharp flash of defiance in his eyes. But Timmy held his ground. He would never actually force himself on Armie, but he was fairly certain that Armie’s current resistance had nothing to do with sex. Logically, he knew that if Armie really wanted to stop him, his clear height and weight advantage would make it incredibly easy. The fact that Armie hadn’t flipped him over and stormed out yet was a good sign. It meant Timmy was truly onto something, and that he needed to see it through.

They glared at each other in frustration, both breathing heavily, muscles straining against each other.
Timmy saw the instant the fight went out of Armie’s eyes, immediately followed by his body relaxing beneath Timmy’s tight hold. Timmy briefly closed his eyes in relief, and when he opened them again and met Armie’s gaze, he sucked in a sharp breath. What he found staring back at him was pure trust, Armie finally accepting that someone else could and wanted to take care of him in the way he so desperately needed. The thought that Armie had never been able to trust that feeling before made him want to cry, and also maybe punch all the people in his life who ever made him doubt it.

Once he was sure Armie wasn’t going to try to get out from under him, he slowly released his death grip on Armie’s wrists and leaned back to settle on his waist again. Thankfully, Armie stayed completely still, his eyes trained on Timmy for further instruction. Timmy held his gaze with a stern look as he carefully slid off Armie’s lap in order to strip them both with lightning speed, not wanting to give Armie any time to freak out and run away.

Timmy climbed back on top of Armie as soon as their clothes hit the floor. Their eyes locked once more, and he saw Armie swallow thickly before giving the tiniest of nods. He once more reached his hands down to take hold of Armie’s wrists, this time encircling them in a much gentler grip. He guided them up above Armie’s head and wordlessly instructed him to slip his hands in between the slats of the headboard. Armie complied without hesitation.

Timmy leaned over and yanked the lube and a condom from the nightstand and settled back into position. Armie’s cock had softened a bit amidst their power struggle, so he poured some lube over his hand and stroked it a few times to perk it back up. Armie stayed completely silent except for the sound of his shaky breaths.

Once Armie was fully hard again, Timmy rose up on his knees a bit and began fingering himself open quickly. He knew he didn’t have time to really ease himself into it, but a part of him wanted it to hurt, needed it to hurt, so tomorrow when Armie left, he could still feel the effects of it. He didn’t care if the drive back to the city would be torture, it would be well worth it to remember how amazing it felt to do this for Armie.

He watched Armie’s face as he stretched himself with his fingers. Armie’s mouth had opened slightly and his eyes were wide as they watched Timmy’s fingers sliding in and out of his body roughly.

When Timmy felt like he was open enough, he ripped open the condom and rolled it onto Armie just seconds before slamming himself down and filling himself with Armie’s huge length without warning. He let out a strangled cry as his ass burned with the stretch, but he only gave himself a handful of seconds to adjust before lifting himself up and slamming down again, fucking himself on Armie’s cock with force.
He met Armie’s wide, panicked eyes with his own tear-filled ones. When he finally spoke, his voice was a broken mess. “You don’t get to just decide that I’m better off without you, got it?!” he croaked out. “Because it couldn’t be further from the truth. And you don’t get to believe that you’re anything less than perfect. Because you are! You’re perfect to me, perfect for me. And everyone who has ever made you feel otherwise is an idiot and I want to strangle them!” He kept riding Armie hard as he spoke, lifting himself up and down on Armie’s cock like he was born to do it.

Armie’s eyes began welling with tears and he slammed them shut to keep the moisture from falling down his face. His head turned to the side and he scrunched his face up, obviously trying to keep his emotions in check. Timmy leaned over him and gripped his chin hard, forcing his face back up. “No, look at me,” he demanded with a growl. Armie’s eyes snapped open and refocused on Timmy’s as he moved quickly above him. “You’re going to watch me fuck myself on you. See how much I want you, how much I need you, see how my body was made for yours and yours alone, as well as my heart. And you’re going to accept that that will never change, ever. I refuse to give up on us, and I’m not about to let you, either. Understand?!”

The tears in Armie’s eyes started trickling down his face as he nodded hesitantly, his trembling chin still in Timmy’s tight grip. “Good,” Timmy insisted, satisfied that he had Armie’s full attention now. He let go of Armie’s chin and shifted backwards to really let himself go, picking up his pace as he impaled himself on Armie relentlessly. He let himself be vocal in his pleasure, wanting Armie to hear how much he was enjoying himself. His moans and grunts filled the room and mixed with the wet slap of his ass meeting Armie’s hips in a frantic rhythm. Armie was noticeably silent, instead just watching Timmy writhe over him with a look of awe on his face.

Timmy could feel himself getting close and his breathing started hitching as he shifted a bit and Armie’s dick started hitting his prostate on every downward thrust. He threw his head back and cried out a piercing, “FUCK!” as white-hot sparks shot through his body.

Timmy was so caught up in what he was doing, he almost missed the subtle movement of one of Armie’s hands releasing the headboard and moving toward Timmy’s own throbbing cock, which had been totally neglected up until that point. He caught Armie’s hand just before it wrapped around him and once again pinned it back to the bed. “I said,” he ground out, “No. Touching. The only thing you’re allowed to do is watch me come all over you without ever being touched.”

He glared at Armie, daring him to try to defy him again. He could see the surprise in Armie’s face, but he also noted with a significant amount of satisfaction that Armie was more turned on than he’d ever seen him. His pupils were so blown, he could only see hints of the brilliant blue around the edges. His whole body was flushed bright red and his chest was sweaty and heaving as he drew in breath at a rapid rate. He had his lower lip trapped beneath his teeth as he tried to keep from crying out. He could feel Armie’s leg muscles underneath him straining with the effort not to thrust up into
him further, knowing he wasn’t allowed to.

As he watched Armie settle once again under him, completely submitting to him, Timmy couldn’t stop himself from leaning down and capturing Armie’s mouth in a bruising kiss. He used his own teeth to drag Armie’s bottom lip out from under Armie’s and bit down hard enough to taste blood. He swiped his tongue over it to soothe the pain, then forced it past Armie’s lips into his hot mouth. He wrestled with Armie’s tongue for a minute before breaking the kiss, holding tightly onto Armie’s face with both hands as he pressed their foreheads together as he rocked his ass back and forth.

“Damn it, Armie, I love you so fucking much!” he breathed into the space between them, suddenly overcome with emotion. “You deserve all the happiness and love in the world, and I want to spend my life giving it to you. You just have to let me. And I will gladly tell you how amazing you are twenty times a day for the next fifty years, if that’s what it takes for you to finally believe it.” He pulled back to look into Armie’s eyes, momentarily ceasing to rock above him as he silently pleaded for him to understand.

Armie didn’t respond, apparently unable to form words, but the look of unadulterated love in his eyes told Timmy all he needed to know. He leaned back in for another kiss, this one sweet and gentle as he ran his hands through Armie’s sweat-damp hair. He reached one hand down to where Armie’s was still resting on the mattress and threaded their fingers together, squeezing tightly.

After one last heated kiss, Timmy pulled back and whispered, “You ready, baby?” Seeing Armie so pliant and utterly fucked out beneath him was maybe the hottest thing he’d ever seen, and now that they seemed to be on the same page, he was suddenly very aware of his urgent need for release.

Armie just moaned quietly and nodded, squeezing his own fingers into Timmy’s harder as he watched Timmy sit back and resume riding his cock into oblivion. Timmy braced himself with his other hand on Armie’s chest and used it as leverage to fuck himself harder and faster. He felt the familiar tingle of his approaching orgasm, and after one more direct hit to his prostate, he threw his head back and screamed so loud his voice eventually cut out as his come shot all over Armie’s chest.

Timmy continued to ride Armie through his waves of pleasure, feeling the muscles in his ass contract around Armie’s rock-hard cock inside him. He could tell Armie was on the edge of his own bliss as his moaning got louder and his breathing became erratic. As he continued to bounce up and down, Timmy ran a lazy finger through his own come where it was pooled on Armie’s sweaty skin and collected some on the tip. He watched Armie’s eyes widen as he fed him his come, pushing his finger deep into Armie’s mouth. Armie’s eyes rolled back into his head as Timmy’s taste filled his mouth, and just as Timmy pulled his finger back out and trailed it down to pinch one of his nipples, Armie arched his back violently and gave a guttural moan as he came inside Timmy, his hand squeezing Timmy’s so hard he thought he might break it.

Once Armie collapsed back onto the bed, completely spent, Timmy rolled off him, wincing slightly as Armie’s softening cock slipped out of him. He flopped over to lay next to Armie on his back,
staring at the ceiling as they both came down from their intense orgasms.

Neither of them spoke, but after a couple minutes, Timmy started to feel the bed beside him vibrate. He turned his head and found Armie curled into himself, his shoulders shaking as he cried quietly next to him. Timmy immediately moved into action and scooted up against the headboard as he wrapped his arms around Armie’s trembling body and pulled Armie sideways into him. “Hey, Armie, shhh. It’s ok, I’m right here. Please don’t cry.” That only seemed to set him off more, as his sobs grew louder and he clutched at Timmy’s skin desperately.

Timmy did his best to gather as much of Armie into his embrace as he could, which wasn’t easy considering how much more of Armie there was. Armie’s head found its way to Timmy’s chest as Timmy began running his hands through his hair in soothing motions, trying to calm him down. He feared maybe he’d made a mistake and had pushed Armie too far, and he wasn’t sure how to fix it.

Timmy just let Armie cry against him for several long minutes as he held him tightly, whispering “I love you” repeatedly into his hair. When Armie’s breathing settled slightly, Timmy attempted to make things better. “I’m sorry, Armie. I didn’t mean for it to go that far.”

Armie raised his head to finally meet Timmy’s eyes, his own swollen and still wet with tears. “No, don’t apologize. It’s just,” he paused to take a shuddering breath, “No one’s ever cared enough to do something like that before.” Armie looked down at his hand that was clutching at Timmy’s side. He slowly brought it up to rest over Timmy’s heart, rubbing the smooth skin there with his thumb. “Your love is so raw and powerful and unwavering. I just…I don’t know how to be loved like that.”

Timmy had already pretty much known that to be the case, but hearing Armie admit it out loud just broke his heart that much more. He covered Armie’s hand on his heart with one of his own and brought the other one up to stroke the side of his face tenderly. He leaned his forehead against Armie’s. “I know,” he breathed, before pressing his lips to Armie’s softly. As he pulled back, he pressed several gentle kisses to Armie’s forehead and temple, eventually resting their foreheads together again as they held onto each other quietly for several long minutes.

When Timmy finally spoke again, his voice was thick with emotion. “I know how hard this is for you. It’s been hard for me, too. To trust that what we have right now can survive once we leave this safe bubble we created here. But the only way that can ever happen is if we trust each other. It’s not going to be easy, and yeah, it might all go to shit. But whatever happens, we will figure it out together, you and me, right? You’ve been telling me that since we started this. And it wasn’t easy, and it took me a while, but I was finally able to believe you, because I trust that you’ll always be there for me. But now I need you to trust in me, that I will be there for you, too, no matter what. This is a two-way street, and you have to let me in all the way, or it will never work. No more walls.” He turned his face to kiss Armie’s cheek as he felt Armie nodding gently against him. “And no more of this ‘I’m a fuck-up’ bullshit, either. Because it’s just not true and it hurts me to hear you talk about yourself like that.”
At that, Armie captured his lips in a passionate kiss that caught him off guard. But after a couple seconds, he leaned into it and matched Armie’s fervor with his own. They let their heightened emotions take over as they kissed for long minutes, only breaking away when they were both gasping for air again.

Timmy slid back down into a laying position and pulled Armie over him, his arms draping around Timmy’s torso and his head resting on his shoulder as Timmy stroked his back. They fell asleep wrapped up in each other, holding on tightly as they tried not to focus on the time as it continued to tick by, counting down their last few hours together.

Chapter End Notes

So notice there is an official chapter count now! The time has almost come for the end of this story, which makes me incredibly sad because I’ve loved every second of writing it, even the parts that kicked my ass, lol. Next chapter will be the rest of their last day together in the cabin and a short time jump, then the final chapter will be an epilogue.

Thank you so much to everyone who’s come along on this journey with me so far. There’s still a little more story yet to tell, and I hope you guy enjoy it as much as I have enjoyed creating it. Comments give me life, you all are amazing. <3
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

Armie and Timmy spend one last night together in the cabin.

Chapter Notes

All right, this one got way longer than I anticipated (surprise, surprise, lol), so I'm shifting some things around. I meant to cover the small time jump at the end of this chapter, but now that will be in the next chapter. It has some important moments and I didn't want to try to squeeze it in here without giving it its proper due. Still deciding if I want to tack the epilogue onto the end of the next chapter (it shouldn't be TOO long), or up the chapter count by one to let it be its own thing. Either way, I'm hoping to have the rest of the story written and posted by the end of this weekend.

This chapter is less intense than the previous two, but it's still pretty emotional in places. But it has a fair share of happy schmoop, too, so I hope you all enjoy!

As always, the amount of love this fic has gotten has blown me away and I can never thank you guys enough for the amazing welcome I've gotten into this wonderful fandom. I love you all. <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was late afternoon when Timmy came to next. Armie had evidently awoken before he had, as he was pressing kisses all over Timmy’s chest and middle as he began to stir, and when Timmy finally opened his eyes, Armie’s face was hovering directly above his, face creased with concern. He barely waited for Timmy to fully wake up before he blurted out, “I’m so sorry, Tim. I know I fucked up and I hurt you. That’s the last thing I ever wanted to do. Please know that.”

Timmy rolled his eyes in exasperation, but he wasn’t angry. More just frustrated that Armie was apparently still blaming himself. He was hoping they’d be able to let this go and enjoy the rest of their day. “Oh God,” he groaned, still groggy from sleep. “Please don’t. It’s fine, we’re fine.” He moved to sit up, which caused Armie to move back to give him room. Once he was upright, he turned back to look at Armie, pausing to reconsider his statement. He didn’t want Armie to blame himself, but Timmy did have a right to be upset.

Timmy took a deep breath before he spoke again. “Actually, that’s not true, it’s not fine. It was a jerk move to do that to me, despite what you thought were noble intentions. And you’re right, you did hurt me, very much.” His expression softened as he brought his hands to stroke over Armie’s now completely crestfallen face. “But,” he tilted Armie’s chin up and waited until Armie hesitantly met his gaze, “I forgive you. I know you were only acting out of fear and you were trying, in your
own misguided way, to protect me. It definitely wasn’t your smartest idea ever, but I know it was coming from a place of love. So please stop beating yourself up about it so we can move on. I love you, and nothing you can do will ever change that. I hope someday you can learn to love yourself the same way. In the meantime, I’ll be here, loving you for both of us.”

He watched Armie close his eyes in what he hoped was absolution as he gave a small nod. Timmy pulled their heads together and kissed the side of Armie’s face. “But, if you ever try to break up with me like that again, I will have to kill you,” he added, only half-jokingly.

Armie’s shocked snort of laughter was music to his ears. They were going to be ok. “Understood,” Armie conceded as he turned his head to meet Timmy’s lips with his own in a languid kiss. Timmy smiled into the kiss and let out a happy sigh against Armie’s lips.

Timmy pulled back from the kiss and ran a soothing hand through Armie’s hair. “Come on, as tempting as it is to just lay in bed for the rest of the day, we should try to enjoy our last few hours together in this place.”

Armie cocked his head to the side and asked, “What did you have in mind?”

They ended up going out for another walk along the path behind the cabin. It had snowed again the previous night, so the ground was coated with a sheen of brilliant white, making everything around them seem pure and fresh, perfect for the start of a new year.

When they made their way back to the cabin, Timmy wasn’t quite ready to go back inside yet. It was almost dusk, and the sky was a stunning palette of pink and orange and red. They decided to sit out on the front porch swing as they watched the sun sink lower in the sky. Armie grabbed a throw blanket from inside and wrapped it around them as they cuddled together.

Timmy had almost drifted off to sleep, lulled into a state of utter calm and serenity in Armie’s arms as they gently rocked, so when Armie’s deep voice suddenly rumbled through his whole body, it startled him. “You know, your friend was right.”

Confused, Timmy tipped his head up to look at Armie, an eyebrow raised in question. “What friend?”

“The one we saw in the grocery store. Faith, I think?”
Armie had a wistful look on his face, which just confused Timmy even further. Armie had only spoken about two sentences to Faith before he had run off, so Timmy had no idea what he could be possibly referring to now. Then he remembered seeing Armie and Faith coming out of the store together, and watching her say something to him, which Armie had later brushed off when Timmy had asked about it. Maybe he was finally going to find out what it was. He settled his cheek back onto Armie’s chest and tried to sound casual. “Oh yeah? What was she right about?”

Armie’s fingers snaked up to thread through his thick curls. “She said that giving in to true love is both the hardest and the easiest decision you’ll ever make, but in the end, it’s the only one that makes everything else worthwhile.” He started scratching Timmy’s scalp lightly with his nails, making Timmy practically purr. “I knew it was profound when she said it, but I don’t think I truly understood the full gravity of it until now.”

Timmy broke out into a slow smile, his face hidden in Armie’s sweater. Leave it to Faith to find a way to bring him and Armie closer together even now. He would have to get her a truly amazing gift to thank her. He gripped one hand into the soft fabric covering Armie’s chest and snuggled in closer, his voice slightly muffled as he inquired, “Yeah? How so?”

Armie was quiet for a moment, fingers still buried deep in Timmy’s hair as he contemplated the question. Finally, he answered, voice steady and confident. “Just knowing that I get to have moments like this, here with you, makes all the other shit that may come our way seem somehow less scary. Like none of it can touch us, because we have each other, and that’s all that matters. The rest of the world can burn down around us for all I care.”

Timmy raised his head again to look into Armie’s eyes, feeling his heart clench at the amount of conviction and determination he saw there. Maybe he had gotten through to him after all. Or Faith had. It didn’t even matter, he was just ecstatic to hear Armie sounding so secure about their future again after his breakdown earlier. He knew they both still had their fair share of insecurities and there would probably be many more freak-outs to come, from both of them, but he was really starting to believe this would work.

“Well, I hope it won’t be that dramatic,” Timmy gave a wry smirk, “but generally speaking, I agree.” He leaned up to press his lips to Armie’s as he broke out into a genuine smile again, feeling blissfully happy and so in love he swore he must have actual hearts in his eyes.

When they finally broke apart, Armie suggested they try a couple of the cigars Timmy had gotten him for Christmas. Timmy only really smoked with Armie, he’d never really got into it himself, but he couldn’t deny how much pleasure he got out of watching Armie’s face twist in delight whenever he sucked on a really good cigar, so he let himself indulge on occasion. They were just finishing them as the sun disappeared below the horizon and the first stars began twinkling overhead. They continued to lay quietly together until Timmy started shivering from the cold, despite the blanket, and they finally made their way inside to eat dinner.
Armie cooked while Timmy started the fire, standing in front of it for a few minutes as he warmed himself up. They sat next to each other as they ate, their fingers twisted together on the table between them. After they finished, they moved over to the couch, Timmy laying back between Armie’s spread legs as Armie rubbed his hands up and down Timmy’s arms. They finished off the last of the wine, which only amounted to about a glass and a half each.

They talked about everything and nothing, trying to pretend like nothing would change when Armie left tomorrow. Timmy knew it wasn’t entirely true, that they had much to figure out and there would be many difficulties along the way, but he no longer felt the same urgency to make every second count as he did before.

As their conversation slowed, Timmy sat up and turned his face to stare into the fire, thinking back to how this whole thing got started, with a drunken confession and a kiss. He remembered how feeling Armie’s lips on his had made him feel more alive than he had ever felt before. When he’d had the idea to invite Armie and his family on this trip, he never could have anticipated it turning out like this, but now he couldn’t imagine it being any other way. He watched the flames dance in the hearth and couldn’t stop himself from wondering what Armie’s bare skin would look like bathed in the warm glow of the fire. He felt heat creep up the side of his neck as he harkened back to the fantasy he’d had after their kiss of making love right there on the floor.

“What are you thinking about over there?” Armie’s amused voice shook him out of his lusty haze. Timmy tore his eyes away from the fire and turned to face Armie, letting his gaze slide up Armie’s body slowly until he finally met his eyes. Judging by Armie’s raised eyebrow and knowing smirk, Armie knew exactly what he was thinking about. His face flushed even darker and he shrugged as he averted Armie’s gaze, trying to act nonchalant. “Oh, nothing, just remembering how only a few days ago, we were sitting right there on the floor and you kissed me, changing my life forever.”

Armie decided to play along. “Wait, that was you? I think I was drunk, I can’t quite remember…” He trailed off as Timmy smacked his arm playfully and launched himself at Armie to attack his lips. “Well then here, let me remind you!” he giggled into Armie’s mouth, licking his way inside. Armie returned his own laugh as they playfully nipped and sucked at each other for a few seconds before Timmy pulled back with a loud smack and settled back in between Armie’s legs with a self-satisfied grin.

Armie wrapped his arms around him. “Oh yeah, it’s coming back to me now,” Armie confirmed, chuckling lightly. He leaned forward and put his lips right up to Timmy’s ear. “Best damn decision I ever made,” he whispered, and Timmy felt a shudder run through his entire body as Armie’s breath ghosted over him.
Timmy closed his eyes and hummed in agreement. He slid one hand over to Armie’s where it rested over his stomach and threaded their fingers together, opening his eyes to look down at them. “You know, there’s something I haven’t been able to stop thinking about since that night,” he murmured.

Armie squeezed Timmy’s fingers in his as he pressed his hand tighter against Timmy and swiped his tongue out to trace along the outside of Timmy’s ear. “Oh yeah? And what’s that?”

Timmy leaned back and turned his head so he could lock eyes with Armie. “I’ve been dreaming about making love with you right there, in that same spot,” he confessed, biting his bottom lip in hopeful anticipation.

He saw the instant flash of heat in Armie’s eyes at his suggestion, and his own breathing picked up speed as Armie’s other hand came up to trace over his lips, tugging his bottom lip out from under his teeth with his thumb and rubbing it gently. “Hmm,” he considered Timmy’s proposal, meeting his eyes again, “I think that can be arranged.”

Timmy barely had time to register what he had said before Armie’s lips were crushed against his in a fiery kiss that sent waves of heat through his whole body. When he pulled back several minutes later, gasping for breath and fully hard, he managed to croak out, “Just wait here a minute, I’ll go get the lube and condoms.”

Armie shook his head and gave a small smirk. “No need,” he huffed in between gulping breaths. At Timmy’s questioning look, he reached into his back pocket and pulled out the items they needed. Timmy raised his eyebrow as Armie set them down on the couch between them. “It’s our last night together, I wanted to be ready for anything, anywhere,” he explained.

Timmy barked out a laugh, both amused and impressed at Armie’s forethought. They didn’t waste any time removing their various items of clothing, both eager to feel their bare skin against the other’s. Armie laid out the blanket they’d used earlier on the floor beneath them, carefully arranging the throw pillows to help keep them comfortable as well.

As Armie kneeled on the ground, he took Timmy’s hand in one of his and pulled him down from the couch to meet him while he grabbed the lube and condoms with his other hand. They held each other tightly as they kissed deep and slow, kneeling together on the blanket.

Timmy soon broke away from Armie’s mouth and began licking and sucking his way down Armie’s neck and shoulder, savoring the salty taste of Armie’s skin as a thin layer of sweat began covering his body. Timmy was so wrapped up in feeling every bit of Armie’s skin against his that when Armie gently shoved the lube and condom into his hand, it took him several seconds to register what
it meant. When it finally clicked, his head snapped up and he met Armie’s gaze, eyes wide. But Armie was completely calm, simply staring back at him without wavering. “Are – are you sure?” Timmy gulped, knowing that Armie had never done this before.

Armie simply leaned back so he was lying on his back, spreading his legs wide and waiting expectantly. Timmy couldn’t move, frozen to the spot as he gawked at Armie’s spread out body before him, open and inviting. After several awkward seconds of Timmy just staring with his mouth open, Armie finally reached up to grab Timmy’s hand and tugged firmly, causing Timmy to jerk forward and almost collapse fully onto Armie, only managing to brace himself on his other arm at the last second.

As he hovered only inches above Armie’s face, he once again searched for confirmation that this is what he really wanted. Armie brought a hand up to stroke over his face softly as he breathed, “I need this. I need you. Please.” Timmy’s heart stuttered in his chest as he looked into Armie’s eyes and saw nothing but complete trust reflected back at him. Timmy swallowed thickly as he nodded, suddenly understanding the full weight of this moment. This was Armie’s final wall crashing down around them, and now he was totally open and bare, completely at Timmy’s mercy. And Timmy could never deny him anything.

He leaned down slowly and captured Armie’s lips in a gentle kiss, his tongue swiping out for a quick taste before he pulled back and murmured, “Ok, ok,” quietly into Armie’s skin where his neck met his shoulder.

He moved back to kneel between Armie’s spread legs as he opened the bottle of lube and squeezed a generous amount onto his fingers. He met Armie’s eyes once more, waiting until he saw Armie’s affirmative nod before moving his fingers down to rub slow circles around his hole. Armie immediately tensed up in anticipation, so Timmy decided a bit of distraction would help. He moved quickly and without warning, taking Armie’s hard and leaking cock into his mouth as far as he could. At Armie’s shocked gasp, he ran his tongue up the underside all the way to the tip, deliberately licking over the slit.

As Armie moaned in pleasure, he felt him begin to relax again, so he took the opportunity to gently nudge the tip of his first finger past the tight ring of muscle around his hole. Armie gasped again, but managed not to clench up, so Timmy wiggled his finger in a bit farther before slowly drawing it back out. He kept sucking Armie to keep him distracted and loose, and after another few minutes of slowly pumping in and out, he added another finger, then a third.

When Armie cried out suddenly, Timmy knew he’d hit the sweet spot deep inside him. Armie began panting rapidly as Timmy aimed for that spot on every thrust of his fingers. When Armie began whimpering quietly, thrashing his head back and forth against the pillow his head was resting on, Timmy figured he was ready.
He carefully slid his fingers out of Armie and gave one last lick to his throbbing cock before pulling off and getting into position. He quickly opened the condom and put it on himself, then added more lube to slick himself up to ease the way. He gently nudged Armie’s legs wider and leaned over him so their faces were almost touching.

Armie looked up at him in something akin to wonder. “I love you.”

Timmy’s heart was so full, he felt like it might actually explode. “I love you, too. So fucking much.” He kissed Armie deep and slow, pouring every ounce of emotion he felt for him into it. When they parted, Timmy pulled back to look at his eyes again. Armie looked so vulnerable and innocent, and Timmy fell even more in love with him in that moment. He gave him another quick peck to the lips before positioning himself at his opening. “Breathe,” he instructed, wanting Armie to relax so he could enjoy this.

Armie did as he was told and took several deep breaths, all the while watching Timmy’s face intently. On Armie’s fourth inhale, Timmy pushed forward and in, causing Armie to seize up and hold the breath he’d just taken. “I need you to breathe, Armie.” Armie shoved the air out of his lungs and took another shaky breath in, trying to force himself to relax. Timmy stayed completely still until he felt Armie relax slightly around him. He tentatively rocked his hips in a bit deeper, eliciting a moan from Armie, but he didn’t seem to be in pain.

Once he was sure Armie was ok, he set a slow and deep pace, peppering Armie’s face, neck and shoulders with kisses as he moved inside him. Armie’s head was thrown back, eyes closed and mouth hanging open in apparent pleasure as his hands clutched at Timmy’s back tightly. They didn’t speak, simply let their bodies say everything they felt as they moved together.

Timmy forced himself to go slow, wanting to draw out this feeling for as long as possible. He tried to focus on the way the Armie’s neck glistened in the firelight from the sweat that rolled down his golden skin, the way his eyes sparkled when he finally opened them to look up at Timmy. Armie’s breathy moans sent shivers down his spine and all Timmy could think about was how to get Armie to continue making those sounds all night long. Armie’s tight heat felt amazing around him, but nothing compared to the ecstasy he felt knowing he was able to bring Armie pleasure like this. Armie had done it for him so many times now, so finally being able to return the favor was exhilarating.

Timmy’s whole body was slick from sweat, both from the exertion and from the heat of the fire as it burned steadily beside them. At one point, Armie leaned up to lick a bead of sweat from his throat all the way up the side of his face, making Timmy shake and moan. Armie wiped several sweaty curls out of his eyes, tenderly tucking them behind his ear. Before Armie dropped his hand back down, Timmy caught it in his own and brought it to his lips in a gentle kiss. He threaded their
fingers together and held on to him tightly as he continued to rock deep into Armie’s body.

They kept each other on the edge of bliss for what felt like hours, and as midnight finally rolled around and the New Year officially began, their mouths and bodies were still locked tightly together, moving in sync to the rhythm of their rapidly beating hearts.

When they finally came, Armie spilling over Timmy’s hand and as he bit hard into Timmy’s shoulder and Timmy following seconds later, Timmy’s eyes filled with tears of joy. It was in that moment that he finally understood that this night wasn’t about the end of their time in this place, but rather about the new beginning of their lives together.

He looked down at Armie’s sleepy, sated face as he came down from his climax and softly kissed his closed eyelids. Armie smiled lazily and pulled Timmy down to lay on him fully, blindly reaching down to grab the edge of the blanket and wrap it around them as they settled in. Timmy nestled his head onto Armie’s chest and listened to the calming sound of his heartbeat returning to normal as he drifted off to sleep.

The next morning, Timmy awoke to find himself tucked tightly into their bed, much to his surprise. And he was alone. The last thing he remembered was snuggling into Armie in front of the fire, so how had he gotten to the bedroom? And where was Armie? He stretched his body and tried to come up with an answer, but he had no clue how he’d gotten there. He registered the sound of the shower running in the bathroom, so he made his way out of the bed and over to the bathroom door. He opened it just as Armie was turning the water off and stepping out of the shower, droplets of water running down the length of his body as he reached for a towel.

“Hey you,” Timmy greeted him from the doorway.

Armie looked up in surprise, breaking out into a slow smile when he saw Timmy standing there. “Hey, yourself.” He toweled himself off in about three seconds before he strode over to Timmy and wrapped his arms around him and kissed him deeply.

“Mmm, best way to start my morning,” Timmy murmured against Armie’s lips as he pulled back. He looked Armie over and asked, “How are you?” He let his eyes wander down and around to Armie’s ass, trying to signal what he was really asking.

Armie just chuckled and assured him, “I’m fine, don’t worry.” He kissed his temple and whispered into his hair, “Thank you, for last night.”
Timmy hummed happily. “My pleasure.” He looked up with a grin, then furrowed his brow. “Hey, how did I get to the bedroom? Last I remember we were curled up on the floor in the living room.”

Armie gave him a fond smile. “When my alarm went off, you were still completely out. I tried to wake you, but you apparently sleep like the dead. I figured you’d be more comfortable in the bed than on the floor, so I just carried you. You didn’t even stir,” he said in amusement.

Timmy couldn’t stop the smile that spread over his whole face, and he pressed his lips to Armie’s in another quick kiss. “How very considerate of you,” he teased, but they both knew he truly meant it. They stood smiling against each other for a minute, just enjoying the feel of being together. But then Timmy belatedly registered Armie’s comment about his alarm, and he remembered that Armie was leaving.

He sighed softly and moved back to look up at Armie. “What time does your car get here?”

The smile on Armie’s lips melted away slowly as he was also brought back to the reality of the day. “About another hour.”

They’d decided it would be better if Armie flew out of the airport that was currently closest to them instead of driving back to the city and going from there. That way they could have their goodbyes in private and not in a place where paparazzi could be lurking around every corner. Since they couldn’t go public with their relationship yet, it was necessary for them to avoid being seen together unless for official work reasons. Armie had arranged for a car to pick him up and drive him to the airport so Timmy didn’t have to drive an hour in the opposite direction.

Timmy nodded and rubbed the back of his neck, trying not to get too emotional. They’d talked about this the previous evening, both knowing that this was coming but deciding it didn’t have to be this huge sad ordeal. This was not goodbye. Still, he couldn’t help feeling uneasy knowing he now had to wait an undetermined amount of time to be with Armie again. Maybe if he had a definite timeline, he’d feel less anxiety about it. But he knew Armie couldn’t give that to him, and it wasn’t fair to ask him to, anyway. He would find a way to be patient. He knew Armie was worth waiting a lifetime for, though he hoped it wouldn’t be that long.

Armie made them breakfast and they ate mostly in silence, both lost in their own thoughts. Armie had already packed most of his things while Timmy had been asleep, so they spent their remaining time together cuddled on the couch. When Armie got the text that his car was almost there, he disappeared into the bedroom for a brief minute before emerging again, holding the scarf in his hand.
Timmy couldn’t stop the smile from creeping on his face as he thought back to all the great memories they had with that scarf. He hadn’t even realized Armie had taken it back from where they’d left it on their snowman days earlier. Armie looped it around his neck and used the ends to tug Timmy to him, giving him a lazy kiss. “For you, so you have something of mine to keep you warm until I can be there to do it myself.”

Timmy ran his finger along the edge of the fabric and leaned into Armie, burying his face in the crook of his neck. “Just promise me you will come back, no matter how long it takes. You’re not going to have another freak-out while we’re apart and convince yourself not to be with me again, right?” He wanted so desperately to just believe everything would be fine, but now that he was faced with Armie’s imminent departure, he needed to be reassured one more time.

Armie rubbed his back soothingly and gave a low chuckle. “And risk the wrath of your crazy sex domination again?” he joked. “I mean, it was pretty hot…”

On some level, Timmy appreciated Armie’s attempt at humor to keep things from getting too heavy. But as he was feeling particularly vulnerable at the moment, it wasn’t exactly helping to alleviate his fears. He curled tighter into Armie’s neck and groaned, “Please don’t joke about this. I’m being serious.”

Armie cupped his hands on both sides of Timmy’s face and lifted it to look at him. His eyes were suddenly serious and clear. “I know, I’m sorry. I promise you, Tim, as soon as I’m able, we’ll be together, for real, with nothing in our way. I want this, and I’m not going to let anything stop me from having it, not even myself. No more freak-outs, I swear.”

Timmy let out a huge sigh of relief and nodded, his face still trapped in Armie’s firm grip. “Ok, good.”

Just then, they heard the honk outside from Armie’s car waiting for him. Armie brought their faces together for one last lingering kiss before he reluctantly let go of Timmy and moved to grab his bags and head to the door. Timmy watched him gather his things, unable to move from the spot he was in to help him. Just as Armie reached for the doorknob, he turned back one more time and looked at him. He didn’t say anything, but Timmy knew exactly what he was trying to convey. He silently nodded in response and watched as Armie clenched his jaw in order to keep his composure.

Armie opened the door and stepped through. When the door closed with a soft click behind him, Timmy let out the breath he’d been holding. Armie was gone, but he tried to console himself with the knowledge that it was just for now, not forever. He repeated that in his head as he packed his own things and did his best to clean the cabin and make it look nice for when his cousin returned.
As he was finally ready to leave, he turned to look once more at the place where his life had been forever changed. He hated to leave already, he'd technically planned to be there a few more days, but he decided it would just feel wrong to stay there without Armie. With one last glance, he grabbed his bags and made his way to his car.

He managed to keep himself calm on the drive back, listening to music and focusing on how peaceful the drive was. There was hardly anyone on the roads, since most people had probably been up until the early hours of the morning drinking and partying, so he was able to make great time.

Timmy made it back to his apartment in the early afternoon. He was exhausted and just wanted to sleep. He hauled his bags inside and dropped them just inside the door, not even bothering to unpack anything. He made his way to his room and flopped down on the bed, his shoes flying in all directions as he kicked them off. He’d kept his emotions in check the whole way back, but now as he lay there, Armie’s scarf wrapped tightly around his neck and the bracelet he’d given him dangling loosely around his wrist, he finally let the tears come.

Chapter End Notes

Blah, I hate that I have so many chapters that end with poor Timmy in tears, lol. But as I said, it got long and this was the most logical place to break it. But Timmy won't be sad for too much longer, I promise!!
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Timmy has a difficult time adjusting to being away from Armie, and Armie isn't doing that great himself. A surprise visit may just be exactly what they both need.

Chapter Notes

I'm not even going to apologize for the length on this one, lol. I knew I had a lot I needed to cover, and I accepted a while ago that these boys are running the show and I'm completely at their mercy, so I went with it and didn't try to limit myself to a specific word count. You guys seem to like the longer chapters anyway, and as this is the last one of the main story, I figured you wouldn't mind. ;) But because of the crazy length of this one and the completely different tone of the epilogue, I decided not to add it here. So surprise! Bonus chapter! :D I was hoping to have this all done by this weekend, but this one took WAY longer than I thought it would, so hopefully the epilogue will be up either tomorrow or Tuesday.

All that being said, just a fair warning for this chapter: ANGST AHOY! I intentionally didn't spend much time harping on the cheating issue earlier in the fic, minus the brief mention in the chapter Armie talks to Timmy about why he decided to be with him, because I knew I was going to be digging into it in much more depth here. Armie loves Timmy very much and absolutely wants to be with him. But he also is not one to take infidelity or ending his marriage lightly, and he has a lot of guilt and sadness about it. Before, he could put off thinking about it because Elizabeth wasn't around, but now that he's faced with the true reality of the situation, things are not as easy to come to terms with as he had hoped. There are consequences to both his and Timmy's actions, and this chapter shows both of them dealing with the fallout of that. There's a lot of sadness here, but if you can wade past that, I have a feeling you will enjoy the way it ends. ;)

Also, I'm behind on responding to comments from the last chapter, and I'm very short on time this weekend, but I really wanted to get this chapter up so I've been focusing all my free time on that. But I WILL be responding to you all, because I adore interacting with you, it just may not be until later tonight or tomorrow. Just know that I've read them all and appreciate every one of you. <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Timmy awoke several hours later to the sound of his phone ringing. He was tempted to just ignore it, not wanting to talk to anyone as he wallowed in missing Armie, but when he reluctantly checked the screen and saw Armie’s name flashing across it, he scrambled to sit up as he answered the call.

“Hey!” he answered breathlessly. “God, I miss you already.”
He heard Armie’s chuckle from the other end of the line, and it was like warm sunshine hitting his face after weeks of rain. “It’s only been a few hours, Tim. But I know what you mean. I miss you, too.”

Armie explained that he’d arrived in Denver safely and he was on his way to Liz’s mom’s house. They talked the whole cab ride there, Timmy relishing in Armie’s soft laugh and the deep rumble of his voice through the line, selfishly hoarding these precious moments in his memories for later when he would be cold and lonely without Armie there with him.

After they hung up, Armie promising to call again as soon as he could, Timmy wandered around his apartment aimlessly, not knowing what to do. He finally settled on binge watching some truly terrible reality show on Netflix and ordering takeout for dinner, and after a few hours, he fell asleep curled up on his couch, arms wrapped around himself tightly to ward off the cold, trying to recapture the feeling of Armie’s warmth surrounding him.

Another three days went by without any word from Armie, and Timmy was starting to get worried. He figured he would have heard something by now, and the longer the silence went on, the worse his fears got. He finally broke down and texted Armie just before he was getting ready to go to sleep. With the time difference, it was still early evening in L.A., so he knew Armie would still be awake.

He typed out Hey, it’s been three days and I’m starting to get worried. Please talk to me, before deciding that sounding a bit too desperate and needy and deleted it. Armie was in the process of ending his marriage, so he didn’t want to put too much pressure on him. He finally settled on I haven’t heard from you in a bit, just wanted to check in. Everything ok? He hoped that would be the right balance of concerned but supportive.

He chewed on his thumbnail as he awaited Armie’s response. Two minutes later, his phone vibrated in his hand and he immediately checked the screen. Sorry. Didn’t mean to worry you. Things are rough atm. Harder than I thought.

Timmy’s stomach dropped upon reading Armie’s words, his heart breaking knowing Armie was in pain and not being able to do anything about it. He quickly responded with I’m so sorry, babe. Do you want to talk about it? I can call you.

It took a full ten minutes for Armie’s reply to come through, Timmy’s bottom lip red and swollen from being chewed on as he waited. No, can’t talk now. I just need some time.
Timmy closed his eyes and tried to keep back the tears that were threatening to well up behind his lids. He knew Armie felt he needed to deal with this on his own, but it didn’t stop Timmy from wanting to be there for him in some way. They’d always been able to talk about anything, and since this very much involved him, he wanted to be the one Armie leaned on when things got bad. But he also didn’t want to push too hard and overwhelm Armie. Timmy had never been married, not really even been in a truly serious relationship, so he had no idea what it felt like to end a marriage that had lasted almost 9 years and produced two beautiful kids.

He took several deep breaths and typed back. Of course, take as long as you need. I’m here whenever you’re ready. I love you.

He held his phone so tightly in his hand as he waited for Armie to reply that the joints in his fingers began to ache. He sat there on the edge of his bed waiting for 20 minutes. No text.

He decided to take a quick shower before bed, but he made sure to put his phone on the counter in the bathroom and turn the volume all the way up so he could hear it if a message came through.

When an hour went by and there was still no reply from Armie, Timmy decided to try to get some sleep. He tossed and turned for a long while as his brain tried its best to reawaken all of his doubts and insecurities about Armie’s commitment to their relationship that he’d worked so hard to quiet previously. He finally managed to fall into an uneasy sleep, plagued by strange dreams and shivering from the relentless cold winter air seeping into his room, which no number of blankets was able to soothe.

When he opened his eyes the following morning, he immediately zeroed in on the blinking light coming from his phone that signaled he had a new message. He grabbed at it so quickly that he almost knocked it right off the nightstand. As he ripped the phone off the charger and sat up quickly, he opened the message to find the words I love you, too. Always staring back at him.

Timmy let out a huge sigh and fell backward onto the bed, his phone landing face-down on his chest as a huge rush of relief spread through him. He picked up his phone again and checked the time-stamp on the message. It said it had come through at 5:28 a.m., which would have been after 2 in the morning for Armie. It seemed Armie hadn’t been able to sleep, either. Timmy decided it didn’t matter when he’d sent it, just the fact that he had made him feel so much better. He smiled to himself. He could do this, he could wait for Armie.

He decided to spend the day finally catching up on all his calls and emails that he’d missed while he was away. He talked to Brian and gave him a heads up on the situation, explaining that he and Armie were obviously keeping things quiet for now but eventually they did want to be out. He and Armie had agreed that both of their teams should know as soon as possible, just in case, so if the worst should happen and they needed to do damage control, they were prepared.
His last call was to Pauline. He was honestly surprised she hadn’t called him for all the details yet, but he appreciated her restraint. They ended up talking for 3 hours straight, Timmy patiently answering all of her burning questions about how it happened, what Timmy was feeling, and of course, whether or not Armie was good in bed. He respectfully declined to answer the last one, but he couldn’t stop the wide smile that broke out on his face and reflected obviously in his voice, effectively giving him away. “Aha! I knew it!” she shrieked.

Once she calmed down, he told her the whole story. She was unsurprisingly very excited about all of it and kept making delighted squealing noises as he recounted their time together. But when he finally came to the end and mentioned their last text conversation, she grew uncharacteristically quiet.

After a long pause where she said nothing, Timmy finally asked, “What?”

He could hear the obvious lie in her voice when she answered, “Nothing, just letting it all sink in.”

He rolled his eyes, even knowing she couldn’t see him. “Uh huh, right. I know you, and you’ve never been one to shy away from speaking your mind. So come on, let’s have it.” He braced himself for whatever she was about to say.

He could hear her hesitation before she finally spoke. “It’s just…look, I’m really happy for you guys. You know how much I love Armie. He’s a great guy and I think you will both make each other very happy. But he’s dealing with this huge thing right now, and you guys are kind of in a holding pattern until he resolves it. Just…don’t forget to live your own life in the meantime. You can’t just wait around and put the rest of your life on hold until he’s ready. Armie wouldn’t want you to do that.”

Timmy sighed and nodded to himself. “I know, you’re right. It just sucks when I’m so close to getting everything I want. It’s like I just went in for the audition of a lifetime and totally crushed it and I’m feeling confident, but now I’m in the nerve-wracking in between stage where you wait by the phone to find out if you actually got the part or not. And I know that’s not really true, I know I have the part, it’s just…the waiting really sucks.” He blew out a long breath and looked out his window.

“I know, T. But the more you dwell on it, the worse it will feel. Just, go out, live a little. Focus on your next project and immerse yourself in someone else’s life for a bit. Then when the time is right, you guys will find your way to each other and this time apart will seem like just a tiny blip in the grand scheme of things.”
He couldn’t deny her logic. “Thanks, Pauline.” He was truly grateful to have such a great relationship with his sister. He knew not everyone was so lucky.

“What are big sisters for?” He could hear her smile through the phone and broke out into one of his own.

He decided to take Pauline’s advice and spent the next week jumping into a bunch of things. He set up a couple of lunch meetings with directors he was interested in working with, had a much more detailed conversation with Brian and his PR team to make sure everyone was on the same page with things, read over several new scripts, and had a slightly awkward dinner with his parents. They could tell something was different, in a good way, but he tried his best to avoid any probing questions. They let it go when they could tell he wasn’t up for discussing the particulars, and he was forever grateful that they trusted him enough to tell them when he was ready.

Although he was keeping himself busy, he made sure to keep his phone turned on and by his side at all times, in case Armie called or messaged him. On Friday night, a week since he’d last heard from Armie, he decided to go out with a few friends from his La Guardia days and have a couple drinks. “A couple” turned into several, and when he finally made it back to his apartment around 2 a.m., he was more than a little drunk. He collapsed face first onto his bed, still fully clothed, and immediately passed out.

The next thing he was aware of was a loud banging coming from his front door. He blinked an eye open and tried to focus on the red lights of the clock on his nightstand. It read 7:32. On a Saturday morning. Who could possibly be at his door this early? He figured whoever it was would go away if he ignored them, so he buried his face underneath his pillow and tried to go back to sleep.

The banging stopped for a brief moment before starting back up again, this time louder and more insistent. Timmy groaned loudly, mentally cursing whoever it was that was keeping him from glorious sleep as he dragged his mildly hungover body to the front door to make the noise stop.

He wrenched the door open with an annoyed huff. “Ok, ok! What?!” he bellowed into the hallway before stopping short as he registered who he was looking at. Armie, in all his 6-foot-5-inch glory, was standing in his doorway, staring at him with tired and red-rimmed eyes.

Armie’s eyes went wide at the sight of Timmy and he exhaled loudly in relief. “Oh thank God,” he exclaimed as he crowded his way into Timmy’s apartment and closed the door behind him quickly, Timmy still staring at him in disbelief.

Timmy half-registered Armie throwing down a small duffle bag at his feet, but he barely had time to
choke out, “Armie, what –” before Armie’s hand was clasped firmly around the back of his head and pulling him in for a hungry, desperate kiss.

Timmy’s brain needed several seconds to catch up to what was happening, but his body’s response was automatic and immediate. He shoved one hand into Armie’s hair, the other snaking around his neck as he crushed them closer together and arched into the kiss. He backed Armie up against the door and began lapping at his mouth like a dying man finding water in the desert. Armie responded in kind, and they clung desperately to each other until the need for air forced them to break apart.

Timmy took several gulps before once again trying to speak. “Armie, what – what are you doing here?” He grasped at the front of Armie’s shirt as he looked up at him, suddenly afraid that he’d somehow drunkenly imagined this whole thing and if he let go for once second, Armie would evaporate into a puff of smoke.

It took Armie a few seconds to get enough air into his lungs to answer. “I’m sorry, I just…I had to see you.” Timmy could see the intense sadness in his eyes as he looked down at him, and suddenly the only thing that mattered was making that look disappear as quickly as possible. 

“Hey, it’s ok. No need to apologize,” Timmy soothed, running his hand up the side of Armie’s face and back through his hair. “I’m ecstatic that you’re here. I’m just surprised, is all. Come on, come sit down and tell me what’s going on.” He let his hand slide down to his side to wrap around Armie’s and pull him further into the apartment toward the kitchen.

Armie followed obediently and he sat down at the kitchen table with a thud. Timmy quickly started a pot of coffee and joined him after a minute. “Ok, talk to me.”

Armie’s face crumpled and he brought his hands up to hide it behind them. “It’s so awful, Timmy. I can’t – “ his words were cut off by a choked sob, and Timmy’s heart broke to see him like this. 

Timmy waited a few seconds before gently prying Armie’s hands from his face, holding them both in between in his own on the table as he stroked the backs of them with his thumbs. “Shhh, it’s ok.” He waited until Armie’s sobs subsided before asking, “I take it you told her about us?”

Armie shook his head. “I didn’t have to. She already knew. Said she could see it all over my face the second I walked in the door in Denver.” His eyes fell to where Timmy was still rubbing circles into the back of his hands. “She graciously waited until we made it back to L.A. to tear into me. There was a lot of yelling, and tears, and…she slapped me. But it mostly tears. It was awful.” He sniffled and closed his eyes.
Timmy felt his heart clench, feeling helpless and more than a little guilty. “I’m so sorry, Armie. I can’t imagine how hard that was. I wish I had been there.”

Armie opened his eyes and gave him a sad smile. “I appreciate that, but it’s better you weren’t. I mean, she doesn’t hate you, but…it’s complicated.”

Timmy gave a sad sigh. He figured his friendship with Liz probably wouldn’t survive this, but that didn’t make hearing the confirmation of it any easier.

Armie turned one of his hands over in Timmy’s and laced their fingers together. “Anyway, after she calmed down a bit and we were able to discuss things more rationally, she did finally admit that she knew neither of us had been really happy for a long time. She’d been grasping at straws trying to keep us together, but even she was exhausted from the effort it took to try and force it to work. She said she knew I had feelings for you, even if I couldn’t admit them. Said I looked at you the way I used to look at her. I think she was just hurt that I acted on it while we were still together. She said she never thought I would be the cheating type. And honestly, I never thought I would be, either.”

Even though he knew they weren’t meant to, Armie’s words stung Timmy and he winced, pulling his hand away from Armie’s slightly. He felt truly terrible that he was the reason Armie was now a cheater, and no matter how happy they were going forward, that was always going to be true. Their beginning had been an act of infidelity, and he was just as much to blame for it as Armie was.

Armie must have sensed Timmy’s guilt bubbling up because he reached to recapture Timmy’s hand in his and immediately backtracked. “Oh God, Timmy, I didn’t mean for it to come out like that, I swear. This is not your fault. We fell in love with each other and it just…happened. I don’t think either one of us would have been strong enough to stop it. And even though I hate that I hurt Elizabeth, I stand by that it was the best decision I ever made.”

Timmy saw the plea in his eyes to believe him, and though his capacity for self-loathing was sky high, he tried like hell to fight against it. He gave a short nod and let Armie pull him into a hug. Armie was the one who needed comforting right now, so he decided to suck it up and put his own shit aside so he could be there for him. “Ok, I believe you,” he breathed against the side of Armie’s neck. When they pulled back from the hug, he met Armie’s eyes and gave him his best supportive smile. “Keep going.”

Armie’s eyes turned sad again. “Well, that was the night I got your text and I…I was just a mess. I’m so sorry I couldn’t talk to you. But I knew if I heard your voice or saw your face, I’d completely lose it, and I was trying so hard to keep it together for the kids.”
Again, Timmy was hit smack in the face with a crashing wave of guilt. It all made sense now. While Timmy was wallowing in self-pity and loneliness, Armie was in the middle of dismantling his 8-year marriage for him, and he’d had the nerve to doubt his commitment. He swallowed thickly and mentally added that to the growing pile of things to beat himself up about once he was alone again. “Hey, it’s ok. I get it. We both knew this wasn’t going to be easy.” He used the hand not currently holding Armie’s to smooth over Armie’s hair and down the side of his face, rubbing his thumb along the stubble on his cheeks.

Armie nuzzled into the touch, finding comfort in Timmy’s tenderness. “I know. I just didn’t anticipate being so sad, I guess. I did really love her. In many ways I still do, just not in the ways that I need to in order to stay with her. And she feels the same. We actually, we went to talk to a divorce lawyer yesterday.”

Timmy couldn’t help his sharp intake of breath at the words “divorce lawyer”. Logically, he knew that was one of the main steps to them being together, but he honestly didn’t expect for it to happen this fast. “Wow, already?” He was far from upset that things were moving so quickly in his favor, but he couldn’t deny being a bit shocked that Elizabeth apparently hadn’t put up more of a fight.

Armie shrugged. “It was just a preliminary meeting to discuss what all needed to happen. But yeah, I was surprised, too. It was actually her idea.”

Timmy took a moment to process this new information. He tried not to let the excitement he was feeling show on his face. Armie was obviously still in a great deal of pain over this, and although he wanted to be with him sooner than later, he didn’t want it if Armie wasn’t ready. “Wow, that’s… wow.” He paused, looking at Armie hesitantly. “So, what happened?”

Armie let out a long breath. “A lot of legal mumbo-jumbo, most of which I didn’t really follow. But there was talk about how to deal with the bakeries, and the obvious stuff like our house and all that. And the kids.” He paused, and Timmy held his breath, praying that Elizabeth wouldn’t be so cruel to use Armie’s cheating to her advantage in a custody battle. “She actually was very reasonable on that point. She insisted we share custody, as much is realistically possible, given my unpredictable filming schedules and all. But she seemed like she wanted it to be fair at least, which is all I really care about. She can keep everything as far as I’m concerned, as long as I get to see my kids.”

Timmy let out his breath and closed his eyes in relief. “God, Armie, that’s huge. I’m so glad she’s being so cooperative and reasonable. Not that I expected her not to be, but you know, you hear such crazy stories…” he trailed off, not sure bringing up ‘what could have beens’ was such a good idea right now.
Armie nodded in agreement. “I know. She’s being far more gracious than I would’ve expected, though we haven’t really spoken much outside of when the kids are around. We haven’t told them yet, but I know Harper can tell something is wrong. She keeps asking why Mommy cries all the time, and I never know what to say. It breaks my heart.” His eyes started tearing up again, and Timmy squeezed his hand. “And after the meeting yesterday, it was all just too much. I walked out of there and immediately booked a flight to come here. I threw some things in a bag and hopped on the red-eye. I just needed to see you.” His voice broke on the last word and the tears started rolling down his cheeks and Timmy pulled him into his arms, cradling his head against his chest.

“It’s ok, I’m right here. Whatever you need, I’m here.” He let Armie cry on his shoulder as he kissed his hair and stroked his back. “Does Elizabeth know you’re here?” He didn’t want to get in the middle, but he also wanted to be prepared in case an angry Elizabeth called him or, God forbid, showed up on his doorstep, too.

“I texted her from the airport. I told her I just needed a couple days to deal with everything. She wasn’t happy, but she didn’t try to stop me, either. Honestly, I think she wanted some time to herself, too.” He sniffled and Timmy could feel the wetness from his tears soaking into his shirt.

Timmy stayed quiet, just continued to stroke Armie’s back as Armie released all of his pent-up emotions. He knew how comforting it could be for someone to just be there as you fall apart, even if they never said a word.

When Armie finally pulled back after several more minutes, his eyes were still wet and puffy, but he looked slightly more composed. “This has been one of the saddest weeks of my life, and I just really needed to be reminded what I was doing all this for.”

Timmy’s heart shattered at Armie’s confession. It was too much. He literally would do anything in his power to stop Armie’s pain. He once again brought his hand up to Armie’s face, cupping his cheek softly. He tilted Armie’s chin up to meet his gaze, pouring all the love he had coursing through him into it. “Just tell me what you need, baby. I will do whatever you want. I’m yours.”

Another single tear streaked down Armie’s face as he breathed out, “I just need you. Your love. Please, just love me.”

At that, Timmy’s own tears that had been threatening to fall finally let loose down his cheeks as he choked back a full-on sob. “Oh God, oh baby, I love you so, so much.” He took his other hand out of Armie’s in favor of putting it on the other side of Armie’s face, framing it and holding firm as he leaned in to place several kisses all over his face – on his cheeks, eyelids, forehead, temple, lips, and down the side of his neck and throat. “It’s ok, it’s ok,” he kept repeating, though whether it was for Armie’s sake or for his own, he didn’t know anymore.
Armie tears started back up in earnest then, and Timmy moved his hands around to clutch at his back and pull him into a tight embrace, the two of them holding each other as they cried until they were both physically spent.

With one last shuddering breath against Timmy’s shoulder, Armie raised his head to look into Timmy’s eyes before silently standing up. All Timmy could do was stare up at him in confusion, his brain a fuzzy mess from all the overwhelming emotions they’d just gone through. Armie reached his hand out and took hold of Timmy’s, pulling him slowly to his feet and toward the bedroom, Timmy blindly following behind him.

Once they reached the bedroom, Armie sat down carefully on the bed and pulled Timmy to stand in between his legs, moving Timmy’s hands into his hair and closing his eyes. Timmy understood then what Armie was asking for. He needed not only Timmy’s verbal declaration of love, but his physical one as well. And Timmy was more than willing to oblige. He, too, was craving to have Armie’s body next to his to feel that connection once again.

Timmy leaned down and kissed the top of Armie’s head as Armie nuzzled into the crook of his elbow. He moved back just enough to give himself room to pull the shirt over his head and pull down his pants and boxers. He watched Armie’s eyes go wide as Timmy stood there naked, ready for him, and only him. Timmy reached down to pull Armie’s shirt up and off as well, running his fingers over the coarse hair covering his toned chest.

When his hands found their way to the zipper of Armie’s pants, Armie moaned quietly and lifted his hips to aid in Timmy slipping them down and off, letting them pool at his feet on the floor. Once they were both naked, Timmy straddled Armie’s legs and buried his hands in Armie’s hair and his face in his neck, licking and sucking gently at the skin there. Armie wrapped his arms tightly around Timmy’s back, holding him in place. Timmy could feel Armie growing hard underneath him as he shifted his hips to fit tighter against him.

After a couple minutes, Armie shifted himself backward on the bed to lay down, holding tightly onto Timmy as he moved so he didn’t fall on top of him. He rolled them so they were laying sideways next to each other.

Timmy looked into Armie’s eyes as he stroked the side of his face, and he saw such love and tenderness there, but also raw, aching need. Timmy realized what a privilege it was for Armie to trust him enough to let him see him this way, to truly bare his soul in a way he so rarely did with anyone. He wanted Armie to know how much it meant to him to be the person he shared this part of him with.
Timmy gently pushed Armie’s shoulder back so he was laying on his back again. Armie looked up at him but didn’t protest. “Just lay back, let me take care of you.” Armie nodded slowly and relaxed as Timmy began placing tender kisses all over his body, worshipping him as Armie had done to him on his birthday. He whispered soft “I love yous” into his skin repeatedly, delighting in the way Armie’s skin broke out in goosebumps all over.

When he reached Armie’s inner thigh, he nuzzled his face into that special spot he knew drove Armie wild and was rewarded by a shudder running through Armie’s body as he fought to keep himself as still as possible to let Timmy do what he wanted. Timmy moved down further and took Armie’s now fully erect cock into his mouth, smiling widely around him as Armie let out another low moan. He bobbed his head up and down a handful of times before pulling off of Armie with a wet pop.

He looked up the length of Armie’s body until he met his eyes, and Armie didn’t even hesitate before silently rolling over onto his stomach, knowing exactly what he needed and trusting Timmy to give it to him. Timmy kissed the back of Armie’s leg as he ran his hands up and down the length of Armie’s back. He placed more kisses along his shoulder blade and the back of his neck before moving down his back again. He paused to swipe his tongue out and lick at the hollow of his lower back right above his ass, causing Armie to shiver again.

Timmy placed his hands on either side of Armie’s ass and began kneading the flesh there gently, pulling the cheeks apart slowly as he went. Armie was mostly silent as he worked, only a few small moans or quiet whimpers escaping his mouth on occasion. So when he pulled Armie’s ass cheeks wide apart and licked a long stripe right up to his hole, the loud yelp Armie made actually startled him.

He pulled back and waited for Armie to settle, chuckling at the extreme response, then set back to work licking around Armie’s entrance. He took his time working him open with his tongue, making sure he was loose and ready before he added a finger in beside it, then two. Armie was trying hard not to squirm too much, but he wasn’t entirely successful. He’d completely given up being quiet at that point, freely moaning and panting as Timmy buried his face in his most sensitive area.

When Timmy decided Armie was open enough, he crawled up the length of Armie’s body and kissed his shoulder. He turned Armie’s face from being buried in the pillow to look at him. Their eyes locked, and Armie let out a soft sob. “Shh, it’s ok, Armie. I’ve got you.” He leaned in to press his lips to Armie’s in a loving kiss. “I’ve got you,” he whispered again as he blindly reached into the drawer of his nightstand and produced a condom and lube. He pulled back and met Armie’s eyes again, waiting until he saw Armie’s small nod before moving back to get himself into position.

When he pushed in, Armie keened and grasped at the sheets. Once Timmy was fully enveloped in Armie’s tight heat, he leaned down and plastered himself fully against Armie’s back, wanting every inch of him to be touching Armie. He pulled his hips back and then pushed them in again, setting a
pace that was fast enough to give them both the friction they needed but slow enough that it wouldn’t be over too soon. Timmy wanted to stay pressed tightly to Armie for all eternity, but he knew that wasn’t possible. So he would settle for as long as he could get.

When Armie shoved his hand underneath his hips to start stroking himself, Timmy reached around and wrapped his hand in Armie’s, both of them stroking Armie to completion together. When Armie came, Timmy’s name spilling from his lips in a broken cry, Timmy squeezed his eyes tight and pushed harder into Armie as his own climax overtook him a moment later.

Timmy’s boneless body collapsed fully onto Armie’s and he panted heavily into the hair at the back of Armie’s neck. He pressed several open-mouthed kisses there for a moment before finally summoning the strength to roll off him. When Armie finally turned his head to meet Timmy’s half-lidded eyes, Timmy could finally see a hint of happiness behind all the tears. Timmy smiled and whispered, “You’re so perfect.” Armie’s eyes shone brightly as he broke out into his own small smile.

A while later, as they were both sitting up against the headboard, Timmy leaning on Armie’s shoulder as their joined hands rested on Timmy’s thigh, Timmy asked, “So how long do I get to keep you?” He didn’t want to think about the idea of being apart from Armie again, but he knew it had to happen, so he wanted to be prepared.

“Just until tomorrow night. I have to take Harper back to school on Monday, and I have a meeting with my agent that afternoon.” Armie sighed, clearly no happier about the prospect of being separated again than Timmy was.

Timmy nodded against Armie’s shoulder. “Ok.” He hated that their time was so short, but they knew this was the deal going in. “Well then, let’s make the best of it.” He turned his face up to look at Armie, who in turn leaned down to kiss his lips.

When Armie pulled back again, he hummed happily and pondered, “How did I ever get so lucky to find someone like you?”

Timmy smiled and nuzzled into his neck. “You know, I ask myself that same question about you all the time. We both must have done something truly amazing in a past life or something.” He pulled their linked hands to his mouth and kissed the back of Armie’s knuckles and fingertips.

Armie watched Timmy’s movements with awe in his eyes. “Well, whatever is was, I don’t ever want to take this gift for granted. You’re too precious to me, and you deserve to be shown that. I’m going to try every day to be worthy of you.”
Timmy quickly sat up and turned his body to more fully face Armie. “Armie, you are worthy. You don’t have to do anything to prove yourself to me. Just be who you are, and love me for who I am. That’s all I’ll ever need.” He brought Armie’s hand up to his chest and placed his palm flat over his heart. “You feel this? This is the most precious thing I could ever give anyone, and I don’t give it away lightly. I’d never trust it to someone who isn’t worthy.” His intense gaze bore into Armie’s, making sure he was being perfectly clear. “And it’s 100 percent, completely, undeniably yours.”

Armie’s mouth opened in a small gasp as he curled his fingers lightly into Timmy’s chest, feeling the rapid pace of his heart beating there. He looked down where his hand rested and swallowed. He then slowly lifted Timmy’s hand and placed it on his own chest, mirroring their positions. “And mine is yours. Forever.”

Timmy’s smile was filled with pure love and affection. “I know,” he breathed, leaning in and kissing Armie softly. They let their mouths slide together slowly for a few minutes, until Armie bit into Timmy’s lower lip with a low growl and Timmy responded by tugging sharply on Armie’s hair. Things quickly turned heated after that, and soon they were panting heavily into each other’s mouths as they prepared for another round of scorching sex.

Timmy did his best to keep Armie’s mind off of his current home situation for the rest of the time he was there. They couldn’t really risk going out and being seen together, so they spent the weekend holed up in Timmy’s apartment, watching comedy specials and cooking shows on Netflix and playing video games.

They even got into an impromptu food fight when Armie accidentally dripped some spaghetti sauce on one of Timmy’s favorite t-shirts while Armie held out a ladle for him to taste it. The horrified look on Armie’s face was almost as priceless as the one of pure shock he made when Timmy snatched the ladle and flung the remaining sauce directly onto Armie’s face with a wicked grin. When Armie finally recovered, he chased Timmy around the kitchen, throwing handfuls of sauce and pasta at him and Timmy ducked and giggled, slip-sliding across the sauce-covered tiles as he ran. The completely ruined t-shirt and huge mess in the kitchen was completely worth it for the steamy shower sex they had while cleaning themselves off.

On Sunday afternoon, Brian decided to use the fact that Armie was in town to come over and talk to them about a game plan for the two of them going forward. Since Armie’s divorce would soon be public record, they wanted to get out ahead of it and minimize the blowback regarding the inevitable rumors. They got Armie’s team on the phone and did their best to strategize ways to help them keep their relationship under wraps until the divorce was final and they were fully prepared to be out but still be able to spend time together in the interim.

After Brian left, Timmy could tell Armie was getting overwhelmed by everything again, so he gave
him a mind-bending blowjob to distract him. That seemed to do the trick. When Armie made love to him once again in the early evening before he had to go, all traces of his earlier sadness had melted away, replaced now by laughter, love, and hope.

As Armie made his way to Timmy’s door with his things, there were no teary goodbyes. No desperate pleas or longing looks filled with sadness. There was only a sweet, tender kiss, just lips gently moving against each other for a moment, before Armie pulled back and gave Timmy a blinding smile. “Thank you. I needed this more than you could ever know.”

Timmy returned his smile and replied, “That makes two of us.” He nuzzled into Armie’s neck as Armie pulled him into a tight embrace. When he moved back again, still smiling, he squeezed Armie’s hand once before letting him go. “Go on, you don’t want to miss your flight. I’ll see you soon.”

Armie nodded and picked up his bag. “Yes, you will. I promise.” And for the first time, Timmy was completely confident that it was true.

When Timmy went to sleep that night, he didn’t even notice the frigid January air creeping into his apartment from his slightly open window. He snuggled deep into his pillow, which still smelled like Armie, and let the memories of their time together wash over him and keep him warm, knowing that he had a lifetime of new ones to look forward to.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for all the love, kudos, comments, and just overall support I've gotten for this story. You guys rock. <3

There's still the epilogue to come, so I hope you'll stick around for one more!
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

A year later, the boys return to the cabin, bringing things full circle.

Chapter Notes

This is it, dear readers. I honestly don't know what else to say that I haven't already said, so I will just leave you with this brief but heartfelt thank you. This has been a truly amazing experience for me personally, and I'm so grateful that you all came with me on this crazy ride. It means the world to me, truly.

I really hope you enjoy this last piece of this story. <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The front door of the cabin swung open with a bang as a giant bundle of energy and excitement wearing a pale blue dress burst through the entrance.

“Harper, slow down! Wait for us!” Armie’s voice echoed from somewhere behind Timmy, who was holding the key to the cabin in his hand as he watched Harper excitedly run inside.

He turned back to see Armie holding Ford in one arm and struggling to pull his suitcase behind him with the other. “You want some help, babe?”

Armie shifted Ford up higher on his chest and huffed out, “Nah, I’m good. Just go make sure Harper doesn’t completely tear the place up before we even get settled.”

Timmy chuckled and turned back to the cabin to walk inside. He found Harper staring up at the enormous Christmas tree in awe. It looked the same as it did the previous year, perfectly decorated with shiny ornaments and twinkling lights. The other lights and trappings around the cabin were also exactly as they had been a year ago, almost like they had remained there since the last time they were here.

“This. is. AWESOME!” Harper shrieked, just as Armie finally made his way through the door, carefully setting Ford down so he could use both hands to haul the heavy suitcase over the threshold.
Armie looked over to them at Harper’s outburst, and he let out a breath. “Wow, it’s…” he locked eyes with Timmy. “It’s exactly the same.” They shared a secret smile between the two of them, memories of the previous year flooding back to them. So much had happened since then, but being back there, it was like no time had passed at all.

Armie’s divorce had gone public at the end of January, and pretty much everyone, from their friends and family to the media, had been shocked by the seemingly unexpected news. Even though they stated it was a mutual decision, Armie ended up being painted as an asshole for any reason people could possibly think of to throw at him. He’d tried to keep a low profile for a bit, not doing any interviews or events that he wasn’t contractually obligated to, but it didn’t stop the press from ruthlessly attacking him anyway.

Timmy had been endlessly supportive through the entire process. He knew they had to be super careful in public until things died down, but there were plenty of late-night phone calls and Facetime sessions to try to keep Armie from drowning in the craziness of it all.

Officially, they were only allowed to be seen together in public when they were both already supposed to be at the same event for work. Unofficially, they found any excuse they could to work around that in order to share some private time together.

They set up arrangements to make sure they stayed sane and never lost their connection to one another. They texted each other before bed every night without fail and Facetimed every weekend. Being in different time zones sometimes made it tricky, especially when one or the other was away filming and the time difference increased, but they made it work. And it was a given that if one of them truly needed the other for any reason, they could call no matter what time it was or how busy they were.

And most importantly, they never went more than six weeks without seeing each other in person. Armie mostly flew to New York to be with Timmy, as his every step was less likely to be hounded there, but when Timmy had a legitimate excuse to be in L.A. for work, they spent most of their free time holed up in Armie’s new condo. Once, when they were both filming on location in different countries in Europe and they got within 3 days of their six-week limit being apart, they threw caution to the wind and ended up meeting in the middle, spending one glorious night together in a swanky hotel room in Austria under the alias Hal Douglas. It was completely worth showing up to their respective sets the following day jet-lagged and running on no sleep. Not even the wrath of their directors could wipe the sated smiles off of their faces.

The divorce was finalized at the end of June. The day it became official, Timmy was luckily on a break between projects, so he flew to L.A. and spent the day just holding Armie as they laid quietly in bed together. Once the initial sadness passed, Armie felt so much lighter than he had been in a
Throughout everything, Liz managed to keep things civil and worked hard to make sure that Armie was able to have as much time with the kids as both of their schedules allowed. One night in mid-March, when Armie was gone to a fundraiser dinner that Timmy had no professional reason to attend, Liz actually showed up at Armie’s condo to speak with Timmy. They spent over an hour talking and crying together as they finally discussed everything that had happened. She let him know that she didn’t blame him for her and Armie’s relationship failing, and even though it was hard for her to see him with Armie, the part of her that still loved Armie truly did want him to be happy, and she knew Timmy could do that in ways she no longer could. She said she hoped someday they could get back the friendship they once had, but that she needed time to heal. He understood and told her he would love that, whenever she was ready. They hugged and as she closed the door behind her, he let out a breath he felt like he’d been holding for months.

The boys managed to keep their relationship sufficiently under the radar until one day in late August when a fan spotted them as they were out shopping for a new sofa, after a particularly rigorous round of sex had left Timmy’s old one broken beyond repair. Timmy had heard the sharp gasp behind him and turned around just in time to see the girl’s phone being shoved quickly back into her pocket, obvious that she’d taken a picture, before she quickly turned and hightailed it out of the store. He’d called his PR team to tell them what happened, and when they later saw the picture surface online, they knew the jig was up. The picture itself wasn’t particularly damning, just a blurry shot of them standing next to a couch, Armie pointing at something and Timmy looking at him as he spoke. But between the picture and the caption that went with it - Guess who I just saw shopping for furniture together? They make such a sweet couple! - they knew the rumors would be all but impossible to deny now.

Two weeks later, when Timmy attended TIFF for the premiere of the movie he’d shot the previous summer, he calmly walked onto the red carpet, Armie’s hand firmly grasped in his. The flashes of a thousand cameras blinded them both as they walked the length of the carpet together, the cacophony of a million questions being shouted at them making their ears ring, but their confident steps and brilliant smiles never faltered.

There was, of course, the predictable amount of backlash over their coming out – names like “homewrecker” and “cheater” being thrown about, the words “shocking gay scandal” plastered on a handful of headlines. But the overwhelming majority of the reaction was positive and incredibly supportive, the media eating up their undeniable chemistry and clamoring for an interview with Hollywood’s newest power couple. They declined to speak about it in any official capacity, but they finally felt free to be out together in public and didn’t shy away from the occasional moments of PDA.

By October they were basically living together. Timmy had given up his one-bedroom apartment in the city in order to rent a place that had a yard and was big enough for Armie’s kids to stay in when they were with him there, and Armie sold his condo and bought a reasonably sized house for them all in L.A. Having a place on either coast that was “theirs” made it easier to deal with the time they very long time.
were apart, knowing that “home” was always with each other.

And when Timmy’s cousin once again offered up his cabin to him and Armie for the Christmas holiday, it seemed like life was bringing them full circle. He’d almost declined, not wanting to inconvenience anyone, but when his cousin had insisted, he’d been overjoyed at the chance to spend another holiday in the magical place that had brought him and Armie together.

Liz had graciously agreed to let Armie take the kids to the cabin for the full week leading up to Christmas. They decided she’d come up to meet them on Christmas morning, they’d all open presents together, then she’d take the kids back to Denver with her in the afternoon and Armie and Timmy could spend the next week there alone before heading back to L.A.

“Ok kiddos, let’s get your stuff put in the bedroom and then we can start on dinner.” Timmy smiled and watched Armie corral Harper and Ford toward the guest bedroom with their small bags in tow before grabbing their big suitcase and hauling it toward the master.

Once they all got settled, Armie cooked while Timmy colored with Harper and Ford. After dinner, they put the kids to bed and made love as quietly as possible as to not wake them.

The next day, they all went ice skating out on the frozen lake. As Timmy was finishing lacing up his skates, he stopped for a minute to watch Armie as he glided onto the ice, holding tightly onto Harper and Ford’s hands as they found their balance. He was suddenly overcome with an immense feeling of unadulterated joy at seeing his fantasy from a year ago coming to life before his eyes. He teared up as he thought about how this was now his family, something that a year ago seemed like an impossibility.

He didn’t know how long he’s been sitting there pondering his numerous blessings when Armie finally skated over to him and asked, “You coming or what?” with a grin. Armie held out his hand, and after looking up at him in awe for a second, Timmy blinked back his tears and grasped onto it, letting Armie pull him to his feet as they made their way out onto the ice and over to where Harper and Ford were making small circles around the edge of the lake. They only let go of each other in order to take one of each kid’s hands as they skated in a line around the outside rim. The other families that were there all smiled at them, and eventually the all kids gathered together to skate, leaving Armie and Timmy alone to glide along the ice languidly together. When Armie pulled him in for a tender kiss, Timmy could actually feel his heart bursting in his chest.

They spent the next several days together in domestic bliss, allowing the kids to choose whatever activities they wanted to do. Harper wanted to spend all her time outside in the snow, which Timmy was more than happy to accommodate, but Ford wasn’t all that impressed with it and spent most of his time inside playing with the train that wound around the base of the Christmas tree and attaching himself to Armie’s side as he lounged on the couch reading a book.
A couple nights before Christmas, Timmy awoke in the middle of the night to find the bed beside him empty and cold. He blinked into the darkness and scanned the room for signs that Armie was still there, but when his eyes finally focused, it was clear he was alone.

He tugged on a pair of sleep pants and a t-shirt and made his way out into the hallway to look. He saw the flickering light from the fire dancing across the walls and moved into the living room. He found Armie sitting cross-legged on the floor in front of the fire, a blanket wrapped around his shoulders.

“Hey, why aren’t you in bed?” Timmy’s voice was rough with sleep, and it seemed to startle Armie briefly before he gave Timmy a lazy smile.

“Hey you, come sit down here with me,” came Armie’s response. Timmy cocked his head to the side in confusion, but he complied anyway.

When he finally got comfortable on the floor, legs stretched out in front of him and leaning into Armie’s side as Armie wrapped the blanket around both of them, he tried again to figure out why Armie wasn’t in bed. “What’s going on, babe?”

Armie simply pulled him closer and asked, “Do you know what today is?”

Timmy scrunched his face up as he tried to make sense of Armie’s question. “Uhh, it’s Monday? Or maybe it’s Tuesday by now. What time is it anyway?”

Armie ignored his rambling and continued his line of questioning. “Ok, but do you know what the date is?”

Timmy thought for a second, counting in his head. “Umm, the 23rd? His answer still coming out more as a question.

Armie rolled his eyes and huffed in mock exasperation. “Right, and?”

“And…?” Timmy repeated his question dumbly, his brain still foggy from sleep. He honestly had no idea what Armie was trying to get at, and all he wanted to do was go back to bed with Armie wrapped tightly around him.
Armie clenched his jaw briefly and turned to look into the fire. Timmy followed his gaze as the wheels in his head started turning. Then it finally clicked. He closed his eyes and let out a low breath. When he opened his eyes again, he brought one hand up to Armie’s chin to turn his face back to meet his. “I’m an idiot. Of course I know what today is. It was one year ago when you kissed me right here in this very spot. One of the best days of my life.” Armie’s brilliant smile upon hearing his words made his heart skip a beat.

“Happy anniversary, baby,” Armie whispered, eyes sparkling with happiness. Seemingly from out of nowhere, Armie produced two small glasses filled with whiskey. At Timmy’s questioning look, Armie nodded to the table where a bottle of the very same scotch that they’d had together last year was sitting.

Realization finally dawned on him. “You planned this,” he stated, shaking his head incredulously.

Armie’s smile turned into a sideways smirk as he shrugged, clearly trying to play it cool.

“But how did you even know I’d come out here to find you? What if I’d never woken up?” He couldn’t believe Armie had gone through the trouble to set all this up for him.

Armie chuckled lightly. “Please, I know you. You can’t sleep if I’m not plastered against you. I knew you’d come to drag me back to bed at some point.” Armie winked at him in teasing.

Timmy shoved his shoulder and muttered a quiet, “Shut up,” but he couldn’t exactly deny Armie’s statement, given how the evening had turned out. He reached out and grabbed one of the glasses from Armie and swirled the drink around the bottom of the glass.

What a crazy year it had been for the two of them. But he wouldn’t trade a second of it because it led him to this very moment, sitting here with the man he loved, happier than he’d ever been before.

“So…” Armie’s voice brought him out of his thoughts and back to the present moment. “You want to get drunk and make out?” Armie wiggled his eyebrows suggestively and grinned.

Timmy barked out a laugh so loud that he instantly clamped his hand over his mouth and darted his wide eyes over to the door to the bedroom the kids were in. When it was clear they hadn’t stirred, he lowered his hand and mouthed “Sorry” to Armie.
Armie just looked at him with pure affection as his smile grew impossibly wider. “God, I love you.”

Timmy’s heart rate sped up at Armie’s words. “I love you, too,” he breathed, moving his face closer to Armie’s.

They each took a small drink of the scotch before abandoning their glasses at their sides. When their mouths finally met, it was smooth and warm and unhurried. Timmy let himself get lost in the feeling of Armie’s love as it surrounded him and filled him with warmth from the inside out.

When they finally made their way back to bed sometime in the early morning, the fire was still a steady blaze, the soft sound of the crackling wood echoing quietly behind them as they disappeared into the quiet oasis of their bedroom together.

Chapter End Notes

So there you have it. <3

This may have been my first foray into this fandom, but it will definitely not be my last! I already have several shorter fics planned for this pairing (one of which I actually already started writing), so I hope you all will join me again for those.

Also, I do technically have a tumblr, though I literally have no posts because I’m new and am not entirely sure how to use it yet. I mostly just follow other Timmy/Armie blogs and lurk, lol. But if you’d like to connect with me there, I’m Ifg1986 over there as well. Maybe someday I’ll get the hang of it and actually post something, haha.

Again, THANK YOU for all your love for this story. <3<3<3

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