Make My Wish Come True

by Cefhclwords

Summary

Day 11 of the 12 Days of Ficmas

Based on the prompt: Christmas Day (inspired by a conversation with Bea, @Thefutureduchessmarie)

Notes

Day Elevennnnn bubs I am half asleep, and its technically Christmas here, one hour in and I need to go to bed haha but here you go my loves, something extra sweet just in time for your Christmas Eve. Huge shoutout to Bea @Thefutureduchessmarie on tumble for the inspiration and some great ideas/lines for the fic!! she is an angel and most of the reason this exists!! <3 hope you enjoy my loves, happiest Christmas and or holidays to you angels Day 12 will be up asap, 100% before the end of the year!! love you guys and as always comments and kudos mean the world and are the only thing on my Christmas list

Like in most things in life, Dele and Eric were extremely competitive about gifts. Ever since things became official, the boys had always tried to one-up how they spoilt each other. The teasing was all part of it too, taunting each other with how perfect the gift they found was, how much they would love it, how it could never be topped.

This Christmas, however, it seemed that Dele was more sure of himself than usual, Certain in fact
that Eric would never be able to top this gift, that it blew last year out of the water. Since late November he’d been dropping hints and comments into their conversations about Erics’ gift.

He never gave away what it was, managed to keep the secret despite his excitement which surprised Eric because excited Dele was the worst at keeping secrets. He let it slip to half the team about Harry and Kate’s engagement not because he meant to, but because he couldn’t keep his excitement for them contained, it was set but also annoying at times.

Therefore, when Dele kept very tight-lipped about the actual gift it had Eric curious, at Dele’s want to surprise Eric outweighing his feelings of over excitement.

Although Eric still isn’t sure that Dele would beat out his gift, he was quietly confident, all things considered, but he’d let Dele do his bragging, and the let the gifts speak for themselves on the day.

Christmas morning is just for them. Every year With the chaos of just having actual Christmas Day to celebrate with their football schedules, they set a few hours aside in the early morning just for them, before their home is soon filled with family. They had done it their very first Christmas together as a couple and continued it ever since.

Eric woke up on Christmas morning to the feeling of small kisses being placed along the back of his neck. soft drags of lips over the skin that sent shivers down his spine. His fingers curled against their sheets as he drifted into consciousness. Toes twitched as his feet cycled down the mattress, tried to press his face further into the pillow. The kisses persisted and Eric eventually gave in to the face he was waking up, let out a slow breath and felt Dele press himself to his back, face nuzzled into the skin under his ear.

Eric slid a hand blindly up, reached until his hand found Dele’s and curled his fingers lazily around them, pulled his hand to his chest and settled back into the pillows.

“Good morning handsome” Dele breathed and Eric’s smiled into the pillow, let out a small grunt and tries to snuggle further under the covers, tired and heavy.

“Happy Christmas” Dele muttered and Eric’s eyes fluttered open in a quick blink. Oh, Christmas. In his heavy sleep, he had forgotten falling in bed last night who Dele who couldn’t shut up about one more day until Eric got the best gift of his life. Eric had found a way to distract him, however, quite easily really, a hand down his pants and his lips pressed to his neck.

Eric let out a small sigh and rolled his shoulders back so that Dele shuffled back and he had room to roll onto his back. He gathered Dele back onto his chest once he was settled and dropped his chin down to press a soft kiss to the top of Dele’s head, his hair soft under his lips.

He took a deep breath in and frowned, drew his nose down to press into his hair as he let out a small yawn.

“You smell like outside” Eric mumbled, his voice thick and gruff with sleep as he dragged a hand down Dele’s back.

Dele hummed, nuzzled his forehead into Eric’s chest as one of his hands found Eric’s once more, squeezed his fingers loosely. “What d’you mean?” Dele asked and Eric shrugged, “don’t smell like bed, you smell like outside” he just repeated and Dele let out a small laugh, bought Eric’s hand to his mouth and pressed a kiss to the back of his hand.

“I let Clay out, he was fussing at the door” Dele explained and Eric smiled, pressed a kiss to his head and squeezed him closer to his body. “Thank you baby” he said softly, curled his fingers against Dele’s side in a lazy scratch.
“Merry Christmas” Eric added after a moment, and Dele pulled back from his chest with a grin, leant up for a proper soft peck of their lips. Dele pulled back after a moment, eyes light with excitement as he looked at him.

“You wanna do gifts now?” Dele asked, and Eric let out a small laugh, pressed a lazy kiss to Dele’s brow and nodded, a skip of excitement low in his gut.

Dele’s smile grew at Eric’s answer and he sat up from where he was curled into his boy, pressed a hand lightly on his chest before he swooped back down to press a kiss to Eric’s lips briefly. He chased it up with a few small pecks before he drew back and bumped their noses together. His big grumpy sleep boy, Dele thought fondly, his hand cupped Eric’s face, thumb brushed his cheek gently.

“I’ll go make some coffee if you can get the fire started once you come down?” Dele asked and drew his thumb across the line of Eric’s beard, felt the prickle of hair under his touch. “Please” he added, a soft pout on his mouth as Eric looked up sleepily up at him.

Eric let out a groan, wrapped both arms around the low of Dele’s back and tugged him in into his body and sunk his teeth lazily into the sharp line of Dele’s collarbone, his hands slid down until his hands were resting on the low of Dele’s back, fingers scratching lazily in a way that made Dele shiver.

“You gonna make me cut up firewood?” Eric huffed, knowing they had used the last two logs that were already cut to size the previous night. Dele nodded, caught Eric’s face in both hands and rested his arms against his chest, leant in to press a small kiss to his bottom lip.

“Please, my big strong man, would you cut up the firewood so my fingers don’t freeze and fall off and I can’t hold your hand anymore, and my lips don’t freeze and fall off and I can’t kiss you anymore any my dick doesn’t-” Eric cut him off with a warm kiss and a laugh into his lips.

“Fine, fine, fine, but please can you feed Clay too?” Eric asked and Dele nodded, beamed bright and leant in to press another kiss to his bottom lip.

“Of course I will! Thank you handsome, I love you” he breathed and smudged a few more kisses along Eric’s cheeks and nose before he climbed off Eric, taking some of his body heat with him.

“Love you” Eric breathed to Dele as he walked butt naked across the room to their walk-in closet, shamelessly checking him out.

He’d never get tired of seeing Dele naked, his body was beautiful, his deep skin tone, the strong set of his shoulders that tapered down into the small curve of his waist. The low of his back, the two dimples at the base of his spine and his bum, which Eric shamelessly loved. Eric pressed a hand over his smile and rolled over onto his stomach and pressed his face into the pillow.

“Get up baby” Dele called and Eric felt a weight hit the end of the bed, probably clothing for him.

“Coming” Eric called back, and took one more moment to roll over onto his back and sat up, the thick covers pooled around his waist and the cold air hit his skin, caused him to shiver.

Eric leant over to his bedside table and tugged the drawer open, dug through to the back of it and secured his hand around the box that sat there before he rolled out of bed and tugged on the clothing Dele had left there for him. Once Eric was bundled up, in sweats, a T-shirt, hoodie and flannel jacket layered over the top, he tucked the box into his pocket and shoved his feet into a pair of ugg boots.
It was seven am when they were finally settled down in the living room, well Eric was settled down, fire now roaring steadily in the fireplace, ready to warm the cold home for the rest of the day. Dele was stood by the fire while Eric was curled up under their duvet that he had gone up to get and drag downstairs for them, sat on the couch with Clay curled up by his feet at the end of the couch, half dozing and occasionally blinked his eyes open to look at Eric and Dele.

It was their first Christmas without Cisco, the first since Eric was young that the black puppy was curled up next to Clay and to see his dog laying along made a small pain strike in his chest. He missed Cisco every day, he had lived a long life by Eric and Clay’s side, but Eric always wished he had more time with him.

He considered himself lucky that he knew that Cisco’s last day was his last, got to spend the whole day with him doing what he loved and feeding him all the food he wanted. It had broken part of Eric’s heart that he wouldn’t ever get back, but he was thankful to say goodbye the right way.

It had affected Clay too, the dog not understanding where his life long friend had gone, his companion suddenly missing and Eric and Dele had made sure to show Clay extra love and support over the past few months, try and ease his sadness and pain.

Eric reached down to pet over Clay’s head, hoping his boy would cheer up when he opened his gifts from them, a few treats and some new toys. He was already spoilt rotten, but Eric couldn’t help himself.

“Come here then” Eric asked, reached his arms out to Dele, wanting a quick bit of a cuddle before they exchanged presents, but Dele seemed eager to get ahead with the gifts.

“I need to get your present” Dele explained with a shake of his head, an excited smile beaming across his face.

Eric smiled, excitement low in his stomach, Dele’s excitement was tangible, contagious and Eric was excited to finally get the gift Dele had been bragging about for months now.

“Alright then” he smiled, and Dele shook his head, “not just yet, you stay here and keep your eyes closed ok? No peeking Eric, I swear I will know if you do” Dele threatened and Eric laughed and held up his hands, shook his head closed his eyes, dropped his hands back into his lap.

“Ok, no peeking I promise” he smiled and Dele hummed, walked over to him and kissed the top of his head before he walked away with a soft “wait here”.

Eric held to his word and kept his eyes shut, even when the minutes dragged on and anticipation was thick in his stomach, he waited still with his eyes closed, hands curled into the blanket as he tried to listen out for any sign of his boyfriend.

Finally, when Eric had actually started to get concerned about how long Dele was taking, he heard the front door click open and Dele’s footsteps approaching the room once more. Excitement rocketed up slow from his stomach, giddiness in his chest as anticipation thrummed under his skin.

“Can I look yet?” Eric asked, suddenly impatient, having to fight the impulse to blink his open and see his gift, understand why it took Dele so long to get his gift just now. Last year Dele had given him beautiful luxury chess set, as well as booked a beautiful home in the French countryside for a few days, a little getaway for the pair of them, as well as a stocking full of smaller things that Eric loved, some new clothing, snacks that were Eric’s favourite.
“No! Not yet” Dele said quickly and Eric fought to keep his eyes shut, wiggled his toes impatiently.

Eric wasn’t sure how Dele planned to one-up last years presents, considering their week in the French countryside was one of his favourite memories of their time together, just days of them in warm sunshine in a beautiful home and yard, drinking, eating and laughing together, making love lazily and being in as little clothing as possible. Just time together, uninterrupted, just to be themselves and not been seen or judged by anyone.

It had been perfect, numerous photos and videos saved in a folder on Eric’s phone that he looked back on often, when times were tough, or he just wanted to see the happiness of them in those moments. When he wanted to see the photos of Dele wrapped up in just a blanket eating a piece of bread by the fireplace, a cheeky smile on his face, of Dele’s hand holding his, resting on the long grass of the yard, Dele naked and standing in the shower, the screen fogged up, Eric asleep with his head in Dele’s lap, his hand in Eric’s hair, a blurry photo of Eric with a strawberry in his mouth that Dele was feeding him, the juice of it on his chin, and god so many photos of them kissing.

After a moment, Eric felt Dele looming close to him and his hands ached to reach out and feel for the gift, impatient with his excitement, the suspension killing him. “Okay, hold your hands out, but on your lap Dier” he said, voice soft, maybe even nervous, and Eric was quick to open his hands with his palms resting against his thighs

“Stay still” Dele said and Eric frowned, about to ask what he meant when he felt a soft warm weight in his hands.

Eric’s eyes fluttered open in a split second, heart in his throat as his eyes settled on the chocolate lab sat in his lap, blinking sleepily and curiously up at Eric with a thick red ribbon tied around his neck, his tail wagging fast. A lump formed in his throat and his hands moved to scoop the puppy up onto his chest, cuddled him into his neck.

Eric let out a shaky breath and closed his eyes, felt the puppy wiggling in his grip, pulled him back and set him down on his lap to get a proper look at him, his hand patted over his head and down his back. Bright blue-green eyes blinked back up at him and Eric felt his own eyes well up with tears, his hand moved to scratch behind his ear.

“Hi buddy” he breathed, laughed as the pup tilted his head up and licked at Eric’s palm, nuzzled his damp nose into Eric’s palm and nipped lightly at the skin.

“Hi mate, hey little one” Eric mumbled, gathered the puppy back up to his chest and pressed his face into the side of his head, pressed a kiss to his soft fur as he felt the dog nuzzle closer to him.

“Del-” he choked out, shuddered in a deep breath and let out a half-laugh and a half cry, the puppy squirmed in his arms to lap a kiss on Eric’s cheek.

“He’s just turned eight weeks, he’d been living with Harry for a few days, he was the runt of his litter, s’why he’s a bit smaller, but I knew he was the one when I saw him, he was such a happy pup, came stumbling right over” Dele rambled

“He sat right on my shoe, and tried to eat the laces and fell asleep in my arms when I picked him up, I think he’s got enough energy but not like too much for Clay”. Eric let out a heavy breath and smiled at Dele’s nervous rambling.
Clay nuzzled at Eric’s shoulder, trying to get a better look at the pup Eric was cradling, sniffling like crazy to figure out who the new addition was. Eric reached out and put a hand over Clay’s head before he wrapped his arms back around the puppy.

“Del, he’s perfect” Eric gushed, sniffled and turned his head to press two more kisses to the side of the puppy’s head. “Come here, I love you so much” Eric breathed, his voice wobbling and reached for Dele, pulled him into his lap on the opposite side of his body, turned his head to smother his kisses all over Dele’s neck, happy laughter spilled from his lips.

“Thank you baby, I love you” he mumbled, pulled the puppy back to look at him. “He’s so cute Del, does he have a name yet?” he asked, eyes shining as he gazed at the puppy.

“No baby, he is all yours to name” Dele grinned, his chest tight with the happiness on Eric’s face. He’d been nervous for a moment when he first saw the tears in his man’s eyes, worried that it was too soon, that he wasn’t ready after losing Cisco. Dele had taken a gamble but was overjoyed to see that he was happy, that it had been the right choice to help heal the wound of Cisco being gone.

Dele reached over to wipe some of the tears on the man’s face, pressed a kiss to his cheek before he reached over to pet the dogs head, smiled at the happy puppy. Dele had known he would be perfect, but to see him now in Eric’s hands, Clay sniffling around near him. He fit into their family, the little home they’d made.

“What does Clay think?” Dele asked softly, watched the way Eric cradled the puppy so carefully, already so protective of him.

Eric smiled and turned toward Clay, commanded him to sit and before he shuffled back and gently set the puppy down on the couch, watched as he carefully stumbled toward Clay, sniffing noisily, Clay’s tailed wagged rapidly, his eyes focused on the new little friend padding towards him.

Dele watched Eric staring at them, his eyes light and happy as he watched his life long companion meet his new one. The puppy eventually ambled forward and pushed his nose against Clay’s let out a happy little yap and bounced on his paws closer to Clay who nuzzled his nose against the Pup’s tummy.

“He likes him Del, look, He seems so happy, haven’t seen him like this in so long” Eric gushed about Clay, reached out to pet Clay’s head and tell him he was a good boy, being so careful with the new pup.

Dele scooted off Eric’s lap and moved to sit beside him instead, scooped the puppy up into his lap and scratched at his tummy. “He’s pretty cute huh” Dele laughed, and scooped him up so that he was facing Eric.

Eric’s heart felt like it could beat right out of his chest, joy sizzled through him and he felt light and giddy, warm at the sight of their new pet curled up to Dele’s chest, head sleepily resting in his neck as he gazed at Eric with his big blue eyes.

Originally, Eric’s fears of getting a new puppy had been the whole process really, the idea of looking up a breeder and going to pick one out. The last time he’d done that, it had been to pick out Cisco, when he had seemed him curled up to a yellow lab, Eric and his family hadn’t been able to seperate them, apparently they were little best friends according to the breeder. The rest had been history.

They were a part of Eric’s life as long as he could remember, and god he was so thankful for Clay thankful that he still had him. As much as losing Cisco destroyed him, he couldn’t imagine if both
of his boys were gone. But Dele, Dele must have known this is what he needed- somehow, someway he knew that this would fix some of the ache, it would never fill the void Cisco left, but opened a new part of his heart, one that seemed to ease everything in a moment.

It was incredible to Eric, when he was so sure that Dele had proven so totally that he was the love of Eric’s life, his soulmate- his match, his best friend- he showed him in a new way that he understood Eric better than he ever could.

“He is- he is gorgeous, can’t believe how small he is, they grow so quick that I forgot how small the pups are” he laughed, still a bit wobbly. A puppy, Dele had bought him an actual puppy, god he loved him.

Del stood from the couch and carried him over to the floor, sat on their rug and placed the puppy down, Eric shuffled forward to be sat on the edge of the couch, watched as the puppy started to stumble around the floor, running around before his paws wobbled slightly or he somehow tripped over himself.

Eric’s smile actually hurt his face, joy so thick in his chest that he actually ached with it, unable to stop watching his new pet, As Dele teased the puppy and let him bite his fingers, laughing when he stumbled and asked him softly “What do you think of the place?” with a scratch to his ear.

Clay climbed off the couch and moved to settle beside Dele instead, curiously watched as the puppy wandered around, his tail wagging fast, climbed up after a moment to follow him, sniffing at him and bumping his nose into his stomach and ears, the puppy jumping up happily before wandering away, Clay following him once more.

There was a lump thick in Eric’s throat as he looked at them all, Dele sitting on the floor of their home, their fifth Christmas together. His, well really, their dog now and their new puppy playing around him. It was the perfect picture, Dele’s eyes looked up to his, brown and warm and familiar, the slit in his brow and that one dark freckle by the bottom of his left eye, the pretty pout of his lips.

His boy, his home, his best friend. The one that was by his side in everything, the beginning when it was all new and exciting and easy, when it sometimes got hard and scary and tough. When they fought and said things they didn’t mean, when they were far away and in the same home, in hospital rooms or on the pitch, his highlight of every year. Always.

“Why are you looking at me like that? Is it because you've realised that I have one? That I’m right and there is no way possible you could ever top this?” Dele smirked.

“It’s ok, just admit it Dier, I was right, we all know I’m the winner” he bragged as the puppy can running back over to him and bumped his nose into Dele’s thigh.

Eric moved off the couch quickly, dropped to both knees in front of Dele so that they were eye to eye, Eric’s hands trembled as he reached into the pocket of his hoodie.

He took a deep breath as he tugged the red leather box open, swallowed hard and kept his eyes locked on Dele’s, who’s mouth had dropped open.

“Happy Christmas angel” Eric breathed, blinked hard as he tried to remember his words. The words that were written in the notes app on his phone, the notebook he kept in the bedside table, the ones that he’d run over so many times in the past year, but especially the last few months, that he thought about in bed at night or on the pitch or when Dele fell asleep on his shoulder on the bus or plane.
“Dele, I try and make sure you know every day that you’re my most important thing” he swallowed as he felt tears already spring up in his eyes.

“But in case I haven’t made it clear, you are the best thing I’ve ever had in my life. I never imagined I’d get someone like you, the fact I wake up next to you every day still blows me out of the fucking water”

“You make everything better, the really hard and awful things, when I’m unsure or scared or sad-knowing that I get to go through those things with you make them seem not as bad” he breathed in deep. “As long as you are there things can’t be that bad”

“I can’t tell you I love you enough, I know that because If I tried, we’d be here forever, But your heart is so beautiful Dele and I would be honoured if I was the one lucky enough to take care of it for you”

“I love you Del, I’ll love you every day, even when you forget to put your shoes back, or distract me when I’m trying to study or pick fights because you’re bored”

“I want it to be you and me always Del, and I hope you’ll let me take care of you for the rest our lives” Eric’s words shook as they spilled out.

“Will you marry me Del?” he asked, holding his breath before Dele let out a small sob and nodded, launched himself forward to tackle himself into Eric’s body, Eric caught him immediately, arms tight around his waist, happiness blooming through his whole body. Like a garden in the start of spring, light and colour breathed into his body.

“Yes. yes I’ll marry you, Eric, god I-I love you so much” he whimpered, pressed kisses wherever he could reach on Eric, the two dogs took a sudden interest in the two crying boys and came to nuzzle at them, curious at all the fuss.

Eric drew back far enough to kiss Dele soundly, face cupped in on hand as he licked into his mouth, kissing him filthily right there on the living room floor. They pulled back after a few breathless moments, and Dele wiped at his cheeks, bit into his bottom lip as he let out a happy laugh, shook his head in disbelief.

“Want your ring?” Eric asked with a soft smile and Dele nodded quickly, seemingly noticed the box in Eric’s hand for the first time, gazing at it with wide eyes. Eric pulled the right from its box and slid it carefully onto Dele’s right finger, heart in his throat.

“Eric, it’s- oh my god” Dele breathed, gazed down at the gold Cartier band, the square diamond set in the centre, just the perfect size, not too much but breathtaking.

“Eric” he breathed again when he noticed the tiny numbers engraved on the band on either side of the diamond. 15 and 20. Next to each other, where it all started.

Dele launched himself at Eric once more, wrapped his arms around his neck as he kissed him soundly, the pair of them falling to the ground between overjoyed giggled and drags of lips and tongue.

Forever, Eric thought as he felt Dele smile against the corner of his mouth, pressed him in closer with the hands he had on his lower back.

Finally, he thought right after, and let himself melt away into Dele, his fiance.

* * * * *
They had an hour until their families started to arrive and they were still in bed. The new puppy, ‘pup’ for now until Eric settled on a name, safely sleeping in the spare room, Clay happily curled up beside him in the dog bed.

Dele was pressed to Eric’s chest, a glazed look in his eyes, a dazed smile on his lips as he looked down at his ring on the hand pressed against Eric’s chest. Eric couldn’t take his eyes off him, had a hand in his air, gently scratching through as he looked at him. He kind of wished he could propose all over again, just to see Dele’s face again, the way he said yes- for the mindblowing ‘just got engaged sex’.

Eric couldn’t help himself and leant down to press small kisses along Dele’s hairline and forehead, against this brow.

“Hey Deir” Dele whispered and Eric pulled back to lock eyes with Dele, his eyes soft and curious as he gazed at him.

“Yeah baby?” he asked and Dele smiled at the pet name, pressed a kiss to Eric’s chest in a soft, unspoken I love you.

“Since I was technically your gift...does that mean I win?” Dele asked and Eric just shook his head with a soft laugh, pressed his lips to Dele’s forehead and breathed him in, one hand rested on the back of Dele’s neck.

“Nah, I don’t know, I think I’m the winner here” Eric breathed, poked his ties against Dele’s ankle from where their legs were tangled together.

Dele just hummed and wriggled closer to Eric, despite them really, really needing to get up and shower and start getting some food in the oven.

“Think I can come to an agreement this year” Dele muttered after a moment, his hand found Eric’s and their fingers tangled together, the cool press of the engagement ring new and heavy and perfect.

Eric drew a finger across the band and smiled, felt the small bumps of the etching. Fifteen and twenty, forever.

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