Giving it the Ol' College Try

by Wowagay

Summary

After one night outside of Modeans Darry realises he's been into Wayne for a while, unfortunately Darry isn't as good at hiding things as he thinks.

Notes

I apologise because this is really bad, it was a request from someone on Tumblr and I'm pretty sleep-deprived as I write this.

“D’ya know what I reckon?” Wayne starts, pausing to light his cigarette.

Daryl turns to face him, leaning on the wall behind him as he watches his friend’s concentrated expression. “McMurry needs to tone it down about twenty-five percent?” He suggests, bringing the bottle of Puppers to his lips and taking a swig.

“Something like that.” Wayne nods, pulling the cigarette away and blowing out a puff of smoke.

The pair look back to the dark horizon. They originally came outside to smoke and get a few minutes away from the ruckus of other drunk townspeople.

A comfortable silence falls over them. As much as Daryl likes spending time with Dan and Katy, there was something he liked more about being alone with Wayne. It was less pressure, especially for someone like Daryl who sometimes had trouble interacting with other people.

“Hey look!” Darry breaks the silence, looking up and pointing to the sky above them. “Shooting star! Make a wish.”
Darry looks back towards Wayne, who is already looking at him with his eyebrows raised. He pauses to wait for Wayne's normal response of ‘wish you weren’t so fuckin’ awkward, bud’. Instead, there’s a soft look on his face. He nods but doesn’t say anything before looking away.

That was the first night Daryl realised he was sweet on Wayne.

He managed to push those feelings down for the better part of a year. It’s not like Letterkenny would crucify him for it. After all, Roald is out and besides from a few ignorant comments he’s living in peace. Darry’s main concern was how Wayne would react.

Even though Wayne didn’t particularly care about people’s sexuality, he always clammed up when Glenn made comments about him or even if Dan came up with a hypothetical situation about being gay.

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It wasn’t until a warm Spring day that things caught up with him. Daryl was sitting in front of the produce stand with the other three to his right in their own lawn-chairs. “Now… it’s impolite to kiss and tell,” Wayne starts, grabbing everyone’s attention. “But I don’t think I’ll be going on another date with Lisa again.”

Darry sinks further down in his chair, turning back to the ground he was staring at earlier. He turns his head to spit on the grass beside him as Wayne begins to vaguely describe his latest date. Daryl tunes in and out of the conversation, trying to ignore the pang in his chest.

“What’s going on with you Darry?” Katy’s question snaps him out of his thoughts.

“What?”

She sighs and looks at Dan then back to Darry, “you’ve been out of it for a few weeks now. Sometimes I think you’re not even here.”

Darry looks to Dan who nods in agreement, then to Wayne who also seems somewhat interested. “Well, uhm… oh bother.” He sighs, looking down at the Puppers bottle clasped tightly in his hands.

“Well? Pitter patter!” Katy snaps, definitely not in the mood to wait all day for an answer.

Darry’s pale face is now covered in a light blush. Even though Katy would normally love to see him in such an uncomfortable situation, something tells her it’s not quite the time to hang shit on him. Feeling awfully like a child who has been caught in a lie, He takes a deep breath before answering. “I’ve been thinking and… there’s a chance that I might be gay.”

There’s a long pause before Katy speaks again, “well I’ll be damned!” She grins, easing the ball of doubt that had settled in his chest for the past year. A similar smile appears on Dan’s face and he leans over, patting Daryl on the shoulder.

“Well, I think this calls for some celebration shots!” Katy announces, standing up from her lounging position. “Dan? Wanna help me bring drinks out?” She looks back to Dan who nods.

“You always have the best ideas, Katy, and that’s what I appreciates about you.” Dan joins her as she starts walking towards the house.

“Take it easy over there, Squirrely Dan” Wayne calls after them.
Daryl stands up and moves closer to where Wayne is, pulling Dan’s seat closer so they can talk. “What?” He asks, noticing Wayne’s stare.

He glances around before leaning in and lowering his voice a tad, “well, you see… I was wonderin’ when you were gonna tell us.”

Darry’s eyes widen in shock, “you knew? How?” And here he thought he was doing a decent job hiding it.

“You’re fuckin’ awkward bud.” The two stare at each other for a moment before looking away. Dammit, he was right. “Also… I could be wrong here, but I think I might know something else too.” Wayne confesses, obviously trying to choose his words carefully.

Darryl’s stomach drops at the thought of Wayne knowing he’s sweet on him. He so desperately wants to interrupt him and let him keep going at the same time.

“-Ah fuck it.” And just like that Wayne is pulling him closer by the sleeve of his coveralls and connecting their lips.

It wasn’t anything too much, just a peck but even that was enough to make his stomach flutter and his cheeks burn. Darry pulls back quickly, obviously flustered. “What was that for?”

Wayne was never one to show much emotion, except if there was a dog involved, but there was a clear pleased look on his face. “Well I mean, isn’t it always worth giving it the ol’ college try?”

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